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PETRONIUS

SENECA

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# PETRONIUS

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

MICHAEL HESELTINE

# SENECA

## APOCOLOCYNTOSIS

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

W. H. D. ROUSE

REVISED BY

E. H. WARMINGTON



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**Editorial note (1987)**

The changes in this impression are largely confined to typographical corrections. But the following should be added to the bibliography on pages xxviiff; and it should be noted that a forthcoming commentary on Petronius by J. P. Sullivan is announced in Smith (item I below, p. xxviii).

Petronius: *Cena Trimalchionis*, ed. Martin S. Smith (with commentary), Oxford, 1975.

Seneca: *Apocolocyntosis*, ed. P. T. Eden (with translation, commentary, and bibliographies), Cambridge, 1984.

Fröhlke, Franz: *Petron: Struktur und Wirklichkeit*, Frankfurt, 1977.

Rose, K. F. C.: *The Date and Author of the Satyricon* (Mnem. Suppl. 16), Leiden, 1971.

Schmeling, G. L. and Stuckey, J. H.: *A Bibliography of Petronius* (Mnem. Suppl. 39), Leiden, 1977.

Walsh, P. G.: *The Roman Novel: The 'Satyricon' of Petronius and the 'Metamorphoses' of Apuleius*, Cambridge, 1970.

G.P.G.

## PREFACE

MORE than a hundred years have passed since Buecheler put the study of the text of Petronius on a good basis; and more than fifty since M. Heseltine made for the Loeb Classical Library his translation which was inevitably based on that text. In the meantime, since 1913, and especially in recent years, Petronian scholarship has much increased, in particular as regards the *Cena Trimalchionis* ("Trimalchio's Dinner") to the comparative neglect of the rest. Yet no very great advance was made on the textual side except on a modest scale by A. Ernout in his editions of *Petronius* (1922, 1931, 1950) in which the most admired achievement is the lively French translation which accompanies the text. However, in 1961 came a really vital step forward in Petronian textual history with the 1st edition of K. Müller; and the most recent half-decade has seen more good work done.

Therefore a new edition of *Petronius* in the Loeb Classical Library such as takes into account the main results of this scholarship was imperative. This made it necessary to revise the Latin text and critical notes of Heseltine's book drastically, to add a new and fuller commentary, and to substitute an introduction which also is new except where it incorporates what Heseltine wrote in 1912-13. Heseltine's translation also has been radically revised, though it remains as a whole his. We give, as Heseltine's book also gave,

## PREFACE

the complete Latin text, the printed dots indicating omissions not by the Loeb Classical Library, as has often been believed, but by the Petronian manuscript tradition, and sometimes omissions postulated by scholars but not indicated in the manuscripts. All hitherto untranslated or "bowdlerized" passages have now been translated. I give Heseltine's Introduction to our original edition of 1913, but shortened and emended a little where it no longer applies.<sup>1</sup> I have also added a summary of the story so far as it survives.

With regard to Dr. W. H. D. Rouse's text and translation of Seneca's *Apocolocyntosis*, the need for a fuller commentary was just as pressing as it was in the case of Heseltine's *Petronius*, and such a commentary has now been provided. Revision of the text and critical notes was a matter less vital, but more critical notes have been added, and an up-to-date introduction and bibliography prefixed.

<sup>1</sup> It must be remembered that Heseltine's attitude towards sexual matters is not to-day's.

## INTRODUCTION TO PETRONIUS

[*This is Heseltine's original introduction, with some editorial changes and footnotes.*]

The author of the *Satyricon* is identified by the large majority of scholars with [Gaius] Petronius, the courtier of Nero. There is a long tradition in support of the identification, and the probability that it is correct appears especially strong in the light of Tacitus's account of the character and death of [Gaius] Petronius in the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters of the sixteenth book of the *Annals*. Mr. John Jackson has translated the passage as follows: <sup>1</sup>

"Petronius deserves a word in retrospect. He was a man who passed his days in sleep, his nights in the ordinary duties and recreations of life: others had achieved greatness by the sweat of their brows—Petronius idled into fame. Unlike most who walk the road to ruin, he was never regarded as either debauchee or wastrel, but rather as the finished artist in extravagance. In both word and action, he displayed a freedom and a sort of self-abandonment which were welcomed as the indiscretions of an unsophisticated nature. Yet, in his proconsulship of Bithynia, and later as consul elect, he showed himself an energetic and capable administrator. Then came the revulsion: his genuine or affected vices won him

<sup>1</sup> Tacitus, *Annals*, XVI, 18. The year was A.D. 66: Tacitus, *Annals*, XVI, 17. For more on Petronius as author see pp. xxxv-vi.

## INTRODUCTION TO PETRONIUS

admittance into the narrow circle of Nero's intimates, and he became the Arbiter of Elegance, whose sanction alone divested pleasure of vulgarity and luxury of grossness.

"His success aroused the jealousy of Tigellinus against a possible rival—a professor of voluptuousness better equipped than himself. Playing on the emperor's lust for cruelty, to which all other lusts were secondary, he suborned a slave to turn informer, charged Petronius with his friendship for Scaevinus,<sup>1</sup> deprived him of the opportunity of defence, and threw most of his household into prison.

"At that time, it happened, the court had migrated to Campania; and Petronius had reached Cumae, when his detention was ordered. He disdained to await the lingering issue of hopes and fears; still, he would not take a brusque farewell of life. An incision was made in his veins: they were bound up under his directions, and opened again, while he conversed with his friends—not on the gravest of themes, nor in the key of the dying hero. He listened to no disquisitions on the immortality of the soul or the dogmas of philosophy, but to frivolous song and playful verses. Some of his slaves tasted of his bounty, others of the whip. He sat down to dinner, and then drowsed a little; so that death, if compulsory, should at least be natural. Even in his will, he broke through the routine of suicide, and flattered neither Nero nor Tigellinus nor any other of the mighty: instead, he described<sup>2</sup> the emperor's enormities; added a list of

<sup>1</sup> Flavius Scaevinus, one of the accomplices of Calpurnius Piso's unsuccessful conspiracy of A. D. 65.

<sup>2</sup> Not in any part of the *Satyricon*, so far as we know.

## INTRODUCTION TO PETRONIUS

his catamites, his women, and his innovations in lasciviousness; then sealed the document, sent it to Nero, and broke his signet-ring to prevent it from being used to endanger others.”

The reflection arises at once that, given the *Satyricon*, this kind of book postulates this kind of author. The loose tongue, the levity, and the love of style are common to both. If books betray their writers' characteristics, [Gaius] Petronius, as seen by Tacitus, had the imagination and experience needed to depict the adventures of Encolpius.

There is a little evidence, still based on the primary assumption, more exact in its bearing. The *Satyricon* contains a detailed criticism of and a poem directed against the style of a writer who must<sup>1</sup> be Lucan. [Gaius] Petronius was not the man to pass over the poet, epigrammatist, and courtier, in whose epoch and circle he himself shone. He may have deplored Lucan's poetic influence, but he could not neglect it, for Lucan was essentially the singer of his own day. No age was so favourable as that of Nero for the introduction into a supremely scandalous tale of a reasoned and appreciative review of the *Pharsalia*, the outstanding poem of the time.

The criticism of the schools of rhetoric in their effect upon education and language, and the general style of the book in reflective and descriptive passages, point more vaguely to a similar date of composition.

[Gaius] Petronius found in his work a form which allowed a complete expression to the many sides of his active and uncontrolled intellect. Its loose

<sup>1</sup> On this problem see page 380.

## INTRODUCTION TO PETRONIUS

construction is matched by its indifference to any but stylistic reforms; it draws no moral; it is solely and properly occupied in presenting an aspect of things seen by a loiterer at one particular corner of the world. What we possess of it is a fragment, or rather a series of excerpts . . . we know not how representative of the original whole.

Of this the best-known portion, the description of Trimalchio's dinner, was hidden from the modern world until the middle of the seventeenth century, and was first printed in 1664.<sup>1</sup>

It is as difficult to grasp any structural outline in the *Satyricon* as it is in *Tristram Shandy*. Both alternate with flashing rapidity between exhibitions of pedantry, attacks on pedants, and indecency, in which Sterne is the more successful because he is the less obvious.

But Petronius, so far as his plan was not entirely original, was following as model Varro's Menippean satires, and had before him the libel of Seneca on Claudius, the *Apocolocyntosis*. The traditional title<sup>2</sup> of his work, *Satyricon*, is derived from the word *Satura*, a medley, and means that he was free to pass at will from subject to subject, and from prose to verse and back: it is his achievement that the threads of his story, broken as we hold them, yet show something of the colour and variety of life itself. We call his book a novel, and so pay him a compliment which he alone of Roman writers has earned.

Petronius's novel shares with life the quality of moving ceaselessly without knowing why. It differs from most existences in being very seldom dull.

<sup>1</sup> See page xxvi.

<sup>2</sup> But see page xxxvi.



## INTRODUCTION TO PETRONIUS

An anonymous writer of the eighteenth century, making *Observations on the Greek and Roman Classics in a Series of Letters to a Young Nobleman*,<sup>1</sup> is of the opinion that: "You will in no Writer, my dear Lord, meet with so much true delicacy of thought, in none with purer language." This judgment is meant for the age of Smollett and Fielding; but there is no question of the justice of the later remark: "You will be charmed with the ease, and you will be surprised with the variety of his characters."

These characters are one and all the product of a period in history when the primary aim of the ripest civilization in the world was money-making. It was this aim which drew Trimalchio from his unknown birthplace in Asia Minor to the glitter and luxury and unnatural passion of a South Italian town. He differs from the minor personages who crowd his dining-room only in the enormous success with which he has plied the arts of prostitution, seduction, flattery, and fraud. The persons in whom the action of the novel centres, Encolpius,<sup>2</sup> the mouthpiece of the author, Ascylos, and Giton, are there by the kindness of Agamemnon, a parasite teacher of the rhetoric which ate swiftly into the heart of Latin language and thought. Giton lives by his charms, Ascylos is hardly more than a foil to Encolpius, a quarrelsome and lecherous butt.

That part of the novel which deals with Trimalchio's dinner introduces a crowd of characters, and

<sup>1</sup> Published in London, 1753.

<sup>2</sup> Encolpius: "Embracer" or "Lapman"; Ascylos: "Unscathed" or "Scot-Free"; Giton: (literally neighbour) "Bymyside." All are as if Greek names.

## INTRODUCTION TO PETRONIUS

gives the most vivid picture extant in classical literature of the life of the small town. The pulsating energy of greed is felt in it everywhere. Men become millionaires with American rapidity, and enjoy that condition as hazardously in Cumae as in Wall Street. The shoulders of one who wallows in Trimalchio's cushions are still sore with carrying firewood for sale; another, perhaps the first undertaker who made a fortune out of extravagant funerals, a gourmet and spendthrift, sits there composing lies to baffle his hungry creditors. Trimalchio towers above them by reason of his more stable fortunes and his colossal impudence. He can afford to delegate the conduct of his business, to grow a little negligent, even—for his accounts are six months in arrear—to care for the life of the spirit.

He believes, of course, in astrology; he sings excerpts out of tune from the last musical play, and takes phrases from the lips of the comic star whom Nero delights to honour. He has two <sup>1</sup> libraries, one of Greek, one of Latin books, and mythology courses through his brain in incorrigible confusion.

His fellow townsmen and guests, whom he insults, do not aspire to these heights. Dama, Seleucus, and Phileros are rich merely in the common coin of everyday talk, in the proverbial wisdom which seems to gather strength and brightness from being constantly exchanged. "A hot drink is as good as an overcoat"—"Flies have their virtues, we are nothing but bubbles"—"An old love pinches like a crab"—"It is easy when everything goes fair and square." In

<sup>1</sup> The MS. says three, and may be right; he may be drunk when he boasts of them.

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these phrases and their like Latin literature speaks to us for once in the tones we know in England through Justice Shallow or Joseph Poorgrass. Nearly all warm themselves with this fatuous talk of riches and drink and deaths, but one man, Ganymede, a shrewd Asiatic immigrant like Trimalchio himself, blows cold on their sentimentality with his searching talk of bread-prices in Cumae, rising pitilessly through drought and the operation of a ring of bakers in league with officials. He tells us in brilliant phrases of the starving poor, of the decay of religion, of lost pride in using good flour. Then Echion, an old-clothes dealer, overwhelms him with a flood of suburban chatter about games, and children, and chickens, and the material blessings of education. But Ganymede is the sole character of Petronius's novel who brings to light the reverse side of Trimalchio's splendour. A system of local government which showers honours upon vulgarity, and allows Trimalchio his bath, his improved sanitation, his host of servants, his house with so many doors that no guest may go in and out by the same one, is invariably true to type in leaving poor men to die in the street. The very existence of poverty becomes dim for Trimalchio, half unreal, so that he can jest at Agamemnon for taking as the theme of a set speech the eternal quarrel of rich and poor.

Between rich and poor in Cumae the one link is commerce in vice.[?] Trimalchio finds Fortunata the chorus-girl standing for sale in the open market, and calls her up to be the partner of his sterile and unmeaning prodigality.<sup>1</sup> She has learnt all the painful

<sup>1</sup> She was a slave, not necessarily for "vice".

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lessons of the slums; she will not <sup>1</sup> grace Trimalchio's table until dinner is over, and she has seen the plate safely collected from his guests, and the broken meats apportioned to his slaves; she knows the sting of jealousy, and the solace of intoxication or tears; normally she rules him, as Petruchio ruled Katharina, with loud assertion and tempest of words. The only other woman present at the dinner, Scintilla, the wife of Trimalchio's friend Habinnas, a monumental mason, is more drunken and unseemly, and leaves behind her a less sharp taste of character.

Trimalchio's dinner breaks up with a false alarm of fire, and the infamous heroes of the story give Agamemnon the slip. Trimalchio vanishes, and with his loss the story becomes fragmentary once more, and declines in interest almost as much as in decency. Its attraction lies in the verse and criticism put into the mouth of Eumolpus,<sup>2</sup> a debased poet whom Encolpius meets in a picture gallery. With him the adventures of the trio continue. There is a lodging-house brawl, a voyage where they find themselves in the hands of old enemies, the ship's captain Lichas, whose wife Hedyle they appear to have led astray, and Tryphaena, a peripatetic courtesan who takes the Mediterranean coast for her province, and has some unexplained claim on Giton's affections. They settle these disputes only to be involved in a shipwreck and cast ashore at Croton, where they grow fat on their

<sup>1</sup> More precisely, in ch. 37 she bustles about the dining-room; in 47 her husband speaks to her; in 52 she whispers to him; in 54 she rushes in with doctors when he is hurt; in 67 she joins the party when called; and in 74 she quarrels with him.

<sup>2</sup> "Goodbard," or "Singwell."

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pretension to be men of fortune, and disappear from sight, Encolpius after a . . . series of vain encounters with a woman named Circe, and Eumolpus after a scene where he bequeaths his body to be eaten by his heirs.

Coherence (*in the tradition*) almost fails long before the end; the episode in which Encolpius kills a goose, the sacred bird of Priapus, gives a hint, but no more, that the wrath of Priapus was <sup>1</sup> the thread on which the whole *Satyricon* was strung. But the life of the later portions of the novel lies in the critical and poetical fragments scattered through it. These show Petronius at his best as a lord of language, a great critic, an intelligent enthusiast for the traditions of classical poetry and oratory. The love of style which was stronger in him even than his interest in manners doubly enriches his work. It brings ready to his pen the proverbs with their misleading hints of modernity,<sup>2</sup> the debased syntax and abuse of gender, which fell from common lips daily, but is reproduced (*in Petronius*) alone in its fullness<sup>3</sup>; and side by side with these mirrored vulgarisms the gravity of the attack on professional rhetoric with which the novel begins, and the weight of the teacher's defence, that the parent will have education set to a tune of his own

<sup>1</sup> So E. Klebs, in *Philol.*, XLVII, 1889, 629 ff.; not so O. Schissil v. Fleschenberg, in *Wiener Studien*, XXXIII, 1911, 264 ff.

<sup>2</sup> See especially c. 41 to 46, 57 to 59.

<sup>3</sup> See e.g. *apoculamus* (c. 62), *duxissem?* (c. 57), *plovebat* (c. 44), *percolopabani* (c. 44), the nouns *agaga* (c. 69), *babaecalis* (c. 37), *bacalusias* (c. 41), *barcalae* (c. 67), *burdubasta* (c. 45), *gingilipho* (c. 73), and such expressions as *caelus hic* (c. 39), *malus Fatus* (c. 42), *olim oliorum?* (c. 43) *nummorum nummos* (c. 37), and the Graecisms *saplutus* and *topanta* (c. 37).

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calling; Eumolpus's brilliant exposition of the supremacy of the poet's task over that of the rhetorician or historian; the curious, violent, epic fragment by which he upholds his doctrine.

Petronius employed a pause in literary invention and production in assimilating and expressing a view upon the makers<sup>1</sup> of poems, prose, pictures, philosophies, and statues, who preceded him, and thereby deepened his interpretation of contemporary life. His cynicism, his continual backward look at the splendours and severities of earlier art and other morals are the inevitable outcome of this self-education.

