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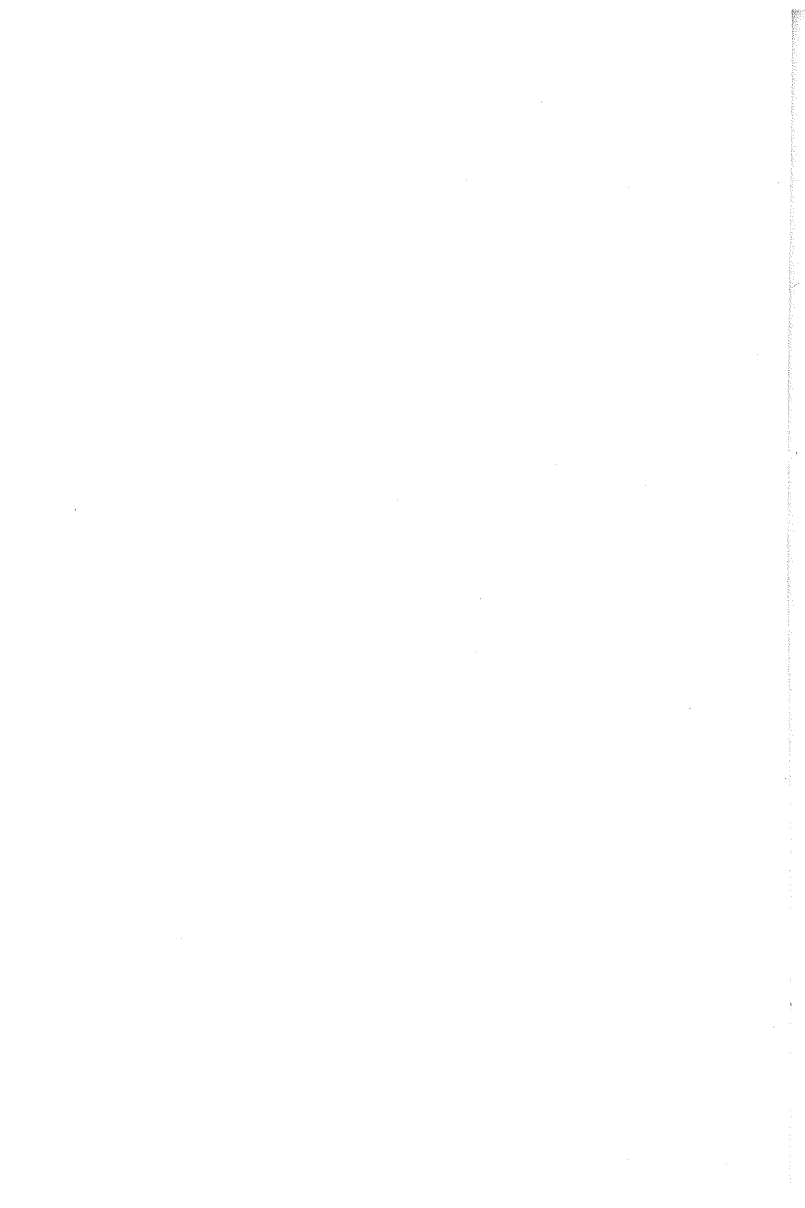
EDITED BY

JEFFREY HENDERSON

STATIUS

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LCL 206



# STATIUS

## SILVAE

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY  
D. R. SHACKLETON BAILEY

WITH CORRECTIONS BY  
~~CHRISTOPHER~~ CHRISTOPHER A. PARROTT



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### *Acknowledgment*

Recent decades have been quite prolific in “higher criticism” of Statius’ works. I cannot pretend to be well-read in it, and am the more grateful to Professor Kathleen M. Coleman for her generous and expert contribution (see pp. xix–xxix). I owe her thanks, too, for permission to reproduce, in Book 4, the plan of the imperial fora that appeared in her edition.

D. R. S. B.

## FOREWORD TO THE CORRECTED EDITION

The goal of the present edition is not to revise Shackleton Bailey's text or translation of the *Silvae* completely; his choices as editor and translator have been retained wherever possible. Instead, it aims to remedy various errors and discrepancies between text and translation that could be found in its predecessor. As a rule, I have been as conservative as possible in my interventions and have principally altered those mistakes that had arisen from obvious slips in translation, typographical or transcription errors, or omissions.

I provide here a brief sketch of the major categories of error found in the previous edition and the principles that I have followed in correcting them. First, straightforward translation errors have been corrected as necessary; where these could be seen to have resulted from mistakes in transcription or copyediting, I have restored the original translation. Significant omissions from the translation, ranging in length from a single word to over two verses, have been supplemented, maintaining as much as possible a consistency with Shackleton Bailey's diction and style. The original edition also contained a number of passages in which the translation corresponded to a textual variant different from that adopted in the Latin text, often to

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an emendation or conjecture mentioned in the critical apparatus. Insofar as any external evidence existed—principally, in remarks found in the footnotes or Critical Appendix—it suggested that the variant corresponding to Shackleton Bailey's translation, rather than the one adopted in his text, had been intended. Therefore, except in a few instances where it would result in an obviously inferior reading, I have generally adjusted the Latin text to match the English at these points. I have also made a number of minor modifications to the critical apparatus, largely in the interest of clarity, and have corrected misattributions of emendations, including a handful of instances in which Shackleton Bailey's own proposals had been anticipated by earlier critics. Finally, in those instances where Shackleton Bailey admitted error or changed his mind in his response to Edward Courtney (*Harvard Studies in Classical Philology* 102 [2004]: 455–59), I have taken the liberty of adjusting this edition to correspond to his second thoughts.

No edition is perfect, and no editor will catch all errors. I am certain that, in spite of my efforts, some mistakes will remain in this volume. But I hope that, with many points of obscurity and confusion removed, readers will find in it not only a clearer and more useful edition but also a more accurate reflection of Shackleton Bailey's editorial aims and acumen.

CHRISTOPHER A. PARROTT  
January 2015

## INTRODUCTION

Apart from a marginal mention by his younger contemporary Juvenal, what is known of the poet's life and personality comes from his *Silvae*. His name, Publius Papinius Statius, is given in his manuscripts. The surname (*cognomen*) Statius was by origin an Italian personal name, and so like other such borne by slaves, who after getting their freedom would take it as a surname and pass it on to their descendants. The poet of course was no slave, neither was his father, whose name is nowhere attested. Statius' father was a native of Velia, on the southwest coast of Italy, but moved to Neapolis (Naples), a Greek colony, which remained a center of Hellenic culture after acquiring Roman citizenship. Here his son was born, probably about AD 50. Statius' father was a savant and a poet, winning prizes for his compositions at the regularly recurring festivals both in Naples (the Augustalia) and in Greece (Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean Games). He was probably a knight, but he may have lost his qualification because of a financial reverse, after which he made a career as a teacher of literature, especially Greek, and Roman antiquities. According to his son, pupils flocked in from far and wide, and Romans of high rank were schooled to fit them for their futures, particularly as members of the great priestly colleges. While planning a poem on the eruption of Vesuvius

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in 79, he died<sup>1</sup> and was buried on a small property he (or his son) owned near Alba Longa, a few miles from the capital.

Following in his father's footsteps, the young Statius won prizes at the Augustalia and later at the Alban festival instituted by the emperor Domitian (r. 81–96), where he produced a poem on the founder's German and Dacian campaigns. Probably after his father's death he moved to Rome and competed unsuccessfully at the great Capitoline festival, possibly in 90—the disappointment of his life. That may have had something to do with his subsequent decision to return to Naples, where he will have died in about 96. He married Claudia, widow of a well-known singer and mother of a musically gifted daughter. He himself was childless, but in his closing years he made up for it with a favorite slave boy whom he freed and whose early death he laments in his last extant poem (*Silvae* 5.5). But contrary to what has sometimes been assumed from v. 73 of the same, there was no adoption (vv. 10–11).

His magnum opus, an epic of twelve books on the mythological theme of the Seven against Thebes, in which he had been preceded by the fifth/fourth-century Antimachus of Colophon, was published probably in 92, after twelve years of work (*Thebaid* 12.811) and torturous revision (*Silvae* 4.7.26). As was customary he had already recited portions of it to audiences (including senators), and Juvenal (7.82–87), writing about a quarter of a century later, tells us that these exhibitions were eagerly anti-

<sup>1</sup> Not, however, necessarily soon after it but at any rate before March 90; see the discussion in Coleman's edition of Book 4, pp. xviii–xix.



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pated and enthusiastically received, but financially unrewarding—the poet went hungry. However, with his property at Alba and the presumed support of the emperor and wealthy patrons, Statius was certainly no pauper. Another epic, the *Achilleid*, was begun probably in 95 but halted by the poet's death. The first book and part of a second survives.

The *Silvae*, with probable composition dates of 89 to 96, appeared in three installments: Books 1 to 3 together after January 93, Book 4 in 95, Book 5 posthumously, probably in or after 96. The title echoes that of a now lost work of Lucan. Like Greek ὕλη, *silva* has two meanings: "wood" or "forest," and "material" from which something is made. In the present context the meaning comes out clearly from a passage of Quintilian (10.3.17) concerning speech composition. Some speakers, he says, "elect to make a draft of the whole subject as rapidly as possible, and write impromptu, following the heat and impulse of the moment. They call this draft their 'raw material' (*silva*). They then revise their effusions and give them rhythmical structure" (Donald A. Russell's translation).

That might describe the *Silvae*, as the author represents them: collections of occasional, virtually impromptu (apart from revision<sup>2</sup>), miscellaneous verse compositions, each taking a couple of days or less in the writing. That the other meaning "wood" is relevant, as sometimes supposed, I do not believe. Nor do I see significance in the fact that

<sup>2</sup> This must be assumed, though Statius does not mention it. As my notes will show, a number of passages suggest that marks of hasty composition survive. The same however is true of the "torturously revised" *Thebaid*.

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the description is not used of individual pieces, in the singular. One fancies that Max Müller did not refer to an item in *Chips from a German Workshop* as a chip.

Each poem comes with a title that definitely does not originate from the author: see K. M. Coleman's edition of Book 4, xxviii–xxxii; she suggests that the editor of Book 5 added titles to make up for the absence of a full preface and that similar titles were later added in the previous four books.

Nearly all the pieces are addressed to or concern an individual, aside from the emperor usually a rich patron with whom the poet was more or less familiar. One of them, the elderly littérateur Pollius Felix, seems to stand out as a true and congenial friend. Several meet us again in Martial, who never mentions Statius, nor Statius him.

Recent decades have been quite prolific in studies of Statius' works (see the overview below by Kathleen Coleman). His mastery of the hexameter at least is unquestioned,<sup>3</sup> and it surely extends to his hendecasyllables and his two exercises in lyric, though the latter have been customarily decried. For the rest, let readers form their own impressions.

Virgil was Statius' unapproachable idol. "Rival not divine *Aeneis* but follow from afar and ever venerate her footsteps": so he takes leave of his Thebais. But at the same time he hopes for his epic's immortality and testifies to her warm reception by contemporaries. By the *Silvae*, he and they and their posterity no doubt set less store, but

<sup>3</sup> Housman, the best conceivable judge, gave him credit as a "superb versifier" but did not greatly care for him otherwise ("I have not read the *Thebais* more than three times, nor ever with intent care and interest." *Cl. Papers*, 1197).

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Ausonius and Claudian and Sidonius knew them in late antiquity. In the Middle Ages the author of the *Thebaid* was a favorite, Dante's sweet poet, highlighted by the encounter in the *Purgatorio*. For Julius Caesar Scaliger in the cinquecento, so D. W. T. Vessey reminds us in his introduction to A. D. Melville's elegant verse translation (Oxford 1992), Statius was, aside from Virgil ("we should add Homer," and I for one should no less emphatically add Lucan), "both of Latin and Greek Epic writers easily the chief"—not after all so lavish a tribute as it sounds. In the shadow of nineteenth-century Romanticism and its aftermath, Statius' reputation went into a long eclipse, but the last three decades or so of the twentieth produced a marked revival of interest and appreciation, however parochial, for both parts of his oeuvre.

## TEXT

Except for a tenth-century manuscript L (Laurentianus 29.32), a miscellany that includes the birthday ode to Lucan (2.7), the only manuscript authority is M (Matritensis Bibl. Nat. 3678), from which other extant copies derive. It is a copy commissioned by Poggio Bracciolini of a manuscript, probably of the ninth or tenth century, that he discovered near Lake Constance in 1417 but which later disappeared. This copy too disappeared for a while but was discovered in 1879 in the Biblioteca Nacional of Madrid. In sending the copy to a fellow scholar in Florence, Poggio deplored its imperfections: the copyist was "ignorantissimus omnium viventium." Copies of this were made in turn, and from one of these, also a bad one, was taken the editio princeps (Venice 1472). Annotations in a copy of this edition by another famous humanist (and poet),

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Angelo Poliziano (Politian), have been the subject of a complex and protracted controversy, perhaps now settled: see E. Courtney's preface to his Oxford Text of 1990. It seems that annotations that were not taken from M are the product of conjecture or accident. In my critical notes these are attributed to Politian and as such make an important contribution.

In Courtney's list of twenty-three editions of the whole work from the princeps to A. Traglia's of 1978 and 1980, I would star those of the Papal Secretary Domizio Calderini (1475),<sup>4</sup> J. F. Gronovius (1653; also his *Diatribae Stadianae*), and J. Markland (1728). After them perhaps come E. Baehrens (1876), J. P. Postgate (1904 with G. A. Davies in *Corpus Poetarum Latinorum*), G. Saenger (1909), and J. S. Phillimore (1910). E. Courtney's (1990) is probably the best text so far, including some fine original emendations. Mine was formed independently but benefited from comparison with his. Even so, differences amount to more than 250, an average of about one every twenty lines in the first four books and double that number in the ultra-corrupt fifth, apart from spelling, typography, and many divergent punctuations. Some discrepancies come from conjectures that were not available to him, others can be attributed to the differing character of the two editions; a Loeb editor is obligated to put a premium on readability

<sup>4</sup> Some of the conjectures with his name in my notes ("Calderini, Itali" in Courtney's apparatus, from which I take them) presumably had other authors, but the large number definitely establish him as an exceptionally acute critic. Perhaps his most notable achievement was to have seen the truth in Martial 11.94.8, *iura, verpe, per Anchialum*, to which a swarm of later hariolators have been obstinately or ignorantly blind.

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and use the obelus only as a last resort. But Courtney's text is far removed from conservatism reduced to absurdity as in A. Marastoni's (Teubner) of 1961 and 1970, and a high proportion of my disagreements stems from judgment, not circumstance.

In the legion of contributing noneditors from Politian onward, first place belongs to eighteenth-century N. Heinsius. Special mention is due to L. Håkanson's *Status' Silvae*; one of the twentieth century's most gifted critics is here at his best, often brilliant and assuredly more often right than wrong. Housman's article in *Classical Review* of 1906 (*Classical Papers*, 637–55) is worthy of its author.

These assessments are personal of course and indicate my principal debts. In my critical notes, as to information based mainly upon Courtney's, some corrections adopted in the text are omitted as too obvious or minor to be worth recording. ¶ is used to cover early corrections of unspecified origin (Courtney's "Itali"). For the published sources of emendations assigned to their authors, see Courtney's lists, and add P. T. Eden, *Mnemosyne* 46 (1993): 92–97, 237–40, and 377–80.

## COMMENTARIES

The only modern commentary on the whole of the *Silvae* is F. Vollmer's of 1898. Despite his shortcomings as a critic in this work,<sup>5</sup> it still must be consulted, though superseded

<sup>5</sup> In Housman's judgment ten years later (*Cl. Papers*, 771), it was one of two in which the criticism of Latin poetry touched its nadir. In 1930: "The late Friedrich Vollmer, after an unpromising start, became in the course of his life a considerable scholar and even something of a critic" (*ibid.*, 1170).

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in Books 2 and 4 by the hugely comprehensive and generally judicious commentaries of H. J. van Dam (1984, *Mnemosyne* Suppl. 82) and K. M. Coleman (Oxford 1988, London 1998). The notes to my translation include, beside basic information to make it intelligible,<sup>6</sup> much hermeneutic and/or revelatory matter, such as may concern any commentator to come. Textual items are mostly relegated to the Critical Appendix.

## TRANSLATION

Stattius' oblique and artificial style makes for ambiguities of word and phrase and divergences among translators. I hope to have avoided blunders. The following from the preface to my Loeb edition of Martial (1993) also applies here: "As translator I have been especially concerned with fidelity, which of course does not have to be literal. Readability would have been served if what I may call mythological aliases had been replaced by familiar equivalents (e.g. 'Athenian' instead of 'Cecropian'), but that would have removed a major stylistic feature. Like other Latin poets, Martial liked such variations, partly no doubt as giving the versifier more room for maneuver, but also for diversity and a cultural cachet."

<sup>6</sup> In the case of names the index may also be consulted.

## RECENT SCHOLARSHIP ON THE *SILVAE* AND THEIR CONTEXT: AN OVERVIEW

KATHLEEN M. COLEMAN

The following sketch ranges beyond items devoted exclusively to the *Silvae*, in an attempt to locate the collection within the larger social and cultural context of Flavian Rome. This survey, necessarily brief and extremely selective, concentrates mainly on English-language contributions. Items on individual poems are generally not included unless they are emblematic of an approach to wider issues, but a broad range of detailed studies can be accessed through bibliographical surveys and essays (Cancik 1986; van Dam 1986; Vessey 1986), and in the recent commentaries on Books 2, 3, and 4 (van Dam 1984; Laguna 1992; Coleman 1988; with important addenda to the last in Corti 1991a and van Dam 1992).

A watershed in scholarship on the *Silvae* came in the 1960s with a study in German tackling the rhetorical origins of the twin obstacles to modern appreciation of this poetry: their dense and elaborate style (often called mannerist), and their encomiastic content (Cancik 1965). This was followed by a crucial monograph identifying the *Silvae* with the Greek cultural milieu of the Bay of Naples, especially the practice of *epideixis* (display poetry) (Har-

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die 1983). Statius' bilingual background, and the training in Greek literature that he received from his father, are of signal importance; we are to think of him as a Greek poet writing in Latin (Holford-Strevens 2000), a poet immersed in precisely those *recherché* Greek authors who, while not canonical, are shown to have given a sophisticated veneer to the discourse of the contemporary Roman elite (McNelis 2002).

Central to understanding the climate of Statius' poetry is the role of the emperor and his court in determining cultural tastes, a legacy of the Julio-Claudian dynasty (Wallace-Hadrill 1996). Poetry like the *Silvae* holds up a mirror to a society dominated by the emperor, reflecting even the imprint that he has made on the physical fabric of the city of Rome (Darwall-Smith 1996). The figure of Domitian permeates the *Silvae*, and his literary interests as well as his autocratic tendencies have been counted a major influence in their production (Coleman 1986). Although nothing else quite like the *Silvae* has survived, they testify to a cultural practice that is frequently glimpsed in the world of Domitian's successors too; there seems to have been greater continuity in the literary climate under Domitian and Trajan than the patchy surviving record—and the protestations of newfound liberty by Martial, Pliny, and Tacitus—might suggest (Coleman 2000).

The content of the major proportion of poems in the *Silvae* is determined by the interests and preoccupations of Statius' private patrons in and around his native Naples and at Rome (D'Arms 1970; White 1975); indeed, the two circles may have overlapped (Nisbet 1978). Prominent among Statius' addressees are the wealthy and leisured classes practicing a lifestyle of Epicurean with-



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drawal among elegant intellectual pursuits (Corti 1991b; Myers 2000). The most generous of his Neapolitan patrons, Pollius Felix, is portrayed as a paradigm of philosophical harmony that is reflected in the accommodation between his sophisticated Surrentine villa and its natural setting (Nisbet 1978; Krüger 1998). But not all Statius' associates are sequestered in Epicurean seclusion; he writes also for senators and equestrians vigorously engaged in public life, to whose endeavors he lends a suitably Stoic coloring (Laguna Mariscal 1996).

Statius contributes poetic enhancement to the significant moments of his patrons' lives through the application of a repertoire of *topoi* (standard features) that are visible also in the graphic arts; Pollius' villa provides a vivid illustration (Bergmann 1991). In the *Silvae*, landscaping, architecture, and objets d'art are perpetuated in decorative verse in which the veristic is blended with the mythological, and nature is balanced by artifice (Pavlovskis 1973; Öberg 1978). Similarly, Statius' most extravagant compliments to his patrons are expressed through the whimsical conceit of mythological spokespersons, a device inherited from Hellenistic encomium. Within an encomiastic context, it has been argued, the purpose of such spokespersons is twofold: their enhanced status tickles the ego of the recipient, while simultaneously their role entails a suspension of belief that wittily absolves the author of responsibility for his most outrageous extremes of flattery (Coleman 1999).

It is precisely this elaborate flattery that is the feature in the *Silvae* most antithetical to modern taste and most provocative of radically differing interpretations. In the liberal atmosphere of the late twentieth century one ap-

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proach interpreted it as covert criticism, either mocking the pretensions of Statius' patrons (including the emperor) (Ahl 1984), or setting them up as a literary model against which to test the superiority of Statius' own poetic program (Malamud 1995; Newlands 1988a). Although the publication of individual items of "occasional" poetry in a miscellany does not invite the entire collection to be read as a monolithic exposition of a coherent system of attitudes and approaches, this has nevertheless been recently attempted, in a study in which the "subversive" interpretation of the *Silvae* is modified and refined (Newlands 2002): the books that Statius himself published (*Silvae* 1–4) are viewed as a subtle expression of his disquiet with some of the attitudes and behavior of the establishment that he was obliged to praise, and a meditation upon the role of the poet in an increasingly autocratic age.

An alternative approach starts from the premise that the poems of the *Silvae* are independent compositions governed not by consistency of attitude but by the conventions and expectations of literary patronage at Rome; each poem is Statius' response to a particular patron's needs and desires in a given situation. It is apparent that modern standards of tact and discretion do not correspond precisely to Flavian conventions; the patron-client relationship, marked by inequality and reciprocity, may even require the poet to confront less savory aspects of his patron's background and give them a positive interpretation (Nauta 2002). The patron, for his part, expects a rhetorical display, the more fantastically complimentary the better (Dewar 1994); and the poet is responding to the political and economic realities of a social hierarchy in which the buying power of the wealthy classes is topped by the ab-

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solute political power of the emperor (Römer 1994; Geysen 1996). Minding the gap between poet and patron, even on such an ostensibly egalitarian occasion as the Saturnalia, is a delicate balance between humility and self-assertion (Damon 1992). Jocular respect is seen to be a suitable stance, all the more appropriate in proportion to the absolute authority of the supreme imperial patron (Newman 1987).

The paradox of publishing strictly "occasional" poetry is a preoccupation of Statius' prefaces. A model for the circulation and distribution of topical verse has been deduced from the evidence of the *Silvae* and Martial's epigrams (White 1974 and 1978). The most obvious illustration of the chronological gap between composition and publication is the poem of thanks for the recovery of the prominent senator Rutilius Gallicus, which was published after his relapse and death (*Silvae* 1.4); the memorial qualities of this poem strikingly complement the surviving epigraphic testimony to Gallicus' career (Henderson 1998). In tandem with the tension between topical composition and the posterity anticipated in publication, Statius' protestations of haste in versifying have to be reconciled with the extreme artifice of his poetry (Bright 1980, with significant modifications in the introductions to van Dam 1984; Laguna 1992; Coleman 1988). His choice of meter has been shown to be a subtle and sophisticated vehicle for conveying the theme of a poem (Morgan 2000), and the structuring of individual poems, and their grouping into books, is demonstrably crafted according to elaborate principles of arrangement (Newmyer 1979). Statius' learning, and his intertextual dialogue with his predecessors, has been recorded in detail (Taisne 1994). The *Sil-*

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*vae*, in their turn, can be seen to have provided models for villa poetry in the Renaissance and beyond (Dewar 1990; Newlands 1988b), a measure of the intense interest that these poems generated once they had been rediscovered in the fifteenth century (Reeve 1977; Cesarini Martinelli 1978).

Most of the poems in the *Silvae* are too long to qualify for inclusion in modern anthologies. One exception is the short, emotionally charged address to Sleep (*Silvae* 5.4), which is generally the best-known piece in the collection today. Yet this poem seems to have hardly anything in common with the rest; even its stance of authorial subjectivity lacks the circumstantial detail that characterizes the poem addressed to Statius' wife (*Silvae* 3.5), or the laments for his deceased father and foster son (*Silvae* 5.3 and 5.5). But it is infused with the same sophisticated atmosphere of rhetorical allusion that permeates the rest of the collection, and the short compass of this poem belies the complexity of its response to Statius' Greek and Latin predecessors treating the same theme (Gibson 1996).

Indeed, the depth of Statius' learning, combined with the social and political climate of Domitian's Rome, may seem to pose the most formidable challenge to readers attempting to enter the world of the *Silvae*; their densely decorated style teases the reader at every turn, and their daring compliments strain credulity. But we have to contend with a difficulty even more fundamental than these, a difficulty that is disguised by the medium of translation and one that we have been eloquently cautioned not to forget (Willis 1966): when all is said and done, our appreciation of the *Silvae* and the world that they reveal depends upon a single corrupt manuscript, and upon the

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skills and the learning—and indeed the skepticism—of its editors.

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## ABBREVIATIONS

Coleman	Coleman, K. M. <i>Statius Silvae IV</i> . Oxford, 1988.
Håkanson	Håkanson, L. <i>Statius' Silvae</i> . Lund, 1974.
<i>Harvard Studies</i>	Shackleton Bailey, D. R. <i>Harvard Studies in Classical Philology</i> 91 (1987): 273–82.
Housman, <i>Cl. Papers</i>	Housman, A. E. <i>Classical Papers</i> . Cambridge, 1972.
OLD	<i>Oxford Latin Dictionary</i>
RE	Pauly-Wissowa. <i>Realencyclopädie der classischen Altertumswissenschaft</i> .
SCP	Shackleton Bailey, D. R. <i>Select Classical Papers</i> . Ann Arbor, 1997.
TLL	<i>Thesaurus Linguae Latinae</i>
van Dam	van Dam, H.-J. <i>P. Papinius Statius, Silvae Book II</i> . <i>Mnemosyne</i> Suppl. 82. Leiden, 1984.

Conventional abbreviations for classical authors and works are used in the Critical Notes and Appendix.

**BOOK ONE**

## PREFATORY NOTES

### 1

Date: probably 91 or shortly after.

### 2

Date: after December 89. Martial 6.21, written shortly after the marriage, belongs to the latter half of 90. The bridegroom, L. Arruntius Stella, had held curule office and was a member of the prestigious College of Fifteen (vv. 176f.); he was to become Consul Suffect in 101 or 102. He had a reputation as author of love elegies addressed to or concerning his future wife Violentilla, a rich widow born in Naples, under the pseudonym Asteris (ἀστήρ, "star," = *Stella*). Both appear in a number of Martial's epigrams, she as Ianthis (ἰάνθις, "violet," = *viola*); though her name is really diminutive of *violentus*.

### 3

Other than its presence in this Book, the poem offers no indication of date. The addressee is presented in the prefatory epistle and vv. 99–104 as a wealthy bachelor (no mention of a wife), no longer young, enjoying a life of

## BOOK I

literary leisure in his splendid villa on the Anio, a tributary of the Tiber. He was probably an Epicurean (v. 94).

### 4

Date: probably 89. Rutilius Gallicus was City Prefect in charge of Rome during Domitian's absence on his second Dacian campaign. The poem itself and a number of inscriptions give details of his long and distinguished career. Literary activity is attested in vv. 27–30. It does not appear that Statius had any personal relationship with him. He seems to write as a concerned citizen—no doubt in the hope of a *quid pro quo* of some kind.

### 5

Date: latter half of 90, probably contemporaneous with Martial 6.42 and 83 (the former on these same baths). On the recipient see 3.3.

### 6

The month is December during the Saturnalia, the year uncertain.

## LIBER PRIMUS

### STATIUS STELLAE SUO SALUTEM

Diu multumque dubitavi, Stella, iuvenis optime et in studiis nostris eminentissime, qua parte [et] voluisti, an hos libellos, qui mihi subito calore et quadam festinandi voluptate fluxerunt, cum singuli de sinu meo pro<dierint>, 5 congregatos ipse dimitterem. quid enim <opus eo tempore hos> quoque auctoritate editionis onerari, quo adhuc pro Thebaide mea, quamvis me reliquerit, timeo? sed et Culicem legimus et Batrachomachiam etiam agnoscimus, nec quisquam est illustrium poetarum qui non aliquid operibus suis stilo remissiore praeluserit. quid quod et serum 10 erat continere, cum illa vos certe quorum honori data sunt haberetis? sed apud ceteros necesse est multum illis pereat ex venia, cum amiserint quam solam habuerunt gratiam celeritatis. nullum enim ex illis biduo longius tractum, quaedam et in singulis diebus effusa. quam timeo ne 15 verum istuc versus quoque ipsi de se probent!

*De locis stellatis vide additamentum criticum, p. 369*

2 del.  $\zeta$

4 prodierint *Politianus*: pro (*spat.*) M: prodiiissent  $\zeta$

5 opus *add. Saenger*, eo tempore *Sandstroem*, hos *Mueller*:  
*spat.* M

10 et *Heinsius*: haec M

## BOOK ONE

### STATIUS TO HIS FRIEND STELLA GREETINGS

Much and long have I hesitated, my excellent Stella, distinguished as you are in your chosen area of our pursuits, whether I should assemble these little pieces, which streamed from my pen in the heat of the moment, a sort of pleasurable haste, <emerging> from my bosom one by one, and send them out myself. For why <should they> too be burdened with the authority of publication <at a time> when I am still anxious for my *Thebaid*, although it has left my hands? But we read *The Gnat*<sup>1</sup> and even recognize *The Battle of the Frogs*;<sup>2</sup> and none of our illustrious poets but has precluded his works with something in lighter vein. Moreover, it was too late to keep them back, since you at least and the others in whose honor they were produced already had them. But with the general public they must necessarily forfeit much of its indulgence since they have lost their only commendation, that of celerity. For none of them took longer than a couple of days to compose, some were turned out in a single day. How I fear that the verses themselves will testify on their own behalf to the truth of what I say!

<sup>1</sup> The apocryphal *Culex*, accepted as Virgil's also by Lucan and Martial.      <sup>2</sup> Properly *Batrachomyomachia*, *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, a parody of epic attributed to Homer.

SILVAE

Primus libellus sacrosanctum habet testem: sumendum enim erat "a Iove principium." centum hos versus, quos in ecum maximum feci, indulgentissimo imperatori postero die quam dedicaverat opus, tradere ausus sum.

20 "potuisti illud"—dicet aliquis—"et ante vidisse." respondebis illi tu, Stella carissime, qui epithalamium tuum, quod mihi iniunxeras, scis biduo scriptum: audacter mehercules, sed ter centum tamen hexametros habet et fortasse tu pro collega mentieris. Manilius certe Vopiscus, vir

25 eruditissimus et qui praecipue vindicat a situ litteras iam paene fugientes, solet ultro quoque nomine meo gloriari villam Tiburtinam suam descriptam a nobis uno die. sequitur libellus Rutilio Gallico convalescenti dedicatus, de quo nihil dico, ne videar defuncti testis occasione mentiri.

30 nam Claudii Etrusci testimonium donandum est, qui balneolum a me suum intra moram cenae recepit. in fine sunt kalendae Decembres, quibus utique credetur: noctem enim illam felicissimam et voluptatibus publicis inexper-

tam \* \* \*

19 ausus sum *Sandstroem*: iussum M

23 ter centum *Elter*: tantum M at *Bernartius*

28 convalescenti *Scriverius*: est valenti M

30 donandum\* *scripsi*: domonnum *vel* domomum M

32 credetur *Markland*: -ditur M



## BOOK I

The first has a sacred witness. I had to follow the rule "from Jove my beginning."<sup>3</sup> I ventured to hand over these hundred lines on the Great Horse to our most indulgent Emperor the day after he dedicated the work. "You might have seen it beforehand," somebody will say. Dearest Stella, you will answer him; you know that your Wedding Ode, which you enjoined upon me, was written in a couple of days. A bold claim indeed—and after all it has three hundred hexameters, and maybe you will tell a fib for a colleague. To be sure, Manilius Vopiscus, a very learned gentleman and one who more than most others is rescuing our now almost vanishing literature from neglect, is by way of boasting in my name, and spontaneously, that my description of his villa at Tibur was done in one day. There follows a piece dedicated to Rutilius Gallicus on his recovery from illness. Of that I say nothing, for fear I may be thought to be taking advantage of the death of my witness to tell a falsehood. As for Claudius Etruscus' evidence, I must waive it:<sup>4</sup> he received his "Bath" from me within the space of a dinner. Last come the "Kalends of December." They at least will be believed, for that happiest of nights, unprecedented among public pleasures \* \* \*

<sup>3</sup> Formulaic in hymns to the gods.

<sup>4</sup> See Critical Appendix.

## SILVAE

## 1

ECUS MAXIMUS  
DOMITIANI IMP.

- Quae superimposito moles geminata colosso  
 stat Latium complexa forum? caelone peractum  
 fluxit opus? Siculis an conformata caminis  
 effigies lassum Steropen Brontenque reliquit?  
 5 an te Palladiae talem, Germanice, nobis  
 effinxere manus qualem modo frena tenentem  
 Rhenus et attoniti vidit domus ardua Daci?  
 Nunc age fama prior notum per saecula nomen  
 Dardanii miretur equi, cui vertice sacro  
 10 Dindymon et caesis decrevit frondibus Ide.  
 hunc neque discissis cepissent Pergama muris,  
 nec grege permixto pueri innuptaeque puellae  
 ipse nec Aeneas nec magnus duceret Hector.  
 adde quod ille nocens saevosque amplexus Achivos,  
 15 hunc mitis commendat eques: iuvat ora tueri  
 mixta notis, bellum placidamque gerentia pacem.  
 nec veris maiora putes: par forma decorque,  
 par honor. exhaustis Martem non altius armis  
 Bistonius portat sonipes magnoque superbit

4 Steropen Brontenque *Bentley*: -em -emque M

6 effinxere  $\zeta$ : -igere M

16 bellum *Courtney*: belli M

<sup>1</sup> *Equus* = equestrian statue, as in Martial 8.44.6 and elsewhere.

<sup>2</sup> On Mt. Aetna, where Vulcan and the Cyclopes had their workshop.

<sup>3</sup> Domitian's German and Dacian wars are a long story. *Ardua* refers to the mountain stronghold mentioned in v. 80.

## BOOK I.1

### 1

#### THE GREAT EQUESTRIAN STATUE<sup>1</sup> OF EMPEROR DOMITIAN

What is this mass that stands embracing the Latian Forum, doubled by the colossus on its back? Did it glide from the sky, a finished work? Or did the effigy, molded in Sicilian furnaces,<sup>2</sup> leave Steropes and Brontes weary? Or did Pallas' hands fashion you for us, Germanicus, in such guise as the Rhine of late and the lofty home of the astounded Dacian saw you holding your reins?<sup>3</sup>

Come now, let an earlier fame wonder at the renown of the Dardanian horse, known through the ages, for whom Dindymon's sacred peak and Ida were diminished, their leafage felled. *This* horse Pergamus would not have contained, though her walls were riven asunder, nor would the mingled throng of boys and unwed girls have drawn him, nor yet Aeneas himself nor great Hector.<sup>4</sup> Besides, that horse was baneful, enfolding cruel Achaeans; this one his gentle rider commends, on whose face it is pleasant to gaze, where marks are mingled; war it bears and gentle peace. Nor think the work exaggerates: equal is his beauty and grace, equal his dignity. No more loftily does his Bistonian steed bear Mars, battles spent, and glories in the mighty weight; nor so great<sup>5</sup> his speed as he pelts steaming

<sup>4</sup> As in the case of the Trojan Horse (*Aeneid* 2.234–40).

<sup>5</sup> So inferred from the statue's appearance? Careless writing perhaps but preferable to M's bathetic *nec tarde* (a slow-running horse of Mars would be a very rare animal).

20 pondere nec tanto raptus prope flumina cursu  
fumat et ingenti propellit Strymona flatu.

Par operi sedes. huic obvia limina pandit  
qui fessus bellis adscitae munere prolis  
primus iter nostris ostendit in aethera divis;

25 discit et e vultu quantum tu mitior armis,  
qui nec in externos facilis saevire furores  
das Cattis Dacisque fidem: te signa ferente  
et minor in leges gener et Cato Caesaris irent.  
at laterum passus hinc Iulia tecta tuentur,  
30 illinc belligeri sublimis regia Pauli,  
terga pater blandoque videt Concordia vultu.

Ipse autem puro celsum caput aëre saeptus  
templa superfulges et prospectare videris,  
an nova contemptis surgant Palatia flammis  
35 pulchrius, an tacita vigilet face Troicus ignis  
atque exploratas iam laudet Vesta ministras.  
dextra vetat pugnans, laevam Tritonia virgo

20 tanto *Politianus*: tardo M

22 huic *Laetus*: hinc M

28 gener et Cato Caesaris irent *Scriverius*: iret gener et cato  
castris M

35 tacita  $\zeta$ : tanta M: casta *Lenz*

<sup>6</sup> Julius Caesar, to whom his adopted son (and great-nephew), Augustus, dedicated a temple in 27 BC. On the following topography see the plan of the imperial fora on page 220.

<sup>7</sup> Trumping Caesar's vaunted clemency.

<sup>8</sup> Pompey "the Great" (Magnus)—but lesser than Caesar.

<sup>9</sup> The statue is flanked by the Basilica Julia on one side and the Basilica Aemilia on the other. Statius unwarily credits the

## BOOK I.1

along the river, urging Strymon forward with his prodigious blast.

The setting matches the work. Here opens wide his facing threshold he<sup>6</sup> that weary of wars first showed our divinities the way to heaven by the gift of his adopted son. From your countenance he learns how much gentler in arms are you,<sup>7</sup> that find it hard to rage even against foreign fury, giving quarter to Cattians and Dacians. Had you borne the standard, his lesser son-in-law<sup>8</sup> and Cato would have submitted to Caesar's ordinances. But the spread of the flanks is surveyed from one side by the Julian structure and from the other by the exalted palace of martial Paulus.<sup>9</sup> The back your father beholds, and Concord with her smiling face.<sup>10</sup>

You yourself shine above the temples, your lofty head surrounded by the pure air. You seem to gaze before you—does the new palace<sup>11</sup> rise more beautiful than ever, despising the flames, does the secret brand of the Trojan fire keep vigil, does Vesta now praise her servants well approved?<sup>12</sup> Your right hand bans battles; the Tritonian

latter to L. Aemilius Paullus, victor in the second Macedonian War. Actually it originated with M. Aemilius Lepidus, censor in 179, and was restored by L. Aemilius Paullus, consul in 50, and again by his son Paullus Aemilius Lepidus, consul-suffect in 34.

<sup>10</sup> The temple of Vespasian (and Titus) and the temple of Concord.

<sup>11</sup> On the Palatine, replacing one destroyed by fire. It was completed in 92 (cf. 4.2.18ff.).

<sup>12</sup> Domitian had punished a vestal virgin for unchastity in the ancient fashion (burial alive). The vestals maintained the secret fire brought from Troy.

SILVAE

non gravat et sectae praetendit colla Medusae,  
 ceu stimulis accendit equum; nec dulcior usquam  
 40 lecta deae sedes, nec si pater ipse teneres.  
 pectora, quae mundi valeant evolvere curas  
 et quis se totis Temese dedit hausta metallis.  
 it tergo demissa chlamys, latus ense quieto  
 securum, magnus quanto mucrone minatur  
 45 noctibus hibernis et sidera terret Orion.

At sonipes habitus animosque imitatus eriles  
 acrius attollit vultus cursumque minatur,  
 cui rigidis stant colla iubis vivusque per amos  
 impetus et tantis calcaribus ilia late  
 50 suffectura patent. vacuae pro caespite terrae  
 aerea captivi crinem terit ungula Rheni.  
 hunc et Adrasteus visum extimuisset Arion  
 et pavet aspiciens Ledaëus ab aede propinqua  
 Cyllarus. hic domini numquam mutabit habenas,  
 55 perpetuus frenis, atque uni serviet astro.

Vix sola sufficiunt insessaque pondere tanto  
 subter anhelat humus; nec ferro aut aere, laborat  
 sub genio, teneat quamvis aeterna crepido  
 quae superingesti portaret culmina montis  
 60 caeliferique attrita genu durasset Atlantis.

43 it  $\zeta$ : et M

46 eriles *Markland*: equestres M

51 terit  $\zeta$ : tegit M

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<sup>13</sup> A statuette of Minerva, considered by Domitian as his protectress, with her shield (aegis), on which was the Gorgon Medusa's head. Since this should turn gazers to stone, something seems askew in the poet's conception.

## BOOK I.1

maiden is no burden to your left as she holds out severed Medusa's neck as though to spur the horse forward;<sup>13</sup> nowhere did the goddess choose a sweeter resting place, not even, Father,<sup>14</sup> if yourself held her. Your breast is such as may suffice to unwind the cares of the universe; to make it, Temese has given her all, exhausting her mines. A cloak hangs down your back. A quiet sword protects your side, large as Orion's threatening blade on winter nights, affrighting the stars.

But the charger in counterfeit of his master's mien and spirit sharply lifts his head and threatens gallop. His mane lies stiff on his neck, life thrills through his shoulders, his widely spreading flanks will suffice for the great spurs. Instead of a clod of empty earth, his brazen hoof chafes the hair of captive Rhine. Adrastus' Arion would have dreaded the sight of him, and Leda's Cyllarus trembles as he looks from his neighboring shrine. This horse shall never change his master's reins, constant to his bit; he shall serve one star only.<sup>15</sup>

Scarce can the soil hold out, the ground pants beneath the pressure of such a weight. 'Tis not steel or bronze, 'tis your guardian spirit<sup>16</sup> that overloads it, even though an everlasting base support, one that might have carried a mountain peak piled on top, and held firm though rubbed by heaven-bearing Atlas' knee.

<sup>14</sup> Jupiter, father of the gods, but also specially of this goddess, who was born from his head.

<sup>15</sup> Arion had several successive masters and Castor's horse Cyllarus might be ridden by Pol-lux, so Statius assumes. The two were stars—like Domitian!

<sup>16</sup> Genius, a mysterious sort of alter ego, accompanying the individual through life.

## SILVAE

Nec longae traxere morae. iuvat ipsa labores  
 forma dei praesens, operique intenta iuventus  
 miratur plus posse manus. strepit ardua pulsu  
 machina; continuus septem per culmina Martis  
 65 it fragor et magnae vincit vaga murmura Romae.

Ipse loci custos, cuius sacrata vorago  
 famosique lacus nomen memorabile servant,  
 innumeros aeris sonitus et verbere crudo  
 ut sensit mugire Forum, movet horrida sancto  
 70 ora situ meritaque caput venerabile quercu.  
 ac primum ingentes habitus lucemque coruscam  
 expavit maioris equi terque ardua mersit  
 colla lacu trepidans; laetus mox praeside viso:  
 "salve, magnorum proles genitorque deorum,  
 75 auditum longe numen mihi. nunc mea felix,  
 nunc veneranda palus, cum te prope nosse tuumque  
 immortale iubar vicina sede tueri  
 concessum. semel auctor ego inventorque salutis  
 Romuleae: tu bella Iovis, tu proelia Rheni,  
 80 tu civile nefas, tu tardum in foedera montem  
 longo Marte domas. quod si te nostra tulissent  
 saecula, temptasses me non audente profundo  
 ire lacu, sed Roma tuas tenuisset habenas."

64 Martis *Gronovius*: montis M      65 vincit *Heinsius*: fin-  
 git M: frangit *Phillimore*, fort. recte (cf. *van Dam ad 2.1.163*)

<sup>17</sup> The statue itself (not "beauty"), or possibly the mold from which it would be cast.

<sup>18</sup> Rather than "crane."

<sup>19</sup> The legendary M. Curtius, who plunged himself and his horse into a chasm that had opened in the Forum, for country's sake.



## BOOK I.1

No long delays drew out the time. The god's present likeness<sup>17</sup> itself makes labor sweet and the men intent upon their task are surprised to find their hands more powerful. The lofty scaffolding<sup>18</sup> is loud with hammer strokes and an incessant din runs through Mars' seven hills, drowning the vagrant noises of great Rome.

The guardian of the place in person,<sup>19</sup> whose name the sacred chasm and the famous pool preserve in memory, hears the countless clashes of bronze and the Forum resounding with harsh blows. He raises a visage stark in holy squalor and a head sanctified by well-earned wreath of oak.<sup>20</sup> At first he took alarm at the huge accouterments and flashing light of a mightier horse as thrice his lofty neck sank affrighted in the pool. Then, happy at sight of the ruler: "Hail, offspring and begetter of great gods, deity known to me by distant report. Blessed is now my swamp, venerable now that it is vouchsafed me to know you close at hand and behold your immortal radiance from my neighboring seat. Once only did I make and find salvation for the people of Romulus; whereas you in length of fighting quell the wars of Jove,<sup>21</sup> the battles of the Rhine,<sup>22</sup> the civil outrage,<sup>23</sup> the mountain slow to treat.<sup>24</sup> But if our times had given you birth, you would have made to plunge into the deep pool, when I dared not venture, but Rome would have held your reins."

<sup>20</sup> A military decoration bestowed for saving the life of a fellow soldier (*corona civica*).

<sup>21</sup> The fighting on the Capitol in AD 69 between partisans of Vitellius and Vespasian. Domitian was on the spot, but his contribution was minimal.

<sup>22</sup> Campaign against the German C(h)atti.

<sup>23</sup> The rebellion of Antonius Saturninus, governor of Upper Germany, in 89.

<sup>24</sup> See v. 7.

SILVAE

- Cedat equus Latiae qui contra templa Diones  
 85 Caesarei stat sede Fori, quem traderis ausus  
 Pellaeo, Lysippe, duci (mox Caesaris ora  
 mirata cervice tulit); vix lumine fesso  
 explores quam longus in hunc despectus ab illo.  
 quis rudis usque adeo qui non, ut viderit ambos,  
 90 tantum dicat equos quantum distare regentes?  
 Non hoc imbriferas hiemes opus aut Iovis ignem  
 tergeminum, Aeolii non agmina carceris horret  
 annorumve moras: stabit, dum terra polusque,  
 dum Romana dies. huc et sub nocte silenti,  
 95 cum superis terrena placent, tua turba relicto  
 labetur caelo miscebitque oscula iuxta.  
 ibit in amplexus natus fraterque paterque  
 et soror; una locum cervix dabit omnibus astris.  
 Utere perpetuum populi magnique senatus  
 100 munere. Apelleae cuperent te scribere cerae,  
 optassetque novo similem te ponere templo  
 Atticus Elei senior Iovis, et tua mitis  
 ora Tarans, tua sidereas imitantia flammās  
 lumina contempto mallet Rhodos aspera Phoebō.  
 105 certus ames terras et quae tibi templa dicamus  
 ipse colas, nec te caeli iuuet aula, tuosque  
 laetus huic dono videas dare tura nepotes.

94 huc √: hoc M

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<sup>25</sup> A statue of Alexander the Great, whose head, after the deplorable practice of the time, had been replaced by Julius Caesar's. It stood in the Forum Julium opposite the temple of Venus Genetrix, mother of Aeneas and hence of the Julian clan and the Roman people.

<sup>26</sup> *Regentes* could mean "rulers," but the other sense is determined by *equos*.

## BOOK I.1

Let that horse yield who stands in Caesar's Forum opposite Latian Dione's temple, whom you, Lysippus (so 'tis said), dared make for Pella's captain (soon it was amazed to bear Caesar's likeness on its neck);<sup>25</sup> with your tired eyes you would scarcely discern how far down the view is from this horse to that. Who so unschooled as, seeing both, not to declare the horses as far apart as their riders?<sup>26</sup>

This work fears not rainy winters nor Jove's triple-forked fire nor the troops of Aeolus' dungeon nor the long-drawn years; it shall stand as long as earth and heaven and Roman day. In the dead of night, when earthly things please heavenly, your folk<sup>27</sup> will glide here from the abandoned sky and mingle kisses close. Son and brother and father and sister will come to your arms. One neck shall make room for every star.<sup>28</sup>

Enjoy for all time the gift of the people and the great Senate. Apelles' wax would fain have inscribed you,<sup>29</sup> the old Athenian<sup>30</sup> would have longed to set your likeness in a new temple of Elean Jove, gentle Tarentum would have preferred your countenance, fierce Rhodes your eyes like starry flames, contemning Phoebus.<sup>31</sup> Steadfast may you love earth and yourself frequent the temples we dedicate to you. Let not heaven's palace delight you, and happily may you see your grandsons give incense to this gift.

<sup>27</sup> Deified members of the imperial family.

<sup>28</sup> All the deified relatives.

<sup>29</sup> In encaustic painting.

<sup>30</sup> Phidias. <sup>31</sup> Alluding to a colossal statue of Zeus (Jupiter) at Tarentum ("gentle" because of her reputation for soft living) by Lysippus and to the Colossus of Rhodes, representing the sun god (it was no longer standing in Statius' time). Rhodes had a rugged terrain and a martial history.

EPITHALAMION IN STELLAM  
ET VIOLENTILLAM

- Unde sacro Latii sonuerunt carmine montes?  
cui, Paeon, nova plectra moves umeroque comanti  
facundum suspendis ebur? procul ecce canoro  
demigrant Helicone deae quatiuntque novena  
5 lampade sollemnem thalamis coeuntibus ignem  
et de Pieriis vocalem fontibus undam.  
quas inter vultu petulans Elegea propinquat  
celsior assueto divasque hortatur et ambit  
alternum furata pedem, decimamque videri  
10 se cupit et mediis fallit permixta sorores.  
ipsa manu nuptam genetrix Aeneia duxit  
lumina demissam et dulci probitate rubentem,  
ipsa toros et sacra parat cultuque Latino  
dissimulata deam crinem vultusque genasque  
15 temperat atque nova gestit minor ire marita.  
Nosco diem causasque sacri: te concinit iste  
(pande fores), te, Stella, chorus; tibi Phoebus et Euhan  
et de Maenalia volucer Tegeaticus umbra  
serta ferunt. nec blandus Amor nec Gratia cessat  
20 amplexum niveos optatae coniugis artus  
floribus innumeris et olenti spargere nimbo.

9 furata *Sandstroem*: futura M: suffulta *Leo*

10 mediis *Courtney* (*praeunte Howard*): -ias M

12 lumina  $\zeta$ : -ne M

13 cultu *T. Faber*: coetu M

WEDDING ODE IN HONOR OF STELLA  
AND VIOLENTILLA

Wherefore have Latium's hills resounded in sacred song?  
For whom, Paeon, do you stir your quill anew and hang  
the eloquent ivory from your tressy shoulders? See, the  
goddesses afar come down from tuneful Helicon and with  
ninefold torch toss ritual fire of marriage union and vocal  
wave from Pieria's fount. Among them pert-faced Elegy  
draws near, taller than her wont; she urges the goddesses  
and courts them, concealing her alternate foot,<sup>1</sup> wanting  
to be seen as a tenth and mingling among the Sisters un-  
noticed. Aeneas' mother with her own hand led the bride,  
whose eyes are downcast as she blushes sweetly chaste.  
She herself prepares the bed and the rites, dissembling  
her deity with Latian attire, and tempers hair and face and  
eyes, anxious to walk less tall than the newly wed.

I learn the day and the reason for the ceremony. It is  
you, Stella, you that choir (fling wide the gates!) is singing.  
For you Phoebus and Euhan and the flying Tegean from  
Maenalus' shade bring garlands. Smiling Love and Grace  
ceaselessly scatter you with countless blossoms and fra-  
grant shower as you embrace the snowy limbs of your

<sup>1</sup> The second line of an elegiac couplet (the pentameter) has five feet instead of six.

SILVAE

tu modo fronte rosas, violis modo lilia mixta  
excipis et dominae nitidis a vultibus obstas.

25 Ergo dies aderat Parcarum conditus albo  
vellere, quo Stellae Violentillaeque professus  
clamaretur hymen. cedant curaeque metusque,  
cessent mendaces obliqui carminis astus;  
Fama, tace. subiit leges et frena momordit  
ille solutus amor, consumpta est fabula vulgi  
30 et narrata diu viderunt oscula cives.

tu tamen attonitus, quamvis data copia tantae  
noctis, adhuc optas permissaque numine dextro  
vota paves. pone, o dulcis, suspiria vates,  
pone: tua est. licet expositum per limen aperto  
35 ire redire gradu. iam nusquam ianitor aut lex  
aut pudor. amplexu tandem satiare petito  
(contigit) et duras pariter reminiscere noctes.

Digna quidem merces, et si tibi Iuno labores  
Herculeos, Stygiis et si concurrere monstris  
40 Fata darent, si Cyaneos raperere per aestus.  
hanc propter tanti Pisaea lege trementem  
currere et Oenomai fremitus audire sequentis.  
nec si Dardania pastor temerarius Ida  
sedisses, haec dona forent, nec si alma per auras  
45 te potius prensu aveheret Tithonia biga.

23 nitidis\* *scripsi*: niveis M

32 permissa *Heinsius*: deprem- M

45 prensu (*Parrhasius*) aveheret *Baehrens*: -nsa veheret M

## BOOK I.2

longed-for bride. On your brow you receive now roses, now lilies mingled with violets, shielding your mistress' shining<sup>2</sup> face.

Here then was the day, hidden in the white wool of the Parcae, when the wedding of Stella and Violentilla was to be proclaimed and sung. Let cares and fears begone; a truce to lying wiles of hinting buzz; Rumor, hold your tongue. That footloose love has bowed to rules and bitten the bridle. Common tattle has run its course and the citizenry have seen the kisses so long retailed. But you<sup>3</sup> are nonplussed. Though the night of nights is yours to enjoy, you are still yearning and fear the prayers that kindly deity has granted. Sigh no more, sweet poet, sigh no more: she is yours. Open lies the entrance, you may come and go for all to see. No more janitor or rule or shyness! Take your fill at last of the embrace you sought (it has happened), and, as you do, remember the nights of discontent.

Worthy indeed were your reward had Juno assigned you Hercules' labors and the Fates made you clash with Stygian monsters or were you swept through Cyanean swell.<sup>4</sup> For her sake it were worthwhile to run trembling under Pisa's ordinance and hear Oenomaus bellowing in pursuit. If you had been the rash shepherd<sup>5</sup> on Dardanian Ida's judgment seat, such a gift would not be yours, nor yet if it was you<sup>6</sup> that gracious Tithonia took up in her chariot and carried away through the air.

<sup>2</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>3</sup> Stella.

<sup>4</sup> Like Jason and the Argonauts.

<sup>5</sup> Paris.

<sup>6</sup> Instead of Tithonus.

SILVAE

- Sed quae causa toros inopinaque gaudia vati  
attulit? hic mecum, dum fervent agmine postes  
atriaque et multa pulsantur limina virga,  
hic, Erato iucunda, doce. vacat apta movere  
50 colloquia et docti norunt audire penates.  
Forte, serenati qua stat plaga lactea caeli,  
alma Venus thalamo pulsa modo nocte iacebat  
amplexu duro Getici resoluta mariti.  
fulcra torosque deae tenerum premit agmen Amorum.  
55 signa petunt qua ferre faces, quae pectora figi  
imperet; an terris saevire an malit in undis  
an miscere deos an adhuc vexare Tonantem.  
ipsi animus nondum nec cordi fixa voluntas;  
fessa iacet stratis, ubi quondam conscia culpae  
60 Lemnia deprenso repserunt vincula lecto.  
hic puer e turba volucrum, cui plurimus ignis  
torre manusque leves numquam frustrata sagitta,  
agmine de medio tenera sic dulce profatur  
voce (pharetrati pressere silentia fratres):  
65 "Scis ut, mater," ait "nulla mihi dextera segnis  
militia. quemcumque hominum divumque dedisti;  
uritur. at quondam lacrimis et supplice dextra  
et votis precibusque virum concede moveri,  
o genetrix; duro nec enim ex adamante creati

46 vati *Calderini*: -is M

55 qua *Jortin*: quas M: quis *Heinsius*

62 torre *Heinsius*: ore M manusque (*Laetus*) levis *Cru-*  
*ceus* (cf. *Sen. Phaedr.* 62): manuque levi M

<sup>7</sup> Stella's.

<sup>8</sup> I.e., at dawn.



## BOOK I.2

But what was it that brought marriage and unlooked-for joys to our poet? Here with me, while entrances and halls seethe with the throng and doors are beaten with many a staff—here, delightful Erato, tell me true. Time serves to start apt converse and the poet's<sup>7</sup> home knows how to listen.

It chanced on a night just banished<sup>8</sup> that gracious Venus lay in her bower, where stands tranquil heaven's Milky Way, relaxed from her Getic husband's<sup>9</sup> rough embrace. A tender company of Loves presses the goddess' couch and cushions. They seek her sign: where does she bid them carry their torches, what hearts are to be pierced? Would she rather they rage on land or in the waves? Should they confound the gods or go on tormenting the Thunderer? She herself has no mind as yet, no will fixed in her heart. Weary she lies on the draperies where once the Lemnian chains crept over the bed they had surprised, privy to the guilt.<sup>10</sup> Then a boy from out the winged multitude, whose brand had most of fire and whose light hands no shaft had ever failed, spoke up thus sweetly from the midst of the company in his childish tone (his quivered brethren kept mum):

“Mother, you know,” says he, “that my right hand is never slack in any service; whomsoever you give me, man or god, burns. But for once, mother mine, allow me to be moved by men's tears and suppliant hands, their vows and prayers; for we are not created from hard adamant, we

<sup>9</sup> Mars, by courtesy. Venus was married to Vulcan.

<sup>10</sup> See *Odyssey* 8.266ff. The chains were made by Hephaestus (Vulcan), who worked on his favorite island of Lemnos (as well as Aetna).

SILVAE

- 70 sed tua turba sumus. clarus de gente Latina  
 est iuvenis, quem patriciis maioribus ortum  
 Nobilitas gavisam tulit praesagaque formae  
 protinus e nostro posuit cognomina caelo.  
 hunc egomet tota quondam (tibi dulce) pharetra  
 75 improbus et densa trepidantem cuspide fixi.  
 quamvis Ausoniis multum gener ille petitus  
 matribus, edomui victum dominaeque potentis  
 ferre iugum et longos iussi sperare per annos.  
 ast illam summa leviter (sic namque iubebas)  
 80 lampade parcentes et inertis strinximus arcu.  
 ex illo quantos iuvenis premat anxius ignes,  
 testis ego attonitus, quantum me nocte dieque  
 urgentem ferat: haud ulli vehementior umquam  
 incubui, genetrix, iterataque vulnera fodi.  
 85 vidi ego et immiti cupidum decurrere campo  
 Hippomenem, nec sic meta pallebat in ipsa.  
 vidi et Abydeni iuvenis certantia remis  
 bracchia laudavique manus et saepe natanti  
 praeluxi: minor ille calor, quo saeva tepebant  
 90 aequora: tu veteres, iuvenis, transgressus amores.  
 ipse ego te tantos stupui durasse per aestus  
 firmavique animos blandisque madentia plumis  
 lumina detersi. quotiens mihi questus Apollo  
 sic vatem maerere suum! iam, mater, amatos  
 95 indulge thalamos. noster comes ille piusque  
 signifer; armiferos poterat memorare labores  
 claraque facta virum et torrentes sanguine campos,  
 sed tibi plectra dedit mitisque incedere vates

77 invictum *Eden*

82 attonitus ⚡ (cf. 91): -ito M

98 sed *Politianus*: sic M

## BOOK I.2

are your children. There is a distinguished young man of Latian breed. Nobility produced him rejoicing, born of patrician forbears, and forthwith gave him a name from our heaven,<sup>11</sup> presage of beauty. Him I once pierced with all my quiver—it was your pleasure—as he trembled in a hail of darts, no mercy. Much was he sought by Ausonian dames for their daughters, but I defeated and subjugated him, commanded him to bear the yoke of a potent mistress and hope through long years. As for her, I but lightly grazed her with the tip of my brand—for such was your command—and a flaccid bow. Ever since, I am witness in my wonderment to what fires the tormented youth keeps down, how night and day he bears my urging. None, mother, did I ever lean upon harder, thrusting wound on wound. I saw eager Hippomenes running down the cruel field, but even at the post he was never so pale; and I saw the arms of the youth of Abydos<sup>12</sup> rivaling oars, and praised his effort, and often lighted him as he swam; but his ardor that warmed the cruel sea was less. You, O youth, have surpassed the loves of old. I myself was amazed at your endurance through such fevers and strengthened your spirit, wiping your moist eyes with my balmy plumes. How often has Apollo complained to me of his poet's distress! Mother, grant him now the bridal of his desire. He is our companion, our loyal standard-bearer. He could have told of martial toils, famous deeds of heroes, fields streaming with gore; but he gave his quill to you, preferring to walk

<sup>11</sup> *Stella* = Star.

<sup>12</sup> Leander.

## SILVAE

- maluit et nostra laurum subtexere myrto.  
 100 hic iuvenum lapsus suaque aut externa revolvit  
 vulnera. pro! quanta est Paphii reverentia, mater,  
 numinis! hic nostrae deflevit fata columbae.”  
 Finierat: tenera matris cervice pependit  
 blandus et admotis tepefecit pectora pennis.  
 105 illa refert, vultu non aspernata rogari:  
 “grande quidem rarumque viris quos ipsa probavi,  
 Pierius votum iuvenis cupit. hanc ego formae  
 egregium mirata decus, cui gloria patrum  
 et generis certabat honos, tellure cadentem  
 110 excepi fovique sinu. nec colla genasque  
 comere nec pingui crinem deducere amomo  
 cessavit mea, nate, manus. mihi dulcis imago  
 prosiluit. celsae procul aspice frontis honores  
 suggestumque comae. Latias metire quid ultra  
 115 emineat matres: quantum Latonia Nymphas  
 virgo premit quantumque egomet Nereidas exsto.  
 haec et caeruleis mecum consurgere digna  
 fluctibus et nostra potuit considerare concha,  
 et, si flammigeras licuisset scandere sedes  
 120 hasque intrare domos, ipsi erraretis, Amores.  
 huic quamvis census dederim largita beatos,  
 vincit opes animo. querimus iam Seras avaros  
 angustum spoliare nemus Clymenaeaque desse

103 finierat √: Emis (*i.e.*, Finis) erat M

118 *nihil mutandum*

119 licuisset *Eden*: potu- M

122 querimus *Peyrarède*: -itur M

## BOOK I.2

softly in his poesy and twine his bay in our myrtle. He tells of young folk's errors, of his own and others' wounds. Ah, how he reveres Paphos' deity, mother! He bewailed our dove's demise."<sup>13</sup>

He ended. Hanging fondly on his mother's tender neck, he warmed her bosom with his covering pinions. She answered with a look that scorned not his petition: "Great indeed is the prize of the Pierian youth's desire, seldom granted to lovers by myself approved. Wondering at the matchless beauty of her person, rivaled by the glory of her forebears and her race's renown, I took her up as she fell to the ground and nursed her in my lap. Nor has my hand been slow, my son, to beautify her face and neck and comb her hair with rich balsam. She has shot up to be my sweet likeness. Look yonder at the dignity of her lofty brow, the pile of her tresses. Measure how far she tops Latium's matrons; by as much as Latona's maiden dwarfs her Nymphs and I myself stand out above the Nereids. She could worthily have risen with me from the cerulean waves and taken a seat in my shell. Had she been allowed to climb the flaming abodes and enter these dwellings, you yourselves, my Loves, could be deceived. Although I have lavished upon her the gift of ample wealth, her soul is greater than her riches. Already I complain that the greedy Seres<sup>14</sup> despoil too small a forest, that Clymene's gums are

<sup>13</sup> Doves were Venus' favorite birds. Stella had written a poem mourning Violentilla's black dove (Martial 7.14.6), following the precedent of Catullus for Lesbia's sparrow and Ovid for Corinna's parrot (cf. 2.4, Melior's parrot).

<sup>14</sup> Producers of silk or cotton.

SILVAE

- 125 germina nec virides satis illacrimare sorores,  
 vellera Sidonio iam pauca rubescere tabo  
 raraque longaevus nivibus crystalla gelari.  
 huic Hermum fulvoque Tagum decurrere limo  
 (nec satis ad cultus), huic Inda monilia Glaucum  
 Proteaque atque omnem Nereida quaerere iussi.  
 130 hanc si Thessalicos vidisses, Phoebe, per agros,  
 erraret secura Daphne; si in litore Naxi  
 Theseum iuxta foret haec conspecta cubile,  
 Cnosida desertam profugus liquisset et Euhan.  
 quod nisi me longis placasset Iuno querelis,  
 135 falsus huic pennas et cornua sumeret aethrae  
 rector, in hanc ver<s>o cecidisset Iuppiter auro.  
 sed dabitur iuveni cui tu, mea summa potestas,  
 nate, cupis, thalami quamvis iuga ferre secundi  
 saepe neget maerens. ipsam iam cedere sensi  
 inque vicem tepuisse viro.”  
 140 Sic fata levavit  
 sidereos artus thalamicque egressa superbum  
 limen Amyclaeos ad frena citavit olores.  
 iungit Amor laetamque vehens per nubila matrem  
 gemmato temone sedet. iam Thybris et arces  
 145 Iliacae: pandit nitidos domus alta penates

136 verso *Herzog*: vero M

144 Thybris et *anon. ap. Hand*: hybridis M

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<sup>15</sup> Daughters of the Sun and Clymene (Heliades). Weeping for their brother Phaëthon, they were turned into poplars and their tears to amber.

<sup>16</sup> Crystals were believed to come from ice.

<sup>17</sup> Pearl.

<sup>18</sup> Ariadne.

## BOOK I.2

failing and the green sisters<sup>15</sup> weeping too little, that few fleeces now blush with Sidonian dye, that crystals too rare are frozen in long-lasting snows.<sup>16</sup> For her I have bidden Hermus and Tagus flow with tawny mud (there's not enough for her adornment), for her Glaucus and Proteus and every Nereid must search for necklaces of Ind.<sup>17</sup> If Phoebus had seen her in Thessaly's fields, Daphne had safely strayed. If she had been spied beside Theseus' couch on Naxos' beach, Euhan too would have fled and left the Cnosian girl<sup>18</sup> forlorn. And if Juno had not appeased me with her lengthy complaints, heaven's ruler would have donned disguise of wings and horns for her sake, onto her would Jupiter have fallen, in gold transformed.<sup>19</sup> Yet shall she be granted to the young man you favor, my highest power, my son, though in her grief she often refuses to bear the yoke of a second marriage. Already I have seen that she herself is yielding, that she has warmed to him in her turn."

Thus speaking, she raised her starry limbs and left the proud threshold of her bower, summoning her Amyclaeon swans to the reins. Love yokes them and sits on the jeweled pole, wafting his happy mother through the clouds. Here already are Tiber and the Ilian heights. A lofty man-

<sup>19</sup> Jupiter would have disguised himself as a swan (as for Leda) or a bull (as for Europa) or a shower of gold (as for Danaë), but for Violentilla the gold would be real (cf. Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 5.11, *falsum versus in aurum*), if *vero* is retained. But this is a foolish conceit. Among the conjectures my choice is *verso*: gold turned to Jupiter instead of Jupiter turned to gold, "a syntactical reversal of the main concepts," to quote van Dam, p. 243. Statius is notably fond of such inversions.

SILVAE

- claraque gaudentes plauserunt limina cyni.  
 digna dea est sedes, nitidis nec sordet ab astris.  
 hic Libycus Phrygiusque silex, hic dura Laconum  
 saxa virent, hic flexus onyx et concolor alto  
 150 vena mari, rupesque nitent quis purpura saepe  
 Oebalis et Tyrii moderator livet aëni.  
 pendent innumeris fastigia nixa columnis,  
 robora Dalmatico lucent sociata metallo.  
 excludunt radios silvis demissa vetustis  
 155 frigora, perspicui vivunt in marmore fontes.  
 nec servat Natura vices: hic Sirius alget,  
 bruma tepet, versumque domus sibi temperat annum.  
 Exsultat visu tectisque potentis alumnae  
 non secus alma Venus quam si Paphon aequore ab alto  
 160 Idaliasque domos Erycinaque templa subiret.  
 tunc ipsam solo reclinem affata cubili:  
 "Quonam hic usque sopor vacuique modestia lecti,  
 o mihi Laurentes inter dilecta puellas?  
 quis morum fideique modus? numquamne virili  
 165 summittere iugo? veniet iam tristior aetas.  
 exerce formam et fugientibus utere donis.  
 non ideo tibi tale decus vultusque superbos  
 meque dedi viduos ut transmittare per annos  
 ceu non cara mihi. satis o nimiumque priores  
 170 despexisse procos! at enim hic tibi sanguine toto  
 deditus unam omnes inter miratur amatque,

147 dea est *Saenger*: deae M: dea *coni. Courtney* nitidis  
*Calderini*: viridis M

153 sociata *Lipsius*: sati- M



## BOOK I.2

sion spreads open a shining home and the rejoicing swans flap upon the famed entrance. The dwelling deserves the goddess, nor seems it mean after the bright stars. Here is Libyan stone and Phrygian, here hard Laconian rock shows green, here are versatile alabaster and the vein that matches the deep sea,<sup>20</sup> here shines marble oft envied by Oebalian purple and the blender of the Tyrian cauldron.<sup>21</sup> Airy gables rest on countless columns, beams glitter allied with Dalmatian ore. Cool descends from ancient trees, shutting out the sunshine, translucent fountains live in marble. Nor does Nature observe her order: here Sirius is chill, midwinter warm. The house tempers the changing year to its liking.

Fostering Venus exults at the sight, the dwelling of her regal foster child, no less than if she were entering Paphos from the deep sea or her Idalian home or Eryx' shrine. Then she addressed the girl as she reclined upon her solitary bed:

“How long this slumber, this modesty of empty couch, O favorite mine among Laurentian girls? What limit to propriety and loyalty?<sup>22</sup> Will you never submit to a husband's yoke? Soon a sadder time of life will come. Make the most of beauty and use gifts that flee. I did not give you such grace, such pride of countenance, and my own self to let you pass through years of widowhood as though I loved you not. Enough and overmuch to have scorned earlier suitors. For truly this one is devoted to you with all his manhood, loves and admires you among all; and

<sup>20</sup> Marble of Carystos, with wavy gray-green lines.

<sup>21</sup> Porphyry. Tyrian and Laconian purple dye were celebrated.

<sup>22</sup> To her first husband's memory.

SILVAE

- nec formae nec stirpis egens; nam docta per urbem  
 carmina qui iuvenes, quae non didicere puellae?  
 hunc et bis senos (sic indulgentia pergat  
 175 praesidis Ausonii) cernes attollere fascas  
 ante diem; certe iam nunc Cybeleia movit  
 limina et Euboicae carmen legit ille Sibyllae.  
 iamque parens Latius, cuius praenoscerent mentem  
 fas mihi, purpureos habitus iuvenique curule  
 180 indulgebit ebur, Dacasque (et gloria maior)  
 exuvias laurosque dabit celebrare recentes.  
 ergo age iunge toros atque otia deme iuventae.  
 quas ego non gentes, quae non face corda iugali  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 alituum pecudumque mihi durique ferarum  
 185 non renuere greges; ipsum in conubia terrae  
 aethera, cum pluviis rarescunt nubila, solvo.  
 sic rerum series mundique revertitur aetas.  
 unde novum Troiae decus ardentumque deorum  
 raptorem, Phrygio si non ego iuncta marito?  
 190 Lydius unde meos iterasset Thybris Iulos?  
 quis septemgeminae posuisset moenia Romae  
 imperii Latiale caput, <ni> Dardana furto  
 cepisset Martem, nec me prohibente, sacerdos?"

176 novit  $\zeta$       183 mentes *Heinsius*      iugavi *Calde-*  
*rini*      *post* 183 *versum excidisse viderunt Postgate et*  
*Saenger*      192 ni *Baehrens*: si M: nisi  $\zeta$

<sup>23</sup> I.e., become consul before the legal age (a consul had twelve lictors).      <sup>24</sup> As a member of the prestigious Board of Fifteen (Quindecimviri), charged with custody of the Sibylline Books and perhaps with supervision of foreign worship. For their

BOOK I.2

he lacks neither comeliness nor birth. As for his polished verses, what youths, what girls in all Rome do not have them by heart? Him shall you see raise the twice six rods before the time<sup>23</sup>—so continue the favor of Ausonia's sovereign. Even now to be sure he has opened Cybele's threshold and reads the lay of the Euboean Sybil.<sup>24</sup> And presently the Latian Father, whose mind I may lawfully know, shall vouchsafe the young man purple robes and curule ivory<sup>25</sup> and grant him to celebrate Dacian spoils and recent laurels—a yet greater glory.<sup>26</sup> Up then, join beds and away with youth's idleness! What races, what hearts has my nuptial torch \* \* \* ? Neither birds nor cattle nor savage packs of wild beasts have said me nay. I melt the very heaven into marriage with earth when rains thin the clouds. So one thing succeeds another and the world's youth returns. Whence would have come Troy's new glory and the rescuer of burning gods if I had not mated with a Phrygian spouse?<sup>27</sup> Whence would Lydian Tiber have renewed my Iuli? Who could have founded the walls of sevenfold Rome, Latian imperial capital, if the Dardan priestess<sup>28</sup> had <not> taken Mars in secret dalliance—nor did I forbid.”

connection with Cybele, cf. *RE* 11.2268.52, 24.55. Were the books now kept in her temple on the Palatine?

<sup>25</sup> In which office is uncertain.

<sup>26</sup> Apparently Stella was to be in charge of games in honor of Domitian's Dacian triumph at the end of 89.

<sup>27</sup> If Venus and Anchises had not produced Aeneas, Troy would not have been reborn as Rome nor would her household gods have been rescued (by Aeneas) from the sack of the city.

<sup>28</sup> The vestal Ilia, mother of Romulus and Remus.

SILVAE

195 His mulcet dictis tacitaeque inspirat amorem  
 conubii. redeunt animo iam dona precesque  
 et lacrimae vigilesque viri prope limina questus  
 Asteris et vatis totam cantata per Urbem,  
 Asteris ante dapes, nocte Asteris, Asteris ortu,  
 quantum non clamatus Hylas. iamque aspera coepit  
 200 flectere corda libens et iam sibi dura videri.

Macte toris, Latios inter placitissime vates,  
 quod durum permensus iter coeptique labores  
 prendisti portus. nitidae sic transfuga Pisae  
 amnis in externos longe flammatus amores  
 205 flumina demerso trahit intemerata canali  
 donec Sicarios tandem prolatus anhelos  
 ore bibat fontes: miratur dulcia Nais  
 oscula nec credit pelago venisse maritum.

