



BLEU VELVET REVUE

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JUVENAL'S 3RD SATIRE
(DRYDEN TRANSLATION)

BATTLE RAPS
AS
SHORT STORIES
VOL. 1

BLEUVELVETREVUE
(DOT)
NEOCITIES
(DOT)
ORG

JUVENAL'S 3RD SATIRE

(DRYDEN
TRANSLATION)

Grieved though I am an
ancient friend to lose,
I like the solitary seat he
chose,
In quiet Cumæ fixing his
repose:
Where, far from noisy
Rome, secure he lives,
And one more citizen to
Sybil gives;
The road to Baiæ, and that
soft recess
Which all the gods with all
their bounty bless;
Though I in Prochyta with
greater ease
Could live, than in a street
of palaces.
What scene so desert, or
so full of fright,
As towering houses,
tumbling in the night,
And Rome on fire beheld
by its own blazing
light?
But worse than all the
clattering tiles, and
worse
Than thousand padders, is
the poet's curse;
Rogues, that in dog-days
cannot rhyme forbear,

But without mercy read,
and make you hear.
Now while my friend, just
ready to depart,
Was packing all his goods
in one poor cart,
He stopt a little at the
Conduit-gate,
Where Numa modelled
once the Roman state,
In mighty councils with
his nymph retired;
Though now the sacred
shades and founts are
hired
By banished Jews, who
their whole wealth can
lay
In a small basket, on a
wisp of hay;
Yet such our avarice is,
that every tree
Pays for his head, nor
sleep itself is free;
Nor place, nor persons,
now are sacred held,
From their own grove the
muses are expelled.
Into this lonely vale our
steps we bend,
I and my sullen
discontented friend;
The marble caves and
aqueducts we view;
But how adulterate now,
and different from the
true!

How much more
beauteous had the
fountain been
Embellished with her first
created green,
Where crystal streams
through living turf had
run,
Contented with an urn of
native stone!
Then thus Umbritius, with
an angry frown,
And looking back on this
degenerate town:—
Since noble arts in Rome
have no support,
And ragged virtue not a
friend at court,
No profit rises from the
ungrateful stage,
My poverty encreasing
with my age;
'Tis time to give my just
disdain a vent,
And, cursing, leave so base
a government.
Where Dædalus his
borrowed wings laid
by,
To that obscure retreat I
chuse to fly:
While yet few furrows on
my face are seen,
While I walk upright, and
old age is green,
And Lachesis has
somewhat left to spin.
Now, now 'tis time to quit
this cursed place,

And hide from villains my
too honest face:
Here let Arturius live, and
such as he;
Such manners will with
such a town agree.
Knaves, who in full
assemblies have the
knack
Of turning truth to lies,
and white to black,
Can hire large houses, and
oppress the poor
By farmed excise; can
cleanse the
common-shore,
And rent the fishery; can
bear the dead,
And teach their eyes
dissembled tears to
shed;
All this for gain; for gain
they sell their very
head.
These fellows (see what
fortune's power can
do!)
Were once the minstrels of
a country show;
Followed the prizes
through each paltry
town,
By trumpet-cheeks and
bloated faces known.
But now, grown rich, on
drunken holidays,
At their own costs exhibit
public plays;

Where, influenced by the
rabble's bloody will,
With thumbs bent back,
they popularly kill.
From thence returned,
their sordid avarice
rakes
In excrements again, and
hires the jakes.
Why hire they not the
town, not every thing,
Since such as they have
fortune in a string,
Who, for her pleasure, can
her fools advance,
And toss them topmost on
the wheel of chance?
What's Rome to me, what
business have I there?
I who can neither lie, nor
falsely swear?
Nor praise my patron's
undeserving rhymes,
Nor yet comply with him,
nor with his times?
Unskilled in schemes by
planets to foreshow,
Like canting rascals, how
the wars will go:
I neither will, nor can,
prognosticate
To the young gaping heir,
his father's fate;
Nor in the entrails of a
toad have pried,
Nor carried bawdy
presents to a bride:

For want of these
town-virtues, thus
alone
I go, conducted on my way
by none;
Like a dead member from
the body rent,
Maimed, and unuseful to
the government.
Who now is loved, but he
who loves the times,
Conscious of close
intrigues, and dipt in
crimes,
Labouring with secrets
which his bosom burn,
Yet never must to public
light return?
They get reward alone,
who can betray;
For keeping honest
counsels none will pay.
He who can Verres[89]
when he will accuse,
The purse of Verres may
at pleasure use:
But let not all the gold
which Tagus hides,
And pays the sea in
tributary tides,
Be bribe sufficient to
corrupt thy breast,
Or violate with dreams thy
peaceful rest.
Great men with jealous
eyes the friend behold,
Whose secrecy they
purchase with their
gold.