By far the most genuine and pathetic expressions of his weariness are the poems which one is glad to be able to attribute to him. The best of them speak of quiet country and seaside, of love deeper than desire and founded on the durable grace of mind as well as the loveliness of the flesh, of simplicity and escape from Court.<sup>2</sup>

He knew the antidote to the fevered life which burnt him up. His book is befouled with obscenity, and, like obscenity itself, is ceasing by degrees to be part of a gentleman's education. But he will always be read as a critic; he tells admirable stories of were-wolves and faithless widows<sup>3</sup>; he is one of

<sup>1</sup> e.g. c. 1 to 5, 55, 83, 88, 118.

<sup>2</sup> See e.g. Poems 2, 8, 11, 13-15, 22, and 25; of the love-poems, 25 and 26, but above all 16 and 27, which show (if they can be by him) a side of Petronius entirely hidden in the *Satyricon*.

<sup>3</sup> In c. 61-62 through Nicerus, in c. 63 through Trimalchio, and in c. 111-113 through Eumolpus (the famous and cosmopolitan tale of the Widow of Ephesus).

## INTRODUCTION TO PETRONIUS

the very few novelists who can distil common talk to their purpose without destroying its flavour. The translator dulls his brilliance . . . ; he is fortunate if he adds a few to those who know something of Petronius beyond his name and the worst of his reputation. . . .

H. E. Butler, [late] Professor of Latin in the University of London, is responsible for the Introduction to and text of the poems: the translator is indebted to him for invaluable assistance in attempting to meet the difficulties which a rendering of Petronius continues to present.

MICHAEL HESELTINE.

### THE TEXT OF PETRONIUS

From the extant evidence some reasonable deductions about the tradition can be made. The existing manuscripts, which give portions and scraps only of Petronius's largely lost work, are all derived from a lost archetype (written perhaps at Fleury) which we may call  $\omega$ . This codex had once been part of a complete edition of all Petronius's satyric (and satirical) novel, but was so badly damaged (and decayed?) that the beginning and much that followed, and the end and much that preceded, were absent and much else was illegible or missing, though the central part was largely intact.

During the Carolingian age, perhaps in the first half of the ninth century,<sup>1</sup> some learned person made, possibly at Fleury, excerpts or extracts of or from

<sup>1</sup> K. Müller, ed. 1, XXXVII-XXXIX; ed. 2, 414-417.

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what he could read<sup>1</sup> and made some sense, adding some notes, mainly from the first and last portions of  $\omega$  (usually putting one or more asterisks where he purposely omitted something or where  $\omega$  was illegible or defective) in another lost codex which with Müller we call  $\lambda$ . The same person made, separately as was natural, in another lost manuscript  $\psi$ , a copy of the central part of  $\omega$  consisting of the famous *Cena Trimalchionis* which formed a unit. Not long after the writer of  $\lambda$  and  $\psi$  had finished his work, another monastic person, using that writer's manuscript of extracts, and writing perhaps at Auxerre, shortened these extracts, especially but not always when they were very offensive. This writer, whose lost manuscript might be called  $\sigma$ , did not mark gaps by any sign.

Thus there are three kinds of extant material—the fuller excerpts, the abridged excerpts, and the *Cena*,<sup>2</sup> the whole being derived from  $\omega$  through two lost<sup>3</sup> intermediaries,  $\lambda$  and  $\psi$ ; and we now pass on from deduced lost sources to sources which survive.

From  $\lambda$  then are derived two groups or classes of extant material: the class known collectively as  $O$  which comes from  $\lambda$  through the lost codex  $\sigma$ , and

<sup>1</sup> This is indicated by the scrappy nature of some of the material and by apparent duplications such as *similia sicilia* and *scruta scita* which may well be alternatives of doubtfully legible words.

<sup>2</sup> John of Salisbury (c. 1115–1180) knew of Petronius what we know and no more, and he knew the fuller excerpts, the abridged excerpts, and the *Cena* as three separate units.

<sup>3</sup> Both these lost manuscripts had suffered interpolations, in part perhaps by the writer himself (of both manuscripts) or others of the Carolingian age, in part probably later.



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which has the abridged form of excerpts; and the more inclusive class best known collectively as L, our authority for the older<sup>1</sup> and fuller collection of excerpts, derived from a copy of λ.

In the class O, codex<sup>2</sup> Bernensis 357, known as B, of the latter half of the ninth century, and written at Auxerre, is the best and the oldest of all the extant manuscripts of any class—indeed it is not much later than lost o itself, the chief others, both inferior to B, being codex Parisinus lat. 6842 D, known as R, and the bad codex Parisinus lat. 8049 known as P, both written in France in the twelfth century. These three codices B, R, and P have no extant descendants, but Scaliger in his codex l and Tornaesius in his edition and Pithoeus in both his editions (see below) used a lost codex “Bituricus”<sup>3</sup> derived from P. We must take some notice of a codex (now lost again) which Müller calls δ. Written doubtless in France, it was found or acquired about the year 1420 by Poggio, probably in England (where he was from 1418 to 1423), and was the twin<sup>4</sup> of codex P; and from it was

<sup>1</sup> Remember however that the oldest *extant* manuscript belongs not to class L but to class O—see next paragraph.

<sup>2</sup> This codex B is the codex “Autissiodurensis” used undamaged by P. Pithoeus in his editions of Petronius of A.D. 1577 and 1587, whereas from Codex B are now missing chapters 81 *nec diu* to 109 *crinibus nitebas*; so are chapters 3 *meditantur* to the end of 80 *perit*, but the two folia of B containing these latter chapters are attached to codex Leidensis Vossianus Q 30 of the ninth century.

<sup>3</sup> It belonged to Jean Duc de Berry.

<sup>4</sup> That is, δ was copied from the same (lost) MS. as P was. For Calpurnius’s *Bucolica* was included in both δ and P but in no other MSS. of Petronius; and δ shared with P the same faults as P has; cf. Müller pp. VIII ff. and XXIX.

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derived the Petronian material of eleven codices C, D, E, F, G, J, K, M, Q, V, and W of the fifteenth century (nine of them still extant); that part (now called A) of codex Parisinus lat. 7969 (see below) which has besides the *Cena* abridged excerpts from Petronius other than the *Cena*; and also a codex of the sixteenth century.<sup>1</sup> The *editio princeps* (not good) of the abridged excerpts only (based on a bad manuscript now lost, descended from  $\delta$ ) was prepared by Franciscus Puteolanus (Francisco dal Pozzo) and with other Latin works was printed at Milan about 1482. The *editio Veneta* of Bernardino de Vitalibus of 1499 and the *editio Parisina* of R. Chalder of 1520 are worse. In 1565 at Antwerp J. Sambucus<sup>2</sup> did better; in an edition he corrected the *ed. Par.* from a still extant codex Vindobonensis 3198 (known as W) descended from  $\delta$ . A *stemma* for class O is on page XIII of Müller's first edition of Petronius, and on page 389 of his second.

In the class L is the extant codex Leidensis Scaligeranus 61 (Q61 Scaligeri) written by J. Scaliger about 1571. Denoted best as l, as Müller has it (not L, as Buecheler, because L is best reserved for the

<sup>1</sup> Between  $\delta$  and four of these MSS. with A was a lost intermediary; and between  $\delta$  and the other seven another lost intermediary containing other works besides Petronius. Cf. Helen Milar in *Univ. of Pittsburgh Bulletin*, IX, 1933, 189 ff.; Nancy Miller in the same, 203 ff.; Wilma Goff in *Bulletin*, XI, 1935, 253-254. All three are abstracts of theses.

<sup>2</sup> An abstract of a thesis by Mildred Daschbach, "Sambucus and the text of Petronius" is in the *Univ. of Pittsburgh Bulletin*, VII, 1931, pp. 42-44. There is also Lois Beatty's "The Bellum Civile of Petronius in the editions of Sambucus, Scaliger and Stephanus"—a thesis of which an abstract is in the same university's *Bulletin*, XII, 1936, p. 282.

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whole L-tradition), it is primarily a copy of a manuscript lent to Scaliger, Tornaesius, and Pithoeus (see below) by J. Cujas<sup>1</sup> (but now lost), and supplemented by Scaliger from sources of the O-tradition including the now lost codex "Brituricus" (see above); extant codex Leidensis Vossianus 111; and Sambucus's edition. In 1575 appeared at Lyon the first edition of the fuller collection of excerpts from Petronius; it<sup>2</sup> was issued by the printer Jean de Tournes (Ioannes Tornaesius) and the scholar Denis Lebey de Batilly (Dionysius Lebus-Batillius) and was based on a manuscript of Dalecamp (derived, through an intermediary, from the codex—the "Benedictinum exemplar" (see below)—used by Pithoeus in both of his editions), and some other sources, and the editio Parisina and that of Sambucus (see above), until, in the course of preparation, the editors received, from Cujas apparently, the codex used by Scaliger. In 1577 came the first edition (of two)<sup>3</sup> by P. Pithoeus (Pierre Pithou) wherein he used only one "old" codex (derived from a copy of λ) from Fleury which he called "Benedictinum exemplar," for the fuller excerpts; and for the abridged excerpts he used the then undamaged codex "Autissiodurensis" (the

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Dorothy Fulmer, "Cuiacius and the Text of Petronius," in *T.A.P.A.*, LXIV, 1933, p. lx. It seems this MS. was derived from a copy of λ.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. the abstract of the thesis "The Tornaesius Edition of Petronius," by Dorothy Fulmer, in *Univ. of Pittsburgh Bulletin*, XII, 1936, pp. 97-104.

<sup>3</sup> Intervening between the two there appeared at Leyden in 1583 the Petronian commentary the *Praecidanea* of J. Dousa and his edition of Petronius in 1585. He used Pithoeus' first edition and the codex Lambethanus—see pp. xxiv-xxv.

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extant damaged codex B—see above) and the lost codex “Bituricus” and a Florilegium.<sup>1</sup> In his second edition of 1587 he used also a codex which he calls “Tholosanum exemplar” (perhaps the MS. of Cujas, of class L). In effect, therefore, it is on two lost manuscripts that class L is based—the “Codex Cuiacianus” as indicated, used by Scaliger, Tornaesius, and probably Pithoeus (in his second edition); and what Pithoeus calls “Benedictinum exemplar,” used by him in both of his editions and forming ultimately the source of Dalecamp’s document used by Tornaesius. Hitherto the scope of class L has rested as it still largely rests on the codex I, the edition of Tornaesius, and Pithoeus’s second edition. But K. Müller has added to our knowledge from several more sources. Three of these were copied from a lost codex once owned by Henri de Mesmes and hence called codex Memmianus (source of some Petronian material recorded by Turnebus and Lambinus) which itself was derived ultimately from Pithoeus’s “Benedictinum exemplar”: codex Vaticanus lat. 11428 written after 1565 (codex m); the sometimes useful codex Lambethanus 693 (codex r) in Lambeth Palace, London, written before 1572 by D. Rogers; and passages copied c. 1565 into a book bought by P. Daniel in Paris and now in the Stadt-

<sup>1</sup> Some Florilegia have remnants from Petronius in four extant MSS. of the twelfth to the fourteenth century, coming through a lost MS. from  $\lambda$  independently of the rest of the L-tradition and independently of the O-tradition. The value of their readings is small; and B. Ullman (*Classical Philology*, XXV, 1930, 11 ff.) spurns them altogether. Cf. Müller’s second edition, pp. 382, 412–414. The one used by Pithoeus was in codex Par. lat. 17903.

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bibliothek of Bern (N, 251.11; codex d). Müller draws also on Pithoeus's first edition; and, for *carmina* only, both in the body of Petronius's novel and separate from it, Scaliger's *Catalecta* (Lyon, 1573).<sup>1</sup> The editions of Petronius by Wouweren (Leyden, 1595; Paris, 1601) were not important. Of much value, however, is the last edition of Petronius issued before the discovery of the *Cena Trimalchionis*: that of M. Goldast (G. Erhard) published at Frankfurt in 1610 and Lyon, 1615, and Frankfurt again, 1621. A *stemma* for class L is on p. XXVII of Müller's first edition<sup>2</sup> and facing page 402 (cf. 415) of his second.

Partly from  $\lambda$  and partly from  $\psi$  comes a manuscript which includes the most famous portion of Petronius's novel—the *Cena Trimalchionis*. About 1420, as stated above, Poggio had found or acquired the now again lost codex  $\delta$  of class O containing the abridged excerpts<sup>3</sup> from Petronius. Early in 1423, or late in 1422, he acquired from Cologne a manuscript which consisted of Book XV of Petronius (see p. xxxviii) and which early in 1423 he caused to be copied. This codex "Coloniensis," now lost, probably contained<sup>4</sup> the central part only of our Petronius—the *Cena*—

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Adalaide Wegner, "The Sources of the Petronius Poems in the *Catalecta* of Scaliger," in *T.A.P.A.*, LXIV, 1933, p. lxxvii.

<sup>2</sup> It needs, as Müller himself discovered and indicated on his page 210 (first edition), some correction in view of the independent descent of the *Florilegia* from  $\lambda$ .

<sup>3</sup> So Müller, ed. 1, VIII-IX (cf. XXIX) against A. C. Clark (*Class. Rev.*, XII, 1908, 178-179) who believed that it contained the *Cena* and that H (see below) was copied from it.

<sup>4</sup> So Müller again against Clark who thought that it contained the abridged excerpts.

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and was derived from  $\psi$ . About the end of 1423<sup>1</sup> was completed the famous extant Codex Parisinus lat. 7989 which contains (i) the works of Tibullus, Propertius, Catullus, and some Ovid; (ii) then the part now called A, containing abridged excerpts of class O of Petronius, copied, as they stood, from a lost copy of the lost codex  $\delta$ ,<sup>2</sup> whereas a number of these excerpts should have come in and after the *Cena*; (iii) then the part now known as H copied, independently therefore of  $\lambda$  and therefore of classes O and L, apparently from the copy made by Poggio of the codex "Coloniensis" and consisting of the *Cena Trimalchionis* for which H is our only source except some excerpts found in L also and Chapter 55 which occurs also in sources in classes O and L. The Petronian part of codex par. lat. 7989 ends at the end of the *Cena*, the abridged excerpts known to follow the *Cena* in Petronius's original work being placed in this codex before the *Cena*. (iv) The last part of the codex as a whole contains, not the part of Petronius which succeeds the *Cena*, but the *Moretum* and Claudian's *de Phoenice*. A stemma for the whole tradition of Petronius is on page XXXV of Müller.<sup>3</sup> Some time after 1423 the whole codex was, without surviving "Petronian" descendants, lost until its discovery about 1650 by Marino Statileo (whose real name was P. Petit) at Traù (Trogir), near Spalato (Split), Dalmatia (Yugoslavia)—hence its

<sup>1</sup> At the end of the part containing Catullus there seems to be a record of a date—20 November 1423.

<sup>2</sup> Only the two short statements in A about book-numbers derive from a source other than  $\delta$ . See below, p. xxxviii.

<sup>3</sup> It needs slight correction—see above, note on Müller's stemma for the L-tradition.

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other name, codex Traguriensis, whereas it is now at Paris.

The *editio princeps* of the *Cena—Petronii Fragmentum Traguriense*—, prepared from Statileo's own copy of the original, appeared at Padua in 1664. It was soon followed by three more editions: ANEKAOTON *ex Petronii Satirico*, J. C. Tilebomenus (J. J. Mentel), with introduction and notes, Paris, 1664; *Petronii Fragmentum*, J. Scheffer, with notes, Upsala, 1665; and *Petronii Fragmentum*, T. Reinesius, Leipzig, 1666. For the history of the codex see R. Sabbadini, "Per la storia del codice Traurino di Petronio," in *Rivista di Filologia*, XLVIII, 1920, 27 ff.: Müller ed. I, XXVIII ff. Cf. also J. Foster, in *University of Pittsburgh Bulletin*, XIV, 1938, pp. 86–91. There is an excellent photograph of the part which contains the *Cena*: S. Gaselee, *A Collotype Reproduction . . .* Cambridge, 1915.

### EARLY MODERN AND MODERN EDITIONS<sup>1</sup>

#### (i) COMPLETE EDITIONS

The first complete edition (with others' notes), though not good, was that of M. Hadrianides, *Petronii Satyricon*, published at Amsterdam in 1669. The edition by F. Nodot, Paris, 1693, contained forged fragments. Of some value was that of P. Burman (*T. Petronii Arbitri Satyricon quae supersunt*) in two volumes with notes by N. Heinsius, Goes, Scheffer, and others, ed. 1, 1709, Utrecht; ed. 2 (a better one), 1743, Amsterdam. In 1782 at Leipzig was published, with added critical notes, C. A. Antonius's (Anton) *Petronii Satyricon ex rec.*

<sup>1</sup> Including some translations which give a text also.

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*P. Burmanni*. After a long interval,<sup>1</sup> epoch-making in Petronian textual scholarship were *Petronii Satirarum Reliquiae*, F. Buecheler, Berlin, 1862 (editio maior); and his *Petronii Saturae et liber Priapeorum* (editio minor), Berlin, 1862; ed. 2, 1871 (with material from other Latin writers); ed. 3, 1882; ed. 4, 1904; ed. 5, revision by W. Heraeus,<sup>2</sup> 1912, and ed. 6, revision and augmentation by W. Heraeus, 1922. It was Buecheler who in 1862 first put the text of Petronius as a whole on a proper basis. After that year, though more progress was made in Petronian studies, much that could be revealed by further study of existing material remained unknown.