210 Quis tibi tunc alacri caelestum in munere claro,  
 Stella, dies! quanto salierunt pectora voto,  
 dulcia cum dominae dexter conubia vultus  
 annuit! ire polo nitidosque errare per axes  
 visus. Amyclaeis minus exsultavit harenis  
 pastor ad Idaeas Helena veniente carinas,  
 215 Thessala nec talem viderunt Pelea Tempe,  
 cum Thetin Haemoniis Chiron accedere terris  
 erecto prospexit equo. quam longa morantur  
 sidera! quam segnis votis Aurora mariti!

194 tacitae *Vollmer*: -to M (?): -te *fort.* M *primo*,  
*Otto* amorem  $\zeta$ , *Politianus*: honorem M

197 vati *Markland*

201 placitissime *scripsi*: -idissime M

202 labores *Markland*: -ris M

## BOOK I.2

With these words she beguiles the silent girl, inspiring love of wedlock. Now the gifts and prayers and tears and wakeful plaints of her lover at the doorway return to her mind, and the poet's Asteris<sup>29</sup> chanted through all the city—Asteris before dinner, Asteris by night, Asteris at dawn; never was Hylas so clamored.<sup>30</sup> Now she began to bend her stern heart, not loath, now to deem herself too hard.

Hail to your bridal bed, most favored of Latian poets! You have traversed your hard way, the toils of your enterprise; you have gained harbor. So the renegade river of gleaming Pisa,<sup>31</sup> on fire for a distant, alien love, draws on his inviolate stream in a sunken channel, until at last he comes to the surface and drinks the Sicilian fountain panting-mouthed. The Naiad<sup>32</sup> marvels at his sweet kisses, nor believes that her lover has come from the sea.

What a day for you, Stella, was that, as you sprang to the gods' splendid gift! How your heart leaped with desire when your mistress' favoring face assented to sweet wedlock! You thought you were in heaven, walking through the shining firmament. Less buoyant was the shepherd on Amyclaeon<sup>33</sup> sands as Helen came to Ida's keels; nor did Thessalian Tempe see Peleus in such guise when Chiron from his upstanding horse beheld Thetis approach Haemonian land. How long the stars tarry! How slow is Aurora to hear a bridegroom's prayers!

<sup>29</sup> Violentilla's pseudonym in Stella's love elegies (Ἄστυρ = Star). <sup>30</sup> From Virgil, *Eclogues* 6.44, *ut litus "Hyla, Hyla" omne sonaret*.

<sup>31</sup> Alpheus. "Gleaming" refers to the oil used by athletes in the Olympic games.

<sup>32</sup> Arethusa.

<sup>33</sup> Laconian. Amyclae itself lay inland.

SILVAE

- At procul ut Stellae thalamos sensere parari  
 220 Letous vatum pater et Semeleius Euhan,  
 hic movet Ortygia, <movet> hic rapida agmina Nysa.  
 huic Lycii montes gelidaeque umbracula Thymbrae  
 et, Parnase, sonas: illi Pangaea resultant  
 Ismaraque et quondam genialis litora Naxi.  
 225 tunc caras iniere fores comitique canoro  
 hic chelyn, hic flavam maculoso nebrida tergo,  
 hic thyrsos, hic plectra ferunt; hic enthea lauro  
 tempora, pampinea crinem premit ille corona.  
 Vixdum emissa dies, et iam socialia praesto  
 230 omina, iam festa fervet domus utraque pompa.  
 fronde virent postes, effulgent compita flammis,  
 et pars immensae gaudet celeberrima Romae.  
 omnis honos, cuncti veniunt ad limina fasces,  
 omnis plebeio teritur praetexta tumultu;  
 235 hinc eques, hinc iuvenum coetu stola mixta laborat.  
 felices utrosque vocant, sed in agmine plures  
 invidere viro. iamdudum poste reclinis  
 quaerit Hymen thalamis intactum dicere carmen  
 quo vatem mulcere queat, dat Iuno verenda  
 240 vincula, et insignit gemina Concordia taeda.

223 Parnase sonas *D. Heinsius*: -sis honos M

228 pampinea *Saenger*: minoa M

231 effulgent *Markland*: et f- M

235 coetu *Perrotto*: questus hasta M *manus prima*

240 insignit gemina *Hopf*: -ni -nat M

## BOOK I.2

But when the father of poets, Leto's son, and Euhan, son of Semele, perceived from afar that Stella's wedding was preparing, they set their swift followings astir, the one from Ortygia,<sup>34</sup> the other from Nysa. For the one sound Lycia's mountains and the shades of chill Thymbra and Parnassus; for the other echo Pangaea and Ismara and the shores of once bridal Naxos. Then they enter the door they love. One brings to his songful friend a lyre, the other a yellow dappled fawn skin; one wands, the other quills. One covers his poetic temples with laurel, the other his hair with crown of vine leaves.<sup>35</sup>

Scarce was day sent forth and already omens of union are to hand, both houses are alive with festal show. The doorposts are green with foliage, the crossroads ablaze, and the most crowded part of measureless Rome rejoices. Every office, all rods come to the threshold, every gown of state is jostled in commoners' turmoil. Knights mill on one side, on the other the matron's robe mingles and struggles with throng of youth. They call both the pair happy, but more in the assembly envy the groom. Hymen has long since been leaning against a doorpost, seeking to deliver a brand-new wedding song for beguiling of the poet. Juno gives the sacred bonds<sup>36</sup> and Concord marks

<sup>34</sup> Older name of Delos, Apollo's birthplace.

<sup>35</sup> By one account, Bacchus took off his ivy crown and set it in the sky as the constellation Corona when Ariadne died. Hence if *Minoa* is right, the crown he normally wears is with questionable logic called Minoan = Cretan. But I have preferred Eden's conjecture; cf. Valerius Flaccus 5.79.

<sup>36</sup> Yellow ribbons (yellow being the nuptial colour), as it would seem from Tibullus 2.2.18.

## SILVAE

- hic fuit ille dies: noctem canat ipse maritus,  
 quantum nosse licet. sic victa sopore doloso  
 Martia fluminea posuit latus Ilia ripa;  
 non talis niveos tinxit Lavinia vultus  
 245 cum Turno spectante rubet; non Claudia talis  
 respexit populos mota iam virgo carina.  
 Nunc opus, Aonidum comites tripodumque ministri,  
 diversis certare modis. eat enthea vittis  
 atque hederis redimita cohors, ut pollet ovanti  
 250 quisque lyra; sed praecipue qui nobile gressu  
 extremo fraudatis epos date carmina festis  
 digna toris. hunc ipse Coö plaudente Philitas  
 Callimachusque senex Umbroque Propertius antro  
 ambissent laudare diem nec tristis in ipsis  
 255 Naso Tomis divesque foco lucente Tibullus.  
 me certe non unus amor simplexque canendi  
 causa trahit. tecum similes iunctaeque Camenae,  
 Stella, mihi, multumque pares bacchamur ad aras  
 et sociam doctis haurimus ab annibus undam.  
 260 at te nascentem gremio mea prima recepit  
 Parthenope, dulcisque solo tu gloria nostro  
 reptasti. nitidum consurgat ad aethera tellus  
 Eubois et pulchra tumeat Sebethos alumna,

244 tinxit  $\zeta$ : strin- M

251 epos *Heinsius*: opus M

faustis *Markland*

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<sup>37</sup> Do these comparisons relate to how the bride looked when about to leave the company for the nuptial chamber? If so, that could have been made clearer, but Claudia (see Index) at least so indicates. She and Violentilla both looked triumphant, though for quite different reasons.



## BOOK I.2

with double torch. Such was that day; of the night let the bridegroom sing, so far as it be permitted to know. Thus Martian Ilia laid her down on the river bank, overborne by treacherous sleep; not so did Lavinia tinge her snow-white cheeks, blushing before Turnus' gaze; not so did Claudia look back at the crowd when the keel moved and made her virgin.<sup>37</sup>

Companions of the Aonian sisterhood and servants of the tripods,<sup>38</sup> now 'tis your work to vie in diverse modes. Let the inspired troop come forth wreathed in fillets and ivy, as each has skill with triumphant lyre. But you above all that cheat noble Epic of its final pace give songs worthy of the wedding feast: Philitas himself to Cos' applause and old Callimachus and Propertius in his Umbrian dell would have competed to praise this day, and Naso, not sad even though in Tomi,<sup>39</sup> and Tibullus, rich in his blazing hearth.<sup>40</sup> As for me, for sure no single love, no one cause for song leads me on.<sup>41</sup> My Muses are like and linked to yours, Stella; at equal altars much we rave<sup>42</sup> and draw shared water from poetic streams. But you, lady, did my Parthenope first take to her bosom at your birth, on our soil you crawled, its sweet glory. Let the Euboean land rise to the bright sky and Sebethos swell with pride in his fair nurs-

<sup>38</sup> Of Apollo, therefore poets.

<sup>39</sup> Ovid's place of exile, where he wrote his *Tristia* (*Poems of Sadness*). <sup>40</sup> Writers of elegy, as was Stella. Tibullus 1.1.5f. *me mea paupertas vita traducet inerti, / dum meus assiduo luceat igne focus* is recalled.

<sup>41</sup> As he proceeds to explain, the groom is a fellow poet and the bride a fellow Neapolitan.

<sup>42</sup> Poetic frenzy.

## SILVAE

- nec sibi sulphureis Lucrinae Naides antris  
265 nec Pompeiani placeant magis otia Sarni.  
    Heia age praeclaros Latio properate nepotes,  
    qui leges, qui castra regant, qui carmina ludant.  
    acceleret partu decimum bona Cynthia mensem.  
    sed parcat Lucina precor, tuque ipse parenti  
270 parce, puer, ne mollem uterum, ne stantia laedas  
    pectora; cumque tuos tacito Natura recessu  
    formarit vultus, multum de patre decoris,  
    plus de matre feras. at tu, pulcherrima forma  
    Italidum, tandem merito possessa marito,  
275 vincla diu quaesita fove. sic damna decoris  
    nulla tibi, longae virides sic flore iuventae  
    perdurent vultus tardeque haec forma senescat.

### 3

#### VILLA TIBURTINA MANILI VOPISCI

- Cernere facundi Tibur<s> glaciale Vopisci  
si quis et inserto geminos Aniene penates  
aut potuit sociae commercia noscere ripae  
certantesque sibi dominum defendere villas,  
5 illum nec calido latravit Sirius astro  
nec gravis aspexit Nemeae frondentis alumnus.  
talīs hiems tectis, frangunt sic improba solem

276 longae  $\zeta$ : -ge M      virides *Politianus*: -dis M  
1 Tiburs *scripsi*: -ur M

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<sup>43</sup> Future children of the marriage.

### BOOK I.3

ling. Nor let the Lucrine Naiads more plume themselves in their sulfur caverns nor the quiet waters of Pompeian Sarnus.

To work! Hasten splendid sons for Latium,<sup>43</sup> to rule laws and armies, to sport with song. Let kind Cynthia speed the tenth month for delivery, but let Lucina be merciful, I pray.<sup>44</sup> And you, boy, spare your mother, hurt not her soft womb, her firm breasts. When Nature molds your face in her silent recess, may you take much beauty from your father, more from your mother. But you, loveliest of Italy's daughters, at last in the keeping of a worthy spouse, cherish the long-sought bonds. So may your charms lose nothing, your face stay fresh in the flower of enduring youth and this your beauty be slow to age.

### 3

#### THE VILLA OF MANILIUS VOPISCUS AT TIBUR

He that has had the chance to view the chill Tiburtine estate<sup>1</sup> of eloquent Vopiscus and the twin homes threaded by Anio or to acquaint himself with the intercourse of a common bank and the mansions that vie to keep their master each for herself, at him Sirius' hot star did not bark nor leafy Nemea's nursling frown.<sup>2</sup> Such winter is in the edifice, unconscionable cools defeat the sun, the dwelling

<sup>44</sup> Cynthia (Diana) is the Moon, Lucina (sometimes conflated with Juno) the goddess of childbirth. They are not to be identified.

<sup>1</sup> *Tiburinum* = *villa Tiburtina*. The vulgate *Tibur* is a solecism; see my note on Martial 7.31.11 (Loeb edition).

<sup>2</sup> The Nemean lion killed by Hercules became the constellation Leo.

SILVAE

frigora, Pisaeumque domus non aestuat annum.  
 ipsa manu tenera tecum scripsisse Voluptas

\* \* \* \* \*

- 10 tunc Venus Idaliis unxit fastigia sucis  
 permulsitque comis blandumque reliquit honorem  
 sedibus et volucres vetuit discedere natos.

O longum memoranda dies! quae mente reporto  
 gaudia, quam lassos per tot miracula visus!

- 15 ingenium quam mite solo, quae forma beatis  
 ante manus artemque locis! non largius usquam  
 indulsit Natura sibi. nemora alta citatis  
 incubuere vadis; fallax responsat imago  
 frondibus et longas eadem fugit umbra per undas.

- 20 ipse Anien (miranda fides!) infraque superque  
 saxeus, hic tumidam rabiem spumosaque ponit  
 murmura, ceu placidi veritus turbare Vopisci  
 Pieriosque dies et habentes carmina somnos.  
 litus utrumque domi, nec te mitissimus amnis

- 25 dividit; alternas servant praetoria ripas  
 non externa sibi fluviumve obstare queruntur:  
 Sestiacos nunc Fama sinus pelagusque natatum  
 iactet et audaci victos delphinas ephebo.

- hic aeterna quies, nullis hic iura procellis,  
 30 numquam fervor aquis. datur hic transmittere visus  
 et voces et paene manus; nec Chalcida fluctus

*post 9 lac. agnovit Calderini*

20 ipse Anien ☿: ipsa autem M

21 spumeus (Lenz) . . . saxosaque Sandstroem

24 tectum mit- Courtney: nec clementissimus Koch

26 fluviumve Politianus: fluviorum M           obstare Calde-

rini: opt- M

31-32 nec . . . nec\* scripsi: sic . . . sic M

### BOOK I.3

never swelters in a Pisaeon season.<sup>3</sup> Pleasure herself <is said> with tender hand to have traced with you \* \* \* Then Venus anointed the rooftops with Idalian juices, stroked them with her hair, and left gift of charm upon the residence, forbidding her winged children to depart therefrom.

Day long to be remembered! What joy does my mind bring back, what weariness of vision amid so many marvels! How gentle the nature of the ground! What beauty in the blessed spot before art's handiwork! Nowhere has Nature indulged herself more lavishly. Tall woods brooded over rapid waters. A deceptive image answers the foliage and the reflection flows unchanging in the lengthening stream. Anio himself, wondrous to tell, full of rocks above and below, here rests his swollen rage and foamy din, as though loath to disturb peaceful Vopiscus' Pierian days and song-filled slumbers. Either shore is at home, nor does the gentle river divide you.<sup>4</sup> Stately mansions keep either bank, no strangers to each other, nor complain that the river blocks them: let Fame now boast of Sestos' bay and the sea a swimmer swam and dolphins outmatched by a bold stripling!<sup>5</sup> Here is eternal quiet, here storms have no jurisdiction, waters never boil. Here view and voice may be passed across, hands almost; neither do tidal waves

<sup>3</sup> Literally, "year." *Annum* stands for *tempus anni*, a bold internal accusative. The Olympian games were held in high summer.

<sup>4</sup> Perhaps to be borne in mind is the use of *me* and *te* with prepositions for "my (your) house," e.g., in Terence, *Phormio* 795, *meum virum ex te exire video*.

<sup>5</sup> Leander, who swam the Hellespont (and drowned).

SILVAE

expellunt refluī nec dissociata profundo  
Bruttia Sicanium circumspicit ora Pelorum.

- Quid primum mediumque canam, quo fine quiescam?  
35 auratasne trabes an Mauros undique postes  
an picturata lucentia marmora vena  
mirer an emissas per cuncta cubilia Nymphas?  
huc oculis, huc mente trahor. venerabile dicam  
lucorum senium? te, quae vada fluminis infra  
40 cernis, an ad silvas quae respicis, aula, tacentes,  
qua tibi tuta quies offensaque turbine nullo  
nox silet aut pigros invitant murmura somnos?  
an quae graminea suscepta crepidine fumant  
balnea et impositum ripis argentibus ignem,  
45 quaque vaporiferis iunctus fornacibus amnis  
ridet anhelantes vicino flumine Nymphas?

- Vidi artes veterumque manus variisque metalla  
viva modis. labor est auri memorare figuras  
aut ebur aut dignas digitis contingere gemmas,  
50 quicquid et argento primum vel in aere minori  
lusit et enormes manus expertura colossos.  
dum vagor aspectu visusque per omnia duco  
calcabam necopinus opes. nam splendor ab alto  
defluus et nitidum referentes aëra testae  
55 monstravere solum, varias ubi picta per artes  
gaudet humus superatque novis asarota figuris.  
expavere gradus.

32 refluī √: fluvii M

41 tuta *Politianus*: tota M

42 aut *scripsi*: et M pigros *Heinsius*: ni- M invitant  
*Laetus*: mutantia vel imit- M

51 expertura *Phillimore*: est experta M

### BOOK I.3

drive Chalcis away nor does the Bruttian strand gaze on Sicanian Pelorus, sundered by the deep.<sup>6</sup>

What shall I sing to begin with or halfway, on what ending shall I fall silent? Shall I wonder at gilded beams or Moorish doorposts<sup>7</sup> everywhere or marble lucent with colors or water discharged through every bedchamber? Eyes draw me one way, mind another. Shall I tell of the venerable age of the groves? Of the courtyard that views the river's course below or that other looking back to the silent woods, where your rest is safe and night, impaired by no turbulence, is silent, or murmurs invite lazy slumber? Or of the steaming baths taken up by their grassy ledge and fire imposed on chilly banks, where the river linked to a vaporous furnace laughs at the Nymphs as they pant, though the stream be hard by?

Works of art I saw, creations of old masters, metals variously alive. 'Tis labor to list the golden figures or the ivory or gems fit to adorn fingers or all that artist's hand wrought, first in silver or bronze miniature, destined also to attempt huge colossi. As I wandered agaze and cast my eyes over it all, I suddenly found myself treading wealth. For radiance streaming from aloft and tiles reflecting the dazzle showed a bright floor where the ground rejoiced in painting's variety, with strange shapes surpassing the Unswept Pavement.<sup>8</sup> My steps were aghast.

<sup>6</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>7</sup> Of Mauritanian citrus wood.

<sup>8</sup> A celebrated mosaic floor in Pergamum representing scraps from a banquet (Pliny, *Natural History* 36.184).

SILVAE

- Quid nunc iungentia mirer  
aut quid partitis distantia tecta trichoris?  
quid te, quae mediis servata penatibus arbor  
60 tecta per et postes liquidas emergis in auras,  
quo non sub domino saevas passura bipennes?  
at nunc ignaro fors an vel lubrica Nais  
vel non abruptos tibi debet Hamadryas annos.
- Quid referam alternas gemino super aggere mensas  
65 algentesque lacus altosque in gurgite fontes,  
teque, per obliquum penitus quae laberis amnem,  
Marcia, et audaci transcurris flumina plumbo,  
ne solum Ioniis sub fluctibus Elidis amnem  
dulcis ad Aetnaeos deducat semita portus?  
70 illic ipse antris Anien et fonte relicto  
nocte sub arcana glaucos exutus amictus  
huc illuc fragili praesternit pectora musco,  
aut ingens in stagna cadit vitreasque natatu  
plaudit aquas. illa recubat Tiburnus in umbra,  
75 illic sulphureos cupit Albula mergere crines.
- Haec domus Egeriae nemoralem abiungere Phoeben  
et Dryadum viduare choris algentia possit  
Taygeta et silvis accersere Pana Lycaeis.  
quod ni templa darent alias Tirynthia sortes,  
80 et Praenestinae poterant migrare sorores.

57 iungentia *Calderini*: ing- M      post 57 *versum ex-*  
*cidisse putavit Otto*      62 at *Gronovius*: et M

63 debet *Jortin*: demet M

65 algentesque *Heinsius*: albe- M      aliosque *Bernartius*

68 ne *Heinsius*: an M

70 illic *Krohn*: illis M

72 praesternit\* *scripsi*: pros- M



### BOOK I.3

Why now should I wonder at connecting structures or those distanced in separate stories?<sup>9</sup> Why at the tree preserved in the dwelling's midst, rising through ceilings and doorways to emerge in the open, sure to suffer the cruel ax under any other master? But now it may be that some lithe Naiad or Hamadryad owes you unbroken years, to you unknown.

Why should I relate the tables alternate on the double bank or cool pools and springs deep under water or you, Marcia, gliding far down athwart the river, your daring lead running across its flow, lest Elis' stream alone be led by a salt-free path below Ionian waters to Aetnaean haven? There Anio himself, leaving grotto and fount in the secrecy of night, stripped of his gray-green garb moves this way and that, spreading his chest<sup>10</sup> with fragile moss; or his bulk plunges into the stream and splashes the glassy waters as he swims. In that shade reclines Tiburnus, there Albula would fain dip her sulfurous hair.

This house could part woodland Phoebe from Egeria,<sup>11</sup> deprive chill Taygetus of his choirs of Dryads, and summon Pan from the woods of Lycaeus. And if the Tirynthian shrine did not give other oracles, the sisters of Praeneste<sup>12</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Text and interpretation doubtful.

<sup>10</sup> See Critical Appendix. <sup>11</sup> I.e., take Egeria away from the Arician grove, where she served Diana (not the other way round).

<sup>12</sup> In the temple of Fortune at Praeneste lots were cast to foretell the future. The "sisters" would be tempted to migrate to Tibur, were it not that a (presumably) oracular temple of Hercules was already there. Elsewhere we hear of only one Fortune at Praeneste, but there were two oracular Fortunes at Antium, the "truth-telling sisters" of Martial 5.1.3.

SILVAE

- quid bifera Alcinoi laudem pomaria vosque,  
 qui numquam vacui prodistis in aethera, rami?  
 cedant Telegoni, cedant Laurentia Turni  
 iugera Lucrinaeque domus litusque cruenti  
 85 Antiphatae, cedant vitreae iuga perfida Circes  
 Dulichiis ululata lupis, arcesque superbae  
 Anxuris et sedes Phrygio quas mitis alumno  
 debet anus, cedant quae te iam solibus artis  
 Antia nimbose revocabunt litora bruma.
- 90 Scilicet hic illi meditantur pondera mores;  
 hic premitur fecunda quies, virtusque serena  
 fronte gravis sanusque nitor luxuque carentes  
 deliciae, quas ipse suis digressus Athenis  
 mallet deserto senior Gargettius horto.
- 95 haec per et Aegaeas hiemes Hyadumque nivosum  
 sidus et Oleniis dignum petiisse sub astris,  
 si Maleae credenda ratis Siculosque per aestus  
 sit via. cur oculis sordet vicina voluptas?  
 hic tua Tiburtes Faunos chelys et iuvat ipsum
- 100 Alciden dictumque lyra maiore Catillum,  
 seu tibi Pindaricis animus contendere plectris  
 sive chelyn tollas heroa ad robora sive

89 Antia  $\zeta$ , *Politianus*: avia M

95 Hyadumque *Heinsius*: plia- M

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<sup>13</sup> Pleonastic, but in the Latin the boughs are apostrophized.

<sup>14</sup> Tusculum. The other places indicated are Ardea, Baiae, Formiae, Circeii, Anxur (Tarracina), Caieta (where Aeneas' nurse was buried), and Antium.

<sup>15</sup> Ulysses' crew as transformed by Circe's magic.

### BOOK I.3

could migrate. Why should I laud the twice-bearing orchards of Alcinous and the boughs that never stretched empty to the sky?<sup>13</sup> Let Telegonus' fields,<sup>14</sup> let the Laurentian acres of Turnus yield, and the Lucrine dwellings and bloody Antiphates' shore; likewise the treacherous ridge of glassy Circe, where Dulichian wolves<sup>15</sup> howled, and Anxur's proud citadel and the home that the gentle old dame owes to her Phrygian nursling; likewise Antium's shores that will call you back when suns are narrowed in rainy midwinter.

Here for sure your way of life meditates weighty matters, here hides fertile repose and strenuous virtue with brow serene and sober elegance and enjoyment sans luxury, such as the old man of Gargettus would have preferred and left his Athens and forsaken the garden.<sup>16</sup> This to visit were worth a voyage through Aegean storms and the snowy constellation of the Hyades under Olenian star,<sup>17</sup> though the ship must be trusted to Malea and the way lie through Sicily's surge.<sup>18</sup> Why do our eyes scorn pleasure near at hand? Here your lyre delights Tibur's Fauns and Alcides himself and Catillus, named by a greater harp,<sup>19</sup> whether you are minded to vie with Pindar's quill or lift your instrument to the doughty deeds of

<sup>16</sup> Epicurus established his philosophical school in his Athenian "Garden."

<sup>17</sup> Known as Capella (Nanny Goat), rising in the rainy season. The epithet "Olenian" is variously explained; see J. G. Frazer, *The Fasti of Ovid*, on *Fasti* 5.251.

<sup>18</sup> The dangerous Strait of Messina.

<sup>19</sup> Virgil's no doubt (*Aeneid* 7.672), though Horace also mentions him (*Odes* 1.18.2, *Cātīli*).

SILVAE

- viventem saturam nigra rubigine vibres  
 seu tua non alia splendescat epistula cura.  
 105 Digne Midae Croesique bonis et Perside gaza,  
 macte bonis animi, cuius stagnantia rura  
 debuit et flavis Hermus transcurrere ripis  
 et limo splendente Tagus. sic docta frequentes  
 otia, sic omni detertus pectora nube  
 110 finem Nestoreae precor egrediare senectae.

4

SOTERIA RUTILI GALLICI

- Estis, io, superi, nec inexorable Clotho  
 volvit opus. videt alma pios Astraea Iovique  
 conciliata redit, dubitataque sidera cernit  
 Gallicus. es caelo, dis es, Germanice, cordi  
 5 (quis neget?); erubuit tanto spoliare ministro  
 imperium Fortuna tuum. stat proxima cervix  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 ponderis immensi damnosaque fila senectae  
 exiit atque alios melior revirescit in annos.  
 ergo alacres quae signa colunt urbana cohortes  
 10 inque sinum quae saepe tuum fora turbida questum  
 confugiunt leges urbesque ubicumque togatae  
 quae tua longinquis implorant iura querelis

103 vibres *Scrivierius*: turbes M      107 rivis *Bentley*  
 109 detertus *Housman* (detersus iam *Heinsius*): detectus M  
 4 dis es  $\zeta$ : dives M: dive es *Politianus* (cf. *Ov. Trist.* 3.1.78)  
 post 6 *versum excidisse statuit Courtney*  
 10 questum *Markland*: -tu M

## BOOK I.4

heroes or brandish satire, black with envy's venom,<sup>20</sup> or give no less care to your sparkling letters.<sup>21</sup>

O worthy of the wealth of Midas and Croesus and the treasure of Persia, hail to your soul's riches! Hermes should traverse your flooded fields with his yellow channel and Tagus with his shining silt. So may you cultivate learned leisure, I pray, so pass the limit of Nestor's age, and every cloud be wiped away from your heart.

### 4

#### TO RUTILIUS GALLICUS ON HIS RECOVERY

Hurrah! O High Ones, you exist and Clotho's spinning is not inexorable. Kindly Astraea<sup>1</sup> regards the pious and returns reconciled to Jove, and Gallicus sees the stars he despaired of. Heaven loves you, Germanicus, the gods love you, who would deny it?<sup>2</sup> Fortune thought shame to rob your rule of such a minister. The neck next to yours is upright \* \* \* immeasurable weight, casting off old age's noxious thread, and grows young again for other years, better than ever. So let the smart cohorts<sup>2</sup> that worship our city standards, and the laws that ofttime flee to your bosom to complain of courts in turmoil, and gowned cities, wherever they be, that with distant plaints implore your jus-

<sup>20</sup> Literally, "livid with black salt," but *liventem* suggests *livor* (envy).

<sup>21</sup> In verse, presumably.

<sup>1</sup> Justice, who had left heaven in disgust; cf. 5.3.90.

<sup>2</sup> Four urban cohorts under Gallicus' command as city prefect.

## SILVAE

certent laetitia, nostrique ex ordine colles  
 confremite, et sileant peioris murmura famae.  
 15 quippe manet longumque aevo redeunte manebit  
 quem penes intrepidae mitis custodia Romae,  
 nec tantum induerint fatis nova saecula crimen  
 aut instaurati peccaverit ara Tarenti.

Ast ego nec Phoebum, quamquam mihi surda sine illo  
 20 plectra, nec Aonias decima cum Pallade divas  
 aut mitem Tegeae Dircesve hortabor alumnum;  
 ipse veni viresque novas animumque ministra  
 qui caneris; docto nec enim sine numine nactus  
 Ausoniae decora ampla togae centumque dedisti  
 25 iudicium mentemque viris. licet enthea vatis  
 excludat Piplea sitim nec conscia detur  
 Pirene, largos potior mihi gurges in haustus  
 qui rapitur de fonte tuo, seu plana solutis  
 cum struis orsa modis seu cum tibi dulcis in artem  
 30 frangitur et nostras curat facundia leges.  
 quare age, si Cereri sua dona merumque Lyaeo  
 reddimus, et dives praedae tamen accipit omni  
 exuvias Diana tholo captivaque tela  
 Bellipotens, nec tu (quando tibi, Gallice, maius

13 nostrique . . . colles *Merrill*: nosteque . . . collis M: sep-  
 templexque ordine collis *coni. Courtney* 14 confremite  
*Imhof*: -mat M 23 nactus *Behotius*: tantus M  
 27 potior  $\zeta$ : -ius M 29-30 artum (*Barth*) angitur *coni.*  
*Courtney* 34 quamquam *Heinsius*

<sup>3</sup> Gallicus presided over the highest court of criminal jurisdiction, hearing cases from all over Italy.

<sup>4</sup> The Roman Tarentum was a depression in the Campus Mar-

## BOOK I.4

tice,<sup>3</sup> vie in happiness; and Hills of Rome, in sequence raise a shout and let the murmurs of worser rumor be mum. For he stays and long shall stay in life returning, he with whom resides the gentle ward of fear-free Rome. With no such reproach shall our new era charge the Fates nor shall Tarentus'<sup>4</sup> altar now restored commit so grievous a fault.

But for my part I shall not call on Phoebus, though without him my lyre is dumb, nor the Aonian goddesses with Pallas as their tenth, nor the gentle nursling of Tegea or of Dirce:<sup>5</sup> come in person and grant me new strength and spirit, you that are my theme. For not without divine power of eloquence did you attain the ample distinctions of Ausonia's gown and give judgment and wisdom to the Hundred.<sup>6</sup> Though inspired Pimplea shut out the poet's thirst and Pirene's partnership be denied, better for my deep drafts is the flood snatched from your fountain, whether you compose plain prose in measures unconstrained or your sweet flow of words be broken into rule and respect our laws. So to work! If we return her own gifts to Ceres and wine to Lyaeus, if spoil-rich Diana accepts trophies in every dome and the Lord of War our captured weapons: Gallicus, do not scorn the tribute of

tius associated with the celebration of Secular games, most recently by Domitian in 87. But as J. G. Frazer (*The Fasti of Ovid*, II, pp. 195f.) pointed out, Statius (also in 4.1.38) and Martial 4.1.8 "seem to have forgotten Tarentum as the name of the place where the games were held and to have converted it into a hero named Tarentus or Tarentos, in whose honour the festival was held."

<sup>3</sup> I.e., Mercury or Bacchus.

<sup>6</sup> The court of the Centumviri with civil jurisdiction.

## SILVAE

- 35 eloquium fandique opibus sublimis abundas)  
 sperne coli tenviore lyra. vaga cingitur astris  
 luna et in Oceanum rivi cecidere minores.
- Quae tibi sollicitus persolvit praemia morum  
 Urbis amor! quae tum patrumque equitumque notavi
- 40 lumina et ignarae plebis lugere potentes!  
 non labente Numa timuit sic curia felix  
 Pompeio nec celsus eques nec femina Bruto.  
 hoc illud, tristes invitum audire catenas,  
 parcere verberibus nec qua iubet alta potestas
- 45 ire, sed armatas multum sibi demere vires  
 dignarique manus humilis et verba precantum,  
 reddere iura foro nec proturbare curules  
 et ferrum mulcere toga. sic itur in alta  
 pectora, sic mixto reverentia cedit amori.
- 50 ipsa etiam cunctos gravis inclementia Fati  
 terruit et subiti praeceps iuvenile pericli  
 nil cunctante malo. non illud culpa senectae  
 (quippe ea bis senis vixdum orsa excedere lustris),  
 sed labor intendens animique in membra vigentis
- 55 imperium vigilesque suo pro Caesare curae,  
 dulce opus. hinc fessos penitus subrepsit in artus  
 insidiosa quies et pigra oblivio vitae.

Tunc deus, Alpini qui iuxta culmina dorsi

45 ultro sibi O. Skutsch

49 cedit\* *scripsi* (iusto . . . cedit iam *Phillimore*): fedit M

<sup>7</sup> *Ignarae* is not "unknown, obscure," as Vollmer, but "not knowing" (in the normal course of things).

<sup>8</sup> Pompey's illness in 50 BC inspired widespread demonstrations of concern among the Italian bourgeoisie. Rome's married



## BOOK I.4

a humbler lyre because your voice is mightier and you abound sublimely in wealth of speech. The wandering moon is girt with stars and lesser streams descend to Ocean.

What reward of virtue did Rome's anxious affection pay you! How sad the eyes of Senate and Knights I then noted, and those of the common folk not wont<sup>7</sup> to mourn the powerful! Not so afraid was the flourishing Senate House when Numa was failing, nor the noble Knights for Pompey, nor the women for Brutus.<sup>8</sup> And here is why: to hear unwilling the clank of chains, to spare the lash nor go where height of power commands but rather renounce much of one's own armed might, to pay heed to humble pleas and the words of petitioners, to give justice to the Forum and yet not push aside the civil authorities, and to temper violence with the gown—that is the way to go deep into hearts, thus does reverence yield to<sup>9</sup> the love it mingles with. The very cruelty of oppressive Fate terrified us all, the headlong thrust of sudden peril as the mischief made no pause. That was not the fault of his age, for scarce had it begun to pass twice six lusters, but stress of work, the rule of a strong mind over the body, cares vigilant for his Caesar, labor of love. Hence insidious rest crept deep into the weary limbs and sluggish oblivion of life.

Then the god that hard by the peaks of the Alpine ridge

women mourned Brutus, the first consul, for a year (zeugma: *luxerunt occiso* mentally replaces *timuerunt labente*). Numa was supposed to have died after a lingering illness (Plutarch, *Numa* 21).

<sup>9</sup> See Critical Appendix.

SILVAE

- signat Apollineos sancto cognomine lucos,  
 60 respicit heu tanti pridem securus alumni,  
 praegressusque moras: "hinc mecum, Epidauria proles,  
 hinc" ait "i gaudens. datur (aggredienda facultas)  
 ingentem recreare virum. teneamus adorti  
 tendentes iam fila colos. ne fulminis atri  
 65 sit metus: has ultro laudabit Iuppiter artes.  
 nam neque plebeiam aut dextro sine numine cretam  
 servo animam. atque adeo breviter, dum tecta subimus,  
 expediam. genus ipse suis permissaque retro  
 nobilitas; nec origo latet, sed luce sequente  
 70 vincitur et magno gaudet cessisse nepoti.  
 prima togae virtus illi quoque: clarus et ingens  
 eloquio; mox innumeris exercita castris  
 occiduas primasque domos et sole sub omni  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 permeruit iurata manus, nec in otia pacis  
 75 permissum laxare animos ferrumque recingi.  
 hunc Galatea vigens ausa est incessere bello  
 (me quoque!) per<que> novem timuit Pamphylia messes  
 Pannoniusque ferox arcuque horrenda fugaci  
 Armenia et patiens Latii iam pontis Araxes.  
 80 quid geminos fasces magnaеque iterata revolvam  
 iura Asiae? velit illa quidem ter habere quaterque  
 hunc sibi, sed revocant fasti maiorque curulis

61 praegressusque\* ⚡: prog- M: praecidensque *Housman*  
 hinc ⚡: hunc M 64 tendentis *Perrotto, Mark-*  
*land*: -datis M post 73 *versum excidisse agnovit Housman*

<sup>10</sup> These otherwise unknown woods were presumably near Turin, Gallicus' birthplace. <sup>11</sup> See Critical Appendix.

BOOK I.4

marks Apollonian groves with his sacred name<sup>10</sup> turns eyes too long alas! unregarding of such a favorite, and forestalling delay,<sup>11</sup> "Come with me now, my son of Epidaurus,"<sup>12</sup> he says, "come in joy. The chance is offered, one to be seized, to restore a man of mighty mold. Let us go and grasp the distaff as it stretches the threads. Let there be no fear of the black thunderbolt:<sup>13</sup> Jove will be first to praise our skill. And briefly, while we approach the house, I shall give an account of him. For 'tis no common life I save, born unblessed by deity. Himself he is pedigree for his own, he lets nobility go backward. Nor are his origins obscure, but eclipsed by brilliance to come they rejoice to yield to their great progeny. He too<sup>14</sup> first showed his mettle in the gown. Famous and mighty his eloquence. Then his hand sworn to service did duty in countless camps, east and west under every sun \* \* \* , nor was he allowed to relax his energy in peaceful leisure and ungird his sword. Lusty Galatia dared assail him in war (me too),<sup>15</sup> <and> through nine harvests Pamphylia feared him, as did the bold Pannonian and Armenia, formidable with fleeing bow, and Araxes that now brooks a Latian bridge. Why tell of the double rods<sup>16</sup> and two terms as great Asia's governor? She to be sure would wish for a third and fourth, but the Fasti and a greater curule chair,<sup>17</sup> promised<sup>18</sup> more

<sup>12</sup> Aesculapius (Asclepius).

<sup>13</sup> With which Jupiter had once destroyed Aesculapius as a punishment for bringing the dead Hippolytus back to life.

<sup>14</sup> Like his forebears.                      <sup>15</sup> A host of Gauls attacked Delphi in 279 BC. Gallicus' own name is ignored.

<sup>16</sup> The praetorship (two lictors).

<sup>17</sup> The consulship.                      <sup>18</sup> See Critical Appendix.

## SILVAE

- nec promissa semel. Libyci quid mira tributi  
 obsequia et missum media de pace triumphum  
 85 laudem et opes quantas nec qui mandaverat ausus  
 exspectare fuit, [gaudet Trasimennus et Alpes]  
 86a attollam cantu? gaudet Trasimennus et Alpes  
 Cannensesque animae; primusque insigne tributum  
 ipse palam laeta noscebat Regulus umbra.  
 non vacat Arctos acies Rhenumque rebellem  
 90 captivaeque preces Veledae et, quae maxima nuper  
 gloria, depositam Dacis pereuntibus Urbem  
 pandere, cum tanti lectus rectoris habenas,  
 Gallice, Fortuna non admirante subisti.  
 “Hunc igitur, si digna loquor, rapiemus iniquo,  
 95 nate, Iovi. rogat hoc Latiae pater inclitus urbis  
 et meruit; neque enim frustra mihi nuper honora  
 carmina patricio, pueri, sonuistis in ostro.  
 si qua salutifero gemini Chironis in antro  
 herba, tholo quodcumque tibi Troiana recondit  
 100 Pergamos aut medicis felix Epidaurus harenis  
 educat, Idaea profert quam Creta sub umbra  
 dictamni florentis opem, quoque anguis abundat  
 spumatu—iungam ipse manus atque omne benignum

83 permissa\* 5

84 iustum *Markland*

85 quantas *Perrotto, Grotius: ta- M*

86 fuit <laudatis impare factis> *tempt. Postgate*

88 noscebat *Baehrens: po- M*

103 benignum *Lindenbrog: -ne M*

## BOOK I.4

than once, call him home. Why praise the wondrous compliance of Libya's tribute, triumph sent to Rome from the midst of peace, and exalt in song such wealth as not even he that commissioned you<sup>19</sup> had dared expect? \* \* \* Trasimene and the Alps and the ghosts of Cannae rejoice, and first of all Regulus himself appeared, his happy shade taking note of the splendid tribute. Time lacks to set forth the armies of the north and rebel Rhine, the prayers of Veleda, and, greatest and latest glory, Rome placed in your charge as the Dacians were perishing, when you, Gallicus, were chosen to take the reins from so great a ruler,<sup>20</sup> to Fortune no surprise.

"Him then, my son, if my words be meet, shall we snatch from the adverse Jove.<sup>21</sup> The renowned father of the Latian city demands it, and he has deserved it; for not for nothing, you boys, did you lately sound your song in my honor, clad in patrician purple.<sup>22</sup> If there be any herb in two-formed Chiron's health-giving cave, whatever Trojan Pergamus stores for you in your temple or fortunate Epidaurus raises in her healing sands, the virtue of flowering dittany that Crete brings forth under Ida's foliage, the foam in which your snake abounds—I myself shall join my hands, and every salutary juice that shepherd was taught

<sup>19</sup> Vespasian, who had put up taxes in certain provinces. Gallicus will have been sent to Africa to look after the business there.

<sup>20</sup> Domitian went to the campaign.

<sup>21</sup> Dis (Pluto) in the underworld. Jupiter proper was benevolent (v. 65). <sup>22</sup> At the Secular games in 87. At the previous celebration by Augustus, Horace's *Carmen Saeculare* was sung by a choir of boys and girls, so *pueri* will cover *puellae*. One wonders who wrote the hymn this time.

## SILVAE

- virus odoriferis Arabum quod doctus in arvis  
 105 aut Amphrysiaco pastor de gramine carpsi.”  
 Dixerat. inveniunt positos iam segniter artus  
 pugnantemque animam; ritu se cingit uterque  
 Paenonio monstrantque simul parentque volentes,  
 donec letiferas vario medicamine pestes  
 110 et suspecta mali ruperunt nubila somni.  
 adiuvat ipse deos morboque valentior omni  
 occupat auxilium. citius non arte reffectus  
 Telephus Haemonia, nec quae metuentis Atridae  
 saeva Machaonio coierunt vulnera succo.
- 115 Quis mihi tot coetus inter populique patrumque  
 sit curae votique locus? tamen ardua testor  
 sidera teque, pater vatū Thymbraee, quis omni  
 luce mihi, quis nocte timor, dum postibus haerens  
 assiduus nunc aure vigil nunc lumine cuncta  
 120 aucupor; immensae veluti conexa carinae  
 cumba minor, cum saevit hiems, pro parte furentes  
 parva receptat aquas et eodem volvitur austro.
- Nectite nunc laetae candentia fila, sorores,  
 nectite, nemo modum transmissi computet aevi:  
 125 hic vitae natalis erit. tu Troica dignus  
 saecula et Euboici transcendere pulveris annos

*post 104 versum huiusmodi, <auxilium messor legit mortali-  
 bus aegris>, excidisse putavit Courtney*

105 carpsi  $\zeta$ : -sit Mpost      118 haerens  $\zeta$ : -ret M

120 aucupor *Heinsius*: auguror M

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<sup>23</sup> Courtney suspects a lacuna, since Apollo is not recorded to have spent time in Arabia. Possibly careless writing, so to be ex-

BOOK I.4

to gather on Arabia's fragrant fields or I from Amphrysus' herbage."<sup>23</sup>

He had spoken. They find the limbs lying in languor now, breath struggling. Both gird themselves Paeonian fashion<sup>24</sup> and together they readily give and take advice until with various medicine they have broken the banes and the sinister cloud of unwholesome sleep. He himself assists the gods; stronger than all his malady, he anticipates their aid. No more swiftly was Telephus cured by Haemonian skill nor fearful Atrides' cruel wounds closed by Machaon's balm.

Amid so many gatherings of Fathers and people what room for anxious prayers of mine? Yet I call the stars on high and you, Thymbraean father of poets, to witness how I spent every day and night in terror, ever clinging to the doorway, watchful to pick up every hint now with eye, now with ear; as a little skiff attached to a great ship, when the storm blows high, takes in her small share of the raging waters and tosses in the same south wind.

Now, Sisters, merrily twine your white threads, twine them. Let none reckon the measure of life spent; this will be his life's birthday. Worthy are you to transcend Trojan centuries<sup>25</sup> and the years of Euboean dust<sup>26</sup> and Nestor's

panded: *quod pastor doctus in Arabum arvis carpsit aut quod ego pastor Amphrysiaco de gramine carpsi* (cf. Virgil, *Georgics* 3.2, *pastor ab Amphryso*).

<sup>24</sup> Cf. *Aeneid* 12.400f.

<sup>25</sup> Priam's or Tithonus' (though the latter was immortal).

<sup>26</sup> Apollo had granted the Sibyl of Cumae's wish for as many years of life as there were grains in a sand heap (Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 14.136).

## SILVAE

Nestoreique situs. qua nunc tibi pauper acerra  
digna litem? nec si vacuet Mevania valles  
aut praestent niveos Clitumna novalia tauros,  
130 sufficiam. sed saepe deis hos inter honores  
caespes et exiguo placuerunt farra salino.

### 5

#### BALNEUM CLAUDI ETRUSCI

Non Helicona gravi pulsat chelys enthea plectro  
nec lassata voco totiens mihi numina Musas:  
et te, Phoebē, choris et te, dimittimus, Euhan;  
tu quoque muta ferae, volucer Tegeaeae, sonorae  
5 terga premas. alios poscunt mea carmina coetus.  
Naidas, undarum dominas, regemque corusci  
ignis adhuc fessum Sicalaque incude rubentem  
elicuisse satis. paulum arma nocentia, Thebae,  
ponite; dilecto volo lascivire sodali.  
10 iunge, puer, cyathos, sed ne numerare labora  
cunctantemque intende chelyn; discede, Laborque  
Curaque, dum nitidis canimus gemmantia saxis  
balnea dumque procax vittis hederisque soluta  
fronde verecundo Clio mea ludit Etrusco.  
15 ite, deae virides, liquidosque advertite vultus

127 Nestoreique *Ker*: -osque M

10 sed ne num- *Scriverius*: et enum- M

11 intende  $\zeta$ : ince- M

14 fronte  $\zeta$  verecunda *Baehrens*



## BOOK I.5

decay. Poor man that I am, how to find a censer to make worthy offering on your behalf? Not though Mevania make void her vales or Clitumnus' acres supply their snowy bulls would I have enough. Yet often among such tributes has a sod of earth with meal and tiny saltcellar found favor with the gods.

### 5

#### THE BATHS OF CLAUDIUS ETRUSCUS

My frenzied lyre does not strike Helicon with weighty quill<sup>1</sup> nor do I invoke the Muses, the deities whom I have so often wearied. I dismiss you, Phoebus, from the choir, and you, Euan. You too, winged one of Tegea, hide in silence the back of the tuneful beast.<sup>2</sup> My song calls on other assemblies. 'Tis enough to have drawn out the Naiads, mistresses of the waves, and the king of flashing fire,<sup>3</sup> still weary and ruddy with Sicilian anvil. Thebes, lay your guilty arms aside for a while.<sup>4</sup> I would frolic for a dear friend. Boy, pour cup on cup (but take no care to count them) and string the tarrying lyre. Begone Toil and Care, as I sing the Baths bejeweled with glistening marbles, and my Clio, wantoning in fillets and ivy and free of modest leafage,<sup>5</sup> sports for Etruscus. Come, green goddesses, and

<sup>1</sup> As though knocking at the entrance.

<sup>2</sup> The tortoise shell from which Mercury invented the lyre.

<sup>3</sup> Vulcan.           <sup>4</sup> Work on the *Thebaid* is to be suspended.

<sup>5</sup> The Muse (invoked or not) is to exchange Apollo's laurel and white fillets for Bacchus' ivy and purple fillets; cf. 2.7.9.

SILVAE

- et vitreum teneris crinem redimite corymbis  
 veste nihil tectae, quales emergitis altis  
 fontibus et visu Satyros torquetis amantes.  
 non vos quae culpa decus infamastis aquarum  
 20 sollicitare iuvat; procul hinc et fonte doloso  
 Salmacis et viduae Cebrenidos arida luctu  
 flumina et Herculei praedatrix cedat alumni.  
 vos mihi quae Latium septenaque culmina, Nymphae,  
 incolitis Thybrimque novis attollitis undis,  
 25 quas praeceps Anien atque exceptura natatus  
 Virgo iuvat Marsasque nives et frigora ducens  
 Marcia, praecelsis quarum vaga molibus unda  
 crescit et innumero pendens transmittitur arcu,  
 vestrum opus aggredimur, vestra est quam carmine molli  
 pando domus.  
 30 Non umquam aliis habitastis in antris  
 ditius. ipsa manus tenuit Cytherea mariti  
 monstravitque artes, neu vilis flamma caminos  
 ureret, ipsa faces volucrum succendit Amorum.  
 non huc admissae Thasos aut undosa Carystos;  
 35 maeret onyx longe queriturque exclusus ophites:  
 sola nitet flavis Nomadum decisa metallis  
 39 quoique Tyri livens fleat et Sidonia, rupes,  
 37 purpura, sola cavo Phrygiae quam Synnados antro  
 ipse cruentavit maculis lucentibus Attis.  
 40 vix locus Eurotae, viridis cum regula longo  
 Synnada distinctu variat. non limina cessant,

29 molli  $\zeta$ : nulli M      39 quoique *Housman*, *versu huc*  
*traiecto*: quoque M      livens fleat *Courtney*: niveas secat M  
 40 dum *coni. Courtney*

## BOOK I.5

turn this way your liquid faces, bind your glassy hair with tender clusters, covered by no clothes, as when you come out from your deep springs and torment your Satyr lovers with the sight. But I would not trouble those among you that have defamed the waters' beauty by guilt. Far hence be Salmacis with her treacherous fount and the stream of Cebren's deserted daughter that grief made dry,<sup>6</sup> and she that ravished Hercules' favorite.<sup>7</sup> You Nymphs that dwell in Latium and the Seven Hills and raise Tiber with fresh waters, you that fast Anio delights and the Virgin who shall welcome swimmers, and Marcia, bringer of Marsian snows and chills<sup>8</sup>—you whose vagrant water multiplies on towering masses, transmitted in the air by countless arches: yours is the work I attempt, yours the mansion my soft song unfolds.

In no other grotto did you ever dwell in wealthier style. Cytherea herself held her husband's hands and showed them cunning; and lest a common flame burn the furnace, she herself set alight the torches of her winged Loves. Not Thasos or wavy Carystos are admitted here, alabaster sulks afar, serpentine grumbles in exclusion; shines only stone hewn from Numidia's yellow quarries and that other at which Tyre's and Sidon's purple would weep for envy,<sup>9</sup> only what Attis himself bloodied with gleaming flecks in Phrygian Synnas' hollow cave. Scarce is there space for Eurotas, whose long green streak picks out Synnas. The door-

<sup>6</sup> See Index. The drying up seems not to be mentioned elsewhere.      <sup>7</sup> Hylas.

<sup>8</sup> Two famous aqueducts. The Marcia carried water for drinking. Both contributed to Etruscus' baths; cf. Martial 6.42.18.

<sup>9</sup> Porphyry; cf. 1.2.151.

SILVAE

- effulgent camerae, vario fastigia vitro  
 in species animata nitent. stupet ipse beatas  
 circumplexus opes et parcius imperat ignis.  
 45 multus ubique dies, radiis ubi culmina totis  
 perforat atque alio sol improbus uritur aestu.  
 nil ibi plebeium. nusquam Temesaea notabis  
 aera, sed argento felix propellitur unda  
 argentoque cadit, labrisque nitentibus instat  
 50 delicias mirata suas et abire recusat.  
 extra autem niveo qui margine caeruleus amnis  
 vivit et in summum fundo patet omnis ab imo  
 cui non ire lacu pigrosque exsolvere amictus  
 suadeat? hoc mallet nasci Cytherea profundo,  
 55 hic te perspicuum melius, Narcisse, videres,  
 hic velox Hecate velit et deprensa lavari.  
 quid nunc strata solo referam tabulata crepantes  
 auditura pilas, ubi languidus ignis inerrat  
 aedibus et tenuem volvunt hypocausta vaporem?  
 60 nec si Baianis veniat novus hospes ab oris  
 talia despiciet (fas sit componere magnis  
 parva), Neronea nec qui modo lotus in unda  
 hic iterum sudare neget. macte, oro, nitenti  
 ingenio curaque, puer! tecum ista senescant  
 65 et tua iam melius discat fortuna renasci.

43 animata *Markland*: -moque M

52 summum fundo  $\zeta$ : fundum summo M

## BOOK I.5

ways are not behindhand, the ceilings are effulgent, the topmost parts are alive, shining with figures in vitreous variety. The very fire is amazed at the riches it surrounds and moderates its sway. Daylight everywhere abounds as the unconscionable sun penetrates the roof with all his rays, and is burned by a different heat. Nothing vulgar is here. Nowhere will you mark Temesean copper; by silver the happy flow is channeled and into silver falls, urging the bright brims, marveling at its own charms and loath to leave. Outside a dark-blue river runs between snow-white banks in lively stream, wholly clear from bed to surface; whom would it not persuade to fling off his sluggish clothes and plunge into the pool? From this deep would Cytherea rather have been born, herein, Narcissus, you would have seen yourself more clear, here swift Hecate would have been fain to bathe, even though surprised.<sup>10</sup> Why now should I relate the flooring strewn upon the ground to hear the sounding balls, where the fire strays faintly about the house and the furnaces roll up a mild warmth? Were a stranger to come from Baiae's shores, he would not scorn the like of this (lawful be it to compare great with small), nor would a bather fresh from Nero's water refuse to sweat here a second time. Hail, my boy, to your brilliant wit and care! Let all this grow old along with you and may your fortune now learn to be reborn better than before!<sup>11</sup>

<sup>10</sup> As Hecate = Diana was by Actaeon.

<sup>11</sup> Etruscus' father had been in exile, but the sentence had evidently just been lifted; cf. 3.3.165-67.

## KALENDAE DECEMBRES

- Et Phoebus pater et severa Pallas  
 et Musae procul ite feriatae:  
 Iani vos revocabimus kalendis.  
 Saturnus mihi compede exsoluta  
 5 et multo gravidus mero December  
 et ridens Iocus et Sales protervi  
 adsint, dum refero diem beatum  
 laeti Caesaris ebriamque aparchen.  
 Vix Aurora novos movebat ortus,  
 10 iam bellaria linea pluebant:  
 hunc rorem veniens profudit Eurus.  
 quicquid nobile Ponticis nucetis  
 fecundis cadit aut iugis Idumes  
 quod ramis pia germinat Damascos  
 15 et quod percoquit Ebosea Caunos  
 largis gratuitum cadit rapinis,  
 molles gäioli lucuntulique  
 et massis amerina non perustis  
 et mustaceus et latente palma  
 20 praegnantes caryotides cadebant.  
 non tantis Hyas inserena nimbis  
 terras obruit aut soluta Plias  
 qualis per cuneos hiems Latinos

8 aparchen *Phillimore, coll. Plut. Mor. 40b*: parcen M

15 Ebosia\* *Vollmer*: aeb- M

23 quali *Markland*

## THE KALENDS OF DECEMBER

Father Phoebus and stern Pallas and you Muses, away with you, take a holiday! We will call you back on Janus' Kalends. Let Saturn join me free of his chains<sup>1</sup> and wine-soaked December and laughing Jollity and wanton Jests, as I relate merry Caesar's joyous day and the tipsy feast.

Scarce was Aurora moving another dawn and already dainties were raining from the line—such the dew that rising East Wind poured down: the best that falls in Pontic nutteries or Idume's fertile hills,<sup>2</sup> what pious Damascus grows<sup>3</sup> upon her boughs and what Ebosean Caunus ripens<sup>4</sup>—free of charge descends the lavish loot. Soft mannikins<sup>5</sup> and pastries, Ameria's solidities unscorched,<sup>6</sup> must cakes and pregnant dates from an invisible palm<sup>7</sup>—down they fell. With no such showers does stormy Hyad or raining Pleiad deluge the earth as the tempest that pounded the people throughout the Latian theater with hail from a

<sup>1</sup> Saturn was put in chains by his son Jupiter but freed to attend his annual festival.

<sup>2</sup> Dates.

<sup>3</sup> Plums. Many deities were worshipped there.

<sup>4</sup> Figs. See Critical Appendix.

<sup>5</sup> Gaioli (little Gaiuses), pastries in the shape of a human figure.

<sup>6</sup> Apples and pears, picked in good time.

<sup>7</sup> Somehow different from ordinary dates mentioned in v. 13.

SILVAE

- 25 plebem grandine contudit serena.  
 ducat nubila Iuppiter per orbem  
 et latis pluvias minetur agris  
 dum nostri Iovis hi ferantur imbres.  
 Ecce autem caveas subit per omnes  
 insignis specie, decora cultu  
 30 plebes altera non minor sedente.  
 hi panaria candidasque mappas  
 subvectant epulasque lautiores,  
 illi marcida vina largiuntur;  
 Idaeos totidem putes ministros.  
 35 orbem qua melior severiorque est  
 et gentes alis insemel togatas;  
 et cum tot populos, beate, pascas,  
 hunc Annona diem superba nescit.  
 i nunc, saecula compara, Vetustas,  
 40 antiqui Iovis aureumque tempus:  
 non sic libera vina tunc fluebant  
 nec tardum seges occupabat annum.  
 una vescitur omnis ordo mensa,  
 parvi, femina, plebs, eques, senatus:  
 45 libertas reverentiam remisit.  
 et tu quin etiam (quis hoc vocare,  
 quis promittere possit hoc deorum?)  
 nobiscum socias dapes inisti.  
 iam se, quisquis is est, inops beatus,  
 50 convivam ducis esse gloriatur.  
 Hos inter fremitus novosque luxus

24 contudit  $\zeta$ : concu- M: concutit  $\zeta$

26 laetis *Morel, fort. recte* 37 beate *Hess: -ta M*

38 nescis  $\zeta$  46 vocari *Ettig*



## BOOK I.6

clear sky. Let Jupiter bring clouds throughout the world and threaten rains on the broad acres so long as our own Jove sends us downpours like these.

But look! Through all the aisles comes another crowd no less in number than the seated throng, handsome and smartly dressed. Some carry bread baskets and white napkins and elegant eatables, others freely serve mellowing wine. One could think them so many cupbearers from Ida. At one and the same time you satisfy the Circle where it is reformed and sobered<sup>8</sup> together with the peoples of the gown; and since you feed so many folk, wealthy lord, haughty Annona<sup>9</sup> knows not this day. Come, Antiquity, compare now if you will the ages of ancient Jove<sup>10</sup> and the golden time: not so freely did wine flow then, not thus would harvest forestall the tardy year. Every order eats at one table: children, women, populace, Knights, Senate. Freedom has relaxed reverence. Nay, you yourself (which of the gods could thus invite, which accept invitation?)<sup>11</sup> entered the feast along with us. Now everyone, be he rich or poor, boasts of dining with the leader.

Amid such hubbub, such novel luxuries, the pleasure

<sup>8</sup> The fourteen rows reserved for knights in revival of earlier practice. See Critical Appendix.

<sup>9</sup> The price of corn had become irrelevant.

<sup>10</sup> Saturn (*Saturnia saecla*).

<sup>11</sup> Domitian might be said to have accepted his own invitation (*promittere*, "promise [to come]," is regular in this sense). *Hoc* . . . *hoc* are internal accusatives.

## SILVAE

- spectandi levis effugit voluptas.  
 stat sexus rudis insciusque ferri:  
 et pugnas capit improbus viriles.  
 55 credas ad Tanain ferumque Phasin  
 Thermodontiacas calere turmas.  
 hic audax subit ordo pumilorum,  
 quos Natura breves statim peracta  
 nodosum semel in globum ligavit.  
 60 edunt vulnere conseruntque dextras  
 et mortem sibi (qua manu!) minantur.  
 ridet Mars pater et cruenta Virtus  
 casuraeque vagis grues rapinis  
 mirantur †pumilos† ferocios.  
 65     Iam noctis propioribus sub umbris  
 dives sparsio quos agit tumultus!  
 hic intrant faciles emi puellae,  
 hic agnoscitur omne quod theatris  
 aut forma placet aut probatur arte.  
 70 hoc plaudunt grege Lydiae tumentes,  
 illic cymbala tinnulaeque Gades,  
 illic agmina confremunt Syrorum.  
 hic plebs scenica quique comminutis  
 permutant vitreis gregale sulphur.  
 75     Inter quae subito cadunt volatu  
 immensae volucrum per astra nubes,  
 quas Nilus sacer horridusque Phasis,

54 et 5: ut M

55 Phasin *coni.* Courtney: -im M

57 hinc 5: his Bernartius

64 pugiles Friederich, *vulg.*, *perperam*: solito *coniecti*

70 tumentes *neque damno neque intellego*

BOOK I.6

of spectacle flits lightly by. The sex untrained and ignorant of weaponry takes stand and dares engage in manly combat. One would think them troops of Thermodon in battle heat by Tanais or wild Phasis. Here comes a bold string of midgets. Nature is cramped for them, finished in a trice, she tied them once for all into knotted balls. They deal wounds and mingle fists and threaten one another with death—by what hands! Father Mars and bloody Valor laugh, and the cranes, ready to swoop on their wandering prey, marvel at their unusual (?) ferocity.<sup>12</sup>

Now as night's shades approach, a scattering of largesse<sup>13</sup> makes a fine commotion. Here enter girls<sup>14</sup> easily bought; here is recognized whatever pleases the theater with comeliness or wins approval with skill. In one group Lydian ladies<sup>15</sup> clap, elsewhere are cymbals and jingling Gades, elsewhere again troops of Syrians make din. Here is the mob of the stage and vendors of common sulfur<sup>16</sup> for broken glass.

Meanwhile vast clouds of birds fall through the stars in sudden flight such as holy Nile and rough Phasis and men

<sup>12</sup> Finding them fiercer than the Pygmies, whom they were accustomed to fight. *Pugiles* is generally read for *pūmilos* (after *pūmilorum*), but the Pygmies fought with weapons, not fists. I have suggested *solito* (fiercer than usual,) regarding *pūmilos* as a marginal gloss that replaced it in the text.

<sup>13</sup> I.e., of vouchers (*tesserae*); cf. Martial 8.78.10.

<sup>14</sup> The vouchers would pay their fees.

<sup>15</sup> I have left *tumentes* untranslated, the most obvious meaning, "pregnant," seeming inappropriate.

<sup>16</sup> Matches; similarly Martial 1.41.4f. ("after considerable discussion the broken glass remains problematical").

SILVAE

- 80 quas udo Numidae legunt sub Austro.  
 desunt qui rapiant, sinusque pleni  
 gaudent dum nova lucra comparantur.  
 tollunt innumeras ad astra voces  
 Saturnalia principis sonantes  
 et dulci dominum favore clamant:  
 hoc solum vetuit licere Caesar.  
 85 Vixdum caerula nox subibat orbem,  
 escendit media nitens harena  
 densas flammeus orbis inter umbras  
 vincens Cnosiaca facem coronae.  
 collucet polus ignibus nihilque  
 90 obscurae patitur licere nocti.  
 fugit pigra Quies inersque Somnus  
 haec cernens alias abit in urbes.  
 quis spectacula, quis iocos licentes,  
 quis convivia, quis dapes inemptas  
 95 largi flumina quis canat Lyaei?  
 iamiam deficio tuoque Baccho  
 in serum trahor ebrius soporem.  
 Quos ibit procul hic dies per annos?  
 quam nullo sacer exolescet aevo,  
 100 dum montes Latii paterque Thybris,  
 dum stabit tua Roma dumque terris  
 quod reddis Capitolium manebit!

86 escendit\* *Stange*: des- M

96 tuoque  $\zeta$ : tuaque M *post 96 versum huiusmodi,*  
 <fuso, dux bone, liberalitate>, *excidisse putavit Courtney*

99 *anne quin?*

## BOOK I.6

of Numidia<sup>17</sup> capture in a rainy South Wind. There are not folk enough to snatch them all. Pockets fill gleefully as further gains are secured. They raise countless voices to the stars, sounding the Emperor's Saturnalia, and acclaim him Lord in loving favor. This license only did Caesar ban.

Scarcely was dim night advancing upon the world when a flaming ball ascends<sup>18</sup> from the center of the arena shining in the dense gloom, surpassing the flare of the Cretan crown. The sky brightens with flames, allowing no license to night's obscurity. At the sight lazy Rest and Sleep must take off for other cities. Who should sing the shows, the unbridled jests, the banquets, the viands unbought,<sup>19</sup> the rivers of lavish Lyaeus? Now, now my strength fails and your Bacchus draws me tipsy into tardy slumber.

Through how many years shall this day travel? Sacred shall it endure throughout all time. So long as Latium's Hills and Father Tiber, so long as your Rome shall stand and the Capitol you restore to earth, it shall remain.

<sup>17</sup> Flamingos, pheasants, guinea fowl.

<sup>18</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>19</sup> See Critical Appendix.

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## BOOK TWO

## PREFATORY NOTES

### 1

Martial's two epigrams on the same theme, 6.28 and 29, again point to late 90. Atedius Melior, recipient of Book 2 and two other of its constituents, was another wealthy patron (also of Martial), living in quiet elegance in his house on the Caelian hill. No mention of wife or family nor yet of literary or artistic pursuits.

### 2

Date: probably 90. Statius' visit to Pollius' villa in mid-August (vv. 6ff.) was in all probability the one mentioned in 3.1.52ff., written about a year later. The proprietor of the villa, Pollius Felix, now apparently in his fifties, was born in Puteoli of a prominent local family and in his younger days took an active part in public life there and in Naples, of which he was also a citizen. In later years he devoted himself to poetry (vv. 112-15) and the philosophy of Epicurus (v. 113) along with building and improvements on his land, leaving financial management to his wife, Polla (vv. 147-53). Other properties at Tibur, Limon near Puteoli, and Tarentum are mentioned (vv. 82, 109-11).



## BOOK II

From Statius' account the patron-client relationship had become a friendship, based on similarities of taste and temperament. He was also on good terms with Polla and Pollius' son-in-law Julius Menecrates, also of Naples (4.epist. and 8).

### 3

This birthday present to Melior (v. 62; "Pollius" in Vollmer is a slip) and the three following pieces offer no special indication of date.

### 5

See on 1.2.102. The theme of tame lion (and hare) is serial in Martial's first book.

## LIBER SECUNDUS

### STATIUS MELIORI SUO SALUTEM

Et familiaritas nostra qua gaudeo, Melior, vir optime nec minus in iudicio litterarum quam in omni vitae colore ter-  
sissime, et ipsa opusculorum quae tibi trado condicio sic  
posita est ut totus hic ad te liber meus etiam sine epistula  
5 spectet. primum enim habet Glauciam nostrum, cuius  
gratissimam infantiam et qualem plerumque infelices sor-  
tiuntur apud te complexus amabam iam non tibi. huius  
amissi recens vulnus, ut scis, epicedio prosecutus sum  
adeo festinanter ut excusandam habuerim affectibus tuis  
10 celeritatem. nec nunc eam apud te iacto qui nosti, sed et  
ceteris indico, ne quis asperiore lima carmen examinet et  
a confuso scriptum et dolenti datum, cum paene superva-  
cua sint tarda solacia. Polli mei villa Surrentina quae se-  
quitur debuit a me vel in honorem eloquentiae eius dili-  
15 gentius dici, sed amicus ignovit. in arborem certe tuam,  
Melior, et psittacum scis a me leves libellos quasi epigram-  
matis loco scriptos. eandem exigebat stili facilitatem leo

4 ad te (*Vollmer*) . . . spectet *Baehrens*: altae . . . exp- M  
6 gratissimam infantiam\* *Calderini*: -ima -tia M

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<sup>1</sup> *Iam non tibi* has baffled interpreters; see van Dam and Critical Appendix.

## BOOK TWO

### STATIUS TO HIS FRIEND MELIOR GREETINGS

Such is our friendship that is my joy, excellent Melior (elegant in your literary judgment no less than in the whole color of your life), and such is the very nature of the little pieces which I am presenting to you that all this book of mine would look toward you even without a letter. For its first theme is our Glaucias, whose charming infancy (such as is so often the portion of the unfortunate) I took in my arms in your home and loved, no longer just for your sake.<sup>1</sup> As you know, I followed up the wound of his recent loss with a poem of consolation, in such haste that I thought I owed your feelings an apology for my promptitude. Nor do I now boast of that to you, who know, but point it out to others who might else criticize the piece with too sharp a file, coming as it did from a troubled writer to a grieving recipient, since tardy consolations are almost supererogatory. The Surrentine villa of my dear Pollius comes next; it deserved more careful composition if only in honor of his eloquence, but as a friend he forgave. You assuredly know, Melior, that I wrote the trifling items on your tree and your parrot like epigrams, as it were. The same facility of pen was required by the Tame Lion; if I had not presented him to our most sacred Em-

## SILVAE

mansuetus, quem in amphitheatro prostratum frigidum  
erat sacratissimo imperatori ni statim traderem. ad Ursum  
20 quoque nostrum, iuvenem candidissimum et sine iactura  
desidiae doctissimum, scriptam de amisso puero consola-  
tionem super ea quae ipsi debeo huic libro libenter inse-  
rui, quia honorem eius tibi laturus accepto est. cludit volu-  
men genethliacon Lucani, quod Polla Argentaria, rarissima  
25 uxorum, cum hunc diem forte †consuleremus†, imputari  
sibi voluit. ego non potui maiorem tanti auctoris habere  
reverentiam quam quod laudes eius dicturus hexametros  
meos timui.

Haec, qualiacumque sunt, Melior carissime, si tibi non  
displicuerint, a te publicum accipiant; si minus, ad me  
30 revertantur.

### I

#### GLAUCIAS ATEDI MELIORIS DELICATUS

Quod tibi praerepti, Melior, solamen alumni  
improbis ante rogos et adhuc vivente favilla  
ordiar? abruptis etiamnunc flebile venis  
vulnus hiat magnaequae patet via lubrica plagae.  
5 cum iam egomet cantus et verba medentia saevus  
confero, tu planctus lamentaque fortia mavis  
odistique chelyn surdaque averteris aure.

19 tradere *Barth*

23 est. cludit *Madvig*: excl- M

25 *anne* <una> consumeremus?

6 confero *ed.pr.*: consero M

## BOOK II.1

peror as he lay prostrate in the amphitheater, the piece would have fallen flat. I put into this book another consolation, which I wrote on the death of his slave to our friend Ursus, a young man of sincere goodwill and literary culture, who loses none of his leisure. I did so gladly because, aside from what I owe himself, he will credit the compliment to you. A Birthday Ode to Lucan concludes the volume. Polla Argentaria, a pearl among wives, requested it as a favor when we chanced to be spending this day together (?). I could not show more reverence for so great an author than by distrusting my own hexameters<sup>2</sup> for a poem in his honor.

If you do not dislike these compositions, such as they are, my dearest Melior, let them receive their public from you. Otherwise, let them return to me.

### 1

#### GLAUCIAS, ATEDIUS MELIOR'S BOY FAVORITE

How shall I begin, Melior, to console you for the foster child that Fate has snatched away from you, as I stand before the pyre and the embers still glow—'tis presumption. The pitiable wound still gapes with sundered veins and the perilous path of the great gash lies open. While I cruelly weave song and words of healing, you prefer beating of breast and loud lament, hating the lyre and turning deaf ears away. Ill-timed my song. Sooner would a tigress

<sup>2</sup> Lucan's poem on the Civil War being in hexameters, Statius says he chose not to invite comparisons. He was actually far the better versifier of the two.

SILVAE

- intempesta cano. citius me tigris abactis  
 fetibus orbatique velint audire leones.
- 10 nec si tergeminum Sicula de virgine carmen  
 affluat aut silvis chelys intellecta ferisque,  
 mulceat insanos gemitus. stat pectore demens  
 luctus et admoto latrant praecordia tactu.
- 15 Nemo vetat; satiare malis aegrumque dolorem  
 libertate doma. iam flendi expleta voluptas,  
 iamque preces fessus non indignaris amicas?  
 iamne canam? lacrimis en et mea carmine in ipso  
 ora natant tristesque cadunt in verba liturae.  
 ipse etenim tecum nigrae sollemnia pompae  
 20 spectatumque Urbi (scelus heu!) puerile feretrum  
 produxi; saevos damnati turis acervos  
 plorantemque animam supra sua funera vidi,  
 teque patrum gemitus superantem et bracchia matrum  
 complexumque rogos ignemque haurire parantem  
 25 vix tenui similis comes offendique tenendo.  
 et nunc heu vittis et frontis honore soluto  
 infaustus vates versa mea pectora tecum  
 plango lyra. crudi comitem sociumque doloris,  
 si merui luctusque tui consortia sensi,  
 30 iam lenis patiare precor. me fulmine in ipso  
 audivere patres; ego iuxta busta profusis  
 matribus at<que> piis cecini solacia natis,  
 et mihi, cum proprios gemerem defectus ad ignes  
 quem, Natura, patrem! nec te lugere severus  
 35 arceo; sed confer gemitus pariterque fleamus.

17–18 carmine . . . ora *Friederich*: -na . . . ore M

20 (scelus heu!) *Ker*: -us et M

28 crudi *Housman*: et diu M      30 me  $\zeta$ : iam M

BOOK II.1

robbed of her cubs or lions bereaved wish to listen. Not if threefold melody floated here from Sicilian maid<sup>1</sup> or the lyre<sup>2</sup> that woods and wild beasts understood, would your mad moans be soothed. Frantic mourning stands in your heart, at a touch your breast barks.<sup>3</sup>

None forbids you. Take your fill of misery and tame bitter sorrow by giving it free course. Is the pleasure of weeping sated now? Are you now weary and no longer resentful of a friend's entreaties? Shall I sing now? See, my face too swims with tears even as my song proceeds and sad blots fall on the page. For I myself led forth the black-garbed funeral procession by your side, the childish bier (alas the crime!) watched by all Rome. I saw the cruel heaps of doomed incense and the soul weeping above its body. And as you outdid the groans of fathers and the arms of mothers, embracing the pyre and ready to swallow the flame, I could scarce restrain you, your companion in like case, and by restraining angered you. And now alas! a poet of ill omen, I cast off the fillets that dignify my brow, I turn my lyre over and with it beat my breast along with you. Be gentle now and suffer me as your fellow and partaker in raw grief, I pray, if I have so deserved and felt comradeship in your mourning. Fathers have listened to me in the very shock, I have sung solace to mothers prostrate by the pyre and loving children—and to myself, when at fires of my own I lamented fainting (O Nature!) what a father! I do not tell you sternly not to mourn; but mingle your groans and let us weep together.

<sup>1</sup> The three Sirens were sometimes located off Sicily, sometimes off Surrentum.      <sup>2</sup> Of Orpheus.      <sup>3</sup> A Homeric expression (*Odyssey* 20.13), borrowed by Ennius and others.