I haste to tell thee,—nor
shall shame oppose,—
What confidents our
wealthy Romans
chose;
And whom I must abhor:
to speak my mind,
I hate, in Rome, a Grecian
town to find;
To see the scum of Greece
transplanted here,
Received like gods, is what
I cannot bear.
Nor Greeks alone, but
Syrians here abound;
Obscene Orontes,[91]
diving under ground,
Conveys his wealth to
Tyber's hungry shores,
And fattens Italy with
foreign whores:
Hither their crooked harps
and customs come;
All find receipt in
hospitable Rome.
The barbarous harlots
crowd the public
place:—
Go, fools, and purchase an
unclean embrace;
The painted mitre court,
and the more painted
face.
Old Romulus,[92] and
father Mars, look
down!
Your herdsman primitive,
your homely clown,

Is turned a beau in a loose
tawdry gown.}
His once unkem'd and
horrid locks, behold
'Stilling sweet oil; his neck
enchained with gold;
Aping the foreigners in
every dress,
Which, bought at greater
cost, becomes him less.
Meantime they wisely
leave their native land;
From Sycion, Samos, and
from Alaband,
And Amydon, to Rome
they swarm in shoals:
So sweet and easy is the
gain from fools.
Poor refugees at first, they
purchase here;
And, soon as denized,
they domineer;
Grow to the great, a
flattering, servile rout,
Work themselves inward,
and their patrons out.
Quick-witted,
brazen-faced, with
fluent tongues,
Patient of labours, and
dissembling wrongs.
Riddle me this, and guess
him if you can,
Who bears a nation in a
single man?
A cook, a conjurer, a
rhetorician,
A painter, pedant, a
geometrician,

A dancer on the ropes,
and a physician;
All things the hungry
Greek exactly knows,
And bid him go to heaven,
to heaven he goes.
In short, no Scythian,
Moor, or Thracian
born,
But in that town which
arms and arts adorn.
Shall he be placed above
me at the board,
In purple clothed, and
lolling like a lord?
Shall he before me sign,
whom t'other day
A small-craft vessel hither
did convey,
Where, stowed with
prunes, and rotten
figs, he lay?
How little is the privilege
become
Of being born a citizen of
Rome!
The Greeks get all by
fulsome flatteries;
A most peculiar stroke
they have at lies.
They make a wit of their
insipid friend,
His blubber-lips and
beetle-brows
commend,
His long crane-neck and
narrow shoulders
praise,—

You'd think they were
describing Hercules.
A creaking voice for a
clear treble goes;
Though harsher than a
cock, that treads and
crows.
We can as grossly praise;
but, to our grief,
No flattery but from
Grecians gains belief.
Besides these qualities, we
must agree,
They mimic better on the
stage than we:
The wife, the whore, the
shepherdess, they play,
In such a free, and such a
graceful way,
That we believe a very
woman shown,
And fancy something
underneath the gown.
But not Antiochus, nor
Stratocles,
Our ears and ravished eyes
can only please;
The nation is composed of
such as these.
All Greece is one
comedian; laugh, and
they
Return it louder than an
ass can bray;
Grieve, and they grieve; if
you weep silently,
There seems a silent echo
in their eye;

They cannot mourn like
you, but they can cry.
Call for a fire, their winter
clothes they take;
Begin but you to shiver,
and they shake;
In frost and snow, if you
complain of heat,
They rub the unsweating
brow, and swear they
sweat.
We live not on the square
with such as these;
Such are our betters who
can better please;
Who day and night are
like a looking-glass,
Still ready to reflect their
patron's face;
The panegyric hand, and
lifted eye,
Prepared for some new
piece of flattery.
Even nastiness occasions
will afford;
They praise a belching, or
well-pissing lord.
Besides, there's nothing
sacred, nothing free
From bold attempts of
their rank lechery.
Through the whole family
their labours run;
The daughter is
debauched, the wife is
won;
Nor 'scapes the
bridegroom, or the
blooming son.