The English translation (with accompanying largely plain text) by M. Heseltine in the Loeb Classical Library (with Seneca's *Apocolocyntosis* translated by W. H. D. Rouse) was published in 1913. In 1922 came A. Ernout, *Pétrone, Le Satiricon*, Paris, with a good French translation, and text, ed. 1, 1922; ed. 2, 1931; ed. 3, 1950 (Budé); in 1929 E. T. Sage<sup>3</sup> *The Satiricon*, New York, text and translation. G. A. Cesareo, in *Il romanzo satirico di Petronio Arbitro*, Florence, 1930 gives text and Italian translation [while E. Paratore, *Il satyricon di Petronio* provides I, Introd.; II, Commento, Florence, 1933.]; and M. Rat, in *Le Satiricon suivi des poésies attribuées à Pétrone et des fragments épars*, Paris, 1934, gives text and French translation. In the decade before the War of 1939-1945, beginning with E. T. Sage and inspired by him, American scholars, as indicated on

<sup>1</sup> During which, as Buecheler dryly puts it, *ludebant . . . de corio Petronii sagati togati*.

<sup>2</sup> Heräus.

<sup>3</sup> For his plans and pupils, see pp. xxii, xxiii, xxv, xxix, 407.



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pp. xxi–iiii, xxv, 407, did preliminary work for a new critical edition of Petronius: Mildred Daschbach, Dorothy Fulmer, Adalaide Wegner, Lois Beatty, Helen Milar, Nancy Miller, Lillian White, Wilma Goff, and J. A. Foster. See R. Browning in *Classical Review*, N. S. XII, 1962, p. 219, note 2.

In 1961 came the greatest step forward on the textual side since Buecheler, in the important first edition by K. Müller, *Petronii Arbitri Satyricon*, Munich, in which he had the help of E. Fraenkel.<sup>1</sup> The Introduction, pp. VII–LX, is in Latin; but Müller followed up this edition with a second (*Petronius Satyricon*), Munich, 1965, which has his revised and recast history of the text in German on pp. 381–430, and incorporates a German translation by W. Ehlers, and (also by Ehlers) some explanatory notes and an essay on Petronius. The critical apparatus has been shortened. This second edition, primarily for German readers, takes into consideration criticisms by J. Delz in *Gnomon*, XXXIV, 1962, 676 ff., R. G. M. Nisbet in *Journal of Roman Studies*, 1962, 227 ff., and R. Browning in *Classical Review*, N.S. XII, 1962, 218–221. I have not seen A. Marzullo and M. Bonaria, *Il satiricon di Petronio*, Bologna, 1962.

Still relevant moreover are other modern editions, whole or part, and, for the text, C. Beck, *The Manuscripts of the Satyricon of Petronius Arbitrator*, Cambridge, Mass., 1863 (unsound in parts, cf. F. Buecheler in *Philol.*, XX, 1863, 726 ff.); A. C. Clark, in *Classical Review*, XXII, 1908, 178–179; B. L. Ullman in

<sup>1</sup> In the present Loeb edition, wherever a contribution by Fraenkel is mentioned, it is as recorded by Müller in his first edition unless it is otherwise stated.

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*Classical Philology*, XXV, 1930, 11 ff. and 128 ff.; E. T. Sage in *American Journal of Philology*, 1929, 21 ff.; and in *Transactions and Proceedings of the American Philological Association*, LXIV, 1933, pp. xlvii ff., and G. Pasquali, *Storia della Tradizione e critica del testo*, Florence, 1934, 66 ff.

### (ii) EDITIONS OF THE "CENA TRIMALCHIONIS" ONLY

- L. Friedlaender, *Petronii Cena Trimalchionis*, Leipzig, ed. 1, 1891; ed. 2, 1906. With German translation and commentary.
- W. D. Lowe, *Cena Trimalchionis*, Cambridge, 1905, with English translation and commentary.
- M. J. Ryan, *Cena Trimalchionis*, London, 1905, with English translation and commentary.
- W. Heraeus, *Petronii Cena Trimalchionis*, Heidelberg, ed. 1, 1909; ed. 2, 1922; ed. 3, 1939.
- W. E. Waters, *Cena Trimalchionis*, Boston, 1902; latest ed. 1922, with English commentary.
- W. B. Sedgwick, *The Cena Trimalchionis of Petronius together with Seneca's Apocolocyntosis*, Oxford, ed. 1, 1925; ed. 2 (a revision), 1950, corrected, 1959.
- [P. Perrochat, *Le festin de Trimalcion*, Commentary, Paris, 1939, 1952, 1962.]
- A. Maiuri, *La cena di Trimalchione di Petronio Arbitro*, Naples, 1945.
- E. V. Marmorale, *Cena Trimalchionis*, Florence, 1947; ed. 2, 1948. Text and commentary. He gives much information in convenient form.
- H. Schmeck, *Petronii cena Trimalchionis*, Heidelberg, 1952; ed. 5, 1964. Has copious critical notes on the text, and bibliography.

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### PLAIN TRANSLATIONS WITHOUT TEXT

Naturally these are to be found in various modern languages. Recent English plain translations are by J. W. Mackail, London, 1923; G. J. Acheson, *Dinner at Trimalchio's*, Johannesburg, 1950; J. Lindsay, *The Complete Works of Gaius Petronius*, London, 1927 and (revised) 1960; and P. Dinnage, *The Satyricon of Petronius*, London, 1953. The present revision of Heseltine's work follows not long after *The Satyricon. Petronius*, by W. Arrowsmith (University of Michigan Press; then, as a Mentor Book, The New American Library of World Literature, New York, 1960-1964), which is a translation for English readers in the United States of America; and *Petronius. The Satyricon and the Fragments*, by J. Sullivan (Penguin Books. Harmondsworth, 1965), which is a translation primarily for all other readers of English. Both translators are pungent (to my British ears Sullivan sounds smoother and plainer than Arrowsmith). Neither claims to be a consistently close renderer of the Latin throughout (though both are, especially Sullivan, in large part), the brilliant translations in the metric portions being specially free. Both write essentially for people who know little or no Latin. Neither Arrowsmith nor Sullivan gives a Latin text (so their work does not make unnecessary this revised text and closer translation in the Loeb Classical Library); both however give an introduction and explanatory notes.

Arrowsmith's rendering is, as he says, "intended to be both a contemporary version and an American one," avoiding a "neutral lifeless Anglo-American

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idiom". Sullivan says of his own work that its language is "based on English vulgar language which will give the impression of slang, but not the slang of any particular period or place in England." To this self-valuation I would add that rarely does Arrowsmith or Sullivan sound or read "slangy"; that, though their translations (especially those in metre) are not meant to serve continuously throughout as a means of discovering merely the precise meaning of the Latin, their results are lively and strong; that I too, in revising Heseltine's translation of Chapter 56, for example, have been free in word-play, and in Seneca's verse have changed but little of W. H. D. Rouse's pleasing but free rendering; and finally that, although I have left Heseltine's style mostly unchanged, and although his original and my revision differ sometimes in the interpretation of Petronius' Latin, from Arrowsmith or Sullivan or both, I have gained profit and pleasure from the classical learning and linguistic skill of both.

There is a third recent rendering into English, with notes. It is one by W. C. Firebaugh (*The Satyricon of Petronius*), New York, 1966. But I have not been able to study it, and so give no judgement or comparison of it.

### FURTHER WORKS ON PETRONIUS SINCE 1914

- H. C. Schnur, *The Age of Petronius Arbiter*, New York, 1957 (Cf. also C. Beck, *The Age of Petronius Arbiter*, Cambridge, Mass., 1856).
- E. V. Marmorale, *Petronio*, Naples, 1936, and *Petronio nel suo tempo*, Naples, 1937, and *La questione petroniana*, Bari, 1948.

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- G. Bagnani, *Arbiter of Elegance*, Toronto, 1954.
- R. Cahen, *Le Satyricon et ses origines*, Lyon and Paris, 1925.
- V. Ciaffi, *Struttura del Satyricon*, Turin, 1955.
- A. C. Clark, *The Cursus in Medieval and Vulgar Latin*, Oxford, 1910 and "An early use of the accentual clausula," in *American Journal of Philology*, L. 1929 374.
- P. Kempe, *De Clausulis Petronianis*, Greifswald, 1922.
- F. di Capua, "Il ritmo prosaico in Petronio," in *G.I.F.*, I, 1948. 37.
- D. M. Paschall, *The Vocabulary of Mental Aberration in Roman Comedy and Petronius*, Baltimore, 1939.
- H. L. W. Nelson, *Petronius en zijn "vulgair" Latijn*, Utrecht, 1947, and "Les rapports entre le latin littéraire, la langue de conversation et la langue vulgaire au temps de Pétrone," in *Actes du prem. congr. de la Fédération Intern. des Ass. d'Etudes Classiques*, Paris, 1951, 220 ff.
- A. Stefenelli, *Die Volkssprache im Werk des Petron*, 1962.
- A. Marbach, *Wortbildung, Wortwahl und Wortbedeutung als Mittel der Charakterzeichnung bei Petronius*, Giessen, 1931.
- W. Heraeus, *Die Sprache des Petronius* (reprint from 1899). *Kleine Schriften*, Heidelberg, 1937.
- H. Stubbe, *Die Verseinlagen im Petron*, Leipzig, 1933 (*Philol.*, Suppl. 25, 2).
- D. C. Swanson, *A formal analysis of Petronius's Vocabulary*, Minneapolis, 1963.
- J. P. Sullivan, *The Satyricon of Petronius. A literary study*, London, 1968.

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## ON THE CENA

- L. R. Shero, "The cena in Roman Satire," in *Classical Philology*, XVIII, 1923, 126.
- W. Süss, *De eo quem dicunt inesse Trimalchionis Cenae vulgari sermone*, Dorpat, 1926; and *Petronii imitatio sermonis plebei . . .*, Dorpat, 1927.
- A. Salonius, *Die Griechen und das Griechische in Petrons Cena Trimalchionis*. Helsingfors and Leipzig, 1927.
- L. Sgobbo, "La città campana delle Saturae di Petronio," in *Rendiconti, Accad. d. Lincei*, 1923, 354, 395.
- J. G. W. M. de Vreese, *Petron 39 und die Astrologie*, Amsterdam, 1927.

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SURVEYS OF PETRONIAN SCHOLARSHIP TO 1966

(i) From the *editio princeps* (of abridged excerpts) of 1482 to 1909: S. Gaselee, "The Bibliography of Petronius," in *Transactions and Proceedings of the Bibliographical Society*, X, London, 1910, 141-233.

(ii) From 1908 to 1940: *Bursians Jahresbericht über d. Fortschritte d. Klass. Altertumswissenschaft*, vols. 175 (98 ff.); 204 (215 ff.); 235 (142 ff.); 260 (94 ff.) (F. Lommatzsch); 282 (5 ff.) (R. Helm).

Up to 1934 cf. also Schanz-Hozius, *Geschichte der römischen Literatur*, II<sup>4</sup>, 1935, Munich, 509-520.

(iii) 1940-1956: R. Muth, in *Anzeiger für die Altertumswissenschaft*, IX, 1956, 1 ff.; H. C. Schnur, "Recent Petronian Scholarship," in *Classical Weekly*, L, 1957, 133-136, 141-143. Cf. R. Helm in *Lustrum*, I, 1956, 229 ff.

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(iv) With reference to the *Cena Trimalchionis* in particular, see especially the bibliography in H. Schmeck's *Petronii Cena Trimalchionis*, 5th edition, Heidelberg, 1964, pp. VII-X.

(v) Contributions to studies in Petronius now number about twenty a year; and record of them can be found in Marouzeau, *L'Année Philologique*.

### THE AUTHOR; HIS DATE; THE TITLE OF HIS WORK AND DIVISION INTO BOOKS

In Tacitus *Annals*, XVI, 17, the fate of Petronius is mentioned, A.D. 66, but no *praenomen* is recorded there (Nipperdey supplied <T>). In XVI, 18, the initial of the *praenomen* is given as C (which Nipperdey deletes). There are a few brief references to Petronius in other writers. In the *N.H.* of Pliny the Elder, XXXVII, 20, and in *Quomodo adulator ab amico internoscatur* of Plutarch 19, p. 60e, Petronius is called Titus. No *praenomen* is given by later writers who mention Petronius, or by the extant Petronian MSS. except C added by Scaliger (in writing his codex I) from Tacitus. In Tacitus, *Annals*, XVI, 18, Petronius is called *elegantiae arbiter*, and Arbiter appears as a name of his in later writers who mention Petronius (sometimes without prefixing the name Petronius), and in some Petronian MSS. If "Arbiter" was not an inheritable *cognomen* but an *agnomen* applied to one man, then Petronius the author of the novel would be he of Tacitus and Pliny. Cf. K. F. C. Rose, in *Latomus*, XX, 1961, 821 ff.; J. Sullivan, *Petronius*, 7 ff.

A date in Nero's reign (A.D. 54-68) is firmly established for the *Satyricon* (H. C. Schür in *Latomus*,

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XVIII, 1959, 790 ff.; K. F. C. Rose in *Class. Quart.*, 1962, 166-168; E. Cizek, in *Studii Clasice*, VII, 1965, 197-207); R. Browning in *Class. Rev.*, 1949, 12. But a later date and a different person or author have been proposed without good reasons (Cf. for discussion e.g. M. Rat, *Le Satiricon*, Paris, 1934, xii ff.), even the third century A.D. (U. E. Paoli, in *S.I.F.C.*, XIV, 1937, 3; E. V. Marmorale, *La Questione Petroniana*, Bari, 1937; and others).

The title of Petronius's work is not mentioned by later writers of the Roman Empire, and even the early manuscript and editorial tradition does not reveal it for certain. Ignoring in this tradition what is at least the semblance of an adjective "satiricus" or "satyricus" qualifying Petronius himself, we have the title of the work mainly in two spellings<sup>1</sup> (a) *Satyricon* and (b) *Satiricon*, in both of which the -on is a Greek inflexion, the y also in (a) being Greek *u* "latinized." Is the work satyric, "satyr<sup>2</sup>-like" or connected with Greek satyr-dramas? Or is it satiric (sometimes misspelt satyric), that is "satirical" in the sense of Roman satire derived from *satura* (later *satira* or even *satyra*) "a medley?" Both qualities, especially perhaps the first, suit the tone of Petronius, who may indeed have intended to imply both in his title, however spelt. Again, under (a), if *Satyricon* is right, does it represent *Satyricōn* a Greek genitive plural Σατυρικῶν (i.e. *Satyricon* <*libri*>, "Books of

<sup>1</sup> We have also the title *Satirarum liber* (codex P) and even *Petronii Arbitri Satyri fragmenta* (codex A). *Satirae* or *Saturae* may indeed by right as Petronius' own title. Buecheler, vi.

<sup>2</sup> Σάτυροι were lustful ape-like woodland "deities" with a pair of goat's feet.



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Satyr (-like) Affairs)"? <sup>1</sup> Or is it Satyricὸν Σατυρικόν, neuter singular, "A Satyric Work" or "Affair"? If alternative (b) is right, *Satiricon* or, as misspelt, *Satyricon*, though still partly Greek, would not be a genitive plural but a nominative singular neuter, "A satirical Work" or "Affair". <sup>2</sup> But alternative (b) is not so likely as (a) *Satyricōn libri*, with *Satyrica* (nominative plural) as a legitimate regular alternative as for instance Virgil's *Georgicōn libri* can be called *Georgica*. Leaving the actual title uncertain, and in spite of the general preference for (b) *Satiricon*, in this new publication as in the first we shall spell the title *Satyricon*. Cf. E. A. Hahn and H. C. Schnur, "The Title of Petronius's Novel," in *Classical Weekly*, LIII, 1959, 54 and 65; W. Heraeus, *Kleine Schriften*, CIX, 1.

There are vague signs of division into books:

(i) Where Fulgentius, in his *Mythologiae*, III, 8, alludes to "myrrhine cup" in Petronius (cf. Pliny, *N.H.*, XXVII, 20), codex. Par. 7975 of the eleventh century interpolates into Fulgentius a reference to an incident in Chapter 20.7 of Petronius and attribution of it to book XIV of Petronius; and, although "myrrhine cup" does not occur in the extant work of Petronius at all (see Fragment VIII, pp. 390-391), this may be right. <sup>3</sup> For:

<sup>1</sup> This natural suggestion is supported by Ioannes Lydus, *loc. cit.*, who alludes to Petronius and the σατυρικὸς νόμος and by a trace of division into books in the Petronian MS.-tradition (see below). There are no other references to *libri*, but only references to the *liber* of the romance as a whole. See below.

<sup>2</sup> "a book . . . of satyr-things satirically treated," as Arrowsmith aptly puts it.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. V. Ciaffi, *Fulgenzio e Petronio*, 102.