SILVAE

- Iamdudum dignos aditus laudumque tuarum,  
o merito dilecte puer, primordia quaerens  
distrahor. hinc anni stantes in limine vitae,  
hinc me forma rapit, rapit inde modestia praecox  
40 et pudor et tenero probitas maturior aevo.  
o ubi purpureo suffusus sanguine candor  
sidereiue orbes radiataque lumina caelo  
et castigatae collecta modestia frontis  
ingenuique super crines mollisque decorae  
45 margo comae? blandis ubinam ora arguta querelis  
osculaue impliciti vernos redolentia flores,  
et mixtae risu lacrimae penitusque loquentis  
Hyblaeis vox mulsa favis, cui sibila serpens  
poneret et saevae vellent servire novercae?  
50 nil veris affingo bonis. heu lactea colla,  
bracchia quo numquam domini sine pondere cervix!  
o ubi venturae spes non longinqua iuventae  
atque genis optatus honos iurataque multum  
barba tibi? cuncta in cineres gravis intulit hora  
55 hostilisque dies; nobis meminisse relictum.

Quis tua colloquiis hilaris mulcebit amatis  
pectora, quis curas mentisque arcana remittet?  
accensum quis bile fera famulisque tumentem  
leniet ardentique in se deflectet ab ira?

39 hinc *Poggio* (cf. *TLL* 6.3.2805.23): hic M

48 mulsa *Housman*: mixta M: tineta *Markland*

51 quo *Saftien*: que M: que et ¶

<sup>4</sup> The text may be corrupt. *Radiatus* does not occur elsewhere in the sense of *radians* (radiant), and *caelo* is unclear.

<sup>5</sup> "A small forehead could be the sign of a mobile mind" (van



## BOOK II.1

For this long while, boy beloved as you deserved, I am torn as I seek a worthy approach, where to begin your praises. On this side your years standing on life's threshold clutch me, on that your beauty, on the other your precocious modesty, your sense of honor, your probity riper than your tender age. Oh where is that fair complexion, suffused with red of blood, those starry eyes radiant from heaven,<sup>4</sup> and the compact modesty of your smooth brow,<sup>5</sup> tresses untutored above, soft fringe of comely hair? Where that garrulous mouth with its winsome complaint, those lips redolent of spring flowers as you embraced him, those tears blended with laughter, those accents sweetened<sup>6</sup> through and through by Hybla's honeycombs, at which a serpent would cease from hissing and cruel stepmothers be fain to serve him? Truly those charms were his, nothing added by me. Alas! the milk-white throat, the arms ever weighing upon his master's neck!<sup>7</sup> Where, oh where the not distant hope of coming manhood, the longed-for grace upon his cheeks, the beard you often swore by? A heavy hour, a hostile day has brought all to ashes: to us is left a memory.

Who shall soothe your breast with the merry talk you loved? Who relax your cares, your mind's secrets? Who shall calm you when angry bile inflames and you wax wroth with your servants, turning you from your hot choler to

Dam, quoting Pliny, *Natural History* 11.274, quoting Pompeius Trogus). It was also considered beautiful.

<sup>6</sup> Housman proposed *mulsa*, not *multa* (= *mulsa*), as represented by van Dam. <sup>7</sup> Literally, "without the weight of which his master's neck never was" (van Dam after Saftien, rightly rejecting the popular *bracchiaque* <et>).

## SILVAE

- 60 inceptas quis ab ore dapes libataque vina  
 auferet et dulci turbabit cuncta rapina?  
 quis matutinos abrumpet murmure somnos  
 impositus stratis, abitusque morabitur artis  
 nexibus aque ipso revocabit ad oscula poste?  
 65 obuius intranti rursus quis in ora manusque  
 prosiliet brevibusque umeros circumdabit ulnis?  
 muta domus, fateor, desolatique penates,  
 et situs in thalamis et maesta silentia mensis.  
 Quid mirum, tanto si te pius altor honorat  
 70 funere? tu domino requies portusque senectae,  
 tu modo deliciae, dulces modo pectore curae.  
 non te barbaricae versabat turbo catastae,  
 nec mixtus Phariis venalis mercibus infans  
 compositosque sales meditataque verba locutus  
 75 quaesisti lascivus erum tardeque parasti.  
 hic domus, hinc ortus, dominique penatibus olim  
 carus uterque parens atque in tua gaudia liber,  
 ne quererere genus. raptum sed protinus alvo  
 sustulit exsultans ac prima lucida voce  
 80 astra salutantem dominus sibi mente dicavit,  
 amplexusque sinu tulit et genuisse putavit.  
 fas mihi sanctorum venia dixisse parentum,  
 tuque oro, Natura, sinas, cui prima per orbem

64 aque ipso . . . poste ⚭: atque ipsos . . . postes M

67 fateor M: mussat *Housman*

71 dulcis . . . cura *Elter*

76 hic *Laetus*: hinc M

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<sup>8</sup> "The word suggests that Glaucias did not pass the night with Melior" (van Dam).

## BOOK II.1

himself? Who shall steal from your lips the food you have begun to eat and the wine you have sipped, making general havoc with his sweet plunderings? Who jump on your bedclothes and break your morning<sup>8</sup> slumbers with his murmurs, who hold up your departures with his clinging embraces and call you back from the very door for kisses? Who meet you as you come in again, leaping to your mouth and hands, ringing your shoulders with his tiny arms? Mute is the house, I don't deny,<sup>9</sup> desolate the hearth, neglect is in the bedchambers, and sad silence at the board.

What wonder if your faithful foster father honor you with so grand a funeral? You were your master's rest, the haven of his old age, now his delight, now his heart's sweet care. You were not turned round on some foreigner's revolving platform,<sup>10</sup> you were no infant for sale among Pharian merchandise, retailing manufactured jests and words prepared, frolicking in quest of a master and slow to find one. Here your house, hence your origin. Both your parents have long been dear to your master's home and were freed to make you happy, lest you should complain of your birth. But no sooner were you taken from the womb than your master lifted you up exultantly as you greeted the shining stars with your first cry and in his mind he sealed you for his own, clasping you to his bosom and deeming you his begotten son. With sanction of venerated parents I may say it, and do you, Nature, whose province it is to lay down primal laws for man throughout the world,

<sup>9</sup> The parenthetic *fateor* (I acknowledge) may perhaps be explained as implying "yes, you may well be grief-stricken."

<sup>10</sup> No other interpretation seems plausible, though independent evidence for such an apparatus in slave markets is to seek.

SILVAE

- iura homini sancire datum: non omnia sanguis  
 85 proximus aut serie generis demissa propago  
 alligat; interius nova saepe ascitaque serpunt  
 pignora conexis. natos genuisse necesse est,  
 elegisse iuvat. tenero sic blandus Achilli  
 semifer Haemonium vincebat Pelea Chiron,  
 90 nec senior Peleus natum comitatus in arma  
 Troica, sed caro Phoenix haerebat alumno.  
 optabat longe reditus Pallantis ovantis  
 Evander, fidus pugnas spectabat Acoetes,  
 cumque procul nitidis genitor cessaret ab astris,  
 95 fluctivagus volucrem comebat Persea Dictys.  
 quid referam altricum victas pietate parentes?  
 quid te post cineres deceptaque funera matris  
 tutius Inoo reptantem pectore, Bacche?  
 se secura sati Tuscis regnabat in undis  
 100 Ilia, portantem lassabat Romulus Accam.  
 vidi ego transertos alieno in robore ramos  
 altius ire suis. et te iam fecerat illi  
 mens animusque patrem, necdum moresve decorve;  
 tu tamen et vinctas etiamnunc murmure voces  
 105 vagitumque rudem fletusque infantis amabas.  
 Ille, velut primos expiraturus ad austros  
 mollibus in pratis alte flos improbatus exstat,  
 sic tener ante diem vultu gressuque superbo  
 vicerat aequales multumque reliquerat annos.  
 110 sive catenatis curvatus membra palaestris

84 homini *scripsi*: animus M: -mis  $\zeta$ : hominum *van Dam*

91 caro  $\zeta$ : cla- M      97 fulmina *Markland*

99 se secura sati *Courtney*: iam s- patris M: iam s- parens  
*Calderini*

## BOOK II.1

give me leave, I beg: proximity of blood and offspring descending in lineal series is not the only bond; new children, adopted, often creep further in than our kindred. Sons begotten are a must, sons chosen a joy. So it was that kind half-beast Chiron meant more to young Achilles than Haemonian Peleus. Nor did old Peleus go with his son to the Trojan War, but Phoenix stuck to his favorite pupil. From afar Evander prayed for Pallas' return in triumph: faithful Acoetes watched his combats. Up in the bright stars winged Perseus' father tarried: wave-wandering Dictys tended him. Why should I tell of mothers less loving than nurses? Why tell of you, Bacchus, creeping more safely in Ino's lap after your mother's ashes and duped death?<sup>11</sup> Ilia, careless of her son, reigned queen in the Tuscan waves: Acca was weary from carrying Romulus. I have seen branches grafted on an alien tree grow higher than its own.<sup>12</sup> And your mind and will had already made you his father, not yet his ways and beauty, but even then you loved his words cry-fettered, his innocent wails and infant weeping.

Like a flower destined to die at the first south winds, standing high, too high, in a soft meadow, so prematurely in countenance and proud step the child was surpassing his peers, leaving his years far behind. Did he stand fast in a wrestler's lock, you would think him born of Amy-

<sup>11</sup> Semele had been tricked by Juno into asking Jupiter to appear to her in all his splendor, whence her death by lightning.

<sup>12</sup> Usually taken as "the branches of their own tree," which is syntactically more of a stretch.

## SILVAE

- staret, Amyclaea conceptum matre putares,  
(Oebaliden illo praeceps mutaret Apollo,  
Alcides pensaret Hylan); seu Graius amictu  
Attica facundi decurreret orsa Menandri,  
115 laudaret gavisam sonum crinemque decorum  
fregisset rosea lasciva Thalia corona;  
Maeonium sive ille senem Troiaequae labores  
diceret aut casus tarde remeantis Ulixis,  
ipse pater sensus, ipsi stupuere magistri.
- 120 Scilicet infausta Lachesis cunabula dextra  
attigit et gremio puerum complexa fovebat  
Invidia; illa genas et adultum comere crinem  
haec monstrare artes et verba infigere quae nunc  
plangimus. Herculeos annis aequare labores  
125 coeperat assurgens, et adhuc infantia iuxta;  
iam tamen et validi gressus mensuraque maior  
cultibus et visae puero decrescere vestes,  
cum tibi quas vestes, quae non gestamina mitis  
festinabat erus? brevibus constringere laenis  
130 pectora et angusta nolens artare lacerna,  
enormes non ille sinus sed semper ad annos  
texta legens, modo puniceo velabat amictu,  
nunc herbas imitante sinu, nunc dulce rubenti  
murice; nunc vivis digitos incendere gemmis  
135 gaudebat. non turba comes, non munera cessant.  
sola verecundo derat praetexta decori.

113 Graius  $\zeta$ : gratus M

123 haec *Baehrens*: et M      125 et *Markland*: sed M

128 vestes M: telas *Sandstroem*: lanas *Housman*

130 nolens *Courtney*: telas M: vitans *Watt*

134 tum *Havet*

BOOK II.1

claeon mother; Apollo would have hurried to take him in exchange for Oebalus' son,<sup>13</sup> Alcides would have bartered Hylas. Or if in Grecian dress he ran through the Attic speech of eloquent Menander, wanton Thalia would have praised his accents in delight and ruffled his comely hair with a garland of roses. Or did he declaim the old Maeonian and Troy's labors or the adventures of laggard Ulysses, even his papa, even his teachers fell amazed at his intuition.

Methinks that Lachesis<sup>14</sup> touched the boy's cradle with her ill-omened hand and Envy fondled him on her lap; the one stroked his cheeks and abundant hair, the other showed him skills and instilled the words we now lament. Rising with the years, he bid fair to equal Hercules' labors—and infancy was still close. Yet already his steps were firm, his stature bigger than his wear, clothes seemed to shrink upon him—and what clothes, what trappings did your gentle master not hasten for you? Not wishing to constrain your chest with narrow mantles and cramp it in a tight cloak, not giving you folds too long, always choosing garments to suit your years, now he would cover you in scarlet habit, now in grass-green folds, now in sweet blush of purple, now rejoice to set your fingers afire with vivid jewels. Unceasing the throng of attendants, the gifts. Your modest finery lacked only the bordered gown.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>13</sup> Hyacinthus, favorite of Apollo (by whom he was accidentally killed).

<sup>14</sup> "There are no distinct tasks for each of the Parcae" (van Dam).

<sup>15</sup> Toga with purple border (*praetexta*), worn by boys of free birth.

## SILVAE

Haec fortuna domus. subitas inimica levavit  
 Parca manus. quo, diva, feros gravis exseris unguēs?<sup>16</sup>  
 non te forma movet, non te lacrimabilis aetas?<sup>17</sup>  
 140 hunc nec saeva viro potuisset carpere Procne  
 nec fera crudeles Colchis durasset in iras,  
 editus Aeolia nec si foret iste Creusa;  
 torvus ab hoc Athamas insanos flecteret arcus;  
 hunc, quamquam Hectoreos cineres Troiamque perosus,  
 145 turribus e Phrygiis flecteret missurus Ulixes.

Septima lux, et iam frigentia lumina torpent,  
 iam complexa manu crinem tenet infera Iuno.  
 ille tamen Parcis fragiles urgentibus annos  
 te vultu moriente videt linguaque cadente  
 150 murmurat; in te omnes vacui iam pectoris efflat  
 reliquias, solum meminit solumque vocantem  
 exaudit, tibi que ora movet, tibi verba relinquit  
 et prohibet gemitus consolaturque dolentem.  
 gratum est, Fata, tamen quod non mors lenta iacentis  
 155 exedit puerile decus, manesque subibit  
 integer et nullo temeratus corpora damno,  
 qualis erat.

Quid ego exsequias et prodiga flammis  
 dona loquar maestoque ardentia funera luxu,  
 quod tibi purpureo tristis rogos aggere crevit,  
 160 quod Cilicum flores, quod munera graminis Indi,

138 unguēs *Scaliger*: an- M      155 subibit *van Dam*: sub-  
 ivit M      158 loquar *Calderini*: -quor M

<sup>16</sup> Daughter of Creon, king of Corinth, and so descended from Aeolus, father of Sisyphus (to be distinguished from Aeolus, god of the Winds).      <sup>17</sup> Proserpina is about to cut off a lock,



## BOOK II.1

Such the fortune of the house. Suddenly the hostile Parca raised her hands. Whom, goddess, do you bare your savage claws to harm? Does not beauty move you or piteous youth? Fierce as she was to her husband, Procne could not have torn him, nor would the savage Colchian have steeled herself to ruthless wrath, not though he had been the son of Aeolian Creusa.<sup>16</sup> From him grim Athamas would have turned away his mad bow. Ulysses would have wept as he made to cast him from the Phrygian battlements, much as he hated Hector's ashes and Troy.

Comes the seventh dawn and already his cold eyes are dull, already nether Juno holds his hair in her clasp.<sup>17</sup> But even as the Parcae urge his frail years, his dying gaze sees you and his failing tongue murmurs your name. All that is left of his empty breast he breathes on you, you only he remembers, your call only he catches, for you moves his lips, for you leaves words, forbidding lament and comforting your grief. But we thank you, Fates, that no lingering death devoured his boyish beauty as he lay; he will go whole to the shades, nothing lost, body inviolate, just as he was.

Why should I tell of the obsequies, the lavish gifts bestowed upon the flames,<sup>18</sup> the corpse ablaze with lugubrious luxury? How the sad pyre rose high for you with purple mound, how Cilician flowers<sup>19</sup> and tribute of In-

as in *Aeneid* 4.698f. and elsewhere. The action "seems to symbolize the release of the soul from the body" (van Dam, referring to Pease on *Aeneid*, l.c.).

<sup>18</sup> Or, as van Dam, "lavish with the flames," i.e., needing much fire to burn them up.

<sup>19</sup> Saffron. The perfumes that follow are *costum* (see van Dam), myrrh, cinnamon (?), and balsam (*opobalsamum*).

SILVAE

- quodque Arabes Phariique Palaestinique liquores  
 arsuram lavere comam? cupit omnia ferre  
 prodigus et totos Melior succendere census  
 desertas exosus opes; sed non capit ignis  
 165 invidus atque artae desunt in munera flammae.  
 Horror habet sensus. qualem te funere summo  
 atque rogam iuxta, Melior placidissime quondam,  
 extimui! tune ille hilaris comisque videri?  
 unde animi saevaeque manus et barbarus horror,  
 170 dum modo fusus humi lucem aversaris iniquam,  
 nunc torvus pariter vestes et pectora rumpis  
 dilectosque premis visus et frigida labris  
 oscula? erant illic genitor materque iacentis  
 maesta, sed attoniti te spectavere parentes.  
 175 quid mirum? plebs cuncta nefas et praevia flerunt  
 agmina, Flaminio quae limite Mulvius agger  
 transvehit, immeritus flammis dum tristibus infans  
 traditur et gemitum formaque aevoque meretur.  
 talis in Isthmiacos prolatus ab aequore portus  
 180 naufragus imposita iacuit sub matre Palaemon,  
 sic et in anguiferae ludentem gramine Lernaee  
 rescissum squamis avidus bibit ignis Ophelthen.

161 Palaestini *Selden*: palam est vidi M      172 labris  
*Peerlkamp*: lambis M: libas *Bentley*      178 aevoque *Guliel-*  
*mius*: ac voce M      179 perlatus *Saenger*; quod noluerat *Otto*  
 182 ignis *Koestlin*: anguis M

<sup>20</sup> Literally, "lips" (*labris*), persuasively correcting *lambis* (you lick).

<sup>21</sup> During the burning the crowd went ahead to the grave, which was across the Tiber, presumably on the Via Flaminia, over the Mulvian Bridge. The cremation will have taken place on the

## BOOK II.1

dian herbage, and perfumes Arabian, Pharian, Palestinian washed the hair about to burn? Prodigal Melior is eager to bring all he has, to put his entire fortune to the torch, hating his forsaken wealth. But the jealous fire does not take it, the flames are choked, unequal to the offerings.

A shudder seizes my senses. Melior, once most equable of men, how I feared you at the final rite, hard by the pyre! Is this the cheerful, friendly face I know? Whence that passion, those cruel hands, that outlandish shaking? Now prostrate on the ground you shun the cruel daylight, now fiercely you tear your dress and breast alike, pressing with your mouth<sup>20</sup> the beloved eyes and the cold lips. The father and sad mother of the dead were present, but the parents gazed on you dumbfounded. No wonder! All the populace bewept the outrage, and the crowds ahead<sup>21</sup> that crossed the Mulvian Bridge by the Flaminian road as the blameless child is surrendered to the sad flames, earning lamentation by beauty and by age. So shipwrecked Palaemon was carried from the sea to the Isthmian harbor and lay with his mother covering the body. So too the greedy fire consumed Opheltes, torn by scales as he played in snake-infested Lerna's grass.<sup>22</sup>

south bank; perhaps Melior had a villa (*horti*) in the area. <sup>22</sup> As usually represented, Ino sprang into the sea with her son, Melicertes, to escape her mad husband, Athamas; there they became sea deities, renamed Leucothea and Palaemon. There are variants, but this of Statius is found nowhere else. Presumably the two bodies were washed up together. The comparisons are stretched. Glaucias was on the verge of puberty, Melicertes (*Theb.* 4.563) and Opheltes babies; and the circumstances were quite dissimilar. But presumably Statius wanted mythological precedents, and these were the best he could think of; cf. 2.6.30ff., 3.1.142ff. (much less forced). Lerna stands for nearby Nemea.

## SILVAE

- Pone metus letique minas desiste vereri.  
 illum nec terno latrabit Cerberus ore,  
 185 nulla Soror flammis, nulla assurgentibus hydrys  
 terrebit; quin ipse avidae trux navita cumbae  
 interius steriles ripas et adusta subibit  
 litora, ne puero dura ascendisse facultas.  
 Quid mihi gaudenti proles Cyllenia virga  
 190 nuntiat? estne aliquid tam saevo in tempore laetum?  
 noverat effigies generosique ardua Blaesi  
 ora puer, dum saepe domi nova sarta ligantem  
 te videt et similes tergentem pectore ceras.  
 hunc ubi Lethaei lustrantem gurgitis oras  
 195 Ausonios inter proceres seriemque Quirini  
 agnovit, timide primum vestigia iungit  
 accessu tacito summosque lacessit amictus,  
 inde magis sequitur; neque enim magis ille trahentem  
 spernit et ignota credit de stirpe nepotum.  
 200 mox ubi delicias et rari pignus amici  
 sensit et amissi puerum solacia Blaesi,  
 tollit humo magnaue ligat cervice diuque  
 ipse manu gaudens vehit et, quae munera mollis  
 Elysii, steriles ramos mutasque volucres  
 205 porgit et obtunso pallentes germine flores.

193 ceras *Sandstroem*: curas M

205 porgit *Grotius, Barth*: porsit M

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<sup>23</sup> *Adusta* relates to Phlegethon, the river of fire, though Charon's river is the Styx.

<sup>24</sup> A special friend of Melior's, known only from this passage, 2.3.77, and Martial 8.38.

<sup>25</sup> Some kind of encaustic painting, as generally supposed (cf.

## BOOK II.1

But put aside your fears and cease to dread Death's threats. Cerberus shall not bark at him with triple muzzle, no Sister shall frighten him with flames and rearing snakes. Even the surly skipper of the greedy boat will steer further into the barren banks and scorched<sup>23</sup> shore, lest the boy have a hard time climbing aboard.

What does Cyllene's son announce to me with his joyous wand? In so cruel a time can anything be glad? The boy knew noble Blaesus<sup>24</sup> likenesses and lofty countenance, for often had he seen you at home twining new garlands and rubbing waxen portraits<sup>25</sup> with your heart. Recognizing him as he paced the banks of Lethe's flood among Ausonian magnates and Quirinus' line, at first the boy walks timidly by his side, approaching silently and plucking the hem of his robe, then rather follows<sup>26</sup> and tugs the more. Nor does Blaesus put him off, thinking him a young relative, how related he knows not. When presently he became aware<sup>27</sup> that this is the darling child of his special friend, the boy who consoled him for lost Blaesus, he lifts him up from the ground and winds him around his mighty neck, happily carrying him a long time on his arm<sup>28</sup> as he proffers the gifts of soft Elysium—barren branches, silent birds, wan flowers nipped in the bud. Neither does

1.1.100), or perhaps a wax image such as Laodicea made of Protesilaus (2.2.63, 2.7.125n). <sup>26</sup> Not getting Blaesus' notice, the boy falls behind, but goes on plucking more insistently than ever. So I interpret the first *magis*, others otherwise. Courtney obelizes. <sup>27</sup> "Presumably by addressing him" (van Dam).

<sup>28</sup> Perhaps with recollection of a father lifting a newborn child from the ground in acknowledgment of parentage (cf. v. 79); see van Dam.

## SILVAE

nec prohibet meminisse tui, sed pectora blandus  
miscet et alternum pueri partitur amorem.

- Hic finis raptō. quin tu iam vulnera sedas  
et tollis mersum luctu caput? omnia functa  
210 aut moritura vides. obeunt noctesque diesque  
astraque, nec solidis prodest sua machina terris.  
nam populus mortale genus, plebisque caducae  
quis fleat interitus? hos bella, hos aequora poscunt,  
his amor exitio, furor his et saeva cupido,  
215 ut sileam morbos; hos ora rigentia Brumae,  
illos implacido letalis Sirius igni,  
hos manet imbrifero pallens Autumnus hiatu.  
quicquid init ortus, finem timet. ibimus omnes,  
ibimus; immensis urnam quatit Aeacus umbris.  
220 Ast hic quem gemimus felix hominesque deosque  
et dubios casus et caecae lubrica vitae  
effugit, immunis Fatis. non ille rogavit,  
non timuit meruitve mori. nos anxia plebes,  
nos miseri, quibus unde dies suprema, quis aevi  
225 exitus incertum, quibus instet fulmen ab astris,  
quae nubes fatale sonet. nil flecteris istis?  
sed flectere libens. ades huc emissus ab atro  
limine, cui soli cuncta impetrare facultas,  
Glaucia (nil sontes animas nec portitor arcet  
230 nec durae comes ille serae): tu pectora mulce,  
tu prohibe manare genas noctesque beatas  
dulcibus alloquiis et vivis vultibus imple  
et periisse nega, desolatamque sororem,  
qui potes, et miseros perge insinuare parentes.

212 nos *Eden*223 renuitve *Heinsius*229 nil sontes *Saenger*: ins- M: non s- *Håkanson*230 serae *Scaliger*: fe- M

## BOOK II.1

he forbid him to remember you, but fondly mingles hearts, sharing the boy's affection for you and yours for him.

He is taken: it is the end for him. So now soothe your wound and raise your grief-plunged head. All you see is dead or destined to die. Nights die and days and stars, and her structure does not avail the solid earth. As for people, they are of mortal race and who shall weep the passing of a transitory multitude?<sup>29</sup> Wars claim some, seas others, some love destroys, others madness and fierce greed, to say nothing of diseases. These Winter's frozen visage awaits, those deadly Sirius' implacable fire, others pale Autumn with her rainy jaws. Whatever had a beginning fears an end. We shall all go our way, ay, all. Aecus shakes his urn for countless shades.

But he for whom we mourn is fortunate. He escapes men and gods and doubtful chances and the perils of blind life. The Fates cannot harm him. He did not ask for death or fear it or deserve it. We, anxious multitude, we are miserable, not knowing whence comes the final day, what shall be the manner of our going, from what stars looms the thunderbolt, what cloud booms our fate. Does all this not sway you? But swayed you shall be, and gladly. Come hither, dispatched from the dark threshold, you that alone can win all you ask, Glaucias (for neither the ferryman nor the companion of the inexorable bar<sup>30</sup> blocks guiltless souls), soothe his breast, forbid his eyes to flow. Fill nights of bliss with your sweet comfortings and living countenance. Say you have not perished and then commend to him, as only you can, your bereaved sister and unhappy parents.

<sup>29</sup> As sometimes elsewhere, *populus* and *plebs* seem to be synonymous.

<sup>30</sup> Cerberus and the bar to which he is tied.

## VILLA SURRENTINA POLLI FELICIS

- Est inter notos Sirenum nomine muros  
 saxaque Tyrrhenae templis onerata Minervae  
 celsa Dicarchei speculatrix villa profundi,  
 qua Bromio dilectus ager collesque per altos  
 5 uritur et prelis non invidet uva Falernis.  
 huc me post patrii laetum quinquennia lustris,  
 cum stadio iam pigra quies canusque sederet  
 pulvis, ad Ambracias conversa gymnade frondes,  
 trans gentile fretum placidi facundia Polli  
 10 detulit et nitidae iuvenilis gratia Pollae,  
 flectere iam cupidum gressus qua limite noto  
 Appia longarum teritur regina viarum.  
 Sed iuvere morae. placido lunata recessu  
 hinc atque hinc curvae perrumpunt aequora rupes.  
 15 dat Natura locum montique intervenit udum  
 litus et in terras scopulis pendentibus exit.  
 gratia prima loci, gemina testudine fumant  
 balnea, et e terris occurrit dulcis amaro  
 Nympha mari. levis hic Phorci chorus udaeque crines

14 curvae\* *scripsi*: -vas M15 udum *Heinsius*: unum M

<sup>1</sup> False etymology: Siren/Surrentum.      <sup>2</sup> At Misenum, looking down on the Tyrrhene Sea from the summit of the headland.  
<sup>3</sup> The Augustalia at Naples with musical and literary and athletic contests, held every fourth year. It was followed by a festival at Actium beginning on September 2.



## THE VILLA OF POLLIUS FELIX AT SURRENTUM

Between the walls well known by the Sirens' name<sup>1</sup> and the cliffs burdened with Tyrrhene Minerva's temple<sup>2</sup> there is a lofty villa looking out upon the Dicarchean deep, where the land is dear to Bromius and the grapes ripen on the high hills nor envy Falernian presses. Hither I came gladly across my native bay after the quinquennial festival of my home,<sup>3</sup> when a lazy lull had settled on the stadium and the dust lay white as the athletes turned to Ambracian laurels. I was drawn by the eloquence of gentle Pollius and elegant Polla's youthful<sup>4</sup> grace, though already eager to bend my steps where Appia, queen of long highways, takes the traveler along her familiar track.<sup>5</sup>

But the delay was worthwhile. Curving cliffs on either side pierce crescent waters,<sup>6</sup> making a calm recess. Nature provides space. The watery<sup>7</sup> beach interrupts the heights, running inland between overhanging crags. The spot's first grace is a steaming bathhouse with twin cupolas, and from land a stream of fresh water meets the briny sea. Here Phorcus' lightsome choir and Cymodoce with her dripping

<sup>4</sup> Polla was far from young (3.1.174f., 4.8.13f.), but she had not lost her youthful charm.

<sup>5</sup> To Rome. Statius was still in Naples.

<sup>6</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>7</sup> *Udum* (cf. 3.1.68) is suppressed by Courtney. Defenders of the impossible *unum* labor under the delusion that *uno* in Suetonius, *Tiberius* 40 (*uno parvoque litore*) means "uninterrupted."

SILVAE

- 20 Cymodoce viridisque cupit Galatea lavari.  
ante domum tumidae moderator caerulus undae  
excubat, innocui custos laris; huius amico  
spumant templa salo. felicia rura tuetur  
Alcides. gaudet gemino sub numine portus.
- 25 [hic servat terras, hic saevis fluctibus obstat.]  
mira quies pelagi. ponunt hic lassa furorem  
aequora et insani spirant clementius austri.  
hic praeceps minus audet hiems, nulloque tumultu  
stagna modesta iacent dominique imitantia mores.
- 30 Inde per obliquas erepit porticus arces,  
urbis opus, longoque domat saxa aspera dorso.  
qua prius obscuro permixti pulvere soles  
et feritas inamoena viae, nunc ire voluptas:  
qualis, si subeas Ephyres Baccheidos altum
- 35 culmen, ab Inoo fert semita tecta Lechaeo.  
Non, mihi si cunctos Helicon indulgeat amnes  
et superet Piplea sitim largeque volantis  
ungula se det equi reseretque arcana pudicos

25 *damn. Håkanson*

35 Lechaeo  $\zeta$ : lyceo M: Lyaeo  $\zeta$

38 se det *Gronovius*: sedet M

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<sup>8</sup> I.e., Neptune's temple (v. 23); his statue stood in front of it. Others understand Pollius' villa or the bathhouse or Hercules' shrine, against insuperable objections. But *innocui laris* (22) is the villa (cf. 2.3.15f., *Melioris . . . sine fraude lares*).

<sup>9</sup> Perhaps, as elsewhere (107, 122), with a thought of Pollius' name. Van Dam ad loc. has a list of such phenomena in the *Silvae*. I usually leave them unnoticed.

## BOOK II.2

locks and sea-green Galatea delight to bathe. Before his house<sup>8</sup> the cerulean governor of the swelling wave keeps ward, guardian of the harmless home; his temple foams with the friendly surge. Alcides protects the happy<sup>9</sup> fields. The haven rejoices under its double deity. [One protects the land, the other resists the savage waves.] Wonderful is the calm of the sea; here the weary waters lay their rage aside and the wild south winds breathe more gently. Here the headlong tempest bates its daring; the pool lies modest and untroubled, imitating its master's manners.

From that point a colonnade creeps zigzag through the heights, a city's work,<sup>10</sup> mastering the rugged rocks with its lengthy spine. Where formerly sunshine mingled with foggy dust and the path was wild and ugly, 'tis pleasure now to go; like the covered way that leads from Ino's Lechaëum<sup>11</sup> if you climb the lofty height of Bacchis' Ephyre.

Not if Helicon were to grant me all his streams<sup>12</sup> or Piplea quench my thirst or the hoof of the flying horse<sup>13</sup> be generous to assuage it or secret Phemonoë open her

<sup>10</sup> Van Dam's parallels do indeed support his rendering "vast as a city." But how can that be said of a colonnade?

<sup>11</sup> Ino was worshipped in Corinth (Ephyre). Long walls ran from the port of Lechaëum to the city: "But the walls were not covered, nor did they run up to Akrokorinth," notes van Dam, who therefore prefers *Lyaeo* (read by Courtney), assumed to be an otherwise unknown temple of Dionysus (Bacchus). But temples are not usually called by the names or metonyms of their deities, and I think it far more likely that Statius was unaware of the discrepancies or did not trouble about them.

<sup>12</sup> There were two, Aganippe and Hippocrene.

<sup>13</sup> Pirene in Corinth confused with Hippocrene, as elsewhere.

## SILVAE

- Phemonoe fontes vel quos meus auspice Phoebō  
 40 altius immersa turbavit Pollius urna,  
 innumeras valeam species cultusque locorum  
 Pieriis aequare modis. vix ordine longo  
 suffecere oculi, vix, dum per singula ducor,  
 suffecere gradus. quae rerum turba! locine  
 45 ingenium an domini mirer prius? haec domus ortus  
 aspicit et Phoebi tenerum iubar, illa cadentem  
 detinet exactamque negat dimittere lucem,  
 cum iam fessa dies et in aequora montis opaci  
 umbra cadit vitreoque natant praetoria ponto.  
 50 haec pelagi clamore fremunt, haec tecta sonoros  
 ignorant fluctus terraeque silentia malunt.  
 his favit Natura locis, hic victa colenti  
 cessit et ignotos docilis mansuevit in usus.  
 mons erat hic ubi plana vides, et lustra fuerunt  
 55 quae nunc tecta subis; ubi nunc nemora ardua cernis,  
 hic nec terra fuit: domuit possessor, et illum  
 formantem rupes expugnantemque secuta  
 gaudet humus. nunc cerne iugum discentia saxa  
 intrantesque domos iussumque recedere montem.  
 60 iam Methymnaei vatis manus et chelys una  
 Thebais et Getici cedat tibi gloria plectri;  
 et tu saxa moves, et te nemora alta sequuntur.  
 Quid referam veteres ceraeque aerisque figuras,  
 si quid Apellei gaudent animasse colores,

59 intrantemque *Rothstein*

<sup>14</sup> Castalia.

<sup>15</sup> Pollius had his own poetic fountain.

<sup>16</sup> *Domus*, a (flattering?) term for the buildings that made

BOOK II.2

chaste springs<sup>14</sup> or those that my Pollius troubled when under Phoebus' auspices he plunged deep his urn<sup>15</sup>—not so could I match in Pierian strains the countless sights and ornaments of the area. My eyes scarce held out in the long procession, scarce my steps, as I was led from item to item. What a multitude of objects! Should I marvel first at the place's ingenuity or its master's? This mansion<sup>16</sup> faces sunrise and Phoebus' early ray; that detains him in his setting and refuses to dismiss the light now spent, when the day is weary and the dark mountain's shadow falls upon the sea and the palace swims in its glassy water. Some buildings are loud with the sea's clamor, others know nothing of the sounding billows, preferring the silence of the land. Some spots Nature has favored, in others she has been overcome and yielded to the developer, letting herself be taught new and gentler ways. Where you see level ground, there used to be a hill; the building you now enter was wilderness; where now you see lofty woods, there was not even land. The occupant has tamed it all; the soil rejoices as he shapes rocks or expels them, following his lead. Now behold the cliffs as they learn the yoke, and the dwellings as they enter, and the mountain bidden to withdraw. Let the hand of Methymna's bard and therewith the Theban lyre and the glory of Getic quill give you best:<sup>17</sup> you too move rocks and lofty forests follow you.

Why should I tell of ancient forms in wax<sup>18</sup> or bronze, shapes animated by Apelles' gay colors or planed by

up the villa (cf. 1.3.58, 2.2.50, 3.1.79); not "part of the house" (Mozley).

<sup>17</sup> Arion, Amphion, Orpheus. The first, charmer of dolphins but not of trees or rocks, does not tally as do the other two.

<sup>18</sup> See note on 2.1.193.

SILVAE

- 65 si quid adhuc vacua tamen admirabile Pisa  
 Phidiacae rasere manus, quod ab arte Myronis  
 aut Polycliteo iussum est quod vivere caelo,  
 aeraque ab Isthmiacis auro potiora favillis,  
 ora ducum ac vatam sapientumque ora priorum,  
 70 quos tibi cura sequi, quos toto pectore sentis  
 expers curarum atque animum virtute quieta  
 compositus semperque tuus? quid mille revolvam  
 culmina visendique vices? sua cuique voluptas  
 atque omni proprium thalamo mare, transque iacentem  
 75 Nerea diversis servit sua terra fenestris.  
 haec videt Inarimen, illinc Prochyta aspera paret;  
 armiger hac magni patet Hectoris, inde malignum  
 aëra respirat pelago circumflua Nesis;  
 inde vagis omen felix Euploea carinis,  
 80 quaeque ferit curvos exserta Megalia fluctus,  
 angitur et domino contra recubante proculque  
 Surrentina tuus spectat praetoria Limon.  
 una tamen cunctis, procul eminent una diaetis  
 quae tibi Parthenopen derecto limite ponti  
 ingerit.
- 85           Hic Grais penitus desecta metallis  
 saxa: quod Eoae respergit vena Syenes,  
 Synnade quod maesta Phrygiae fodere secures  
 per Cybeles lugentis agros, ubi marmore picto  
 candida purpureo distinguitur area gyro;

79 Euploea *Calderini*: euboea M           80 terit *Heinsius*  
 81 en *Saenger*           85 desecta *Avantius*: dele- M

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<sup>19</sup> Done prior to the famous statue of Zeus at Olympia.

## BOOK II.2

Phidias' hands—wondrous work, though Pisa was still empty<sup>19</sup>—or bidden to live by Myron's art or Polyclitus' chisel, bronzes from Isthmian ash more precious than gold,<sup>20</sup> faces of captains and poets, faces of olden sages, whom 'tis your study to follow, whom you feel in all your heart—free of cares as you are, mind composed in tranquil virtue, ever master of yourself? Why should I rehearse the thousand rooftops and the changing views? Every room has its own delight, each its peculiar sea; and beyond the expanse of Nereus each separate window commands its own landscape. One looks on Inarime, from another rugged Prochyta appears, this way great Hector's armor-bearer spreads, that way seagirt Nesis breathes her unwholesome air; yonder is Euploea<sup>21</sup> of happy omen for wandering keels and Megalia outthrust to strike the curving waves, and your own Limon is vexed that his lord rests opposite, as from afar he views your Surrentine palace. But one room stands far out, one room from all the rest, which over the sea's straight track presents you with Parthenope.

Here are marbles hewn from the depth of Grecian quarries: here vein-splashed product of eastern Syene, here what Phrygian axes hewed in mournful<sup>22</sup> Synnas amid the fields of wailing Cybele, where on painted stone the white space is picked out with purple circles. Here too

<sup>20</sup> Corinthian bronze was supposed to have originated from metals melted together when the city was sacked in 146 BC.

<sup>21</sup> "Of fair sailing." The temple of Aphrodite Euploea stood on a promontory (Pizzo Falcone) at the site of the old city of Naples.

<sup>22</sup> Mourning for Attis; cf. 1.5.37f.

SILVAE

- 90 hic et Amyclaei caesum de monte Lycurgi  
 quod viret et molles imitatur rupibus herbas;  
 hic Nomadum lucent flaventia saxa Thasosque  
 et Chios et gaudens fluctus aequare Carystos;  
 omnia Chalcidicas turres obversa salutant.
- 95 macte animo quod Graia probas, quod Graia frequentas  
 arva, nec invideant quae te genuere Dicarchi  
 moenia. nos docto melius potiemur alumno.  
 Quid nunc ruris opes pontoque novalia dicam  
 iniecta et madidas Baccheo nectare rupes?
- 100 saepe per autumnum iam pubescente Lyaeo  
 conscendit scopulos noctisque occulta sub umbra  
 palmitate maturo rorantia lumina tersit  
 Nereis et dulces rapuit de collibus uvas.  
 saepe et vicino sparsa est vindemia fluctu
- 105 et Satyri cecidere vadis nudamque per undas  
 Dorida montani cupierunt prendere Panes.  
 Sis felix, tellus, dominis ambobus in annos  
 Mygdonii Pylisque senis nec nobile mutes  
 servitium, nec te cultu Tirynthia vincat
- 110 aula Dicarcheique sinus, nec saepius isti<s>  
 blanda Therapnaei placeant vineta Galaesi.  
 hic ubi Pierias exercet Pollius artes,

93 aequare *Salmasius*: spectare M

95 Graia (*bis*) *Grotius*, *Gevartius*: grata (*bis*) M

110 istis *Avantius*: isti M

<sup>23</sup> Taygetus; see on 4.8.53.

<sup>24</sup> Cf. 1.2.149.

<sup>25</sup> Neapolitan. Naples originated from Cumae, a colony of Chalcis.

<sup>26</sup> Puteoli (Pozzuoli).



## BOOK II.2

is marble quarried from Amyclaeon Lycurgus' mountain<sup>23</sup>—green, rocks mimicking soft grass—here glisten the yellow stones of Numidia and Thasos and Chios and Carystos that joys to match the waves.<sup>24</sup> All face and salute the Chalcidian<sup>25</sup> towers. Bless your heart that you favor things Greek and spend your days in Grecian country! Nor let Dicarchus' city<sup>26</sup> that gave you birth be jealous. *We* shall more fitly possess our poet foster child.<sup>27</sup>

Why now should I tell of rural wealth, plowlands cast upon the sea,<sup>28</sup> cliffs awash in Bacchus' nectar? Often in autumn, when Lyaeus is burgeoning, a Nereid has climbed the rocks and in night's secret shade wiped her dripping eyes with a ripened vine shoot<sup>29</sup> and snatched sweet grapes from the hills. Often the vintage is sprayed by the adjoining flood. Satyrs fell into the shallows and the mountain Pans lusted to catch Doris naked in the waves.

Be fruitful for your lord and lady, earth, unto the years of the Mygdonian ancient and the Pyliaian,<sup>30</sup> nor change your noble bondage! Let not the Tiryinthian hall<sup>31</sup> be better appointed nor Dicarchus' bay nor the seductive vineyards of Therapnaean Galaesus more often please them. Here Pollius plies Pierian skills, whether meditating the

<sup>27</sup> Naples being a center of culture, Puteoli of trade.

<sup>28</sup> Referred by Vollmer to a flat stretch fringing the water, still called Marina di Puolo.

<sup>29</sup> Perhaps "a vine-shoot taken from a vine with grapes" (van Dam), or perhaps the Nymph is assumed to have eaten them. But I doubt if Statius gave the question a thought.

<sup>30</sup> Tithonus (rather than Priam; see van Dam) and Nestor.

<sup>31</sup> Probably an estate at Tibur, where Hercules had a famous temple.

SILVAE

- seu volvit monitus quos dat Gargettius auctor,  
 seu nostram quatit ille chelyn, seu dissona nectit  
 115 carmina, sive minax ultorem stringit iambon,  
 hinc levis e scopulis meliora ad carmina Siren  
 advolat, hinc motis audit Tritonia cristis.  
 tunc rapidi ponunt flatus, maria ipsa vetantur  
 obstrepere, emergunt pelago doctamque trahuntur  
 120 ad chelyn et blandi scopulis delphines aderrant.  
 Vive, Midae gazis et Lydo ditior auro,  
 Troica et Euphratae supra diademata felix,  
 quem non ambigui fasces, non mobile vulgus,  
 non leges, non castra terent, qui pectore magno  
 125 spemque metumque domas voto sublimior omni,  
 exemptus Fatis indignantemque refellens  
 Fortunam; dubio quem non in turbine rerum  
 deprendet suprema dies, sed abire paratum  
 ac plenum vita. nos, vilis turba, caducis  
 130 deservire bonis semperque optare parati,  
 spargimur in casus: celsa tu mentis ab arce  
 despicias errantes humanaque gaudia rides.  
 tempus erat cum te geminae suffragia terrae  
 diriperent celsusque duas veherere per urbes,  
 135 inde Dicarcheis multum venerande colonis,  
 hinc ascite meis, pariterque his largus et illis

118 rabidi  $\zeta$       124 tenent  $\zeta$

125 voto *Waller*: tuto M

126 refellens *Markland*: -es M

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<sup>32</sup> Epicurus. Pollius may have been writing on his philosophy in hexameters (Nisbet) or a translation or treatise in prose (van Dam). The former suits the context better.

## BOOK II.2

precepts of the Gargettian teacher<sup>32</sup> or striking my lyre or turning unequal verses or unsheathing the avenging iamb in threatening vein.<sup>33</sup> From this side the Siren flits lightly from her rocks to better songs than hers, from that Tritonia hearkens, nodding her crest. Then the swift winds subside, the very seas are forbidden to roar, winsome dolphins emerge from the water drawn to his accomplished harp, and wander by the cliffs.

Long life to you, richer than Midas' treasures and Lydian gold,<sup>34</sup> fortunate beyond the diadems of Troy and Euphrates.<sup>35</sup> You shall not be chafed by the dubious rods,<sup>36</sup> the fickle populace, the laws, the armies; for your great soul masters hope and fear, loftier than any desire, immune from the Fates and rebuffing indignant Fortune. Your final day shall not find you caught in the doubtful whirl of events, but ready to go, fed full with life. We, worthless crew, ever ready to serve perishable blessings, ever hoping for more, are scattered to the winds of chance; whereas you from your mind's high citadel look down upon our wanderings and laugh at human joys. Time was when the suffrages of two lands tore you apart and you were borne aloft through two cities, much venerated on one hand by the people of Dicarchus, on the other adopted by mine, equally generous to both, in the fire of

<sup>33</sup> Writing epic or elegy or satire.

<sup>34</sup> Of Croesus.

<sup>35</sup> I.e., Persia.

<sup>36</sup> Fasces, emblems of magisterial power, dubious because temporary and elective.

## SILVAE

- ac iuvenile calens rectique errore superbus.  
 at nunc discussa rerum caligine verum  
 aspicias. illo alii rursus iactantur in alto,  
 140 sed tua securos portus placidamque quietem  
 intravit non quassa ratis. sic perge, nec umquam  
 emeritam in nostras puppem demitte procellas.  
 147 Tuque, nurus inter longe <praedocta Latinas  
 parque viro mentem, cui non> praecordia curae,  
 non frontem vertere minae, sed candida semper  
 150 gaudia et in vultu curarum ignara voluptas:  
 non tibi sepositas infelix strangulat arca  
 divitias avidique animum dispendia torquent  
 fenoris: expositi census et docta fruendi  
 temperies. non ulla deo meliore cohaerent  
 155 pectora, non alias docuit Concordia mentes  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 143 discite securi, quorum de pectore mixtae  
 in longum coiere faces sanctusque pudicae  
 servat amicitiae leges amor. ite per annos  
 146 saeculaque et priscae titulos praecedite fama.

137 recti *Courtney* (pulchri iam *Håkanson*): plectri M

140 sed *Phillimore*: et M

142 demitte *Calderini*: dimittere M

147 *post* longe (-gae M) *lac. agnovit Calderini, ita supplevit Hardie*

143–46 *post 155 transtulerunt Antonius Amiterninus et Gronovius, versum inter 155 et 143 excidisse vidit Housman*

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<sup>37</sup> Literally, "in error as to the right (good);" cf. 5.3.248, *amor recti*. *Håkanson* saw the sense but left it to *Courtney* to supply the right word. *Plectri* (did the *p* come from *pariter* in the line

## BOOK II.2

youth and proud in your mistaken values.<sup>37</sup> But now the fog of things is shaken apart and you see the truth. Others in their turn are tossed upon that ocean, but your bark has made safe harbor and tranquil rest, unshaken. So continue, nor ever send your ship into our storms; her voyaging is over.

And you, <most accomplished> by far <among Latian> brides, <with mind to match your man, no><sup>38</sup> cares have changed your breast, no threats your brow; bright joy is ever in your face and carefree pleasure. For you no sterile strongbox strangles hoarded riches, nor do ramifications of grasping usury<sup>39</sup> torment your soul: your wealth is plain to view, and you enjoy it in educated temperance. No hearts unite more blessed of heaven, no other minds has Concord better taught <to love their bonds>. Learn untroubled <the joys of life as it slips by unnoticed>.<sup>40</sup> Mingled flames from your breasts coalesced for long time to come and hallowed love keeps chaste friendship's laws. Go through the years and centuries, outdoing the glories of ancient fame.

above?) cannot refer to poetic contests here, even supposing that Pollius went in for poetry at this early stage of his career. The following lines, especially 138, show that the "error" was philosophical. Pollio will have stood for office in both municipalities.

<sup>38</sup> Hardie's supplement is excellent, *exempli causa*.

<sup>39</sup> *Dispendia faenoris*, as explained in *Harvard Studies*. Statius lets it appear that Polla managed the finances, leaving her husband to higher avocations.

<sup>40</sup> Translating Housman's supplement *vincula amare magis fallentis gaudia vitae*: too long a shot to be put in the text, but the case for a lacuna is strong.

## ARBOR ATEDI MELIORIS

- Stat quae perspicuas nitidi Melioris opacet  
 arbor aquas complexa lacus; quae robore ab imo  
 <in>curvata vadis redit inde cacumine recto  
 ardua, ceu mediis iterum nascatur ab undis  
 5 atque habitet vitreum tacitis radicibus amnem.  
 Quid Phoebum tam parva rogem? vos dicite causas,  
 Naides et faciles (satis est) date carmina, Fauni.  
 Nympharum tenerae fugiebant Pana catervae.  
 ille quidem it cunctas tamquam velit, it tamen unam  
 10 in Pholoën. silvis haec fluminibusque sequentis  
 nunc hirtos gressus, nunc improba cornua vitat.  
 iamque et belligerum Iani nemus atraque Caci  
 rura Quirinalesque fuga suspensa per agros  
 Caelica tesca subit; ibi demum victa labore,  
 15 fessa metu, qua nunc placidi Melioris aperti  
 stant sine fraude lares, fluxos collegit amictus  
 artius et niveae posuit se margine ripae.  
 insequitur velox pecorum deus et sua credit

3 incurvata  $\zeta$ : cu- M: cur cu- *Havet*

9 it tamen  $\zeta$ : et t- M      14 tesca *Markland*: tecta M

16 fluxos *Scriverius*: flavos M

<sup>1</sup> *Causas* = *ai'tia*, the story behind the phenomenon.

<sup>2</sup> Because the doors of his temple were opened in wartime. The grove, not elsewhere mentioned, is explained by van Dam as a reminiscence of *Aeneid*, 8.345, *nemus Argileti*. <sup>3</sup> His den on the Aventine. The nymph's flight is erratic, as though Statius was setting down the localities as they occurred to him.

## 3

## THE TREE OF ATEDIUS MELIOR

There stands a tree, shading the limpid waters of elegant Melior, embracing a pool. Starting from the base of the trunk, it bends into the pond and thence returns aloft, its top erect as though born anew from the midst of the waves and dwelling with hidden roots in the glassy stream.

Why ask Phoebus about such a trifle? Naiads, you tell the tale<sup>1</sup> and you, obliging Fauns (no more is needed), give me my poem.

The tender flock of Nymphs were fleeing Pan. On he comes as though he wants them all, but it is only Pholoë he is after. Through woods and streams she shies away, now from the shaggy legs, now from the shameless horns of her pursuer. Now she runs on tiptoe past Janus' martial<sup>2</sup> grove and Cacus' black country<sup>3</sup> and Quirinus' fields until she reaches the Caelian wilds. Then at last, overcome by the effort and weary with fright,<sup>4</sup> where now stands the open, innocuous dwelling of tranquil Melior, she gathered her flowing<sup>5</sup> garments about her and sank down on the verge of the snowy<sup>6</sup> bank. Swiftly the god of flocks follows,

<sup>4</sup> An inversion of the natural sequence *fessa labore, victa metu*, though Ovid too has *victa labore fugae* (*Metamorphoses* 1.544).

<sup>5</sup> *Flavos* (yellow) in M seems to be corrupt; see van Dam. A water nymph would usually wear gray-green.

<sup>6</sup> I.e., perhaps, "cool." So Håkanson, taking *ripae* as the pond. Van Dam is "not certain that the text is corrupt, but unable to explain it satisfactorily."

## SILVAE

- conubia; ardenti iamiam suspiria librat  
 20 pectore, iam praedae levis imminet. ecce citatos  
 advertit Diana gradus, dum per iuga septem  
 errat Aventinaeque legit vestigia cervae.  
 paenituit vidisse deam, conversaque fidas  
 ad comites: "numquamne avidis arcebo rapinis  
 25 hoc petulans foedumque pecus? semperque pudici  
 decrescet mihi turba chori?" sic deinde locuta  
 depromit pharetra telum breve, quod neque flexis  
 cornibus aut solito torquet stridore, sed una  
 emisit contenta manu laevamque soporae  
 30 Naidos aversa fertur tetigisse sagitta.  
 illa diem pariter surgens hostemque protervum  
 vidit et in fontem, niveos ne panderet artus,  
 sic tota cum veste ruit, stagnisque sub altis  
 Pana sequi credens ima latus implicat alga.  
 35 quid faceret subito deceptus praedo? nec altis  
 credere corpus aquis hirtae sibi conscius audet  
 pellis et a tenero nandi rudis. omnia questus  
 immitem Bromium, stagna invida et invida tela,  
 primaevam nisu platanum, cui longa propago  
 40 innumeraeque manus et iturus in aethera vertex,  
 deposuit iuxta vivamque aggressit harenam  
 optatisque aspergit aquis et talia mandat:

29 laevamque soporae *Krohn*: levamque soporem M: laevum-  
 que soporem  $\zeta$

33 sicut erat *Markland*

38 Brimo *Scaliger* stagna invia *Slater*

39 nisu *Peyrardède*: visu M

41 bibulamque *Watt*: flavamque *coni. Courtney*



## BOOK II.3

believing the nuptials his. Already his ardent breast moderates its panting, already he looms lightly over his prey. But see! Diana turns rapid steps that way as she roves through the Seven Hills, tracking the prints of a deer of the Aventine. The goddess was irked by what she saw, and turning back to her trusty companions: "Shall I never fend off this boisterous, foul brood from their greedy raids, and shall the number of my chaste company ever dwindle?" So speaking, she takes a short shaft from her quiver nor shoots it with bent horns and the usual whiz, but dispatches it content with one hand, and they say she touched<sup>7</sup> the sleeping Naiad's left hand with the arrow reversed. Rising, with one glance she saw the daylight and the wanton foe, and lest she reveal her snow-white limbs, plunged as she was with all her clothes into the spring; deep under water she thinks Pan is following and wraps her flanks in the weeds at the bottom. Suddenly foiled, what was the robber to do? He dare not trust his body to the deep water, conscious of his shaggy hide and from a boy untaught to swim. Of everything he made complaint—cruel Bromius,<sup>8</sup> jealous pool, jealous arrow. Then with an effort he set alongside a young plane tree, with long stem, countless twigs, and a top that would rise to heaven, and heaped up fresh sand around it and sprinkled it with the longed-for water and thus gave commission:

<sup>7</sup> Note the meiosis: she had *thrown* the arrow (*emisit*).

<sup>8</sup> With van Dam I keep *Bromium* (= Dionysus); Pan was his follower. *Brimo* = Hecate, hence Diana, widely accepted by editors including Courtney, is too recondite. And did Pan know that Diana was involved? If he did, he would hardly blame the weapon after blaming the one who threw it.

- "Vive diu nostri pignus memorabile voti,  
 arbor, et haec durae latebrosa cubilia Nymphae  
 45 tu saltem declinis ama, preme frondibus undam.  
 illa quidem meruit, sed ne, precor, igne superno  
 aestuet aut dura feriatu'r grandine; tantum  
 spargere tu laticem et foliis turbare memento.  
 tunc ego teque diu recolam dominamque benignae  
 50 sedis et illaesa tutabor utramque senecta,  
 ut Iovis, ut Phoebi frondes, ut discolor umbra  
 populus et nostrae stupeant tua germina pinus."

- Sic ait. illa dei veteres animata calores  
 uberibus stagnis obliquo pendula trunco  
 55 incubat atque umbris scrutatur amantibus undas.  
 sperat et amplexus, sed aquarum spiritus arcet  
 nec patitur tactus. tandem eluctata sub auras  
 libratur fundo rursusque enode cacumen  
 ingeniosa levat, veluti descendat in imos  
 60 stirpe lacus alia. iam nec Phoebeia Nais  
 odit et exclusos invitat gurgite ramos.

- Haec tibi parva quidem genitali luce paramus  
 dona, sed ingenti forsán victura sub aevo.  
 tu cuius placido posuere in pectore sedem  
 65 blandus honos hilarisque tamen cum pondere virtus,  
 cui nec pigra quies nec iniqua potentia nec spes

53 imitata *Markland*

57 sub undas\* *debutit*

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<sup>9</sup> The Naiad's quarters (v. 44, *duræ latebrosa cubilia Nymphae*) have not so far deserved the epithet. Pan seems to be counting on better behavior in the future (cf. 60f.).

### BOOK II.3

“Live long, tree, memorable token of my desire; and do you at least stoop down and love this hidden couch of the cruel Nymph, press the water with your foliage. She has indeed deserved it, but let her not pant, I pray, with the heat above her or be struck by harsh hail; only be mindful to scatter and ruffle the pool with your leaves. Then will I long call you to mind, you and the mistress of the kindly dwelling,<sup>9</sup> and guard both in an inviolate old age, so that Jove’s and Phoebus’ leaves and the poplar of bicolored foliage and my pines may marvel at your sprouting.”

So says he. The tree, alive with the god’s ancient flame,<sup>10</sup> looms over the plenteous waters, hanging with trunk athwart and peering into them with loving shade. She hopes for an embrace, but the breath of the water fends her off nor suffers touch. At last she struggles down into the pool (?) and, balancing on the bottom, again cunningly raises her nodeless top as though descending into the bed of the pond from another root.<sup>11</sup> Now even Phoebe’s<sup>12</sup> Naiad no longer hates her and invites the branches she had shut out from her water.

Such is the gift I make you on your birthday, small indeed but perhaps destined to live through vast stretch of time. In your calm bosom have made their dwelling a dignity that charms and virtue gay yet weighty. Not for you lazy repose or unjust power or vaulting ambition, but a

<sup>10</sup> *Animata* is difficult (see van Dam). Courtney and others read *imitata*.

<sup>11</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>12</sup> Only here does *Phoebeius* refer to Diana (Phoebe), not Apollo (Phoebus).

## SILVAE

- improba, sed medius per honesta et dulcia limes,  
incurrupte fidem nullosque experte tumultus  
et secrete, palam quod digeris ordine vitam,  
70 idem auri facilis contemptor et optimus idem  
promere divitias opibusque immittere lucem:  
hac longum florens animi morumque iuventa  
Iliacos aequare senes et vincere persta  
quos pater Elysio, genetrix quos detulit annos.  
75 hoc illi duras exoravere Sorores,  
hoc quae te sub teste situm fugitura tacentem  
ardua magnamini revirescet gloria Blaesi.

## 4

### PSITTACUS EIUSDEM

- Psittace, dux volucrum, domini facunda voluptas,  
humanae sollers imitator, Psittace, linguae,  
quis tua tam subito praeclusit murmura fato?  
hesternas, miserande, dapes moriturus inisti  
5 nobiscum, et gratae carpentem munera mensae  
errantemque toris mediae plus tempore noctis  
vidimus. affatus etiam meditataque verba  
reddideras. at nunc aeterna silentia Lethes  
ille canorus habes. cedat Phaëthontia vulgi  
10 fabula: non soli celebrant sua funera cynni.

69 quo *Baehrens*: quom *Adrian* (*fort. recte*)

71 promere *multi*: co- M      77 revirescit  $\zeta$

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<sup>13</sup> Perhaps an awkward amalgamation of two ideas: (a) "between the Good (morally right) and the Pleasant"—but *per* is not

## BOOK II.4

middle way leading through the Good and the Pleasant.<sup>13</sup> Of stainless faith and a stranger to passion, private while ordering your life for all to see, an easy despiser too of gold yet none better at displaying your wealth to advantage and letting the light in upon your riches, long flourishing in this youth of mind and conduct, go on to match Ilian ancients<sup>14</sup> and surpass the years your father and mother brought to Elysium. This have they begged from the harsh Sisters, this the high renown of great-souled Blaesus, which by your witness shall escape mute neglect and be green again.

### 4

#### THE PARROT OF THE SAME

Parrot, chief of birds, your master's eloquent delight, Parrot, skilled mimic of human tongue: who cut short your murmurs by so sudden a fate? Yesterday, poor bird, you joined our meal, about to die. We saw you sampling the grateful table's gifts, wandering from couch to couch, past midnight. And you had talked to us, given us your practiced words. But now our tuneful one inherits Lethe's endless silence. No more of Phaëthon's common tale:<sup>1</sup> it is not only swans that celebrate their death.

*inter* and these are not two extremes. (b) The path leads through both—but *medius* belongs with (a).

<sup>14</sup> Priam and Tithonus.

<sup>1</sup> Cynus (Swan), Phaëthon's relative and friend, is in mind from Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 2.367ff. and possibly 2.252f. But the connection is loose, much looser than in Martial 4.32.1 and 6.15.1, compared by van Dam.

SILVAE

At tibi quanta domus rutila testudine fulgens  
 conexusque ebori virgarum argenteus ordo  
 argutumque tuo stridentia limina cornu  
 et querulae iam sponte fores! vacat ille beatus  
 15 carcer et angusti nusquam convicia tecti.

Huc doctae stipentur aves quis nobile fandi  
 ius Natura dedit; plangat Phoebeius ales  
 auditasque memor penitus demittere voces  
 sturnus et Aonio versae certamine picae  
 20 quique refert iungens iterata vocabula perdux  
 et quae Bistonio queritur soror orba cubili.  
 fert simul gemitus cognataque ducite flammis  
 funera, et hoc cunctae miserandum addiscite carmen:

“Occidit aëriae celeberrima gloria gentis  
 25 psittacus, ille plagae viridis regnator Eoae,  
 quem non gemmata volucris Iunonia cauda  
 vinceret aspectu, gelidi non Phasidis ales,  
 nec quas umentis Numidae rapuere sub Austro,  
 ille saluator regum nomenque locutus  
 30 Caesareum et queruli quondam vice functus amici,  
 nunc conviva levis monstrataque reddere verba  
 tam facilis, quo tu, Melior dilecte, recluso  
 numquam solus eras.

At non inglorius umbris  
 mittitur: Assyrio cineres adolentur amomo  
 35 et tenues Arabum respirant gramine plumae

18 demittere ⚡: dim- M

<sup>2</sup> The bird is no longer inside to rattle them, but they stand open and swing on their hinges (cf. 2.5.11f.). <sup>3</sup> The raven.

<sup>4</sup> The daughters of Pieros, who challenged the Muses to a

BOOK II.4

But what a fine house was yours! Radiant the ruddy dome, married with ivory the range of silver bars, loud with your clattering beak the threshold and the doors, now alas! making their own complaint.<sup>2</sup> Empty is that happy prison, departed the clamor of the narrow dwelling.

Let scholar birds crowd hither, to whom Nature has granted the noble right of speech. Let Phoebus' fowl<sup>3</sup> beat his breast and the starling, whose memory faithfully releases the words he has heard, and magpies transformed<sup>4</sup> in Aonian contest and the partridge<sup>5</sup> that links words remembered and repeated and the desolate sister making moan in Bistonian bedchamber.<sup>6</sup> Together bring your lamentations, bearing your dead kinsman to the flames. And all learn this dirge:

"Dead the famed glory of the airy race, the parrot, green sovereign of eastern clime, whose aspect not Juno's bird with her jeweled tail would have surpassed, nor the fowl of icy Phasis, nor they that Numidians capture under a rainy South Wind.<sup>7</sup> He, saluter of kings that spoke Caesar's name, would play the role of sympathizing friend or again be a lightsome dinner companion, so ready to return words shown. When he was released, dear Melior, you were never alone.

"But not without glory is he sent to the shades. His ashes burn with Assyrian spice and his slender feathers are fragrant with Arabian incense and Sicilian saffron. Un-

singing match, were so metamorphosed (Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 5.254f.). *Picae* may be magpies or jays. <sup>5</sup> Not a talker, but see van Dam.

<sup>6</sup> Philomela, the nightingale.

<sup>7</sup> Peacock, pheasant, guinea fowl; almost a repeat, probably inadvertent, of 1.6.77f.

## SILVAE

Sicaniisque crocis, senio nec fessus inerti  
scandet odoratos phoenix felicior ignes.”

### 5

#### LEO MANSUETUS

Quid tibi constrata mansuescere profuit ira,  
quid scelus humanasque animo dediscere caedes  
imperiumque pati et domino parere minori?  
quid quod abire domo rursusque in claustra reverti  
5 suetus et a capta iam sponte recedere praeda  
insertasque manus laxo dimittere morsu?  
occidis, altarum vastator docte ferarum,  
non grege Massylo curvaque indagine clausus,  
non formidato supra venabula saltu  
10 incitus aut caeco foveae deceptus hiatu,  
sed victus fugiente fera. stat cardine aperto  
infelix cavea et clausis circum undique portis  
hoc licuisse nefas placidi tumuere leones.  
tum cunctis cecidere iubae puduitque relatum  
15 aspicere et totas duxere in lumina frontes.  
at non te primo fusum novus obruit ictu  
ille pudor: mansere animi virtusque cadenti  
a media iam morte redit, nec protinus omnes  
terga dedere minae. sicut sibi conscius alti  
20 vulneris adversum moriens it miles in hostem  
attollitque manum et ferro labente minatur,  
sic piger ille gradu solitoque exutus honore  
firmat hians oculos animumque hostemque requirit.

1 constrata  $\zeta$ : mo- M      12 clausis . . . portis *Lipsius*: -sas  
. . . -tas M      13 tumuere  $\zeta$ : tim- M      23 animumque  
*Markland*: -mamque M



## BOOK II.5

wearied by sluggish age, he shall mount the perfumed pyre, a happier Phoenix.”

### 5

#### THE TAME LION

What has it availed you to soothe your rage and grow tame? To unlearn crime and human slaughter, to suffer command and obey a lesser master? To have grown used to leave your home and return again to prison, to retire of your own will from prey already captured, to loosen your jaws and let go the hand inside? You are slain, educated ravager of tall beasts. You were not hemmed in by a Massylian band and a cunning net nor plunging over hunting spears in a fearsome leap nor deceived by a pit's hidden cavity, but vanquished by a fleeing beast.<sup>1</sup> The luckless cage stands open on its hinges and all around behind their closed doors the placid lions are angry that such an outrage has been permitted. Then all drooped their manes and were ashamed to see him brought back and drew all their brows down upon their eyes. As for you, that sudden shame did not overwhelm you, laid low though you were at first blow. Your courage held, valor returned from the midst of death as you fell, nor did all your menace at once turn tail. As a dying soldier aware of his deep wound attacks the facing foe, lifting his hand and threatening with sagging sword: so he with sluggish step, stripped of his wonted dignity, steadies his eyes open-mouthed, seeking courage and the enemy.

<sup>1</sup> What beast? The emperor would know, and Statius has not thought or not troubled to inform later readers.

## SILVAE

- Magna tamen subiti tecum solacia leti,  
 25 victe, feres, quod te maesti populusque patresque,  
 ceu notus caderes tristi gladiator harena,  
 ingemuere mori, magni quod Caesaris ora  
 inter tot Scythicas Libycasque et litore Rheni  
 et Pharia de gente feras, quas perdere vile est,  
 30 unius amissi tetigit iactura leonis.

### 6

#### CONSOLATIO AD FLAVIUM URSUM DE AMISSIONE PUERI DELICATI

- Saeve nimis, lacrimis quisquis discrimina ponis  
 lugendique modos! miserum est primaeva parenti  
 pignora surgentesque (nefas!) accendere natos,  
 durum et deserti praerepta coniuge partem  
 5 conclamare tori, maesta et lamenta sororum  
 et fratrum gemitus. alte tamen aut procul intrat  
 altius in sensus maioraque vulnera vincit  
 plaga minor. famulum (quia rerum nomina caeca  
 sic miscet Fortuna manu nec pectora novit),  
 10 sed famulum gemis, Urse, pium, sed amore fideque  
 has meritum lacrimas, cui maior stemmate iuncto  
 libertas ex mente fuit. ne comprime fletus,  
 ne pudeat; rumpat frenos dolor iste, deisque  
 si tam dura placent \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* hominem gemis (ei mihi, subdo  
 15 ipse faces), hominem, Urse, tuum, cui dulce volenti

28 et *Laetus*, *Aldus*: in M          6 alte *Vollmer* (*praeunte*  
*Markland*): ad te M          aut *scripsi*: at M: ac *Politianus*

## BOOK II.6

Yet in defeat you will bear with you great comfort for your sudden death. For the sad people and Fathers groaned at your fate, as though you were a famous gladiator falling on the cruel sand. And among so many beasts whose sacrifice is cheap, from Scythia and Libya and banks of the Rhine and the people of Pharos, the loss of one lion touched great Caesar's countenance.

### 6

#### A CONSOLATION TO FLAVIUS URSUS ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE SLAVE

Too cruel whoever sets grades to tears and limits to mourning! Sad it is for parents to put fire to young children and (outrage!) growing sons; hard too to bewail part of a forsaken bed when a wife is snatched away, and grievous the laments of sisters and the groans of brothers. Yet a lesser stroke enters the feelings as deep or far deeper, surpassing greater wounds. You mourn a slave, for so does Fortune blindly mingle the names of things and knows not hearts—but a faithful slave, Ursus, who deserved those tears by love and loyalty, whose soul gave him a freedom beyond lineage. Suppress not your weeping, be not ashamed. Let your grief break the reins, and if such cruelty please the gods, \* \* \* You mourn a human being (woe is me! I myself kindle the torch), *your* human being, Ursus, one that wel-

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8 nomina *Leo*: omnia M

13 deisque *Calderini*: diesque M: decusque *Peyrarède*

14 *post* placent *duo hemisticha excidisse indicat Courtney*,  
*monente Leo* (h)ei 5: heu M

## SILVAE

- servitium, cui triste nihil, qui sponte sibi que  
 imperiosus erat. quisnam haec in funera missos  
 castiget luctus? gemit inter bella peremptum  
 Parthus equum fidosque canes flevere Molossi  
 20 et volucres habuere rogum cervusque Maronem.  
 Quid si nec famulus? vidi ipse habitusque notavi  
 te tantum capientis erum; sed maior in ore  
 spiritus et tenero manifesti in sanguine mores.  
 optarent multum Graiae cuperentque Latinae  
 25 sic peperisse nurus. non talem Cressa superbum  
 callida sollicito revocavit Thesea filo,  
 nec Paris Oebalios talis visurus amores  
 rusticus invitas deiecit in aequora pinus.  
 non fallo aut cantus assueta licentia ducit:  
 30 vidi et adhuc video, qualem nec bella canentem  
 litore virgineo Thetis occultavit Achillem  
 nec circum saevi fugientem moenia Phoebi  
 Troilon Haemoniae deprendit lancea dextrae.  
 qualis eras, procul en cunctis puerisque virisque  
 35 pulchrior et tantum domino minor! illius unus  
 ante decor, quantum praecedat clara minores  
 luna faces quantumque alios premit Hesperos ignes.  
 non tibi femineum vultu decus oraque supra

16 sibi ipse *Heinsius*                      22 capientis *Heinsius*: cup-  
 M                      spe maior *Housman*                      30 canentem  $\zeta$ : cave- M

<sup>1</sup> Silvia's stag in *Aeneid* 7.475ff.

<sup>2</sup> Than a slave's. The boy could accept Ursus as his master (no one else), but he looked as though freeborn. *Spe* (*Housman*, read by *Courtney*) for *sed* is not needed. The boy was evidently not homebred, and his origin left room for speculation; cf. v. 99.

BOOK II.6

comed his sweet bondage, nothing resented, did everything voluntarily, imperious to himself. Who would curb tears shed for such a death? The Parthian bemoans his horse slain in war, Molossians weep for their faithful hounds, birds have had their pyres and a stag<sup>1</sup> his Maro.

How if he were not a slave? Myself have seen and noted his carriage; he stomachs you, only you, for his master, but higher<sup>2</sup> the spirit in his face and manifest the character in his young blood. Grecian and Latian brides would fondly wish and pray for such a son. Not such was proud Theseus whom the artful girl of Crete brought back with her anxious thread, nor such was rustic Paris when he launched reluctant timber on the sea, soon to behold his Oebalian love. I speak not false, nor does wonted license lead my tongue: I saw him and see him still. Such was not Achilles, whom Thetis hid on a virginal shore as he sang of war, nor Troilus, whom the lance of a Haemonian hand caught in flight around cruel Phoebus' walls.<sup>3</sup> How fair you were! Fairer by far than all other boys and men, yielding only to your master. His comeliness alone surpassed yours, as the bright moon outshines lesser beams and Hesperus dims other flares. No womanish charm was in your face, no

<sup>3</sup> In Apollodorus (3.32) Achilles ambushes Troilus in the sanctuary of Thymbrean Apollo; and there are other variants. Statius seems to be thinking of a death like Hector's, perhaps with *Aeneid* 1.474 as starting point; cf. 5.2.121, where Troilus and his pursuer are in chariots. But Ausonius (*Epitaphs* 18) implies that his body, like Hector's, was dragged behind chariot wheels, pointing to an independent version. Troy's walls were built by Apollo (Phoebus) and Neptune.

## SILVAE

- mollis honos, quales dubiae quos crimina formae  
 40 de sexu transire iubent; torva <at>que virilis  
 gratia nec petulans acies blandique severo  
 igne oculi, qualis bellus iam casside visu  
 Parthenopaeus erat, simplexque horrore decoro  
 crinis et obsessae nondum primoque micantes  
 45 flore genae; talem Ledaeo gurgite pubem  
 educat Eurotas, teneri sic integer aevi  
 Elin adit primosque Iovi puer approbat annos.  
 nam pudor ingenuae mentis tranquillaque morum  
 temperies teneroque animus maturior aevo  
 50 carmine quo patuisse queant? saepe ille volentem  
 castigabat erum studioque altisque iuvabat  
 consiliis, tecum tristisque hilarisque nec umquam  
 ille suus, vultumque tuo sumebat ab ore,  
 dignus et Haemonium Pyladen praecedere fama  
 55 Cecropiamque fidem. sed laudum terminus esto  
 quem Fortuna sinit: non mente fidelior aegra  
 speravit tardi reditus Eumaeus Ulixis.

Quis deus aut quisnam tam tristia vulnera casus  
 eligit? unde manus Fatis tam certa nocendi?