If none they find for their
lewd purpose fit,
They with the walls and
very floors commit.
They search the secrets of
the house, and so
Are worshipped there, and
feared for what they
know.
And, now we talk of
Grecians, cast a view
On what, in schools, their
men of morals do.
A rigid stoick his own
pupil slew;
A friend, against a friend
of his own cloth,
Turned evidence, and
murdered on his oath.
What room is left for
Romans in a town
Where Grecians rule, and
cloaks controul the
gown?
Some Diphilus, or some
Protogenes,
Look sharply out, our
senators to seize;
Engross them wholly, by
their native art,
And fear no rivals in their
bubbles' heart:
One drop of poison in my
patron's ear,
One slight suggestion of a
senseless fear,
Infused with cunning,
serves to ruin me;

Disgraced, and banished
from the family.
In vain forgotten services I
boast;
My long dependence in an
hour is lost.
Look round the world,
what country will
appear,
Where friends are left
with greater ease than
here?
At Rome (nor think me
partial to the poor)
All offices of ours are out
of door:
In vain we rise, and to the
levees run;
My lord himself is up
before, and gone:
The prætor bids his lictors
mend their pace,
Lest his colleague outstrip
him in the race.
The childless matrons are,
long since, awake,
And for affronts the tardy
visits take.
'Tis frequent here to see a
free-born son
On the left hand of a rich
hireling run;
Because the wealthy rogue
can throw away,
For half a brace of bouts, a
tribune's pay;
But you, poor sinner,
though you love the
vice,

And like the whore, demur
upon the price;
And, frightened with the
wicked sum, forbear
To lend a hand, and help
her from the chair.
Produce a witness of
unblemished life,
Holy as Numa, or as
Numa's wife,
Or him who bid the
unhallowed flames
retire,
And snatched the
trembling goddess
from the fire;
The question is not put
how far extends
His piety, but what he
yearly spends;
Quick, to the business;
how he lives and eats;
How largely gives; how
splendidly he treats;
How many thousand acres
feed his sheep;
What are his rents; what
servants does he keep?
The account is soon cast
up; the judges rate
Our credit in the court by
our estate.
Swear by our gods, or
those the Greeks
adore,
Thou art as sure forsworn,
as thou art poor:
The poor must gain their
bread by perjury;

And e'en the gods, that
other means deny,
In conscience must
absolve them, when
they lie.
Add, that the rich have
still a gibe in store,
And will be monstrous
witty on the poor;
For the torn surtout and
the tattered vest,
The wretch and all his
wardrobe, are a jest;
The greasy gown, sullied
with often turning,
Gives a good hint, to
say,—The man's in
mourning;
Or, if the shoe be ripped,
or patches put,—
He's wounded! see the
plaister on his foot.
Want is the scorn of every
wealthy fool,
And wit in rags is turned
to ridicule.
Pack hence, and from the
covered benches rise,
(The master of the
ceremonies cries,)
This is no place for you,
whose small estate
Is not the value of the
settled rate;
The sons of happy punks,
the pandar's heir,
Are privileged to sit in
triumph there,

To clap the first, and rule
the theatre.
Up to the galleries, for
shame, retreat;
For, by the Roscian law,
the poor can claim no
seat.—
Who ever brought to his
rich daughter's bed,
The man that polled but
twelve pence for his
head?
Who ever named a poor
man for his heir,
Or called him to assist the
judging chair?
The poor were wise, who,
by the rich oppressed,
Withdrew, and sought a
secret place of rest.
Once they did well, to free
themselves from scorn;
But had done better, never
to return.
Rarely they rise by virtue's
aid, who lie
Plunged in the depth of
helpless poverty.
At Rome 'tis worse, where
house-rent by the year,
And servants' bellies, cost
so devilish dear,
And tavern-bills run high
for hungry cheer.
To drink or eat in
earthen-ware we
scorn,

Which cheaply
country-cupboards
does adorn,
And coarse blue hoods on
holidays are worn.
Some distant parts of Italy
are known,
Where none but only dead
men wear a gown;
On theatres of turf, in
homely state,
Old plays they act, old
feasts they celebrate;
The same rude song
returns upon the
crowd,
And, by tradition, is for
wit allowed.
The mimic yearly gives
the same delights;
And in the mother's arms
the clownish infant
frights.
Their habits
(undistinguished by
degree)
Are plain, alike; the same
simplicity,
Both on the stage, and in
the pit, you see.
In his white cloak the
magistrate appears;
The country bumpkin the
same livery wears.
But here attired beyond
our purse we go,
For useless ornament and
flaunting show;