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(ii) Poggio tells us that the "codex Coloniensis" (now lost, see p. xxv) consisted of book XV, which was, it seems, the *Cena Trimalchionis*. Again:

(iii) In the extant manuscript tradition of Petronius traces of division into books, meagre though they are, can be seen in one source—Codex. Par. lat. 7989—the "Traguriensis." In it the portion which contains Petronius, beginning with the abridged excerpts in the part of this codex which we call A (see above p. xxvi) is headed by a statement that these are fragments of the XVth and XVIth books "Petronii Arbitri Satyri," and these excerpts are concluded by the statement that here end (*expliciunt*) fragments of the same books. Both statements must come from a source outside the O-tradition and the L-tradition; and that source would be Codex Coloniensis (see above, p. xxv). There follows in Codex Traguriensis the part H—the *Cena Trimalchionis*—which really does seem to have been book XV of the Satyricon. So the attribution of the shorter excerpts to book XV as well as XVI seems to be an error of the person who re-united, but in wrong order,<sup>1</sup> in this codex the shorter excerpts and the *Cena* into one volume. No record of any book-numbers at all was in the ultimate source of A, namely the lost codex  $\delta$  ("twin" of P in the class O—see p. xxi).

It is reasonable to suppose that what precedes the *Cena* is from book XIV; that the *Cena* is book XV; and that what follows the *Cena* is from Book XVI and probably also from later books. But:

(iv) A *Glossarium S. Benedicti* (Floriacensis) of the ninth century, once belonging to P. Daniel (1530–

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. xxvi.

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1603) and believed to be lost but found recently by Müller in Codex Harleianus 2735 in the British Museum, has an insertion (of the tenth century) on leaf 43 which cites the opening words of Petronius's Chapter 89 as from the fifteenth book.<sup>1</sup> If this is right, then book XV included also part of Petronius's work coming after the *Cena*. We might conclude, as Müller does in his 2nd edition, p. 410, that the book number should have been cited in the Glossarium as XVI. But we really cannot tell.<sup>2</sup>

E. H. WARMINGTON, 1968.

### SUMMARY OF THE STORY

When our surviving tradition begins, Petronius has reached in his story a point where a Greek freedman Encolpius (the narrator) and Giton, Ascyrtos, and Agamemnon are somewhere<sup>3</sup> in Italy (at Cumae argued Mommsen, Puteoli thought Friedländer); and Encolpius is inveighing against the fashion of rhetorical declamation in a reply to Agamemnon, a teacher of rhetoric, who (Chapter 3) in his further answer gives a short poem of advice (5) to any young poet. Ascyrtos slips away. Encolpius pursues a vigorous hunt and finds the boy Giton (6-9) with Ascyrtos whom Giton accuses of attacking him. High words and reconciliation. More violence of Ascyrtos (9-11).

<sup>1</sup> See Müller, 2nd edition, p. 405.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Müller, 2nd edition, pp. 404-411.

<sup>3</sup> In a Greek town (81) near Baiae and Capua (53, 62); it was a Roman colony (therefore not Naples) (44); with praetors (65). After chapter 99 they are at sea; from 124 onwards at Croton. In part of the lost portions of the novel they were at Massilia (Fragments I and IV).

## INTRODUCTION TO PETRONIUS

Later the three (without Agamemnon) visit the local market. Quarrels with others about clothing. Return to lodgings (12-14). Quartilla, devotee or priestess of Priapus, comes with her maids and persuades them not to repeat prying into Priapus's secrets (16-18).

[Fragmentary. At an inn, trouble with Quartilla, her maids and a eunuch.] A good dinner before a Priapean night (19-21). Wild behaviour and carousal before they go to sleep (22-26).

After unknown troubles all four are at Trimalchio's home as guests with others at a dinner-party. Luxurious preliminaries in his baths and then his living-rooms (26-29). Amusing entry into dining-room. Hors d'œuvres. Pompous entry of Trimalchio (30-32). He finishes a game with costly materials. Counterfeit peahens' eggs, etc., are served. Music and costly display (33-34). Vintage wine and *memento mori* (34). Fantastic food. T. sings. More music. Rich fare. Fortunata (wife of T.) bustles about. Another guest describes to Encolpius the luxurious ways, etc., of T. (35-38). Over wine, T. discourses on astrology (39). After an entry of Spartan dogs, a decorated and garnished boar-pig stuffed with live fieldfares is served (40). A solo performance. T. with belly-ache goes to toilet (41). Animated talk among the guests (41-46). T. returns and talks about his internal troubles. The tables are wiped to music. Three living pigs brought in. A cook slaughters one (47). T. boasts of his huge estates; and converses with Agamemnon (48). A hoax: T. says pig is not gutted; cook saved from flogging by guests' plea; guts the pig and out come

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prepared sausages and black puddings (49). T. on his "Corinthian" bronze and his silver; ignorant ideas of his. The guests intercede for another slave (50-52).

T. is rather drunk and sings, with his slaves as a chorus, but is restrained by Fortunata and is partly sobered by a recital of estate-records (52-53). He is involved in a mishap of performing acrobats. Enter doctors and Fortunata. T. not badly hurt (53-55). Discussion about poetry; T. recites pompous stuff. (55-56); he remarks on the sad lot of doctors, bankers, oxen, sheep (56). The guests receive gifts in an amusing way (56). When Ascyrtos scoffs at this, Hermeros turns on him with a violent tirade and does the same to Giton when he also laughs (57-58). T. calms down the three men (59). Recital by Homeric experts; ignorant comments by T. (59). Another spectacular show (60). Guest Niceros tells a story about a were-wolf (61-62). T. relates one about witches (63). His darling and his dog; rich fare (64-65). Arrival of the stone-mason Habinnas, half drunk, with his wife Scintilla (65); he tells about eating elsewhere (65-66). He calls for Fortunata who comes. The two women display to each other their adornments (67). Performances by a slave. More fantastic show, food and noise (68-70). T. and his slaves (70-71). He tells of his last will and testament. He wants Habinnas to make a showy monument (71). General weeping (72). Adjournment to the baths (72-73). Violent quarrel between T. and Fortunata; Habinnas tries to make peace. Fury of T. against F. (74-75). T. boasts about his successful money-making career (75-77). He displays his burial-clothes. Funereal music for T. (almost dead-

## INTRODUCTION TO PETRONIUS

drunk) raises a fire-alarm. Encolpius and his friends get away from the distasteful party (77-78).

Encolpius, Giton, and Ascyltos reach their inn with difficulty (79). Ascyltos steals Giton from Encolpius. Quarrel almost comes to bloodshed (79-80). Encolpius moves alone to new lodgings and laments. He wanders in mental turmoil and is nearly arrested as an army deserter (81-82). [Fragments (82).]

In a picture-gallery Encolpius meets a fantastic old poet Eumolpus (83-84) who bursts into verse at any time. Eumolpus relates an adventure of his at Pergamum (85-87). He complains of the decadence of arts and science and philosophy (88). While they look at a picture, "Fall of Troy," Eumolpus recites a poem on its subject (89) and is stoned out of the gallery. He goes to dine with Encolpius (90) who is tearfully re-united to Giton (91) while Eumolpus, after a bath, on returning tells how he was thrown out for reciting more poetry there (92). Encolpius, Eumolpus, and Giton sup together. Recital of poetry by Eumolpus. Neurotic and jealous conduct of Encolpius. Encolpius chides Eumolpus for his "poetising". They are rivals over Giton. Giton and Encolpius (pretend to?) attempt suicide. Fracas of Eumolpus with inmates of the house, including cooks and a woman who sets a dog on him. The trouble is checked by Bargates, manager of the block (93-96). Enter a crier, Ascyltos, and others announcing the disappearance of Giton. At Encolpius's request Giton hides under a bed (97) and so deprives angry Eumolpus of the reward offered. Giton reveals himself. Eumolpus and Giton (Ascyltos has gone) are reconciled (98).

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[Much apparently is missing here in the tradition. A new adventure:] Encolpius and Eumolpus are reconciled. Encolpius, Giton, and Eumolpus (apparently "on the run" after some misdeed) pack up and go on board a ship (99). Next they are in the midst of a sea voyage, the captain of the ship being Lichas of Tarentum (who turns out to be an old enemy of Encolpius). On board also is the fair Tryphaena, who has some hold on Giton. Plans for escape. Encolpius and Giton with Eumolpus's help disguise their identities (100-103). On a hint from a passenger, Lichas discovers who they are and has them flogged (104-105). Vacillating sympathy of Tryphaena (106). Mock trial? Eumolpus as counsel for the defence striving for his clients by word and deed (107-108). Violent brawling. At the height of feverish turmoil Tryphaena makes peace and renounces all her former claims on Giton (108-109); who, with Encolpius, is restored to beauty, after song, bird-catching, fishing, and recital by Eumolpus. To prove the fickleness of all women, Eumolpus tells the story of the matron of Ephesus (109-112) which gets a mixed reception (113). Tryphaena and Giton cuddle. [Fragments (113).] Great storm at sea. Lichas is blown overboard and drowned. Tryphaena is forced by her servants to leave the ship in the jolly-boat. Encolpius and Giton await death together. Fishermen to the rescue; they find Eumolpus in the master's cabin composing poetry (114-115). Shelter and food on land. Lichas's body is washed ashore and cremated. Eumolpus composed the epitaph (115-116). The castaways come near Croton and are warned that all there are either will-makers or

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legacy-hunters (116). Eumolpus has a plan and the rest agree to follow his leadership. Eumolpus will pretend to be a childless millionaire in bad health; the others will pretend to be his surviving servants (117). On the way to Croton, Eumolpus lectures on poetry and recites an epic on the Roman civil war of 49 to 45 B.C. (118-124). In Croton, they meet legacy-hunters. The people of Croton are pleased with Eumolpus (124). The castaways stay for some time there (125).

[Much again is missing here in the tradition. They are still in Croton:] A cheeky handmaid Chrysis talks and flirts with Encolpius (in Croton he calls himself Polyænus) and introduces him to her mistress, Circe, whose beauty charms Encolpius. They begin to make love (126-128).

[Fragments concerning Giton (129)]. Love's slow progress (for Encolpius is hardly a woman's man): Chrysis brings to Encolpius a letter from Circe (who is jealous of Giton) and takes back a reply (129-130). Encolpius neglects Giton. Chrysis brings along an old sorceress, Proselenos, who casts spells on Encolpius and stirs him up. Encolpius meets Circe again (130-131). [Misplaced passage about Encolpius and a boy Endymion (132).] Circe has Encolpius and Chrysis flogged. Encolpius is inclined to mutilate himself in despair (132). [Fragment: Giton swears Ascyrtos had never touched him (133).] Prayer of Encolpius to Priapus (133). He is bullied by Proselenos for sexual feebleness towards Circe. Oenothea, a priestess of Priapus, says she will stir him up (133-134). Mysterious cooking by Oenothea helped by Proselenos. To repair an accident she

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goes off. Encolpius is mobbed by three sacred geese of Priapus and kills one of them to the distress of Oenothea on her return and that of Proselenos (135-137). When Encolpius offers gold he is forgiven. Amidst more ceremony the goose is eaten roasted (137). [Fragments. Oenothea and Proselenos apply irritants to Encolpius. Encolpius escapes pursued by both Oenothea and Proselenos drunk (138). More fragments in which Chrysis is in love with Encolpius. He is still doing an attendant's work as pretended "slave" of Eumolpus (138-139).]

A successful legacy-huntress, Philomela, now old, leaves her daughter and son in Eumolpus's care. Prowess of Eumolpus with the girl, helped by a male servant (140). Encolpius is restored to vigour.

[Fragments—talk between Eumolpus and Encolpius. The legacy-hunters' patience is departing (140-141).] Eumolpus makes his will: all accepting legatees (except his freedmen) must eat pieces of Eumolpus's dead body in public.

Examples of unwilling cannibalism (141).

[The tradition here breaks off]

From Chapters 1 to 26, at the end of Section 6 *reliquam exegimus noctem*, the Latin text depends on two portions of the surviving tradition—the shorter excerpts O (including A, that is, that part of Codex. Par. lat. 7989 which has such excerpts) and the longer excerpts L. From the last part (beginning *venerat iam tertius dies*) of Chapter 26 to the end of Chapter 78 (*tam plane quam ex incendio fugimus*) the text has to rely (except Chapter 55 and much of 27-37 and a few

## INTRODUCTION TO PETRONIUS

sayings elsewhere) on H—that part of Codex Par. lat. 7989 which has the *Cena Trimalchionis*. From Chapter 79–141 we rely again on O<sup>1</sup> and on L. The portions of the tradition from which the different parts of the text are thus derived are indicated by the letters *L, O, H*, as the case may be, in the left margin of the text.

### SIGLA<sup>2</sup>

*l*: Codex Leidensis Scaligeranus Q 61.

*cod. Lambeth.*: Codex Lambethanus 693.

*L*: The L-tradition as a whole.

*B*: Codex<sup>3</sup> Bernensis 357 and Codex Leidensis Vossianus Q30.

*R*: Codex Parisinus lat. 6842 D.

*P*: Codex Parisinus lat. 8049.

*A*: That part of Codex Parisinus lat. 7989 which contains the shorter excerpts.

*O*: The O-tradition as a whole.

*δ*: a codex, source of A (and other MSS.) but now lost.

*H*: That part of Codex Parisinus lat. 7989 which has the *Cena*.

The number of conjectures made by scholars is very large; and only a few of them have been indicated in the critical notes.

<sup>1</sup> Including A as before, though A puts all its excerpts before the *Cena*. The O-tradition ends with the words *clausum possidet arca Iovem* in Chapter 137.

<sup>2</sup> Of MSS. cited in the critical notes. For further details about them see Introduction.

<sup>3</sup> "Codex Autissiodurensis" used by Pithoeus was this codex Bernensis before it was damaged.

PETRONIUS ARBITER

## PETRONI ARBITRI SATYRICON

1 *LO* . . . “ Num alio genere furiarum declamatores inquietantur, qui clamant: ‘ haec vulnera pro libertate publica excepi; hunc oculum pro vobis impendi: date mihi ducem,<sup>1</sup> qui me ducat ad liberos meos, nam succisi poplites membra non sustinent ’? Haec ipsa tolerabilia essent, si ad eloquentiam ituris viam facerent. Nunc et rerum tumore et sententiarum vanissimo strepitu hoc tantum proficiunt, ut cum in forum venerint, putent se in alium orbem terrarum delatos. Et ideo ego adulescentulos existimo in scholis stultissimos fieri, quia nihil ex his, quae in usu habemus, aut audiunt aut vident, sed piratas cum catenis in litore stantes, sed<sup>2</sup> tyrannos edicta scribentes, quibus imperent filiis ut patrum suorum capita praecidant, sed responsa in pestilentiam data, ut virgines tres aut plures immolentur, sed mellitos verborum globulos et omnia dicta factaque quasi  
2 papavere et sesamo sparsa. Qui inter haec nutriuntur, non magis sapere possunt, quam bene olere, qui in culina habitant. Pace vestra liceat dixisse, primi

<sup>1</sup> *Jacobs deletes* ducem.

<sup>2</sup> *sed Sambucus: et.*

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<sup>1</sup> The narrator is Encolpius (see page xiii). Petronius inveighs against the “ declaimers,” that is, teachers of rhetoric and declamation which, vital under the free republic, tended to degenerate into tasteless fashion under the emperors.

## THE SATYRICON OF PETRONIUS ARBITER

. . . " Are our rhetoricians <sup>1</sup> tormented by another tribe of Furies when they cry: ' These scars I earned in the struggle for popular rights; I sacrificed this eye for you: where is a guiding hand to lead me to my children? My knees are hamstrung,<sup>2</sup> and cannot support my body?' Though indeed even these speeches might be endured if they smoothed the path of aspirants to oratory. But as it is, the sole result of this bombastic matter and these loud empty phrases is that a pupil who steps into a court thinks that he has been carried into another world. I believe that college makes complete fools of our young men, because they see and hear nothing of ordinary life there. Yes, it is pirates standing with chains on the beach; yes, tyrants writing edicts ordering sons to cut off their fathers' heads, yes, and oracles in time of pestilence demanding the blood of three virgins or more, honey-balls of phrases, every word and act besprinkled with poppy-seed and sesame. People who are fed on this diet can no more be sensible than people who live in the kitchen can smell good. With your permission I must tell you the truth, that you teachers more than anyone have been the ruin of

<sup>2</sup> Because he had been a prisoner-of-war, hamstrung to prevent his escape.

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omnium<sup>1</sup> eloquentiam perdidistis. Levibus enim atque inanibus sonis ludibria quaedam excitando effecistis, ut corpus orationis enervaretur et caderet. Nondum iuvenes declamationibus continebantur, cum Sophocles aut Euripides invenerunt verba quibus deberent loqui. Nondum umbraticus doctor ingenia deleverat, cum Pindarus novemque lyrici Homericis versibus canere timuerunt. Et ne poetas [quidem]<sup>2</sup> ad testimonium citem, certe neque Platona neque Demosthenen ad hoc genus exercitationis accessisse video.<sup>3</sup> Grandis et ut ita dicam pudica oratio non est maculosa nec turgida, sed naturali pulchritudine exurgit. Nuper ventosa istaec et enormis loquacitas Athenas ex Asia commigravit animosque iuvenum ad magna surgentes veluti pestilenti quodam sidere afflavit, semelque corrupta eloquentiae regula<sup>4</sup> stetit et obmutuit. Quis postea ad summam<sup>5</sup> Thucydidis, quis Hyperidis ad famam processit? Ac ne carmen quidem sani coloris enituit, sed omnia quasi eodem cibo pasta non potuerunt usque ad senectutem canescere. Pictura

<sup>1</sup> omnium  $\delta$ : omnem.

<sup>2</sup> Deleted by Buecheler.

<sup>3</sup> video Turnebus: et ideo.