39 quales *coni. Courtney*: -lis M quos *Baehrens*: post M

40 torva atque  $\zeta$ : -vaque M

42 bellus\* *Lundstroem, Krohn*: bellis M: liber *Baehrens pes-*  
*sime*

48 ingenuae *Heinsius*: unde notae M

50 patuisse *Unger*: potasse M queant  $\zeta$ : queam M

58 casus  $\zeta$ : causas M

## BOOK II.6

unmanly grace upon your brow, as with those whom reproach of ambiguous beauty makes change their sex; your charm was stern and virile. Not impudent your look; your eyes were gentle with a spark of austerity, the like of Parthenopaeus now handsome in his helmet.<sup>4</sup> Your hair style simple and rough, yet becoming, your cheeks aflash with first down, but not yet smothered. Such youth Eurotas rears by Leda's stream, so comes a lad at the tender age of innocence to Elis,<sup>5</sup> approving his early years to Jove. As for modesty of a freeborn soul and calm temperance of manners and spirit riper than your tender age, what song could reveal them? Often he would chide his lord (and welcome!), aiding him with commitment and deep counsel. With you he was grave and gay, his mood never his own, from your face he took his countenance. Worthy he to lead in fame the Haemonian Pylades<sup>6</sup> and Cecropian loyalty.<sup>7</sup> But let praises end where Fortune permits: no more faithful was Eumaeus, sadly hoping for tardy Ulysses' return.

What god or what chance chooses so grievous a wound?  
Whence did the Fates come by a harming hand so sure?

<sup>4</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>5</sup> I.e., Olympia.

<sup>6</sup> The Pylades of Thessaly, i.e., Patroclus; a portmanteau expression like *Ebusea Caunos* in 1.6.15 or *Nasamonii Tonantis* in 2.7.93 or *Gaetulum Ganymeden* in Juvenal 5.59. Van Dam takes as Achilles for the inconclusive reason that Patroclus is not called *Haemonius* elsewhere. Here it distinguishes him from the real Pylades, who came from Phocis. He and Patroclus were both junior partners in the relationships.

<sup>7</sup> The friendship between Athenian Theseus and Pirithous, king of the Thessalian Lapithae.

SILVAE

- 60 o quam divitiis censuque exutus opimo  
 fortior, Urse, fores! si vel fumante ruina  
 ructassent dites Vesuvina incendia Locroe  
 seu Pollentinos mersissent flumina saltus  
 seu Lucanus Acir seu Thybridis impetus altas  
 65 in dextrum torsisset aquas, paterere serena  
 fronte deos, sive alma fidem messesque negasset  
 Cretaque Cyreneque et qua tibi cumque beato  
 larga reedit Fortuna sinu. sed gnara dolorum  
 Invidia infelix animi vitalia vidit  
 70 laedendique vias. vitae modo margine adultae  
 nectere temptabat iuvenum pulcherrimus ille  
 cum tribus Eleis unam trieterida lustris:  
 attendit torvo tristis Rhamnusia vultu  
 ac primum implevitque toros oculisque nitorem  
 75 addidit ac solito sublimius ora levavit,  
 heu misero letale favens, seseque videndo  
 torsit et invidia, mortisque amplexa iacenti  
 iniecit nexus carpsitque immitis adunca  
 ora verenda manu. quinto vix Phosphoros ortu  
 80 rorantem sternebat equum: iam litora duri  
 saeva, Philete, senis dirumque Acheronta videbas,  
 quo domini clamate sono! non saevius atros  
 nigrasset planctu genetrix sibi salva lacertos,

62 Locroe *Buecheler*: -ros M

64 Acir *Madvig*: ager M 70 margine *Håkanson ap. van*

*Dam*: carmen M: cardine *Gronovius*

77 invidit *Ellis* mortisque *Baehrens*: -temque M

79 quinto . . . ortu *Schrader*: -ta . . . hora M

81 dirumque *Markland*: dur- M

83 salva *Polster*: saeva M



BOOK II.6

Ah, how much braver, Ursus, would you be had you been stripped of your opulence and ample fortune! If wealthy Locri had belched Vesuvian fire in smoking avalanche, or rivers had submerged Pollentian glades, or Lucanian Acir<sup>8</sup> or Tiber's rush had turned deep waters to the right,<sup>9</sup> you would have endured the gods with unruffled brow; or if nurturing Crete and Cyrene had denied their pledged harvests or any place else where bounteous Fortune returns to you with plenteous bosom. But ill-omened Envy, connoisseuse of hurts, saw your soul's vital place, the path to injury. Fairest of youths, just at the threshold<sup>10</sup> of adult life, he was making to link three years with three Elean lusters. The gloomy dame of Rhamnus marked him frowning; and first she filled out his thews and gave his eyes new gleam, raising his head higher than of wont, deadly favors alas! to the hapless lad, torturing herself with malignant gaze; then embracing him as he lay, she cast upon him the chains of death, mercilessly plucking with her talons the face she should have revered. Scarce was Phosphorus at his fifth rising harnessing his dripping steed: already, Philetos,<sup>11</sup> you saw the cruel shores of the pitiless ancient<sup>12</sup> and dire Acheron. Ah, how your master cried your name! Not more cruelly would your mother, had she been preserved to you, have bruised her arms black with lamenta-

<sup>8</sup> Aciris in Pliny, but the conjecture is dubious (see van Dam).

<sup>9</sup> Ursus will have had a property (*horti*) on the north bank.

<sup>10</sup> *Margine* seems much the most likely replacement for the senseless *carmen*, even though this metaphorical meaning is unattested. The literal sense, "threshold," is found only in Statius (twice; see van Dam).

<sup>11</sup> "Beloved."

<sup>12</sup> Charon.

## SILVAE

nec pater; et certe qui vidit funera frater  
erubuit vinci.

- 85                    Sed nec servilis adempto  
ignis. odoriferos exhaustit flamma Sabaeos  
et Cilicum messes Phariaeque exempta volucris  
cinnama et Assyrio manantes gramine sucos,  
et domini fletus; hos tantum hausere favillae,  
90 hos bibit usque rogos. nec quod tibi Setia canos  
restinxit cineres, gremio nec lubricus ossa  
quod vallavit onyx, miseris acceptius umbris  
quam gemitus. sed et ipse vetat. quid terga, dolori,  
Urse, damus? quid damna foves et pectore iniquo  
95 vulnus amas? ubi nota reis facundia raptis?  
quid caram crucias tam saevis luctibus umbram?  
eximius licet ille animi meritusque doleri,  
solvisti. subit ille pios carpitque quietem  
Elysiam clarosque illic fortasse parentes  
100 invenit, aut illi per amoena silentia Lethes  
forsan Avernales alludunt undique mixtae  
Naides, obliquoque notat Proserpina vultu.  
Pone, precor, questus. alium tibi Fata Phileton,  
forsan et ipse dabis, moresque habitusque decoros  
105 monstrabis gaudens similemque docebis amorem.

88 germine *Heinsius*

93 vetat *Jortin*: iuvat M

104-5 dabis . . . monstrabis . . . docebis\* *scripsi*: -it . . . -it . . .

-it M

104 habitusque  $\zeta$ : -ture M

105 amorem  $\zeta$ : -ri M: amari  $\zeta$

## BOOK II.6

tion, nor your father; and 'tis sure your brother, who saw your funeral, blushed to be outdone.

But no slave's pyre for the taken one. The flame devoured fragrant harvests of Sabaeans and Cilicians, cinnamon stolen from the Pharian fowl,<sup>13</sup> juices flowing from Assyrian herb, and your master's tears; these only did the embers consume, these the pyre drank and drank. Setine wine quenched your gray ashes, smooth alabaster embosomed your bones; but to your poor shade more welcome was the groaning. But he himself forbids. Ursus, why do we yield to sorrow? Why nurse your loss and perversely love the wound? Where is that eloquence well known to defendants hailed to judgment? Why do you torture the dear shade with such savage mourning? Matchless though he was and worthy to be grieved for: you have paid. He joins the blessed, enjoys Elysium's peace, perchance finds illustrious parents there. Or in the pleasant silence of Lethe perhaps Nymphs of Avernus mingle from all sides and play with him, and Proserpine marks him with side-long glance.

Put aside your complaints, I beg. Perhaps the Fates or you yourself will give you another Philetos<sup>14</sup> and gladly you will show him seemly ways and manners and teach him to love you likewise.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>13</sup> The phoenix.

<sup>14</sup> Who might be bought (so given by the Fates) or homebred.

<sup>15</sup> See Critical Appendix.

## SILVAE

## 7

GENETHLIACON LUCANI  
AD POLLAM

Lucani proprium diem frequentet  
 quisquis collibus Isthmiae Diones  
 docto pectora concitatus oestro  
 pendentis bibit unguulae liquorem.  
 5 ipsi quos penes est honor canendi,  
 vocalis citharae repertor Arcas  
 et tu, Bassaridum rotator Euhan,  
 et Paeon et Hyantiae Sorores,  
 laetae purpureas novate vittas,  
 10 crinem comite candidamque vestem  
 perfundant hederæ recentiores.  
 docti largius evagentur amnes  
 et plus, Aoniae, virete, silvae  
 et si qua patet aut diem recepit  
 15 sertis mollibus expleatur umbra.  
 centum Thespiacis odora lucis  
 stent altaria victimaeque centum  
 quas Dirce lavat aut alit Cithaeron.  
 Lucanum canimus, favete linguis;  
 20 vestra est ista dies, favete, Musae,  
 dum qui vos geminas tulit per artes,  
 et vinctae pede vocis et solutae,  
 Romani colitur chori sacerdos.  
 25 Felix heu nimis et beata tellus,  
 quae pronos Hyperionis meatus

3 concitatus ḡ: -avit LM

TO POLLA, AN ODE IN HONOR OF  
LUCAN'S BIRTHDAY

Lucan's own day let him attend whosoever on the hill of Isthmian Dione has quaffed the water of the flying hoof,<sup>1</sup> heart stirred by poetic frenzy. You yourselves, to whom belongs the grace of poetic song, Arcadian finder of the vocal lyre, and Euhan, whirler of Bassarids, and Paeon, and the Hyantian Sisters,<sup>2</sup> joyfully put on new purple<sup>3</sup> fillets, dress your hair, and let fresher ivy stream down your white robes. Let poetic rivers wander more copiously, and woods of Aonia be greener; if anywhere your shade opens letting in the sun, let soft garlands fill the gap. Let a hundred fragrant altars stand in Thespieae's groves, and a hundred victims that Dirce bathes or Cithaeron feeds: Lucan we sing. Be silent all. This is your day, Muses, be propitious while he is honored that bore you through both arts,<sup>4</sup> of free speech and of fettered, priest of the Roman choir.

Happy, too happy alas, and blessed you land that see Hyperion's downward course on the surface of Ocean's

<sup>1</sup> Pirene on Acrocorinthos; cf. 2.2.38. The mountain was sacred to Venus (Dione), whose temple was on the summit.

<sup>2</sup> The Muses. What follows applies to them, not to the deities previously invoked. Saenger not unreasonably diagnosed a lacuna between *Paeon* and *et*, changing the latter to *at*.

<sup>3</sup> Instead of white. Purple fillets and ivy are associated with Bacchus; cf. 1.5.13.

<sup>4</sup> Verse and prose.

## SILVAE

- summis Oceani vides in undis  
 stridoremque rotae cadentis audis,  
 quae Tritonide fertiles Athenas  
 unctis, Baetica, provocas tapetis:  
 30 Lucanum potes imputare terris.  
 hoc plus quam Senecam dedisse mundo  
 aut dulcem generasse Gallionem.  
 attollat refluos in astra fontes  
 Graio nobilior Melete Baetis.  
 35 Baetim, Mantua, provocare noli.  
 Natum protinus atque humum per ipsam  
 primo murmure dulce vagientem  
 blando Calliope sinu recepit.  
 tum primum posito remissa luctu  
 40 longos Orpheos exiit dolores  
 et dixit: "puer o dicite Musis,  
 longaeuos cito transiture vates,  
 non tu flumina nec greges ferarum  
 nec plectro Geticas movebis ornos,  
 45 sed septem iuga Martiumque Thybrim  
 et doctos equites et eloquente  
 cantu purpureum trahes senatum.  
 nocturnas alii Phrygum ruinas  
 et tardi reduces vias Ulixis  
 50 et puppem temerariam Minervae  
 trita vatibus orbita sequantur:  
 tu cretus Latio memorque gentis  
 carmen fortior exseres togatum.

52 cretus\* *scripsi*: carus LM

53 exseres *Markland*: -ris LM

## BOOK II.7

waves and hear the hiss of his falling wheel, you, Baetica, that with your oily presses challenge Athens, fertile in Tritonis' olive!<sup>5</sup> You can claim that the earth owes you Lucan. That is more than to have given Seneca to the world or produced honey-tongued Gallio. Let Baetis, more renowned than Grecian Meles, flow backward, raising his waters to the stars.<sup>6</sup> Mantua, challenge not Baetis.

At first, newborn and down on the ground, as he sweetly wailed his earliest murmuring, Calliope took him onto her loving lap. Then easing for the first time, she set mourning aside, putting off her long grief for Orpheus, and spoke: "Boy, dedicated to the Muses, soon to surpass immortal bards, not rivers nor wild packs nor Getic ash trees shall you move with your quill; but the Seven Hills and Martian Tiber you shall draw with eloquent song, and cultured Knights and purple-clad Senate. Let others pursue the well-worn tracks of poets: the night of Phrygian downfall, the returning travels of tardy Ulysses, and Minerva's temerarious vessel.<sup>7</sup> Born of Latium and mindful of your race,<sup>8</sup> you shall be bolder, unsheathing a song of Rome.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Tritonis, signifying olive or olive oil, as Lyaeus = Bacchus can signify wine. Pallas is sometimes so used.

<sup>6</sup> Flowing upward to the sky instead of downward to the sea, a proverbial impossibility (*adynaton*). The ideas of miracle and exaltation are combined.

<sup>7</sup> Argo.

<sup>8</sup> "Your race," not "its race," as van Dam. See Critical Appendix.

<sup>9</sup> Literally, "a gowned song."

SILVAE

55           “Ac primum teneris adhuc in annis  
           ludes Hectora Thessalosque currus  
           et supplex Priami potentis aurum,  
           et sedes reserabis inferorum;  
           ingratus Nero dulcibus theatris  
           et noster tibi proferetur Orpheus.  
 60           dices culminibus Remi vagantes  
           infandos domini nocentis ignes.  
           hinc castae titulum decusque Pollae  
           iucunda dabis allocutione.  
           mox coepta generosior iuventa  
 65           albos ossibus Italis Philippos  
           et Pharsalica bella detonabis,  
           quo fulmen ducis inter arma divi  
                                   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*  
           libertate gravem pia Catonem  
           et gratum popularitate Magnum.  
 70           tu Pelusiaci scelus Canopi  
           deflebis pius et Pharo cruenta  
           Pompeio dabis altius sepulchrum.  
           haec primo iuvenis canes sub aevo

*post 67 versum excidisse statuit Saenger*

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<sup>10</sup> Regarding Lucan's juvenilia, from which hardly anything has survived, see e.g., H. J. Rose's *Handbook to Latin Literature*, 380f.

<sup>11</sup> Lucan's epic *On the Civil War*, still sometimes foolishly referred to as *Pharsalia*, breaks off with Caesar in Alexandria (48 BC). He probably intended to continue down to Philippi (42 BC) or beyond, but I find it hard to believe that *Philippos* refers to what was never written. Latin poets, taking their cue from Virgil



BOOK II.7

“And first, still in boyhood’s years, you shall dally with Hector<sup>10</sup> and the Thessalian chariot and royal Priam’s suppliant gold, and unbar the dwellings infernal. Ungrateful Nero and our Orpheus you shall recite to kindly theaters. You shall tell of the monstrous fires of a guilty ruler at large over the roofs of Remus. Next a charming address to chaste Polla, bestowing fame and ornament. Presently, nobler in early manhood, you shall thunder Philippi, white with Italian bones,<sup>11</sup> and Pharsalian wars. The captain-thunderbolt<sup>12</sup> who became divine in warfare \* \* \* , Cato, hated for his patriot assertion of independence, and Magnus, winning the favor he courted.<sup>13</sup> You shall shed pious tears for the crime of Pelusian Canopus<sup>14</sup> and give Pompey a tomb more lofty than bloody Pharos. All this you shall sing as a young man in early life before the age of

(*Georgics* 1.490), imagine both battles, Pharsalia and Philippi, as fought in the same place. Statius seems to extend this error to the point of using both names for the same battle, but “Pharsalian wars” will include other fighting in the poem before and after it. He may even have made the modern mistake of relating *Pharsalia nostra* in Lucan 9.985 to the poem instead of to the battle.

<sup>12</sup> Caesar. For the genitive cf. 5.1.133, *fulmen equi*.

<sup>13</sup> I believe vv. 69 and 70 have been misunderstood. They are antithetical, *libertate gravem* in contrast to *gratum popularitate*. For Cato’s *libertas*, his assertion of independence and free speech for the public good (*pia*), cf. Cicero, *Pro Sestio* 60 and my note in *SCP*, 131. It made him *gravis* (irksome) to some, whereas Pompey’s popularity-mongering brought him favor: cf. Cicero, *Letters to Atticus* 1.20.2, *nihil non submissum atque populare*, and 2.1.6, *populari levitate*.

<sup>14</sup> Pompey’s murder in Egypt. The long passage on his burial is indeed Lucan at his finest (Statius has nothing approaching it).

## SILVAE

- 75 ante annos Culicis Maroniani.  
cedet Musa rudis ferocis Enni  
et docti furor arduus Lucreti  
et qui per freta duxit Argonautas  
et qui corpora prima transfigurat.  
80 quin maius loquar: ipsa te Latinis  
Aeneis venerabitur canentem.
- “Nec solum dabo carminum nitorem,  
sed taedis genialibus dicabo  
doctam atque ingenio tuo decoram,  
qualem blanda Venus daretque Iuno  
85 forma, simplicitate, comitate,  
censu, sanguine, gratia, decore,  
et vestros hymenaeon ante postes  
festis cantibus ipsa personabo.
- “O saevae nimium gravesque Parcae!  
90 o numquam data longa fata summis!  
cur plus, ardua, casibus patetis?  
cur saeva vice magna non senescunt?  
sic natum Nasamonii Tonantis  
post ortus obitusque fulminatos  
95 angusto Babylon premit sepulchro;  
sic fixum Paridis manu trementis  
Peliden Thetis horruit cadentem;  
sic ripis ego murmurantis Hebri  
non mutum caput Orpheos sequebar;  
100 sic et tu (rabidi nefas tyranni!)  
iussus praecipitem subire Lethen,  
dum pugnans canis ardua voce

77 ducit *Markland*79 quin\*  $\zeta$ : quid LM

loquar L: -quor M

BOOK II.7

Maro's 'Gnat.'<sup>15</sup> Bold Ennius' untutored Muse shall yield, and the high frenzy of skilled<sup>16</sup> Lucretius, and he that led the Argonauts through the seas,<sup>17</sup> and he that transforms bodies from their first shapes.<sup>18</sup> Nay, a greater thing I shall utter:<sup>19</sup> *Aeneis* herself shall do you reverence, as you sing to the men of Latium.

"Nor shall I give you the gleam of poetry alone, but with the torches of wedlock bestow on you a mate, cultured to grace your genius, one that a kindly Venus or Juno might grant for beauty, simplicity, graciousness, wealth, birth, charm, elegance; and myself shall sound the wedding song before your doors in festal chant.

"Ah Parcae, too cruel, too harsh! Ah length of days never given to the highest! Why is eminence more open to mischance? Why the cruel lot of greatness, to die young? So does Babylon cover the Nasamonian Thunderer's son, whose lightning struck east and west, with a narrow tomb.<sup>20</sup> So Thetis shuddered to see the son of Peleus fall, pierced by the hand of trembling Paris. So once I followed Orpheus' vocal head on the banks of murmuring Hebrus. And so even you (outrage of a crazy tyrant!), bidden plunge into rushing Lethe as you sang of battles and with lofty utterance gave solace to grand sep-

<sup>15</sup> See I.epist.7.

<sup>16</sup> *Doctus* being a stock epithet for Hellenistic and Latin poets, though in Lucretius' case "learned" would be appropriate.

<sup>17</sup> Varro Atacinus.

<sup>18</sup> Ovid.

<sup>19</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>20</sup> Alexander the Great, who claimed to be the son of Ammon (Jupiter), died in Babylon, but his tomb was in Alexandria.

## SILVAE

das solacia grandibus sepulchris,  
 (o dirum scelus, o scelus!) tacebis.”  
 105 sic fata est leviterque decedentes  
 abrasit lacrimas nitente plectro.  
 At tu, seu rapidum poli per axem  
 Famae curribus arduis levatus,  
 qua surgunt animae potentiores,  
 110 terras despicias et sepulchra rides,  
 seu pacis merito nemus reclusi  
 felix Elysii tenes in oris,  
 quo Pharsalica turba congregatur,  
 et te nobile carmen insonantem  
 115 Pompei comitantur et Catones,  
 seu magna sacer at superbus umbra  
 noscis Tartaron et procul nocentum  
 audis verbera pallidumque visa  
 matris lampade respicis Neronem:  
 120 adsis lucidus et vocante Polla  
 unum, quaeso, diem deos silentum  
 exores; solet hoc patere limen  
 ad nuptas redeuntibus maritis.  
 haec te non thiasis procax dolosis  
 125 falsi numinis induit figura,  
 ipsum sed colit et frequentat ipsum  
 imis altius insitum medullis;  
 nec solacia vana sumministrat  
 vultus, qui simili notatus auro  
 130 stratis praenitet incubatque somno

116 seu *Heinsius*: tu LM

117 noscis *Haupt*: nes- LM

128 nec *Schwarz*: ad L: ac M: at *Slater*

## BOOK II.7

ulchers (O foul crime, O crime!), shall be silent," So she spoke and with her bright quill lightly brushed away her falling tears.

But you, whether soaring in Fame's lofty chariot through the rapid vault of heaven, where rise mighty souls, you look down on earth and laugh at tombs, or dwell happily in Elysium's retreat, the grove of peace you have deserved, where assembles the Pharsalian throng and the Pompeys and Catos keep you company as you sound your noble lay; or, hallowed and proud, your great shade acquaints itself with Tartarus and hears from a distance the stripes of the guilty, regarding Nero as he pales at sight of his mother's torch:<sup>21</sup> come here in your splendor, Polla calls, and beg one day, pray you, of the gods of the silent ones. That door is apt to open for husbands returning to their brides. Not in the wantonness of a deceitful dance does Polla clothe you in the shape of a false deity,<sup>22</sup> but worships you as yourself and as yourself consorts with you, sunk deep in her inmost marrow. Nor idle the solace afforded by the face expressed in resembling gold that shines above her couch and hovers over her peaceful

<sup>21</sup> Nero put his mother to death. She is imagined as pursuing him like an avenging Fury; cf. 3.3.15.

<sup>22</sup> Allusion to Laodicea, whose husband, Protesilaus, returned to her from death for one day. On this story was engrafted a rather murky legend of a wax image of him (cf. especially Ovid, *Heroides* 13.151-58), of which she made a cult. *Thiasis* refers to her worship of Bacchus; cf. 3.5.49.

SILVAE

135 securae. procul hinc abite Mortes:  
haec vitae genialis est origo.  
cedat luctus atrox genisque manent  
iam dulces lacrimae dolorque festus  
quicquid fleverat ante nunc adoret.

132 genialis ♂

BOOK II.7

slumber.<sup>23</sup> Away with you, Deaths! This is life's birth and beginning. Let bitter mourning yield, let sweet tears flow from the eyes and festal grief adore all that it wept aforetime!

<sup>23</sup> Cf. 3.3.196–202, where the spirit of the deceased is conceived of as really present in his images.

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BOOK THREE

## PREFATORY NOTES

### 1

Date: late summer of 91. For Pollius see on 2.2.

### 2

The "Send-Off" has extant or partially extant precedents from Erinna to Ovid listed in Vollmer, pp. 394f. M. Maecius Celer is known only from Statius and the *Acts of the Arval Brethren*, which list him as consul suffect in 101.

### 3

The father of Claudius Etruscus was about ninety when he died, in 92. Originally a slave, born in Smyrna, he spent most of his life in the service of successive emperors starting with Tiberius, who gave him his freedom. Hence the name Claudius; his slave name, which would have become his cognomen, is unknown. (His entry in the index in the first printing of my Loeb edition of Martial must be corrected on this point.) Nero made him head of the imperial treasury, and Vespasian made him a knight. But under Domitian he fell into disgrace and exile (ca. 82), into which his son accompanied him. (Martial 6.83.8, *esse quod*

### BOOK III

*et comiti contigit et reduci*; the son will have returned to Rome, and then, after the pardon, gone out to Arpi to bring the old man home again. Cf. 7.40, his epitaph.) Not long before his death the sentence had been lifted and he returned to Rome. His wife, Etrusca, of distinguished family, gave him two sons, but both died when they were very young. One of them, the recipient of the Consolation, bore her name. Claudius Etruscus' wealth, including the celebrated Baths of 1.5 and Martial 6.42, derived from his father.

#### 4

Following an ancient Greek custom, Domitian's boy eunuch Flavius Earinus sent the first clippings of his hair along with a mirror set in gold and gems to the temple of Asclepius in Pergamum, his birthplace. Martial has three related epigrams (9.16, 17, 36) and three others on the boy's unscannable name (from *ἔαρ*, spring): 9.11–13.

#### 5

Statius is about to move from Rome to Naples, probably in 94.

## LIBER TERTIUS

### STATIUS POLLIO SUO SALUTEM

Tibi certe, Polli dulcissime et hac cui tam fideliter inhaeres  
quiete dignissime, non habeo diu probandam libellorum  
istorum temeritatem, cum scias multos ex illis in sinu tuo  
subito natos et hanc audaciam stili nostri frequenter expa-  
5 veris, quotiens in illius facundiae tuae penetrale seductus  
altius litteras intro et in omnis a te studiorum sinus ducor.  
securus itaque tertius hic Silvarum nostrarum liber ad te  
mittitur. habuerat quidem et secundus <te> testem, sed  
hic habet auctorem. nam primum limen eius Hercules  
10 Surrentinus aperit, quem in litore tuo consecratum, statim  
ut videram, his versibus adoravi. sequitur libellus quo  
splendidissimum et mihi iucundissimum iuvenem Mae-  
cium Celerem, a sacratissimo imperatore missum ad le-  
gionem Syriacam, quia sequi non poteram, sic prosecutus  
15 sum. merebatur et Claudii Etrusci mei pietas aliquod ex  
studiis nostris solacium, cum lugeret veris (quod iam raris-  
simum est) lacrimis senem patrem. Earinus praeterea,

5 penetrale *Laetus*: -li M

8 *add. Baehrens*

16 iam rarissimum *Baehrens* (*praeunte Barth*): amariss- M:  
rariss- 5

## BOOK THREE

### STATIUS TO HIS FRIEND POLLIUS GREETINGS

To you at least, dearest Pollius, most deserving of the tranquility to which you so faithfully cling, I do not have to justify at length the temerity of these little pieces. For you know that many of them came suddenly to birth on your lap and you have often been alarmed by this audacity of my pen, when you take me aside into the sanctuary of your eloquence and I enter more deeply into letters, led by you into every cranny of study. So this third book of my *Ex-tempore Poems* is sent to you without apprehension. The second had <you> as witness, but this one has <you> as sponsor. For its threshold is opened by Hercules of Surrentum; as soon as I saw him consecrated on your beach, I paid him homage with these verses. Follows a piece addressed to Maecius Celer, a young man of great distinction in whose friendship I take the greatest pleasure. He had been dispatched by our most sacred Emperor to a legion in Syria, and since I could not follow him, I sent it by way of escort. Then the filial devotion of my friend Claudius Etruscus deserved some solace from my pen as he mourned his aged father with unfeigned tears—something very

## SILVAE

Germanici nostri libertus, scit quam diu desiderium eius  
moratus sim, cum petisset ut capillos suos, quos cum gem-  
mata pyxide et speculo ad Pergamenum Asclepium mitte-  
20 bat, versibus dedicarem. summa est ecloga qua mecum  
secedere Neapolim Claudiam meam exhortor. hic, si ve-  
rum dicimus, sermo est, et quidem securus ut cum uxore  
et qui persuadere malit quam placere. huic praecipue li-  
25 bello favebis cum scias hanc destinationem quietis meae  
tibi maxime intendere meque non tam in patriam quam  
ad te secedere. vale.

### 1

#### HERCULES SURRENTINUS POLLI FELICIS

Intermissa tibi renovat, Tiryntië, sacra  
Pollius et causas designat desidis anni,  
quod coleris maiore tholo nec litora pauper  
nuda tenes tectumque vagis habitabile nautis,  
5 sed nitidos postes Graisque effulta metallis  
culmina, ceu taedis iterum lustratus honesti  
ignis ab Oetaea conscenderis aethera flamma.

Vix oculis animoque fides. tune ille reclusi  
liminis et parvae custos inglorius arae?  
10 unde haec aula recens fulgorque inopinus agresti

---

<sup>1</sup> So in 4.epist.5. I do not think *nostri* is a familiarity ("our friend") such as Statius would hardly have permitted himself, nor yet analogous to *dominus noster* et sim., but used like *meus* (cf. 4.1.30 *meus Caesar*), *suus*, *domesticus* as epithets of deities: see A. D. Nock, *Essays on Religion and the Ancient World*, I, p. 41.

## BOOK III.1

unusual nowadays. Further, Earinus, our Germanicus<sup>1</sup> freedman, knows how long I put off his request,<sup>2</sup> when he asked me to dedicate in verse the hair that he was sending to Pergamene Asclepius along with a jeweled box and mirror. Last comes a short poem in which I urge my Claudia to retire with me to Naples. This, to tell the truth, is conversation, privileged conversation with my wife, aiming to persuade rather than please. You will particularly favor this piece, knowing as you do that in fixing on my place of retreat I had you most of all in mind and that I was retiring not so much to my country as to yourself. Farewell.

### 1

#### THE HERCULES OF POLLIUS FELIX AT SURRENTUM

Lord of Tiryns, Pollius renews your interrupted cult and gives his reasons for a neglectful year. For you are worshipped under a larger dome, no pauper on a bare beach with a shelter for stray sailors to lodge in, no, you have shining doorposts and a roof supported by Grecian marbles, as though purified once again by brands of honoring fire you have ascended to heaven from Oeta's flame.<sup>1</sup>

Eyes and mind scarce credit it. Are you that lowly warden of a doorless threshold and a petty altar? Where did bumpkin Alcides find this new mansion, this unlooked-

<sup>2</sup> I.e., how promptly I complied with it.

<sup>1</sup> In a second apotheosis.

## SILVAE

Alcidae? sunt fata deum, sunt fata locorum.  
o velox pietas! steriles hic nuper harenas  
ac sparsum pelago montis latus hirtaque dumis  
saxa nec ulla pati faciles vestigia terras  
15 cernere erat. quanam subito fortuna rigentes  
ditavit scopulos? Tyrione haec moenia plectro  
an Getica venere lyra? stupet ipse labores  
annus et angusti bis seno limite menses  
longaevum mirantur opus. deus attulit arces  
20 erexitque suas atque obluctantia saxa  
summovit nitens et magno pectore montem  
reppulit; immitem credas iussisse novercam.  
Ergo age, seu patrios liber iam legibus Argos  
incolis et mersum tumulis Eurysthea calcas,  
25 sive tui solium Iovis et virtute parata  
astra tenes haustumque tibi succincta beati  
nectaris excluso melior Phryge porrigit Hebe,  
huc ades et genium templis nascentibus infer.  
non te Lerna nocens nec pauperis arva Molorchi  
30 nec formidatus Nemees ager antraque poscunt  
Thracia nec Pharii polluta altaria regis,  
sed felix simplexque domus fraudumque malarum  
inscia et hospitibus superis dignissima sedes.  
pone truces arcus agmenque immite pharetrae  
35 et regum multo perfusum sanguine robur  
instratumque umeris dimitte rigentibus hostem.  
hic tibi Sidonio celsum pulvinar acantho

13 ac *Baehrens*: ad M

36 rigentibus *Gevartius*: geren- M: ingen- *Markland*

<sup>2</sup> Amphion's or Orpheus'.

<sup>3</sup> Ganymede.



### BOOK III.1

for splendor? Gods have their destinies and places do, too. O rapid piety! A little while ago all we could see here was barren sand and sea-splashed mountainside and rocks shaggy with scrub and earth scarce willing to suffer print of foot. What fortune has suddenly enriched these stark cliffs? Did these walls arrive by Tyrian quill or Getic harp?<sup>2</sup> The year itself is amazed at its labor, the twice six months, so narrowly bounded, marvel at a work built to last. 'Tis the god that brought and erected his towers, straining to dislodge reluctant boulders and pushing back the mountain with his great breast; one might suppose his harsh stepmother had given the order.

Come then: whether free now of command you dwell in your ancestral Argos and trample Eurystheus buried in his grave or have your home by Jove your father's throne and the stars your valor won, and Hebe, dress upgirt, proffers you a draft of blessed nectar—better she than the banished Phrygian:<sup>3</sup> come hither and bring your guardian spirit to your nascent shrine. Guilty Lerna is not inviting you, nor the acres of pauper Molorchus, nor the feared field of Nemea, nor Thracian caverns,<sup>4</sup> nor the polluted altar of the Pharian king,<sup>5</sup> but a happy, innocent house, ignorant of wicked guile, an abode most worthy of celestial guests. Put by your fierce bow and your quiver's ungentle host and your club, drenched in much blood of kings; throw off the enemy<sup>6</sup> spread over your stiff shoulders. Here are cushions piled high for you, embroidered with Sidonian acanthus, and a couch rising rough with figures

<sup>4</sup> Of Diomedes.

<sup>5</sup> Busiris.

<sup>6</sup> The skin of the Nemean lion.

SILVAE

- textitur et signis crescit torus asper eburnis.  
 pacatus mitisque veni, nec turbidus ira  
 40 nec famulare timens, sed quem te Maenalis Auge  
 confectum thiasis et multo fratre madentem  
 detinuit qualemque vagae post crimina noctis  
 Thespius obstupuit totiens socer. hic tibi festa  
 45 gymnas et insontes iuvenum sine caestibus irae  
 annua veloci peragunt certamina lustro.  
 hic templis inscriptus avo gaudente sacerdos  
 parvus adhuc similisque tui cum prima novercae  
 monstra manu premeres atque exanimata doleres.  
 Sed quaeenam subiti, veneranda, exordia templi  
 50 dic age, Calliope. socius tibi grande sonabit  
 Alcides tensoque modos imitabitur arcu.  
 Tempus erat caeli cum torrentissimus axis  
 incumbit terris ictusque Hyperione multo  
 acer anhelantes incendit Sirius agros.  
 55 iamque dies aderat profugis cum regibus aptum  
 fumat Aricinum Triviae nemus et face multa  
 conscius Hippolyti splendet lacus. ipsa coronat  
 emeritos Diana canes et spicula terget  
 et tutas sinit ire feras, omnisque pudicis  
 60 Itala terra focus Hecateidas excolit idus.  
 ast ego, Dardaniae quamvis sub collibus Albae  
 rus proprium magnique ducis mihi munere currens

---

<sup>7</sup> Literally, "with much of your brother." Hercules and Bacchus were sons of Jupiter.      <sup>8</sup> The boxing glove of antiquity was a fearsome affair, weighted with metal.

<sup>9</sup> Son of Julius Menecrates and Pollius' grandson; cf. 4.8.

<sup>10</sup> Diana's Arician wood by Lake Nemi, in which she concealed Hippolytus after Aesculapius had brought him back to life.

### BOOK III.1

of ivory. Come in peace and gentleness, not in a storm of anger nor yet in slavish fear, but as Maenalian Auge had you to stay, o'rdone with revel and madid with abundance of your brother's gift,<sup>7</sup> or as Thespius saw you in amazement after your escapade of a roving night, so many times over the father of your bride. Here you have a holiday playground, where harmless angers of ungloved<sup>8</sup> youth go through annual contests as the luster speeds. Here in your temple is your priest<sup>9</sup> inscribed to his grandfather's delight, still a child, such as you were when you strangled your stepmother's first monsters with your hand and were sorry they were dead.

But come, say, revered Calliope, how this sudden shrine came into being. Alcides will be your loud accompanist, making mock music with his sonorous bowstring.

It was the time when heaven's vault broods over the earth at its most torrid and fierce Sirius, hit by Hyperion's lavish rays, burns the panting fields. Now the day was nearly come when Trivia's Arician wood,<sup>10</sup> apt for runaway kings, makes smoke and the lake privy to Hippolytus shines with many a torch. Diana herself wreathes her veteran hounds and furbishes her darts and lets the wild beasts go in safety; all the land of Italy celebrates Hecate's Ides at its chaste hearths. As for me, although I had a property of my own beneath Dardan Alba's hills and a running stream by gift of our great leader,<sup>11</sup> enough to

The priest of her shrine, called King of the Grove, was a runaway slave, due to be killed and succeeded by another such. On her festival day, August 13, he and others ran about with smoking torches.

<sup>11</sup> The water may have come from the conduit that fed Domitian's own country seat at Alba. Cf. Martial 9.18.

## SILVAE

- unda domi curas mulcere aestusque levare  
 sufficerent, notas Sirenum nomine rupes  
 65 facundique larem Polli non hospes habebam,  
 assidue moresque viri pacemque novosque  
 Pieridum flores intactaque carmina discens.  
 forte diem Triviae dum litore ducimus udo  
 angustasque fores assuetaque tecta gravati  
 70 frondibus et patula defendimus arbore soles,  
 delituit caelum et subitis lux candida cessit  
 nubibus ac tenuis graviore Favonius Austro  
 immaduit, qualem Libyae Saturnia nimbum  
 attulit, Iliaco dum dives Elissa marito  
 75 donatur testesque ululant per devia Nymphae.  
 diffugimus, festasque dapes redimitaque vina  
 abripiunt famuli; nec quo convivia migrent,  
 quamvis innumerae gaudentia rura superne  
 insedere domus et multo culmine dives  
 80 mons nitet; instantes sed proxima quaerere nimbi  
 suadebant laesique fides reditura sereni.  
 stabat dicta sacri tenuis casa nomine templi  
 et magnum Alciden humili lare parva premebat,  
 fluctivagos nautas scrutatoresque profundi  
 85 vix operire capax. huc omnis turba coimus,  
 huc epulae ditesque tori coetusque ministrum  
 stipantur nitidaeque cohors gratissima Pollae.  
 nec cepere fores angustaque deficit aedes.  
 erubuit risitque deus dilectaque Polli  
 90 corda subit blandisque virum complectitur ulnis.

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<sup>12</sup> Surrentum; cf. 2.2.1.

<sup>13</sup> *Aeneid* 4.160ff.

### BOOK III.1

soothe my cares at home and alleviate the swelter, I was sojourning by the cliffs that bear the Sirens' name<sup>12</sup> at the hearth of eloquent Pollius, no stranger there, assiduously studying his peaceful way of life and new blossoms of the Pierides, virgin songs. It chanced that as we were spending Trivia's day on the watery beach, escaping from narrow doorways and the familiar house and warding off the sun with the foliage of a spreading tree, the sky went into hiding as bright daylight gave way to sudden clouds and Favonius' faint breeze grew wet with a heavy sirocco; such a downpour as Saturnia brought to Libya while wealthy Elissa was given to her Ilian bridegroom and witnessing Nymphs ululated in the wilds.<sup>13</sup> We scatter, and the servants snatch up the festal fare and garlanded wine. Our picnic has nowhere to go, though countless houses<sup>14</sup> sit above the smiling fields and the wealthy mountain shines with many a lofty rooftop; but the urgent shower and assurance soon to return<sup>15</sup> of interrupted sunshine persuaded us to seek the nearest cover. There stood a little hut called by the name of a sacred temple, a tiny, humble home that cabined great Alcides, with scarce room enough to shelter sea-roving mariners and searchers of the deep. Hither all our number gather. Here are crowded the repast, the rich couches, the flock of servants, and elegant Polla's favorite band.<sup>16</sup> The doors did not hold them all, the narrow shrine could not cope. The god blushed and laughed and stole into the heart of his beloved Pollius, embracing him in loving arms.

<sup>14</sup> Parts of the villa; cf. on 2.2.45.

<sup>15</sup> *Reditura* instead of *redituri* (hypallage).

<sup>16</sup> Children and personal attendants.

SILVAE

"Tune," inquit "largitor opum, qui mente profusa  
 tecta Dicaearchi pariter iuvenisque replesti  
 Parthenopen? nostro qui tot fastigia monti,  
 tot virides lucos, tot saxa imitantia vultus  
 95 aeraque, tot scripto viventes lumine ceras  
 fixisti? quid enim ista domus, quid terra, priusquam  
 te gauderet erum? longo tu tramite nudos  
 textisti scopulos, fueratque ubi semita tantum  
 nunc tibi distinctis stat porticus alta columnis  
 100 ne sorderet iter. curvi tu litoris ora  
 clausisti calidas gemina testudine Nymphas.  
 vix opera enumerem: mihi pauper et indigus uni  
 Pollius? et tales hilaris tamen intro penates  
 et litus quod pandis amo. sed proxima sedem  
 105 despicit et tacite ridet mea limina Iuno.  
 da templum dignasque tuis conatibus aras,  
 quas puppes velis nolint transire secundis,  
 quo pater aetherius mensisque accita deorum  
 turba et ab excelso veniat soror hospita templo.  
 110 nec te, quod solidus contra riget umbo maligni  
 montis et immenso non umquam exesus ab aevo,  
 terreat. ipse adero et conamina tanta iuvabo  
 asperaque invitae perfringam viscera terrae.  
 incipe et Herculeis fidens hortatibus aude.  
 115 non Amphioniae steterint velocius arces  
 Pergameusve labor." dixit mentemque reliquit.  
 Nec mora cum scripta formatur imagine tela.  
 innumerae coiere manus: his caedere silvas

92 Dicaearchi *Krohn*: dicarchei M iuvenisque\* *Klotz*:  
 -nemque M 97 erum *Håkanson* (ero iam *Baehrens*): erant  
 M: erat *Aldus* 111 usquam *Baehrens*

### BOOK III.1

"Are you," he says, "the lavish donor that in your youth<sup>17</sup> filled alike the dwellings of Dicaearchus and Parthenope with your prodigality, who on our mountain set so many towers, so many green groves, so many images in stone and bronze, so many lifelike waxen forms inscribed with color? For what was that house, that land before it rejoiced in you as its master? You covered the bare cliffs with a lengthy road, and where there had been only a track now stands your lofty arcade with its separate pillars, to give the route some elegance. On the verge of the curving shore you enclosed warm waters with twin cupolas. Scarce could I number the works. Is Pollius a needy pauper just for me? Even such a home I enter cheerfully and love the shore you open up. But Juno nearby looks down on my home and silently laughs at my threshold. Give me a temple and an altar worthy of your endeavors, one that ships under propitious sail would not wish to pass by, one to which my heavenly father might come and a crowd of gods invited to dine and my sister<sup>18</sup> from her lofty temple as my guest. And be not daunted because a solid hump of unfriendly mountain that measureless time has never consumed stands stark in the way. I myself shall be there to assist so great an enterprise, breaking through the rugged bowels of the reluctant earth. Begin; trust Hercules' urging and dare! Amphion's towers will not have sited themselves more rapidly, nor the labor of Pergamus." He spoke and left his purpose behind him.<sup>19</sup>

Forthwith the model is drafted, sketched out the plan. Innumerable hands assemble. Some take on the felling of

<sup>17</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>18</sup> Minerva.

<sup>19</sup> Or, as usually understood, "left his (Pollius') heart."

## SILVAE

- et levare trabes, illis immergere curae  
 120 fundamenta solo. coquitur pars umida terrae  
 protectura hiemes atque exclusura pruinas  
 indomitusque silex curva fornace liquescit.  
 praecipuus sed enim labor est excindere dextra  
 oppositas rupes et saxa negantia ferro.
- 125 hic pater ipse loci positus Tirynthius armis  
 insudat validaque solum deforme bipenni,  
 cum grave nocturna caelum subtexitur umbra,  
 ipse fodit, ditesque Caprae viridesque resultant  
 Taurubulae et terris ingens redit aequoris echo.
- 130 non tam grande sonat motis incudibus Aetne  
 cum Brontes Steropesque ferit, nec maior ab antris  
 Lemniacis fragor est ubi flammeus aegida caelat  
 Mulciber et castis exornat Pallada donis.  
 decrescunt scopuli, et rosea sub luce reversi
- 135 artifices mirantur opus. vix annus anhelat  
 alter et ingenti dives Tirynthius arce  
 despectat fluctus et iunctae tecta novercae  
 provocat et dignis invitat Pallada templis.
- Iam placidae dant signa tubae, iam fortibus ardens
- 140 fumat harena sacris. hos nec Pisaeus honores  
 Iuppiter aut Cirrhae pater aspernetur opacae.  
 nil his triste locis; cedat lacrimabilis Isthmos,  
 cedat atrox Nemeae: litat hic felicior infans.  
 ipsae pumiceis virides Nereides antris
- 145 exsiliunt ultro, scopulis umentibus haerent,  
 nec pudet occulte nudas spectare palaestras.  
 spectat et Icario nemorosus palmite Gaurus  
 silvaque quae fixam pelago Nesida coronat,

128 dites Capreae  $\zeta$  (cf. 3.2.23)



### BOOK III.1

the woods and the smoothing of the beams, others the sinking of foundations in the soil. Damp earth is baked to fend off storms and shut out frosts and untamed stone melts in the round furnace. But the chief labor is to hew out by hand opposing crags and rocks that deny the steel. Here the father of the place himself, the Tirynthian, lays by his weapons and sweats at the work, himself digging the unsightly ground with a stout pick, when the heavy sky is veiled by the shades of night. Rich Capreae and verdant Taurubulae reverberate and the sea's mighty echo returns to the land. Not so loud does Aetna resound when the anvils shake at Brontes' and Steropes' blows, nor greater is the din from Lemnos' caverns when fiery Mulciber embosses an aegis, adorning Pallas with chaste gifts. The cliffs diminish and the workmen returning at rosy dawn marvel at the progress. Hardly is another year panting, and the wealthy Tirynthian looks down from his great tower upon the waves, challenging his stepmother's neighboring edifice and inviting Pallas to a worthy temple.

Now the peaceful trumpets signal, now the hot sand smokes with rites of strength.<sup>20</sup> Those honors Pisa's Jupiter would not disdain nor the father of shady Cirrha. Nothing sad is here. Let tearful Isthmus yield, and cruel Nemea: here a happier child<sup>21</sup> makes offering. The green Nereids themselves leap out unbidden from their pumice grottoes. They cling to the wet rocks and are not ashamed to watch the naked wrestlers from cover. Gaurus too watches, wooded with Icarian vine, and the trees that crown Nesis

<sup>20</sup> An athletic contest *à la grecque*.

<sup>21</sup> Menecrates' son aforesaid.

## SILVAE

et placidus Limon omenque Euploea carinis  
 150 et Lucrina Venus, Phrygioque e vertice Graias  
 addisces, Misene, tubas, ridetque benigna  
 Parthenope gentile sacrum nudosque virorum  
 certatus et parva suae simulacra coronae.

Quin age et ipse libens proprii certaminis actus  
 155 invicta dignare manu. seu nubila disco  
 findere seu volucres zephyros praecedere telo  
 seu tibi dulce manu Libycas nodare palaestras,  
 indulge sacris et, si tibi poma supersunt  
 Hesperidum, gremio venerabilisingere Pollae;  
 160 nam capit et tantum non degenerabit honorem.  
 quod si dulce decus viridesque resumeret annos  
 (da veniam, Alcide) fors huic et pensa tulisses.

Haec ego nascentes laetus bacchatus ad aras  
 libamenta tuli. nunc ipsum in limine cerno  
 165 solventem voces et talia dicta ferentem:

“Macte animis opibusque meos imitate labores,  
 qui rigidas rupes infecundaeque pudenda  
 Naturae deserta domas et vertis in usum  
 lustra habitata feris, foedeque latentia profers  
 170 numina! quae tibi nunc meritorum praemia solvam?  
 quas referam grates? Parcarum fila tenebo  
 extendamque colus (duram scio vincere Mortem),  
 avertam luctus et tristia damna vetabo

149 Limon *Politianus*, *Laetus*: limo M omenque *Guyetus*:  
 numenque (*ex numemque*) M

157 dulce magis *Schrader*

162 huic  $\zeta$ : hic M

164 ipsum *Calderini*: ipse M

### BOOK III.1

fixed fast in the sea,<sup>22</sup> and calm Limon, and Euploea, omen for ships, and Lucrine Venus; and from your Phrygian height, Misenus, you shall learn Grecian trumpets, while Parthenope smiles benignly at the rites of her people, the contests of nude athletes and the small likeness of her watching crowd.

Nay, come and deign gladly yourself to honor the course of your own contest with your invincible hand. Whether your pleasure is to split the clouds with discus or to outstrip the flying zephyrs with javelin or to tie Libyan wrestling knots with your arms,<sup>23</sup> do our rituals grace; and if you still have apples of the Hesperides, place them in the lap of venerable Polla, for she is worthy and will not demean so great an honor. But had she recovered the sweet beauty of her salad years, (by your leave, Alcides) haply you would have carried her spinning.<sup>24</sup>

These offerings I have brought to the nascent altars, a happy reveler. Now I see himself on the threshold, opening his mouth and speaking thus:

“Hail to your spirit and your wealth, imitator of my labors, tamer of stark rocks, barren Nature’s empty disgrace, who turn the wilderness to use, haunt of wild beasts, and bring forth deities from shameful hiding! What rewards shall I now give your deserts, what thanks return? I shall grasp the threads of the Parcae and stretch their distaffs (I know how to best cruel Death).<sup>25</sup> I shall turn mourning away and forbid sad bereavements. I shall re-

<sup>22</sup> Pointing to *νησος* (island).  
the African giant outwrestled by Hercules.

<sup>24</sup> As he did for Omphale.

<sup>25</sup> He had brought Alcestis back from the underworld.

<sup>23</sup> Alluding to Antaeus,

## SILVAE

- teque nihil laesum viridi renovabo senecta  
175 concedamque diu iuvenes spectare nepotes  
donec et hic sponsae maturus et illa marito,  
rursus et ex illis suboles nova grexque protervus  
nunc umeris irreptet avi, nunc agmine blando  
certatim placidae concurrat ad oscula Pollae.  
180 nam templis numquam statuetur terminus aevi  
dum me flammigeri portabit machina caeli.  
nec mihi plus Nemeae priscumque habitabitur Argos  
nec Tiburna domus solisque cubilia Gades.”  
Sic ait, et tangens surgentem altaribus ignem  
185 populeaque movens albentia tempora silva  
et Styga et aetherii iuravit fulmina patris.

## 2

### PROPEMPTICON MAECIO CELERI

- Di quibus audaces amor est servare carinas  
saevaeque ventosi mulcere pericula ponti,  
sternite molle fretum placidumque advertite votis  
concilium, et lenis non obstrepat unda precanti.  
5 Grande tuo rarumque damus, Neptune, profundo  
depositum: iuvenis dubio committitur alto  
Maecius atque animae partem super aequora nostrae  
maiolem transferre parat. proferte benigna  
sidera et antemnae gemino considite cornu,  
10 Oebalii fratres. vobis pontusque polusque  
luceat; Iliacae longe nimborosa sororis  
astra fugate, precor, totoque excludite caelo.

4 lenis  $\zeta$ : levis M

## BOOK III.2

new you scatheless in a green old age, letting you long watch your grandchildren grow to manhood, until he is ripe for a bride and she for a husband, and from them in turn springs a new generation as the saucy brood now crawls on their grandfather's<sup>26</sup> shoulders, now runs together in affectionate rivalry to the kisses of benignant Polla. As for the temple, no limit of age shall be set so long as the fabric of the fiery sky shall carry me. Nor shall Nemea or ancient Argos or my home in Tibur nor Gades, bedchamber of the sun, more often be my dwelling."

So he speaks, and touching the fire that rises from his altar and nodding his temples white with poplar leaves, he swore by Styx and his heavenly father's thunderbolts.

### 2

#### SEND-OFF TO MAECIUS CELER

Gods whose joy it is to guard bold ships and allay the fierce perils of the windy ocean, strew soft the waters and turn your council benignly to my entreaties. And let the waves be calm nor clamor against me as I pray:

Neptune, great and rare is the charge I give your deep. Young Maecius is committed to the uncertain main and makes ready to carry the greater part of my soul overseas. Bring forth your kind stars, Oebalian brethren,<sup>1</sup> and take seat upon the twin horns of the yardarm. Illumine sea and

<sup>26</sup> I.e., great-grandfather's (*proavi*).

<sup>1</sup> Castor and Pollux, brothers of Helen; her star was considered bad for shipping, theirs good when they appeared at the yardarm.

## SILVAE

- vos quoque, caeruleum Phorci, Nereides, agmen,  
 quis honor et regni cessit fortuna secundi,  
 15 dicere quae magni fas sit mihi sidera ponti,  
 surgite de vitreis spumosaë Doridos antris  
 Baianosque sinus et feta tepentibus undis  
 litora tranquillo certatim ambite natatu,  
 quaerentes ubi celsa ratis, quam scandere gaudet  
 20 nobilis Ausoniae Celer armipotentis alumnus.  
 nec quaerenda diu; modo nam trans aequora terris  
 prima Dicarcheis Pharium gravis intulit annum,  
 prima salutavit Capreas et margine dextro  
 sparsit Tyrrhenae Mareotica vina Minervae.  
 25 huius utrumque latus molli praecingite gyro  
 partitaeque vices vos stuppea tendite mali  
 vincula, vos summis annectite sipara velis,  
 vos zephyris aperite sinus. pars transtra reponat,  
 pars demittat aquis curvae moderamina puppis.  
 30 sint quibus explorent †primos gravis arte molorchos, †  
 quaeque secuturam religent post terga phaselon  
 uncaque summersae penitus retinacula vellant.  
 temperet haec aestus pelagusque inclinet ad ortus.  
 officio careat glaucarum nulla sororum.  
 35 hinc multo Proteus geminoque hinc corpore Triton  
 praenatet et subitis qui perdidit inguina monstris  
 Glaucus, adhuc patriis quotiens allabitur oris  
 litoream blanda feriens Anthedona cauda.  
 tu tamen ante omnes diva cum matre, Palaemon,  
 40 annue, si vestras amor est mihi pandere Thebas  
 nec cano degeneri Phoebeum Amphiona plectro.

13 Phorci *Krohn*: ponti M

19 quam *Barth*, *Heinsius*: qua M

30 *varia coniecta*

### BOOK III.2

sky. Banish afar, I pray, your Ilian sister's stormy light, shut her out from all the heavens. You too, Nereids, cerulean host of Phorcus, to whom has fallen the honor and fortune of the second realm (give me leave to call you stars of the great ocean), arise from foamy Doris' glassy grottoes and in tranquil rivalry swim round Baiae's bay and the shores pregnant with warm springs, seeking the tall ship that Celer, noble nursling of Ausonia mighty in war, rejoices to board. She needs no lengthy search, for but lately was she the first to bring her cargo of Pharian harvest across the sea to Dicarchus' land, first to greet Capreae and scatter Mareotic wine from starboard in libation to Tyrrhene Minerva. Circle both her bows in a soft curve. Parcel out your duties: some brace the mast's hempen rigging, some attach the topsail to the mainsail, some spread canvas to the zephyrs; let others put back the thwarts, others let down into the water the rudder that guides the curving poop. There must be some to explore \* \* \* , some to bind the skiff that will trail astern, some to dive deep and hoist the hooked anchor. One of you must control the tides and bend the sea eastwards. Let none of the sea-green sisters lack assignment. Let Proteus of many bodies swim ahead on one side and Triton with two<sup>2</sup> on the other, Glaucus too that lost his loins by sudden prodigy, still striking Anthe-don's beach with fawning tail whenever he glides to his native shore. But above all do you grant your favor, Palae-mon, with your goddess mother, if 'tis my desire to tell of your Thebes and I sing Phoebus' Amphion with no degen-

<sup>2</sup> Proteus could take any shape he wished (hence "Protean"). Triton was half man, half fish.

## SILVAE

- et pater Aeolio frangit qui carcere ventos,  
 cui varii flatus omnisque per aequora mundi  
 spiritus at<que> hiemes nimbosaque nubila parent,  
 45 artius obiecto Borean Eurumque Notumque  
 monte premat: soli Zephyro sit copia caeli,  
 solus agat puppes summasque supernatet undas  
 assiduus pelago, donec tua turbine nullo  
 laesa Paraetoniis assignet carbasa ripis.
- 50 Audimur. vocat ipse ratem nautasque morantes  
 increpat. ecce meum timido iam frigore pectus  
 labitur et nequeo, quamvis movet ominis horror,  
 claudere suspensos oculorum in margine fletus.  
 iamque ratem terris divisit fune soluto
- 55 navita et angustum deiecit in aequora pontem.  
 saevus <et> e puppi longo clamore magister  
 dissipat amplexus atque oscula fida revellit,  
 nec longum cara licet in cervice morari.  
 attamen in terras e plebe novissimus omni
- 60 ibo, nec egrediar nisi iam <cedente> carina.  
 Quis rude et abscisum miseris animantibus aequor  
 fecit iter solidaeque pios telluris alumnos  
 expulit in fluctus pelagoque immisit hianti,  
 audax ingenii? nec enim temeraria virtus
- 65 illa magis, summae gelidum quae Pelion Ossae  
 iunxit anhelantemque iugis bis pressit Olypnum.  
 usque adeone parum lentas transire paludes

43 mundi M: ponti *Heinsius*

49 laesa *Heinsius*: laeta M

56 *add.* ☿

60 *add.* ☿



BOOK III.2

erate lyre. And may the father<sup>3</sup> who subdues the winds in Aeolian dungeon, whom the various breezes and every breath upon the levels of all the firmament<sup>4</sup> and the storms and rainy clouds obey, press down with his mountain more tightly upon Boreas and Eurus and Notus. Let only Zephyr have the freedom of the sky, him only drive vessels and skim the surface of the waves, never leaving the sea until he waft your sails to the Paraetonian shore by no tempest scathed.

I am heard. Himself<sup>5</sup> he calls the ship and scolds the tardy seamen. See, my heart now sinks in a chill of fear and though dread of the omen warns me, I cannot shut in the tears that hang on my eyelids. Now a sailor has slipped the cable and severed ship from land, letting a narrow gangway down into the water. From the stern the heartless skipper's long shout divides embraces and plucks back faithful lips, nor is it permitted to linger long on a beloved neck. But I shall be the last of all the people to go ashore, nor leave until the ship already <is under way.><sup>6</sup>

Who made the sea, untried and sundered, into a highway for hapless mankind, driving the loyal foster sons of solid earth into the waves, hurling them into the ocean's jaws? Bold of spirit was he! Not more venturesome the courage that joined snowy Pelion to Ossa's peak and crushed panting Olympus under two mountains.<sup>7</sup> Was it not enough to cross sluggish swamps and meres and set

<sup>3</sup> Aeolus.      <sup>4</sup> So Lucretius 6.108. But perhaps, as usually taken, "the seas of all the world."      <sup>5</sup> Zephyr.

<sup>6</sup> The scene is imaginary, as in vv. 78ff.

<sup>7</sup> The intention or the fact attributed to the giants Otis and Ephialtes in their bid to storm heaven.

SILVAE

- stagnaque et angustos summittere pontibus amnes?  
 imus in abruptum gentilesque undique terras  
 70 fugimus exigua clausi trabe et aëre nudo.  
 inde furor ventis indignataeque procellae  
 et caeli fremitus et fulmina plura Tonanti.  
 ante rates pigro torpebant aequora somno  
 nec spumare Thetis nec spargere nubila fluctus  
 75 <g>gaudebant. visis tumuerunt puppibus undae,  
 inque hominem surrexit hiems. tunc nubila Plias  
 Oleniumque pecus, solito tunc peior Orion.  
 iusta queror.

- Fugit ecce vagas ratis acta per undas  
 paulatim minor et longe servantia vincit  
 80 lumina, tot gracili ligno complexa timores,  
 teque super reliquos, te, nostri pignus amoris,  
 portatura, Celer. quo nunc ego pectore somnos  
 quove queam perferre dies? quis cuncta paventi  
 nuntius, an facili te praetermiserit unda  
 85 Lucani rabida ora maris, num torta Charybdis  
 fluctuat aut Siculi populatrix virgo profundi,  
 quos tibi currenti praeceps gerat Hadria mores.  
 quae pax Carpathio, quali te subvehat aura  
 Doris Agenorei furtis blandita iuveni?  
 90 sed merui questus. quid enim te castra petente  
 non vel ad ignotos ibam comes impiger Indos  
 Cimmeriumque chaos? starem prope bellica regis

70 exigua fugimus *Phillimore*

75 gaudebant *Markland*: au- M

81 teque *Markland*: quaque M: quaeque *Politianus*

82-83 quo . . . quove *Rossberg*: quos . . . quosve M

BOOK III.2

straitened rivers under bridges? We go into the abyss, fleeing our native lands in all directions, confined by a small plank and the open air. Hence raging winds and indignant tempests and a roaring sky and more lightning for the Thunderer. Before ships were, the sea lay plunged in torpid slumber, Thetis did not joy to foam nor billows to splash the clouds. Waves swelled at sight of ships and tempest rose against man. 'Twas then that Pleiad and Oleanian Goat<sup>8</sup> were clouded and Orion worse than his wont. Just is my complaint.

See the vessel flies, driven over the wandering waves; gradually she dwindles, defeating the eyes that hold her from afar, clasping so many fears in her slender timbers. And you she shall carry, you above the rest, charge<sup>9</sup> of my love, Celer. With what heart can I now bear sleep or with what heart the days? Prey to every fear, who shall bring me word? Has the rabid coast of the Lucanian sea given you easy passage? Does whirling Charybdis eddy? Or the devouring virgin<sup>10</sup> of Sicily's deep? How does violent Hadria react to<sup>11</sup> your voyaging? Is the Carpathian calm? What kind of breeze wafts you over the waters that smiled on the dalliance of the Agenorean steer?<sup>12</sup> But I have deserved to complain. Why was I not your brisk companion as you went to war, were it even to unknown India or Cimmerian darkness? I should be standing by my patron's

<sup>8</sup> See on 1.3.96.

<sup>9</sup> *Pignus*, like *depositum* in v. 6.

<sup>10</sup> Scylla.

<sup>11</sup> Just how this expression relates to the common *morem gerere alicui* (humor somebody) let others determine.

<sup>12</sup> The Cyprian Sea, through which Celer would sail on his voyage from Egypt to Palestine.

## SILVAE

- signa mei, seu tela manu seu frena teneres  
 armatis seu iura dares, operumque tuorum,  
 95 etsi non socius, certe mirator adessem.  
 si quondam magno Phoenix reverendus Achilli  
 litus ad Iliacum Thymbraeaeque Pergama venit  
 imbellis tumidoque nihil iuratus Atridae,  
 cur nobis ignavus amor? sed pectore fido  
 100 numquam abero longisque sequar tua carbasa votis.  
 Isi, Phoroneis olim stabulata sub antris,  
 nunc regina Phari numenque Orientis anhelī,  
 excipe multisono puppem Mareotida sistro,  
 ac iuvenem egregium, Latius cui ductor Eoa  
 105 signa Palaestinasque dedit frenare cohortes,  
 ipsa manu placida per limina festa sacrosque  
 duc portus urbesque tuas. te praeside noscat  
 unde paludosi fecunda licentia Nili,  
 cur vada desidant et ripa coerceat undas  
 110 Cecropio stagnata luto, cur invida Memphis,  
 curve Therapnaei lasciviat ora Canopi,  
 cur servet Pharias Lethaeus ianitor aras,  
 vilia cur magnos aequent animalia divos,  
 quae sibi praesternat vivax altaria phoenix,  
 115 quos dignetur agros aut quo se gurgite Nili  
 mergat adoratus trepidis pastoribus Apis.

<sup>13</sup> In Argos, when she was a cow (Io).      <sup>14</sup> The sistrum, used in Isis' worship.

<sup>15</sup> Celer's ship was bound for Alexandria. From Egypt, after seeing the sights or at any rate being told about them, he would take ship again for his destination in Syria.

<sup>16</sup> Not that Statius himself would know the answers.

<sup>17</sup> According to the elder Pliny (*Natural History* 10.94), swallows' nests on the banks of the Nile prevented flooding. "Cecro-

## BOOK III.2

martial standard, whether you held weapons or reins in your hand or gave judgment to men in arms, and if not as a partner in your works, I should at least be there to admire them. If Phoenix, honored of great Achilles, once came to Ilium's shore and Thymbraean Pergamus, no warrior he nor sworn in fealty to the haughty son of Atreus, why is my affection slothful? But in my faithful heart I shall never be absent, following your sails with distant prayers.

Isis, once stalled in Phoroneus' caves,<sup>13</sup> now queen of Pharos and divinity of the panting east, receive the Mareotic vessel with your many-sounding rattle<sup>14</sup> and in person with kindly hand conduct the peerless young man to whom Latium's leader has given the standards of the east and command over the cohorts of Palestine through festal gates to your sacred harbor and city.<sup>15</sup> Under your protection let him learn<sup>16</sup> whence comes the fertile license of marshy Nile, why the shallows sink and a bank flooded with Cecropian clay curbs the waters,<sup>17</sup> why Memphis<sup>18</sup> is jealous, or why wantons the shore of Therapnaean Canopus,<sup>19</sup> why Lethe's janitor<sup>20</sup> guards Pharian altars, why common beasts equal great gods, what altar the long-lived Phoenix strews for herself, what fields Apis thinks worthy of him or in what flood of Nile he bathes, worshipped by

pian" because Procne, a princess of Athens, was turned into a swallow. *Stagnata*, properly of land under water, is here used of land covered by nest material (clay and straw).

<sup>18</sup> Linked with *μέμφεσθαι* (blame).

<sup>19</sup> Spartan, called after Menelaus, king of Sparta's helmsman, who was buried there. It was notorious for loose living.

<sup>20</sup> Cerberus, identified with the Egyptian dog deity, Anubis.

## SILVAE

- duc et ad Emathios manes, ubi belliger urbis  
 conditor Hyblaeo perfusus nectare durat,  
 anguiferamque domum, blando qua mersa veneno  
 120 Actias Ausonias fugit Cleopatra catenas.  
 usque et in Assyrias sedes mandataque castra  
 proseguere et Marti iuvenem, dea, trade Latino.  
 nec novus hospes erit: puer his sudavit in arvis  
 notus adhuc tantum maioris lumine clavi,  
 125 iam tamen et turmas facili praevertere gyro  
 fortis et Eoas iaculo damnare sagittas.  
 Ergo erit illa dies qua te maiora daturus  
 Caesar ab emerito iubeat discedere bello.  
 at nos hoc iterum stantes in litore vastos  
 130 cernemus fluctus aliasque rogabimus auras.  
 o tum quantus ego aut quanta votiva movebo  
 plectra lyra, cum me magna cervice ligatum  
 attolles umeris atque in mea pectora primum  
 incumbes e puppe novus servataque reddes  
 135 colloquia inque vicem medios narrabimus annos!  
 tu rapidum Euphraten et regia Bactra sacrasque  
 antiquae Babylonis opes et Zeugma, Latinae  
 pacis iter, qua dulce nemus florentis Idumes,  
 quo pretiosa Tyros rubeat, quo purpura suco  
 140 Sidoniis iterata cadis, ubi germine primum  
 candida felices sudent opobalsama virgae:

124 lumine *Polster*: nu- M      129 at  $\zeta$ : ac M

138 quam *Baehrens*      139 quo . . . quo *Gronovius*: qua

. . . qua M      140 cadis *Gronovius*: vadis M      opimo *Heinsius*

<sup>21</sup> Cleopatra committed suicide by the bite of an asp, after her defeat at Actium, to avoid being paraded at Octavian's triumph.

## BOOK III.2

trembling hinds. Lead him also to the Emathian remains, where abides the warrior founder of the city steeped in Hybla's nectar, and the snake-haunted hall where Cleopatra of Actium, sunk in gentle poison, fled Ausonian chains.<sup>21</sup> And escort him on his way to the dwellings of Assyria and the camp of his charge, and hand him over, goddess, to Latian Mars. He will be no strange guest; as a boy he labored in those fields, known till then only for the gleam of the broader stripe,<sup>22</sup> but already strong to outstrip squadrons in agile wheel and put eastern arrows to shame with his javelin.

So the day will come when Caesar orders you to leave your war service in order to give you greater things. As for me, stationed once more upon this shore I shall view the vast waves and ask for other breezes. Oh, how tall shall I stand then, on how mighty a lyre shall I twang a votive quill! My arms about your stalwart neck, you shall raise me on your shoulders. Mine shall be the first breast on which you fall, fresh from board. You will give me the talk you have been hoarding up and we shall tell each other of the years between: you of swift Euphrates and royal Bactra and the sacred wealth of ancient Babylon and Zeugma, highway of Latian peace,<sup>23</sup> where the sweet woods of flowering Idume,<sup>24</sup> what the juice that makes costly Tyre to blush and the purple twice dipped in the vats of Sidon, where first<sup>25</sup> luxuriant branches sweat bright balsam from

<sup>22</sup> The tunic with broad purple stripe worn by senators and their sons. Celer will have been a military tribune.

<sup>23</sup> Pax Romana.

<sup>24</sup> Producing dates.

<sup>25</sup> I.e., perhaps, before the gum was exported (Håkanson).

SILVAE

ast ego devictis dederim quae busta Pelasgis  
quaeve laboratas claudat mihi pagina Thebas.

3

CONSOLATIO AD  
CLAUDIUM ETRUSCUM

Summa deum, Pietas, cuius gratissima caelo  
rara profanatas inspectant numina terras,  
huc vittata comam niveoque insignis amictu,  
qualis adhuc praesens nullaque expulsa nocentum  
5 fraude rudes populos atque aurea regna colebas,  
mitibus exsequiis ades et lugentis Etrusci  
cerne pios fletus laudataque lumina terge.  
nam quis inexpleto rumpentem pectora questu  
complexumque rogos incumbentemque favillis  
10 aspiciens non aut primaevae funera plangi  
coniugis aut nati modo pubescentia credat  
ora rapi flammis? pater est qui fletur. adeste  
dique hominesque sacris. procul hinc, procul ite nocentes,  
si cui corde nefas tacitum fessique senectus  
15 longa patris, si quis pulsatae conscius anguem  
matris et inferna rigidum timet Aeacon urna.  
insontes castosque voco. tenet ecce seniles  
leniter implicitus vultus sanctamque parentis

15 anguem *Postgate*: umquam M

18 implicitus  $\zeta$ : -tor M: -tos  $\zeta$



### BOOK III.3

the bud: but my tale shall be of the tombs I have given to the vanquished Pelasgi and the page that closes my toil of Thebes.

### 3

#### CONSOLATION ADDRESSED TO CLAUDIUS ETRUSCUS

Piety,<sup>1</sup> highest among deities, whose godhead beloved of heaven looks but rarely upon desecrated earth, come hither with fillets on your hair, shining in snow-white robe, as when present to aid nor yet expelled by sinners' wrongdoing, you cared for primitive peoples and a golden reign. Come to a gentle funeral<sup>2</sup> and behold the pious tears of sorrowing Etruscus, praise his eyes and wipe them. For who that saw him bursting his breast with insatiable lament and embracing the pyre and bending over the ashes but would think his mourning was for a young wife or that the flames were devouring the face of a son just growing to manhood? It is a father he weeps for. Gods and men, come to the rites. Far, far from hence you sinners, if any bear a crime unspoken in his heart and thinks his weary parent's old age too long, if any guilty wretch fear his beaten mother's snake<sup>3</sup> and stern Aeacus' infernal urn! I summon the innocent, the pure. See, in his arms he gently holds the age-worn countenance, bedewing his parent's

<sup>1</sup> Mingled by Statius with Astraea, but with particular reference to family duty and affection.      <sup>2</sup> The funeral of a gentle old man.      <sup>3</sup> As though the abused mother would herself become an avenging Fury with snakes for hair; cf. 2.7.119.

## SILVAE

20 canitiem spargit lacrimis animaeque supremum  
 frigus amat. celeres genitoris filius annos  
 (mira fides!) nigrasque putat properasse Sorores.  
 exsultent placidi Lethaea ad flumina manes,  
 Elysiae gaudete domus, dateserta per aras,  
 festaque pallentes hilarent altaria lucos.

25 felix a, nimium felix plorataque nato  
 umbra venit. longe Furiarum sibila, longe  
 tergeminus custos, penitus via longa patescat  
 manibus egregiis. eat horrendumque silentis  
 accedat domini solium gratesque supremas  
 30 perferat et totidem iuveni roget anxius annos.

Macte pio gemitu! dabimus solacia dignis  
 luctibus Aoniasque tuo sacrabimus ultro  
 inferias, Etrusce, seni. tu largus Eoa  
 germina, tu messes Cilicumque Arabumque superbas  
 35 merge rogis; ferat ignis opes heredis et alto  
 aggere missuri nitido pia nubila caelo  
 stipentur census: nos non arsura feremus  
 munera, venturosque tuus durabit in annos  
 me monstrante dolor. neque enim mihi flere parentem  
 40 ignotum; similis gemui proiectus ad ignem.  
 ille mihi tua damna dies compescere cantu  
 suadet: et ipse tuli quos nunc tibi confero questus.

Non tibi clara quidem, senior placidissime, gentis  
 linea nec proavis demissum stemma, sed ingens  
 45 supplevit fortuna genus culpamque parentum

25 a *Baehrens*: et M: heu *Calderini*

34 *superbis* ⚡

37 census *Saenger, Housman*: cineres M

40 ignes *Markland*

### BOOK III.3

revered white head with tears and loving his breath's final chill. A son thinks his father's years too swift (wonderful but true!), thinks the dark Sisters went too fast. Let ghosts benign exult by Lethe's stream; Elysian dwellings, rejoice. Strew garlands on the altars, let festal offerings cheer the dim groves. Happy, oh<sup>4</sup> too happy, comes the shade, mourned by a son. Far be the hisses of the Furies, far the threefold warden;<sup>5</sup> let the long road lie open for choice spirits. Let him go and approach the dread throne of the silent lord. Let him bring last thanks and anxiously ask as many years for his son.

Hail to your pious groans! I shall give consolation to your worthy lament, Etruscus, and unasked consecrate Aonian offerings to your aged parent. Lavishly plunge Eastern gums into the flames, the proud harvests of Cilicia and Arabia. Let the fire bear your inheritance and wealth be piled on the tall mound to waft pious clouds to the bright sky. I shall bear gifts that do not burn and your grief shall endure through years to come as I portray it. For I too know what it is to weep a father, like you I have groaned prostrate at the pyre. That day moves me to assuage your loss by song. I myself have borne the plaints I now offer to you.