We take on trust, in purple
robes to shine,
And poor, are yet
ambitious to be fine.
This is a common vice,
though all things here
Are sold, and sold
unconscionably dear.
What will you give that
Cossus^[101] may but
view
Your face, and in the
crowd distinguish you;
May take your incense like
a gracious God,
And answer only with a
civil nod?
To please our patrons, in
this vicious age,
We make our entrance by
the favourite page;
Shave his first down, and
when he polls his hair,
The consecrated locks to
temples bear;
Pay tributary cracknels,
which he sells,
And with our offerings
help to raise his vails.
Who fears in
country-towns a
house's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a
riven wall?
But we inhabit a weak city
here,
Which buttresses and
props but scarcely
bear;

And 'tis the
village-mason's daily
calling,
To keep the world's
metropolis from
falling,
To cleanse the gutters,
and the chinks to
close,
And, for one night, secure
his lord's repose.
At Cumæ we can sleep
quite round the year,
Nor falls, nor fires, nor
nightly dangers fear;
While rolling flames from
Roman turrets fly,
And the pale citizens for
buckets cry.
Thy neighbour has
removed his wretched
store,
Few hands will rid the
lumber of the poor;
Thy own third story
smokes, while thou,
supine,
Art drenched in fumes of
undigested wine.
For if the lowest floors
already burn,
Cock-lofts and garrets
soon will take the turn,
Where thy tame pigeons
next the tiles were
bred,
Which, in their nests
unsafe, are timely fled.

Codrus had but one bed,
so short to boot,
That his short wife's short
legs hung dangling
out;
His cupboard's head six
earthen pitchers
graced,
Beneath them was his
trusty tankard placed;
And, to support this noble
plate, there lay
A bending Chiron cast
from honest clay;
His few Greek books a
rotten chest contained,
Whose covers much of
mouldiness
complained;
Where mice and rats
devoured poetic bread,
And with heroic verse
luxuriously were fed.
'Tis true, poor Codrus
nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all
that nothing lost;
Begged naked through the
streets of wealthy
Rome,
And found not one to feed,
or take him home.
But, if the palace of
Arturius burn,
The nobles change their
clothes, the matrons
mourn;
The city-prætor will no
pleadings hear;

The very name of fire we
hate and fear,
And look aghast, as if the
Gauls were here.
While yet it burns, the
officious nation flies,
Some to condole, and
some to bring supplies.
One sends him marble to
rebuild, and one
White naked statues of the
Parian stone,
The work of Polyclète,
that seem to live;
While others images for
altars give;
One books and skreens,
and Pallas to the
breast;
Another bags of gold, and
he gives best.
Childless Arturius, vastly
rich before,
Thus, by his losses,
multiplies his store;
Suspected for accomplice
to the fire,
That burnt his palace but
to build it higher.
But, could you be content
to bid adieu
To the dear playhouse,
and the players too,
Sweet country-seats are
purchased every
where,
With lands and gardens,
at less price than here

You hire a darksome
dog-hole by the year.
A small convenience
decently prepared,
A shallow well, that rises
in your yard,
That spreads his easy
crystal streams
around,
And waters all the pretty
spot of ground.
There, love the fork, thy
garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal friends
a Pythagorean treat;
'Tis somewhat to be lord
of some small ground,
In which a lizard may, at
least, turn round.
'Tis frequent here, for
want of sleep, to die,
Which fumes of
undigested feasts deny,
And, with imperfect heat,
in languid stomachs
fry.
What house secure from
noise the poor can
keep,
When even the rich can
scarce afford to sleep?
So dear it costs to
purchase rest in Rome,
And hence the sources of
diseases come.
The drover, who his
fellow-drover meets
In narrow passages of
winding streets;

The waggoners, that curse
their standing teams,
Would wake even drowsy
Drusus from his
dreams.
And yet the wealthy will
not brook delay,
But sweep above our
heads, and make their
way,
In lofty litters borne, and
read and write,
Or sleep at ease, the
shutters make it night;
Yet still he reaches first the
public place.
The press before him
stops the client's pace;
The crowd that follows
crush his panting
sides,
And trip his heels; he
walks not, but he rides.
One elbows him, one
jostles in the shole,
A rafter breaks his head,
or chairman's pole;
Stocking'd with loads of
fat town-dirt he goes,
And some rogue-soldier,
with his hob-nailed
shoes,
Indents his legs behind in
bloody rows.
See, with what smoke our
doles we celebrate:
A hundred guests, invited,
walk in state;