<sup>4</sup> regula eloquentia Haase. There are other conjectures.

<sup>5</sup> ad summam quis postea Scriverius.

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<sup>1</sup> To the two other famous tragic writers of Athens of the fifth century B.C. Petronius should have added Aeschylus before Sophocles, and perhaps did so.

<sup>2</sup> Besides renowned Pindar (c. 522–433 B.C.) of Thebes, the nine lyric poets were (apart from some alternatives), Sappho, Alcaeus, Alcman, Bacchylides, Arion, Ibycus, Stesichorus, Anacreon, and Simonides.

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true eloquence. Your tripping, empty tones stimulate certain absurd effects into being, with the result that the substance of your speech languishes and dies. In the age when Sophocles or Euripides<sup>1</sup> found the inevitable word for their verse, young men were not yet being confined to set speeches. When Pindar and the nine lyric poets<sup>2</sup> were too modest to use Homer's lines, no cloistered pedant had yet ruined young men's brains. I need not go to the poets for evidence. I certainly do not find that Plato or Demosthenes took any course of training of this kind.<sup>3</sup> Great style, which, if I may say so, is also modest style, is never blotchy and bloated. It rises supreme by virtue of its natural beauty. Your flatulent and formless flow of words is a modern immigrant from Asia to Athens.<sup>4</sup> Its breath fell upon the mind of ambitious youth like the influence of a baleful star, and when the old tradition of eloquence was once broken, it halted and grew dumb. Who after this came to equal the splendid whole<sup>5</sup> of Thucydides or the renown of Hyperides? Even poetry did not glow with the colour of health, but the whole of art, nourished on one universal diet, lacked the vigour to reach the grey hairs of old age. The

<sup>3</sup> Petronius rightly implies that the philosopher Plato (c. 429-347 B.C.) and the orator Demosthenes (384-322), both of Athens, were the best masters of Greek prose.

<sup>4</sup> The florid style was called "Asiatic" in contrast to the earlier pure plain "Attic" of Athens.

<sup>5</sup> The "*summa*" of the great historian Thucydides is his severely precise muscular diction combined with superb powers of description. Of Hyperides (389-322) the Athenian orator of the fourth century one whole speech and parts of others were discovered during the nineteenth century.

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quoque non alium exitum fecit, postquam Aegyptiorum audacia tam magnae artis compendiarium invenit."

- 3 Non est passus Agamemnon me diutius declamare in porticu, quam ipse in schola sudaverat, sed "Adulescens" inquit "quoniam sermonem habes non publici saporis et, quod rarissimum est, amas bonam mentem, non fraudabo te arte secreta. Nil mirum <si><sup>1</sup> in his exercitationibus doctores peccant, qui necesse habent cum insanientibus furere. Nam nisi dixerint quae adulescentuli probent, ut ait Cicero, 'soli in scholis relinquuntur.' Sicut ficti<sup>2</sup> adulatorum cum cenas divitum captant, nihil prius meditantur quam id quod putant gratissimum auditoribus fore: nec enim aliter impetrabunt quod petunt, nisi quasdam insidias auribus fecerint: sic eloquentiae magister, nisi tanquam piscator eam imposuerit hamis escam, quam scierit appetituros esse pisciculos,
- 4 sine spe praedae morabitur in scopulo. Quid ergo est? Parentes obiurgatione digni sunt, qui nolunt liberos suos severa lege proficere. Primum enim sic ut omnia, spes quoque suas ambitioni donant. Deinde cum ad vota properant, cruda adhuc studia in forum pellunt et eloquentiam, qua nihil esse maius

<sup>1</sup> nil mirum <si> *Leo* (non m. s. *already Jungermann*): nihil nimirum *Buecheler*: minimum in *Gulielmius*: nimirum.

<sup>2</sup> Deleted by *Buecheler* (*needlessly?*).

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<sup>1</sup> This would allude to Greeks of Egypt from about 300 B.C. onwards. Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, XXXV, 110, says that Philoxenus (of the late fourth century B.C.) of Eretria followed his master in introducing further shorthand methods of painting — *picturae compendiaris*.

<sup>2</sup> In this novel Agamemnon is a teacher of rhetoric. By



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decadence in painting was the same, as soon as Egyptian boldness<sup>1</sup> had found a short cut to this high calling."

Agamemnon<sup>2</sup> would not allow me to stand declaiming out in the colonnade longer than he had spent sweating inside the school. "Your talk has an uncommon flavour, young man," he said, "and what is most unusual, you appreciate good sense. I will not therefore deceive you by making a mystery of my art. No wonder the teachers are to blame for these exhibitions. They are in a madhouse, and they must gibber. Unless they speak to the taste of their young masters they will be left alone in the colleges, as Cicero says.<sup>3</sup> Like mock toadies (of Comedy) cadging after the rich man's dinners, they think first about what is calculated to please their audience. They will never gain their object unless they lay traps for the ear. A master of oratory is like a fisherman; he must put the particular bait on his hook which he knows the little fish will make for, or he may sit waiting on his rock with no hope of a catch. Then what is to be done? It is the parents who should be attacked for refusing to allow their children to profit by stern discipline. To begin with they consecrate even their young hopefuls, like everything else, to ambition. Then if they are in a hurry for the fulfilment of their wishes, they drive the unripe schoolboy into the law courts, and thrust eloquence, the noblest (they confess) of callings, upon

his kindness his pupils Encolpius and Ascyrtos and also Giton were invited with him to Trimalchio's dinner (Chapters 26 ff.).

<sup>3</sup> In *Pro Caelio*, XVII, 41.

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confitentur, pueris induunt adhuc nascentibus. Quod si paterentur laborum gradus fieri, ut studiosi iuvenes lectione severa irrigarentur, ut sapientiae praeceptis animos componerent, ut verba atroci<sup>1</sup> stilo effoderent, ut quod vellent imitari diu audirent, <ut persuaderent><sup>2</sup> sibi nihil esse magnificum, quod pueris placeret: iam illa grandis oratio haberet maiestatis suae pondus. Nunc pueri in scholis ludunt, iuvenes ridentur in foro, et quod utroque turpius est, quod quisque perperam didicit, in senectute confiteri<sup>3</sup> non vult. Sed ne me putes improbasse schedium Lucilianae humilitatis, quod sentio, et ipse carmine effingam:

- 5     Artis severae si quis ambit<sup>4</sup> effectus  
        mentemque magnis applicat, prius mores  
        frugalitatis lege poliat<sup>5</sup> exacta.  
        Nec curet alto regiam trucem vultu  
        cliensve cenas impotentium captet,  
        nec perditis addictus obruat vino  
        mentis calorem, neve plausor in scaenam<sup>6</sup>  
        sedeat redemptus histrionis ad rictus.<sup>7</sup>  
        Sed sive armigerac rident Tritonidis arces,

<sup>1</sup> Attico Müller in his second edition. Fraenkel was inclined to delete the whole clause ut . . . effoderent.

<sup>2</sup> Added by Haupt.

<sup>3</sup> confutari Rohde.

<sup>4</sup> ambit in margin of Tornaesius's ed.: ardet Iunius, Sambucus: amat.

<sup>5</sup> poliat N. Heinsius: polleat and palleat.

<sup>6</sup> scenam Heinsius: scena.

<sup>7</sup> histrionis ad rictus Ribbeck (histrionis already Turnebus): ad nutus Anton: ad dicta suggests Buecheler: histrioni or histriones addictus. At first sight histrioni et addictus seems likely, but will not do after addictus two lines before.

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children who are still struggling into the world. If they would allow work to go on step by step, so that bookish boys were steeped in serious reading, their minds formed by wise sayings, their pens relentless in digging out the right word, their ears giving a long hearing to pieces they wished to imitate, and if they would convince themselves that what took a boy's fancy was never fine; then the grand old style of oratory would have its full force and splendour. As it is, the boy wastes his time at school, and the young man is a laughing-stock in the courts. Worse than both, they will not admit when they are old the errors they have once imbibed at school. But pray do not think that I quarrel with a rough-and-ready piece<sup>1</sup> of Lucilian modesty. I will myself put my own views in a poem:<sup>2</sup>

“ If any man seeks for success in stern art and applies his mind to great tasks, let him first perfect his character by the rigid law of frugality. Nor must he care for the lofty frown of the tyrant's palace, or scheme for suppers with prodigals like a client, or drown the fires of his wit with wine in the company of the wicked, or sit before the stage applauding an actor's grimaces for a price.

“ But whether the fortress<sup>3</sup> of armoured Tritonis

<sup>1</sup> Lucilius is the early Roman satirist (c. 180–c. 102 B.C.) of whom fragments only survive. See *Remains of Old Latin*, Loeb Classical Library, Vol. III, pp. 366–367.

<sup>2</sup> The poem, like others in Petronius, is some sort of parody. The first eight lines of it are “scanzons,” limping iambs, the rest hexameters.

<sup>3</sup> The acropolis of Athens where still stands the Parthenon, temple of Athena whose birth was vaguely connected with the river and lake Triton in North Africa.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

seu Lacedaemonio tellus habitata colono  
Sirenumve<sup>1</sup> domus, det primos versibus annos  
Maeoniumque bibat felici pectore fontem.  
Mox et Socratico plenus grege mittat habenas  
liber et ingentis quatiat Demosthenis arma.  
Hinc Romana manus circumfluat et modo Graio  
exonerata<sup>2</sup> sono mutet suffusa saporem.  
Interdum subducta foro det pagina cursum  
et furtiva<sup>3</sup> sonet celeri distincta meatu;  
dein<sup>4</sup> epulas et bella truci memorata canore  
grandiaque indomiti Ciceronis verba minetur.<sup>5</sup>  
His animum succinge bonis: sic flumine largo  
plenus Pierio defundes pectore verba.”

- 6 Dum hunc diligentius audio, non notavi mihi  
Ascyli fugam. Et dum in hoc dictorum aestu  
motus<sup>6</sup> incedo, ingens scholasticorum turba in porti-  
cum venit, ut apparebat, ab extemporali declamatione  
nescio cuius, qui Agamemnonis suasoriam exceperat.  
Dum ergo iuvenes sententias rident ordinemque

<sup>1</sup> Sirenumve *Buecheler*: sirenumque, which may be right.

<sup>2</sup> vox ornata *Fuchs*: vox onerata *Scheidweiler*: vox operata  
suggests *Müller*.

<sup>3</sup> furtiva or fortuita *Heinsius*: cortina *Palmier*: fortuna.

<sup>4</sup> dein *P. Pithoeus*: dent, perhaps rightly.

<sup>5</sup> minetur *Heinsius*: minentur: imitetur *P. du Faur*.

<sup>6</sup> *Nisbet conjectures* mutus. A false reading is in hortis.

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<sup>1</sup> Southern Italy in general and Naples in particular, where the coasts were, in mythology, the home of dangerous sweet-singing maiden-faced birds, the Sirens.

<sup>2</sup> Homer, son of Maeon, in one tradition. The reference below to Demosthenes alludes to his splendid oratory (in prose): and by Socratic he means rather the school of Plato. Socrates founded no school.

## SATYRICON

smiles upon him, or the land where the Spartan farmer lives, or the home<sup>1</sup> of the Sirens, let him give the years of youth to poetry, and let his fortunate soul drink of the Maeonian fount.<sup>2</sup> Later, when he is full of the learning of the Socratic school, let him loose the reins, and shake the weapons of mighty Demosthenes like a free man. Then let the company of Roman writers pour about him, and, newly unburdened from the music of Greece, steep his soul and transform his taste. Meanwhile, let him withdraw from the courts and suffer his pages to run free, and in secret make ringing strains in swift rhythm; then let him proudly tell tales of feasts, and wars recorded in fierce chant, and lofty words such as undaunted Cicero uttered.<sup>3</sup> Gird up thy soul for these noble ends; so shalt thou be fully inspired, and shalt pour out words in swelling torrent from a heart the Muses love."<sup>4</sup>

I was listening to him so carefully that I did not notice Ascyltos<sup>5</sup> slipping away. I was pacing along in the heat of our conversation, when a great crowd of students came out into the porch, apparently from some master whose extemporaneous harangue had followed Agamemnon's discourse.<sup>6</sup> So while the young men were laughing at his epigrams, and

<sup>1</sup> Probably in one of his poems (since Petronius' poem here gives advice to the would-be poet) rather than one of his speeches or other writings.

<sup>2</sup> "Pierian" of Mount Pierus in Thessaly, sacred to the Muses, Goddesses of poetry, dancing, history, and astronomy.

<sup>3</sup> On Ascyltos, see above, p. xiii.

<sup>4</sup> A *suasoria* was a declamation on a given deliberative theme, delivered by a teacher of rhetoric as an example to his pupils.

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totius dictionis infamant, opportune subduxi me et cursim Ascyllton persequi coepi. Sed nec viam diligenter tenebam [quia]<sup>1</sup> nec quod<sup>2</sup> stabulum esset sciebam. Itaque quocunque ieram, eodem revertabar, donec et cursu fatigatus et sudore iam madens  
7 accedo aniculam quandam, quae agreste holus vendebat, et "Rogo" inquam, "mater, numquid scis ubi ego habitem?" delectata est illa urbanitate tam stulta et "Quidni sciam?" inquit, consurrexitque et coepit me praecedere. Divinam ego putabam et . . .

Subinde ut in locum secretiorem venimus, centonem anus urbana reiecit et "Hic" inquit "debes habitare." Cum ego negarem me agnoscere domum, video quasdam inter titulos nudas<sup>3</sup> meretrices furtim spatiantes. Tarde, immo iam sero intellexi me in fornicem esse deductum. Execratus itaque aniculae insidias operui caput et per medium lupanar fugere coepi in alteram partem, cum ecce in ipso aditu occurrit mihi aequae lassus ac moriens Ascylltos; putares ab eadem anicula esse deductum. Itaque ut ridens eum consalutavi, quid in loco tam deformi  
8 faceret quaesivi. Sudorem ille manibus detersit et "Si scires" inquit "quae mihi acciderunt." "Quid novi?" inquam ego. at ille deficiens "cum errarem" inquit "per totam civitatem nec invenirem, quo loco stabulum reliquisset, accessit ad me pater familiae et ducem se itineris humanissime promisit. Per anfractus deinde obscurissimos egres-

<sup>1</sup> Deleted by Goldast.

<sup>2</sup> nec quod Buecheler: nec quo. Dousa suggested quo <loco>. Schoppius proposed nec qua.

<sup>3</sup> quasdam . . . nudas Fraenkel: quosdam . . . nudasque.

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denouncing the tendency of his style as a whole, I took occasion to steal away and proceeded hurriedly to look for Ascyltos. But I did not remember the road accurately, and I did not know which our lodgings were. So wherever I went, I kept coming back to the same spot, till I was tired out with walking, and dripping with sweat. At last I went up to an old woman who was selling country vegetables and said, "Please, mother, do you happen to know where I live?" She was charmed with such a polite fool. "Of course I do," she said, and got up and proceeded to lead the way. I thought her a prophetess . . . and when we had got into an obscure quarter the obliging old lady pushed back a patchwork curtain and said, "This should be your house." I was saying that I did not remember it, when I noticed some naked whores walking cautiously about among placards of price. Slowly, indeed too late, I became aware that I had been taken into a bawdy-house. I cursed the cunning old woman, and covered my head, and began to run through the brothel to another part, when just at the entrance Ascyltos met me, as tired as I was and half-dead. It looked as though the same old lady had brought him there. I hailed him with a laugh, and asked him what he was doing in such an unpleasant spot. He wiped away the sweat with his hands and said, "If you only knew what has happened to me." "What is it?" I said. "Well," he said, on the point of fainting, "I was wandering all over the town without finding where I had left my lodgings, when a respectable person came up to me and very kindly offered to direct me. He took me round a number of dark turnings and brought me out

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sus in hunc locum me perduxit prolatoque peculio

L coepit rogare stuprum. | Iam pro cella meretrix  
LO assem exegerat, | iam ille mihi iniecerat manum,  
et nisi valentior fuisset, dedissem poenas” . . .

L | Adeo ubique omnes mihi videbantur satyrion  
bibisse . . . iunctis viribus molestum contemp-  
9 simus . . . Quasi per caliginem vidi Gitona in  
crepidine semitae stantem et in eundem locum me  
conieci. . . .<sup>1</sup> Cum quaererem numquid nobis in  
prandium frater parasset, consedit puer super lectum  
et manantes lacrimas pollice extersit.<sup>2</sup> Perturbatus  
ego habitu fratris, quid accidisset, quaesivi. Et ille  
tarde quidem et invitus, sed postquam precibus  
etiam iracundiam miscui, “Tuus” inquit “iste  
frater seu comes paulo ante in conductum accucurrit  
LO coepitque mihi velle pudorem extorquere. | Cum ego  
proclamarem, gladium strinxit et ‘Si Lucretia es’  
inquit ‘Tarquinius invenisti.’”

L | Quibus ego auditis intentavi in oculos Ascyli  
manus et “Quid dicis” inquam “muliebris patientiae  
scortum, cuius ne spiritus <quidem><sup>3</sup> purus est?”  
Inhorrescere se finxit Ascylos, mox sublatis fortius  
manibus longe maiore nisu clamavit: “Non taces”

<sup>1</sup> lacuna indicated by Hadrianides.

<sup>2</sup> extersit *F. Pitthoeus*: expressit.