Gentlest of greybeards, no luster of lineage was yours, no pedigree handed down from forebears, but a splendid career supplied the place of family, veiling your parents'

<sup>4</sup> Håkanson favors *heu*, citing *Aeneid* 4.657 and other passages, and so Courtney reads; but in these there are tragic overtones. Here *nimum* only emphasizes.

<sup>5</sup> Three-headed Cerberus.

SILVAE

occuluit. nec enim dominos de plebe tulisti,  
 sed quibus occasus pariter famulantur et ortus.  
 nec pudor iste tibi: quid enim terrisque poloque  
 parendi sine lege manet? vice cuncta reguntur  
 50 alternisque premunt. propriis sub regibus omnis  
 terra; premit felix regum diademata Roma;  
 hanc ducibus frenare datum; mox crescit in illos  
 imperium superis; sed habent et numina legem.  
 servit et astrorum velox chorus et vaga servit  
 55 luna, nec iniussae totiens redit orbita lucis.  
 et (modo si fas est aequare iacentia summis)  
 pertulit et saevi Tiryntius horrida regis  
 pacta, nec erubuit famulantis fistula Phoebi.

Sed neque barbaricis Latio transmissus ab oris.  
 60 Smyrna tibi gentile solum potusque verendo  
 fonte Meles Hermique vadum, quo Lydius intrat  
 Bacchus et aurato reficit sua cornua limo.  
 laeta dehinc series variisque ex ordine curis  
 auctus honos, semperque gradus prope numina, semper  
 65 Caesareum coluisse latus sacrisque deorum  
 arcanis haerere datum. Tibereia primum  
 aula tibi vixdum ora nova mutante iuventa  
 panditur (hic annis multum super indole victis

49 reguntur *Meursius*: geru- M

64 gradus *Grotius*, *Gevartius*: -du M: -di *Meursius*

68 multum *Hoeufft*: -ta M

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<sup>6</sup> Things human with things divine, Etruscus' father with Hercules and Phoebus; not, as Vollmer, Eurystheus and Admetus with the emperor. <sup>7</sup> River near Smyrna, which city claimed the honor of Homer's birthplace.

### BOOK III.3

shortcomings. For the masters you served were no common folk; east and west alike are in thrall to them. No shame to you in that. For what in earth or heaven stays outside the law of obedience? All things are subject, and rule in their turn. All earth is under particular kings. The crowns of kings are pressed down by fortunate Rome. Rome's governance is given to her leaders. Over them again rises the dominion of the High Ones. But even deities have their law. Serves the swift choir of stars, serves the wandering moon, nor uncommanded does the light return so often on its course, and (if only it be lawful to compare the lowly with the highest)<sup>6</sup> the Tiryinthian bore the harsh covenant of a cruel king and Phoebus' flute did not blush when he obeyed a master.

But neither were you transported to Latium from barbarian shores. Smyrna was your native soil and you drank Meles' revered spring<sup>7</sup> and Hermus'<sup>8</sup> water, in which Lydian Bacchus bathes,<sup>9</sup> refurbishing his horns with golden silt. Thence a happy sequence, your dignity increasing with various successive charges; and always you were privileged to walk close to deity, always to attend Caesar's side and be near the secrets of the gods. First Tiberius' palace was opened to you when new manhood had hardly begun to change your cheeks. Here freedom came your

<sup>8</sup> The gold-bearing river, perhaps with an eye to his future at the imperial treasury (Vollmer).

<sup>9</sup> Cf. *Thebaid* 4.389. Otherwise Bacchus' association with Lydia has little support (see Vollmer), and *Lydius* is not among his epithets. Perhaps a misguided reminiscence of *Maeonii Bacchi* = Lydian wine, i.e., of Tmolus, in Virgil, *Georgics* 4.380?

## SILVAE

- libertas oblata venit), nec proximus heres,  
 70 immitis quamquam Furiisque agitatus, abegit.  
 huic et in Arctoas tendis comes usque pruinas  
 terribilem affatu passus visuque tyrannum  
 immanemque suis, ut qui metuenda ferarum  
 corda domant mersasque iubent iam sanguine tacto  
 75 reddere ab ore manus et nulla vivere praeda.  
 praecipuos sed enim merito subrexit in actus  
 nondum stelligerum senior dimissus in axem  
 Claudius et longo transmittit ab aere nepoti.  
 quis superos metuens pariter tot templa, tot aras  
 80 promeruisse datur? summi Iovis aliger Arcas  
 nuntius; imbrifera potitur Thaumantide Iuno;  
 stat celer obsequio iussa ad Neptunia Triton:  
 tu totiens mutata ducum iuga rite tulisti  
 integer inque omni felix tua cumba profundo.  
 85 Iamque piam lux alta domum praecelsaque toto  
 intravit Fortuna gradu; iam creditur uni  
 sanctarum digestus opum partaeque per omnes  
 divitiae populos magnique impendia mundi.  
 quicquid ab auriferis eiecat Hiberia fossis,  
 90 Dalmatico quod monte nitet, quod messibus Afris  
 verritur, aestiferi quicquid terit area Nili,  
 quodque legit mersus pelagi scrutator Eoi,  
 et Lacedaemonii pecuaria culta Galaesi

71 huic *Politianus*: hinc M                      tendis *Phillimore*: tenuis M

77 dimissus *Gronovius*: dem- M

78 longo\* M: fratris *coni. Courtney*                      ab aere\* *scripsi*:  
 habere M                      *Neroni Markland*

### BOOK III.3

way, gifted as you were much beyond your years. Neither did the next heir, cruel though he was and Fury-haunted, drive you away. As his companion you traveled even to the Arctic frosts,<sup>10</sup> suffering a tyrant terrible in word and look and savage to his own, like them that tame the fierce hearts of wild beasts, ordering them when they have already tasted blood to return hands plunged into their mouths and live without prey. But 'twas Claudius in his old age, not yet dispatched to the starry vault, that raised you to the highest office as you deserved and handed you over after your long service<sup>11</sup> to his grandson. Who that fears the gods is said to have served equally so many temples, so many altars? The winged Arcadian is the messenger of highest Jove, Juno is mistress of the rain-bearing daughter of Thaumás; prompt to obey stands Triton at Neptune's orders. You duly bore the yoke of leaders, so often changed, without mishap, your boat was fortunate on every sea.

Now a light from on high shone on the loyal house, and towering Fortune entered at full stride. Now to one alone was entrusted the distribution of the sacred treasure, riches garnered among all peoples, the outgoings of the great world.<sup>12</sup> All that Iberia ejects from her goldmines, that shines in Dalmatian mountains, that is swept up in Africa's harvests, whatever sultry Nile threshes on his floor, what the sunken searcher of eastern sea picks up, cherished sheepfolds of Lacedaemonian Galaesus, trans-

<sup>10</sup> On Caligula's German expedition (Suetonius, *Caligula* 43ff.).

<sup>11</sup> On the conjecture *longo . . . ab aere*, see Critical Appendix.

<sup>12</sup> I.e., commodities paid as tribute to the central government.

## SILVAE

- perspicuaeque nives Massylaque robora et Indi  
 95 dentis honos—uni parent commissa ministro  
 quae Boreas quaeque Euris atrox, quae nubilus Auster  
 invehit: hibernos citius numeraveris imbres  
 silvarumque comas. vigil idem animique sagaxis;  
 et citus evolvit quantum Romana sub omni  
 100 pila die quantumque tribus, quid templa, quid alti  
 undarum cursus, quid propugnacula poscant  
 aequoris aut longe series porrecta viarum,  
 quod domini celsis niteat laquearibus aurum,  
 quae divum in vultus igni formanda liquescat  
 105 massa, quid Ausoniae scriptum crepet igne Monetae.  
 hinc tibi rara quies animoque exclusa voluptas  
 exiguaeque dapes et numquam laesa profundo  
 cura mero. sed iura tamen genialia cordi  
 et mentem vincire toris ac iungere festa  
 110 conubia et fidos domino genuisse clientes.  
 Quis sublime genus formamque insignis Etruscae  
 nesciat? haudquaquam proprio mihi cognita visu,  
 sed decus eximium famae par reddit imago,  
 vultibus et similis natorum gratia monstrat.  
 115 nec vulgare genus: fasces summamque curulem  
 frater et Ausonios enses mandataque fidus  
 signa tulit, cum prima truces amentia Dacos  
 impulit et magno gens est damnata triumpho.

98 idem *Koestlin*: ite M: iste *Puteolanus* animique  $\zeta$ :  
 -maeque M 99 et citus *Salmasius*: exitus M: exci- *edit.*  
*pr.* evolvis *Salmasius* 114 vultibus et similis  $\zeta$ : vult-  
 et sibimet sim- M: et sib- sim- *Krohn*

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<sup>13</sup> Crystal, followed by citrus wood and ivory.



### BOOK III.3

parent snow,<sup>13</sup> Massylian timber, the beauty of Indian tusk: all that the North Wind and fierce East and cloudy South brings in, is entrusted to one minister and does his bidding. Sooner would you number winter's rains or the leaves of the forest. Watchful was that same and shrewd and promptly does he calculate expenditures: how much for Roman arms in every clime, how much for the tribes<sup>14</sup> and the temples, how much for watercourses aloft,<sup>15</sup> how much for bulwarks against the sea<sup>16</sup> or the far-stretched chain of roads; the gold that shines in our lord's lofty ceilings, the ore that is melted in the fire to shape the faces of gods or that clinks stamped by the fire of Ausonia's mint. Hence rest was rare for you, pleasure excluded from your thoughts, meager your repasts, your care never dulled by deep drafts of wine; but you favored the claims of wedlock, willing to bind your mind with nuptial ties, make festal marriage, and beget faithful retainers for your lord.

Who but knows noble Etrusca's exalted birth and beauty? Although I never saw her with my own eyes, her portrait, equal to her fame, renders her surpassing loveliness, and the charm and resemblance of her children displays it in their faces. Nor common was her race: her brother bore the rods and the highest curule chair, faithfully commanding Ausonian swords and entrusted standards, what time madness first pushed the fierce Dacians and doomed their race to a grand triumph.<sup>17</sup> So whatever

<sup>14</sup> Electoral bodies through which free or subsidized corn was distributed to the people.      <sup>15</sup> Aqueducts.

<sup>16</sup> Probably breakwaters, but implying (*pars pro toto*) maintenance and improvement of harbors, especially Ostia.

<sup>17</sup> I.e., he had held a consulship and then a command in Domitian's first Dacian War. The triumph was in 85.

SILVAE

- sic quicquid patrio cessatum a sanguine, mater  
 120 reddidit, obscurumque latus clarescere vidit  
 conubio gavisa domus. nec pignora longe:  
 quippe bis ad partus venit Lucina manūque  
 ipsa levi gravidos tetigit fecunda labores.  
 felix a! si longa dies, si cernere vultus  
 125 natorum viridesque genas tibi iusta dedissent  
 stamina. sed media cecidere abrupta iuventa  
 gaudia florentesque manu scidit Atropos annos,  
 qualia pallentes declinant lilia culmos  
 pubentesque rosae primos moriuntur ad austros,  
 130 aut ubi verna novis expirat purpura pratis.  
 illa, sagittiferi, circum volitastis, Amores,  
 funera maternoque rogos unxistis amomo.  
 nec modus aut pennis laceris aut crinibus ignem  
 spargere, collectaeque pyram struxere pharetrae.  
 135 quas tunc inferias aut quae lamenta dedisses  
 maternis, Etrusce, rogis, qui funera patris  
 haud matura putas atque hos pius ingemis annos!  
 Illum et qui nutu superas nunc temperat arces,  
 progeniem claram terris partitus et astris,  
 140 laetus Idumaei donavit honore triumphī  
 dignatusque loco victricis et ordine pompae  
 non vetuit tenuesque nihil minuere parentes.  
 atque idem in cuneos populo deduxit equestres  
 mutavitque genus laevaeque ignobile ferrum  
 145 exiit et celso natorum aequavit honori.

141 in *Baehrens*

143 populo deduxit *Otto*: -os de- M: -o se- *Baehrens*

145 honori *Salmasius*: -re M

### BOOK III.3

fell short in the father's blood the mother made good, and rejoicing in the marriage the house saw its dim side brighten. Nor was offspring far away, for fruitful Lucina came twice for a delivery and herself lightly touched the pangs of labor. Happy, ah, if length of days and just threads had vouchsafed you to see your children's faces, their youthful cheeks! But your joys fell earthwards, broken off in mid youth, and Atropos' hand severed your blooming years, as lilies droop their paling stems and lush roses die at the first sirocco or as when vernal purple<sup>18</sup> expires in fresh meadows. Archer Loves, you fluttered around those obsequies and anointed the pyre with your mother's perfume. You spared not to strew the fire with your feathers or torn hair, and your heaped quivers built the pile. What offerings or what lamentations would you have given then to your mother's burning,<sup>19</sup> Etruscus, who think your father's death untimely and in piety mourn those years!

He<sup>20</sup> that now governs heaven's heights with his nod and has divided his illustrious progeny between earth and stars gladly granted him the honor of the Idumaeon triumph,<sup>21</sup> deeming him worthy of a place in the order of the victory procession and not gainsaying. His humble parentage was no detraction. The same led him down from the people to the benches of the Knights, changed the family, stripped the base iron<sup>22</sup> from his hand and leveled him with the high station of his sons.<sup>23</sup>

<sup>18</sup> Hyacinth.

<sup>19</sup> If you had been old enough.

<sup>20</sup> Vespasian.

<sup>21</sup> He allowed Claudius to take part in

Titus' triumph over the Jews in 81.

<sup>22</sup> Worn by freedmen. Knights wore gold rings.

<sup>23</sup> They were already knights.

SILVAE

- Dextra bis octonis fluxerunt saecula lustris  
 atque aevi sine nube tenor. quam dives in usus  
 natorum totoque volens excedere censu  
 testis adhuc largi nitor indesuetus Etrusci,  
 150 cui tua non humiles dedit indulgentia mores,  
 hunc siquidem amplexu semper revocante tenebas  
 blandus et imperio numquam pater; huius honori  
 pronior ipse etiam gaudebat cedere frater.
- Quas tibi devoti iuvenes pro patre renato,  
 155 summe ducum, grates aut quae pia vota rependant?<sup>24</sup>  
 tu, seu tarda situ rebusque exhausta senectus  
 erravit, seu blanda diu Fortuna regressum  
 maluit, attonitum et venturi fulminis ictus  
 horrentem tonitru tantum lenique procella  
 160 contentus monuisse senem, cumque horrida supra  
 aequora curarum socius procul Itala rura  
 linqueret, hic molles Campani litoris oras  
 et Diomedea concedere iussus in arces,  
 atque hospes, non exsul erat. nec longa moratus  
 165 Romuleum reseras iterum, Germanice, limen  
 maerentemque foves inclinatosque penates  
 erigis. haud mirum, ductor placidissime, quando  
 haec est quae victis parcentia foedera Cattis  
 quaeque suum Dacis donat clementia montem,  
 170 quae modo Marcomanos post horrida bella vagosque  
 Sauromatas Latio non est dignata triumpho.

149 indesuetus *Reeve*: inde ads- M

155 rependant  $\zeta$  (<sup>p</sup>), *Calderini*: -dunt M

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<sup>24</sup> Otherwise unknown, presumably a subordinate.

### BOOK III.3

Through twice eight lusters the generations of prosperity flowed by, the tenor of his life was unclouded. How rich he was for his sons' behoof, how ready to step away from his entire fortune, the unchanging elegance of lavish Etruscus still stands witness; 'twas your love that gave him his high style. For you held him in an embrace that ever called him back, a father in affection, never in authority. Even his brother too was glad to give him precedence, more eager for his advancement than for his own.

Highest of leaders, what thanks do the young men, devoted to you as they are, give you for father reborn! What pious vows discharge! Was it age that erred, grown slow with decay and worn out with affairs, or did Fortune so long indulgent choose to withdraw? The old man stood dumbfounded, trembling before the coming lightning stroke: you were content to warn him with mere thunder and lenient storm. While the partner of his care<sup>24</sup> was crossing rough seas and leaving Italy's fields far behind him, *he* was told to retire to the soft shores of Campania and the towers of Diomedes.<sup>25</sup> He was a guest, not an exile. And after no long delay,<sup>26</sup> Germanicus, you once again unbar the gates of Romulus, soothing his grief and raising up the fallen house. No wonder, most merciful of rulers! For this is the clemency that grants mild terms to the vanquished Catti and their mountain to the Dacians, that lately after rough warfare did not deem the Marcomani and the nomad Sarmatians worthy of a Latian triumph.<sup>27</sup>

<sup>25</sup> Arpi in Apulia, evidently by a second order removing him further away from Rome.

<sup>26</sup> The data point to a period of about eight years.

<sup>27</sup> Cf. Martial 8.15. The Sarmatian campaign was in 92.

SILVAE

- Iamque in fine dies et inexorabile pensum  
deficit. hic maesti pietas me poscit Etrusci  
qualia nec Sicalae modulantur carmina rupes  
175 nec fati iam certus olor saevique marita  
Tereos. heu quantis lassantem bracchia vidi  
planctibus et prono fusum super oscula vultu!  
vix famuli comitesque tenent, vix arduus ignis  
summovet. haud aliter gemuit per Sunia Theseus  
180 litora quem falsis deceperat Aegea velis.  
tunc immane gemens foedatusque ora tepentes  
affatur cineres:  
“Cur nos, fidissime, linquis  
Fortuna redeunte, pater? modo numina magni  
praesidis atque breves superum placavimus iras  
185 nec frueris, tantique orbatus muneris usu  
ad manes, ingrata, fugis. nec flectere Parcas  
aut placare malae datur aspera numina Lethes.  
felix cui magna patrem cervice vehenti  
sacra Mycenaeae patuit reverentia flammae,  
190 quique tener saevis genitorem Scipio Poenis  
abstulit, et Lydi pietas temeraria Lausi!  
ergo et Thessalici coniunx pensare mariti  
funus et immitem potuit Styga vincere supplex  
Thracius? hoc quanto melius pro patre liceret!  
195 “Non totus rapiere tamen, nec funera mittam  
longius. hic manes, hic intra tecta tenebo.

174 modulantur *Bentley, Schrader*: moderantur M

179 per Sunia *Polster*: periuria M

180 quem\* *scripsi*: qui M

### BOOK III.3

Now the day is ending and the inexorable thread runs out. Here sad Etruscus' piety asks of me such a song as the rocks of Sicily<sup>28</sup> do not modulate, nor the swan now sure of his fate, nor the bride of savage Tereus.<sup>29</sup> Alas! with what blows of lamentation did I see him wearying his arms, spread out with face prone to kiss! Scarcely could his servants and friends restrain him, scarcely did the towering flames drive him away. Not otherwise by Sunium's shore did Theseus mourn for Aegeus whom his false sails had deceived.<sup>30</sup> Then with dreadful outcry and countenance befouled he speaks to the warm ashes:

"Why do you leave us, truest of fathers, when Fortune is coming back? We have just appeased the godhead of our great ruler and the brief anger of the High Ones, and you profit not; robbed of the benefit of so great a boon, you flee to the Underworld, ingrate! Nor may we move the Parcae or appease the harsh deities of baneful Lethe. Happy he<sup>31</sup> that bore his father on his mighty neck while Mycenaean flames opened him passage in holy reverence! Happy young Scipio, who rescued his father from the cruel Poeni, and the rash piety of Lydian<sup>32</sup> Lausus! Could a wife then balance the death of her Thessalian husband with her own and the suppliant Thracian vanquish pitiless Styx?<sup>33</sup> How much better such a license on a father's behalf!

"But you shall not wholly be snatched away, nor shall I send your ashes far. Here I shall keep your spirit, within

<sup>28</sup> I.e., the Sirens.      <sup>29</sup> Philomela the nightingale, actually Tereus' sister-in-law and rape victim.

<sup>30</sup> See Critical Appendix.      <sup>31</sup> Aeneas. The Greek commander in chief Agamemnon was king of Mycenae.

<sup>32</sup> Etruscan.      <sup>33</sup> Alcestis and Orpheus.

## SILVAE

- tu custos dominusque laris, tibi cuncta tuorum  
parebunt: ego rite minor semperque secundus  
assiduas libabo dapes et pocula sacris  
200 manibus effigiesque colam; te lucida saxa,  
te similem doctae referet modo linea cerae,  
nunc ebur et fulvum vultus imitabitur aurum.  
inde viam morum longaeque examina vitae  
affatusque pios monituraque somnia poscam.”  
205 Talia dicentem genitor dulcedine laeta  
audit, et immites lente descendit ad umbras  
verbaque dilectae fert narraturus Etruscae.  
Salve supremum, senior, mitissime patrum,  
supremumque vale! qui numquam sospite nato  
210 triste chaos maestique situs patiere sepulchri.  
semper odoratis spirabunt floribus arae,  
semper et Assyrios felix bibit urna liquores  
et lacrimas, qui maior honos. hic sacra litabit  
manibus eque tua tumulum tellure levabit.  
215 nostra quoque, exemplo meritis, tibi carmina sancit,  
hoc etiam gaudens cinerem donasse sepulchro.

### 4

#### CAPILLI FLAVI EARINI

- Ite, comae, facilemque, precor, transcurrите pontum,  
ite coronato recubantes molliter auro,  
ite; dabit cursus mitis Cytherea secundos  
placabitque notos, fors et de puppe timenda  
5 transferet inque sua ducet super aequora concha.

201 modo *coni.* Courtney: mihi M



#### BOOK III.4

these walls. You shall be guardian and master of the hearth, all your folk shall obey you. Rightfully beneath you, always in second place, I shall constantly offer meat and drink to your sacred spirit and worship your images. Now shining stone and line of cunning wax shall bring you back in semblance; now ivory and tawny gold shall imitate your countenance. From them I shall ask rule of conduct, the judgments of a long life, words of love and counseling dreams."

So he spoke, and sweet were his words to the happy father's ear. Slowly he descended to the pitiless shades, there to tell them to his beloved Etrusca.

Hail for the last time, old sir, gentlest of fathers, and for the last time farewell! While your son lives, you shall never suffer dismal chaos or the sadness of a neglected tomb. Always the altar shall breathe with fragrant flowers and your happy urn drink Assyrian perfumes and, greater tribute, tears. Here he shall make sacrifice to your spirit and raise a monument from your own soil. My song too that he has earned by his example he dedicates to you, happy to have given this sepulcher also to your ashes.

#### 4

#### THE HAIR OF FLAVIUS EARINUS

Go, locks, and speed, I pray, across a favoring sea, go, lying softly on garlanded gold, go! Gentle Cytherea shall give you fair voyage and calm the south winds. Perhaps she will take you from the perilous craft and lead you over the waters in her own shell.

## SILVAE

Accipe laudatos, iuvenis Phoebēie, crines  
quos tibi Caesareus donat puer, accipe laetus  
intonsoque ostende patri. sine dulce nitentes  
comparet atque diu fratris putet esse Lyaei.

10 forsā et ipse comae numquam labentis honorem  
praemetet atque alio clusum tibi ponet in auro.

Pergame, pinifera multum felicior Ida,  
illa licet sacrae placeat sibi nube rapinae  
(nempe dedit superis illum quem turbida semper  
15 Iuno videt refugitque manum nectarque recusat),  
at tu grata deis pulchroque insignis alumno  
misisti Latio placida quem fronte ministrum  
Iuppiter Ausonius pariter Romanaque Iuno  
aspiciunt et uterque probant, nec tanta potenti  
20 terrarum domino divum sine mente voluptas.

Dicitur Idalios Erycis de vertice lucos  
dum petit et molles agitat Venus aurea cycnos  
Pergameas intrasse domos, ubi maximus aegris  
auxiliator adest et festinantia sistens  
25 Fata salutifero mitis deus incubat angui.  
hic puerum egregiae praeclarum sidere formae  
ipsius ante dei ludentem conspicit aras.  
ac primum subita paulum decepta figura  
natorum de plebe putat; sed non erat illi  
30 arcus et ex umeris nullae fulgentibus umbrae.  
miratur puerile decus, vultumque comasque  
aspiciens "tūne Ausonias" ait "ibis ad arces  
neglectus Veneri? tu sordida tecta iugumque  
servitii vulgare feres? procul absit. ego isti

8 sibe (sibi) *coni. Courtney, argute*

#### BOOK III.4

Accept, son of Phoebus,<sup>1</sup> the lauded tresses that Caesar's lad presents to you; accept them gladly and show them to your unshorn father. Let him compare them how beautifully they shine, and long think they are from his brother Lyaeus. Perhaps he in turn will sever the beauty of his own unshorn hair and place it for you enclosed in other gold.

Pergamus, more fortunate by far than pine-clad Ida, though Ida pride herself on the cloud of a holy rape—for surely she gave the High Ones him<sup>2</sup> at whom Juno ever looks askance, recoiling from his hand and refusing the nectar: but *you* have the gods' favor, specially commended by your fair nursling. You sent to Latium a servant whom Ausonian Jupiter and Roman Juno<sup>3</sup> alike regard with kindly brow, both approving; and not without the will of the gods is the lord of earth so well pleased.

'Tis said that as golden Venus was driving her soft swans on her way from Eryx' height to the Idalian groves, she entered the Pergamene dwelling where the gentle god is present to aid the sick, their greatest helper, staying the hastening Fates and brooding over his health-giving serpent. She sees a boy, shining with star of peerless beauty, as he plays before the altar of the very god. Deceived at first for a little while by the sudden apparition, she fancies him one of her many sons; but he had no bow and no shades springing from his radiant shoulders. She wonders at his boyish grace, gazing at his face and hair, and "Shall you go," she says, "neglected of Venus to the Ausonian towers? Shall you bear a mean dwelling and common yoke

<sup>1</sup> Aesculapius.

<sup>2</sup> Ganymede.

<sup>3</sup> The emperor and his wife, Domitia Longina.

## SILVAE

- 35 quem meruit formae dominum dabo. vade age mecum,  
vade, puer. ducam volucris per sidera curru  
donum immane duci, nec te plebeia manebunt  
iura: Palatino famulus deberis honori.  
nil ego, nil, fateor, toto tam dulce sub orbe
- 40 aut vidi aut genui. cedit tibi Latmius ultro  
Sangariusque puer, quemque irrita fontis imago  
et sterilis consumpsit amor. te caerulea Nais  
mallet et apprensam traxisset fortius urna.  
tu, puer, ante omnes; solus formosior ille  
cui daberis.”
- 45                    Sic orsa leves secum ipsa per auras  
tollit olarinaque iubet considerare biga.  
nec mora, iam Latii montes veterisque penates  
Evandri, quos mole nova pater inclitus orbis  
excolit et summis aequat Germanicus astris.
- 50 tunc propior iam cura deae, quae forma capillis  
optima, quae vestis roseos accendere vultus  
apta, quod in digitis, collo quod dignius aurum.  
norat caelestes oculos ducis ipsaque taedas  
iunxerat et plena dederat conubia dextra.
- 55 sic ornat crines, Tyrios sic fundit amictus,  
dat radios ignemque suum. cessere priores  
deliciae famulumque greges; hic pocula magno  
prima duci murrasque graves crystallaque portat  
candidiore manu; crescit nova gratia Baccho.
- 60                    Care puer superis, qui praelibare verendum

38 honori *Rothstein*: amori M

47 veterisque *Barth*: -resque M

### BOOK III.4

of servitude? Far be it! I shall give this beauty the master it deserves. Come now with me, boy, come! I shall fly you through the stars in my winged chariot to the leader, a gift of gifts. No common bondage shall await you: you are destined to serve dignity in the Palace. Nothing so sweet in all the world have I seen or given birth to, I own it. The boys of Latmos and Sangaris<sup>4</sup> shall freely yield to you, and he that a vain image in a fountain and a barren love consumed. The cerulean Naiad would have preferred you and seized your urn in a stronger grip to drag you down. Boy, you are beyond them all; more beautiful he only to whom you shall be given."

So saying, she lifts him by her side through the light air and tells him to take a seat in the swan-drawn car. In a trice, there are the Latian Hills and the home of ancient Evander,<sup>5</sup> that Germanicus, renowned father of the world, adorns with new masonry and levels with the topmost stars. Then it becomes the goddess' closer care how best to arrange his locks, what dress is meet to kindle his rosy countenance, what gold is worthiest on his fingers, what on his neck. Well she knew the leader's celestial eyes; she herself had joined the marriage torches and given him his bride with bounteous hand. So she decks the hair, so drapes him with Tyrian raiment, gives him beams of her own fire. Former favorites retire, the flocks of servitors; *he* bears first cups to the great leader, weighty murrhine and crystal, with a hand more fair. New grace enhances the wine.

Boy dear to the High Ones, chosen to sip first the rev-

<sup>4</sup> Endymion and Attis, followed by Narcissus and Hylas.

<sup>5</sup> The Palatine with Domitian's magnificent new palace.

SILVAE

- nectar et ingentem totiens contingere dextram  
 electus, quam nosse Getae, quam tangere Persae  
 Armeniique Indique petunt! o sidere dextro  
 edite, multa tibi divum indulgentia favit.
- 65 olim etiam, ne prima genas lanugo nitentes  
 carperet et pulchrae fuscaret gaudia formae,  
 ipse deus patriae celsam trans aequora liquit  
 Pergamon. haud ulli puerum mollire potestas  
 credita, sed tacita iuvenis Phoebieus arte
- 70 leniter haud ullo concussum vulnere c orpus  
 de sexu transire iubet. tamen anxia curis  
 mordetur puerique timet Cytherea dolores.  
 nondum pulchra ducis clementia coeperat ortu  
 intactos servare mares; nunc frangere sexum
- 75 atque hominem mutare nefas, gavisaque solos  
 quos genuit Natura videt, nec lege sinistra  
 ferre timent famulae natorum pondera matres.
- Tu quoque nunc iuvenis genitus si tardius esses  
 umbratusque genas et adultos fortior artus
- 80 non unum gaudens Phoebea ad limina munus  
 misisses. patrias nunc solus crinis ad oras  
 naviget. hunc multo Paphie saturabat amomo,  
 hunc bona tergemina pectebat Gratia dextra.  
 huic et purpurei cedit coma saucia Nisi
- 85 et quam Sperchio tumidus servabat Achilles.  
 ipsi, cum primum niveam praecerpere frontem  
 decretum est umerosque manu nudare nitentes,  
 accurrunt teneri Paphia cum matre volucres  
 expediuntque comas et Serica pectore ponunt

66 gaudia *Gronovius*: gratia M

83 hunc (ς) bona *Courtney*: nunc nova M

### BOOK III.4

erenced nectar and touch so often that mighty hand, the hand the Getae seek to know, and Persians, Armenians, Indians to touch! O born under a lucky star, greatly have the gods favored you. Once too your country's god himself left lofty Pergamus to cross the sea, lest the first down mar your shining cheeks and darken your beauty's joys. None other was entrusted with the power to soften the boy, but with silent skill Phoebus' son gently bade this body leave its sex, not shocked by any gash. Yet Cytherea is gnawed by worry, fearing the boy might suffer. Not yet had the leader's noble clemency begun to keep male children intact from birth.<sup>6</sup> Now 'tis forbidden to mollify sex and change manhood; rejoicing Nature sees only those she created. No more under an evil law do slave mothers fear to bear the burden of sons.

You too, had you been born later, would now be a young man, with shaded cheeks and limbs full-grown, stronger. More gifts than one<sup>7</sup> you would have sent rejoicing to Phoebus' shrine; as it is, let only the tress sail to your native shores. The Paphian used to steep it in plenteous perfume, the kindly Graces used to comb it with threefold hand. The severed lock of purple Nisus will yield to it, and that which proud Achilles was keeping for Sperchius.<sup>8</sup> When first it was decreed to crop your snow-white brow and unveil your gleaming shoulders, the tender winged ones with their Paphian mother run up and make ready your tresses and place a silken robe over your breast. Then they

<sup>6</sup> Domitian had forbidden child emasculation (Earinus had not been castrated); cf. Suetonius, *Domitian* 7.1; Martial 6.2, 9.5, 9.7.

<sup>7</sup> Beard as well as hair.

<sup>8</sup> *Iliad* 23.146.

SILVAE

- 90 pallia. tunc iunctis crinem incidere sagittis  
 atque auro gemmisque locant; rapit ipsa cadentem  
 mater et arcanos iterat Cytherea liquores.  
 tunc puer e turba, manibus qui forte supinis  
 nobile gemmato speculum portaverat auro,  
 95 "hoc quoque demus" ait "patriis nec gratius ullum  
 munus erit templis, ipsoque potentius auro,  
 tu modo fige aciem et vultus hic usque relinque."  
 sic ait et speculum seclisit imagine rapta.  
 At puer egregius tendens ad sidera palmas,  
 100 "his mihi pro donis, hominum mitissime custos,  
 si merui, longa dominum renovare iuventa  
 atque orbi servare velis. hoc sidera mecum  
 hoc undae terraeque rogant. eat, oro, per annos  
 Iliacos Pyliosque simul, propriosque penates  
 105 gaudeat et secum Tarpeia senescere templa."  
 Sic ait, et motas miratur Pergamos aras.

5

<AD UXOREM CLAUDIAM>

Quid mihi maesta die, sociis quid noctibus, uxor,  
 anxia pervigili ducis suspiria cura?  
 non metuo ne laesa fides aut pectore in isto

91 cadentem *Schrader*: -tes M      97 hic *Laetus*: huc M  
 98 seclisit *Grotius*: rec- M      104 situs *Markland*  
*pro titulo VIA DOMITIANA M (cf. 4.3.tit.)*



### BOOK III.5

cut the lock with linked arrows and place it on gold and gems. Mother Cytherea herself catches it as it falls and anoints it once again with her secret essences. Then spoke a boy from the throng who had chanced to carry in up-turned hands the mirror resplendent with jeweled gold: "Let us give this too. No gift will be more welcome to his native temple; it will be more potent than the gold itself. Only do you fix a look therein and leave your face there forever."<sup>9</sup> So he spoke and shut in the mirror, catching the likeness.

But the peerless boy, stretching his hands to the stars: "In return for these gifts, gentlest guardian of mankind, may you long wish, if I have so deserved, to renew our lord's youth and preserve him for the world. The stars ask this with me, and the waters and the lands. Let him, I pray, pass through Ilian and Pylia years both, rejoicing that his own home and the Tarpeian temple grow old along with himself."

So he spoke, and Pergamus wondered that the altars shook.

### 5

#### <TO HIS WIFE CLAUDIA>

Why, my wife, do you sorrow by day and fetch painful sighs in the nights we share, in sleepless worry? I have no fear lest faith be broken or another love be in your heart. No

<sup>9</sup> The Cupid's powers anticipated photography.

SILVAE

- alter amor; nullis in te datur ire sagittis  
 5 (audiat infesto licet hoc Rhamnusia vultu),  
 non datur. etsi egomet patrio de litore raptus  
 quattuor emeritis per bella, per aequora lustris  
 errarem, tu mille procos intacta fugares,  
 non imperfectas commenta retexere telas  
 10 sed sine fraude palam, thalamosque armata negasses.  
 dic tamen, unde alia mihi fronte et nubila vultus?  
 anne quod Euboicos fessus remeare penates  
 auguror et patria senium componere terra?  
 cur hoc triste tibi? certe lascivia corde  
 15 nulla nec aut rabidi mulcent te proelia Circi  
 aut intrat sensus clamosi turba theatri,  
 sed probitas et opaca quies et sordida numquam  
 gaudia.

- Quas autem comitem te rapto per undas?  
 quamquam, etsi gelidas irem mansurus ad Arctos  
 20 vel super Hesperiae vada caligantia Thules  
 aut septemgemini caput impenetrabile Nili,  
 hortarere vias. etenim tua, nempe benigna  
 quam mihi sorte Venus iunctam florentibus annis  
 servat et in senium, tua, quae me vulnere primo  
 25 intactum thalamis et adhuc iuvenile vagantem  
 fixisti, tua frena libens docilisque recepi,  
 et semel insertas non mutaturus habenas  
 usque premo. tu me nitidis Albana ferentem  
 dona comis sanctoque indutum Caesaris auro

9 imperfectas  $\zeta$ : inter- M

13 arguor *Heinsius*

16 cura *Markland*

28 tu *Politianus*: ter M

11 alia *Aldus*: alta M

15 rabidi *Wakefield*: rapidi M

### BOOK III.5

arrows have license to assail you (though she of Rhamnus hear and frown), no indeed. If I had been reft from my native shore and were wandering after four lusters spent in war and on the seas, untouched you would put a thousand suitors to flight—not devising to unravel an unfinished web,<sup>1</sup> but frankly and forthrightly, refusing marriage sword in hand. But say, why do I see your brow changed, your face in cloud? Is it because in my weariness I propose to return to my Euboean home and settle my old age in my native land? Why does this make you sad? For of a certainty you have no frolicking at heart, no contests of the crazy Circus have charm for you, you are deaf to the crowd of the noisy theater; virtue is for you and sheltered peace and joys never vulgar.

But what are the waves through which I would hail you in my company? And yet, if I were going to the cold Arctic, there to stay, or beyond the darkling waters of Hesperian Thule or the impenetrable fount of sevenfold Nile, you would be urging departure. For sure 'tis you whom Venus joined with me by a kind destiny in the springtime of my years and keeps with me till old age, 'twas you that pierced me with my first wound, untouched as I was by wedlock and still a young wanderer, and yours were the reins I received in willing obedience and to this day press the bit that once in my mouth I shall never change. As I bore Alba's gift on my shining hair, wearing Caesar's sacred

<sup>1</sup> As Penelope told her suitors to wait until she finished a shroud she was weaving for her father-in-law and then unraveled at night the work done in the day.

SILVAE

- 30 visceribus complexa tuis, sertisque dedisti  
 oscula anhela meis; tu, cum Capitolia nostrae  
 infitiata lyrae, saevum ingratumque dolebas  
 mecum victa Iovem; tu procurrentia primis  
 carmina nostra sonis totasque in murmure noctes  
 35 aure rapis vigili; longi tu sola laboris  
 conscia, cumque tuis crevit mea Thebais annis.  
 qualem te nuper Stygias prope raptus ad umbras  
 cum iam Lethaeos audirem comminus amnes,  
 aspexi, tenuique oculos iam morte cadentes!  
 40 scilicet exhausti Lachesis mihi tempora fati  
 te tantum miserata dedit, superique potentes  
 invidiam timuere tuam. post ista propinquum  
 nunc iter optandosque sinus comes ire moraris?  
 heu ubi nota fides totque explorata per usus,  
 45 qua veteres, Latias Graias, heroidas aequas?  
 isset ad Iliacas (quid enim deterret amantes?)  
 Penelope gavisā domos, si passus Ulixes;  
 quæsta est Aegiale, quæsta est Meliboea relinqui,  
 et quam tam saevi fecerunt maenada planctus.  
 50 nec minor his tu nosse fidem vitamque maritis  
 dedere. sic certe cineres umbramque priorem  
 quaeris adhuc, sic exsequias amplexa canori  
 coniugis ingentes iterasti pectore planctus  
 iam mea. nec pietas alia est tibi curaque natae;

32 dolebas *Calderini*: -eres M

49 quam tam saevi *Cruceus*: quamquam s- M: quam vesani

*Owen*: anne si quam s-?

50 *anne* marito?

BOOK III.5

gold,<sup>2</sup> 'twas you that clasped me to your bosom and gave panting kisses to my chaplet. When the Capitol said nay to my lyre, 'twas you that grieved for Jove's<sup>3</sup> cruelty and ingratitude, sharing my discomfiture. 'Tis you that catch with sleepless ear the first notes of my songs as they run forth and whole nights of murmuring. Only you know my long labor, my *Thebaid* grew along with your years. How looked you lately when I was almost swept into the Stygian shade, already hearing Lethe's waters close at hand, and stayed my eyes already falling in death! Surely 'twas in pity for you that Lachesis granted my exhausted span more time, your reproach that the potent High Ones feared. After all this are you now delaying a short journey, to go with me to the delightful bay? Alas! where is your familiar loyalty, proven in so many trials, that puts you alongside the ancient heroines of Latium and Greece? Penelope would gladly have gone to the dwellings of Ilium (for what do lovers fear?) if Ulysses had suffered it. Aegiale made moan to be left behind, and Meliboea, and she whom cruel lamentation made Maenad;<sup>4</sup> and you know as well as they how to be loyal and give your life for your man. So at least you still seek the ashes and shade of him that was, so you embraced the obsequies of your songful spouse,<sup>5</sup> raining violent blows on your breast yet again, when you were already mine. Nor other is your devotion and care

<sup>2</sup> When Statius won the prize, a gold wreath in the form of olive leaves, at the Alban festival instituted by Domitian and held at his residence (4.2.65). But he failed to repeat the success at the Capitoline contest (5.3.231ff.).

<sup>3</sup> Tarpeian (Capitoline) Jupiter, not the emperor (cf. 5.3.233).

<sup>4</sup> Laodamia; cf. 2.7.124.

<sup>5</sup> Name unknown. Apparently he had a reputation as a singer.

## SILVAE

- 55 sic et mater amas, sic numquam corde recedit  
 nata tuo, fixamque animi penetralibus imis  
 nocte dieque tenes. non sic Trachinia nidos  
 Alcyone, vernos non sic Philomela penates  
 circumit amplectens animamque in pignora transfert.  
 60 te nunc illa tenet, viduo quod sola cubili  
 otia tam pulchrae terit infecunda iuventae?  
 sed venient, plenis venient conubia taedis;  
 sic certe formaeque bonis animique meretur.  
 sive chelyn complexa quatit seu voce paterna  
 65 discendum Musis sonat et mea carmina flectit,  
 candida seu molli diducit bracchia motu,  
 ingenium probitas artemque modestia vincit.  
 nonne leves pueros, non te, Cytherea, pudebit  
 hoc cessare decus? nec tantum Roma iugales  
 70 conciliare toros festasque accendere taedas  
 fertilis: et nostra generi tellure dabuntur.  
 non adeo Vesuvinus apex et flammea diri  
 montis hiems trepidas exhaustit civibus urbes:  
 stant populisque vigent. hinc auspice condita Phoebo  
 75 tecta Dicaearchi portusque et litora mundi  
 hospita, at hinc magnae tractus imitantia Romae  
 quae Capys advectis implevit moenia Teucris,  
 nostraque nec propriis tenuis nec rara colonis  
 Parthenope, cui mite solum trans aequora vectae  
 80 ipse Dionaea monstravit Apollo columba.

56 illa tuo *Markland*57 Trachinia  $\zeta$ : intracia M60 te\* *Phillimore*: et M61 tam *Politianus*: iam M63 animique  $\zeta$ : -maeque M64 quatit *Waller*: petit M:ferit *Grotius*75 Dicaearchi *Krohn*: dicarchei M78 nostraque nec *Otto*: nostra quoque et M: n- q- haud *Markland*80 Dionea . . . columba  $\zeta$ , *Politianus*: -eae . . . -bae M

### BOOK III.5

for your daughter. Such is your motherly love, so does your daughter never leave your heart; night and day you hold her fast in the inmost recesses of your being. Not thus does Trachinian Alcyone flutter round her nest, nor thus Philomela round her vernal home, embracing it, giving her life's breath over to her young. Now is it she that holds you,<sup>6</sup> because alone in her widowed bed she passes a youth so fair in barren idleness? But marriage will come, yea, come with all its flambeaux—so surely her gifts of beauty and mind deserve, whether she clasps and shakes the lute, or with voice to match her father's makes music for Muses to learn and modulates my verses, or spreads white arms wide in supple motion. Her goodness is greater than her talent, her modesty than her skill. Shall not your lightsome Loves, Cytherea, shall not yourself take shame that such charm is wasted? Nor is Rome alone fertile in making matches and kindling the festal torch. In my country too sons-in-law shall be given. Not so entirely has Vesuvius' summit and the flaming tempest of the dire mountain drained the terrified cities of their population; they stand and flourish with folk. On one side are the dwellings of Dicaearchus<sup>7</sup> founded under Phoebus' auspices and the harbor and world-welcoming strand, on the other the walls that Capys filled with Teucrian migrants, mimicking the expanses of great Rome. There also is our Parthenope, neither meager in her own folk nor lacking in settlers; to her, a traveler from overseas, Apollo himself showed a gentle soil with Dione's dove.

<sup>6</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>7</sup> Puteoli. Capua and Naples follow.

SILVAE

- Has ego te sedes (nam nec mihi barbara Thrace  
nec Libye natale solum) transferre laboro,  
quas et mollis hiems et frigida temperat aestas,  
quas imbelles fretum torpentibus alluit undis.  
85 pax secure locis et desidis otia vitae  
et numquam turbata quies somnique peracti.  
nulla foro rabies aut strictae in iurgia leges:  
morum iura viris, solum et sine fascibus aequum.
- Quid nunc magnificas species cultusque locorum  
90 templaque <et> innumeris spatia interstincta columnis  
et geminam molem nudi tectique theatri  
et Capitolinis quinquennia proxima lustris,  
quid laudem lusus libertatemque iocandi,  
quam Romanus honos et Graia licentia miscent?  
95 nec desunt variae circa oblectamina vitae,  
sive vaporiferas, blandissima litora, Baias,  
enthea fatidicae seu visere tecta Sibyllae  
dulce sit Iliacoque iugum memorabile remo,  
seu tibi Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri  
100 Teleboumque domos, trepidis ubi dulcia nautis  
lumina noctivagae tollit Pharus aemula lunae  
caraque non molli iuga Surrentina Lyaeo,  
quae meus ante alios habitator Pollius auget,  
Venarumque lacus medicos Stabiasque renatas.  
105 mille tibi nostrae referam telluris amores?  
sed satis hoc, coniunx, satis est dixisse: creavit

90 *add.* 5

93 lusus *Baehrens*: litus M      iocandi *Markland*: menandri M

104 Venarum\* *scripsi* (ve- iam van Buren): de- M



### BOOK III.5

This is the dwelling place (for I was not born in barbarous Thrace or Libya) to which I am trying to bring you, tempered by mild winter and cool summer, washed by the lazy waves of an unwarlike sea. Peace secure is there, the leisure of a quiet life, tranquility undisturbed, sleep that runs its course. No madness in the Forum, no laws unsheathed for brawling. Our men are ruled only by manners and right that needs no rods.

Why should I now praise the splendid sights and adornments of the place, the temples, the spaces marked out with countless columns, the theaters, open and covered, a double mass, the quinquennial contests ranking next to the lusters of the Capitol? Why the shows, the freedom of jest,<sup>8</sup> a mingling of Roman dignity and Greek license? Nor lack surrounding entertainments to give life variety. You may please to visit the seductive beach of steaming Baiae or the prophetic Sibyl's numinous abode<sup>9</sup> or the hills made memorable by the Ilian oar;<sup>10</sup> or shall it be the flowing vineyards of Bacchic Gaurus and the dwellings of the Teleboi, where the Pharos raises a light like the night-wandering moon, sweet to frightened sailors, where are the Surrentine hills dear to Lyaeus in no gentle mood,<sup>11</sup> hills that my Pollius above all others enhances with his residence, and the healing pools of the Veins,<sup>12</sup> and resurgent Stabiae? Shall I rehearse for you my country's thousand darlings? But it is enough, my dear, enough to say

<sup>8</sup> Like Courtney, I balk at "the freedom of Menander" (cf. 2.1.114).      <sup>9</sup> Cumae.      <sup>10</sup> Misenum.

<sup>11</sup> Surrentine wine was tart; Emperor Tiberius called it "noble vinegar."

<sup>12</sup> See Critical Appendix.

SILVAE

me tibi, me socium longos astrinxit in annos.  
nonne haec amborum genetrix altrixque videri  
digna?

110 Sed ingratus qui plura annecto tuisque  
moribus indubito. venies, carissima coniunx,  
praeveniesque etiam. sine me tibi ductor aquarum  
Thybris et armiferi sordebunt tecta Quirini.

109 quid *van Kooten*

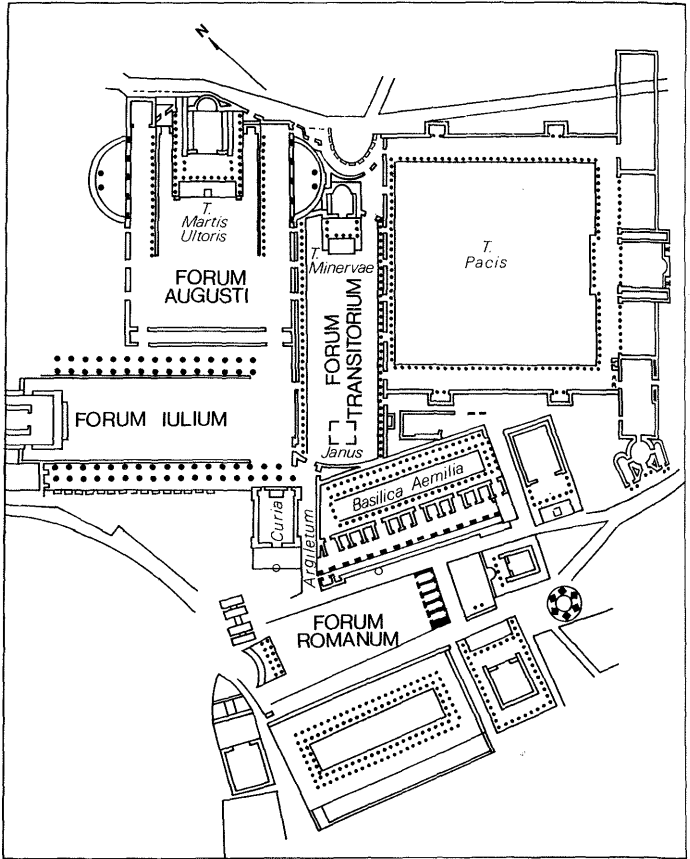
BOOK III.5

this: she created me for you, bound me to be your partner for many a long year. Is she not worthy to be deemed mother and nurse of us both?

But ingrate that I am, adding this, that, and the other, doubting your character. You *will* come, dear wife, you will even go ahead. Without me you will reckon little of Tiber, prince of waters, or the dwellings of arm-bearing Quirinus.

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**BOOK FOUR**



Plan of the imperial fora.

Drawing by S. L. Abraham; reproduced by permission.

## PREFATORY NOTES

### 1

Domitian became consul for the seventeenth time on January 1, 95.

### 2

The description of Domitian's new palace (vv. 18-37) is likely to have been written not long after its completion in 92, but after the publication of Books 1 to 3. Coleman (pp. 83f.) thinks it possible that the poem was composed in advance of the banquet, which is its theme, and recited during its course.

### 3

The *Via Domitiana* between Sinuessa and Puteoli was completed in the first half of 95 (Dio 67.14). This poem was written in the early summer (Coleman, p. xx).

### 4

Date: summer of 95. M. Vitorius Marcellus, to whom Statius dedicates Book 4, was praetor that year and des-

## SILVAE

ignated curator of the Via Latina for 96 (Coleman, pp. 135ff.). He became consul suffect in 105. He was probably a pupil of Quintilian, from whom he received the dedication of the treatise on the training of an orator, and a distinguished advocate (vv. 41–45), with the prospect of a military career (56–77). “The general cast of this epistle is Horatian” (Coleman), without the Horatian informality.

### 5

In Alcaic meter, much favored in Horace’s Odes, written in the spring of 95 or perhaps of 94 (Coleman, p. xxi). Septimius Severus was a native of Lepcis Magna in Libya, also the home of L. Septimius Severus, grandfather of the future emperor (193–211). They may have been cousins.

### 6

Novius Vindex, a connoisseur of art, is mentioned by Martial (7.72.7) as an expert player of the board game called *latrunculi* (“Soldiers” not “Robbers;” see my notes on Martial 14.18, in volume 3 of the Loeb edition), also in connection with this same statuette of Hercules, which bore an ascription to Lysippus on its base. Statius’ poem “can be dated to winter 94/5” (Coleman).

### 7

The meter is Sapphic, also a Horatian favorite. “Probably written in 94 between spring and early autumn when regular sea-crossings were made, because St. implies that



## BOOK IV

Vibius could return from Dalmatia at once if he so wished" (Coleman). In view of other prosopographical linkages, Vibius Maximus is probably to be identified with the busy man of Martial 11.106. On the variant *Vivium* in the prefatory letter and the title (the latter deriving from the former), see Coleman. Vv. 13-20 show him to have been a native of Dalmatia, where Vibii abounded, and this one may best be identified with a knight mentioned in an inscription of 71; but there are other possibilities, discussed by Coleman.

### 8

Congratulating Pollius Felix' son-in-law on the birth of a third child, a boy, written somewhere between the terminals of 93 and 95.

### 9

The Saturnalia of December 94 were the occasion. Grypus was a senator and Staius his client (vv. 48-52). The lively hendecasyllables "recall Catullus and are evidently considered appropriate to Saturnalian jocularity" (Coleman, comparing 1.6).

## LIBER QUARTUS

### STATIUS MARCELLO SUO SALUTEM

Inveni librum, Marcelle carissime, quem pietati tuae dedicarem. reor equidem aliter quam invocato numine maximi imperatoris nullum opusculum meum coepisse; sed hic liber tres habet \* \* \* se quam quod quarta ad  
5 honorem tuum pertinet. primo autem septimum decimum Germanici nostri consulatum adoravi; secundo gratias egi sacratissimis eius epulis honoratus; tertio viam Domitianam miratus sum qua gravissimam harenarum moram exemit, cuius beneficio tu quoque maturius epistulam meam accipies, quam tibi in hoc libro a Neapoli  
10 scribo. proximum est lyricum carmen ad Septimium Severum, iuvenem, uti scis, inter ornatissimos secundi ordinis, tuum quidem et condiscipulum, sed mihi citra hoc quoque ius artissime carum. nam Vindicis nostri Herculem Epitrapezion secundum honorem quem de me et de ipsis  
15 studiis meretur imputare etiam tibi possum. Maximum Vibium et dignitatis et eloquentiae nomine a nobis diligenti satis eram testatus epistula quam ad illum de editione

4 *lac. agnovit Hahn*

8 *add. Poggius*

13 *citra Nohl: contra M*

## BOOK FOUR

### STATIUS TO HIS FRIEND MARCELLUS GREETINGS

I have found a book, dearest Marcellus, that I can dedicate to your loyal affection. I think indeed that I have never begun any little work of mine without invoking the divinity of our great Emperor; but *this* book has three \* \* \* than that the fourth is by way of honoring you. First, I have acclaimed the seventeenth consulship of our Germanicus. Second, I have given thanks for the honor of his most sacred banquet. Third, I have admired the Domitian Way, by which he has eliminated a very irksome delay due to the sands. Thanks to him you will receive my letter more expeditiously, which I am writing to you from Naples in this volume. Next comes an ode to young Septimius Severus, one of the most distinguished members of the second Order, as you know, and a classmate of yours too, but a very close friend of mine apart from this relationship. As for the Hercules statuette of our friend Vindex, in addition to the honor that he deserves from me and from literature itself, I can also put it to your account. I had borne sufficient testimony to my regard for Maximus Vibius, based on his high standing and literary gifts, in the letter to him which I published concerning the appearance of my *The-*

SILVAE

- 20 Thebaidos meae publicavi; sed nunc quoque eum reverti  
 maturius ex Dalmatia rogo. iuncta est ecloga ad municipi-  
 pem meum Iulium Menecraten, splendidum iuvenem et  
 Polli mei generum, cui gratulor quod Neapolim nostram  
 numero liberorum honestaverit. Plotio Grypo, maioris  
 25 hendecasyllabos quos Saturnalibus una risimus huic volu-  
 mini inserui.

- Quare ergo plura in quarto Silvarum quam in priori-  
 bus? ne se putent aliquid egisse qui reprehenderunt, ut  
 audio, quod hoc stili genus edidissem. primum super-  
 vacuum est dissuadere rem factam; deinde multa ex illis  
 30 iam domino Caesari dederam—et quanto hoc plus est  
 quam edere! exerceri autem ioco non licet? “secreto” in-  
 quit. sed et sphaeromachia spectantes et palaris lusio ad-  
 mittit. novissime, quisquis ex meis invitus aliquid legit,  
 statim se profiteatur adversum. ita quare consilio eius ac-  
 35 cedam? in summam, nempe ego sum qui traducor; taceat  
 et gaudeat. hunc tamen librum tu, Marcelle, defendes, si  
 videtur; et hactenus. sin minus, reprehendemur. vale.

31 exerceri  $\zeta$  ( $\rho$ ): -cere M

32 sphaeromachia spectantis *Phillimore*: -ias spectamus M

34 profitetur\* *Aldus*

37 et hic posui, ante si M: om. *Goodyear*

## BOOK IV

*baid*; but now I appeal to him to hasten his return from Dalmatia. Conjoined therewith is a poem addressed to my fellow townsman Julius Menecrates, a distinguished young man and my friend Pollius' son-in-law; I congratulate him for having brought honor to our city of Naples by the number of his children. To Plotius Grypus, a young man of senatorial rank, I shall be paying a worthier tribute, but in the meantime I have included in this volume some hendecasyllables over which we laughed together at the Saturnalia.

So why are there more items in the fourth book of my *Extempore Poems* than in its forerunners? Because I don't want those who, as I am told, criticized my publishing this kind of composition to think that their strictures have had any effect. First,<sup>1</sup> it is a waste of time to argue against a *fait accompli*. Second, I had already presented many of these items to our lord Caesar—and how much more is that than publication! Is there a law against practicing in fun? "Privately, no," they say. But ball games and fencing matches admit spectators. Finally, whoever reads something of mine with reluctance, let him at once declare himself my adversary;<sup>2</sup> so why should I take his advice? In sum, I am the one under fire; let him hold his tongue and be thankful. As for this book, however, you will defend it, Marcellus, if you think fit; and so much for that. If not, I shall live with the censure. Farewell.

<sup>1</sup> The following explains why he simply dismisses the critics. Possibly something connective has fallen out after *edidissem*.

<sup>2</sup> See Critical Appendix.

## 1

SEPTIMUS DECIMUS CONSULATUS IMP.  
AUG. GERMANICI

- Laeta bis octonis accedit purpura fastis  
 Caesaris, insignemque aperit Germanicus annum  
 atque oritur cum sole novo, cum grandibus astris,  
 clarius ipse nitens et primo maior Eoo.
- 5 exsultent leges Latiae, gaudete, curules,  
 et septemgemino iactantior aethera pulset  
 Roma iugo, plusque ante alias Evandrius arces  
 collis ovet. subiere novi Palatia fasces  
 et redit en! bis senus honos, precibusque receptis
- 10 curia Caesareum gaudet vicisse pudorem.  
 ipse etiam immensi reparator maximus aevi  
 attollit vultus et utroque a limine grates  
 Ianus agit. quem tu vicina Pace ligatum  
 omnia iussisti componere bella novique
- 15 in leges iurare fori. levat ecce supinas  
 hinc atque inde manus geminaque haec voce profatur:

9 redit en *scripsi*: requiem M: rediit *Markland*: rediens  
*Courtney* senus *Stange*: sextus M

---

<sup>1</sup> The Palatine.      <sup>2</sup> The consulship, carrying twelve lic-  
 tors; cf. 1.2.174f. Against this is set Dio's statement (67.4.3) that  
 Domitian had twenty-four licitors, whence Saenger's *bis saeptus*  
 adopted by Coleman (Courtney obelizes). But this could have  
 been an innovation of which Statius had not been informed. Had  
 it been regular practice, Suetonius might have been expected to  
 mention it (cf. *Domitian* 13.3). As for *saeptus*, would Statius have

## 1

THE SEVENTEENTH CONSULSHIP OF  
EMPEROR AUGUSTUS GERMANICUS

Joyfully does Caesar's purple join the twice eight entries in the Calendar and Germanicus inaugurate a banner year. He rises with the new sun and the stars in their grandeur, himself shining more brilliantly than they, greater than Eous. Let Latium's laws exult, rejoice, ye curule chairs, and more proudly let Rome knock at the sky with her Seven Hills; above all the other summits let Evander's hill<sup>1</sup> triumph. New rods have entered the Palace, and see, the twelvefold honor<sup>2</sup> returns. Its prayers heard, the Senate House rejoices to have vanquished Caesar's modesty. Janus himself, greatest renewer of measureless time, raises his head and gives thanks from either threshold;<sup>3</sup> you have tied his hands with his neighbor Peace<sup>4</sup> and bidden him lay aside all warfare and swear fealty to the laws of the new Forum.<sup>5</sup> See, he raises upturned hands on this side and on that, and thus with his two voices speaks:

risked the implication that the number had been doubled for the emperor's *protection*—from his adoring subjects?

<sup>3</sup> In Forum Transitorium; plan of fora on page 220. See Coleman's discussion.

<sup>4</sup> A temple of Peace had been built by Vespasian. Statius gives the credit to Domitian, who seems to have altered and perhaps rededicated it; see Coleman on 4.3.17.

<sup>5</sup> The Forum Transitorium begun by Domitian, later known as Forum Nervae. Janus, associated with warfare (cf. 2.3.12), has Domitian's orders to take an oath binding him to "abide by the rule of law administered by the civic authorities" (Coleman).

## SILVAE

“Salve, magne parens mundi, qui saecula mecum  
 instaurare paras! talem te cernere semper  
 mense meo tua Roma cupit; sic tempora nasci,  
 20 sic annos intrare decet. da gaudia fastis  
 continua; hos umeros multo sinus ambiat ostro  
 et properata tuae manibus praetexta Minervae.  
 aspicias ut templis alius nitor, altior aris  
 25 ignis et ipsa meae tepeant tibi sidera brumae  
 moribus aequa tuis<sup>6</sup> gaudent turmaeque tribusque  
 purpureique patres, lucemque a consule ducit  
 omnis honos. quid tale, precor, prior annus habebat?  
 dic age, Roma potens, et mecum, longa Vetustas,  
 dinumera fastos nec parva exempla recense,  
 30 sed quae sola meus dignetur vincere Caesar.  
 ter Latio<sup>7</sup> deciesque tulit labentibus annis  
 Augustus fasces, sed coepit sero mereri;  
 tu iuvenis praegressus avos. et quanta recusas,  
 quanta vetas! flectere tamen precibusque senatus

25 aequa *Bursian*: atque M: alme *Schwarz*

31 Latio *Gronovius*: -io M

32 fasces  $\zeta$ : faces M

---

<sup>6</sup> *Instaurare* = resume or repeat an activity, particularly ritual, here probably referring to the inauguration of the consuls at the beginning of the year rather than to Domitian's Secular games seven years previously. See Coleman. <sup>7</sup> Minerva herself, mythically expert at the loom, makes her favorite Domitian's consular robe, the purple-bordered *toga praetexta*.

<sup>8</sup> I.e., your gentleness and clemency.

<sup>9</sup> The common people and senators. The latter wore a broad purple stripe on their tunics but not the purple-bordered gown (*toga praetexta*), unless they were curule magistrates.



## BOOK IV.1

“Hail, great Father of the world, who make ready with me to renew<sup>6</sup> the ages! Your Rome desires ever to see you thus in my month: thus, ’tis meet that times be born, thus that the years make entrance. Give joys continual to the Calendar. Let the fold surround these your shoulders with plenteous purple, and the bordered gown from your own Minerva’s hastening hands.<sup>7</sup> See you how a new gleam is in the temples, how the flame mounts higher on the altars, and how the very stars of my midwinter grow warm for you, matching your manners?<sup>8</sup> Knights and tribes and purple-clad Fathers<sup>9</sup> rejoice, every office draws luster from our Consul. Did any former year, I pray you, have the like?<sup>10</sup> Come, tell me, mighty Rome, and long Antiquity, count with me the annals, nor rehearse petty examples but only those that my Caesar would deign to surpass. Thrice and ten times as the years rolled by did Augustus bear the Latian rods,<sup>11</sup> but ’twas long before he began to deserve them: you were young when you outdid grand-sires. And how much you refuse,<sup>12</sup> how much you forbid! Yet you will be prevailed upon and will often promise this

<sup>10</sup> I.e., “did anyone in the past hold so many consulships?” *Prior annus* is not “the previous year” but “a (i.e., any) previous year.” The answer is that only Augustus with thirteen consulships can be compared, but the comparison is to his disadvantage, and not only numerically.

<sup>11</sup> Courtney keeps *Latio*, against which see Coleman. In case it be objected to *Latio* that consuls did not carry the *fasces* themselves, cf. Silius 13.268f. *alter ut aequus / portaret fasces nostro de nomine consul.*

<sup>12</sup> Domitian had declined a triumph for his Sarmatian victory (3.3.171). *Quanta* is to be understood generally, not as “how many Consulships” (Vollmer), which would be less than tactful seeing that Domitian had held the office every year of his reign but two.

SILVAE

- 35 promittes hunc saepe diem. manet insuper ordo  
longior, et totidem felix tibi Roma curules  
terque quaterque dabit. mecum altera saecula condes  
et tibi longaevi renovabitur ara Tarenti.  
mille tropaea feres; tantum permitte triumphos.
- 40 restat Bactra novis, restat Babylona tributis  
frenari, nondum <in> gremio Iovis Indica laurus,  
nondum Arabes Seresque rogant; nondum omnis honorem  
annus habet, cupiuntque decem tua nomina menses.”  
Sic Ianus clausoque libens se poste recepit.
- 45 tunc omnes patuere dei laetoque dederunt  
signa polo, longamque tibi, dux magne, iuventam  
annuit atque suos promisit Iuppiter annos.

2

EUCCHARISTICON AD IMP.  
AUG. GERM. DOMITIANUM

Regia Sidoniae convivium laudat Elissae  
qui magnum Aenean Laurentibus intulit arvis,

35 promittes  $\zeta$ : promittitis M: permittes *Calderini*

38 Tarenti *Britannicus, Parrhasius*: parentis M

39 permittite  $\zeta$ : prom- M

41 *add. Livineius*

46 dux\* *Markland*: rex M

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<sup>13</sup> I.e., you shall celebrate the Secular games a second time.

<sup>14</sup> See on 1.4.18.

<sup>15</sup> The laurels on the fasces of a messenger of victory were laid

## BOOK IV.2

day to the Senate's prayers. A longer series remains beyond, and thrice and four times shall fortunate Rome bestow as many curule chairs upon you. With me you shall found a second century<sup>13</sup> and for you the altar of ancient Tarentus<sup>14</sup> shall be renewed. You shall bear a thousand trophies, only permit the triumphs. Bactra and Babylon have still to be curbed with new tributes, not yet are Indian laurels <in> Jove's bosom,<sup>15</sup> not yet do Arabs and Seres make petition, not yet does all the year have its honor, ten months still crave your name."<sup>16</sup>

So Janus, and gladly withdrew behind his closed portal. Then all the gods opened wide<sup>17</sup> and gave signs in a joyful heaven, and Jupiter accorded you, great leader,<sup>18</sup> a long youth and promised years as many as his own.

### 2

#### THANKSGIVING TO EMPEROR AUGUSTUS GERMANICUS DOMITIANUS

He that brought great Aeneas to the fields of Laurentum extols the royal feast of Sidonian Elissa, and he that wore

on the statue of Capitoline Jupiter. That these prophecies of martial glory negate the promise of universal peace in v. 14 does not worry Statius. Latin poets could tolerate or ignore inconsistency, as when they speak of navigation prior to Argo.

<sup>16</sup> September and October had already been renamed Germanicus and Domitianus. <sup>17</sup> To receive the people's vows for their new consul; cf. 4.8.1, *pande fores superum*. Whereas Janus' temple doors were closed, those of the other gods opened wide. So Vollmer; *stupuere* (Watt, read by Coleman) seems unnecessary. <sup>18</sup> See Critical Appendix.

SILVAE

- Alcinoique dapes mansuro carmine monstrat  
 aequore qui multo reducem consumpsit Ulixem:  
 5 ast ego, cui sacrae Caesar nova gaudia cenae  
 nunc primujm dominamque dedit contingere mensam,  
 qua celebrem mea vota lyra, quas solvere grates  
 sufficiam? non, si pariter mihi vertice laeto  
 nectat adoratas et Smyrna et Mantua lauros,  
 10 digna loquar. medius videor discumbere in astris  
 cum Iove et Iliaca porrectum sumere dextra  
 immortale merum. steriles transmisimus annos;  
 haec aevi mihi prima dies, hic limina vitae.  
 tene ego, regnator terrarum orbisque subacti  
 15 magne parens, te, spes hominum, te, cura deorum,  
 cerno iacens? datur haec iuxta, datur ora tueri  
 vina inter mensasque, et non assurgere fas est?  
 Tectum augustum, ingens, non centum insigne columnis,  
 sed quantae superos caelumque Atlante remisso  
 20 sustentare queant. stupet hoc vicina Tonantis  
 regia, teque pari laetantur sede locatum  
 numina (nec magnum properes escendere caelum).  
 tanta patet moles effusique impetus aulae

6 dominamque dedit contingere mensam <i>Waller</i> : -naque d-		
consurgere mensa M	7 qua solvere <i>Vollmer</i>	
9 adoratas $\zeta$ : od- M	22 ne $\zeta$ ( <i>fort. recte</i> )	escendere
<i>Gronovius</i> : exced- M	23 effusique* <i>scripsi</i> : -saeque M	

1 Virgil in the *Aeneid* and Homer in the *Odyssey*.

2 *Non surgere* (Markland for *cons-*), read by Courtney, pre-empting the climax in v. 17 (Coleman).

3 Ganymede.

4 Domitian's new palace on the Palatine.

BOOK IV.2

out returning Ulysses with much seafaring portrays Alcinous' repast in immortal verse.<sup>1</sup> But I, now that for the first time Caesar has granted me novel joy of his sacred banquet, granted me to attain to<sup>2</sup> his imperial board, with what lyre am I to celebrate my answered prayers, what thanks shall I avail to render? Not though Smyrna and Mantua both were to bind holy laurel on my happy head should I find fitting utterance. Meseems I recline with Jupiter among the stars and take immortal liquor proffered by Ilian hand.<sup>3</sup> Barren are the years behind me. This is the first day of my span, here is the threshold of my life. Do I behold you as I recline, sovereign of the lands, great parent of a world subdued, you, hope of mankind, you, care of the gods? Is it granted me indeed to gaze at this face from nearby amid wine and tables, and lawful for me not to rise?

An august edifice,<sup>4</sup> vast, magnificent not with a hundred columns<sup>5</sup> but as many as might support heaven and the High Ones were Atlas let go. The Thunderer' neighboring palace<sup>6</sup> views it amazed, the deities rejoice to see you established in a residence equal to their own (nor hasten you to ascend the great sky!);<sup>7</sup> so wide the pile, such the thrust of the hall, freer than a spreading plain,<sup>8</sup> em-

<sup>5</sup> Like Picus' palace in *Aeneid* 7.170 or the Hecatostylon in Rome (Martial 2.14.9).

<sup>6</sup> The Capitoline temple.

<sup>7</sup> A rather confusing interjection. Perhaps read *ne* for *nec*: "so that you will not hasten," the gods being concerned for the world's welfare.

<sup>8</sup> Grammatically "freer than that of"—*impetu* understood with *campi*. See also Critical Appendix.

## SILVAE

- liberior campi multumque amplexus operti  
 25 aetheros et tantum domino minor; ille penates  
 implet et ingenti genio gravat. aemulus illic  
 mons Libys Iliacusque nitet, <si>mul atra Syene  
 et Chios et glaucae certantia Doridi saxa  
 Lunaque portandis tantum suffecta columnis.  
 30 longa supra species: fessis vix culmina prenda  
 visibus auratique putes laquearia caeli.  
 hic cum Romuleos proceres trabeataque Caesar  
 agmina mille simul iussit discumbere mensis,  
 ipsa sinus accincta Ceres Bacchusque laborat  
 35 sufficere. aetherii felix sic orbita fluxit  
 Triptolemi, sic uvifero sub palmito nudos  
 umbravit colles et sobria rura Lyaeus.  
 Sed mihi non epulas Indisque innixa columnis  
 roborum Maurorum famulasque ex ordine turmas,  
 40 ipsum, ipsum cupido tantum spectare vacavit,  
 tranquillum vultus et maiestate serena  
 mulcentem radios summittentemque modeste  
 fortunae vexilla suae; tamen ore nitebat  
 dissimulatus honos. talem quoque barbarus hostis  
 45 posset et ignotae conspectum agnoscere gentes.  
 non aliter gelida Rhodopes in valle recumbit  
 dimissis Gradivus equis; sic lubrica ponit  
 membra Therapnaea resolutus gymnade Pollux,  
 sic iacet ad Gangen Indis ululantibus Euan,  
 50 sic gravis Alcides post horrida iussa reversus

26 gravat *Schwarz*: iuvat M      27 simul atra *Watt*: (*spat.*)  
 multa M: tum multa *Elter*: nitent et multa *Avantius*, *alii alia*  
 28 Doridi *Politianus*: -de M      36 uvifero *Krohn*: vitif- M  
 41 vultus et *Politianus*: -tu sed M

## BOOK IV.2

bracing much of heaven within its shelter, and lesser only than its master; he fills the household and weighs it down with his mighty being.<sup>9</sup> Here contend the mountains of Libya and the gleaming stone of Ilium, dark Syene too and Chios, and rocks to rival the gray-green sea,<sup>10</sup> and Luna, substituted only to support the columns.<sup>11</sup> Far aloft extends the view; your weary eyes could scarce attain the roof, you would think it the gilded ceiling of heaven. When Caesar bade Romulus' magnates and the columns of robed Knights recline here together at a thousand tables, Ceres herself with her dress girt up and Bacchus toil to supply their wants. So flowed the bounteous path of sky-borne Triptolemus; so Lyaeus shaded bare hills and sober fields under his clustered vines.

But not for the viands or the Moorish wood resting on Indian columns<sup>12</sup> or the ordered troops of servants had my eager gaze the time; for him, only him—calm of visage, softening its radiance with serene majesty, modestly lowering the banner of his fortune; yet the hidden splendor shone in his face. Even thus would a barbarian enemy and races unknown have recognized him had they seen him. Not otherwise does Gradivus recline in Rhodope's chill valley, horses dismissed; so Pollux lays down his slippery limbs, relaxing from Therapne's wrestling bout, so lies Euhhan by Ganges, as Indians howl, so ponderous Alcides, returning from a grim behest, was fain to lean his flank

<sup>9</sup> Genius.

<sup>10</sup> From Carystos.

<sup>11</sup> Marble from Luna was plain white.

<sup>12</sup> Tables of citrus wood with ivory supports.

## SILVAE

gaudebat strato latus acclinare leoni.  
parva loquor necdum aequo tuos, Germanice, visus:  
talīs, ubi Oceani finem mensasque revisit  
Aethiopum sacros diffusus nectare vultus  
55 dux superum secreta iubet dare carmina Musas  
et Pallenaeos Phoebum laudare triumphos.