A hundred hungry slaves,
with their Dutch
kitchens, wait.
Huge pans the wretches
on their heads must
bear,
Which scarce gigantic
Corbulo^[105] could
rear;
Yet they must walk
upright beneath the
load,
Nay run, and, running,
blow the sparkling
flames abroad.
Their coats, from
botching newly
brought, are torn.
Unwieldy timber-trees, in
waggons borne,
Stretched at their length,
beyond their carriage
lie,
That nod, and threaten
ruin from on high;
For, should their axle
break, its overthrow
Would crush, and pound
to dust, the crowd
below;
Nor friends their friends,
nor sires their sons
could know;
Nor limbs, nor bones, nor
carcase, would remain,
But a mashed heap, a
hotchpotch of the
slain;

One vast destruction; not
the soul alone,
But bodies, like the soul,
invisible are flown.
Meantime, unknowing of
their fellow's fate,
The servants wash the
platter, scower the
plate,
Then blow the fire, with
puffing cheeks, and lay
The rubbers, and the
bathing-sheets display,
And oil them first; and
each is handy in his
way.
But he, for whom this
busy care they take,
Poor ghost! is wandering
by the Stygian lake;
Affrighted with the
ferryman's grim face,
New to the horrors of that
uncouth place,
His passage begs, with
unregarded prayer,
And wants two farthings
to discharge his fare.
Return we to the dangers
of the night.—
And, first, behold our
houses' dreadful
height;
From whence come
broken potsherds
tumbling down,
And leaky ware from
garret-windows
thrown;

Well may they break our
heads, that mark the
flinty stone.
'Tis want of sense to sup
abroad too late,
Unless thou first hast
settled thy estate;
As many fates attend thy
steps to meet,
As there are waking
windows in the street.
Bless the good Gods, and
think thy chance is
rare,
To have a piss-pot only for
thy share.
The scouring drunkard, if
he does not fight
Before his bed-time, takes
no rest that night;
Passing the tedious hours
in greater pain
Than stern Achilles, when
his friend was slain;
'Tis so ridiculous, but so
true withal,
A bully cannot sleep
without a brawl.
Yet, though his youthful
blood be fired with
wine,
He wants not wit the
danger to decline;
Is cautious to avoid the
coach and six,
And on the lacquies will
no quarrel fix.
His train of flambeaux,
and embroidered coat,

May privilege my lord to
walk secure on foot;
But me, who must by
moon-light homeward
bend,
Or lighted only with a
candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that
be fighting, where
He only cudgels, and I
only bear.
He stands, and bids me
stand; I must abide,
For he's the stronger, and
is drunk beside.
Where did you whet your
knife to-night, he
cries,
And shred the leeks that in
your stomach rise?
Whose windy beans have
stuffed your guts, and
where
Have your black thumbs
been dipt in vinegar?
With what
companion-cobler
have you fed,
On old ox-cheeks, or
he-goat's tougher
head?
What, are you dumb?
Quick, with your
answer, quick,
Before my foot salutes you
with a kick.
Say, in what nasty cellar,
under ground,

Or what church-porch,
your roguishness may be
found?—

Answer, or answer not, 'tis
all the same,

He lays me on, and makes
me bear the blame.

Before the bar for beating
him you come;

This is a poor man's
liberty in Rome.

You beg his pardon; happy
to retreat

With some remaining
teeth, to chew your
meat.

Nor is this all; for when,
retired, you think

To sleep securely, when
the candles wink,

When every door with
iron chains is barred,

And roaring taverns are
no longer heard;

The ruffian robbers, by no
justice awed,

And unpaid cut-throat
soldiers, are abroad;

Those venal souls, who,
hardened in each ill,

To save complaints and
prosecution, kill.

Chased from their woods
and bogs, the padders
come

To this vast city, as their
native home,

To live at ease, and safely
skulk in Rome.

The forge in fetters only is
employed;

Our iron mines exhausted
and destroyed

In shackles; for these
villains scarce allow

Goads for the teams, and
plough-shares for the
plough.

Oh, happy ages of our
ancestors,

Beneath the kings and
tribunitial powers!

One jail did all their
criminals restrain,

Which now the walls of
Rome can scarce
contain.

More I could say, more
causes I could show

For my departure, but the
sun is low;

The waggoner grows
weary of my stay,

And whips his horses
forwards on their way.

Farewell! and when, like
me, o'erwhelmed with
care,

You to your own Aquinam
shall repair,

To take a mouthful of
sweet country air,

Be mindful of your friend;
and send me word,

What joys your fountains
and cool shades afford.

Then, to assist your
satires, I will come,

And add new venom when
you write of Rome.

bleuvelvetrevue
dot
neocities
dot
org