<sup>3</sup> added by Buecheler.

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<sup>1</sup> Here, and in Chapters 20 and 21, the plant is not *satureia* or *satureium*, summer savory, but *satyrion* or *satyrios* of which Pliny, *N.H.*, XXVI, 96–98, gives four kinds, alleged to excite sexual desire, including the man orchis, another orchid, and the Greek fritillary. But the Greeks used the name *satyrion* for any allegedly aphrodisiac plant (Pliny, XXVI, 99).

<sup>2</sup> On the name Giton, see above, p. xiii. In this novel he is



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here, and then proceeded to offer me some of his cash and ask me for dirty intercourse. A whore had already got threepence out of me for a room, and he had already seized me. I'd have paid the penalty if I had not been stronger than he." . . .

Every one in the place seemed to be drunk<sup>1</sup> on aphrodisiac . . . but our united forces defied our assailant. . . .

I saw through a sort of murk Giton<sup>2</sup> standing on the kerb of the road in the dark, and hurried towards him. . . . I was asking my brother whether he had procured anything for us to eat, when the boy sat down at the head of the bed, and there upon proceeded to rub away the trickling tears with his thumb. My brother's looks made me uneasy, and I asked what had happened. The boy was unwilling to tell, but I added threats to entreaties, and at last he said, "That brother or friend of yours ran into our lodgings a little while ago and next wanted to rob me of my modesty. I shouted out, and he drew his sword and said, 'If you are a Lucretia, you have found your Tarquin.'"<sup>3</sup>

When I heard this I shook my fist in Ascylos's face. "What have you to say?" I cried, "You! Worked on like a woman—a whore, whose very breath is unclean?" Ascylos first pretended to be shocked, and then made a braver show of fight, and roared out much more loudly: "Hold your tongue, called "brother," not in a true sense but as a sexually loved boy.

<sup>3</sup> In Roman tradition Lucretia, wife of Roman Collatinus, was raped by Sextus Tarquinius, son of L. Tarquinius the last King of Rome; and this led to the overthrow of the old monarchy at Rome and the foundation of a Republic.

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inquit "gladiator obscene, quem † de ruina †<sup>1</sup> harena dimisit? Non taces, nocturne percussor, qui ne tum quidem, cum fortiter faceres, cum pura muliere pugnasti, cuius eadem ratione in viridario frater fui, qua nunc in deversorio puer est?" "Subdux-  
10 isti te" inquam "a praeceptoris colloquio." "Quid ego, homo stultissime, facere debui, cum fame morerer? An videlicet audirem sententias, id est vitrea fracta et somniorum interpretamenta? Multo me turpior es tu hercule, qui ut foris cenares, poetam laudasti." < . . . ><sup>2</sup>

Itaque ex turpissima lite in risum diffusi pacatius ad reliqua secessimus. . . .

Rursus in memoriam revocatus iniuriae "Ascylte" inquam "intellego nobis convenire non posse. Itaque communes sarcinulas partiamur ac paupertatem nostram privatis quaestibus temptemus expellere. Et tu litteras scis et ego. Ne quaestibus tuis obstem, aliud aliquid promittam; alioqui mille causae quotidie nos collident et per totam urbem rumoribus different." Non recusavit Ascyltos et "Hodie" inquit "quia tanquam scholastici ad cenam promissimus, non perdamus noctem. Cras autem, quia hoc libet, et habitationem mihi prospiciam et aliquem fratrem." "Tardum est" inquam "differe quod placet." . . .

Hanc tam praecipitem divisionem libido faciebat; iam dudum enim amoliri cupiebam custodem molestum, ut veterem cum Gitone meo rationem reducerem.<sup>3</sup> . . .

<sup>1</sup> *Fraenkel conjectures derisum, Housman (CP 622) de ruma, Walsh meridiana. Perhaps it was a mis-writing of harena.*

<sup>2</sup> *Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.*

## SATYRICON

you filthy prizefighter. You were kicked out of the ring in disgrace. Be quiet, Jack Stab-in-the-dark. You never could face a clean woman even in your best days. I was the same kind of brother to you in the garden, as this boy is now in the lodgings."

"You sneaked away from the master's talk," I said. "Well, you fool, what do you expect? I was perishing of hunger. Was I to go on listening to his views, all broken bottles and interpretation of dreams? By God, you are far worse than I am, flattering a poet to get asked out to dinner." . . .

Then our sordid quarrelling melted into a shout of laughter, and we retired afterwards more peaceably for what remained to be done. . . .

But his insult came into my head again. "Ascyltos," I said, "I am sure we cannot agree. We will divide our luggage, and try to defeat our poverty by our own earnings. You are a scholar, and so am I. Besides, I will promise not to stand in the way of your success. Otherwise twenty things a day will bring us into opposition, and spread scandal about us all over the town." Ascyltos acquiesced, and said, "But as we are engaged to supper to-night like a couple of students, do not let us waste the evening. I shall be pleased to look out for new lodgings and a new brother to-morrow." "Waiting for one's pleasures is weary work," I replied. . . .

This headstrong quarrel is what lust produced; for I had long wanted to remove that nuisance of a watchdog, so that I might restore accounts with my Giton to their former state. . . .

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<sup>3</sup> *reducerem Buecheler: deducere, diducere.*

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- 11 Postquam lustravi oculis totam urbem, in cellulam redii, osculisque tandem bona fide exactis alligo artissimis complexibus puerum fruorque votis usque ad invidiam felicibus. Nec adhuc quidem omnia erant facta, cum Ascyltos furtim se foribus admovit discussisque fortissime claustris invenit me cum fratre ludentem. Risu itaque plausuque cellulam implevit, opertum me amiculo evolvit et "Quid agebas" inquit "frater sanctissime? Quid? Vesticontubernium<sup>1</sup> facis?" Nec se solum intra verba continuit, sed lorum de pera solvit et me coepit non perfunctorie verberare, adiectis etiam petulantibus dictis: "Sic dividere cum fratre nolito" . . .
- 12 Veniebamus in forum deficiente iam die, in quo notavimus frequentiam rerum venalium, non quidem pretiosarum sed tamen quarum fidem male ambulantiem obscuritas temporis facillime tegetet. Cum ergo et ipsi raptum latrocinio pallium detulissemus, uti occasione opportunissima coepimus atque in quodam angulo laciniam extremam concutere, si quem forte emptorem splendor vestis posset adducere. Nec diu moratus rusticus quidam familiaris oculis meis cum muliercula comite propius accessit ac diligentius considerare pallium coepit. Invicem Ascyltos iniecit contemplationem super umeros rustici emptoris<sup>2</sup> ac subito exanimatus conticuit. Ac ne ipse quidem sine aliquo motu<sup>3</sup> hominem conspexi, nam videbatur ille mihi esse, qui tunicam in solitudine invenerat.

<sup>1</sup> So Turnebus. Another reading is verti contubernium. So l, with vesticontubernium written later in margin. In his 2nd edition, Müller conjectures everti c.

<sup>2</sup> Fraenkel would delete emptoris. <sup>3</sup> So Tornaesius: metu.

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I went sight-seeing all over the town and then came back to the little room. At last I could ask for kisses openly. I hugged the boy close in my arms and had my fill of a happiness that might be envied. All was not over when Ascyltos came sneaking up to the door, shook back the bars by force, and found me at play with my brother. He filled the room with laughter and applause, pulled me out of the cloak I had over me, and said, "What are you at, my pure-minded brother? Eh? Are you for a partnership-under-the-bedspreed?" Not content with gibing, he pulled the strap off his bag, and proceeded to give me a regular flogging, saying sarcastically as he did so: "Don't make this kind of bargain with your brother." . . .

It was already dusk when we came into the market. We saw a quantity of things for sale, of no great value, though the twilight very easily cast a veil over their shaky reputations. So for our part we stole a cloak and carried it in, and proceeded to seize the most lucky opportunity of displaying the extreme edge of it in one corner of the market, hoping that the bright colour might attract a purchaser. In a little while a countryman, whom I knew by sight, came up with a girl, and went on to examine the cloak narrowly. Ascyltos in turn cast a glance at the shoulders of our country customer,<sup>1</sup> and was suddenly struck dumb with astonishment. I could not look upon the man myself without a stir, for he was the person, I thought, who had found the shirt in the lonely spot where we lost it. He was cer-

<sup>1</sup> The rustic was carrying a shirt (*tunica*) hung over his shoulders.

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Plane is ipse erat. Sed cum Ascyrtos timeret fidem oculorum, ne quid temere faceret, prius tanquam emptor propius accessit detraxitque umeris<sup>1</sup> laciniam et diligentius temptavit.<sup>2</sup> O lusum fortunae mirabilem. Nam adhuc nec suturae<sup>3</sup> quidem attulerat rusticus curiosas manus, et<sup>4</sup> tanquam mendici spoliū etiam fastidiose venditabat.<sup>5</sup> Ascyrtos postquam depositum esse inuolatum vidit et personam vendentis contemptam, seduxit me paululum a turba et "Scis," inquit "frater, rediisse ad nos thesaurum de quo querebar? Illa est tunicula adhuc, ut apparet, intactis aureis plena. Quid ergo facimus, aut quo iure rem nostram vindicamus?"

Exhilaratus ego non tantum quia praedam videbam sed etiam quod fortuna me a turpissima suspitione dimiserat, negavi circuitu agendum, sed plane iure civili dimicandum, ut si nollent<sup>6</sup> alienam rem domino reddere, ad interdictum venirent.<sup>7</sup>

14 Contra Ascyrtos leges timebat et "Quis" aiebat "hoc loco nos novit, aut quis habebit dicentibus fidem? Mihi plane placet emere, quamvis nostrum sit, quod agnoscimus, et parvo aere recuperare potius thesaurum, quam in ambiguam litem descendere:

<sup>1</sup> *Nisbet would delete umeris.*

<sup>2</sup> *tentavit Burman: tenuit.*

<sup>3</sup> *suturae: other readings are futurae (so l, clearly wrong) and furtivae; cf. Müller, 1st edition, p. 12, and Buecheler. F. Daniel suggested nec furtive.*

<sup>4</sup> *et Buecheler: sed.*

<sup>5</sup> *P. George suggests ventilabat.*

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tainly the very man. But as Ascyrtos was afraid to trust his eyes for fear of doing something rash, he first came up close as if he were a purchaser, and pulled the shirt off the countryman's shoulders, and then felt it carefully. By a wonderful stroke of luck the countryman had never laid his meddling hands on the seam even, and he was crying the thing up for sale with a condescending air as a beggar's leavings. When Ascyrtos saw that our savings were untouched, and what a poor creature the seller was, he took me a little aside from the crowd, and said, "Do you know, brother, the treasure I was grumbling at losing has come back to us. That is the shirt, and I believe it is still full of gold pieces: they have never been touched. What shall we do? How shall we assert our legal rights?"

I was delighted, not only because I saw a chance of profit, but because fortune had relieved me of a very disagreeable suspicion. I was against any roundabout methods. I thought we should proceed openly by civil process, so that they should be reduced to an interdict in the courts if they refused to give up other people's property to the rightful owners.

But Ascyrtos was afraid of the law: "Nobody knows us in this place," he said, "and nobody will believe what we say. I should certainly like to buy the thing, although it is ours, and we know it. It is better to get back our savings cheaply than to embark upon the perils of a lawsuit:

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<sup>6</sup> nollent . . . venirent *Buecheler*: nollet . . . veniret.

<sup>7</sup> After *veniret* the *L*-tradition places the poem *Quid faciant leges . . . which Buecheler, after Anton, rightly transferred to its present position in Chapter 14.*

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LO | Quid faciant leges, ubi sola pecunia regnat,  
aut ubi paupertas vincere nulla potest?  
Ipsi qui Cynica traducunt tempora pera,<sup>1</sup>  
non nunquam nummis vendere vera<sup>2</sup> solent.  
Ergo iudicium nihil est nisi publica merces,  
atque eques in causa qui sedet, empta probat.”

L | Sed praeter unum dipondium [sichel] <quo>  
lupinos[que quibus]<sup>3</sup> destinaveramus mercari, nihil  
ad manum erat. Itaque ne interim praeda discede-  
ret, vel minoris pallium<sup>4</sup> addicere placuit et<sup>5</sup> pretium  
maioris compendii leviolem facere<sup>6</sup> iacturam. Cum  
primum ergo explicuimus mercem, mulier operto<sup>7</sup>  
capite, quae cum rustico steterat, inspectis dili-  
gentius signis iniecit utramque laciniae manum  
magnaue vociferatione “ Latrones ” [tenere]<sup>8</sup> cla-  
mavit. Contra nos perturbati, ne videremur nihil  
agere, et ipsi scissam et sordidam tenere coepimus  
tunicam atque eadem invidia proclamare, nostra  
esse spolia quae illi possiderent. Sed nullo genere  
par erat causa, nam<sup>9</sup> et cociones qui<sup>10</sup> ad clamorem

<sup>1</sup> pera *Heinsius*: cera.

<sup>2</sup> vera *cd. Leid. Voss. 111*: verba *L*: verba solent emere *O,δ.*

<sup>3</sup> [sichel] <quo> lupinos[que quibus] *Fraenkel (Müller, 1st. ed.)*: sichel *deleted by Gaselee*: <quo> cicer *J. F. Gronov*: [quibus] *J. F. Gronov*: sichel lupinosque quibus.

<sup>4</sup> praemium *suggests P. George*.

<sup>5</sup> et *Buecheler*: ut.

<sup>6</sup> facere *Buecheler*: faceret: levior faceret iactura *J. F. Gronov*.

<sup>7</sup> operto *Wouweren*: aperto.

<sup>8</sup> *Deleted by Oudendorp. Retain perhaps: ‘to hold the thieves.’*



## SATYRICON

“Of what avail are laws to be where money rules alone, and the poor suitor can never succeed? The very men who mock at the times by carrying the Cynic’s<sup>1</sup> wallet have sometimes been known to betray the truth for a price. So a lawsuit is nothing more than a public auction, and the knightly juror who sits listening to the case approves, with the record of his vote, something bought.”

But we had nothing in hand except one sixpence,<sup>2</sup> with which we had meant to buy lupines. And so for fear our prize should escape us, we decided to sell the cloak cheaper than we had intended, and so to incur a slight loss for a greater gain. We had just unrolled our piece, when a veiled woman, who was standing by the countryman, looked carefully at the marks, and then seized the cloak with both hands, shouting at the top of her voice, “Thieves!” We were terrified, but rather than do nothing, we proceeded to tug at the dirty torn shirt, and cried out with equal bitterness that these people had taken some spoil that was ours. But the dispute was in no way even, and the dealers who were attracted by the

<sup>1</sup> Most Cynics led a beggar’s life in the belief that money disturbs the philosopher. Their school was founded by Antisthenes, a pupil of Socrates at Athens, early in the fourth century B.C.

<sup>2</sup> The *dipondium* was a two-*as* coin. As to what follows, the reading *cicer* (chick-pea) for *sicel* is supported by *cicer et lupinum* in Chapter 66; but one suspects rather a Carolingian interpolation of *sicel* as a gloss to explain *dipondium* to which the *sicel* corresponded.

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<sup>9</sup> *nam l: nostra other MSS.: deleted by Buecheler.*

<sup>10</sup> *cociones qui Saumaise: cociones quae.*

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

confluxerant, nostram scilicet de more<sup>1</sup> ridebant insaniam,<sup>2</sup> quod pro illa parte vindicabant pretiosissimam vestem, pro hac pannuciam ne centonibus quidem bonis dignam. Hinc Ascyltos bene<sup>3</sup> risum 15 discussit, qui silentio facto "Videmus"<sup>4</sup> inquit "suam cuique rem esse carissimam; reddant nobis tunicam nostram et pallium suum recipiant." Etsi rustico mulierique placebat permutatio, advocati tamen † iam pene †<sup>5</sup> nocturni, qui volebant pallium lucri facere,<sup>6</sup> flagitabant uti apud se utraque deponerentur ac postero die iudex querellam inspiceret. Neque enim res tantum, quae viderentur in controversiam esse, sed longe aliud quaeri <quod><sup>7</sup> in utraque parte scilicet latrocinii suspicio haberetur. Iam sequestri placebant, et nescio quis ex cocionibus, calvus, tuberosissimae frontis, qui solebat aliquando etiam causas agere, invaserat pallium exhibiturumque crastino die affirmabat. Ceterum apparebat nihil aliud quaeri nisi ut semel deposita vestis inter praedones strangularetur et nos metu criminis non veniremus ad constitutum.

Idem plane et nos volebamus. Itaque utriusque partis votum casus adiuvit. Indignatus enim rusticus, quod nos centonem exhibendum postularem, misit in faciem Ascylti tunicam et liberatos querella

<sup>1</sup> *Fraenkel was naturally inclined to delete scilicet de more: Ehlers suggests scilicet uno ore deridebant.*

<sup>2</sup> *insaniam Fraenkel: incitiam in margin of Tornaesius's ed.: invidiam.*

<sup>3</sup> *Another reading is pene. Müller emends to repente.*

<sup>4</sup> *videmus Jungermann: videamus.*

<sup>5</sup> *Nisbet suggests importunc.*

## SATYRICON

noise of course laughed at our madness, since one side was laying claim to an expensive cloak, the other to a set of rags not worthy of mending with a decent patchwork. Ascyrtos now cleverly stopped their laughter by calling for silence and saying, "Well, you see, every one has an affection for his own things. If they will give us our shirt, they shall have their cloak." The countryman and the woman were satisfied with this exchange, but by this time some night-policemen had been called in to [??]; they wanted to make a profit out of the cloak, and tried to persuade us to leave the disputed property with them and let a judge look into our complaints the next day. They urged that besides the counter-claims to these garments, a far graver question arose, since each party must lie under suspicion of thieving. It was suggested that trustees should be appointed, and one of the traders, a bald man with a frightfully spotty forehead, who used sometimes to do law work, laid hands on the cloak and declared that he would produce it to-morrow. But clearly the object was that the cloak should be deposited with a pack of thieves and be seen no more, in the hope that we should not keep our appointment, for fear of being charged.