Di tibi (namque animas saepe exaudire minores  
dicuntur) patriae bis terque exire senectae  
annuerint fines. rata numina miseris astris  
60 templaque des habitasque domos. saepe annua pandas  
limina, saepe novo Ianum lictore salutes,  
saepe coronatis iteres quinquennia lustris.  
qua mihi felices epulas mensaeque dedisti  
sacra tuae, talis longo post tempore venit  
65 lux mihi, Troianae qualis sub collibus Albae,  
cum modo Germanas acies, modo Dacae sonantem  
proelia Palladio tua me manus induit auro.

### 3

#### VIA DOMITIANA

Quis duri silicis gravisque ferri  
immanis sonus aequori propinquum  
saxosae latus Appiae replevit?  
certe non Libycae sonant catervae  
5 nec dux advena peierante bello  
Campanos quatit inquietus agros

52 visus *Markland*: vultus M

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<sup>13</sup> I.e., comparatively little.

<sup>14</sup> Victory over the Giants.



### BOOK IV.3

against the outspread lion. I speak of little<sup>13</sup> things, nor yet, Germanicus, do I match your aspect. So looks the leader of the High Ones when he revisits Ocean's limits and the banquets of the Ethiopians, his sacred countenance diffused with nectar, and bids the Muses sing secret songs and Phoebus laud Pallene's triumphs.<sup>14</sup>

May the gods (for 'tis said they often give ear to lesser souls) grant that you pass twice and thrice the limits of your father's eld. May you send established deities skyward, give temples—and live in your home.<sup>15</sup> Often may you throw open the yearly threshold, often greet Janus with new lictors, often repeat the quinquennial festival with wreathed lustrations. The day you gave me the auspicious banquet and the rites of your table, such it came to me as that day long ago when under Trojan Alba's hills your hand invested me with Pallas' gold<sup>16</sup> as I sang now of German battles, now of Dacian.<sup>17</sup>

### 3

#### THE DOMITIAN WAY

What monstrous sound of hard flint and heavy iron has filled paved Appia on the side that borders the sea? For sure 'tis not the sound of Libyan squadrons,<sup>1</sup> neither does a restless foreign captain shake Campania's fields in per-

<sup>15</sup> Or *domos* may be taken as earthly dwellings.

<sup>16</sup> The crown of golden olive leaves, symbolic of Minerva.

<sup>17</sup> Domitian's campaigns against the C(h)atti and the Dacians in 79, the year before Statius' victory.

<sup>1</sup> Hannibal's cavalry.

## SILVAE

nec frangit vada montibusque caesis  
 inducit Nero sordidas paludes,  
 sed qui limina bellicosa Iani  
 10 iustis legibus et foro coronat,  
 quis castae Cereri diu negata  
 reddit iugera sobriasque terras,  
 quis fortem vetat interire sexum  
 et censor prohibet mares adultos  
 15 pulchrae supplicium timere formae;  
 qui reddit Capitolio Tonantem  
 et Pacem propria domo reponit,  
 qui genti patriae futura semper  
 sancit limina Flaviumque caelum,  
 20 hic segnes populi vias gravatus  
 et campos iter omne detinentes  
 longos eximit ambitus novoque  
 iniectu solidat graves harenas,  
 gaudens Euboicae domum Sibyllae  
 25 Gauranosque sinus et aestuantes  
 septem montibus admovere Baias.

Hic quondam piger axe vectus uno  
 nutabat cruce pendula viator  
 sorbebatque rotas maligna tellus  
 30 et plebs in mediis Latina campis  
 horrebat mala navigationis;  
 nec cursus agiles, sed impeditum

11 et 13 qui ☿

19 limina ☿: lum- M caelum *Turnebus*: calvum M

20 segnis (☿) . . . gravatus *Heinsius*: senis . . . gravatas M

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<sup>2</sup> Nero's abortive attempt to run a canal from Avernus to the mouth of the Tiber is chronicled by Tacitus, *Annals* 15.42.

BOOK IV.3

fidious warfare. Nero is not breaching the waters and cleaving the mountains as he brings in murky swamps:<sup>2</sup> but he who girdles Janus' warlike threshold with just laws and a Forum,<sup>3</sup> laws by which he restores to chaste Ceres acres long denied her, sober fields,<sup>4</sup> by which as Censor he forbids strong sex to perish and stops grown males from fearing the punishment of fair form;<sup>5</sup> he who restores the Thunderer to the Capitol and puts Peace back in her own house,<sup>6</sup> who consecrates an everlasting dwelling and a Flavian sky to his father's race:<sup>7</sup> he it is who, impatient of routes that retard the people and plains that check their every journey, eliminates long distances and with new paving makes solid the clinging sands, glad to bring the home of Euboea's Sibyl and the fields of Gaurus and steaming Baiae closer to the Seven Hills.

Here once the tardy traveler borne on a single axle would sway on a pendulous pole<sup>8</sup> as the malignant earth sucked in his wheels, and the Latian folk feared the woes of navigation in the midst of the plain. No nimble runs; sticky ruts slowed the hampered journey, while the faint-

<sup>3</sup> The Forum Transitorium containing the new temple of Four-faced Janus (cf. Martial 10.28.6).

<sup>4</sup> Domitian issued an edict against viticulture in Italy and the provinces, but it was not enforced (Suetonius, *Domitian* 7.2).

<sup>5</sup> On the face of it, *adultos* should refer to emasculation after puberty, but this could only have been exceptional. Statius must have been thinking of boys before puberty as opposed to infants, but his wording seems indefensible. The edict presumably banned such emasculation at any age. <sup>6</sup> See on 4.1.13.

<sup>7</sup> Domitian had built a temple to the Flavian *gens* and deified his father, Vespasian; his brother Titus; and his sister Domitilla.

<sup>8</sup> With one of the two wheels stuck in the mud, the traveler clings to the pole (*crux* = pole and yoke).

## SILVAE

- tardabant iter orbitae tenaces,  
 dum pondus nimium querens sub alta  
 35 repit languida quadrupes statera.  
 at nunc quae solidum diem terebat  
 horarum via facta vix duarum.  
 non tensae volucrum per astra pennae  
 nec velocius ibitis carinae.  
 40 Hic primus labor incohare sulcos  
 et rescindere limites et alto  
 egestu penitus cavare terras;  
 mox haustas aliter replere fossas  
 et summo gremium parare dorso,  
 45 ne nutent sola, ne maligna sedes  
 <d>et pressis dubium cubile saxi;  
 tunc umbonibus hinc et hinc coactis  
 et crebris iter alligare gomfis.  
 o quantae pariter manus laborant!  
 50 hi caedunt nemus exuuntque montes,  
 hi ferro scolopas trabesque levant,  
 illi saxa ligant opusque texunt  
 cocto pulvere sordidoque tofo,  
 hi siccant bibulas manu lacunas  
 55 et longe fluvios agunt minores.  
 hae possent et Athon cavare dextrae  
 et maestum pelagus gementis Helles  
 intercludere ponte non natanti;  
 his parens, nisi di viam vetarent,  
 60 Inous freta miscuisset Isthmos.

33 tenaces *Davies*: tacentes M

51 scolopas *Nisbet*: scopulos M  
 parvus M: ruptus *coni. Courtney*  
 cle- M

46 det *Heinsius*: et M

59 parens *Postgate*:  
 di viam *Barth*: deviae vel

### BOOK IV.3

ing beasts crawled beneath their high yoke, grumbling at too heavy a load. But now the route that used to wear out a solid day barely takes two hours. The stretched wings of birds flying through the stars will go no faster, nor ships either.

The first task here was to start on furrows and cut out borders<sup>9</sup> and hollow out the earth far down with a deep excavation. Next, to fill the trenches they dug with other material and prepare a basin for the raised spine, so that the foundations do not wobble nor a niggardly bottom offer a treacherous bed for the packed stones. After that, to knit the road with blocks close set on either side and with frequent wedges. Oh, how many hands work in unison! Some fell the forest and strip the mountains, some with iron smooth stakes and beams; others bind stones together, weaving the work with baked sand and grimy tufa; others toil to dry up thirsty puddles and lead off lesser streams. These hands could have hollowed out Athos and separated lamenting Helle's mournful sea with a bridge that did not float.<sup>10</sup> To these obedient, Ino's isthmus might have mingled seas did the gods not forbid passage.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>9</sup> The meaning of *sulcos* and *limites* is doubtful. Coleman has "cut back the existing track" in her note and "cut back the edges" in her translation. Rather perhaps, *limites* are ditches on either side. *Fossae* in v. 43 are excavations along the track itself, the plural being explained "as referring to the construction of the road in sections to accommodate the gradual shifts in angle of direction."

<sup>10</sup> As Xerxes' did, but *his* bridge was of boats.

<sup>11</sup> Several attempts to cut through the Isthmus of Corinth had failed, most recently one by Nero.

## SILVAE

Fervent litora mobilesque silvae.  
 it longus medias fragor per urbes  
 atque echo simul hinc et inde fractam  
 Gauro Massicus uvifer remittit.

65 miratur sonitum quieta Cyme  
 et Literna palus pigerque Safon.

At flavum caput umidumque late  
 crinem mollibus impeditus ulvis  
 Vulturinus levat ora, maximoque  
 70 pontis Caesarei reclinis arcu  
 raucis talia faucibus redundat:

“Camporum bone conditor meorum,  
 qui me, vallibus aviis refusum  
 et ripas habitare nescientem,  
 75 recti legibus alvei ligasti,  
 en nunc ille ego turbidus minaxque,  
 vix passus dubias prius carinas,  
 iam pontem fero perviusque calor!  
 qui terras rapere et rotare silvas  
 80 assueram, (pudet) annis esse coepi.  
 sed grates ago servitusque tanti est  
 quod sub te duce, te iubente, cessi,  
 quod tu maximus arbiter meaeque  
 victor perpetuus legere ripae.

85 et nunc limite me colis beato  
 nec sordere sinis malumque late  
 deterges sterilis soli pudorem,  
 ne me pulvereum gravemque caeno  
 Tyrrheni sinus obluat profundi  
 90 (qualis Cinyphius tacente ripa  
 Poenos Bagrada serpit inter agros),  
 sed talis ferar ut nitente cursu

BOOK IV.3

The shore and waving woods are astir. The lengthy din travels through the towns between and grapy Massicus at once sends back to Gaurus the echo broken at either end. Quiet Cyme wonders at the noise, and the Linternian marsh and sluggish Savo.

But Vulturnus raises his face, his yellow head and mop of watery hair tangled with soft sedge. Leaning against the mighty arch of Caesar's bridge, he pours from his hoarse throat such words as these:

"Kind orderer of my plains, who bound me in the law of a straight channel when I spread over distant valleys nor knew to keep my limits, see, now I, the turbulent bully, that in time past barely tolerated imperiled barks, I bear a bridge and am tramped by crossing feet. I that was wont to carry off land and whirl woods, begin (ah, shame!) to be a river. But I give you thanks and my servitude is worthwhile because I have yielded under *your* guidance at *your* command, and because men shall ever read of you as supreme arbiter and conqueror of my bank. And now you tend me with a copious channel nor let me lie in squalor, and broadly wipe away the sorry shame of barren soil, so that the gulf of the Tyrrhene sea does not wash against my sandy, mud-heavy current, even as Cinyphian Bagrada glides by his silent banks amid Punic fields, but I so flow

---

62 it *Calderini*: et M

66 Safon *Vollmer*: sason M

76 en *Turnebus*: et M

89 obruat 5

## SILVAE

- tranquillum mare proximumque possim  
 puro gurgite provocare Lirim.”
- 95 Haec amnis, pariterque se levarat  
 ingenti plaga marmorata dorso.  
 huius ianua prosperumque limen  
 arcus, belligeri ducis tropaeis  
 et totis Ligurum nitens metallis,
- 100 quantus nubila qui coronat imbri.  
 illic flectit iter citus viator,  
 illic Appia se dolet relinquere.  
 tunc velocior acriorque cursus,  
 tunc ipsos iuvat impetus iugales,
- 105 ceu fessis ubi remigum lacertis  
 primae carbasa ventilatis aerae.  
 ergo omnes, age, quae sub axe primo  
 Romani colitis fidem parentis  
 prono limite commeat gentes,
- 110 Eoae, citius venite, laurus:  
 nil obstat cupidis, nihil moratur.  
 qui primo Tiberim reliquit ortu  
 primo vespere naviget Lucrinum.
- 115 Sed quam fine viae recentis imo,  
 qua monstrat veteres Apollo Cumas,  
 albam crinibus infulisque cerno?  
 visu fallimur, an sacris ab antris  
 profert Chalcidicas Sibylla laurus?  
 cedamus; chely, iam repone cantus:
- 120 vates sanctior incipit, tacendum est.

98 belligeri *Calderini*: -is M      100 iri ♂

101 flectit iter citus *Cartault*: fectitur excitus M



### BOOK IV.3

that I can challenge the smooth sea with my shining course  
and neighboring Liris with my limpid stream."

Thus the river; and as he spoke a marbled stretch of  
road had risen in a great spine. Its doorway and auspicious  
threshold was an arch, gleaming with the warrior  
leader's trophies and all Liguria's quarries, large as the  
bow that crowns the clouds with rain. There the swift  
traveler makes a turn, there Appia grieves to find herself  
abandoned. Then quicker and livelier grows the pace and  
the beasts themselves enjoy the rush, as when rowers'  
arms are weary and a first breeze fans the sails. Come  
therefore, all you peoples that under eastern sky maintain  
allegiance to the Roman Father, flock down the easy road;  
laurels of the Orient, come faster. Nothing stands in the  
way, nothing delays your eager advent. Let him that left  
Tiber at daybreak sail the Lucrine at earliest eve.<sup>12</sup>

But who is this that I see at the furthest end of the new  
road, where Apollo points to ancient Cumae?<sup>13</sup> Her hair  
and fillets are white. Do my eyes deceive me, or does the  
Sybil bring Chalcidian laurels forth from her sacred cave?  
Let us retire. Lyre, now put aside your song. A holier bard  
begins, we must be silent. See! She whirls her neck and

<sup>12</sup> Turning at v. 112 from messengers with news of eastern  
victories, who would land at Puteoli on their way to Rome, to  
travelers in general. But perhaps Coleman's rearrangement  
should be preferred.

<sup>13</sup> Apollo's ancient temple on its height (*Aeneid* 6.8ff.).

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112 reliquit ̄: -inquit M

112-13 post 106 transt. Koestlin, 111 post 113 Coleman

en et colla rotat novisque late  
 bacchatur spatiis viamque replet!  
 tunc sic virgineo profatur ore:

125 "Dicebam: 'veniet (manete campi  
 atque amnis), veniet favente caelo,  
 qui foedum nemus et putres harenas  
 celsis pontibus et via levabit.'

en hic est deus, hunc iubet beatis  
 pro se Iuppiter imperare terris,  
 130 quo non dignior has subit habenas  
 ex quo me duce praescios Avernii  
 Aeneas avidè futura quaerens  
 lucos et penetravit et reliquit.

hic paci bonus, hic timendus armis,  
 136 hic si flammigeros teneret axes  
 135 Natura melior potentiorque,  
 largis, India, nubibus maderes,  
 undaret Libye, teperet Haemus.

"Salve, dux hominum et parens deorum,  
 140 provisum mihi conditumque numen!  
 nec iam putribus evoluta chartis  
 sollemni prece Quindecimvirorum  
 perlustra mea dicta, sed canentem  
 ipsam comminus, ut mereris, audi.

145 vidi quam seriem virentis aevi  
 pronectant tibi candidae Sorores.  
 magnus te manet ordo saeculorum;  
 natis longior abnepotibusque  
 annos perpetua geres iuventa  
 150 quos fertur placidos adisse Nestor,  
 quos Tithonia computat senectus,  
 et quantos ego Delium poposci.

BOOK IV.3

wanders at large over the new spaces, filling the road.  
Then thus she speaks with virgin lips:

“I said it: ‘He will come. Fields and river, wait! He will come by heaven’s favor, he that shall raise the foul forest and powdery sand with lofty bridge and causeway.’ See! He is a god, him Jupiter commands to rule the happy earth in his stead. None worthier has held these reins since Aeneas with me to guide both entered and left Avernus’ prescient grove, eager to learn the future. He is friend to peace, formidable in arms. If he had the flaming sky in his keeping, better and mightier than Nature, India would be damp with generous clouds, Libya watered, Haemus warm.

“Hail, leader of men and parent of gods, deity by me foreseen and placed on record! Do not now scan my words unrolled on crumbling sheets to the ritual prayers of the Fifteen;<sup>14</sup> but listen to me face to face as I sing, as you deserve. I have seen the procession of slow time that the white-clad Sisters<sup>15</sup> weave for you. A great chain of centuries awaits you. Longer lived than your sons and great-great-grandsons, in perpetual youth you shall spend such tranquil years as Nestor is said to have attained, such as Tithonus’ age computes, and as many as I asked of the

<sup>14</sup> Cf. on 1.2.176.

<sup>15</sup> The Fates, wearing white in token of benignity.

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123 *nunc coni.* Courtney

135–36 *inter se traiecit* Russell

145 *virentis* Heinsius: meren- M

SILVAE

iuravit tibi iam nivalis Arctus;  
 nunc magnos Oriens dabit triumphos.  
 155 ibis qua vagus Hercules et Euhan  
 ultra sidera flammeumque solem  
 et Nili caput et nives Atlantis,  
 et laudum cumulo beatus omni  
 scandes belliger abnuesque currus,  
 160 donec Troicus ignis et renatae  
 Tarpeius pater intonabit aulae,  
 haec donec via te regente terras  
 annosa magis Appia senescat.”

4

EPISTULA AD VITORIUM MARCELLUM

Curre per Euboicos non segnis, epistula, campos,  
 hac ingressa vias qua nobilis Appia crescit  
 in latus et molles solidus premit agger harenas,  
 atque ubi Romuleas velox penetraveris arces,  
 5 continuo dextras flavi pete Thybridis oras,  
 Lydia qua penitus stagnum navale coerces  
 ripa suburbanisque vadum praetexitur hortis.

<sup>16</sup> See on 1.4.126.

<sup>17</sup> To the land of the Hyperboreans and to India, far north and far east.

<sup>18</sup> I.e., far south. Statius follows *Aeneid* 6.795f., *extra sidera . . . extra anni solisque vias*, meaning “south of the zodiac and the ecliptic.” So Housman, *Cl. Papers* 650ff., explaining the astronomical background. “Nile’s fount” too refers to the south, as according to Housman does “Atlas’ snows,” but there, I think, he mistakes. Atlas is where he usually is in the far west, the remaining quarter. <sup>19</sup> I.e.,

triumphal. <sup>20</sup> The sacred flame in the temple of Vesta.

## BOOK IV.4

Delian.<sup>16</sup> Already the snowy north has sworn you fealty; now the east shall give you great triumphs. You shall go where Hercules and Euhain<sup>17</sup> wandered, beyond stars and flaming sun<sup>18</sup> and Nile's fount and Atlas' snows. Warrior blessed with every pile of glory, you shall ascend chariots<sup>19</sup> and refuse them, so long as Trojan fire<sup>20</sup> endures and the Tarpeian Father thunders in his renascent hall, until this road grows older than ancient Appia,<sup>21</sup> while you rule the earth."

### 4

#### A LETTER TO VITORIUS MARCELLUS

Run, letter, through the Euboean plains and loiter not, beginning your journey by the road wherewith famed Appia grows sideways<sup>1</sup> and a solid embankment presses down the soft sands. And when you have made your swift way into the heights of Romulus, forthwith seek the right bank of yellow Tiber where the Lydian shore from deep down confines the naval pool<sup>2</sup> and the water is fringed by sub-

<sup>21</sup> Not necessarily an impossibility. "Older than Appia" could refer to Appia's present age.

<sup>1</sup> The letter travels from Naples along the new Via Domitiana, which had branched off from the Via Appia at Sinuessa.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the lake created by Augustus for naval spectacles rather than a similar lake created by Domitian (see Coleman). *Penitus* may be taken in the sense that the confinement began deep down, the depth of the river parallel with the depth of the pool.

SILVAE

- illic egregium formaque animisque videbis  
 Marcellum et celso praesignem vertice nosces.
- 10 cui primum solito vulgi de more salutem,  
 mox inclusa modis haec reddere verba memento:  
 "Iam terras volucremque polum fuga veris aquosi  
 lassat et Icariis caelum latratibus urit;  
 ardua iam densae rarescunt moenia Romae.
- 15 hos Praeneste sacrum, nemus hos glaciale Dianae  
 Algidus aut horrens aut Tuscula protegit umbra,  
 Tiburis hi lucos Anienaque frigora captant.  
 te quoque clamosae quae iam plaga mitior Urbi  
 subtrahit? aestivos quo decipis aëre soles?
- 20 quid tuus ante omnes, tua cura potissima, Gallus,  
 nec non noster amor, dubium morumne probandus  
 ingeniine bonis? Latiis aestivat in oris,  
 anne metalliferae repetit iam moenia Lunae  
 Tyrrenasque domos? quod si tibi proximus haeret,
- 25 non ego nunc vestro procul a sermone recedo.  
 certum est: inde sonus geminas mihi circumit aures.  
 sed tu, dum nimio possessa Hyperione flagrat  
 torva Cleonaei iuba sideris, exue curis  
 pectus et assiduo temet furare labori.
- 30 et sontes operit pharetras arcumque retendit  
 Parthus et Eleis auriga laboribus actos  
 Alpheo permulcet equos et nostra fatiscit  
 laxaturque chelys. vires instigat alitque

13 lassat *Behotius*: laxat M

18 quae iam *Otto*: quanam M

31 actis *Markland*

---

<sup>3</sup> Not "gardens." *Horti* is a suburban residence (villa), a fact

## BOOK IV.4

urban villas.<sup>3</sup> There you shall see Marcellus, eminent in form and spirit, and know him by his conspicuously lofty stature. First you shall greet him in ordinary everyday form, then be sure to give him this message in verse:

“Already the flight of watery spring wearies earth and whirling sky and burns heaven with Icarian barking.<sup>4</sup> Already the lofty buildings of crowded Rome are less populous. Some sacred Praeneste shelters, some Diana’s chilly wood,<sup>5</sup> or shivering Algidus,<sup>6</sup> or Tusculum’s shade, yet others make for the groves of Tibur and Anio’s cool. You too, what gentler clime now draws you from the clamorous city? With what air do you trick the suns of summer? What of your chief care, your favorite, Gallus, whom I too love (to be praised for gifts of character or mind, who shall say?)? Does he spend the season on Latium’s coast or does he revisit the walls of quarried Luna and his Tyrrhene home? But if he stays close to you, I do not now go far from your talk, that’s certain, and that’s why both my ears are buzzing. But while the grim mane of Cleonae’s star<sup>7</sup> blazes in the grip of too powerful Hyperion, strip your breast of its cares and steal yourself from ceaseless work. The Parthian covers his guilty quiver and unstrings his bow, the charioteer bathes his horses in Alpheus, hard-driven in the labors of Elis; my lyre too grows weary, its

that will not be learned from P. Grimal’s *Les Jardins romains*; see Martial 5.62. It would have grounds of course, more or less extensive.

<sup>4</sup> See Index. The bitch Maera became the Dog Star, Sirius, by some accounts, genders notwithstanding.

<sup>5</sup> At Nemi.

<sup>6</sup> The name means “cold.”

<sup>7</sup> The lion killed by Hercules at Cleonae became the constellation Leo.

SILVAE

- tempeſtiva quies; maior poſt otia virtus.  
 35 talis cantata Brifeide venit Achilles  
 acrior et poſitis erupit in Hectora plectris.  
 te quoque flammabit tacite repetita parumper  
 deſidia et ſolitos novus exultabis in actus.  
 certe iam Latiae non miſcent iurgia leges,  
 40 et pacem piger annus habet meſſesque reverſae  
 dimiſere Forum, nec iam tibi turba reorum  
 veſtibulo querulique rogant exire clientes.  
 ceſſat centeni moderatrix iudicis haſta,  
 qua tibi ſublīmi iam nunc celeberrima fama  
 45 eminet et iuvenes facundia praeterit annos.  
 felix curarum, cui non Heliconia cordi  
 ſerta nec imbelles Parnasi e vertice laurus,  
 ſed viget ingenium et magnos accinctus in uſus  
 fert animus quacuſcumque vices. nos otia vitae  
 50 ſolamur cantu ventosaque gaudia famae  
 quaerimus. en egomet ſomnum et geniale ſecutus  
 litus ubi Auſonio ſe condidit hospita portu  
 Parthenope tenues ignavo pollice chordas  
 pulſo, Maroneique ſedens in margine templi  
 55 ſumo animum et magni tumulis accanto magiſtri.  
 “At tu, ſi longi curſum dabit Atropos aevi  
 (detque precor) Latiique ducis ſic numina pergent

42 negant *Burman*: *anne* vocant<sup>8</sup>

57 pergent *Markland*: -gant M

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<sup>8</sup> Sales of enemy or confiscated property were conducted *sub hasta*. Why the symbolic spear also served as emblem for the civil court of a hundred is uncertain, like many other things about this institution.



#### BOOK IV.4

strings relax. Timely rest stimulates and fosters strength, energy is greater after ease. So came Achilles the fiercer after he had sung of Briseis; putting by his quill, out he burst against Hector. You also shall idleness silently inflame, sought again for a little while, and you shall leap up fresh to your wonted activities. Sure it is that Latium's laws now cease their wrangling, the lazy season enjoys peace and returning harvests have discharged the Forum. Defendants no longer throng your anteroom nor querulous clients ask you to come out. Idle stands the Spear<sup>8</sup> that rules the Hundred Judges, whereby your eloquence is already borne far and wide conspicuous on the wings of Fame, outstripping your youthful years. Happy in your avocations, you care not for Helicon's garlands or peaceable laurels from Parnassus' peak; vigorous your wit, girt up for great employments your mind shoulders whatever betides, while I solace a leisured life with song and seek the fickle joys of fame. Look! Pursuing sleep and the genial shore where stranger Parthenope<sup>9</sup> found refuge in Ausonian haven, I idly strike the slender strings; sitting on the verge of Maro's shrine,<sup>10</sup> I take heart and sing at the tomb of the great master.

"But you, if Atropos grants long course of life—and I pray she grant it—and the deity of Latium's leader so pro-

<sup>9</sup> One of the three Sirens, who flung themselves into the sea after failing to entice Ulysses. One legend had it that she was washed ashore in the Bay of Naples and somehow founded the city. Statius has a different story; cf. 3.5.79–9 and 4.8.47f., and see Coleman, pp. 209f.

<sup>10</sup> Virgil's tomb on the road from Naples to Puteoli became a cult object for admirers like Silius Italicus.

## SILVAE

- (quem tibi posthabito studium est coluisse Tonante  
 quique tuos alio subtexit munere fasces  
 60 et spatia obliquae mandat renovare Latinae),  
 forsitan Ausonias ibis frenare cohortes  
 aut Rheni populos aut nigrae litora Thules  
 aut Histrum servare latus metuendaque portae  
 limina Caspiacae. nec enim tibi sola potentis  
 65 eloquii virtus: sunt membra accommoda bellis  
 quique gravem tarde subeant thoraca lacerti.  
 seu campo pedes ire pares, est agmina supra  
 nutaturus apex, seu frena sonantia flectes,  
 serviet asper equus. nos facta aliena canendo  
 70 vergimus in senium: propriis tu pulcher in armis  
 ipse canenda geres parvoque exempla parabis  
 magna Getae, dignos quem iam nunc belliger actus  
 poscit avus praestatque domi novisse triumphos.  
 surge agedum iuvenemque puer deprende parentem,  
 75 stemmate materno felix, virtute paterna.  
 iam te blanda sinu Tyrio sibi curia felix  
 educat et cunctas gaudet spondere curules.”  
 Haec ego Chalcidicis ad te, Marcelle, sonabam  
 litoribus, fractas ubi Vesvius erigit iras  
 80 aemula Trinacriis volvens incendia flammis.

63 latus *Calderini*: da- M: datur *Politianus*

70 vergimus *Coleman*: -ur M

76 curia *Markland*: gloria M

79 erigit  $\zeta$ : -get M: egerit *Avantius*

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<sup>11</sup> I.e., continues to advance your career.

<sup>12</sup> *Fasces*, here signifying the praetorship.

#### BOOK IV.4

ceeds,<sup>11</sup> him whom you study to worship before the Thunderer, who has attached another function to your rods,<sup>12</sup> commissioning you to renovate the zigzag reaches of the Latin Way, perchance you shall go to bridle Ausonian cohorts: either it is appointed you to guard the peoples of the Rhine or the shores of dark Thule or the Histrian bank or the formidable threshold of the Caspian Gate. For potent eloquence is not your only strength. You have limbs well fitted for war and arms slow (?)<sup>13</sup> to don a heavy corselet. If you make to march on the level, your crest will wave above the ranks; if you manage jingling reins, the mettlesome charger will be your slave. I drift into old age singing other men's deeds, whereas you, handsome in your own arms, shall yourself perform acts deserving song and prepare great examples for little Geta,<sup>14</sup> of whom his martial grandfather already demands worthy feats, acquainting him of domestic triumphs. Up then, boy, be doing, catch your young parent, fortunate in your mother's lineage and your father's valor! Already the happy Senate House fondly rears you for herself in Tyrian<sup>15</sup> bosom and joys to promise you every curule chair."

This song I sing to you, Marcellus, on Chalcidian shores where Vesuvius rears his broken wrath, rolling out fires to rival Trinacrian flames. Wonderful but true! Shall

<sup>13</sup> Because of their size? But Coleman pronounces *tarde* intolerable and Courtney obelizes.

<sup>14</sup> C. Vitorius Hosidius Geta. His mother was granddaughter (rather than daughter; see Coleman) to C. (possibly Cn.) Hosidius Geta, who had received triumphal insignia for action in Claudius' invasion of Britain (AD 43).

<sup>15</sup> Purple.

## SILVAE

- mira fides! credetne virum ventura propago,  
 cum segetes iterum, cum iam haec deserta virebunt,  
 infra urbes populosque premi proavitaque fato  
 rura abiisse pari? necdum letale minari  
 85 cessat apex. procul ista tuo sint fata Teate  
 nec Marrucinos agat haec insania montes.
- Nunc si forte meis quae sint exordia Musis  
 scire petis, iam Sidonios emensa labores  
 Thebais optato collegit carbasa portu  
 90 Parnasique iugis silvaque Heliconide festis  
 tura dedit flammis et virginis exta iuvencae  
 votiferaque meas suspendit ab arbore vittas.  
 nunc vacuos crines alio subit infula nexu:  
 Troia quidem magnusque mihi temptatur Achilles,  
 95 sed vocat arcitenens alio pater armaque monstrat  
 Ausonii maiora ducis. trahit impetus illo  
 iam pridem retrahitque timor. stabuntne sub illa  
 mole umeri an magno vincetur pondere cervix?  
 dic, Marcelle, feram? fluctus an sueta minores  
 100 nosse ratis nondum Ioniis credenda periclis?
- Iamque vale et penitus noti tibi vatis amorem  
 corde exire veta. nec enim Tiryntius almae  
 parcus amicitiae. cedit tibi gloria fidi  
 Theseos, et lacerum qui circa moenia Troiae  
 105 Priamidem caeso solacia traxit amico.

83–84 fato . . . pari *Slater*: toto . . . mari M

101 noti  $\zeta$ : voti M amorem *Calderini*: honorem M

*post 102 lac. suspicatus est Markland (praeunte Gevartio),  
 post Tiryntius statuit Leo, post amicitiae (103) Courtney*

103 parcus *Slater*: pectus M

BOOK IV.4

future progeny of men believe, when crops grow again and this desert shall once more be green, that cities and peoples are buried below and that an ancestral countryside vanished in a common doom? Nor does the summit yet cease its deadly threat. Far be that fate from your Teate, nor let this madness drive Marrucinian mountains!

Now if perchance you would know what my Muse essays, the *Thebaid* has already accomplished her Sidonian labors and furled her sails in longed-for haven. On Parnassus' ridges and the woods of Helicon she has given incense and the entrails of a virgin heifer to the festal flames and hung my chaplets from a votive tree. Now a different band comes to entwine my vacant locks: Troy I attempt and great Achilles, but the Father that bears the bow calls me elsewhere, pointing to the Ausonian leader's mightier arms. Impulse has long been drawing me that way, and fear draws me back. Will my shoulders hold fast under such a mass, or will my neck sink beneath the mighty load? Say, Marcellus, shall I bear it? Or is my ship, accustomed to sail lesser seas, not yet to be trusted to the perils of the Ionian?

And now farewell, and let not affection for the poet you know so well<sup>16</sup> pass from your heart. For neither was the Tiryinthian sparing of fostering friendship. The glory of faithful Theseus shall yield to you, as shall he that dragged the torn son of Priam round the walls of Troy to solace his slain friend.

<sup>16</sup> *Voti* = *devoti* may be right; cf. *Thebaid* 2.736, *virginis votae Calydonides aris*.

## ODE LYRICA AD SEPTIMIUM SEVERUM

Parvi beatus ruris honoribus,  
 qua prisca Teucros Alba colit lares,  
 fortem atque facundum Severum  
 non solitis fidibus saluto.

5 iam trux ad Arctos Parrhasias hiems  
 concessit altis obruta solibus,  
 iam pontus ac tellus renident  
 in zephyros Aquilone fracto.

nunc cuncta veris frondibus annuis  
 10 crinitur arbos, nunc volucrum novi  
 questus inexpertumque carmen  
 quod tacita statuere bruma.

nos parca tellus pervigil et focus  
 culmenque multo lumine sordidum  
 15 solantur exemptusque testa  
 qua modo fer**u**erat Lyaeus.

non mille balant lanigeri greges  
 nec vacca dulci mugit adultero,  
 unique si quando canenti  
 20 mutus ager domino reclamat.

sed terra primis post patriam mihi  
 dilecta curis; hic mea carmina  
 regina bellorum virago  
 Caesareo redimivit auro,

## LYRIC ODE TO SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS

Wealthy in the bounties of a small estate, where ancient Alba worships Teucrican hearth gods, I greet brave and eloquent Severus in no wonted strain. Now harsh winter has withdrawn to the Parrhasian north o'erwhelmed by high suns, now sea and land are smiling as the North Wind softens into zephyrs. Now every tree is coiffed with spring's yearly leaves, now come new plaints of birds and song untried, song that in silent winter they disused. To me a patch of land, an unsleeping hearth, and a roof darkened by abundant light<sup>1</sup> bring comfort, along with Lyaeus taken from the jar in which lately he had fermented.<sup>2</sup> No bleat of a thousand woolly flocks, no lowing of cow for her sweet paramour; the fields are mute save when they echo to their owner should he sing. But the land is dear to me, first in my affections after my birthplace. Here the virgin queen of battles<sup>3</sup> crowned my songs with Caesar's

<sup>1</sup> I.e., the hearth fire and lamps.

<sup>2</sup> Lyaeus (Bacchus) = wine. Statius' wine was of recent vintage, therefore inexpensive.

<sup>3</sup> Minerva at the Alban festival.

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8 in . . . fracto *Buecheler, Krohn*: iam . . . -tos M: ad . . . -to  
*Coleman*      9 vernans *Markland*

16 *add.* √      17 balant √: lavant M

22 hic *Laetus*: hinc M

24 redimivit *Baehrens*: peramavit M: decora- *Markland*

SILVAE

- 25 cum tu sodalis dulce periculum  
conisus omni pectore tolleres,  
ut Castor ad cunctos tremebat  
Bebryciae strepitus harenae.
- tene in remotis Syrtibus avia
- 30 Lepcis creavit? iam feret Indicas  
messes odoratisque rara  
cinnama praeripiet Sabaeis.
- quis non in omni vertice Romuli  
reptasse dulcem Septimium putet?
- 35 quis fonte Iuturnae relictis  
uberibus neget esse pastum?
- nec mira virtus: protinus Ausonum  
portus vadosae nescius Africae  
intras adoptatusque Tuscis
- 40 gurgitibus puer innatasti.
- hinc parvus inter pignora curiae  
contentus <artae> lumine purpurae  
crescis, sed immensm,os labores  
indole patricia secutus.
- 45 non sermo Poenus, non habitus tibi,  
externa non mens: Italus, Italus.  
sunt Urbe Romanisque turmis  
qui Libyam deceant alumni.

30 Lepcis *Coleman*: leptis M  
42 *add. Burman duce Turnebo*



BOOK IV.5

gold, when you strove with all your might to buoy up your friend's sweet peril, even as Castor trembled at every sound of the Bebrycian arena.

Did Lepcis, remote in the distant Syrtes, give you birth? Soon she will be bearing Indian harvests and forestall the perfumed Sabaeans with rare cinnamon. Who but would think that sweet Septimius had crawled on every hill of Romulus? Who deny that when he left the breast he drank from Juturna's fountain?

No wonder you excel. Straightaway, knowing nothing of Africa's shallows, you entered an Ausonian harbor and, child of adoption, swam in Tuscan waters. Then in boyhood you grew up among sons of the Senate House, content with the brilliance of narrow purple,<sup>4</sup> but by nature a patrician seeking unmeasured toils. Your speech was not Punic, nor foreign your dress or your mind: Italian, Italian! In the City and Rome's squadrons there are some worthy to be fosterlings of Libya.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> The two narrow stripes on the tunic worn by knights, though their sons were sometimes privileged to wear the senatorial broad stripe. The implication of *contentus* here is doubtful (see Coleman).

<sup>5</sup> A touch of unwonted acerbity; Vollmer compares 3.epist.12, *cum lugeret, quod iam rarissimum est, lacrimis senem patrem* (cf. 3.3.21). Coleman's rendering, "there are foster-children to do Libya credit," destroys the antithesis: Romans who would fit better in Africa as opposed to the African who has become quite a Roman. And to tell the latter that he is not the only African to bring credit to his country of origin would be a poor sort of compliment. Add that *sunt* (without *alii*) would lack coherence.

SILVAE

est et frementi vox hilaris Foro,  
50 venale sed non eloquium tibi,  
    ensisque vagina quiescit  
    stringere ni iubeant amici.

sed rura cordi saepius et quies,  
nunc in paternis sedibus et solo  
55 Veiente, nunc frondosa supra  
    Hernica, nunc Curibus vetustis.

hic plura pones vocibus et modis  
passu solutis; sed memor interim  
    nostri verecundo latentem  
60 barbiton ingemina sub antro.

6

HERCULES EPITRAPEZIOS  
NOVI VINDICIS

Forte remittentem curas Phoebroque levatum  
pectora, cum patulis tererem vagus otia Saepitis  
iam moriente die, rapuit me cena benigni  
Vindicis. haec imos animi perlapsa recessus  
5 inconsumpta manet: neque enim ludibria ventris  
hausimus aut epulas diverso a sole petitas  
vinaque perpetuis aevo certantia fastis.  
a miseri, quos nosse iuvat quid Phasidis ales

58 passu *Markland*: -um M

60 ingemina *Gevartius*: -as M

## BOOK IV.6

Cheerful your voice ever when the Forum roars, but your eloquence is not for sale; your sword sleeps in its scabbard unless your friends tell you to draw it. But more often rest and the countryside is to your mind, now in your father's seat on Veientine soil, now on the leafy heights of the Hernici, now in ancient Cures. Here most of your compositions shall be in free words and measures,<sup>6</sup> but remember me sometimes and once again strike the lyre that hides in your shy grotto.

### 6

#### THE HERCULES STATUETTE OF NOVIUS VINDEK

It happened as I wandered idly at sunset in the spacious Enclosure,<sup>1</sup> my tasks put by and my mind relieved of Phoebus, that kindly Vindex took me off to dine. That dinner slid into the inmost recesses of my mind and stays unconsumed. For we swallowed no stomach's mockery, fare sought from a distant clime and wine rivaling our perpetual Calendar in age.<sup>2</sup> Ah, wretched are they that care to know how the bird of Phasis differs from Rho-

<sup>6</sup> In prose.

<sup>1</sup> The *Saepta Julia* in the *Campus Martius*, a great shopping center. People might walk there in search of a dinner invitation (Martial 2.14.5), but not so Statius here, since *cena* usually began before sunset (Coleman).      <sup>2</sup> The Annual Register (*fasti*).

SILVAE

- distet ab hiberna Rhodopes grue, quis magis anser  
 10 exta ferat, cur Tuscus aper generosior Umbro,  
 lubrica qua recubent conchyliam mollius alga!  
 nobis verus amor medioque Helicone petitus  
 sermo hilaresque ioci brumalem absumere noctem  
 suaserunt mollemque oculis expellere somnum,  
 15 donec ab Elysiis prospexit sedibus alter  
 Castor et hesternas risit Tithonia mensas.  
 o bona nox iunctaque utinam Tiryinthia luna!  
 nox et Erythraeis Thetidis signanda lapillis  
 et memoranda diu geniumque habitura perennem!  
 20 Mille ibi tunc species aerisque eborisque vetusti  
 atque locuturas mentito corpore ceras  
 edidici. quis namque oculis certaverit usquam  
 Vindicis artificum veteres agnoscere ductus  
 et non inscriptis auctorem reddere signis?  
 25 hic tibi quae docto multum vigilata Myroni  
 aera, laboriferi vivant quae marmora caelo  
 Praxitelis, quod ebur Pisaeo pollice rasum,  
 quid Polycliteis iussum spirare caminis,  
 linea quae veterem longe fateatur Apellen,  
 30 monstrabit: namque haec, quotiens chelyn exuit, illi  
 desidia est, hic Aoniis amor avocatur antris.  
 Haec inter castae genium tutelaque mensae  
 Amphitryoniades multo mea cepit amore

10 ferax *Phillimore*

19 habitura *Laetus*: -umque M

25 hic *edit. pr.*: haec M

30 illi *Gevartius*: ille M

BOOK IV.6

dope's winter crane, what goose gives offal rather than another, why the Tuscan boar is nobler than the Umbrian, what seaweed makes the most comfortable bed for slippery shellfish. True affection and talk sought from the heart of Helicon and merry jests induced us to exhaust a winter's night and banish soft sleep from our eyes until the other Castor<sup>3</sup> looked out from Elysian abode and Tithonia laughed<sup>4</sup> at yesterday's board. What a night that was! Would it had been Tiryinthian with double moon!<sup>5</sup> A night to be marked with Thetis' Erythraean gems,<sup>6</sup> long to be remembered, whose spirit will live for ever.

There it was and then that I learned of a thousand shapes of bronze and antique ivory and of false bodies in wax, ready to speak. For who would ever rival Vindex' eyes in recognizing the hands of old masters and restoring its maker to an untitled statue? He shall show you which bronzes cost skilled Myron many a wakeful night, which marbles live from the chisel of laborious Praxiteles, which ivory was smoothed by Pisaeon thumb,<sup>7</sup> what was bidden to breathe by Polyclitus' furnace, what line proclaims ancient Apelles from afar. For this is his idleness whenever he lays aside his lyre, this the passion that calls him away from Aonian grottoes.

Amid all this the guardian spirit of the temperate board, Amphitryon's son, took my heart captive in fond

<sup>3</sup> I.e., when Castor or Pollux, whichever was taking his twenty-four-hour turn in the underworld, comes to replace his brother.

<sup>4</sup> Indulgently. The state of the table suggested that the diners had made a night of it.

<sup>5</sup> Like the long night of Hercules' conception.

<sup>6</sup> Pearls.

<sup>7</sup> Phidias, creator of the ivory statue of Zeus at Olympia.

SILVAE

- pectora nec longo satiavit lumina visu:  
 35 tantus honos operi finesque inclusa per artos  
 maiestas. deus ille, deus, seseque videndum  
 indulsit, Lysippe, tibi, parvusque videri  
 sentirique ingens; et cum mirabilis intra  
 stet mensura pedem, tamen exclamare libebit,  
 40 si visus per membra feres: "hoc pectore pressus  
 vastator Nemees; haec exitiale ferebant  
 robur et Argoos frangebant bracchia remos."  
 dant spatium tam magna brevi mendacia formae.  
 quis modus in dextra, quanta experientia docti  
 45 artificis curis, pariter gestamina mensae  
 fingere et ingentes animo versare colossos!  
 tale nec Idaeis quicquam Telchines in antris  
 nec stolidus Brontes nec, qui polit arma deorum,  
 Lemnius exigua potuisset ludere massa.  
 50 nec torva effigies epulisque aliena remissis  
 sed qualem parci domus admirata Molorchi  
 aut Aleae lucis vidit Tegeaea sacerdos,  
 qualis et Oetaeis emissus in astra favillis  
 nectar adhuc torva laetus Iunone bibebat.  
 55 sic mitis vultus, veluti de pectore gaudens,  
 hortatur mensas. tenet haec marcentia fratris  
 pocula, at haec clavae meminit manus; aspera sedes  
 sustinet et cultum Nemeaeo tegmine saxum.  
 Digna operi fortuna sacro. Pellaeus habebat  
 60 regnator laetis numen venerabile mensis

35 artos *Politianus*: artus M

43 dant *Ziehen*: ac M

57 clavae *Markland*: levae M

BOOK IV.6

love. Long as I looked, he left my eyes unsatisfied. Such was the dignity of the work, the majesty confined in narrow limits. A god he was, a god! And he granted you, Lysippus, to behold him, small to the eye but huge to the sense. The marvelous measure was no more than a foot, yet if you let your vision travel over his limbs you will be fain to cry: "this was the breast that crushed the ravager of Nemea, these the arms that bore the deadly club and broke Argo's oars."<sup>8</sup> So mighty the deception that makes the small figure large! What precision in the hand, what daring in the cunning master's artistry, at once to fashion a table ornament and in his mind imagine forms gigantic! No such work from so tiny a lump could the Telchines in Ida's caverns or stolid Brontes or the Lemnian who furbishes the weapons of the gods have wrought for sport.<sup>9</sup> The figure is not grim or unsuited to a free and easy feast, but such as frugal Molorchus' home surveyed him or the admiring Tegean priestess<sup>10</sup> in Alea's groves; or such as sent to the stars from Oeta's embers he happily drank nectar, though Juno still scowled. So does the gentle countenance, as though rejoicing from the heart, encourage the board. One hand holds his brother's<sup>11</sup> mellow goblet, but the other remembers the club. A rough seat supports him, a stone adorned with Nemean hide.

The sacred work has a worthy history. Pella's ruler<sup>12</sup> had it on his cheerful board, a venerable deity, and used

<sup>8</sup> As he does in Valerius Flaccus 3.476f.

<sup>9</sup> If they had crafted anything so small, it would have been a *jeu d'esprit*; but such a masterpiece was beyond them.

<sup>10</sup> Auge.

<sup>11</sup> Bacchus and Hercules were both sons of

Jupiter.

<sup>12</sup> Alexander the Great.

## SILVAE

- et comitem occasus secum portabat et ortus,  
 prensabatque libens modo qua diademata dextra  
 abstulerat dederatque et magnas verterat urbes.  
 semper ab hoc animos in crastina bella petebat,  
 65 huic acies semper victor narrabat opimas,  
 sive catenatos Bromio detraxerat Indos  
 seu clusam magna Babylona refregerat hasta  
 seu Pelopis terras libertatemque Pelasgam  
 obruerat bello; magnoque ex agmine laudum  
 70 fertur Thebanos tantum excusasse triumphos.  
 ille etiam, magnos Fatis rumpentibus actus,  
 cum traheret letale merum, iam mortis opaca  
 nube gravis vultus alios in numine caro  
 aeraque supremis timuit sudantia mensis.  
 75 Mox Nasamoniaco decus admirabile regi  
 possessum, fortique deo libavit honores  
 semper atrox dextra periuroque ense superbus  
 Hannibal. Italicae perfusum sanguine gentis  
 diraque Romuleis portantem incendia tectis  
 80 oderat et cum epulas, et cum Lenaea dicaret  
 dona deus castris maerens comes ire nefandis,  
 praecipue cum sacrilega face miscuit arces  
 ipsius <im>meritaeque domos ac templa Sagunti  
 polluit et populis furias immisit honestas.  
 85 Nec post Sidonii letum ducis aere potita  
 egregio plebeia domus. convivia Sullae

62 prensabat *Calderini*: prestabat M

<sup>13</sup> Hercules' birthplace, destroyed by Alexander.

<sup>14</sup> Alexander was supposed to have been poisoned.



## BOOK IV.6

to carry it with him as his companion west and east. Gladly would he grasp it with the hand that had just taken crowns away and bestowed them and overturned great cities. From it he ever sought courage for the morrow's warfare, to it, victorious, he would always narrate glorious battles, whether he had taken chained Indians from Bromius or burst open barred Babylon with his great spear or overwhelmed with war the lands of Pelops and Pelasgian freedom; and from the great column of his glories he is said to have made excuse only for his triumph over Thebes.<sup>13</sup> He too, when the Fates were breaking off his mighty deeds and he drank the fatal liquor<sup>14</sup> and death's dark cloud oppressed him, was afraid at the changed look of his beloved deity and the bronze sweating on his final table.

Presently the wondrous treasure became the property of the Nasamonian king.<sup>15</sup> Hannibal, ever savage of hand and proud in treacherous sword, gave libation to the valiant god, who hated him, steeped as he was in the blood of the Italian race, carrying dire conflagration to Romulean dwellings, even as he offered him viands and Lenaeian bounty; grieving, the god accompanied that wicked army, above all when Hannibal with sacrilegious torch mangled the god's own towers, defiling the houses and temples of innocent Saguntum and filling her people with a noble frenzy.<sup>16</sup>

After the death of the Sidonian captain 'twas no common house that gained possession of the peerless bronze.

<sup>15</sup> Hannibal was of course a citizen of Carthage; Statius makes him sound like a tribal monarch.

<sup>16</sup> Hercules was the patron deity of Saguntum, the Spanish town whose people destroyed themselves rather than surrender to Hannibal.

## SILVAE

- ornabat semper claros intrare penates  
 assuetum et felix dominorum stemmate signum;  
 nunc quoque, si mores humanaque pectora curae  
 90 nosse deis. non aula quidem, Tirynthie, nec te  
 regius ambit honos, sed casta ignaraque culpae  
 mens domini, cui prisca fides coeptaeque perenne  
 foedus amicitiae. scit adhuc florente sub aevo  
 par magnis Vestinus avis, quem nocte dieque  
 95 spirat et in carae vivit complexibus umbrae.  
 hic igitur tibi laeta quies, fortissime divum  
 Alcide, nec bella vides pugnasque feroces  
 sed chelyn et vittas et amantes carmina laurus.  
 hic tibi sollemni memorabit carmine quantus  
 100 Iliacas Geticasque domos quantusque nivalem  
 Stymphalon quantusque iugis Erymanthon aquosis  
 terrueris, quem te pecoris possessor Hiberi,  
 quem tulerit saevae Mareoticus arbiter arae.  
 hic penetrata tibi spoliataque limina Mortis  
 105 concinet et flentes Libyae Scythiaeque puellas.  
 nec te regnator Macetum nec barbarus umquam  
 Hannibal aut saevi posset vox horrida Sullae  
 his celebrare modis. certe tu, muneris auctor,  
 non aliis malle oculis, Lysippe, probari.

98–99 *aut tempora* (98) *aut pectine* (99) *Markland*

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<sup>17</sup> I.e., the series of owners as stated, not their individual pedigrees; cf. Martial 8.6.3, *argenti fumosa sui cum stemmata narret*. *Felix* may reflect Sulla's self-assumed agnomen.

## BOOK IV.6

Ever accustomed to enter famous homes and fortunate in the line of his owners,<sup>17</sup> the statue adorned the banquets of Sulla. Fortunate now also,<sup>18</sup> if the gods care to know human manners and hearts. No palace, Tirynthian, or royal pomp surrounds you, but your master's soul is innocent, knowing no fault. Old-time loyalty is his and pact of friendship perennial once begun. Vestinus knows it, that still in life's flower equaled his great ancestors, Vestinus, whose spirit Vindex breathes night and day, living in the arms of the dear shade. Here then you have happy repose, Alcides, most valiant of the gods. You see no wars and fierce fighting, but lyre and garlands and song-loving laurels. In solemn verse he shall recount<sup>19</sup> in what might you terrified Ilian and Getic homes and snowy Stymphalos and Erymanthos' watery ridges; in what guise you came upon the owner of the Iberian herd and the Mareotic ruler of the savage altar. He shall sing of the gates of Death that you invaded and despoiled and of the weeping girls of Libya and Scythia. Neither the ruler of the Macetae nor barbarous Hannibal nor the harsh voice of savage Sulla could ever have hymned you in such strains. Assuredly you, Lysippus, author of the gift, would not have wished approval by other eyes than these.

<sup>18</sup> *Nunc quoque* (sc. *felix es*) is usually taken with *non aula* ff., starting a new paragraph and depriving *quoque* of significance.

<sup>19</sup> Exploits of Hercules follow, including some of his twelve labors: capture of Troy, mares of Diomedes, birds of Stymphalos, Erymanthian boar, Geryon, Busiris, Cerberus, Hesperides, Amazons.

SILVAE

7

ODE LYRICA AD VIBIUM MAXIMUM

Iam diu lato spatia campo  
fortis heroos, Erato, labores  
differ atque ingens opus in minores  
contrahe gyros,

5 tuque, regnator lyricae cohortis,  
da novi paulum mihi iura plectri,  
si tuas cantu Latio sacravi,  
Pindare, Thebas.

10 Maximo carmen tenuare tempto.  
nunc ab intonsa capienda myrto  
serta, nunc maior sitis, at bibendus  
castior amnis.

15 quando te dulci Latio remittent  
Dalmatae montes, ubi Dite viso  
pallidus fossor redit erutoque  
concolor auro?

20 ecce me natum propiore terra  
non tamen portu retinent amoeno  
desides Baiae liticenque notus  
Hectoris armis.

torpor est nostris sine te Camenis,  
tardius sueto venit ipse Thymbrae  
rector et primis meus ecce metis  
haeret Achilles.

## A LYRIC ODE TO VIBIUS MAXIMUS

Long, valiant Erato, have you ranged the spreading plain; now defer heroic labors and narrow your mighty work into lesser circuits;<sup>1</sup> and you, Pindar, ruler of the lyric band, grant me for a little while the right to change my quill, if I have hallowed your Thebes in Latian song: for Maximus I essay to trim my verse. Now my garlands must be taken from unpruned myrtle,<sup>2</sup> now my thirst is livelier but I have to drink of a purer river.<sup>3</sup>

When shall Dalmatia's mountains send you back to sweet Latium—Dalmatia, where the miner sees Dis and returns all pale, the color of the gold he has dug out? As for me, born though I was in a less distant land, yet lazy Baiae does not hold me in her pleasant haven nor the trumpeter<sup>4</sup> known to Hector's arms. My Muse is in torpor without you. Thymbra's ruler himself comes more slowly than is his wont and, see, my Achilles is stuck at the first

<sup>1</sup> "The discipline of the training-ring" (Coleman).

<sup>2</sup> I.e., a new source: the shrub is to be myrtle instead of laurel and hitherto untouched. Myrtle, sacred to Venus, suits Erato, who is associated with love poetry, even though this is no love poem.

<sup>3</sup> Reminiscent of Callimachus' "Assyrian River" contrasted with the stream "pure and undefiled" (*Hymns* 2.108ff.). See Critical Appendix.

<sup>4</sup> Misenus.

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l spatiaa G: soci- M: sati- *edit. pr.*

11 at\* *van Dam*: et M 19-20 laticenve notus H- armis  
*Politianus*: laticemve motus H- amnis M

## SILVAE

- 25      quippe te fido monitore nostra  
 Thebais multa cruciata lima  
 temptat audaci fide Mantuanae  
           gaudia famae.
- sed damus lento veniam, quod alma  
 30      prole fundasti vacuos penates.  
 o diem laetum! venit ecce nobis  
           Maximus alter.
- orbitas omni fugienda nisu,  
 quam premit votis inimicus heres,  
 35      optimo poscens (pudet heu!) propinquum  
           funus amico.
- orbitas nullo tumultata fletu:  
 stat domo capta cupidus superstes  
 imminens leti spoliis et ipsum  
 40      computat ignem.
- duret in longum generosus infans  
 perque non multis iter expeditum  
 crescat in mores patrios avumque  
           provocet actis.
- 45      tu tuos parvo memorabis enses,  
 quos ad Eoum tuleras Oronten  
 signa frenatae moderatus alae  
           Castore dextro.
- ille ut invicti rapidum secutus  
 50      Caesaris fulmen refugis amaram  
 Sarmatis legem dederit, sub uno  
           vivere caelo.

BOOK IV.7

turning point. For 'tis with you as my trusty counselor that my *Thebaid*, tortured by much filing, essays with daring string the joys of Mantuan fame.

But we forgive your dallying, since you have founded your empty hearth with fostering progeny. O happy day! Behold, we have a second Maximus! Childlessness must be avoided at all cost. An unfriendly heir presses hard upon it with his prayers, asking (ah, shame!) that death come soon for his excellent friend.<sup>5</sup> Childlessness is entombed without a tear; the greedy survivor stands in the captured house, hovering over death's booty, calculating the very pyre. Long life to the noble infant! May he grow into his father's manners, traveling a path that few may tread, and challenge his grandfather with his achievements! You shall tell the little one of the swords you bore to eastern Orontes when you commanded the standard of a bridled troop, favored by Castor. He<sup>6</sup> shall relate how he followed unconquered Caesar's swift bolt and imposed harsh terms on the fleeing Sarmatians—they must live

<sup>5</sup> *Optimo . . . amico* (or *optimi . . . amici*) after *inimicus* is ironic. The heir pretends to be on the best of terms with the friend whose death he prays for.

<sup>6</sup> The grandfather.

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35–36 propinquum . . . amico √: -quo . . . -ci M

46 tuleris √ Oronten *Housman*: -em M

SILVAE

sed tuas artes puer ante discat,  
omne quis mundi senium remensus  
55 orsa Sallusti brevis et Timavi  
reddis alumnum.

8

GRATULATIO AD  
IULIUM MENECRATEN

Pande fores superum vittataque templa Sabaeis  
nubibus et pecudum fibris spirantibus imple,  
Parthenope: clari genus ecce Menecratis auget  
tertia iam suboles. procerum tibi nobile vulgus  
5 crescit et insani solatur damna Vesevi.  
nec solum festas secreta Neapolis aras  
ambiat: et socii portus dilectaque miti  
terra Dicaearcho nec non plaga cara madenti  
Surrentina deo sertis altaria cingat,  
10 materni qua litus avi, quem turba nepotum  
circumit et similes contendit reddere vultus.  
gaudeat et Libyca praesignis avunculus hasta,  
quaeque sibi genitos putat attollitque benigno  
Polla sinu. macte, o iuvenis, qui tanta merenti

8 Dicaearcho *Krohn*: dicachen M

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<sup>7</sup> Apparently Maximus had written a world history, probably compendious. Sallust (whose terseness was proverbial) and Livy were not world historians and probably owe their mention to their preeminence in Latin historiography; the former's contribution to Maximus' production, other than stylistic, cannot have amounted to much. He might have owed more to Pompeius Tro-



## BOOK IV.8

under one sky. But first let the boy learn your skills, whereby you traced back all the world's antiquity, giving us again the writings of terse Sallust and Timavus' foster son.<sup>7</sup>

### 8

#### POEM OF CONGRATULATION TO JULIUS MENECRATES

Fling wide, Parthenope, the doors of the High Ones and fill the garlanded temples with Sabaeen clouds and the breathing entrails of beasts. A third scion now gives increase to renowned Menecrates' line. Your noble crowd<sup>1</sup> of grandees grows, solacing the losses of mad Vesuvius. And let not Naples only in isolation surround the festal altars; let fellow havens, land beloved of gentle Dicaearchus and the Surrentine region, dear to the madid god, gird their altars with chaplets, the shore where lives his maternal grandfather, surrounded by a throng of grandchildren vying to resemble his features. And let their uncle<sup>2</sup> rejoice, distinguished by Libyan spear, and Polla who thinks them her own sons and raises them to her benignant bosom. Bravo, young man, who give so many shining lights to your

gus, whose work survives only in Justin's epitome of uncertain date. The association of Livy's birthplace, Patavium (Padua), with the river Timavus derives from their juxtaposition in *Aeneid* 1.242-49.

<sup>1</sup> Two sons and a daughter (τρεις ἐμοὶ μνρίοι).

<sup>2</sup> Maternal, probably a son of Pollius Felix who had won a military decoration (*hasta pura*) in Africa.

SILVAE

- 15 lumina das patriae! dulci tremit ecce tumultu  
 tot dominis clamata domus. procul atra recedat  
 Invidia atque alio liventia pectora flectat:  
 his senium longaeque decus virtutis et alba  
 Atropos et patrius lauro<s> promisit Apollo.
- 20 Ergo quod Ausoniae pater augustissimus urbis  
 ius tibi tergeminae dederat laetabile prolis,  
 omen erat. venit totiens Lucina piumque  
 intravit repetita larem. sic fertilis, oro,  
 stet domus et donis numquam mutata sacratis.
- 25 macte, quod et proles tibi saepius aucta virili  
 robore! sed iuveni laetanda et virgo parenti  
 (aptior his virtus, citius dabit illa nepotes),  
 qualis maternis Helene iam digna palaestris  
 inter Amyclaeos reptabat candida fratres,
- 30 vel qualis caeli facies, ubi nocte serena  
 admovere iubar mediae duo sidera lunae.
- Sed queror haud faciles, iuvenum rarissime, questus  
 irascorque etiam, quantum irascuntur amantes.  
 tantane me decuit vulgari gaudia fama
- 35 noscere? cumque tibi vagiret tertius infans,  
 protinus ingenti non venit nuntia cursu

15 dulci . . . tumultu\* *Calderini*: -cis . . . -tus M fremit  
*Heinsius*: strepit *Baehrens*  
 19 lauros\* ζ: -o M  
 26 laetanda et *Saenger* (*praeunte Baehrens*): letam dat M  
 27 damn. *Markland*  
 29 certabat *Grasberger*

<sup>3</sup> See Critical Appendix. <sup>4</sup> I.e., heart; but *Markland's lumina*, read by *Coleman*, is attractive.

BOOK IV.8

deserving country. Lo, the house vibrates with sweet tumult,<sup>3</sup> clamorous with so many masters. Let black Envy get her gone afar, turning her malicious breast<sup>4</sup> elsewhere. White Atropos has promised them old age and glory of lengthy achievement, their country's Apollo<sup>5</sup> his laurels.<sup>6</sup>

So it was an omen that the most august Father of the Ausonian city gave you the heartening privilege of triple offspring;<sup>7</sup> so often came Lucina, again and again entering your pious home. So fruitful, I pray, may your house stand, its sacred gifts intact. Bravo too in that your stock has more often had increase in manly strength! But a maiden too brings happiness to a young parent (achievement belongs rather to them, but she will sooner give grandsons), the like of fair Helen as she crawled<sup>8</sup> between her Amyclaeon brethren, already worthy of her mother's wrestling grounds; or like the sky's face on a clear night when two radiant stars from either side approach the moon.

But, rarest of fellows, I have a grievance, none of the lightest. I am angry even, so far as we can be angry with those we love. Was it fitting that I hear of such joy by common report? When your third child was wailing, did no letter come straightway posthaste to bring me word, tell-

<sup>5</sup> Cf. v. 47 and Coleman thereon.

<sup>6</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>7</sup> The *ius trium liberorum* (carrying certain privileges). It was sometimes awarded to the childless.

<sup>8</sup> Spartan girls notoriously practiced with men in the gymnasium, but not before they could walk. Here Helen and her brothers must all three be small children, not in the gymnasium but already showing signs of later prowess. *Certabat* is an easy change, but Menecrates' daughter was not of wrestling age.

## SILVAE

- littera, quae festos cumulare altaribus ignes  
 et redimire chelyn postesque ornare iuberet  
 Albanoque cadum sordentem promere fumo  
 40 et creta signare diem, sed tardus inersque  
 nunc demum mea vota cano? tua culpa tuusque  
 hic pudor. ulterius sed enim producere questus  
 non licet; en hilaris circumstat turba tuorum  
 defensatque patrem! quem non hoc agmine vincas?  
 45 Di patrii, quos auguriis super aequora magnis  
 litus ad Ausonium devexit Abantia classis,  
 tu, ductor populi longe migrantis, Apollo,  
 cuius adhuc volucrem laeva cervice sedentem  
 respiciens blande felix Eumelus adorat,  
 50 tuque, Actaea Ceres, cursu cui semper anhelu  
 votivam taciti quassamus lampada mystae,  
 et vos, Tyndaridae, quos non horrenda Lycurgi  
 Taygeta umbrosaeque magis coluere Therapnae:  
 hos cum plebe sua patriae servate penates.  
 55 sint qui fessam aevo crebrisque laboribus urbem  
 voce opibusque iuvent viridique in nomine servent.  
 his placidos genitor mores largumque nitorem  
 monstret avus, pulchrae studium virtutis uterque.

40 creta *Bentley*: cantu M      49 Eumelus *Housman*: -liss  
 M: -lis 5      50 Actaea *Calderini*: acea M  
 54 patriae *Gronovius*: -rii M

<sup>9</sup> I.e., the fulfillment of my prayers.

<sup>10</sup> Cf. 3.5.79f. Statuary or painting is indicated here.

<sup>11</sup> "A Eumelus is attested as an eponymous god of a Neapolitan phratry" (Coleman), but his role here is problematical. The name means "rich in flocks."

BOOK IV.8

ing me to heap my altar with festal fire and wreath my lyre and decorate my doorway and bring out a jar begrimed with Alban smoke and mark the day with chalk? Only now, slow and sluggish, do I sing my vows?<sup>9</sup> Yours is the fault, yours this shame. But I may not further prolong my complaints. See, a merry throng surrounds you, your children, defending their father. With such a troop, whom would you not vanquish?

Gods of our land, whom an Abantian fleet bore overseas with great auguries to Ausonia's shore, and you, Apollo, guide of the far-wandering folk, whose bird perched on your left shoulder<sup>10</sup> fortunate Eumelus<sup>11</sup> still fondly eyes and adores, and you, Actaeon Ceres, for whom we silent devotees ever wave the votive torch in our breathless course,<sup>12</sup> and you, sons of Tyndareus, to whom Lycurgus' grim Taygetus<sup>13</sup> and shady Therapnae gave no devouter worship: protect this hearth and its folk for our country. Let it be theirs to aid our city with voice and wealth, weary as she is with time and many labors,<sup>14</sup> and keep her green as her name. Let their father show them gentle ways and their grandfather liberal splendor and both the pursuit of fair virtue. For surely wealth and birth

<sup>12</sup> There was a cult of Demeter (Ceres) in Naples analogous to the Eleusinian mysteries.

<sup>13</sup> So 2.2.90, *de monte Lycurgi*, suggestive of some special connection between lawgiver and mountain otherwise unrecorded (but cf. Plutarch, *Lycurgus* (16.1-2). The Spartan sons of Tyndareus (Dioscuri, Castor, and Pollux) had a temple in Naples (see Coleman).

<sup>14</sup> Perhaps in allusion to the original foundation later called Palaeopolis (Old City) that was replaced by a new one (Neapolis). "Green" = "youthful."

SILVAE

60 quippe et opes et origo sinunt hanc lampade prima  
patricias intrare fores, hos pube sub ipsa,  
si modo prona bonis invicti Caesaris adsint  
numina, Romulei limen pulsare senatus.

9

HENDECASYLLABI IOCOSI AD  
PLOTIUM GRYPUM

Est sane iocus iste, quod libellum  
misisti mihi, Grype, pro libello.  
urbanum tamen hoc potest videri  
si post hoc aliquid mihi remittas.  
5 nam si ludere, Grype, perseveras,  
non ludis. licet ecce computemus.  
noster purpureus novusque charta  
et binis decoratus umbilicis  
praeter me mihi constitit decussis:  
10 tu rosum tineis situque putrem,  
quales aut Libycis madent olivis  
aut tus Niliacum piperve servant  
aut Byzantiacos cocunt lacertos,  
nec saltem tua dicta continentem  
15 quae trino iuvenis Foro tonabas  
aut centum prope iudices, priusquam  
te Germanicus arbitrum sequenti  
annonae dedit omniumque late  
praefecit stationibus viarum,  
20 sed Bruti senis oscitationes

13 cocunt *Thomson*: colunt M

## BOOK IV.9

permit the girl to enter patrician doors at first wedding torch, and the brothers, if only the favoring deity of unconquered Caesar befriend the good, to knock at the gate of Romulus' Senate on manhood's first advent.

### 9

#### JESTING HENDECASYLLABICS TO PLOTIUS GRYPUS

A joke on your part, to be sure, Grypus, to send me a little book in return for a little book! But it can be thought amusing only if you were to send me a follow-up. For if you go on jesting, Grypus, it's no jest! Look, let's reckon up. Mine is purple, fresh paper, with a pair of handsome bosses.<sup>1</sup> Besides myself,<sup>2</sup> it cost me a ten-as piece. But yours! Moth eaten and moldering, like the sheets that soak up Libyan olives or keep Nile incense or pepper or cook Byzantine tunny.<sup>3</sup> And it does not even contain your own speeches that as a young man you thundered in the triple Forum or before the Hundred Judges, ere Germanicus made you controller of the attendant corn supply<sup>4</sup> and general supervisor of relay stations on all the highways; but you give me the yawns of old Brutus,<sup>5</sup> a thing you

<sup>1</sup> Knobs at each end of the roller (literally, "navels").

<sup>2</sup> As author.      <sup>3</sup> Fish were cooked in wrapping material.

<sup>4</sup> *Sequenti annonae*, explained by Coleman as the supply train for Domitian's travels in Italy, so that the two functions mentioned are connected.

<sup>5</sup> No doubt Caesar's assassin, one of the leading orators of his day. *Senis*, here with a contemptuous flavor, does not refer to age but to remoteness in time. He died in 42 BC, in his early forties.

## SILVAE

de capsâ miserî libellionis,  
 emptum plus minus asse Gaiano,  
 donas. usque adeone defuerunt  
 caesis pillea suta de lacernis  
 25 vel mantelia luridaeve mappae,  
 chartae Thebaicaeve Caricaeve?  
 nusquam turbine conditus ruenti  
 prunorum globus atque cottanorum?  
 non enlychnia sicca, non replictae  
 30 bulborum tunicae? nec ova tandem  
 nec lenes halicae nec asperum far?  
 nusquam Cinyphiis vagata campis  
 curvarum domus uda cochlearum?  
 non lardum grave debilisve perna?  
 35 non Lucanica, non breves Falisci,  
 non sal oxyporumve caseusve  
 aut panes nitidantis aphronitri  
 aut passum psithiis suis recoctum  
 dulci defruta vel lutosâ caeno?  
 40 quantum vel dare cereos olentes,  
 cultellum tenuesve codicillos?  
 ollares, rogo, non licebat uvas,  
 Cumano patinas vel orbe tortas  
 aut unam dare synthesin (quid horres?)  
 45 alborum calicum atque cacaborum?  
 sed certa velut aequus in statera,  
 nil mutas, sed idem mihi rependis.

30 tandem\* *Polster*: tantum M: saltim *Baehrens*

31 lenes *Heinsius*: leves M      34 breve *Markland*

35 breves *Coleman*: graves M

40 vel *Calderini*: nec M      43 vel *Heinsius*: in M



## BOOK IV.9

bought for a Gaian as<sup>6</sup> more or less, from the case of a wretched bookseller. Were there really no caps for sale, stitched from cloak clippings, or towels, or yellowed napkins, writing paper, dates from Thebes<sup>7</sup> or figs from Caria? Nowhere a handful of plums or bullaces stored in a cascading cone?<sup>8</sup> No dry lamp wicks, no peeled-off onion jackets? No eggs even<sup>9</sup> or mild groats or rough spelt? Nowhere a slimy house of a sinuous snail<sup>10</sup> that had strayed over Cinyphian plains? No lump of bacon or moldering ham? No Lucanian sausages or short Faliscans, no salt, no condiment, no cheese? Or rolls of furbishing soda or raisin wine boiled up with its own grapes or must muddy with its sweet lees? What does it save you not even to give me smelly candles or a knife or thin tablets? Could you not, I ask you, have sent some potted grapes or some dishes turned on a Cuman wheel<sup>11</sup> or a set<sup>12</sup> (don't be alarmed) of white cups and pots? But as though you were playing fair on an accurate scale, you change nothing, give me tit

<sup>6</sup> Coins, at any rate copper coins, of Caligula, whose memory had been condemned by the senate, seem to have been as good as worthless.

<sup>7</sup> In Upper Egypt. For full information on the items here listed, see Coleman.

<sup>8</sup> Explained by Coleman as the bottom half of a jar (*cadus*) broken off from the top half.

<sup>9</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>10</sup> Snail shells were used as oil containers.

<sup>11</sup> Cuman pottery was cheap.

<sup>12</sup> *Synthesis* (combination) often = dinner suit.

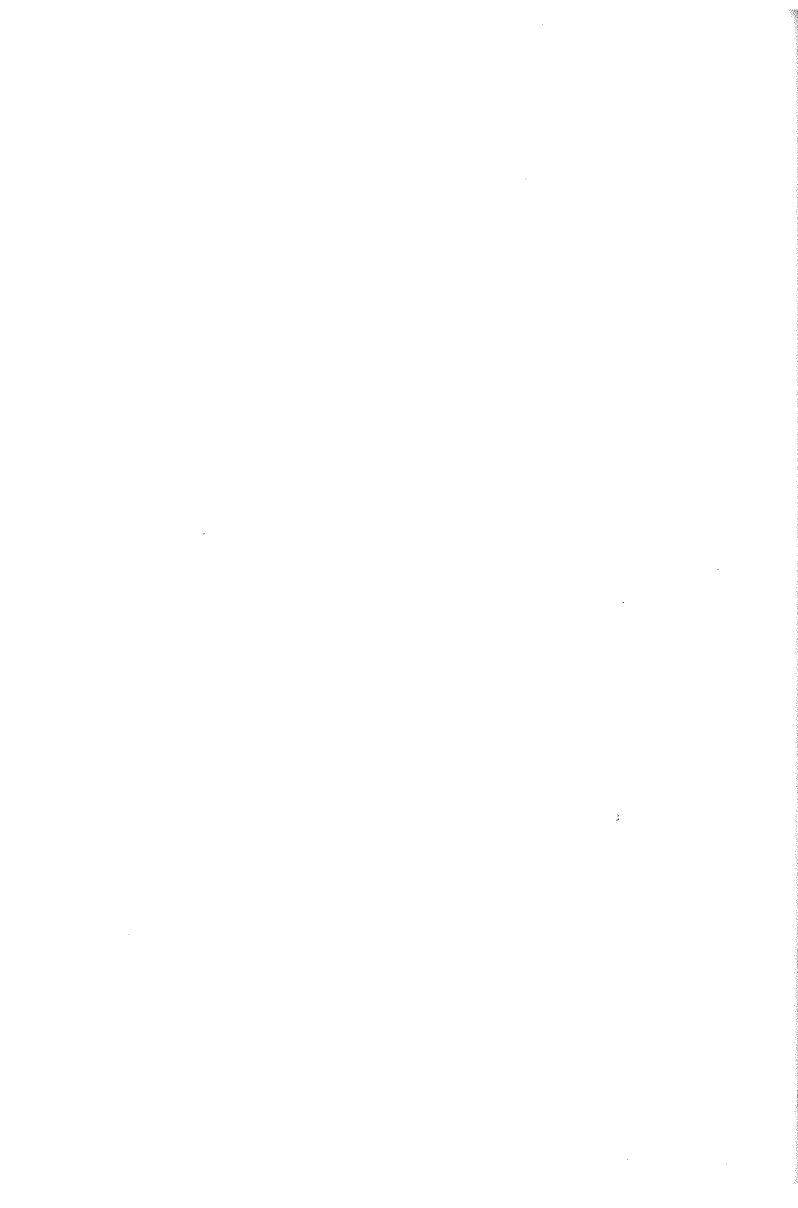
SILVAE

quid si, cum bene mane semicrudus  
illatam tibi dixero salutem,  
50 et tu me vicibus domi salutes?  
aut cum me dape iuveris opima,  
exspectes similes et ipse cenas?  
irascor tibi, Grype. sed valebis;  
tantum ne mihi, quo soles lepore,  
55 et nunc hendecasyllabas remittas.

