

**JUVENAL AND PERSIUS,  
LITERALLY TRANSLATED  
FOR THE USE STUDENTS**

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Juvenal and Persius, Literally Translated for the Use Students by William Smart

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**WILLIAM SMART**

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**JUVENAL,**

**¶c.**

✓ **JUVENAL AND PERSIUS,**

L.H. 1820

LITERALLY TRANSLATED

FOR

THE USE OF STUDENTS.

BY

WILLIAM SMART, M.A.

TRANSLATOR OF VIRGIL.



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## JUVENAL.

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### SATIRE I.

ALWAYS a hearer only, shall I never reply, teased so often with the Theseid of hoarse Codrus? Shall then one have recited *his* comedies to me with impunity, another *his* elegies? Shall bulky Telephus have consumed a day with impunity; or Orestes—the margin of the whole of the book being already filled, and written on the back, nor yet finished?

(7.) His own house is better known to no man, than to me the grove of Mars; and the cave of Vulcan, near to the Æolian rocks; what the winds can do; what ghosts Æacus may be tormenting; whence another could convey the gold of the stolen fleece; what large ash-trees Monychus could hurl. Fronto's plane-trees, and the convulsed marbles complain alway, and the columns broken with the continual reader. *And* you may look for the same things from the highest and least poet.

(15.) And we therefore have withdrawn our hand from the ferule; and we have given advice to Sylla, that as a private man he should sleep soundly. It

is a foolish clemency, when you may meet so many poets every where, to spare paper doomed to perish. Yet why it should please *me* the rather to run in this field, through which the great pupil of Auranca (*Lucilius*) drove his horses, if you have time, and kindly admit *my* reason, I will tell you.

(22.) When a soft eunuch can marry a wife; when *Mævia* can stick a Tuscan boar, and hold the spears with naked breast; when one can challenge all the patricians for wealth, to whose shaving my strong beard, when a young man, rattled; when a part of the commonalty of the Nile—when *Crispinus*, a slave of *Canopus*, his shoulder replacing his Tyrian cloak, can wave the summer-ring on his sweating fingers, nor can bear the weight of a larger gem—it is difficult not to write satire.

(30.) For who *is* so patient of the wicked city, so iron-hearted as to contain himself?—when the new litter of lawyer *Matho* comes, full of himself; and after him the secret accuser of a great friend, and who is soon about to seize what remains from the devoured nobility—whom *Massa* fears, whom *Carus* soothes with a gift, and to whom *Thymeles* is privately sent from trembling *Latinus*: when they can supplant you who earn legacies by night, and whom the lust of a rich old woman (now the best way to highest success) raises to heaven. *Procleius* hath a little, but *Gillo* much more; each heirs his portion, measured by his powers. Let him then receive the reward of *his* blood, and become as pallid



as one who hath trodden on a snake with his bare heels, or as a rhetorician about to declaim at the altar of Lyons.

(45.) How shall I express with what anger my dry liver burns, when here a pillager of his pupil, exposed to hire, presses on the people with flocks of attendants; and here, condemned by a frivolous judgment (for what is infamy, so long as our money is safe?) exile Marius drinks from the eighth hour, and enjoys the anger of the gods?—but thou, successful province, hast to lament.

(51.) Shall I not think these things worthy of the Horatian lamp? Shall I not hunt down these? Yea why rather the Heracleans or Diomedans, or the lowing of the labyrinth, and the sea struck by the boy, and the flying artificer?—When the wittol can take the goods of the adulterer (if of taking *them* there be no right to the wife) versed in looking up to the ceiling, and versed in snoring over a cup with sleepless nose; when he can think it right to hope for the charge of a cohort, who hath lavished his goods in brothels, and lacketh all the estate of his ancestors, while with swift axle he flies over the Flaminian way; for the boy Automedon held the reins, when he (*Nero*) insinuated himself to his cloked mistress.

(63.) Doth it not tempt one to fill out large waxen tablets in the midst of the cross way, when now the forger is borne on the sixth neck (here and there exposed, and in a chair almost uncovered, and much

resembling supine Mæcenas) who hath made himself splendid and happy with fictitious testaments and a wet seal? A great matron meets you, who about to reach forth soft Calenian wine (her husband thirsting) mingles in it toad-poison; and, a greater Locusta *she* instructs her unskilled neighbours, disregarding reputation and the public, how to bring out *for burial* their putrid husbands.

(73.) Attempt something worthy of the narrow Gyarae and a prison, if you would be somebody. Probity is praised, and starves. To crimes they owe gardens, seats, tables, old plate, and the goat embossed on the cups. What *poet* doth the corrupter of his greedy daughter-in-law suffer to sleep? Whom, vile *espousals*, and the young noble adulterer? If nature deny, indignation makes verse, such as it can—such as I, or Cluvenus *write*.

(81.) From the time that Deucalion (the showers raising the sea) ascended the mountain with *his* bark, and asked for oracular answers, and the soft stones gradually warmed with life, and Pyrrha shewed naked damsels to the males—whatever men do—desire, fear, anger, pleasure, joys, discourse—is the medley of my little book.

(87.) And when was there a richer crop of vices? When hath a greater expanse of avarice been unfurled? When *had* gaming such spirits? Nor verily do they go to the chance of the table, with accompanying purses; but a chest is staked, and played for. How many battles will you see

there, the steward being the armour-bearer! Is it simple madness to lose a hundred *sestertia*, and not to afford a coat to a ragged servant?

(94.) What ancestor hath erected so many villas; who supped in private upon seven dishes? Now a little basket is placed at the first threshold, to be seized by the gowned crowd. Yet the man first inspects the face, and is afraid lest you may have come supposititious, and ask in a false name. Owned, you will receive. He orders the very descendants of the Trojans to be called by the crier; for even they molest the threshold as well as we. "Give (*the master cries*) to the prætor, then give to the tribune."

(102.) But the freed slave is first. "I (he says) came first. Why should I fear, or doubt to defend my place? though born near the Euphrates; which the soft holes in my ear will prove, though I should deny it. But five houses fetch four hundred *sestertia*. And what confers the purple more desirable than this, if Corvinus have to keep hired sheep in the field of Laurentum? I possess more than Pallas and the Licini. Therefore let the tribunes wait."

(110.) Prevail *then* riches; nor let him yield to sacred honour, who lately came into this city with chalked feet. Since among us most sacred is the majesty of riches; although, baleful money, as yet thou dwellest not in a temple. We have erected no altars of money, as peace is worshipped, and