It was obvious that our wishes coincided with his, and chance came to support the hopes of both sides. The countryman lost his temper when we said his rags must be shown in public, threw the shirt in Ascyrtos's face, and asked us, now that we had no grievance,

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\* qui . . . facere] Müller deletes, rightly?

? Fraenkel would delete quaeri. quod was added in the margin of Tornaesius's edition.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

iussit pallium deponere, quod solum litem faciebat. . . .

Et recuperato, ut putabamus, thesauro in deversorium praecipites abimus praecclusisque foribus ridere acumen non minus cocionum quam calumniantium coepimus, quod nobis ingenti calliditate pecuniam reddidissent.

Nolo quod cupio statim tenere,  
nec victoria mi placet parata . . .

16 *LO* | Sed ut primum beneficio Gitonis praeparata nos implevimus cena, ostium [non]<sup>1</sup> satis audaci strepitu exsonuit impulsum. . . .<sup>2</sup>

Cum et ipsi ergo pallidi rogaremus, quis esset, "Aperi" inquit; "iam scies." Dumque loquimur, sera sua sponte delapsa cecidit reclusaeque subito fores admiserunt intrantem.<sup>3</sup> Mulier autem erat operto capite [illa scilicet quae paulo ante cum rustico steterat],<sup>4</sup> et "Me derisisse" inquit "vos putabatis? ego sum ancilla Quartillae, cuius vos sacrum ante cryptam turbastis. Ecce ipsa venit ad stabulum petitque ut vobiscum loqui liceat. Nolite perturbari. Nec accusat errorem vestrum nec punit, immo potius miratur, quis deus iuvenes tam urbanos in suam  
17 regionem detulerit." Tacentibus adhuc nobis et ad neutram partem adsentationem<sup>5</sup> flectentibus

<sup>1</sup> Deleted in cod. l and by Goldast.

<sup>2</sup> Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.

<sup>3</sup> instantem Nisbet, rightly?

<sup>4</sup> illa . . . steterat] Jacobs deleted.

## SATYRICON

to give up the cloak which had raised the whole quarrel. . . .

As we thought, we had got back our savings. We hurried away into the inn and shut the door, and then had a laugh at the wits of our false accusers and at the dealers too, whose mighty sharpness had returned our money to us. "I never want to grasp what I desire at once, nor do easy victories delight me."

Thanks to Giton, we found supper ready, and we were making a hearty meal, when a very aggressive knock sounded at the door. . . .

We turned pale and asked who it was. "Open the door," said a voice, "and you will know." While we were speaking, the bar slipped and fell of its own accord, the door suddenly swung open, and let in our visitor. [It was the veiled woman who had stood with the countryman a little while before.] "Did you think you had deceived me?" she said. "I am Quartilla's maid. You intruded upon her devotions<sup>1</sup> before her secret chapel. Now she has come to your lodgings, and begs for the favour of a word with you. Do not be uneasy; she will not be angry, or punish you for a mistake. On the contrary, she wonders how Heaven conveyed such polite young men to her quarter." We still said nothing, and showed no approval one way or the other. Then Quartilla her-

<sup>1</sup> Apparently in honour of the god of fertility Priapus—son of Aphrodite = Venus and Dionysus = Bacchus; see Chapter 17. For *sacrum* (R,P) L has *sacram*. So also had δ. B omits.

<sup>5</sup> Read perhaps *assensionem* as in the margin of *Tornaesius's* edition; or *sententiam* as Müller suggests in his 2nd edition; or delete with Nisbet.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

intravit ipsa, una comitata virgine, sedensque superiorum meum diu flevit. Ac ne tunc quidem nos ullum adiecimus verbum, sed attoniti expectavimus lacrimas ad ostentationem doloris paratas. Ut ergo tam ambitiosus detumuit<sup>1</sup> imber, retexit superbum pallio<sup>2</sup> caput et manibus inter se usque ad articulorum strepitum constrictis "Quaenam est" inquit "haec audacia, aut ubi fabulas etiam antecessura latrocinia didicistis? misereor mediusfidius vestri; neque enim impune quisquam quod non licuit, adspexit. Utique nostra regio tam praesentibus plena est numinibus, ut facilius possis deum quam hominem invenire. Ac ne me putetis ultionis causa huc venisse aetate magis vestra commoveor quam iniuria mea. Imprudentes enim, ut adhuc puto, admisistis inexpiable scelus. Ipsa quidem illa nocte vexata tam periculoso inhorruī frigore, ut tertianae etiam impetum timeam. Et ideo medicinam somnio petii iussaue sum vos perquirere atque impetum morbi monstrata subtilitate lenire. Sed de remedio non tam valde laboro; maior enim in praecordiis dolor saevit, qui me usque ad necessitatem mortis deducit, ne scilicet iuvenili impulsī licentia quod in sacello Priapi vidistis, vulgetis deorumque consilia proferatis in populū. Protendo igitur ad genua vestra supinas manus petoque et oro, ne nocturnas religiones iocum risumque faciatis, neve traducere velitis tot annorum secreta, quae vix tres<sup>3</sup> homines noverunt."

18 Secundum hanc deprecationem lacrimas rursus

<sup>1</sup> detumuit *Gruter*: detonuit, which may be right.

<sup>2</sup> *Fraenkel* would delete superbum, for which *Müller* conjectures opertum. *Fuchs* deletes pallio.

<sup>3</sup> tres (i.e. iii for m) *Nisbet*. mystae in margin of l.

## SATYRICON

self came in with one girl by her, sat down on my bed, and cried for a long while. We did not put in a word even then, but sat waiting in amazement for the end of this carefully arranged exhibition of grief. When this very designing rain had eased off, she drew her proud head out of her cloak and wrung her hands together till the joints cracked. "You bold creatures," she said, "where did you learn to outrival the robbers of romance? Heaven knows I pity you. A man cannot look upon forbidden things and go free. Indeed the gods walk abroad so commonly in our streets that it is easier to meet a god than a man. Do not suppose that I have come here to avenge myself. I am more sorry for your tender years than for my own wrongs. For I still believe it was heedless youth that led you into deadly sin. I lay tormenting myself that night and shivering with such a dreadful chill that I even fear an attack of tertian ague. So I asked for a remedy in my dreams and was told to find you out and allay the raging of my illness by the clever plan you would show me. But I am not so greatly concerned about a cure; deep in my heart burns a greater grief, which drags me down to inevitable death. I am afraid that youthful indiscretion will lead you to publish abroad what you saw in the chapel of Priapus, and reveal our gods' counsels to the mob. So I hold out my folded hands to your knees, and beg and pray you not to make a laughing-stock of our nocturnal worship, not to deride the immemorial mystery to which less than three<sup>1</sup> souls hold the key."

She finished her prayer, and again cried bitterly,

<sup>1</sup> The tradition says a thousand, which, if right, is a deliberate exaggeration to give the meaning of an "open secret."

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effudit gemitibusque largis concussa tota facie ac pectore torum meum pressit. Ego eodem tempore et misericordia turbatus et metu, bonum animum habere eam iussi et de utroque esse securam: nam neque sacra quemquam vulgaturum, et si quod praeterea aliud remedium ad tertianam deus illi monstrasset, adiuvaturos nos divinam providentiam vel periculo nostro. Hilarior post hanc pollicitationem facta mulier basiavit me spissius, et ex lacrimis in risum mota descendentes ab aure capillos meos lenta<sup>1</sup> manu duxit | et “Facio” inquit “indutias vobiscum, LO et a constituta lite dimitto. Quod | si non adnuissetis de hac medicina quam peto, iam parata erat in crastinum turba, quae et iniuriam meam vindicaret et dignitatem:

Contemni turpe est, legem donare superbum;  
hoc amo, quod possum qua libet ire via.  
Nam sane et sapiens contemptus iurgia nectit,  
et qui non iugulat, victor<sup>2</sup> abire solet.” . . .

Complosis deinde manibus in tantum repente risum effusa est, ut timeremus. Idem ex altera parte et ancilla fecit, quae prior venerat, idem virguncula, 19 quae una intraverat. Omnia mimico risu exsonuerant, cum interim nos, quae tam repentina esset mutatio animorum facta, ignoraremus ac modo nosmet ipsos modo mulieres intueremur. . . .

L | “Ideo vetui hodie in hoc deversorio quemquam mortalium admitti, ut remedium tertianae sine ulla interpellatione a vobis acciperem.” Ut haec dixit

<sup>1</sup> lenta *Bongars*: tentata or temptata.



## SATYRICON

and buried her face and bosom in my bed, shaken all over with deep sobs. I was distracted with pity and terror together. I reassured her, telling her not to trouble herself about either point. No one would betray her devotions, and we would risk our lives to assist the will of Heaven, if the gods had showed her any further cure for her tertian ague. At this promise the woman grew more cheerful, kissed me again and again, and gently stroked the long hair that fell below my ears, having passed from crying to laughter. "I will make a truce with you," she said, "and withdraw the suit I have entered against you. But if you had not promised me the cure I want, there was a whole regiment ready for to-morrow to wipe out my wrongs and uphold my honour:

"To be flouted is disgraceful, but to impose terms is glorious: I rejoice that I can follow what course I please. For surely even a wise man will take up a quarrel when he is flouted, while the man who sheds no blood commonly comes off victorious." . . .

Then she clapped her hands and suddenly burst out laughing so loud that we were frightened. The maid who had come in first did the same on one side of us, and also the little girl who had come in with Quartilla. The whole place rang with farcical laughter, while we kept looking first at each other and than at the women, not understanding how they could have changed their tune so quickly. . . .

"I forbade any mortal man to enter this inn to-day, just so that I might get you to cure me of my tertian ague without interruptions." When Quartilla said

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<sup>2</sup> *Nisbet suggests iurgat, victus.*

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Quartilla, Ascyrtos quidem paulisper obstupuit, ego autem frigidior hieme Gallica factus nullum potui verbum emittere. Sed ne quid tristius expectarem, comitatus faciebat. Tres enim erant mulierculae, si quid vellent conari, infirmissimae scilicet; contra nos, si nihil aliud, virilis sexus. Sed et<sup>1</sup> praecincti certe altius eramus. Immo ego sic iam paria composueram, ut si depugnandum foret, ipse cum Quartilla consisterem, Ascyrtos cum ancilla, Giton cum virgine. . . .

Tunc vero excidit omnis constantia attonitis, et mors non dubia miserorum oculos coepit obducere. . . .

20 "Rogo" inquam "domina, si quid tristius paras, celerius confice; neque enim tam magnum facinus admisimus, ut debeamus torti perire." . . .

Ancilla quae Psyche vocabatur, lodiculam in pavimento diligenter extendit. . . .

Sollicitavit inguina mea mille iam mortibus frigida. . . .

Operuerat Ascyrtos pallio caput, admonitus scilicet periculosum esse alienis intervenire secretis. . . .

Duas institas ancilla protulit de sinu alteraque pedes nostros alligavit, altera manus. . . .

Ascyrtos iam deficiente fabularum contextu "Quid? ego"<sup>2</sup> inquit "non sum dignus qui bibam?" Ancilla risu meo prodita<sup>3</sup> complosit manus et "Ap-

<sup>1</sup> sed et *Pithoeus*: esset at *l*: esset et.

<sup>2</sup> ego *Goldast*: ergo.    <sup>3</sup> *Perhaps* procita.

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this, Ascyrtos was struck dumb for a moment, while I turned colder than a Swiss winter, and could not utter a syllable. But the presence of my friends saved me from my worst fears. They were three mere women, if they wanted to make any attack on us, very feeble persons, to be sure; on the other hand, we had at least our manhood in our favour, if nothing else. And certainly our dress was more fit for action. Indeed I had already matched our forces in pairs. If it came to a real fight, I was to face Quartilla, Ascyrtos her maid, Giton the girl. . . .

But then all our resolution yielded to astonishment, and the darkness of certain death proceeded to fall on our unhappy eyes. . . .

"If you have anything worse in store, madam," I said, "be quick with it. We are not such desperate criminals that we deserve to die by torture." . . .

The maid, whose name was Psyche, carefully spread a blanket on the floor and proceeded to stir my groin which was by now cold, blasted with a thousand deaths. . . . Ascyrtos had buried his head in his cloak. I suppose he had warning that it is dangerous to pry into other people's secrets. . . .

The maid brought two flounces out of her bosom and tied our feet with one and our hands with the other. . . .

The thread of our talk was broken. "Come," said Ascyrtos, "do not I deserve a drink?" The maid was summoned by my laughter at this. She clapped her hands and said, "I put one by you, young man.

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posui quidem . . . adolescens, solus tantum medicamentum ebibisti?" "Itane est?" inquit Quartilla "quicquid satyrii fuit, Encolpius ebibit?" . . .

Non indecenti risu latera commovit. . . .

LO | Ac ne Giton quidem ultimo risum tenuit, utique postquam virguncula cervicem eius invasit et non repugnanti puero innumerabilia oscula dedit. . . .

21 L | Volebamus miseri exclamare, sed nec in auxilio erat quisquam, et hinc Psyche acu comatoria cupienti mihi invocare Quiritum fidem malas pungebat, illinc puella penicillo, quod et ipsum satyrio tinxerat, Ascyllon opprimebat. . . .

Ultimo cinaedus supervenit myrtea subornatus gausapa cinguloque succinctus. . . .

Modo extortis nos clunibus cecidit, modo basiis olidissimis inquinavit, donec Quartilla balaenaceam<sup>1</sup> tenens virgam alteque succincta iussit infelicibus dari missionem. . . .

Uterque nostrum religiosissimis iuravit verbis inter duos periturum esse tam horribile secretum. . . .

Intraverunt palaestritae complures<sup>2</sup> et nos legitimo<sup>3</sup> perfusos oleo refecerunt. Utcunque ergo lassitudine abiecta cenatoria repetimus et in proximam ceilam ducti sumus, in qua tres lecti strati erant et reliquus lautitiarum apparatus splendidissime expositus. Iussi ergo discubuimus, et gustatione mirifica

<sup>1</sup> balenaciam l.

<sup>2</sup> complures *Buecheler*: quamplures.

<sup>3</sup> legitime *Buecheler*: selgitico ('of Selga') *Triller*.

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<sup>1</sup> See note on *satyrion*, Chapter 8.

<sup>2</sup> In the lost passage here came perhaps fragment VII, pp.

## SATYRICON

Did you drink the whole of the medicine yourself? "Did he really?" said Quartilla, "did Encolpius drink up the whole of our loving cup?"<sup>1</sup> . . .<sup>2</sup> Her sides shook with delightful laughter. . . . Even Giton had to laugh at last, I mean when the little girl took him by the neck and showered countless kisses on his unresisting lips. . . .

We wanted to shout in our misery, but there was no one to come to the rescue, and when I tried to cry "Help, all honest citizens!" Psyche pricked my cheek with a hair-pin, while the girl threatened Ascylos with a wet sponge which she had soaked in the aphrodisiac. . . .

Last there arrived a sodomite in a fine brown suit with a waistband . . . and one while almost dislocated our buttocks with his poking, other while slobbered us with his nasty kisses, until Quartilla, holding her whalebone staff in her hand, with her coats tucked up high, discharged poor us of the service.

We both of us took a solemn oath that the dreadful secret should die with us two. . . .

A number of wrestling-masseurs came in, rubbed us down with proper oil, and refreshed us. Our fatigue anyhow vanished, we put on evening dress again, and were shown into the next room, where three couches were laid and besides a whole rich dinner-service was fine spread out. We were asked to sit down, and after beginning with some wonderful hors d'oeuvres

390-1; codex Par. 7975 of Fulgentius who is our source for the fragment says that Quartilla was sitting between Ascylos and Encolpius and shows that some drinking of healths was going on.

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initiati vino etiam Falerno inundamur. Excepti etiam pluribus ferculis cum laberemur in somnum, "Itane est?" inquit Quartilla "etiam dormire vobis in mente est, cum sciatis Priapi genio pervigilium deberi?" . . .