54 quo . . . lepore *Calderini*: quod . . . -ri M

## BOOK IV.9

for tat. Come, if I bring you an early-morning greeting with an after-breakfast belch, are you to greet me at my home in return? Or when you've treated me to a splendid dinner, are you to expect a similar meal yourself? Grypus, I'm angry with you. But farewell. Only this time please don't send me back hendecasyllables in your usual witty style!



**BOOK FIVE**

## PREFATORY NOTES

### 1

Flavius Abascantus, entitled *Aug(usti) lib(ertus) ab epistulis* in inscriptions of his freedmen, had charge of the imperial correspondence. His wife probably died in 95 (mention of the temple to the Flavian family in v. 240).

### 2

Crispinus, a boy of sixteen (v. 12) at the time of writing (probably summer of 95; cf. v. 163), is known only from this poem. He was the son of M. Vettius Bolanus, consul suffect in 66, with a distinguished career as Corbulo's right hand in Armenia, governor of Britain, and proconsul of Asia.

### 3

Stattius' father died some five to fifteen years before the publication of Book 5. According to v. 29 the lament was written three months later, which is at odds with the mention of the festivals in vv. 219–33 (Vollmer, p. 9, n. 10; Coleman, pp. xviii f.). Whenever written, it was not published in the poet's lifetime.

BOOK V

4

No indication of date.

5

Mention of the completed *Thebaid* and the start of the *Achilleid* point to the summer of 95 (v. 36; cf. 4.4.94, 5.2.163).

## LIBER QUINTUS

### STATIUS ABASCANTO SUO SALUTEM

Omnibus affectibus prosequenda sunt bona exempla, cum publice prosint. pietas quam Priscillae tuae praestas et morum tuorum pars et nulli non conciliare te, praecipue marito, potest. uxorem enim vivam amare voluptas est,  
5 defunctam religio. ego tamen huic operi non ut unus e turba nec tantum quasi officiosus assilui. amavit enim uxorem meam Priscilla et amando fecit mihi illam probatorem. post hoc ingratus sum si lacrimas tuas transeo. praeterea latus omne divinae domus semper demereri pro  
10 mea mediocritate conitor. nam qui bona fide deos colit amat et sacerdotes. sed quamvis propiorem usum amicitiae tuae iam pridem cuperem, mallem tamen nondum invenisse materiam.



## BOOK FIVE

### STATIUS TO HIS FRIEND ABASCANTUS GREETINGS

Good examples should be unreservedly honored since they are for the public benefit. The devotion you give your Priscilla is both part of your own character and must win you everyone's sympathy, every husband's especially. To love a living wife is pleasure, to love a dead wife is religion. However, I have not jumped to this work as one of a multitude nor only as performing an obligation. For Priscilla loved my wife and by loving her made her stand higher in my eyes; after that, I am an ingrate if I take no notice of your tears. Furthermore, I always do my humble best to oblige any appendage of the Divine House; for whoever worships the gods in good faith, loves their priests too. But although I desired for a long while past that my friendship with you become closer, I would rather not have found an occasion so soon.

## SILVAE

## I

EPICEDION IN PRISCILLAM  
<ABASCANTI> UXOREM

Si manus aut similes docilis mihi fingere ceras  
 aut ebur impressis aurumve animare figuris,  
 hinc, Priscilla, tuo solacia grata marito  
 conciperem. namque egregia pietate meretur  
 5 ut vel Apelleo vultus signata colore  
 Phidiaca vel nata manu reddare dolenti.  
 sic auferre rogis umbram conatur et ingens  
 certamen cum Morte gerit, curasque fatigat  
 artificum inque omni te quaerit amare metallo.  
 10 sed mortalis honos, agilis quem dextra laborat:  
 nos tibi, laudati iuvenis rarissima coniunx,  
 longa nec obscurum finem latura perenni  
 temptamus dare iusta lyra, modo dexter Apollo  
 quique venit iuncto mihi semper Apolline Caesar  
 15 annuat; haud alio melius condere sepulchro.  
 Sera quidem tanto struitur medicina dolori,  
 altera cum volucris Phoebi rota torqueat annum.  
 sed cum plaga recens et adhuc in vulnere primo  
 nigra domus, miseram quis tunc accessus ad aurem  
 20 coniugis orbatî? tunc flere et scindere vestes  
 et famulos lassare greges et vincere planctus  
 Fataque et iniustos rabidis pulsare querelis  
 caelicolas solamen erat. licet ipse levandos

17 volucrem *Markland*      19 miseram quis tunc *Phillimore*:  
 quaestu miseramque M: *post* questu *lac. statuit Courtney*

## BOOK V.1

### I

#### A CONSOLATION ON THE DEATH OF PRISCILLA, WIFE <OF ABASCANTUS>

If my hand were skilled to mold likenesses in wax or bring life to ivory or gold by impress of features, thence, Priscilla, would I conceive a solace that your husband should welcome. For by his extraordinary devotion he deserves to have you returned to his grief as Apelles would have rendered your face in paint or Phidias' hand have given you birth. So does he strive to rescue your shade from the pyre and wages a mighty contest with Death, wearying the efforts of artists and seeking to love you in every material. But beauty created by toil of cunning hand is mortal. Whereas I, rarest lady of applauded spouse, essay with timeless lyre to give you obsequies that last long nor end in oblivion, only let Apollo be propitious and Caesar, who ever comes to me in Apollo's company,<sup>1</sup> nod assent. In no other tomb will you be better laid to rest.

Late indeed is the medicine compounded for so great an affliction, now that Phoebus' swift wheel brings round a second year. But when the stroke was fresh and the house still black in first shock, what access was there then to the sad ear of the bereaved husband? Then all his consolation was to weep and tear his clothes and weary his flocks of servitors, outdoing their laments, and assail the Fates and unjust sky-dwellers with frenzied complaints.

<sup>1</sup> As inspiration.

## SILVAE

- ad gemitus silvis comitatus et amnibus Orpheus  
 25 afforet atque omnis pariter matertera vatem,  
 omnis Apollineus tegeret Bacchique sacerdos,  
 nil cantus, nil fila deis pallentis Averni  
 Eumenidumque audita comis mulcere valerent:  
 tantus in attonito regnabat pectore luctus.  
 30 nunc etiam ad tactus refugit iam plana cicatrix  
 dum canimus, gravibusque oculis uxorius instat  
 imber. habentne pios etiamnum haec lumina fletus?  
 mira fides! citius genetrix Sipylea feretur  
 exhaustisse genas, citius Tithonida maesti  
 35 deficient rores aut exsatiata fatiscet  
 mater Achilleis hiemes affrangere bustis.  
 macte animi! notat ista deus qui flectit habenas  
 orbis et humanos propior Iove digerit actus,  
 maerentemque videt, lectique arcana ministri  
 40 hinc etiam documenta capit, quod diligit umbram  
 et colis exsequias. hic est castissimus ardor,  
 hic amor a domino meritis censore probari.  
 Nec mirum si vos collato pectore mixtos  
 iunxit inabrupta concordia longa catena.  
 45 illa quidem nuptumque prior taedasque marito  
 passa alio, sed te ceu virginitate iugatum  
 visceribus totis animaue amplexa fovebat,  
 qualiter aequaervo sociatam palmitem vitem  
 ulmus amat miscetque nemus ditemque precatur  
 50 autumnum et caris gaudet redimita racemis.

30 ad tactus *Cartault*: ad planctus M: adtactus *Phillimore*

33 Sipylea feretur *Heinsius*: si pelea fertur M: sipyleia fertur  $\zeta$

45 nuptumque  $\zeta$ : -uque M

## BOOK V.1

Though Orpheus himself with woods and rivers in attendance had been at hand to relieve your groans, though all his mother's sisters<sup>2</sup> alike, every priest of Apollo and of Bacchus surrounded the bard, naught would his song have availed to soothe him, naught the strings to which the gods of dim Avernus and the locks<sup>3</sup> of the Eumenides gave ear; such mourning reigned in his stunned breast. Even today the scar now healed shrinks at touch, even as I sing, and conjugal drops urge his heavy eyelids. Do these eyes have devoted tears even yet? Wonderful, but true! Sooner shall the eyes of the mother of Sipylus be said to have run dry, sooner shall sad dews fail Tithonis or Achilles' parent be sated and weary of breaking storms against his tomb.<sup>4</sup> Honor to your soul! The god who governs the reins of all the world and nearer than Jupiter disposes of men's doings, he marks it and sees you grieving; and therefrom he takes private proof of his chosen servant, in that you love the shade and pay tribute to her obsequies. This is passion at its most chaste, a love that deserves the approval of a Censor master.

Neither is it any wonder that enduring Concord joined you by an unbroken chain, mingling heart with heart. She had indeed been through marriage before, known the torches with another spouse, but you she cherished, embracing you with all her heart and soul, as though a virgin bride; even as elm loves vine, sharing coeval branches, mingling foliage, praying for a bountiful autumn, rejoicing

<sup>2</sup> The other eight Muses. The reader is left to take Calliope herself for granted.      <sup>3</sup> Snakes.

<sup>4</sup> The three weeping mothers are Niobe, Aurora (for her son Memnon), and Thetis.

SILVAE

laudantur proavis et pulchrae munere formae  
 quae morum caruere bonis falsaeque potentes  
 laudis egent verae: tibi quamquam et origo niteret  
 et felix species multumque optanda maritis,  
 55 ex te maior honos, unum novisse cubile,  
 unum secretis agitare sub ossibus ignem.  
 illum nec Phrygius vitiasset raptor amorem  
 Dulichiive proci nec qui fraternus adulter  
 casta Mycenaeano conubia polluit auro.  
 60 si Babylonos opes, Lydae si pondera gazae  
 Indorumque dares Serumque Arabumque potentes  
 divitias, mallet cum paupertate pudica  
 intemerata mori vitamque rependere famae.  
 nec frons triste rigens nimiusque in moribus horror  
 65 sed simplex hilarisque fides et mixta pudori  
 gratia.

Quod si anceps metus ad maiora vocasset,  
 illa vel armiferas pro coniuge laeta catervas  
 fulmineosque ignes mediique pericula ponti  
 exciperet. melius quod non adversa probarunt  
 70 quae tibi cura tori, quantus pro coniuge pallor.  
 sed meliore via dextros tua vota marito  
 promeruere deos, dum nocte dieque fatigas  
 numina, dum cunctis supplex advolveris aris  
 et mitem genium domini praesentis adoras.  
 75 Audita es, venitque gradu Fortuna benigno.  
 vidit quippe pii iuvenis navamque quietem  
 intactamque fidem succinctaque pectora curis

51 proavis et *Politianus*: proavi seu M

52 falsaeque *Heinsius*: -soque M -saque *Meursius*

## BOOK V.1

to be wreathed in the beloved clusters. Women who lack the moral virtues are praised for their ancestors or their gift of beauty; they have the false esteem, but lack the true. Your birth was splendid, your aspect pleasing as a husband could desire, but greater the dignity that came from yourself—to know one bed only, to cherish one flame in your heart of hearts. That love no Phrygian ravisher would have sullied, no Dulichian suitors, nor that seducer of his brother's wife who polluted chaste wedlock with Mycenaean gold.<sup>5</sup> Had she been offered the wealth of Babylon, the weight of Lydian treasure, the potent riches of Indians and Seres and Arabians, she would rather have died inviolate in chaste poverty, paying life for reputation. Yet no stiff and frowning face was hers, no undue austerity in her manners, but gay and simple loyalty, charm blended with modesty.

But if some formidable danger had summoned her to a larger role, she would gladly have confronted armed bands or lightning fire or the hazards of mid ocean for her man. Happily no adversity proved your wifely care, your pallor for his peril. Instead, by a better path your vows on his behalf earned favoring gods, as day and night you wearied their deity, sinking in supplication at every altar and adoring the gentle genius of our lord here present.

You were heard, and Fortune came with benignant step. Surely he saw the devoted young man's quiet diligence, his untainted loyalty, his mind alert for business,

<sup>5</sup> Thyestes. Statius inverts the standard account, by which Aërope, wife of his brother Atreus, king of Mycenae, whom he had seduced, gave him a numinous golden lamb. Probably just a slip on the poet's part.

## SILVAE

- et vigiles sensus et digna evolvere tantas  
 sobria corda vices, vidit, qui cuncta suorum  
 80 novit et inspectis ambit latus omne ministris.  
 nec mirum: videt ille ortus obitusque, quid Auster  
 quid Boreas hibernus agat, ferrique togaeque  
 consilia atque ipsam mentem probat. ille gravatis  
 molem immensam umeris et vix tractabile pondus  
 85 imposuit (nec enim numerosior altera sacra  
 cura domo), magnum late dimittere in orbem  
 Romulei mandata ducis, viresque modosque  
 imperii tractare manu: quae laurus ab Arcto,  
 quid vagus Euphrates, quid ripa binominis Histri,  
 90 quid Rheni vexilla ferant, quantum ultimus orbis  
 cesserit et refugo circumsona gurgite Thule;  
 omnia nam laetas pila attollentia frondes  
 nullaque famosa signatur lancea penna.  
 praeterea, fidos dominus si dividat enses,  
 95 pandere quis centum valeat frenare, maniplos  
 inter missus eques, quis praecepisse cohorti,  
 quem deceat clari praestantior ordo tribuni,  
 quisnam frenigerae signum dare dignior alae;  
 mille etiam praenosse vices, an merserit agros  
 100 Nilus, an imbrifero Libye sudaverit Austro:  
 cunctaque si numerem, non plura interprete virga  
 nuntiat ex celsis ales Tegeaticus astris,  
 quaeque cadit liquidas Iunonia virgo per auras  
 et picturato pluvium ligat aëra gyro  
 105 quaeque tuas laurus volucris, Germanice, cursu

83 gravatis\* *scripsi*: iubatis M: subactis *Avantius*: volentis  
 Watt 84 pondus *Laetus*: tempus M 101 cuncta ego  
*coni. Courtney*



## BOOK V.1

his watchful intelligence, his sober judgment fitted to unfold great matters as they arose—*he* saw, who knows all about those near to him and surrounds every quarter with well-trying servants. No wonder: he sees east and west, what the South Wind is about and what the wintry North, probing counsels of sword and gown, ay, and the very heart. On these burdened<sup>6</sup> shoulders he placed an enormous load, a weight almost beyond bearing. For no other charge in the sacred dwelling is so manifold: to send out the commands of the Romulean leader all over the great world and handle in writing the powers and modes of empire—what laurelled message comes from the north, what wandering Euphrates brings, or the bank of binamed Hister, or the standards of Rhine, how far the world's end has retreated and Thule surrounded by her roaring reflux; for every spear comes lifting joyous leaves<sup>7</sup> aloft and no lance is marked with infamous feather. Furthermore, if our lord should be distributing his faithful swords, to announce who is qualified to control a century (a Knight sent among infantry), who to command a cohort, who is right for the higher rank of illustrious Tribune, who more worthy to give the password to a troop of cavalry; also to forecast a thousand turns—has Nile drowned the fields, has Libya sweated with the rainy South Wind? If I were to enumerate all, no more messages does the winged Tegean announce from the high stars with his go-between wand, nor Juno's maiden as she falls through the liquid air and binds the rainy atmosphere with her colored arc, nor Fame that bears your laurels, Germanicus, outstripping

<sup>6</sup> Proleptic. See Critical Appendix.

<sup>7</sup> Laurel in token of victory. A feather (indicating urgency?) meant the opposite.

## SILVAE

Fama vehit praegressa diem tardumque sub astris  
Arcada et in medio linquit Thaumantida caelo.

- Qualem te superi, Priscilla, hominesque benigno  
aspexere die, cum primum ingentibus actis  
110 admotus coniunx! vicisti gaudia paene  
ipsius, effuso dum pectore prona sacratos  
ante pedes avide domini tam magna merentis  
volveris. Aonio non sic in vertice gaudet  
quam pater arcani praefecit hiatibus antri  
115 Delius, aut primi cui ius venerabile thyrsi  
Bacchus et attonitae tribuit vexilla catervae.  
nec tamen hinc mutata quies probitasve secundis  
intumuit; tenor idem animo moresque modesti  
fortuna crescente manent. fovet anxia curas  
120 coniugis hortaturque simul flectitque labores.  
ipsa dapes modicas et sobria pocula tradit  
exemplumque ad erile monet, velut Apula coniunx  
agricolae parci vel sole infecta Sabino,  
quae videt emeriti iam prospectantibus astris  
125 tempus adesse viri, propere mensasque torosque  
instruit exspectatque sonum redeuntis aratri.  
parva loquor: tecum gelidas comes illa per Arctos

106 vehit *Calderini*: velut M

110 paene *Burman*: cene M: certe *Markland*

113 Aonio ⚔: ausonio M

117 hinc ⚔: hic M

120 fulcitque *vel* fallitque *Watt*

123 Sabina *Heinsius*

127 ire *Nodell*

## BOOK V.1

the sun in her rapid flight, leaving the slow Arcadian beneath the stars and Thaumás' daughter in mid sky.

In what guise did gods and men see you, Priscilla, on that gracious day when your husband was first appointed to his great office! Your joy well-nigh surpassed his own, when eagerly you threw yourself prostrate and groveling at the sacred feet of the lord to whom you owe so much, pouring out your breast. Not so on Aonian summit<sup>8</sup> does she rejoice whom the Delian father has set over the mouth of his secret cave, or she to whom Bacchus has awarded the venerable right of First Wand<sup>9</sup> and the standard of his frenzied band. Yet her tranquility was not changed thereby nor her goodness puffed up by prosperity. Her mind follows the same course and her modest manners remain as her fortune mounts. She cherishes anxiously her husband's cares, at once encouraging his labors and deflecting<sup>10</sup> them. She herself serves him his frugal meals and temperate cups, and admonishes him by his master's example;<sup>11</sup> even as some thrifty farmer's Apulian wife or suntanned Sabine, when she sees the stars are peeping out and it's nearly time for her man to come home from the day's work, smartly sets up the table and the couches and listens for the sound of the returning plow. I speak of little things. With you she would have traveled the frozen North

<sup>8</sup> Helicon, as in Virgil, *Georgics* 3.11. But why should a newly appointed Pythia (Delphic prophetess) be there rather than on Parnassus? More inadvertence?

<sup>9</sup> *Primi thyrsi*, like *primi pili* in the military.

<sup>10</sup> I.e., making him take a break. Perhaps understand *in se* (cf. 2.1.59). Not "alleviating."  
<sup>11</sup> The emperor was in fact a moderate eater and drinker (Suetonius, *Domitian* 21).

SILVAE

- Sarmaticasque hiemes Histrumque et pallida Rheni  
 frigora, tecum omnes animo durata per aestus,  
 130 et, si castra darent, vellet gestare pharetras,  
 vellet Amazonia latus intercludere pelta,  
 dum te pulverea bellorum <in> nube videret  
 Caesarei prope fulmen equi divinaque tela  
 vibrantem et magnae sparsum sudoribus hastae.
- 135 Hactenus alma chelys. tempus nunc ponere frondes,  
 Phoebe, tuas maestaque comam damnare cupresso.
- Quisnam impacata consanguinitate ligavit  
 Fortunam Invidiamque deas? quis iussit iniquas  
 aeternum bellare deus? nullamne notabit  
 140 illa domum torvo quam non haec lumine figat  
 protinus et saeva proturbet gaudia dextra?  
 florebant hilares inconcussique penates;  
 nil maestum. quid enim, quamvis infida levisque,  
 Caesare tam dextro posset Fortuna timeri?
- 145 invenere viam liventia Fata, piumque  
 intravit vis saeva larem. sic plena maligno  
 afflantur vineta Noto, sic alta senescit  
 imbre seges nimio, rapidae sic obvia puppi  
 invidet et velis obnubilat aura secundis.
- 150 carpitur eximium Fato Priscilla decorem,  
 qualiter alta comam, silvarum gloria, pinus  
 seu Iovis igne malo seu iam radice soluta  
 deficit et nulli spoliata remurmurat aerae.  
 quid probitas aut casta fides, quid numina prosunt

132 *add. Gevartius*

139 notabit *Barth*: -avit M

149 obnubilat *Eden (praeunte Markland)*: adn- M

BOOK V.1

and Sarmatia's winters and Hister and the pale frosts of Rhine, with you steeled her courage through every heat, and, if the army allowed, even been fain to bear a quiver and shield her flank with Amazonian targe, so long as she might see you <in> the dust cloud of battles close to the thunderbolt that is Caesar's horse, brandishing divine<sup>12</sup> weapons and spattered with the sweat<sup>13</sup> of his great spear.

So far the kindly lyre. Now 'tis time to lay aside your leaves, Phoebus, and doom my hair with sad cypress.

What god linked Fortune and Envy in truceless consanguinity? Who commanded these cruel goddesses to make everlasting war? Shall the one never mark a house but the other at once fix it with her grim gaze and drive out its joy with her savage hand? The home was prosperous, blithe and unshaken; nothing sad. For how could Fortune be feared, though faithless and fickle, when Caesar was so propitious? The jealous Fates found a way, and savage violence entered the blameless hearth. So full vineyards are blown upon by a malign sirocco, so a tall crop ages with too much rain, so an envious breeze meets a swift vessel, beclouding favoring sails.<sup>14</sup> Fate plucks away Priscilla's peerless beauty, as when a tall-crested pine, glory of the forest, wastes away, whether by Jove's destructive fire or loosened root, and despoiled returns no whisper to the breeze. What avails probity or chaste loyalty

<sup>12</sup> Because provided by the emperor.

<sup>13</sup> Blood.

<sup>14</sup> *Adnubilat* (M) is a virtually unattested compound, for in Ammianus 27.6.15 *obnubilarunt* is accepted. So I read here, following P. T. Eden. The ill wind comes in opposition to the favorable wind under which the ship is sailing. The battle of the winds in Lucan 5.569ff. may be recalled.

## SILVAE

- 155 culta deum? furvae miseram circum undique leti  
vallavere plagae, tenduntur dura Sororum  
licia et exacti superest pars ultima fili.  
nil famuli coetus, nil ars operosa medentum  
auxiliata malis. comites tamen undique ficto  
160 spem simulant vultu, flentem notat illa maritum.  
ille modo infernae nequiquam flumina Lethes  
incorrupta rogat, nunc anxius omnibus aris  
illacrimat signatque fores et pectore terget  
limina, nunc magni vocat exorabile numen  
165 Caesaris. heu durus Fati tenor! estne quod illi  
non liceat? quantae poterant mortalibus annis  
accessisse morae si tu, pater, omne teneres  
arbitrium! caeco gemeret Mors clusa barathro  
longius et vacuae posuissent stamina Parcae.
- 170 Iamque cadunt vultus oculisque novissimus error  
obtunsaeque aures, nisi cum vox sola mariti  
noscitur. illum unum media de morte reversa  
mens videt, illum aegris circumdat fortiter ulnis  
immotas obversa genas, nec sole supremo  
175 lumina sed dulci mavult satiari marito.  
tum sic unanimum moriens solatur amantem:  
“Pars animae victura meae, cui linqere possim  
o utinam quos dura mihi rapit Atropos annos,  
parce, precor, lacrimis, saevo ne concute planctu  
180 pectora, nec crucia fugientem coniugis umbram.  
linquo equidem thalamos, salvo tamen ordine mortis  
quod prior. exegi longa potiora senecta  
tempora. vidi omni pridem te flore nitentem,  
vidi altae propius propiusque accedere dextrae.

172 reversae *Heinsius*

BOOK V.1

or worship of gods' deity? On all sides the dark snares of Death encompassed the poor lady, the Sisters' pitiless skein is tightened, only the last scrap of the exhausted thread remains. The flocks of servitors, the painstaking skill of physicians brought no succor to her malady; yet her attendants all around feign hope with false expressions, while she marks her husband weeping. As for him, he vainly implores infernal Lethe's incorruptible stream, now sheds tears of anguish at every altar, leaving his marks on the doors and rubbing the threshold with his breast, now calls on great Caesar's merciful deity. Alas, harsh course of fate! Is aught forbidden to Him? What stays might have accrued to mortal years if you, Father, were all-powerful! Death would have groaned far off, imprisoned in the sightless pit, and the idle Fates have laid aside their spinning.

Now her face falls, her eyes wander one last time, her ears are dulled save when she recognizes her man's voice, his only. Him alone her mind sees, returning from the midst of death, him her failing arms tightly clasp as her stiffened eyes meet his; nor with final sunlight would she sate them, but rather with her sweet husband. Then dying, thus she comforts her true love:

"Part of my soul that shall live on, to whom I would that I might leave the years that harsh Atropos takes away from me,<sup>15</sup> spare your tears, I pray, beat not your breast with cruel lament, nor torture your wife's fleeing shade. I leave your marriage bed, 'tis true, but death's order is preserved, for I go first.<sup>16</sup> Better the time I have lived than a long old age. I have seen you this while shining in full flower, I have seen you draw closer and closer to the right hand on high.

<sup>15</sup> The years would have given her a normal lifetime.

<sup>16</sup> So she was older than her husband.

SILVAE

185 non in te Fatis, non iam caelestibus ullis  
 arbitrium: mecum ista fero. tu limite coepto  
 tende libens sacrumque latus geniumque potentem  
 irrequietus ama. nunc, quod cupis ipse iuberi,  
 da Capitolinis aeternum sedibus aurum,  
 190 quo niteat sacri centeno pondere vultus  
 Caesaris et propriae signet cultriciis amorem.  
 sic ego nec Furias nec deteriora videbo  
 Tartara et Elysias felix admittar in oras.”

Haec dicit labens sociosque amplectitur artus  
 195 haerentemque animam non tristis in ora mariti  
 transtulit et cara pressit sua lumina dextra.

At iuvenis magno flammatus pectora luctu  
 nunc implet saevo vacuos clamore penates,  
 nunc ferrum laxare cupit, nunc ardua tendit  
 200 in loca (vix retinent comites), nunc ore ligato  
 incubat amissae mersumque in corde dolorem  
 saevus agit, qualis conspecto coniugis igne  
 Odrysius vates positus ad Strymona plectris  
 obstupuit tristemque rogam sine carmine flevit.  
 205 ille etiam spretae rupisset tempora vitae,  
 ne tu Tartareum chaos incomitata subires,  
 sed prohibet mens fida duci firmandaque sacris  
 imperiis et maior amor.

202 alit *Heinsius*                      conspecto coniugis igni\* *Barth*: -ta  
 -ge segnis M                      205 spretae *Appelmann*: recte M: erecte M  
*post corr.*                      207 duci *Calderini*: -is M                      firmandaque  
*Courtney*: mirandaque M

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<sup>17</sup> Genius.                      <sup>18</sup> Priscilla herself. Domitian had ordained  
 that statues of himself on the Capitol (cf. Martial 1.70.6; Pliny,



BOOK V.1

Not the Fates nor any sky-dwellers have power over you any longer; all that I take with me. Gladly pursue the path you have begun, love unremittingly the sacred presence and his potent guardian.<sup>17</sup> Now (and this my direction you yourself desire) give imperishable gold to the Capitoline temple in the weight of a hundred pounds in which Caesar's sacred countenance shall shine, betokening the love of his own votaress.<sup>18</sup> Thus I shall see no Furies, no worser Tartarus,<sup>19</sup> and be admitted in happiness to Elysian regions."

So she spoke as she sank, embracing the body she shares, and nothing loath transferred her lingering breath into her husband's mouth and closed her eyes with his beloved hand.

But the young man's heart was afire with mighty grief. Now he fills his widowed home with fierce clamor, now tries to unsheathe his sword, now seeks high places (scarce do his companions hold him back), now, mouth glued to mouth, bends over his lost one and fiercely plies the sorrow hidden in his heart; even as the Odrysian bard at sight of his wife's fire<sup>20</sup> laid down his quill by Strymon's bank in a daze and songless wept the sad pyre. He would even have despised and broken his life's span, that you might not go down to the darkness of Tartarus unaccompanied, but loyalty to the leader forbids, to be strengthened for the sacred commands, and a greater love.

*Panegyric* 52) must be of gold or silver not less than a certain weight (Suetonius, *Domitian* 13.2). <sup>19</sup> Tartarus proper, as distinct from Tartarus = the underworld, as in v. 206 and often. Understood as "worse than the Furies," the comparison is vapid.

<sup>20</sup> See Critical Appendix.

SILVAE

Quis carmine digno  
 exsequias et dona malae feralia pompae  
 210 perlegat? omne illic stipatum examine longo  
 ver Arabum Cilicumque fluit floresque Sabaei  
 Indorumque arsura seges praereptaque templis  
 tura Palaestinis simul Hebraeique liquores  
 Coryciaeque comae Cinyreaque germina; at altis  
 215 ipsa toris Serum Tyrioque umbrata recumbit  
 tegmine. sed toto spectatur in agmine coniunx  
 solus, in hunc magnae flectuntur lumina Romae  
 ceu iuvenes natos suprema ad busta ferentem.  
 is dolor in vultu, tantum crinesque genaeque  
 220 noctis habent. illam tranquillo fine solutam  
 felicemque vocant: lacrimas fudere marito.

Est locus ante Urbem qua primum nascitur ingens  
 Appia quaque Italo gemitus Almone Cybebe  
 ponit et Idaeos iam non reminiscitur amnes.  
 225 hic te Sidonio velatam molliter ostro  
 eximius coniunx (nec enim fumantia busta  
 clamoremque rogi potuit perferre) beato  
 composuit, Priscilla, tholo. nil longior aetas  
 carpere, nil aevi poterunt vitiare labores:  
 230 sic ca<u>tum membris, tantas venerabile marmor  
 spirat opes. mox in varias mutata novaris  
 effigies: hoc aere Ceres, hoc lucida Cnosis,  
 illo Maia luto, Venus hoc non improba saxo.  
 accipiunt vultus non indignata decoros

214 at *Gronovius*: et M

228 tholo *Polster*: toro M

230 sic cautum *Phillimore*: sic catum M: siccata M

233 luto *Baehrens*: tolo (*i.e.*, tholo) M

## BOOK V.1

Who could recount in worthy song the obsequies and funeral gifts of the sinister procession? There close-packed in lengthy abundance flows the whole springtime of Arabia and Cilicia, Sabaean flowers, Indian harvest for the flames, incense preempted from Palestinian temples, Hebrew essences too, Corycian strands and Cinyrean buds. She herself reclines on a lofty couch, shaded by cover of silk and Tyrian purple. But in the entire column the husband draws every eye. On him great Rome turns her gaze, as though he were bearing young sons to final burial; such grief is in his face, such night upon his hair and cheeks.<sup>21</sup> Her they call free in a peaceful end and happy; they shed their tears for the husband.

There is a place before the City where great Appia begins and Cybele lays aside her grief in Italian Almo, no more remembering Ida's rivers.<sup>22</sup> Here your matchless consort softly laid you, Priscilla, covered by Sidonian purple in a wealthy dome; for he could not abide the smoke of burning and noise of the pyre. Length of time will have no power to wither nor labors of years to harm; such care is taken for your body, so much wealth the venerable marble breathes out. Soon you are made anew, changed into various semblance: here shines Ceres in bronze, here the Cnosian maid,<sup>23</sup> in that clay is Maia, Venus (no wanton) in this stone. The deities accept your beauteous features

<sup>21</sup> Darkened by dust (not ashes; cf. vv. 226f.).

<sup>22</sup> The image of Cybele, who grieved for Attis, was ritually washed in the river Almo every March 27.

<sup>23</sup> Ariadne; cf. 1.2.133; *Thebaid* 12.676. Neither she nor Maia were usually regarded as divinities, but both were celestial, Ariadne through the Crown, Maia as a Pleiad. The reason for their selection does not appear.

SILVAE

235 numina; circumstant famuli consuetaque turba  
 obsequiis, tunc rite tori mensaeque parantur  
 assiduae. domus ista, domus! quis triste sepulchrum  
 dixerit? hac merito visa pietate mariti  
 protinus exclames: "est hic, agnosco, minister  
 240 illius, aeternae modo qui sacraria genti  
 condidit inque alio posuit sua sidera caelo."  
 sic, ubi magna novum Phario de litore puppis  
 solvit iter iamque innumeros utrimque rudentes  
 lataque veliferi porrexit bracchia mali  
 245 invasitque vias, in eodem angusta phaselos  
 aequore et immensi partem sibi vindicat Austri.

Quid nunc immodicos, iuvenum lectissime, fletus  
 corde foves longumque vetas exire dolorem?  
 nempe times ne Cerbereos Priscilla tremescat  
 250 latratus? tacet ille piis. ne tardior adsit  
 navita proturbetque vadis? vehit ille merentes  
 protinus et manes placidus locat hospite cumba.  
 praeterea si quando pio laudata marito  
 umbra venit, iubet ire faces Prosperina laetas  
 255 egressasque sacris veteres heroidas antris  
 lumine purpureo tristes laxare tenebras  
 sartaque et Elysios animae praesternere flores.  
 sic manes Priscilla subit; ibi supplice dextra  
 pro te Fata rogat, reges tibi tristis Averni  
 260 placat, ut expletis humani finibus aevi  
 pacantem terras dominum iuvenemque relinquant  
 ipse senex. certae iurant in vota Sorores.

261 pacantem *Avantius*: plac- M

## BOOK V.1

without complaint. Servants stand around, a multitude accustomed to obey. Then couches and tables are duly prepared, always at hand. It is a house, yes, a house! Who would call it a somber sepulcher? Seeing the husband's devotion, one might justly exclaim forthwith: "Yes, I see, this is the minister of him that lately founded a shrine for his eternal race and set his stars in another firmament."<sup>24</sup> So, when a great ship has started a new voyage from Pharian shore and already stretched countless ropes on either side and the broad arms of her sail-bearing mast, and launched out upon her way, a narrow pinnacle on the same sea claims part of the measureless South Wind for herself.

Why now, most distinguished young sir, do you cherish immoderate tears in your heart and forbid long grief to leave it? You fear perhaps lest Priscilla tremble at Cerberus' bark? He is silent for the pious. Lest the ferryman come slowly or thrust her from the water? He conveys the deserving promptly, gently placing their ghosts in his hospitable boat. Moreover, if from time to time a shade comes with the praises of a devoted husband, Proserpine bids joyful torches go forth, bids the heroines of old leave their sacred grottoes and thin the gloomy darkness with gleaming light, strewing garlands and Elysian blooms before the soul. That was how Priscilla entered the world below. There she entreats the Fates on your behalf with suppliant hand, there she appeases the rulers of grim Avernus for you, praying that when the term of human life is fulfilled you may leave your master giving peace to the world and still young, yourself a greybeard. The sure Sisters swear to honor her prayer.

<sup>24</sup> Domitian's temple of the Flavian race—a new heaven.

## SILVAE

## 2

LAUDES CRISPINI VETTI  
BOLANI FILII

- Rura meus Tyrrhena petit saltusque Tagetis  
Crispinus; nec longa mora est aut avia tellus,  
sed mea secreto velluntur pectora morsu  
udaque turgentes impellunt lumina guttas,  
5 ceu super Aegaeas hiemes abeuntis amici  
vela sequar spectemque ratem iam fessus ab altis  
rupibus atque oculos longo querar aëre vinci.  
Quid si militiae iam te, puer inclite, primae  
clara rudimenta et castrorum dulce vocaret  
10 auspiciū? quanto manarent gaudia fletu  
quosve darem amplexus! etiamne optanda propinqui<s>  
tristia? et octonos bis iam tibi circumit orbes  
vita, sed angustis animus robustior annis,  
succumbitque oneri et mentem sua non capit aetas.  
15 nec mirum: non te series inhonora parentum  
obscurum proavis et priscae lucis egentem  
plebeia de stirpe tulit; non sanguine cretus  
turmali trabeaque recens et paupere clavo  
augustam sedem et Latii penetrabile senatus  
20 advena pulsasti, sed praecedente tuorum

3 sed *Gronovius*: et M8–10 *distinxi*11 propinquis  $\zeta$ : -qui M12 et  $\zeta$ : ut M18 trabeaque ( $\zeta$ ) recens *Krohn*: trabeque ac remis M

PRAISES OF CRISPINUS, SON OF  
VETTIUS BOLANUS

My friend Crispinus goes forth to Tyrrhenian fields and Tagus' glades. Not for long his stay nor remote the land, but a secret pang plucks at my heartstrings and my moist eyes urge swelling drops, as though I were following the sails of my departing friend over Aegean storms and watching the ship wearily from some high cliff, complaining of my eyes' defeat by stretch of air.

What if the bright beginnings of first soldiering, boy of fame, and the fair auspices of the camp were summoning you now?<sup>1</sup> With what tears my joy would flow, how close be my embrace! Are friends to pray for sadness? And your life has now rounded twice eight circuits, but your spirit is sturdier than your few years. Your age sinks under the load, unequal to the mind it bears. And no wonder. No unhonored line of forbears brought you from plebeian stock, obscure of ancestry and lacking ancient glory. Not born of equestrian blood, fresh from *trabea*<sup>2</sup> and pauper stripe,<sup>3</sup> did you knock as a newcomer at the august abode, the sanctuary of Latium's Senate; a troop if kinsfolk came

<sup>1</sup> The scenario changes as the poem proceeds. The summons to military duty abroad, here an apprehensive hypothesis, becomes a confident expectation, ending in a dramatic announcement.      <sup>2</sup> Ceremonial dress of knights.

<sup>3</sup> I.e., you came of a senatorial family and wore the broad stripe on your tunic (cf. on 3.2.124) before yourself becoming a senator, not the two narrow ones like ordinary knights.

SILVAE

- agmine. Romulei qualis per iugera circi  
 cum pulcher visu, titulis generosus avitis  
 exspectatur equus, cuius de stemmate longo  
 felix demeritos habet admissura parentes,  
 25 illi omnes acuunt plausus, illum ipse volentem  
 pulvis et incurvae gaudent agnoscere metae:  
 sic te, clare puer, genitum sibi curia sensit  
 primaque patricia clausit vestigia luna.  
 mox Tyrios ex more sinus tunicamque potentem  
 30 agnovere umeri. sed enim tibi magna pararat  
 ad titulos exempla pater. quippe ille iuventam  
 protinus ingrediens pharetratum invasit Araxen  
 belliger indocilemque fero servire Neroni  
 Armeniam. rigidi summam Mavortis agebat  
 35 Corbulo, sed comitem belli sociumque laborum  
 ille quoque egregiis multum miratus in armis  
 Bolanum, atque uni curarum asperrima suetus  
 credere partirique metus: quod tempus amicum  
 fraudibus, exserto quaenam bona tempora bello,  
 40 quae suspecta fides aut quae fuga vera ferocis  
 Armenii. Bolanus iter praenosse timendum,  
 Bolanus tutis iuga quaerere commoda castris,  
 metiri Bolanus agros, aperire malignas  
 torrentum nemorumque moras tantamque verendi  
 45 mentem implere ducis iussisque ingentibus unus  
 sufficere. ipsa virum norat iam barbara tellus,

25 illi\* *Håkanson*: illum M

30 pararat *Courtney*: parabat M

37 uni *Heinsius*: illi M

39 exserto *Livineius* (*teste Baehrens*), *Gronovius*: exorto M

43 metari  $\zeta$ , *Calderini*

44 torrentum *Heinsius*: tot rerum M



## BOOK V.2

before you. As when in the spaces of Romulus' Circus a horse is awaited, handsome of aspect and noble in glories of pedigree, from whose long family tree happy mating has produced meritable parents. For him<sup>4</sup> all sharpen their applause; the very dust and rounded turning posts rejoice to recognize him as he flies: even so, illustrious boy, the Senate felt you as to its order born and set the patrician crescent<sup>5</sup> on your youthful steps. Soon your shoulder recognized the customary Tyrian folds<sup>6</sup> and the mantle of power. And indeed your father had prepared great examples for you to follow on your road to glory. For straightway as he crossed the threshold of manhood he carried war to quiver-bearing Araxes and Armenia that would not learn submission to savage Nero. Corbulo headed the stiff campaign, but he also much admired that splendid soldier Bolanus, comrade in war and partner of his toils. Only to him was he used to confide his sharpest cares, sharing his fears: what occasion favored stratagem, what times were good for open fight, when to doubt the faith of the bold Armenian or when his flight was real. Bolanus would reconnoiter a dangerous route, Bolanus seek out a ridge suitable for safe encampment, Bolanus measure the terrain, open up malignant obstacles of torrent or forest, implement the great mind of his revered commander, and single-handed cope with his massive orders. Now even the barbarian land knew him; he was the second crest of the

<sup>4</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>5</sup> Worn by patricians on their shoes.

<sup>6</sup> Indicating, as Vollmer says, that the purple gown and tunic with purple stripe arrived when the boy was old enough to go out in public.

SILVAE

ille secundus apex bellorum et proxima cassis.  
 sic Phryges attoniti, quamquam Nemeaea viderent  
 arma Cleonaeusque acies impelleret arcus,  
 50 pugnante Alcide tamen et Telamona timebant.  
 disce, puer, (nec enim externo monitore petendus  
 virtutis tibi pulcher amor: cognata ministret  
 laus animos, aliis Decii reducesque Camilli  
 monstrentur), tu disce patrem: quantusque nigramentem  
 55 fluctibus occiduis fessoque Hyperione Thulen  
 intrarit mandata gerens quantusque potentis  
 mille urbes Asiae sortito rexerit anno  
 imperium mulcente toga. bibe talia pronis  
 auribus, haec certent tibi conciliare propinqui,  
 60 haec iterent praecepta senes comitesque paterni.  
 Iamque adeo moliris iter nec deside passu  
 ire paras. nondum validae tibi signa iuventae  
 irrepsere genis et adhuc tenor integer aevi,  
 nec genitor iuxta; Fatis namque haustus iniquis  
 65 occidit et geminam prolem sine praeside linquens  
 nec saltem teneris ostrum puerile lacertis  
 exuit albentique umeros induxit amictu.  
 quem non corrumpit pubes effrena novaeque  
 libertas properata togae? ceu nescia falcis  
 70 silva comas tollit fructumque exspirat in umbras.  
 at tibi Pieriae tenero sub pectore curae  
 et pudor et docti legem sibi dicere mores;

54 nigramentem *Avantius*: nega- M      55 occiduis fessoque  
*Calderini*: -uis fessusque M: -uo fissis *Courtney*      56 poten-  
*Heinsius*: -es M      58 bibe *Heinsius*: tibi M  
 60 praecepta senes comitesque *Housman*: comites pr- senes-  
 que M      61 adeo *Markland*: alio M

## BOOK V.2

war, the proximate helmet. So the dismayed Phrygians saw the arms of Nemea and Cleonae's bow driving back their ranks and yet they feared Telamon too with Alcides in the fray. Learn, my boy (for you do not have to seek fair love of valor from a stranger monitor; let kindred glory give you courage, let Decii and returning<sup>7</sup> Camilli be held up for others), learn of your father: in what greatness he entered Thule darkling in the waves of sunset, where Hyperion comes aweary, bearing his commission; how greatly too he governed the thousand cities of mighty Asia for his allotted year, gown tempering command. Drink in such lore with attentive ears. All this let your family strive to commend to you, these precepts let old men and your father's companions ever set before you.

And now you prepare for a journey, making ready for departure at no sluggish pace. Not yet have the signs of strong manhood crept over your cheeks and your life's course is still to be determined. Your father is not by your side; for he died, swallowed by the cruel Fates and leaving two children without a guardian. He did not even strip boyhood's purple from your tender arms and clothe your shoulders in white raiment. Who has not been corrupted by youth uncurbed and the hastened freedom of a new gown, as when a tree ignorant of the pruning hook rears up leaves and exhales its fruit in foliage? But in your young heart were Pierian concerns, and modesty, and character taught to make its own law. Hence came blithe probity, a

<sup>7</sup> From exile to defeat the Gauls. Unlike *Decii*, *Camilli* is plural for singular.

SILVAE

hinc hilaris probitas et frons tranquilla nitorque  
luxuriae confine timens pietasque per omnes  
75 dispensata modos: aequaevoo cedere fratri  
mirarique patrem miseraeque ignoscere matri  
admonuit fortuna domus.

Tibine illa nefanda

pocula letalesque manu componere sucos  
evaluit, qui voce potes praevertere morsus  
80 serpentum atque omnes vultu placare novercas?  
infestare libet manes meritoque precatu  
pacem auferre rogis. sed te, puer optime, cerno  
flectentem visus et talia dicta parantem:  
“parce, precor, cineri. Fatum illud et ira nocentum  
85 Parcarum crimenque dei, mortalia quisquis  
pectora sero videt nec primo in limine sistit  
conatus scelerum atque animos infanda parantes.  
excidat illa dies aevo nec postera credant  
saecula. nos certe taceamus et obruta multa  
90 nocte tegi propriae patiamur crimina gentis.  
exegit poenas hominum cui cura suorum,  
quo Pietas auctore redit terrasque revisit,  
quem timet omne nefas. satis haec lacrimandaque nobis  
ultio. quin saevas utinam exorare liceret  
95 Eumenidas timidaeque avertere Cerberon umbrae  
immemoremque tuis citius dare manibus amnem.”

Macte animo, iuvenis! sed crescunt crimina matris.  
Nec tantum pietas, sed protinus ardua virtus

73 hinc *Baehrens*: tunc M

74 timens *Barth*: tenens M

75 modos *Laetus*: domos M

83 visus  $\zeta$ , *Postgate*: iustis M: <a> iu- *Heinsius*

BOOK V.2

tranquil brow, elegance fearing luxury's borderline, family affection dispensed in all its forms. The fortune of your house admonished you to yield to your coeval brother,<sup>8</sup> admire your father, and forgive your unhappy mother.

Had she the heart to mix with her own hand those wicked cups, those deadly juices, for you, who by your voice can forestall the bite of serpents and by your look placate any stepmother? Fain would I vex her shade, robbing her grave of peace with the curse she deserved. But best of boys, I see you turn your eyes away and prepare words such as these: "Spare her ashes, I pray. It was Fate and the anger of the guilty Parcae, the fault of whatever god sees mortal hearts too late nor at first threshold arrests criminal attempts and minds planning the unspeakable. May that day fall out of time nor future generations credit it! Let us at least keep silence and suffer our family reproach to be covered up, buried in darkest night. *He*<sup>9</sup> exacted retribution who cares for his people, at whose instance Piety has returned and revisited the earth, whom every villainy fears. That is vengeance enough and I needs must weep for it. Nay, would it were permitted to implore the fierce Furies and keep Cerberus away from the timid shade and give the river of forgetfulness more speedily to your ghost!"

A blessing on your soul, young man! But your mother's guilt is all the blacker.

Nor piety only but high courage was your aspiration

<sup>8</sup> Mentioned again in v. 126, otherwise unknown. Nothing is known of their mother's scandalous fate outside this passage.

<sup>9</sup> The emperor.

## SILVAE

- affectata tibi. nuper cum forte sodalis  
 100 immeritae falso palleret crimine famae  
 erigeretque Forum succinctaque iudice multo  
 surgeret et castum vibraret Iulia fulmen,  
 tu, quamquam non ante forum leges<que> severas  
 passus sed tacita studiorum occultus in umbra,  
 105 defensare metus adversaque tela subisti  
 pellere, inermis adhuc et tiro, paventis amici.  
 haud umquam tales aspexit Romulus annos  
 Dardaniusque senex medii bellare togata  
 strage Fori. stupuere patres temptamina tanta  
 110 conatusque tuos; et te reus ipse timebat.  
 Par vigor et membris promptaeque ad fortia vires  
 sufficiunt animo atque ingentia iussa sequuntur.  
 ipse ego te nuper Tiberino in litore vidi,  
 qua Tyrrhena vadis Laurentibus aestuat unda,  
 115 tendentem cursus vexantemque ilia nuda  
 calce ferocis equi, vultu dextraque minacem.  
 si qua fides dictis, stupui Martemque putavi.  
 Gaetulo sic pulcher equo Troianaque quassans  
 tela novercales ibat venator in agros  
 120 Ascanius miseramque patri flagrabat Elissam;  
 Troilus haut aliter gyro leviole minantes  
 eludebat equos, aut quem de turribus altis

103 *add.* ☿      110 et te\* *scripsi*: nec te M: nec tunc *Leo*  
 117 Martemque *Markland*: armatumque M  
 120 flammabat *Heinsius*

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<sup>10</sup> Augustus' Lex Julia de adulteriis. Domitian reenacted it, no doubt with additions (Martial 6.2 and 7).      <sup>11</sup> Aeneas. Their statues were in the Forum, where trials took place.

BOOK V.2

from the first. Not long ago it fell out that a friend of yours grew pale at false reproach of undeserved ill fame, and Julia<sup>10</sup> roused up the Forum, as she rose girl with many a juryman, brandishing her chaste thunderbolt. You had never before experienced Forum <and> stern laws, hidden as you were in the silent shade of your studies. But you stepped up to avert your trembling friend's danger and repel the hostile weapons, you, a tyro, still unarmed. Never did Romulus and the old Dardanian<sup>11</sup> see so youthful a combatant amid the gowned slaughter of the Forum. The Fathers were astonished at so daring a venture, at your enterprise; even the accused himself was in fear of you.<sup>12</sup>

No less vigor is in your limbs. Your strength, prompt to brave deeds, suffices for your spirit, following its massive commands. Lately I saw you myself on Tiber's bank, where the Tyrrhene wave foams on Laurentian waters, pressing your gallop and goading with naked heel the flanks of a mettlesome horse, menacing with face and hand. If you will believe what I say, I was amazed and thought it was Mars. So fair Ascanius on his Gaetolian horse, brandishing Trojan weapons, would ride hunting into his stepmother's<sup>13</sup> fields, setting poor Elissa aflame for his father;<sup>14</sup> not otherwise did Troilus<sup>15</sup> try to elude the threatening chariot in lighter circuit, or he<sup>16</sup> that Tyrian mothers watched

<sup>12</sup> See Critical Appendix.  
neas were married; cf. 1.2.53.

<sup>13</sup> As though Dido and Ae-

<sup>14</sup> In the *Aeneid* (1.657ff.)  
Cupid takes Ascanius' form and goes on Dido's lap, where he implants passion for Aeneas. Statius' reminiscence limps.

<sup>15</sup> See on 2.6.33.

<sup>16</sup> Parthenopaeus.

## SILVAE

- Arcadas Ogygio versantem in pulvere turmas  
spectabant Tyriae non torvo lumine matres.
- 125 Ergo age (nam magni ducis indulgentia pulsat  
certaque dat votis hilaris vestigia frater)  
surge animo et fortes castrorum concipe curas.  
monstrabunt acies Mavors Actaeaque virgo,  
flectere Castor equos, umeris quater arma Quirinus,
- 130 qui tibi iam tenero permisit plaudere collo  
nubigenas clipeos intactaque caedibus arma.  
Quasnam igitur terras, quem Caesaris ibis in orbem?  
Arctosne amnes et Rheni fracta natabis  
flumina, an aestiferis Libyae sudabis in arvis?
- 135 an iuga Pannoniae mutatoresque domorum  
Sauromatas quaties? an te septenus habebit  
Hister et umbroso circumflua coniuge Peuce?  
an Solymum cinerem palmetaque capta subibis  
non sibi felices silvas ponentis Idumes?
- 140 quod si te magno tellus frenata parenti  
accipiat, quantum ferus exsultabit Araxes  
quanta Caledonios attollet gloria campos,  
cum tibi longaevus referet trucis incola terrae:  
“hic suetus dare iura parens, hoc caespite turmas
- 145 affari †vitae† speculas castellaque longe  
(aspicis?) ille dedit cinxitque haec moenia fossa;

123 turmas *Markland*: metas M      125 magni *Calderini*:  
-no M      130 iam *Polster*: tam M      138 Solymum *Calde-*  
*rini*: solidum M      145 vitae\* M: late *Waller*

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<sup>17</sup> As one of the Salii, custodians of the shields of Mars that had dropped from the sky. *Collo clipeos* inverts *collum clipeis*.



BOOK V.2

from their high towers (nor scowled) as he wheeled Arcadian squadrons in Ogygian dust.

Come then (for the great leader's indulgence speeds you, and your blithe brother leaves sure footprints for your vows to follow), take heart of grace and think a soldier's gallant thoughts. Mavors and the Attic maiden shall show you battle arrays, Castor teach you to wheel chargers, Quirinus to shake shield with shoulder, the same that let you already beat cloud-born bucklers against your youthful neck and weapons untouched by slaughter.<sup>17</sup>

To what lands then shall you go, to which of Caesar's worlds? Shall you swim Arctic rivers or Rhine's shattered stream or sweat in the torrid fields of Libya? Or shall you shake Pannonia's ridges and nomad Sarmatians? Or shall sevenfold Hister have you, and Peuce, surrounded by her spouse's shady<sup>18</sup> stream? Or shall you tread Solyma's ashes and the captive palm groves of Idume? Not for herself does she plant her fruitful woods. But if a land your great parent governed<sup>19</sup> shall receive you, how shall fierce Araxes rejoice, what glory exalt Caledonia's plains! Then shall an aged denizen of that cruel land tell you: "Here was your father wont to dispense justice, from this mound to harangue his squadrons. The watchtowers and forts (see you?) he set far and wide (?)<sup>20</sup> and circled these walls with

<sup>18</sup> The epithet, which baffled Vollmer, will refer to the name of the island, Πεύκη = Pine, given according to Eratosthenes because of its pinewoods. After his fashion Statius transfers it to the river, in which the trees would be reflected.

<sup>19</sup> Bolanus governed Asia, not Armenia, but served in the latter under Corbulo.

<sup>20</sup> See Critical Appendix.

SILVAE

- belligeris haec dona deis, haec tela dicavit  
 (cernis adhuc titulos); hunc ipse vocantibus armis  
 induit, hunc regi rapuit thoraca Britanno,"  
 150 qualiter in Teucros victricia bella paranti  
 ignotum Pyrrho Phoenix narrabat Achillem.  
 Felix qui viridi fidens, Optate, iuventa  
 durabis quascumque vias vallumque subibis,  
 forsan et ipse latus (sic numina principis adsint)  
 155 cinctus et unanimi comes indefessus amici,  
 quo Pylades ex more pius, quo Dardana gessit  
 bella Menoetiades. quippe haec <con>cordia vobis,  
 hic amor est, duretque, precor. nos fortior aetas  
 iam fugit; hinc votis tantum precibusque iuvabo.  
 160 ei mihi, sed coetus solitos si forte ciebo  
 et mea Romulei venient ad carmina patres,  
 tu deris, Crispine, mihi, cuneosque per omnes  
 te meus absentem circumspectabit Achilles.  
 sed venies melior (vatum non irrita currunt  
 165 omina), quique aquilas tibi nunc et castra recludit,  
 idem omnes properare gradus cingique superbis  
 fascibus et patrias dabit insedis curules.  
 Sed quis ab excelsis Troianae collibus Albae,  
 unde suae iuxta prospectat moenia Romae  
 170 proximus ille deus, Fama velocior intrat  
 nuntius atque tuos implet, Crispine, penates?

- 150 ultricia *Baehrens* paranti *Morel*: parentis M  
 154 si *Markland* 157 haec *Calderini*: et M  
 159 tantum *Markland*: animum M 160 ei  $\zeta$  ( $\rho$ ): et M:  
 heu *Calderini* coetus *Gronovius*: questus M  
 165 recludet\* *Courtney*  
 166 properare\* *Saenger*: perferre M

## BOOK V.2

a ditch. These gifts he dedicated to the gods of war, these weapons—you still see the legends. This cuirass he donned himself at call to arms, this he took from a British king”—like Phoenix telling Pyrrhus about Achilles (to him unknown) as he planned victorious battles against the Teucrians.

Lucky are you, Optatus, who trusting in your green youth shall endure all roads and enter every rampart, perhaps yourself sword-girt (so help you our Prince's deity!) and tireless comrade of your like-minded friend, loyal after Pylades' fashion or as Menoetius' son<sup>21</sup> waged Dardan warfare. For such is the harmony between you, such the affection; and so, I pray, may it continue. As for me, robust age already flies; from here I shall aid you only with vows and prayers. Alas! but if perchance I summon my wonted gatherings and the Romulean Fathers come to hear my songs,<sup>22</sup> you, Crispinus, will not be there for me and my Achilles will look around for you in vain on every bench. But you will return better than ever (not idle run poets' omens), and he who now opens up for you eagles and camps, the same shall grant you to hasten every step<sup>23</sup> and be surrounded by the proud rods and sit on your father's curule chair.

But who is this messenger from Trojan Alba's lofty hills, where close at hand our god here present looks out upon the walls of his Rome? Swifter than Rumor he enters and fills your home, Crispinus. Did I not say so? Not idle run

<sup>21</sup> Patroclus.

<sup>22</sup> Recitations of the *Achilleid*.

<sup>23</sup> See Critical Appendix.

SILVAE

dicebam certe: "vatum non irrita currunt  
 auguria." en ingens reserat tibi limen honorum  
 Caesar et Ausonii committit munia ferri!  
 175 vade, puer, tantisque enixus suffice donis.  
 felix qui magno iam nunc sub praeside iuras  
 cuique sacer primum tradit Germanicus ense.  
 non minus hoc fortes quam si tibi panderet ipse  
 Bellipotens aquilas torvaque induceret ora  
 180 casside. vade alacer maioraque disce mereri.

3

EPICEDION IN PATREM SUUM

Ipse malas vires et lamentabile carmen  
 Elysio de fonte mihi pulsumque sinistrae  
 da, genitor praedocte, lyrae. neque enim antra moveri  
 Delia nec solitam fas est impellere Cirrham  
 5 te sine. Corycia quicquid modo Phoebus in umbra,  
 quicquid ab Ismariis monstrarat collibus Euhan,  
 dididici. fugere meos Parnasia crines  
 vellera, funestamque hederis irrepere taxum  
 extimui tripodumque (nefas!) arescere laurum.  
 10 certe ego magnanimum qui facta attollere regum  
 ibam altum spirans Martemque aequare canendo.  
 quis sterili mea corda situ \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* quis Apolline merso  
 frigida damnatae praeduxit nubila menti?  
 stant circum attonitae vatem et nil dulce sonantes

3 movere √

6 monstrarat *Phillimore*: -rabrat M: -rabat √

## BOOK V.3

poets' auguries. Behold! Mighty Caesar unbars for you the doorway to office and entrusts you with the duties of Ausonia's sword. Go, my boy, and do your utmost to be equal to so great a gift. Lucky you, that already take oath under our great chief and receive your first sword from sacred Germanicus' hand. No less is this than if the Lord of Battle himself gave you access to the brave eagles and set the stern helmet on your head. Go boldly, and learn to deserve greater things.

### 3

#### LAMENT FOR HIS FATHER

Yourself, most learned father, give me a sinister strength and a song of lamentation from Elysian fount and the touch of an ill-omened lyre. For without you the Delian grottoes may not be moved nor may I urge Cirrha as was my wont. Whatever Phoebus had lately shown me in Corycian shade, whatever Euhan from Ismarian hills, I have unlearned. The Parnassian fillets have fled my hair. To my terror, deadly yew has crept upon my ivy and the laurel of the tripods (horror!) has withered. He I am for sure whose lofty inspiration would exalt the deeds of great-souled kings and match their warfare in my lay. Who has <shadowed> my spirit with barren neglect \* \* \*, drawn chill clouds over my sentenced mind, Apollo sunk? The goddesses stand around their poet in dismay, making no sweet

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9 *sustinui Markland*      *tripodumque Saenger: trepidam- M*  
12 *lac. statuit Courtney*  
14 *sonantes Calderini: -tem M*

SILVAE

- 15 nec digitis nec voce deae. dux ipsa silenti  
 fulta caput cithara, qualis post Orphea raptum  
 astitit, Hebre, tibi, cernens iam surda ferarum  
 agmina et immotos sublato carmine lucos.
- At tu, seu membris emissus in ardua tendens
- 20 fulgentesque plagas rerumque elementa recenses,  
 quis deus, unde ignes, quae ducat semita solem,  
 quae minuat Phoeben quaeque integrare latentem  
 causa queat, notique modos extendis Arati;  
 seu tu Lethaei secreto in gramine campi
- 25 concilia heroum iuxta manesque beatos  
 Maeonium Ascraeumque senem non segnior umbra  
 accolis alternumque sonas et carmina misces:  
 da vocem magno, pater, ingenium<que> dolori.  
 nam me ter relegens caelo terque ora retexens
- 30 luna videt residem nullaque Heliconide tristes  
 solantem curas. tuus ut mihi vultibus ignis  
 irrubuit cineremque oculis umentibus hausit,  
 vilis honos studiis. vix haec in munera solvo  
 primum animum tacitisque situm depellere chordis
- 35 nunc etiam labente manu nec lumine sicco  
 ordior acclinis tumulo quo molle quiescis  
 iugera nostra tenens, ubi post Aeneia fata  
 stellatus Latiis ingessit montibus Albam  
 Ascanius, Phrygio dum pingues sanguine campos
- 40 odit et infaustae regnum dotale novercae.

28 *add.* √

29 caelum *Heinsius*

34 chordis *Schrader*: curis M

35 nec *Gronovius*: nunc M

### BOOK V.3

sound with voice or finger. Their leader herself leans her head on her silent lyre, such as she stood by Hebrus after Orpheus' rape, viewing troops of beasts now deaf and groves motionless now that his song was taken from them.

As for you, discharged from your body and soaring to the heights, do you review the shining regions and Nature's elements—what is God, whence comes fire, what pathway leads the sun, what cause diminishes Phoebe and what can renew her when she hides?—continuing the music of famed Aratus? Or in the secluded herbage of Lethe's meadow, among gatherings of heroes and blessed ghosts do you keep company with the old Maeonian or him of Ascra,<sup>1</sup> yourself no less busy<sup>2</sup> a shade, making music in turn, mingling song? Wherever you are, my father, give voice <and> skill to my great grief. For thrice in the heavens has the moon reassembled her visage and thrice taken it apart as she sees me listless, not solacing my sadness with any of Helicon's sisterhood. Since your fire reddened on my face and I drank in your ashes with streaming eyes, little have I cared for poetry. Hardly do I relax my mind for the first time to do this office and start to brush away the dust from my silent strings with hand still faltering and eyes not dry, leaning upon the tomb in which you softly rest in our own acres, where after Aeneas' death starred<sup>3</sup> Ascanius piled Alba on the Latian hills, hating the fields soaked with Phrygian blood and the dotal kingdom of an inauspicious stepmother.<sup>4</sup> Here do I—for no more gently

<sup>1</sup> Homer or Hesiod.      <sup>2</sup> Not "feebler" (Mozley). Parity in effort is claimed, not in achievement.

<sup>3</sup> See *Aeneid* 2.682ff.

<sup>4</sup> Lavinia, forced to wed Aeneas instead of Turnus (cf. 1.2.245).

SILVAE

- hic ego te (nam Sicanii non mitius halat  
 aura croci, dites nec si tibi rara Sabaei  
 cinnama odoratas nec Arabs decerpsit aristas)  
 inferiis cum laude datis heu carmine plango  
 45 Pierio; sume <o> gemitus et vulnera nati  
 et lacrimas, rari quas umquam habuere parentes!  
 atque utinam Fortuna mihi dare manibus aras,  
 par templis opus, aëriamque educere molem  
 Cyclopum scopulos ultra atque audacia saxa  
 50 Pyramidum, et magno tumulum praetexere luco.  
 illic et Siculi superassem dona sepulchri  
 et Nemees lucum et Pelopis sollemnia trunci.  
 illic Oebalio non finderet aëra disco  
 Graiorum vis nuda virum, non arva rigaret  
 55 sudor equum aut putri sonitum daret ungula fossa,  
 sed Phoebi simplex chorus en frondentia vatum  
 praemia laudato, genitor, tibi rite ligarent!  
 ipse madens oculis, araeque animaeque sacerdos  
 praecinerem gemitum, cui te nec Cerberus omni  
 60 ore nec Orpheae quirent avertere leges.  
 atque ibi me moresque tuos et facta canentem  
 fors et magniloquo non posthabuisset Homero,  
 tenderet aeterno <et> Pietas aequare Maroni.

44 inferiis cum laude datis *Krohn*: inferni cum laude laci M  
 heu (*vel en*) *Courtney*: sed M 45 o *Baehrens*: om. M: en  
*Klotz* 52 ludum *Markland* 56 en\* *scripsi*: et M  
 57 ligarent\* *vel* dicarent *Heinsius*: ligarem M 58 araeque  
 animaeque\* *scripsi*: umbrarum an- M: umbr- ar- *Mark-*  
*land* 61 ibi me\* *Heinsius*: tibi M 63 tenderet ae-  
 terno <et>\* *scripsi*: tend- et torvo M: temptet et aeterno *Philli-*  
*more*



BOOK V.3

breathes<sup>5</sup> the fragrance of Sicanian saffron or rare cinnamon, be it plucked for you by wealthy Sabaeans, or odorous harvest culled by Arab—here do I alas! lament you in Pierian song, making offering and praise. Take, oh take your son's groans and wounds and tears, such tears as few parents ever had. And would it were my fortune to build an altar to your spirit, a work to match temples, and raise high an airy mass, outdoing Cyclopean cliffs and the bold stones of the Pyramids, and screen your tomb with a great grove! There would I have surpassed the gifts bestowed on the Sicilian sepulcher, and Nemea's forest, and the rituals of maimed Pelops.<sup>6</sup> There no naked strength of Grecian athletes would cleave the air with Oebalian disk, no sweat of horses bedew the ground, nor hoof resound on crumbling trench; only Phoebus' choir (behold!) would duly bind the leafy prize of poets on your lauded brow, my father. I myself moist-eyed would lead the dirge, priest of the altar and of your soul.<sup>7</sup> Not Cerberus with all his mouths nor laws of Orpheus could turn you away from it.<sup>8</sup> And as I there sang your ways and deeds, Piety mayhap would have accounted me not inferior to mighty-mouthed Homer and striven to match me with immortal<sup>9</sup> Maro.

<sup>5</sup> An incongruous refinement on the basic idea: "my poem makes as worthy an offering as costly perfume."

<sup>6</sup> Games held in honor of Anchises, Opheltes (Nemean), and Pelops (Olympian). For *lucum* Courtney compares Virgil, *Georgics* 3.19. "Maimed" refers to Pelops' ivory shoulder.

<sup>7</sup> On vv. 53–59 see Critical Appendix.

<sup>8</sup> The dead man's spirit would return to earth to attend the proceedings, though the law of the underworld forbade this, the law that (ultimately) forbade Orpheus to retrieve Eurydice.

<sup>9</sup> See Critical Appendix.

SILVAE

- Cur magis incessat superos et aëna Sororum  
 65 stamina quae tepido genetrix super aggere nati  
 orba sedet, vel quae primaevi coniugis ignem  
 aspicit obstantesque manus turbamque tenentem  
 vincit, in ardentem, liceat, moritura maritum?  
 maior ab his forsā superos et Tartara pulset  
 70 invidia, externis etiam miserabile visu  
 funus eat; sed nec mihi te Natura dolere  
 nec Pietas non iusta dedit. mihi limine primo  
 Fatorum et viridi, genitor, ceu raptus ab aevo  
 Tartara dura subis. nec enim Marathonia virgo  
 75 parcus extinctum saevorum crimine agrestum  
 fleverat Icarium Phrygia quam turre cadentem  
 Astyanacta parens; laqueo quin illa supremo<s>  
 inclusit gemitus, at te post funera magni  
 Hectoris Haemonio pudor est servisse marito.  
 80 Non ego quas fati certus sibi morte canora  
 inferias praemittit olor nec rupe quod atra  
 Tyrrhenae volucres nautis praedulce minantur  
 in patrios adhibebo rogos, non murmure trunco  
 quod gemit et durae queritur Philomela sorori,  
 85 nota nimis vati. quis non in funere †cuncto†  
 Heliadum ramos lacrimosaque germina dixit

- 69 ab his *Schwarz*: aliis M      pulset  $\zeta$  (?), *O. Mueller*: -em  
 M  
 71 mihi *Calderini*: modo M      te . . . dolere *scripsi*: se . . .  
 dolenti M  
 72 non iusta *scripsi*: ini- M  
 76 fleverat *Watt*: -verit M  
 77 supremos  $\zeta$ : -mo M  
 85 cuncto\* M: fratris *temptavi*

BOOK V.3

Why should the bereaved mother sitting over her son's warm mound in greater measure upbraid the High Ones and the Sisters' brazen threads, or why the wife who sees her young husband's pyre and overbears the opposing hands of a restraining crowd to get to her burning spouse, there to die if die she may? Greater reproach, it may be, would assail the High Ones and Tartarus from these; even strangers would pity as they watched the funeral train. But to me too has Nature and Piety justly granted to grieve for you. To me, father, you enter cruel Tartarus at the first threshold of your destiny as though torn from life's spring-time. For no less bitterly had the maid of Marathon mourned for Icarius, murdered by a crime of savage rustics, than his mother for Astyanax as he fell from the Phrygian tower. Nay, *she*<sup>10</sup> stifled her last groans with a noose, whereas *you*<sup>11</sup> to your shame served a Haemonian husband<sup>12</sup> after great Hector's burial.

I shall not bring to my father's pyre the offering that the swan, certain of his fate, sends before him at his tuneful death, nor yet the sweet, sweet menace that the bird maidens of the Tyrrhenian<sup>13</sup> make to sailors from their black rock, nor the mutilated murmur of Philomela's moans as she complains to her pitiless sister.<sup>14</sup> All these the poet knows too well. Who has not told of the branches of Helios' daughters and their amber tears at their broth-

<sup>10</sup> Erigone.

<sup>11</sup> Addressing Andromache.

<sup>12</sup> Achilles' son Neoptolemus.

<sup>13</sup> The Sirens, seemingly regarded as singing a lament (*θηρη-νόλαλοι*; cf. *RE* III A.297.51), which was really a threat.

<sup>14</sup> Cf. 2.4.21n.

SILVAE

- et Phrygium silicem atque ausum contraria Phoebo  
 carmina nec fida gavisam Pallada buxo?  
 te Pietas oblita virum revocataque caelo
- 90 Iustitia et gemina plangat Facundia lingua  
 et Pallas doctique cohors Heliconia Phoebi,  
 quis labor Aonios seno pede ducere cantus,  
 et quibus Arcadia carmen testudine mensis  
 cura lyrae nomenque fuit, quosque orbe sub omni
- 95 ardua septena numerat Sapientia fama,  
 qui Furias regumque domos aversaque caelo  
 sidera terrifico super intonuere cothurno,  
 et quis lasciva vires tenuare Thalia  
 dulce vel heroes gressu truncare tenores.
- 100 omnia namque animo complexus es, omnibus auctor  
 qua fandi via lata patet, sive orsa libebat  
 Aoniis vincire modis seu voce soluta  
 spargere et effreno nimbos aequare profatu.  
 Exsere semirutos subito de pulvere vultus,

92 currere *Heinsius* cantus *Gronovii amicus* (cf. *Ov.*  
*Trist.* 1.11.18): campos M

94 cura (☾) lyrae *Gronovius*: cydalibem M

98 quis . . . tenuare *Calderini*: qui . . . tenere M

99 tenores *Calderini*: leones M

100 es *Saenger*: et M auctor *Calderini*: utor M: usus  
*Rothstein, Wiman* 101 via *Markland*: vis M

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<sup>15</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>16</sup> Niobe's Mt. Sipylus, as usually understood. Better perhaps, the flint knife with which Marsyas, the Phrygian Satyr who lost his contest with Apollo (flute versus lyre), was flayed. The tears of his friends became a river bearing his name.

### BOOK V.3

er's burial (?),<sup>15</sup> and of the Phrygian flint<sup>16</sup> and him who dared sing against Phoebus, and of Pallas rejoicing at the faithless boxwood.<sup>17</sup> Let Piety mourn you, forgetful of mankind, and Justice<sup>18</sup> recalled to heaven, and Eloquence in both tongues, and Pallas, and the Heliconian troop of poetic Phoebus: they whose toil it is to make Aonian song in six-foot measure, and they that regulate their poesy with Arcadian tortoiseshell—the lyre their care and name—and they whom under every sky lofty wisdom scores to her credit in sevenfold fame,<sup>19</sup> and they that on terrifying buskin have thundered Furies and kings' palaces and stars turned back in the sky, and they whose fancy it is to attenuate their powers with wanton Thalia or to maim heroic beats by a foot.<sup>20</sup> For your mind embraced all of these, in all you were a model, wherever the wide range of language extends, whether you were pleased to constrain your words in Aonian rhythms or to scatter them in free voice,<sup>21</sup> matching rainstorms in unbridled utterance.

Raise your half-buried countenance from the sudden

<sup>17</sup> Minerva hated the flute after seeing her reflection as she played it, so would enjoy Marsyas' sufferings—an incidental detail.

<sup>18</sup> Cf. 1.4.2, *Thebaid* 11.457f.

<sup>19</sup> Statius' father wrote poetry in various genres. After epic and lyric comes philosophical poetry (cf. 2.7.76, *docti furor arduus Lucreti*), perhaps extending to didactic. The allusion to the Seven Wise Men seems to be cosmetic, though Solon at least wrote verse. For the meaning of *numerare*, to be added to dictionaries, see my note on Martial 4.29.7 (Loeb edition).

<sup>20</sup> Tragedy, comedy, and elegy are signified in vv. 96–99.

<sup>21</sup> Prose.

SILVAE

- 105 Parthenope, crinemque afflatu montis adustum  
 pone super tumulos et magni funus alumni,  
 quo non Munychiae quicquam praestantius arces  
 doctave Cyrene Sparteve animosa creavit.  
 si tu stirpe vacans famaeque obscura iaceres  
 110 nil gentile tumens, illo te cive probabas  
 Graiam aque Euboico maiorum sanguine duci.  
 ille tuis totiens pressit sua tempora ser<t>is,  
 cum stata laudato caneret quinquennia versu  
 ora supergressus Pylis senis oraque regis  
 115 Dulichii, pretioque comam subnexus utroque.  
 Non tibi deformes obscuri sanguinis ortus  
 nec sine luce genus, quamquam fortuna parentum  
 artior expensis. etenim te divite ritu  
 ponere purpureos Infantia fecit amictus  
 120 stirpis honore datos et nobile pectoris aurum.  
 protinus exorto dextrum risere Sorores  
 Aonides, pueroque chelyn commisit et ora  
 imbuit amne sacro iam tum tibi blandus Apollo.

105 afflatu montis adustum *Heinsius*: -to -te sepultum M

108 doctave *Markland*: -aque M

109 vacans *Laetus* (*ut vid.*), *Baehrens*: vetas M

110 tumens *Markland* (*cf. Theb. 8.429*): tenens M

111 aque *Markland*: atque M

112 pressit sua *Markland*: prestat sed M

114 senis  $\zeta$ : gregis M: ducis *Slater*

115 pretioque *Saenger*: speciemque M

118 expensis *Avantius*: exte- M

119 sumere *Markland* fecit\* *scripsi*: legit M: adigit

*Calderini* 122 pueroque  $\zeta$ : -rique M commisit

*Axelson ap. Håkanson*: summ- M

123 tibi  $\zeta$ : mihi M

### BOOK V.3

shower of dust,<sup>22</sup> Parthenope, and place your locks, singed by the mountain's breath, on the tomb and body of your great foster son, than whom Munychia's towers created nothing finer, nor learned Cyrene or valiant Sparta. If you had lacked pedigree and lain unknown to fame, no heritage to boast, by that citizen you proved yourself Greek, sprung from blood of Euboean forbears. So often did he press his temples with your garlands when he sang at the regular quinquennial festival in lauded verse, after surpassing the eloquence of the Pylian ancient and of Dulichium's king,<sup>23</sup> binding his hair with either guerdon.

Your birth was not mean, your blood not obscure, nor your race without luster, though your parents' fortune fell short of outgoings.<sup>24</sup> For rich was the ceremony wherein Infancy<sup>25</sup> made you lay aside<sup>26</sup> your purple clothing, given in honor of your birth, and the noble gold upon your breast.<sup>27</sup> On your entry into life the Aonian Sisters smiled auspiciously, and in your boyhood Apollo put a lyre in your hands and dipped your face in his sacred stream, gracious

<sup>22</sup> Naples suffered comparatively little in the eruption; see Håkanson ad loc.      <sup>23</sup> Nestor and Ulysses, lauded as orators in the *Iliad*. Statius' father won prizes at the Augustalia in oratory and verse (cf. vv. 101-4).

<sup>24</sup> Or "was narrowed by." As Vollmer explains, the parenthesis tactfully alludes to a financial squeeze that had caused Papinius to make a living as a teacher and perhaps to forfeit equestrian status.

<sup>25</sup> Loosely for *Pueritia*, which will not scan in a hexameter.

<sup>26</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>27</sup> The purple-bordered gown (*toga praetexta*) and gold locket (*bullae*) worn by boys of free birth were laid aside at the coming of age ceremony.

## SILVAE

- nec simplex patriae decus, et natalis origo  
 125 pendet ab ambiguo geminae certamine terrae.  
 te de gente suum Latiis ascita colonis  
 Graia refert Hyele, Phrygius qua puppe magister  
 excidit et mediis miser evigilavit in undis.  
 maior at inde suum longo probat ordine vitae  
 <Parthenope> \* \* \* \*  
 130 Maeoniden aliaeque aliis natalibus urbes  
 diripiunt cunctaeque probant; non omnibus ille  
 verus, alit fictas immanis gloria falsi.  
 atque ibi dum profers annos vitamque salutas,  
 protinus ad patrii raperis certamina lustris  
 135 vix implenda viris, laudum festinus et audax  
 ingenii. stupuit primaeva ad carmina plebes  
 Eubois et natis te monstravere parentes.  
 inde frequens pugnae nulloque ingloria sacro  
 vox tua. non totiens victorem Castora gyro  
 140 nec fratrem caestu virides plausere Therapnae.  
 sin pronum vicisse domi, quid Achaea mereri  
 praemia, nunc ramis Phoebi, nunc gramine Lernaes,  
 nunc Athamantea protectum tempora pinu,  
 cum totiens lassata tamen nusquam avia frondes  
 145 abstulit aut alium tetigit Victoria crinem?

125 ab *Barth*: et M

127 Hyele *Heinsius*: sele M      Phrygius *Avantius*: graius

vel gravis M: gravidus *Ellis*

post 129 lac. statuit *Markland*, Parthenope add. *Vollmer*

132 fictas\* *scripsi*: victos M: victas *Bentley*

135 festinus et audax *Lipsius*: -na sed ut dux M

137 Eubois *Heinsius*: -oea M: Euboica *Laetus*

140 plausere\* *Calderini*: clausero M



BOOK V.3

to you even then. As for your country, the credit is complex; your birthplace depends on an undecided contest between two lands. Grecian Hyele,<sup>28</sup> adopted by Latian settlers, where the Phrygian helmsman<sup>29</sup> fell from the poop and awoke in the midst of the waves, poor wight, claims you by race; but greater <Parthenope> proves you hers by the long course of your life \* \* \* Maeonides, and different cities, different birthplaces tear him apart and all of them make their case. He does not in truth belong to them all, but the immense glory of the lie nourishes the pretenders.<sup>30</sup> And while you there bear forward your years and greet life's morning, you are straightway hurried to the competitions of your native festival (scarcely can grown men sustain them), hasty for glory and daring of wit. The Euboean folk fell amazed at your youthful songs and parents pointed you out to their sons. From then on your voice was heard at many a combat, nor was it inglorious at any rite.<sup>31</sup> Less often did verdant Therapnae applaud<sup>32</sup> victorious Castor on the race course or his brother in the boxing ring. But if victory at home was easy, what of winning Achaean prizes, shielding your temples now with Phoebus' branches, now with herbage of Lerna, now with Athamantean pine,<sup>33</sup> when Victory, though so often weary, nowhere strayed or took away her leaves or touched another head?

<sup>28</sup> Velia, on the coast of Lucania.

<sup>29</sup> Palinurus. <sup>30</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>31</sup> I.e., festival, because of their religious context.

<sup>32</sup> See Critical Appendix. <sup>33</sup> At Delphi with laurel, at

Nemea with wild parsley, at the Isthmus with pine (no mention of Olympia, at which there were no poetry contests).

SILVAE

- Hinc tibi vota patrum credi generosaque pubes  
 te monitore regi, mores et facta priorum  
 discere, quis casus Troiae, quam tardus Ulixes;  
 quantus equum pugnasque virum decurrere versu  
 150 Maeonides quantumque pios ditarit agrestes  
 Ascraeus Siculusque senex, qua lege recurat  
 Pindaricae vox flexa lyrae volucrumque precator  
 Ibycus et tetricis Alcman cantatus Amyclis  
 Stesichorusque ferox saltusque ingressa viriles  
 155 non formidata temeraria Leucade Sappho,  
 quosque alios dignata chelys. tu pandere doctus  
 carmina Battiadae latebrasque Lycophronis atri  
 Sophronaque implicitum tenuisque arcana Corinnae.  
 sed quid parva loquor? tu par assuetus Homero  
 160 ferre iugum senosque pedes aequare solutis  
 versibus et numquam passu brevior relinqui.  
 quid mirum, patria si te petiere relicta  
 quos Lucanus ager, rigidi quos iugera Dauni,  
 quos Veneri plorata domus neglectaque tellus  
 165 Alcidae, vel quos e vertice Surrentino  
 mittit Tyrrheni speculatrix virgo profundi,  
 quos propiore sinu lituo remoque notatus

149 equum *Postgate*: equus M

153 Ibycus *Politianus*: obsicus M

155 Leucade\* ̄: calchide M

156 docti *Markland*

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<sup>34</sup> Hesiod and Epicharmus. The latter lived till ninety. The agricultural work mentioned here is not certainly identified. Statius may have confused him with a namesake mentioned by Columella (1.1.8; cf. 7.3.6).

<sup>35</sup> I.e., the strophic structure of his verse.

### BOOK V.3

Hence parents' hopes were entrusted to you and noble youth governed by your guidance, as they learned the manners and deeds of men gone by: the fate of Troy, Ulysses' tardiness, Maeonides' power to pass in verse through heroes' horses and combats, what riches the old man of Ascrea and the old man of Sicily gave honest farmers,<sup>34</sup> what law governs the recurring voice of Pindar's winding harp,<sup>35</sup> and Ibycus, who prayed to birds,<sup>36</sup> and Alcman, sung in austere Amyclae, and bold Stesichorus and rash Sappho, who feared not Leucas<sup>37</sup> but took the manly leap, and others by the lyre approved. You were skilled to expound the songs of Battus' son,<sup>38</sup> the lurking places of dark Lycophron, Sophron's mazes, and the secrets of subtle Corinna. But why speak of trifles? You were wont to bear equal yoke with Homer, matching his six feet with verse turned to prose, never outpaced and left behind.<sup>39</sup> What wonder if they left their homes to seek you? Lucania's land sends them, and the acres of stern Daunus,<sup>40</sup> and the dwelling mourned of Venus, and the land Alcides neglected, or the maiden who gazes from Surrentum's summit at the Tyrrhene deep and the hill on the nearer bay marked by trumpet and oar, and Cyme<sup>41</sup> that long

<sup>36</sup> Cranes, whom he asked to punish some robbers who had mistreated him.      <sup>37</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>38</sup> Callimachus.      <sup>39</sup> A prose paraphrase, probably in Latin.

<sup>40</sup> Apulia, followed allusively by Pompeii (with Venus for patron goddess), Herculaneum, Surrentum (with temple of Minerva on the headland), Misenum.

<sup>41</sup> Later Cumae, ancient Greek colony where Aeneas landed; *laris* seems to refer to his worship after he disappeared from earth.

SILVAE

- collis et Ausonii pridem laris hospita Cyme,  
 quosque Dicarchei portus Baianaque mittunt  
 170 litora, qua mediis alte permixtus anhelat  
 ignis aquis et operta domos incendia servant?  
 sic ad Avernales scopulos et opaca Sibyllae  
 antra rogaturae veniebant undique gentes  
 (illa minas divum Parcarumque acta canebat,  
 175 quamvis decepto vates non irrita Phoebō).  
 mox et Romuleam stirpem proceresque futuros  
 instruis inque patrum vestigia ducere perstas.  
 sub te Dardanius facis explorator opertae,  
 qui Diomedei celat penetralia furti,  
 180 crevit et inde sacrum didicit puer; arma probatis  
 monstrasti Saliis praesagumque aethera certis  
 auguribus, cui Chalcidicum fas volvere carmen,  
 cui Phrygii lateat coma flaminis; et tua multum  
 verbera succincti formidavere Luperci.  
 185 et nunc ex illo forsā grege gentibus alter  
 iura dat Eois, alter compescit Hiberos,  
 alter Achaemenium secludit Zeugmate Persen;

170 permixtus  $\zeta$ : -issus M  
 186 Hiberos  $\zeta$ : -ras M

180 probatis *Baehrens*: -atur M

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<sup>42</sup> Puteoli.

<sup>43</sup> I.e., do not harm them, by contrast with Pompeii and Herculaneum, destroyed by the highly visible fires of Vesuvius.

<sup>44</sup> She refused him after he had granted her what she asked.

<sup>45</sup> The Pontifex Maximus, under whose supervision the vestals maintained the sacred flame brought by Aeneas from Troy. It is surely not incumbent to take this as a concrete reference to the existing Pontifex Maximus, Domitian.

### BOOK V.3

ago welcomed Ausonia's household god, and the haven of Dicarchus,<sup>42</sup> and Baiæ's shore, where fire pants mingled deep in the midst of water and hidden conflagrations preserve the houses.<sup>43</sup> Even so from all sides used to come the peoples to Avernus' crags and the Sibyl's dark cave to ask their questions; she would sing of the threats of gods and the doings of the Fates, no vain prophetess though Phoebus was hoodwinked.<sup>44</sup> Presently too you instruct the stock of Romulus and notables to be, ceasing not to lead them in their fathers' footsteps. Under your direction grew up the Dardan inspector of the hidden fire,<sup>45</sup> who conceals the sanctuary of that which Diomedes stole,<sup>46</sup> and learned the ritual as a boy. You approved the Salii and showed them their arms, you showed the certain Augurs the sky that gives them foreknowledge, showed who is authorized to unroll the song of Chalcis<sup>47</sup> and why the hair of the Phrygian Flamen<sup>48</sup> is concealed; and greatly did the girt-up Luperci fear your stripes.<sup>49</sup> And now one of that company perhaps gives laws to eastern nations, another holds down Iberians, another with Zeugma keeps off the Achaemenian Persian.<sup>50</sup> These bridle the rich peoples of

<sup>46</sup> The Palladium (statue of Pallas Athene = Minerva, stolen from her temple in Troy by Diomedes and Ulysses and supposedly kept in Vesta's temple).

<sup>47</sup> The Sibylline Books kept by the Quindecimviri.

<sup>48</sup> The flamen (priest) of Cybele, like the other flamens, wore a special headgear (apex), but the implication of *lateat* is obscure.

<sup>49</sup> The future Luperci—the whipped becoming the whippers. "Girt-up" applies to both.

<sup>50</sup> The ancient counterpart of the contemporary Arsacid king of Parthia.

## SILVAE

- hi dites Asiae populos, hi Pontica frenant,  
 hi fora pacificis emendant fascibus, illi  
 190 castra pia statione tenent. tu laudis origo.  
 non tibi certassent iuvenilia fingere corda  
 Mentor et indomiti Phoenix moderator alumni,  
 quique tubas acres lituosque audire volentem  
 Aeaciden alio frangebatur carmine Chiron.  
 195 Talia dum celebras, subitam civilis Erinys  
 Tarpeio de monte facem Phlegraeaque movit  
 proelia. sacrilegis lucent Capitolia taedis  
 et Senonum furias Latiae sumpsere cohortes.  
 vix requies flammae necdum rogos ille deorum  
 200 siderat, excisis cum tu solacia templis  
 impiger et multum facibus velocior ipsis  
 concipis ore pio captivaque fulmina defles.  
 mirantur Latii proceres ultorque deorum  
 Caesar, et e medio divum pater annuit igni.  
 205 iamque et flere pio Vesuvina incendia cantu  
 mens erat et gemitum patriis impendere damnis,  
 cum Pater exemptum terris ad sidera montem  
 sustulit et late miseris deiecit in urbes.  
 Me quoque vocales lucos Boeotaque tempe  
 210 pulsantem, cum stirpe tua descendere dixi,  
 admisere deae; nec enim mihi sidera tantum  
 aequoraque et terras, quae mos debere parenti,  
 sed decus hoc quodcumque lyrae primusque dedisti

192 Mentor *Saenger*: nestor M

202 concipis *Markland*: concinis M

209 Boeotaque *Baehrens*: biot- (*ut vid.*) M

212 quae mos *Krohn*: quam vos M

### BOOK V.3

Asia, those the Pontic territories, these as magistrates of peace<sup>51</sup> correct our courts, these hold armies in loyal station. Their glory began with you. Mentor<sup>52</sup> would not have vied with you in molding youthful hearts, nor Phoenix, guide of a tameless foster son, nor Chiron, who softened Aeacides with a different tune when he would fain have heard shrill trumpets and clarions.

Such was your occupation when the Fury of civil war suddenly raised her torch from the Tarpeian mount and stirred battles as of Phlegra.<sup>53</sup> The Capitol was alight with sacrilegious brands, and Latian cohorts borrowed Senonian rage. Scarce was the flame at rest nor yet had that pyre of gods collapsed when, far swifter than the brands themselves, you hasten to conceive consolation for the razed shrines with pious voice and bewail the captive thunderbolts. Latium's magnates and Caesar, the gods' avenger, are wonderstruck, and from the midst of the conflagration the father of the gods nods approval. And now it was your purpose to weep Vesuvius' flames in pious melody and spend your tears on the losses of your native place, what time the Father took the mountain from earth and lifted it to the stars only to plunge it down upon the hapless cities far and wide.

Me too, as I knocked at the vocal groves and Boeotia's vales, claiming myself sprung from your stock, did the goddesses admit. For not only stars and sea and land, the common debt of son to parent, but this grace of the lyre,

<sup>51</sup> Literally, "with peacemaking rods," i.e., civil magistrates.

<sup>52</sup> Substituted by conjecture for Nestor, who is not known as a pedagogue. But the poet may be at fault.

<sup>53</sup> The fighting on the Capitol in 69.

## SILVAE

- non vulgare loqui et famam sperare sepulchro.  
 215 qualis eras Latios quotiens ego carmine patres  
 mulcerem felixque tui spectator adesses  
 muneris! heu quali confusus gaudia fletu  
 vota piosque metus inter laetumque pudorem!  
 quam tuus ille dies, quam non mihi gloria maior!  
 220 talis Olympiaca iuvenem cum spectat harena  
 qui genuit, plus ipse ferit, plus corde sub alto  
 caeditur; attendunt cunei, spectatur Achaeis  
 ille magis, crebro dum lumina pulveris haustu  
 obruit et prensa vovet expirare corona.  
 225 ei mihi quod tantum patrias ego vertice frondes  
 solaque Chalcidicae Cerealia dona coronae  
 te sub teste tuli! qualem te Dardanus Albae  
 vix cepisset ager, si per me sarta tulisses  
 Caesarea donata manu! quod subdere robur  
 230 illa dies, quantum potuit dempsisse senectae!  
 nam quod me mixta quercus non pressit oliva  
 et fugit speratus honos, quam lustra parentis  
 invida Tarpei caperes! te nostra magistro  
 Thebais urguebat priscorum exordia vatum.  
 235 tu cantus stimulare meos, tu pandere facta  
 heroum bellique modos positusque locorum

222 Achaeis *Imhof*: achates M

232 quam\*  $\zeta$ : qua M      lustra\* *Markland*: dusce M

233 caneres\* *Saenger*

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<sup>54</sup> Not to be taken literally. The father identifies with the son fighting in the arena. Cf. v. 228.

<sup>55</sup> Winners in the Neapolitan Augustalia were crowned with corn ears. "Chalcidic" = Neapolitan; cf. 2.2.94n.



### BOOK V.3

whatever it be, you were the first to give me: speech beyond the vulgar, hope of fame in the grave. What was your mien whenever I soothed the Latian Fathers with my song and you were present, happy spectator of your own gift! Ah, what confusion of joy and tears amid prayers and loving fears and joyous modesty! That day was yours, 'tis very sure; my glory was no greater. So, when his begetter watches a youth on Olympia's sand, 'tis *he* rather that strikes and deep in his heart is stricken, him the benches watch, on him rather the Achaeans gaze as he whelms his eyes with frequent draft of sand and prays to die once he has grasped the wreath.<sup>54</sup> Alas that with you to witness I only bore native chaplets on my head, only Ceres' gift of Chalcidic crown!<sup>55</sup> How would it have been with you (scarce would Alba's Dardan field have contained you) had you through me borne off a garland bestowed by Caesar's hand?<sup>56</sup> What vigor that day might have given you, how much of old age taken away! For inasmuch as oak mingled with olive did not press my brow and the hoped-for honor eluded me, how calmly would you have taken the grudging luster<sup>57</sup> of the Tarpeian Father.<sup>58</sup> With you as my mentor my *Thebaid* pressed close upon the works of ancient bards. You showed me how to spur my songs, how to set forth the deeds of heroes, the modes of warfare, the layout

<sup>56</sup> In the Alban contest (cf. 3.5.28ff.) in which Statius won a prize after his father's death; he subsequently failed in the Capitoline. *Ager* may mean the whole district or the grounds of Domitian's villa where the contest was held—not Papinius' property in the area. <sup>57</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>58</sup> Jupiter Capitolinus. The winners will probably have been chosen by a panel of judges, though the emperor crowned them.

SILVAE

monstrabas. labat incerto mihi limite cursus  
te sine, et orbatae caligant vela carinae.

240 Nec solum larga memet pietate fovebas:  
talis et in thalamos; una tibi cognita taeda  
conubia, unus amor. certe seiungere matrem  
iam gelidis nequeo bustis; te sentit habetque,  
te videt et tumulos ortuque obituque salutat,  
ut Pharios aliae ficta pietate dolores

245 Mygdoniosque colunt et non sua funera plorant.

Quid referam expositos servato pondere mores,  
quae pietas, quam vile lucrum, quae cura pudoris,  
quantus amor recti? rursusque, ubi dulce remitti,  
gratia quae dictis, animo quam nulla senectus?  
250 his tibi pro meritis famam laudesque benignas  
vindex cura deum nulloque e vulnere tristes  
concessit. raperis, genitor, non indigus aevi,  
non nimius, trinisque decem quinquennia lustris  
iuncta ferens. sed me pietas numerare dolorque  
255 non sinit, o Pylas aevi transcendere metas  
et Teucros aequare senes, o digne videre  
me similem! sed nec leti tibi ianua tristis;  
quippe leves causae, nec segnis labe senili  
exitus instanti praemisit membra sepulchro,  
260 sed te torpor iners et mors imitata quietem  
explicuit falsoque tulit sub Tartara somno.

251 tristes *Markland*: -em M

258 tabe *Gronovius*

BOOK V.3

of places. Without you my course falters, uncertain my track, befogged the sails of the orphan craft.

Nor was it only I whom you cherished in abounding love: thus you were to your helpmate also. You knew marriage by a single torch, yours was a single love. 'Tis sure I cannot separate my mother from your tomb now cold. She feels and has you, sees you, greets your grave at rise and set of sun, as other women in feigned devotion observe Pharian and Mygdonian sorrows, mourning deaths not their own.<sup>59</sup>

Why should I tell of your manners—open but at no sacrifice of gravity, your loyalty, your contempt of lucre, your sense of honor, your love of right? And again, when you chose to relax, the charm of your conversation? Your mind untouched by age? For these deserts the gods' protective care allowed you fame and generous credit unsaddened by any misfortune. You are taken, father, not starved of years nor overabounding, bearing ten quin-quennia joined with three lusters. But love and grief forbid me to count, O worthy to transcend the Pylian goals of life and equal Teucrican ancients,<sup>60</sup> worthy to see me in your semblance!<sup>61</sup> And yet the door of Death held no sadness for you: for the causes were light, no lingering departure sent your body in senile decay ahead to the impending tomb; a lazy lethargy, a death disguised as sleep stretched you out, bearing you to Tartarus<sup>62</sup> in the guise of slumber.

<sup>59</sup> Ritual mournings for Attis and Osiris in the cults of Cybele and Isis.      <sup>60</sup> Nestor and Priam and Tithonus.

<sup>61</sup> As old as you were when you died.

<sup>62</sup> The underworld, as in v. 269.

SILVAE

Quos ego tunc gemitus (comitum manus anxia vidit,  
vidit et exemplum genetrix gavisaque novit),  
quae lamenta tuli! veniam concedite, manes,  
265 fas dixisse, pater: non tu mihi plura dedisses.  
felix ille patrem vacuis circumdedit ulnis  
vellet et Elysia quamvis in sede locatum  
abripere et Danaas iterum portare per umbras.

\* \* \* \* \*

temptantem et vivos molitum in Tartara gressus  
270 detulit infernae vates longaeva Dianae.  
si chelyn Odrysiam pigro transmisit Averno  
causa minor, si Thessalicis Admetus in oris

\* \* \* \* \*

si lux una retro Phylaceida rettulit umbram,  
cur nihil exoret, genitor, chelys aut tua manes  
275 aut mea? fas mihi sit patrios contingere vultus,  
fas iunxisse manus, et lex quaecumque sequatur.

At vos, umbrarum reges Ennaeaeque Iuno,  
si laudanda precor, taedas auferte comasque  
Eumenidum; nullo sonet asper ianitor ore,  
280 Centauros Hydraeque greges Scyllaeaeque monstra

*post 268 lac. agnovit Housman*

271–72 si . . . si *Calderini*: sic . . . sic M

*post 272 lac. agnovit Heinsius*

273 si lux *Heinsius*: silva M

275 sit  $\zeta$ : sic M

277 Ennaeaeque *Laetus*: aecneaeque M: aetneaeque  $\zeta$

<sup>63</sup> It showed how Statius would one day mourn for her.

<sup>64</sup> Hecate.

<sup>65</sup> In the sixth book of the *Aeneid*, the Sibyl of Cumae takes Aeneas down to the underworld, where he tries

### BOOK V.3

What groans, what lamentations did I bring then! My anxious band of companions saw it, my mother saw and gladly noted the example.<sup>63</sup> Give me leave, spirit, be it no sin to say it, father: you would have done no more for me. Happy he that embraced his sire with ineffectual arms. Fain would he have snatched him away, settled though he was in Elysian abode, and carried him once more through Danaan shades \* \* \* he that the aged seer of Underworld Diana<sup>64</sup> took down as he essayed <to gain foreknowledge of the fates awaiting his descendants> and sought to bring living steps into Tartarus.<sup>65</sup> If a lesser occasion sent the Odrysian lyre<sup>66</sup> over to sluggish Avernus, if Admetus in the land of Thessaly <could rejoice when his wife was brought from below>, if one day retrieved the shade of him of Phylace,<sup>67</sup> why should your lyre, father, or mine win no boon from the ghosts? Only let me be permitted to touch my father's face and clasp his hand, no matter what law may follow.<sup>68</sup>

But you rulers of the shades and Juno of Enna,<sup>69</sup> if my prayers are praiseworthy, take away the torches and hair of the Furies. Let not the harsh warder bark with any mouth,<sup>70</sup> let remote valleys hide Centaurs and Hydra's

to embrace his father's phantom and hears him prophecy of Roman worthies in time to come. <sup>66</sup> Of Orpheus. <sup>67</sup> Proteus, brought back to life for one day. <sup>68</sup> Cf. v. 60. Three factors can be suggested: (a) The law of the underworld forbidding return. (b) The law or ordinance forbidding Orpheus to look back on his way to the upper world. (c) The penalty for breach of b. <sup>69</sup> Proserpine, carried off from Enna (or Aetna by some accounts) by Pluto to be his queen in the underworld; a pleonasm after *reges*, which includes her. <sup>70</sup> He had three.

## SILVAE

- aversae celent valles, umbramque senilem  
invitet ripis discussa plebe supremus  
vector et in media componat molliter alga.  
ite, pii manes Graiumque examina vatam,  
285 illustremque animam Lethaeis spargite sertis  
et monstrate nemus quo nulla irrupit Erinys,  
in quo falsa dies caeloque simillimus aër.  
Inde tamen venias melior qua porta malignum  
cornea vincit ebur, somnique in imagine monstra  
290 quae solitus. sic sacra Numae ritusque colendos  
mitis Aricino dictabat Nympha sub antro,  
Scipio sic plenos Latio Iove ducere somnos  
creditur Ausoniis, sic non sine Apolline Sulla.

## 4

## SOMNUS

- Crimine quo merui, iuvenis, placidissime divum,  
quove errore miser donis ut solus egerem,  
Somne, tuis<sup>71</sup> tacet omne pecus volucresque feraeque  
et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos,  
5 nec trucibus fluviiis idem sonus; occidit horror  
aequoris et terris maria acclinata quiescunt.  
septima iam rediens Phoebe mihi respicit aegras

288 porta  $\zeta$ : parte M

293 sic *Sudhaus*: nec M

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<sup>71</sup> The Hydra had many heads.

<sup>72</sup> See *Aeneid* 6.894.

## BOOK V.4

swarm<sup>71</sup> and Scylla's monsters, and let the ferryman of the dead invite the aged shade to the bank, scattering the populace, and lay him softly among the weed. Go, righteous ghosts and multitude of Grecian bards, shower the illustrious soul with Lethaeon garlands and point him to the grove which no Fury has invaded, where is false day and air most like to the sky.

Yet may you come thence, along that path wherein the kindlier gate of horn bests the unfriendly ivory,<sup>72</sup> and in sleep's semblance counsel me as you used. Even so in the Arician grot did the gentle Nymph instruct Numa in sacred lore and rites to be observed, so Scipio,<sup>73</sup> as Ausonians believe, passed slumbers full of Latian Jove, so Sulla was not without Apollo.<sup>74</sup>

### 4

### SLEEP

For what cause, youthful Sleep, kindest of the gods, or what error have I alone deserved, alas, to lack your boon? All cattle are mute and birds and beasts, and the nodding treetops feign weary slumbers, and the raging rivers abate their roar; the ruffling of the waves subsides, the sea is still, leaning against the shore.<sup>1</sup> Now returning for the seventh time Phoebe sees my sick eyes stare; so many lights of

<sup>73</sup> The elder Africanus, supposed to have contact with Jupiter in the Capitoline temple.

<sup>74</sup> He wore an image of Apollo, whom he chose to consider his protector.

<sup>1</sup> From *Aeneid* 4.522-27: the poetry of night, not the reality.

## SILVAE

stare genas; totidem Oetaeae Paphiaeque revisunt  
 lampades et totiens nostros Tithonia questus  
 10 praeterit et gelido spargit miserata flagello.  
 unde ego sufficiam? non si mihi lumina mille  
 quae sacer alterna tantum statione tenebat  
 Argus et haud umquam vigilabat corpore toto.  
 at nunc, heu, si aliquis longa sub nocte puellae  
 15 brachia nexa tenens ultro te, Somne, repellit,  
 inde veni; nec te totas infundere pennas  
 luminibus compello meis (hoc turba precetur  
 laetior); extremo me tange cacumine virgae  
 (sufficit), aut leviter suspenso poplite transi.

### 5

#### EPICEDION IN PUERUM SUUM

Me miserum! neque enim verbis sollemnibus ulla  
 incipiam nunc Castaliae vocalibus undis  
 invisus Phoeboque gravis, quae vestra, Sorores,  
 orgia, Pieriae, quas incestavimus aras?  
 5 dicite; post poenam liceat commissa fateri.  
 numquid inaccessu posui vestigia luco?  
 num vetito de fonte bibi? quae culpa, quis error,  
 quem luimus tanti? morientibus ecce lacertis

12 vafer *Heinsius*

17 precetur  $\zeta$ : -catur M

2 nunc *Scriverius*, *Io. Is. Pontanus ap. Gronovium*: nec M

8 tanti\* *Merrill*: -tis M: -tus *Politianus*

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<sup>2</sup> The morning and evening star, imagined by Latin poets as appearing in the same twenty-four hour period. *Oetaeus* recalls



## BOOK V.5

Oeta and Paphos<sup>2</sup> revisit me, so often does Tithonia pass by my complaints and in pity sprinkle me with her chill whip.<sup>3</sup> How am I to bear it? Not if I had the thousand eyes of sacred<sup>4</sup> Argos, who kept them alert only by turns, never wakeful over all his body. But now, alas, if one there be that clasping a girl's twining arms through the long night even thrusts you from him, O Sleep, come thence. Nor do I demand that you pour all your wings upon my eyes (that be the prayer of those more fortunate): touch me with the final tip of your wand (it suffices) or pass by me lightly, knees in air.

### 5

#### LAMENT FOR HIS BOY

Alas, alas! For with no wanted words shall I make any opening, hateful as I now am to Castalia's vocal stream, disliked by Phoebus. What mysteries of yours, Pierian Sisters, have I profaned, what altars? Say. After punishment let me be permitted to confess the crime. Have I set foot in an untrodden grove, drunk from a forbidden spring? What is the fault, what the error for which I pay so dearly?<sup>1</sup> See, a child is torn away as he grasps my heart

Virgil, *Eclogue* 8.30, but the association with Mt. Oeta is problematic. If Statius knew that both morning and evening stars are Paphian (i.e., the planet Venus), he seems to have forgotten it; cf. *Thebaid* 6.238–41.

<sup>3</sup> With which she chases away the stars; cf. *Thebaid* 8.274.

<sup>4</sup> Protected by Juno.

<sup>1</sup> See Critical Appendix.

## SILVAE

- viscera nostra tenens animamque avellitur infans,  
 10 non de stirpe quidem nec qui mea nomina ferret  
 oraque; non fueram genitor. sed cernite fletus  
 liventesque genas et credite planctibus orbi.  
 orbus ego. huc patres et aperto pectore matres  
 conveniant; cineremque oculis et crimina ferto,  
 15 si qua sub uberibus plenis ad funera natos  
 ipsa gradu labente tulit madidumque cecidit  
 pectus et ardentes restinxit lacte favillas.  
 quisquis adhuc tenerae signatum flore iuventae  
 immersit cineri iuvenem primaque iacentis  
 20 serpere crudeles vidit lanugine flammam  
 adsit et alterno mecum clamore fatiscat:  
 vincetur lacrimis et te, Natura, pudebit.  
 tanta mihi feritas, tanta est insania luctus.  
 hoc quoque cum ni<tor> ter dena luce peracta  
 25 acclinis tumulo et plannctus in carmina verto  
 discordesque modos et singultantia verba  
 molior. ista ly<rae vis> est atque ira tacendi  
 impatiens; sed nec solitae mihi vertice laurus  
 nec fronti vittatus honos. en taxea marcet  
 30 silva comis hilaresque hederas plorata cupressus  
 excludit ramis; nec eburno pollice chordas  
 pulso sed incertam digitis errantibus amens  
 scindo chelyn. iuvat, heu, iuvat illaudabile carmen  
 fundere et incompte miserum laxare dolorem.

- 9 animamque  $\zeta$ : -aque M      14 ferto  $\zeta$ , *Politianus*: -te M  
 17 favillas *Calderini*: papillas M      20 flammam *Calderini*:  
 malas M      24 nitor ter dena *Gronovius*: in (*spat.*) terdana M  
 25 tumulo ( $\zeta$ ) planctus *Unger*, et *add. Krohn*: tumulo (*spat.*)  
 nctus M      26 modos et  $\zeta$ : m (*spat.*) M

BOOK V.5

and soul<sup>2</sup> with dying arms—not indeed of my stock, bearing my name and features; I was not his father. But see my tears and bruised cheeks, trust my lament, you that are bereaved: bereaved am I. Let fathers and mothers come hither with open bosom. And let her endure with her eyes the ashes and the crime whosoever under full breasts herself carried children to the pyre with faltering steps and pounded her moist bosom and quenched the glowing embers with her milk. Whoever has plunged into ash<sup>3</sup> a lad still adorned with the bloom of tender youth and seen the cruel flames creep over his first down as he lies, let him come and grow weary with me in alternate wail; he shall lose the contest of tears, and you, Nature, shall be ashamed, so savage, so wild is my mourning. Even as I make this effort after thirty days have passed, leaning on the tomb, and turn blows into poetry, I labor discordant measures and sobbing words. It is compulsion to sing<sup>4</sup> and anger impatient of silence; but the wonted laurels are not on my head nor the grace of fillets on my brow. See, yew leaves wither on my hair and branches of lamented cypress shut out the merry ivy. I do not strike the strings with ivory thumb but with wandering fingers tear madly at the uncertain lyre. I am fain, fain alas, to pour out song that none can praise and ease the cruel pain in clumsy sort. Have I

<sup>2</sup> *Animaque* in Courtney's text seems to be a mistake.

<sup>3</sup> If sound, *cineri* seems to be carelessly used for the flames of the pyre.

<sup>4</sup> See Critical Appendix.

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27 ista\* *scripsi*: orsa M      lyrae vis *Krohn*: ly (*spat.*) M:  
ly<ra dolor> *Sudhaus*

34 laxare *Unger*: laudare M: nud- *Markland*

SILVAE

- 35 sic merui? sic me cantuque habituque nefastum  
aspiciunt superi? pudeat Thebasque novumque  
Aeaciden; nil iam placitum manabit ab ore.  
ille ego qui quotiens blande matrumque patrumque  
vulnera, qui viduos potui mulcere dolores,  
40 ille ego lugentum mitis solator, acerbis  
auditus tumulis et descendentibus umbris,  
deficio medicasque manus fomentaque quaero  
vulneribus subitura meis. nunc tempus, amici,  
quorum ego manantes oculos et saucia tersi  
45 pectora: reddite opem, saevas exsolvite grates.  
nimirum cum vestra modis ego funera maestis  
\* \* \* \* \*
- increpitans: "qui damna doles aliena, repone,  
infelix, lacrimas et tristia carmina serva."  
verum erat. absumptae vires et copia fandi  
50 nulla mihi dignumque nihil mens fulmine tanto  
repperit. inferior vox omnis et omnia sordent  
verba. ignosce, puer; tu me caligine mersum  
obruis. a durus, viso si vulnere carae  
coniugis invenit caneret quod Thracius Orpheus  
55 dulce sibi, si busta Lini complexus Apollo  
non tacuit. nimius fortasse avidusque doloris  
dicor et in lacrimis iustum excessisse pudorem.  
quisnam autem gemitus lamentaque nostra rep<r>endis?  
o nimium felix, nimium crudelis et expers

36 aspiciunt\* *scripsi*: -ciant M

37 placitum\* *Markland*: -idum M manabit\*  $\zeta$ : -bat M

39 viduos *Heinsius*: vivos M

43 subitura\* *scripsi*: sed summa M: sed nulla *Rothstein*

BOOK V.5

deserved so? So do the High Ones see me,<sup>5</sup> ill-omened in song and habit? Should Thebes and my new Aeacides be shamed? Shall nothing that pleases flow<sup>6</sup> any more from my lips? I that (how often!) could gently soothe the wounds of mothers and fathers, the pain of widowhood, I, mild comforter of mourners, heard at untimely graves as ghosts descend, I fail, and seek healing hands and compresses to aid<sup>7</sup> my wounds. Now is the time, friends, whose streaming eyes and wounded breasts I stanchd: return my help, pay the cruel debt of gratitude. Like as not when I <be-wailed> your bereavements in sad strains \* \* \* rebuking: "You that grieve for others' losses, put back your tears, unhappy man, and keep your sad songs." It was true. My strength is exhausted, I have no store of speech, my mind finds nothing worthy of such a thunderbolt. All utterance falls short, all words are mean. Forgive me, boy; you smother me in a mist of sorrow. Ah, hard was Thracian Orpheus if he saw his dear wife's wound and found a song that pleased him; hard Apollo if he kept not silence as he embraced Linus' tomb. Perhaps I am called extravagant and avid of grief, weeping beyond the bounds of decency. But who are you that blame my groans and lamentations? Ah, too fortunate is he, too cruel and ignorant, Fortune,

<sup>5</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>6</sup> See Critical Appendix.

<sup>7</sup> See Critical Appendix.

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46 modis . . . maestis *Guyet, van Kooten*: domus . . . maestus  
M      *post 46 lac. agnovit Baehrens*  
52 mersum *Heinsius*: maestu M  
53 durus ♂, *Politianus*: duro M  
58 reprehendis *Politianus*: repen- M

## SILVAE

- 60 imperii, Fortuna, tui qui dicere legem  
 fletibus aut fines audet censere dolendi!  
 incitat, heu, planctus. potius fugientia ripas  
 flumina detineas rapidis aut ignibus obstes  
 quam miseros lugere vetes. tamen ille severus,  
 65 quisquis is est, nostrae cognoscat vulnera causae.

- Non ego mercatus Pharia de puppe loquaces  
 delicias doctumque sui convicia Nili  
 infantem lingua nimium salibusque protervum  
 dilexi: meus ille, meus. tellure cadentem  
 70 excepi atque unctum geniali gramine fovi,  
 poscentemque novas tremulis ululatibus auras  
 inserui vitae. quid plus tribuere parentes?  
 quin alios ortus libertatemque sub ipsi  
 uberibus tibi, parve, dedi, cum munera nostra  
 75 rideres ignarus adhuc. properaverit ille,  
 sed merito properabat amor, ne perderet <ullum>  
 libertas tam parva diem. nonne horridus <omnes>  
 invidia superos iniustaque Tartara pulsem?  
 nonne gemam te, care puer? quo sospite natos  
 80 non cupii, primo gremium qui protinus ortu  
 implicuit fixitque mihi, cui verba sonosque  
 monstravi questusque et vulnera caeca resolvi,  
 reptantemque solo demissus ad oscula dextra

63 detineas *Boxhorn*: demneus M

67 delicias  $\zeta$ , *Avantius*: aedituas M

68 nimium *Britannicus*: sumum M

70 excepi *Avantius*: aspexi M geniali *Axelson ap.*

*Håkanson*: -itali M gramine (*an germine* <sup>p</sup>) *Håkanson*: carm- M

71 noscentemque *Baehrens*

74 cum *Politianus*: heu M

76 *add.*  $\zeta$

BOOK V.5

of your dominion, who dares to lay down rules for tears and decree limits to grieving. Alas, he but adds fuel to lamentation. More easily might you hold back rivers as they flee their banks or block devouring fire than forbid the stricken to mourn. Yet let this austere critic, whoever he be, take cognizance of my case and its pain.

I did not love a chatterbox favorite bought from some Pharian boat, taught in infancy the chaff of his native Nile, too glib of tongue, a pert jester: no, he was mine, mine. I picked him up as he fell upon the ground, anointed him with festal oil, took him in my arms, and as he demanded the novel air with tremulous wails, I made him part of life. What more did his parents give? Nay, I gave you another birth, little one, your freedom, when you were still at the breast, though you laughed at my present nor yet knew gratitude. Hasty my love may have been, but hasty with good cause, lest so small a freedom should lose <a single> day. Shall I not grimly assail <all><sup>8</sup> the High Ones and unjust Tartarus with my reproach? Shall I not bemoan you, dear lad? As long as you lived, I wanted no sons. At the first moment of your birth you enfolded my bosom, fastening firm. I showed you words and sounds, saw to your complaints and hidden hurts, stooped and lifted you by hand to kisses as you crawled on the ground, and on my

<sup>8</sup> See Critical Appendix.

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77 omnes\* *addidi*: om. M: ipsos ☞

80 non cupii *Calderini*: concu- M                      gremium *Heinsius*:  
gemitum M

82 resolvi ☞: ne solvam M: resolvens *Markland*

83 dextra ☞: vestra M

SILVAE

erexi blandoque sinu iam iamque <cadentes >  
85 feci operire genas dulcesque accersere somnos.  
cui nomen vox prima meum, ludusque tenello  
risus et a nostro veniebant gaudia vultu.

84 *suppl. Baehrens*

85 feci operire *Phillimore*: excepere M



BOOK V.5

loving lap made you hide your already <drooping> eyes (?)  
and summon sweet slumber. My name was your first ut-  
terance, my play your baby laughter, from my face came  
your joys.



## CRITICAL APPENDIX

Asterisked notes are repeated *mutatis mutandis* from my article in *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology* 91 (1987): 273–82. Lemmata are from Courtney's text, with *v* for consonantal *u*.

### BOOK I

#### 1.epist.30

nam Claudii Etrusci testimonium †*domonnun*† est,  
qui balneolum a me suum intra moram cenae  
recepit.

The prefatory letter has cited recipients of the poems in this book as witnesses for the claim that they were composed in a couple of days, or less. But the fifth poem, on Claudius Etruscus' baths, came into being in the course of a dinner party, and that is more than the public can be expected to swallow. So Etruscus' testimony has to be waived: *donandum est*.

#### 1.2.22

tu modo fronte rosas, violis modo lilia mixta  
excipis et dominae *niveis* a vultibus obstas.

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*Tu* is the bridegroom. *Niveis* follows *niveos* in v. 20. Such repetitions need to be considered on their individual demerits. A colorless word like *locum* in 2.2.15 can be followed by *loci* in 17 with little or no harm done, but *niveis a vultibus* after *niveos . . . artus*, referring to the same person, is a serious embarrassment. Moreover, *niveis* is inappropriate as well as inelegant. This is the face of a blushing bride (v. 12). For *nitidis*, Ov. *Ars* 3.74, *perit in nitido qui fuit ore color*, is especially relevant. *Nivei vultus* has its proper place in v. 244, where Lavinia's face was snow-white before she started to blush (*cum Turno spectante rubet*).

### \*1.3.29

hic aeterna quies, nullis hic iura procellis,  
 numquam fervor aquis. datur hic transmitters visus  
 et voces et paene manus. sic Chalcida fluctus  
 expellunt reflui, sic dissociata profundo  
 Bruttia Sicaniū circūspicit ora Pelorum.

The river Anio flows between the two parts of Vopiscus' villa but does not sunder them: v. 24, *litus utrumque domi, nec te mitissimus amnis / dividit*. Håkanson accepts the comparisons with the Euripus and the Straits of Messina, though finding them "somewhat strange." More recently Courtney in *Trans. Am. Phil. Ass.* 114 (1984): 330f. observes that Statius "has been incautious in the actual selection of his expressions." As though anyone in his right mind would pick the two most notoriously turbulent narrows in the Mediterranean to liken to this profoundly peaceful stretch of river. (Methodologically, temporary

## CRITICAL APPENDIX

insanity is a defense of last resort at best, but as concerns the author of 2.3.57–60 not absolutely to be excluded; here there is no such compulsion.) And what of *dissociata* after *non dividit*? This is no likeness, but as violent a contrast as Statius could think of. Read *nec . . . nec*. No Euripus or Straits of Messina *here* (*hic*, vv. 29, 30).

### \*1.3.70

illic ipse antris Anien et fonte relicto  
 nocte sub arcana glaucos exutus amictus  
 huc illuc fragili *prosternit* pectora musco  
 aut ingens in stagna cadit vitreasque natatu  
 plaudit aquas;

The river god moves this way and that in the stream, pushing the moss on its surface in front of him: *fragilis prosternit pectore muscos*—which could be what Statius wrote. However, I rather think he wrote *praesternit*, a rare verb found twice elsewhere in the *Silvae*, 3.2.114 and 5.1.257; in the first place it means “spread beforehand,” in the second, “spread in front.” Here it will correspond to the use of *sternere* in, e.g., Cic. *Pro Mur.* 75, *stravit pelliculis haedinis lectulos Punicanos*. With regard to *huc illuc*, as remarked by Markland, “Latini voculas *huc . . . illuc* cum verbis alienis coniungunt, quasi cogitatione addi debeat verbum accedendi aut veniendi”; cf. Ov. *Met.* 10.124, *nunc eques in tergo residens huc laetus et illuc / mollia purpureis frenabas ora capistris*.

Some take 72 as referring to movement on land; but the moss would then be underfoot, not breast high. The god wades in the water, then dives and swims.

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1.4.48

sic itur in alta  
pectora, sic mixto reverentia *fidit* amori.

Subjects stand in awe of an efficient ruler (like Gallicus) whether they love him or not. But Gallicus has known how to make himself loved as well as revered, in fact even more loved than revered: *mixto reverentia cedit amori*. *Fidit* is nonsense, worse than in Hor. *Carm.* 3.24.20, where it has ousted *laedit* (*SCP*, p. 291).

1.4.58

tunc deus, Alpini qui iuxta culmina dorsi  
signat Apollineos sancto cognomine lucos,  
respicit heu tanti pridem securus alumni.

Progressus \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* que moras: "hinc mecum, Epidauria proles, *sqq.*

Most editors read *praegressusque moras* (forestalling delay), i.e., acting at once and so precluding any postponement. Markland's comment was fair: "non male ad sensum, sed phraseos desunt exempla, & deerunt si recte auguror." But is the phrase really too imaginative for Statius? As for alternatives, Housman's *praecidensque* (not mentioned in Courtney's apparatus) is perfect per se, but as he recognized, *praecidens* could hardly be corrupted to *progressus*, and his ingenious explanation is rather hard to swallow. Courtney's proposed supplement (*exempli causa* of course), *tandem est ex silva maestus opaca / abrumpensque moras* seems to assume that Apollo is somewhere in the "Apollonian groves" (v. 59; see my note), but this has not been stated or implied; and what would Aesculapius be doing there?

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1.4.82

sed revocant fasti maiorque curulis  
nec *permissa* semel.

As governor of Asia Gallicus is recalled to Rome to hold the consulship and then the city prefecture with promise of a second consulship, which was duly fulfilled. M's *permissa* should be retained. Does not *permissa* sound a little grudging?

1.6.15

et quod percoquit †*aebosia*† Caunos

Ebusos, modern Ibiza in the Balearic Islands, was famous for its figs, Caunos in Caria more so (*Caunae*). "The Caunos of Ebusos" is a portmanteau expression on all fours with *Haemonium Pyladen* (2.6.54 q.v.), "the Pylades of Thessaly," i.e., Patroclus. Prosody varied, though the first syllable is short elsewhere. That the manuscript reading should be thus relevant to figs by sheer coincidence should be incredible.

1.6.35

orbem, qua melior severiorque est,  
et gentes alis insemel togatas

V. 35 refers to the fourteen rows in the theater reserved for knights under the lex Roscia of 67 BC. The institution was revised and reformed by Domitian, with exclusion of unqualified persons, thereby supplying Martial with the point of no less than eight of the epigrams in his fifth book (dated 89). *Orbem* (the Circle) covers the whole body of spectators except senators, who sat in the orchestra, and

## CRITICAL APPENDIX

*qua melior severiorque* distinguished the fourteen rows from the part occupied by the general public (*gentes togatas*). It also, I suppose, prompts the reader to think of the recent reform. I have removed the misleading commas in 35.

1.6.85

vixdum caerulea nox subibat orbem,  
*descendit* media nitens arena  
densas flammeus orbis inter umbras

To what lower area does the fiery ball descend as it shines in the middle of the arena? Statius goes on to say that it illuminated the whole sky, which it would hardly do from down below. I accept *escendit* (Stange).

1.6.94

quis dapes *inemptas*,  
largi flumina quis canat Lyaei?

"*Inemptas* corruptum videtur" Courtney. Not when explained: the fare provided for the emperor's guests was not bought in any market; it was produced on his own land.

## BOOK II

2.epist.5

primum enim habet Glauciam nostrum, cuius *gratissima infantia* et qualem plerumque infelices sortiuntur †apud te complexus amabam iam non tibi†.

Calderini's *gratissimam infantiam* would have solved the problem if he and his successors had not been baffled



## CRITICAL APPENDIX

by the conclusion of the sentence: Statius had loved the dead boy for Melior's sake. But after he had embraced him at Melior's home, it was no longer (*iam non*) for Melior's sake but for the boy's own. With *complexus* ending the colon and *amabam* integrated with *iam non tibi*, the heroic clausula pilloried by Courtney has evaporated.

\*2.2.13

placido lunata recessu

hinc atque hinc *curvas* perrumpunt aequora rupes.

The reader envisages a bay backed by a shore in the shape of a horseshoe with two cliffs at the extremities both pointing inward, between which the sea enters. In revision of my earlier opinion, I now think the text might stand provided *hinc atque hinc* be taken with *curvas*, not *perrumpunt*. But *curvae* is so much easier that I have maintained it. In v. 80 an island strikes curving waves.

2.3.53

sic ait, illa dei veteres imitata calores  
uberibus stagnis obliquo pendula trunco  
incubat atque umbris scrutatur amantibus undas.  
sperat et amplexus, sed aquarum spiritus arcet  
nec patitur tactus. tandem eluctata sub *auras*  
libratur fundo rursusque enode cacumen  
ingeniosa levat, veluti *descendat in imos*  
*stirpe lacus alia*.

On *imitata* see note. In vv. 53–59 the tree (*illa*), representing Pan, starts from its root in the bank and bends obliquely over the pool, then tries *unsuccessfully* to enter it. At length it struggles to the surface (*sub auras*), bal-

## CRITICAL APPENDIX

ances on the bottom, then shoots up (*levat*) on high as though from a new root. Thus far its behavior conforms to the reasonably clear account in 2–5, where <in>*curvata* (*vadis*) will replace Havet’s phonetically unwelcome <cur>*curvata* (for the dative see *TLL* 7.1.1095.32), with the major exception that *sub auras* is a clangorous mistake for *sub undas*—the tree cannot struggle up into the air without first struggling down. This could be scribal error, despite *undas* in 55. But what follows, “as though it descended into the depth of the pool,” is sheer nonsense in the context, and no conjectural solvent is about to convert *descendit in imos lacus* into *escendit in altum aëra*. The conclusion that the muddle was in the author’s mind seems unavoidable.

### 2.6.40

torva atque virilis  
 gratia nec petulans acies blandique severo  
 igne oculi, qualis *liber* iam casside visu  
 Parthenopaeus erat,

*Liber* for *bellis* (i.e., *bellus*) might pass for Baehrens at his worst, but better judgments than his went astray. Amazingly both Håkanson and van Dam have lengthy notes supporting *liber*.

Philetos and Parthenopaeus were beautiful youths, but it is the *kind* of beauty that matters here. Philetos was not the standard *puer delicatus* that the non-Statian title dubs him. On the contrary, he was like Parthenopaeus *with* a helmet, i.e., after he had joined the army against Thebes (*iam*; its relevance is a minor casualty of the *Schlimmbesserung*); pretty, to be sure, but a soldier. *Dubiae crimina formae* (reproach of ambiguous beauty) implies that

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there is something discreditable about an effeminate appearance. *Qualis* and *visu* in 42 go together. See *Classical Journal* 97.2 (2001–2): 177–78.

### \*2.6.103

pone, precor, questus; alium tibi Fata Phileton,  
forsan et ipse *dabit*, moresque habitusque decoros  
*monstrabit* gaudens similemque *docebit amari*.

My objection to the third person stands. The notion that the dead boy might provide Ursus with a successor and train him seems to be absolutely unexampled and even for Statius, one would hope, impossibly bizarre. The new favorite might be provided by Fate (home born) or by Ursus himself (bought). *Amare* would be better than *amari* for M's *amori*, but *amorem* is clearly right (see van Dam).

### 2.7.52

tu *carus* Latio memorque gentis  
carmen fortior exseres togatum.

Lucan was a Roman and, mindful of his race, wrote a Roman poem, leaving for others the stock themes of Greek mythology. Patriotism, not his countrymen's affection, made him do that. *Partus* (Saenger) gets the sense, but that participle is not so used. I read *cretus* with at least one classical parallel, Sil. 3.249, *undosa cretus Berenicide miles*.

### 2.7.79

*quid?* maius loquar: ipsa te Latinis  
Aeneis venerabitur canentem.

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This punctuation violates the rule (lex Shackletonii?) that *quid?* thus used is followed by a question or (what was probably the same thing to a Roman) an exclamation introduced by an interrogative particle, not a statement. Therefore: *quid maius loquar?* or *quin* (Ϝ) *maius loquar.*

## BOOK III

### 3.1.91

“tune” inquit “largitor opum, qui mente profusa  
tecta Dicaearchi pariter *iuvenemque* replesti  
Parthenopen?”

*Iuvenemque*, supposedly a vacuous play on Parthenope’s name, should be peremptorily dismissed in favor of *iuvenisque* (Klotz). The reference to Pollius’ younger days fits in perfectly with 2.2.137, *iuvenile calens*.

### \*3.3.76

praecipuos sed enim merito subrexit in actus  
nondum stelligerum senior dimissus in axem  
Claudius et †longo† transmittit *habere nepoti*.

Etruscus’ father had begun his service under Tiberius. Gaius retained him, Claudius promoted him and handed him on to Nero. Vollmer unwisely follows Barth in explaining *nepoti* as a collective singular, “the long series of descendants, i.e. of successors on the imperial throne.” *Neroni* (Markland) may well be right, but *nepoti* may pass as a venial laxity, “grandson” for “grandnephew,” perhaps made easier by the fact that Nero was Claudius’ adopted son. On the other hand, *longo* as an epithet of *nepoti* (or

## CRITICAL APPENDIX

*Neroni*) is inexplicable and there is no plausible substitute. The other thing to notice is that *habere*, though inoffensive (cf. *Theb.* 1.616), has no needful function. Graphically it is practically the equivalent of *ab aere*, which makes perfect sense with *longo* when understood as "after long service," a sense supported by *aera = stipendia* and the Ciceronian *in meo aere est* in *Fam.* 13.62 and 15.14.

\*3.3.179

haud aliter gemuit per Sunia Theseus  
litora, *qui* falsis deceperat Aegea velis.

*Per Sunia* for *periuria* deserves its place; but *qui . . . velis* is no way for a poet like Statius to convey a piece of well-known information. I read *quem*, which Mozley had already translated: "Aegeus, whom his false sails had deceived." The comma is not wanted.

3.5.60

*et* nunc illa tenet viduo quod sola cubili  
otia iam pulchrae terit infecunda iuventae.

*Te* (Phillimore) for *et* deserves admission. Statius suggests that his wife does not want to leave Rome for Naples because her daughter (*illa*) needs another husband, going on to predict that a marriage will come anyway. Suggests, surely, rather than baldly states. This is a question. What is the subject of *tenet*? *Ille*, I think, with the usual comma after *tenet*.

3.5.104

*venarumque* lacus medicos Stabiasque renatas

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See critical note. "The solution lies in reading *venarumque*; a proper name is not required. With the first word thus restored, the opening part of line 104 refers to the remarkable group of mineral springs which are still today a feature of that portion of the Stabian plain which lies along the edge of the gulf at the foot of the great limestone mass of the Surrentine promontory" (A. W. van Buren, *Amer. Journ. Phil.* 51 [1930]: 378f.). But a proper name is required, not only for concinnity after a string of them, but because there is no evidence that the Romans used medicinal baths to cure maladies of the arteries (cf. Delz, *Mus. Helv.* 49 [1988]: 249). The name, I suggest, is *Venae*, covering the area. Van Buren does not mention any pools, but presumably some existed in Statius' time if not today.

## BOOK IV

### 4.epist.33

quisquis ex meis invitus aliquid legit, statim se  
*profitetur* adversum.

So Aldus for *profiteatur*. But why impose such a falsehood? Disapproval of a poem is not an automatic declaration of enmity to the poet; it need not even be declared.

### 4.1.46

longamque tibi, rex magne, iuventam  
adnuit

Domitian is addressed. For *rex* "there exists not one single good parallel" (Håkanson), a claim not invalidated by Coleman's note. The obvious alternative is *dux* (Markland); to parallels add Hor. *Carm.* 4.5.5, *dux bone*. I have

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replaced *rege* (assimilated from preceding *regum*) with *duce* in Val. Max. 1.8.ext.18 (Loeb edition) and pointed out the converse error in Housman's note on Lucan 7.268.

### \*4.2.23

tanta patet moles *effusaeque* impetus aulae  
liberior campi

*Campi* needs an epithet, whereas *aulae*, "the hall" (of Domitian's palace), can easily do without one. One does not say "more extensive than that of a plain." Read *effusique*; cf. Luc. 6.270, *effuso laxat tentoria campo*.

### 4.7.9

Maximo carmen tenuare tempto;  
nunc ab intonsa capienda myrto  
serta, nunc †maior† sitis *et* bibendus  
castior amnis.

Having completed the *Thebaid*, Statius is turning for Maximus' sake to the narrower field of lyric; myrtle replaces laurel. For *maior* Courtney would like to substitute *seddit* or *sidit*, which might however seem less than complimentary to Maximus. On the contrary, the poet is even *more* eager to work in the new style, *but* the theme is rarified. He must leave Callimachus' Assyrian River (surely in mind) for the fountain pure and undefiled (*Hymns* 2.108–12). So *at* (van Dam) for *et*.

### \*4.8.15

dulci *strepit* ecce tumultu  
tot dominis clamata domus. procul atra recedat  
Invidia atque alio liventia pectora flectat:

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his senium longaeque decus virtutis et alba  
Atropos et patrius *lauro* promisit Apollo.

I still can find nothing against *tremis* in v. 15, "coming under the *OLD* heading 'to be affected by vibratory motion' (*tremo* 3)." But I think Coleman and Courtney were wrong to discard the humanist correction *lauros*. The construction *et Atropos promisit senium decusque longae virtutis et Apollo lauros* does not seem impossible to me, whereas I cannot envisage Apollo promising the children a long and illustrious career (promised by Atropos anyway) *with his bay*. His gift was poetry. As for *patrius*, their father, Menecrates, may not have written verse, since Statius does not say he did, but their (maternal) grandfather, Statius' friend and patron, Pollius (cf. v. 10), made it his main occupation, and Statius was not likely to leave it out.

4.9.29

non replicatae  
bulborum tunicae? nec ova *tantum*  
nec lenes halicae

Rightly rejecting *tantum*, Coleman ignores *tandem* (Polster), which is clearly the right answer, virtually equivalent to *saltem*; see *SCP* 50.

## BOOK V

5.1.83

ille †*iubatis*†  
molem immensam umeris et vix tractabile pondus  
imposuit

382



## CRITICAL APPENDIX

The archetype seems to have been damaged at the ends of the lines in 81 to 84. In 83 *subactis* (Avantius) and *volentis* (Watt) are not to be despised, but I have preferred *gravatis*, proleptic like *subactis* (see Kühner-Stegmann, *Lateinische Grammatik* I, p. 239).

### 5.1.202

qualis *conspecta coniuge segnis*  
Odrysius vates positus ad Strymona plectris  
obstupuit tristemque rogam sine carmine flevit.

*Segnis* (inactive), before *positis plectris* and *obstupuit*, is a deadweight, while *coniuge* is inadequate (sc. *mortua*). *Conspecto coniugis igne* (Barth) provides a double remedy at slight palaeographical cost.

### 5.2.25

*illum* omnes acuunt plausus, illum ipse volantem  
pulvis et incurvae gaudent agnoscere metae:

*Illum* is the star racehorse whom all spectators favor. That *illum acuunt* could mean "make him keener" needs no demonstration (Courtney compares Mart. Cap. 9.925), but as Håkanson (78, also cited by Courtney) appreciated, the sense here is not "all the applause makes him keener" but "for him (as he enters?) everybody applauds more loudly" (he compares Langen on Val. Fl. 2.172). Håkanson's *illi* is the answer.

### \*5.2.107

haud umquam tales aspexit Romulus annos  
Dardaniusque senex medii bellare togata

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strage fori. stupuere patres temptamina tanta  
conatusque tuos, *nec tunc* reus ipse timebat.

Leo's *tunc* for *te* is off key; Crispinus' display was not a tranquilizer. Moreover it stultifies *ipse*, as implying without any warrant that the rest of the audience too was afraid of a conviction, though to a lesser degree. *Pro te* (Markland) might pass as a joke (the Nuremberg audience worrying lest the speaker strain a muscle), but that is not Statius' style. *Et te*, proposed in *Harvard Studies*, provides the needful and logical climax. The statues have never heard anything like this from one so young, the senators are dumbfounded, and the defendant himself is frightened by his advocate's demonic eloquence. The court has become a bloody battleground (*bellare* and *strage*).

### 5.2.144

hic suetus dare iura parens, hoc caespite turmas  
adfari; †*vitae*† speculas castellaque longe  
*aspicis* ille dedit, cinxitque haec moenia fossa;

For Vollmer *late*, with *aspicis*? in parenthesis, removed all difficulties and easily explained the corruption *vitae*. The latter cannot be said for Courtney's proposal *quas hinc*. But we need a parallel for *late speculas castellaque longe* = *longe lateque speculas castellaque*. I leave the obelus.

### 5.2.165

quique aquilas tibi nunc et castra *recludet*  
idem omnes *perferre* gradus . . . dabit

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Courtney changes *recludit* on the ground that Crispinus' military appointment is announced only in vv. 168ff. But that is a literary device: see my note on v. 8. By the time we reach 125 and 132, the posting is assumed to be settled in principle, the only question being to what part of the world Crispinus will go.

*Perferre*, in its usual sense of "endure," is semi-ridiculous and in the sense of "carry out thoroughly, perform" inappropriate with *dabit*. I can make nothing of *proferre* (Polster), though *gradum proferre*, "step forward" is standard. Since the abbreviations of *per* and *pro* differ only slightly, Saenger's reading *properare* involves hardly more than the addition of one letter, confusion of *f* and *p* being routine.

### 5.3.53

illic Oebalio non finderet aera disco  
Graiorum vis nuda virum, non arva rigaret  
sudor equum aut putri sonitum daret ungula fossa,  
sed Phoebi simplex chorus, *et* frondentia vatum  
praemia laudato, genitor, tibi rite *ligarem*.  
ipse madens oculis, *umbrarum* animaeque sacerdos  
praecinerem gemitum,

The ellipse of *esset* after *chorus*, followed by *et . . . ligarem*, has a makeshift aura. The prize would be awarded by the Muses rather than by the poet, whose role begins at 58, *ipse madens oculis*. So *en . . . ligarent*.

In 58 *umbrarum* is the stumbling block, or should be. In his fantasy Statius becomes the priest of his father's spirit (which is summoned to attend the ceremony), but

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surely not of spirits in general. Markland found the right substitute, *araeque* (cf. v. 47), but the wrong place to put it. It should replace *umbrarum*, not *animaeque*, which is exactly and indispensably in point. The loss of *araeque* before *animaeque* explains itself and produced *umbrarum* to mend the meter.

### 5.3.61

atque *tibi* moresque tuos et facta canentem  
fors et magniloquo non posthabuisset Homero  
tenderet *et torvo pietas* aequare Maroni.

Read *ibi me* (Heinsus). *Torvo* (grim), as a generalized epithet of Virgil corresponding to *magniloquo* of Homer, will hardly do. Phillimore had the answer, comparing Martial 11.52.18, *rura vel aeterno proxima Vergilio*, but his *temptet et aeterno* leaves room for improvement. Read *tenderet aeterno <et>*. I give *Pietas* her capital rather than understanding "your affection."

### 5.3.85

quis non in funere *ductos*  
Heliadum ramos lacrimosaque germina dixit  
et Phrygium silicem . . . ?

*Ductos* (Ellis) for *cunctos* (Ϛ) does not appeal, and *in funere* seems to need a more useful function than this text allows it. I obelize, but hazard *in funere fratris*. In *Ov. Met.* 2.325ff. Phaëthon is buried by Nymphs, but his mother and sisters find his tomb and weep at it. The sisters are changed into poplars, and their tears become amber. Papius père deserves a different sort of mourner.

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5.3.118

etenim te divite ritu  
*sumere* purpureos Infantia *legit* amictus  
 stirpis honore datos et nobile pectoris aurum.

Misled by *Infantia* (see my note), Markland put *sumere* in place of *ponere*; but the ceremony is the coming of age, when the purple gown and gold locket were laid aside. No ceremony is known to have celebrated the assumption of these emblems of free birth, which does not seem to have been simultaneous. I can find no sense in *legit* (choice is not involved) and substitute *fecit*.

\*5.3.130

Maeoniden aliaeque aliis natalibus urbes  
 diripiunt cunctaeque probant; non omnibus ille  
 verus, alit *victos* immanis gloria falsi.

We do not hear elsewhere of a contest that decided the perennial question of Homer's birthplace. Had there been one, the defeated claimants would not continue to make a plausible case (*probant*) or thrive on the monstrous glory of a falsehood. For *victos* read *factos*, "the liars" (*OLD factus* c), or better *factas*, "falsely pretended" (*victas* Bentley).

5.3.139

non totiens victorem Castora gyro  
 nec fratrem caestu virides *auxere* Therapnae.

I see little to commend *auxere* (Watt) or *coluere* (Håkanson) for *clausero* in M. The latter is disfavored

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rather than commended by 4.8.53f., *et vos, Tyndaridae, quos non horrenda Lycurgi / Taygeta umbrosaeque magis coluere Therapnae*. Håkanson pronounced *plausere* (Calderini) “of course impossible, since this verb never occurs with an accusative.” In point of fact it does, but not, it is true, with accusative of the person applauded. But “what is unique is not therefore wrong, and the next step is to look for examples of analogous constructions” (Housman, *Cl. Papers*, 423). And here there are indeed analogies: *sibilare* (in Hor. *Sat.* 1.1.66, also unique), *latrare*, *plangere*. In Cicero *Ad Q. fr.* 2.6.1, *foris valde plauditur*, we seem to have a passive with subject (*hoc factum*) or the like understood, though I suppose *plauditur* could be impersonal. *Gaudere alicui* is normal, but *gaudere aliquem* or *aliquid* well established. With due hesitation I have accepted *plausere*, after several previous editors.

### 5.3.154

Stesichorusque ferox saltusque ingressa viriles  
non formidata temeraria *Chalcide* Sappho,

I find it impossible to refer this to Sappho’s meters (Vollmer) or to anything other than her famous leap, which legend located at Leucas, not Chalcis. *Viriles* and *temeraria* point to the reckless, unfeminine hardihood of the act. The substitution of *Leucade* for *Chalcide* is justified, unless the latter be regarded as a mistake. That unfortunately is a possibility not to be excluded, especially in a poem published posthumously.

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### \*5.3.231

nam quod me mixta quercus non pressit oliva  
et fugit speratus honos, quam *lustra* parentis  
invida Tarpei *caneres*

Whatever may be thought of Saenger's *caneres* in itself (as a subject for paternal celebration, Statius' disappointment at the Capitoline festival may seem unpromising), the faultless paradosis *caperes* should not be ousted. Had the father lived to see his son's failure, he would have taken it philosophically; cf. Sen. *Oed.* 82f., *regium hoc ipsum reor, / adversa capere. Lustra* (Markland) comes rather closer to M's *dusce* than the alternative *iura* (judgment, decision). *Quam . . . caperes* deserves a mark of exclamation.

### 5.5.7

quae culpa, quis error  
quem luimus *tantus*?

*Tantus* (Politian for *tantis*) should have been discounted by the ugly homoeoteleuton, an important consideration in Statius' case; see my *Homoeoteleuton in Dactylic Latin Verse* (Teubner, 1994), 93. Read *tanti* (Merrill), making better sense and carrying the emphasis required by the order, whereas *tantus* is merely accessory; cf. Sen., *Tro.* 193f., *non parvo luit / iras Achillis Graecia et magno luet.*

### 5.5.24

hoc quoque cum <ni>tor, ter dena luce peracta,  
adclinis tumul<o pla>nctus in carmina verto

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discordesque <modos et> singultantia verba.  
molior *orsa ly<ra (dolor)>* est atque ira tacendi  
impatiens), sed nec solitae mihi vertice laurus  
nec fronti vittatus honos.

My text runs as follows (see critical note):

singultantia verba

molior. ista *ly<rae vis>* est atque ira tacendi  
impatiens.

In this poem, Statius says, he is not inspired by Apollo and the Muses but driven by grief and anger. I take *lyrae vis* (Krohn) as equivalent to *canendi vis* (compulsion to sing); cf. Suet. *Tib.* 61.5, *vis adhibita vivendi*.

### 5.5.33

iuvat heu, iuvat inlaudabile carmen  
fundere et inkompte miserum nudare dolorem.  
sic merui, sic me cantuque habituque nefastum  
*aspiciant* superi. pudeat Thebasque novumque  
Aeaciden; nil iam *placidum manabit* ab ore.

In *Harvard Studies* I remarked that *aspiciunt* and *manabit* (Ϝ) should replace *aspiciant* and *manabat*; also that *placitum* (Markland) is as evidently right as *placitissima* for *placidi-* in *Theb.* 12.302 (add *placitissime* in 1.2.201); as for the latter, perhaps not wholly in vain, since *placitum* has found its way into Courtney's apparatus.

### 5.5.42

deficio medicasque manus fomentaque quaero  
vulneribus, *sed summa*, meis.



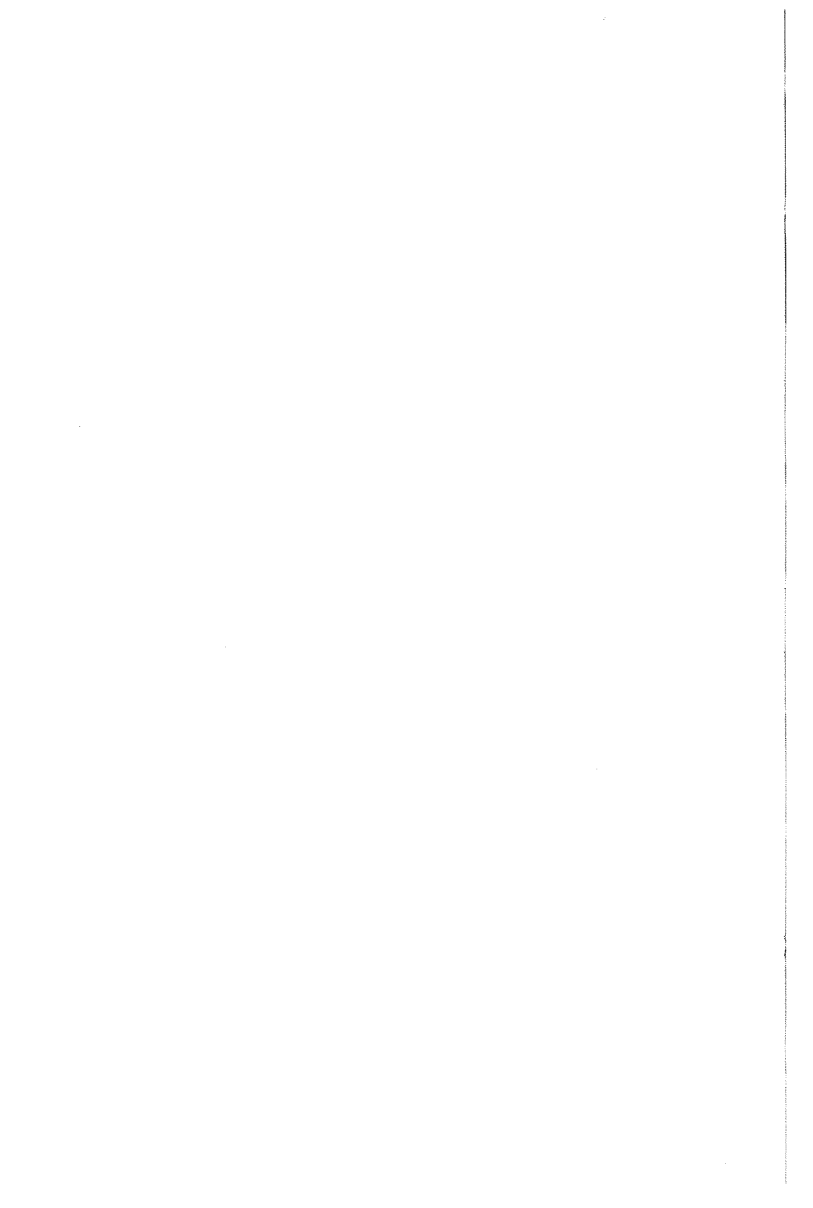
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Substituting for the comically forcible-feeble *sed summa*, Rothstein's *sed nulla* could be right, but I far prefer *subitura* = *succursura*; cf. Sil. 1.566, *defessis subeant rebus*.

5.5.77

nonne horridus <*ipsos*>  
invidia superos iniustaque Tartara pulsem?

The standard supplement *ipsos* is inept. Who else but the gods (or Fate) was he to reproach? *Omnes* or *ergo* offer themselves.



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