- 22 Cum Ascyrtos gravatus tot malis in somnum laberetur, illa quae iniuria depulsa fuerat ancilla totam faciem eius fuligine larga<sup>1</sup> perfricuit et non sentientis labra<sup>2</sup> umerosque sopitionibus<sup>3</sup> pinxit. Iam ego etiam [tot malis]<sup>4</sup> fatigatus minimum veluti gustum hauseram somni; idem et tota intra forisque familia fecerat, atque alii circa pedes discumbentium sparsi iacebant, alii parietibus appliciti, quidam in ipso limine coniunctis manebant capitibus; lucernae quoque umore defectae tenuae et extremum lumen spargebant: cum duo Syri expilaturi [lagoenam]<sup>5</sup> triclinium intraverunt, dumque inter argentum<sup>6</sup> avidius rixantur, diductam fregerunt lagoenam. Cecidit etiam mensa cum argento, et ancillae super torum marcenti<sup>7</sup> excussum forte altius poculum caput fregit.<sup>8</sup> Ad quem ictum exclamavit illa pariterque et fures prodidit et partem ebriorum excitavit. Syri illi qui venerant ad praedam,<sup>9</sup> postquam deprehensos se intellexerunt, pariter secundum lectum

<sup>1</sup> larga *Jungermann*: large *Fuchs*: longa.

<sup>2</sup> latera *Delz* rightly?

<sup>3</sup> sopitionibus *L*: perhaps sopionibus as in one reading in *Catullus*, xxxvii, 10.

<sup>4</sup> tot malis was perhaps repeated in error from beginning of 22. So *Müller* in his first edition, though he retains the words in his second.

<sup>5</sup> Deleted by *O. Jahn*.

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we swam in wine, and that too Falernian.<sup>1</sup> We followed this with more courses, and were dropping off to sleep, when Quartilla said, "Well, how can you think of going to sleep, when you know that is your duty to devote the whole wakeful night to the genius of Priapus?" . . .

Ascyrtos was heavy-eyed with all his troubles, and was falling asleep, when the maid who had been driven away so rudely rubbed his face over with a lot of soot, and coloured his lips and his neck with . . . ? . . . while he drowsed. By this time I too was tired out [with adventures] and had just taken the tiniest taste of sleep. All the servants, indoors and out, had done the same. Some lay anyhow by the feet of the guests, some leaned against the walls, some even stayed in the doorway with their heads together. The oil in the lamps had run out, and they spread a thin dying light. All at once two Syrians came in to rob the dining-room, and in quarrelling greedily over the silver pulled a large jug in two and broke it. The table fell over with the plate, and a cup which happened to fly rather high broke the head of the maid, who was lolling over a seat. The knock made her scream, and this showed up the thieves and woke some of the drunken party. The Syrians who had come to steal dropped side by side on a sofa, when they realized that they were being noticed, with the

<sup>1</sup> One of the best Italian wines, from Campania.

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<sup>6</sup> inter argentum] *Nisbet would delete.*

<sup>7</sup> *marcenti Delz; marcentis.*

<sup>8</sup> *tetigit Buecheler.*

<sup>9</sup> *Müller deletes illi . . . praedam.*

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concliderunt, ut putares hoc convenisse, et stertere tanquam olim dormientes coeperunt.

Iam et tricliniarches experrectus lucernis occidentibus oleum infuderat, et pueri deterisis paulisper oculis redierant ad ministerium, cum intrans cymbalistris et concrepans aera omnes excitavit. Re-  
23 fectum igitur est convivium et rursus Quartilla ad bibendum revocavit. Adiuvit hilaritatem comissantis cymbalistris. . . .

Intrat cinaedus, homo omnium insulsissimus et plane illa domo dignus, qui ut infractis manibus congemuit,<sup>1</sup> eiusmodi carmina effudit:

“ Huc huc cito <sup>2</sup> convenite <sup>3</sup> nunc, spatolocinaedi,  
Pede tendite, cursum addite, convolate planta  
Femoreque <sup>4</sup> facili, clune agili et manu procaces,  
Molles, veteres, Deliaci manu recisi.”

Consumptis versibus suis immundissimo me basio conspuit. Mox et super lectum venit atque omni vi detexit recusantem. Super inguina mea diu multumque frustra moluit. Profluebant <sup>5</sup> per frontem sudantis acaciae rivi, et inter rugas malarum tantum erat cretae, ut putares detectum parietem nimbo  
24 laborare. Non tenui ego diutius lacrimas, sed ad ultimam perductus tristitiam “ Quaeso ” inquam “ domina, certe embasicoetan iusseras dari.” Com-

<sup>1</sup> concrepuit *O. Jahn*, rightly?

<sup>2</sup> cito added by *L. Mueller*.

<sup>3</sup> convertite suggests *Fraenkel*.

<sup>4</sup> femoreque *Buecheler*: femore <o> *Fraenkel*: femore.

<sup>5</sup> profluebant *Ribbeck*: fluebant *Müller*: perfluebant.

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<sup>1</sup> Or “snapped his fingers.” But I suspect that *manibus* here comes from *manu* in the following verses, and that we



## SATYRICON

most convincing naturalness, and proceeded to snore as if they were asleep long ago.

By this time the butler had woken up and refilled the flickering lamps. The boys rubbed their eyes for a few minutes, and then came back to wait. Then a girl with cymbals came in, and the crash of the brass aroused everybody. Our evening began afresh, and Quartilla called us back again to our cups. The girl with the cymbals gave her fresh spirits for her revel. . . .

At last bolted in a most shameless pansy-boy, and truly worthy of the house wherein he was; who having clapt his hands violently<sup>1</sup> and humm'd and hawed uttered these verses:

'Now then, hurry up! Here! Gather around here, you flabby sodomites. Stretch out your legs, let 'em run too; let feet and supple thighs fly aloft, you pansy-boys, pert with wanton hands and nimble bums, soft-soddies, old rakes, hand-gelded cockerels too!<sup>2</sup>'

Having done with his poetry, he smeared my lips with loathsome kisses; then getting onto my bed he threw off the coverings though I stoutly resisted. For a long while he worked mightily over my groin to no purpose; streams of sweating gum oozed over his forehead, and came trickling down the wrinkles of his cheeks like pelting rain on a peeling wall. I could not forbear tears any longer, but being brought to the last extremity, says I: "Madam, I ask you—you surely had given orders that a lewd mug be should read here *infractis vocibus* "in broken tones"—a sign of effeminacy.

<sup>2</sup> The castrated cockerels (capons) of Delos were famous.

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plosit illa tenerius manus et "O" inquit hominem acutum atque urbanitatis vernaculae<sup>1</sup> fontem. Quid? tu non intellexeras cinaedum embasicoetan vocari?" Deinde [ut] contubernali meo <ne><sup>2</sup> melius succederet, "Per fidem" inquam "vestram,<sup>3</sup> Ascyltos in hoc triclinio solus ferias agit?" "Ita" inquit Quartilla "et Ascylto embasicoetas detur." Ab hac voce equum cinaedus mutavit transituque ad comitem meum facto clunibus eum basiisque distribuit. | Stabat inter haec Giton et risu dissolvebat illa sua. Itaque conspicata eum Quartilla, cuius esset puer, diligentissima sciscitatione quaesivit. Cum ego fratrem meum esse dixissem, "Quare ergo" inquit "me non basiavit?" Vocatumque ad se in osculum applicuit. Mox manum etiam demisit in sinum et pertrectato vasculo tam rudi "Haec" inquit "belle cras in promulside libidinis nostrae militabit; hodie enim post asellum diaria non sumo."

- 25 Cum haec diceret, ad aurem eius Psyche ridens accessit, et cum dixisset nescio quid, "Ita, ita" inquit Quartilla "bene admonuisti. Cur non, quia bellissima occasio est, devirginatur Pannychis nostra?" Continuoque producta est puella satis bella

<sup>1</sup> vernaculae Schoppius: vernulae.

<sup>2</sup>ut deleted and ne added by Fraenkel's suggestion. But the text may well be sound.

<sup>3</sup> vestram Dousa: nostram.

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<sup>1</sup> embasicoetas was apparently (i) a drinking mug or glass of rude sexual shape and (ii) a sodomite, "pansy-boy." Hence the translation here. "A night-cap"—J. Sullivan.

<sup>3</sup> I take asellus "a little ass" to be the fish of Pliny, *N.H.*, IX, 58, 61—one or other of the hakes. The word *asellus* was

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presented to me." Then she, with a gentle clapping of her hands: "What a very smart gentleman," says she, "—a man of excellent natural wit! What? Hadn't *you* understood that 'lewd mug' is a title we give to a sodomite?"<sup>1</sup> Upon this, that my companion might not escape better than myself, "By your integrity, Madam," said I, "does Ascylos alone keep holiday at this table?" "Is it so?" said she, "then let Ascylos also be served with a lewd mug." And therewith the sodomite changed his horse, and turning to my pal, almost beat him to powder with rump and kisses. Giton stood laughing all the while, till he had well-nigh split his sides; which Quartilla perceiving with much curiosity enquired whose boy he was, and I telling her he was my brother, "Why then," said she, "has he not kissed me?" And so calling him to her, she fell to kissing him sweetly; next she also let her hand drift into his lap, and handled his little tool—oh! so raw—and then, "This," said she, "will do soldierly service finely tomorrow as a foretaste to our lusts; for today I'm not taking a daily ration of common food after a little donkey-fish."<sup>2</sup>

With that Psyche came tittering to her, and having whispered something in her ear, "You are in the right on't," quoth Quartilla, "'twas well thought on; and since we have so fine an opportunity, why should not our Pannychis<sup>3</sup> be unvirgined?" Forthwith was brought in a pretty young girl, that seemed not

used also for a lustful man. In Chapter 31 we have a bronze donkey on a *promulsidare*, but I can see no connection with the present passage.

<sup>3</sup> "Miss All-night."

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et quae non plus quam septem annos habere videbatur [et ea ipsa quae primum cum Quartilla in cellam venerat nostram].<sup>1</sup> Plaudentibus ego universis et postulantibus nuptias [fecerunt]<sup>2</sup> obstupui ego et nec Gitona, verecundissimum puerum, sufficere huic petulantiae affirmavi, nec puellam eius aetatis esse, ut muliebris patientiae legem posset accipere. "Ita" inquit Quartilla "minor est ista quam ego fui, cum primum virum passa sum? Iunonem meam iratam habeam, si unquam me meminerim virginem fuisse. Nam et infans cum paribus inquinata<sup>3</sup> sum, et subinde procedentibus<sup>4</sup> annis maioribus me pueris applicui, donec ad [hanc]<sup>5</sup> aetatem perveni. Hinc etiam puto proverbium natum illud, ut dicatur posse taurum tollere, qui vitulum sustulerit." Igitur ne maiorem iniuriam in secreto frater acciperet, consurrexi ad officium nuptiale. Iam Psyche puellae caput involverat flammeo, iam embasicoetas praeferebat facem, iam ebriae mulieres longum agmen plaudentes fecerant thalamumque incesta<sup>6</sup> exornaverant veste, cum<sup>7</sup> Quartilla quoque<sup>8</sup> iocantium libidine accensa et ipsa surrexit correptumque Gitona in cubiculum traxit.

Sine dubio non repugnauerat puer, ac ne puella quidem tristis<sup>9</sup> expaverat nuptiarum nomen. Itaque cum inclusi iacerent, consedimus ante limen thalami, et in primis Quartilla per rimam improbe diductam

<sup>1</sup> *Fraenkel rightly thought the whole sentence et . . . nostram should be deleted.*

<sup>2</sup> *Deleted by Mommsen.*

<sup>3</sup> *inclinata Buecheler.*

<sup>4</sup> *procedentibus Brassicanus: prodeuntibus.*

<sup>5</sup> *Fraenkel would delete hanc, rightly; also ut dicatur, below.*

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to be above seven years of age [and was the same that came to our room at first with Quartilla]. All approving, and desiring the nuptials, for my part I stood amazed, and assured them that neither Giton, a most modest lad, was able to undergo such pokery, or the girl of years to suffer the condition of a woman to be worked on. "Is that all?" quoth Quartilla, "Is she younger than I was when I first endured a man? May my<sup>1</sup> Juno curse me if I can remember that I ever was a maid; for when I was in hanging-sleeves, I was defiled by little boys my own size, and as I grew in years, I applied myself to bigger, till I came of age; and truly I think hence came the proverb, she can bear a bull that bore a calf." Fearing then that my brother might sustain a greater injury secretly, I got up to celebrate the wedding. And now Psyche put a flame-coloured veil upon the girl's head, the lewd mug led before with a flamboe, and a long train of drunken women fell a shouting and decked with unchaste garb the bride-chamber; Quartilla, inflamed by the other jokers' lust, took hold of Giton, and dragged him into the bedroom.

Truly the boy made no resistance, nor seemed the girl frightened at the name of matrimony. When therefore they lay locked up, we sat at the chamber-door; and Quartilla having waggishly slit a chink,

<sup>1</sup> Just as a man had his own *genius* or guardian angel so a woman had her *Iuno*.

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<sup>6</sup> *intexta Auratus: ingesta Scaliger: iniecta Heinsius.*

<sup>7</sup> *cum Buecheler: tum.*

<sup>8</sup> *quoque] Buecheler deletes, rightly?*

<sup>9</sup> *triste Fraenkel.*

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applicuerat oculum curiosum lusumque puerilem libidiosa speculabatur diligentia. Me quoque ad idem spectaculum lenta manu traxit, et quia considerantium cohaeserant<sup>1</sup> vultus, quicquid a spectaculo<sup>2</sup> vacabat, commovebat obiter labra et me tanquam furtivis subinde osculis verberabat. . . .

*L* | Abiecti in lectis sine metu reliquam exegimus noctem. . . .

*H* | Venerat iam tertius dies, id est expectatio liberae cenae, sed tot vulneribus confossis fuga magis placebat, quam quies. Itaque cum maesti deliberaremus, quonam genere praesentem evitarem procellam, unus<sup>3</sup> servus Agamemnonis interpellavit trepidantes et "Quid? vos" inquit "nescitis, hodie apud quem fiat? Trimalchio, lautissimus homo, horologium in triclinio et bucinatorem habet subornatum, ut subinde sciat, quantum de vita perdidit." Amicimur ergo diligenter obliti omnium malorum, et Gitona libentissime servile officium tuentem usque hoc<sup>4</sup>

27 iubemus in balnea<sup>5</sup> sequi. Nos interim vestiti errare coepimus . . . immo iocari magis et circulis

*HL* [ludentem]<sup>6</sup> accedere, cum subito | videmus senem calvum, tunica vestitum russea, inter pueros capillatos ludentem pila. Nec tam pueri nos, quamquam erat operae pretium, ad spectaculum duxerant, quam ipse

<sup>1</sup> cohaeserant *Buecheler*: haeserant.

<sup>2</sup> *Müller deletes a spectaculo.*

<sup>3</sup> *Eunus Heinsius.*

<sup>4</sup> usque hoc] *Heraeus deletes.*

<sup>5</sup> balnea *Jahn*: balneum *Heraeus*: balneo.

<sup>6</sup> *Deleted by Buecheler*: ludentum (*better ludentium*) *Heinsius.*

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foremost and wantonly looked through it to watch their childish diversion. She pulled me also gently to the same entertainment, and since our cheeks in our contemplation were so close together, when we were not peeping she often turned her lips to me and would as it were steal a whacking kiss.

We threw ourselves into bed and spent the rest of the night without terrors. . . .

The third day had come. I mean, a free<sup>1</sup> dinner was promised. But we were bruised and sore from a lot of wounds. Escape was better even than rest. We were making some melancholy plans for avoiding the coming storm, when one of Agamemnon's servants came up as we stood hesitating, and said, "I say, do you not know at whose house it is to-day? Trimalchio,<sup>2</sup> a very rich man—he has a clock and a uniformed trumpeter in his dining-room, to keep telling him how much of his life is lost and gone." We forgot all troubles and hurried into our clothes, and told Giton, who till now had been waiting on us very willingly, to follow us to the baths. We proceeded to take a stroll meanwhile in evening dress . . . , or rather to joke and mix with the groups of people, when all at once we saw a bald old man in a reddish shirt playing at ball with some long-haired boys. It was not the boys that attracted our notice, though they deserved it, but the old

<sup>1</sup> Such as might be available for beast-fighters at Rome during the evening before they fought beasts in the arena. The words may be an interpolation. With *Venerat* begins the part known as *Cena Trimalchionis*.

<sup>2</sup> Trimalchio: this name means perhaps "Thrice-lucky," perhaps "Thrice-soft;" but we do not know. *Subornatum* may mean "ready to hand."

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pater familiae, qui soleatus pila prasina exercebatur. Nec amplius eam repetebat quae terram contigerat, sed follem plenum habebat servus sufficebatque ludentibus. Notavimus etiam res novas. Nam duo spadones in diversa parte circuli stabant, quorum alter matellam tenebat argenteam, alter numerabat pilas, non quidem eas quae inter manus lusu expellente vibrabant, sed eas quae in terram decidebant.

*H* Cum has ergo miraremur lautitias, | accurrit Menelaus et "Hic est" inquit "apud quem cubitum ponitis,<sup>1</sup> et quidem<sup>2</sup> iam principium cenae videtis."

*HL* Et iam non<sup>3</sup> loquebatur Menelaus cum | Trimalchio digitos concrepuit, ad quod signum matellam spado ludenti subiecit. Exonerata ille vesica aquam poposcit ad manus, digitosque paululum adpersos in capite pueri tersit. . . .<sup>4</sup>

28 Longum erat singula excipere. Itaque intravimus balneum, et sudore calfacti momento temporis ad frigidam eximus. Iam Trimalchio unguento perfusus tergebatur, non linteis, sed palliis ex lana mollissima factis. Tres interim iatraliptae in conspectu eius

*H* Falernum potabant, | et cum plurimum rixantes effunderent, Trimalchio hoc suum<sup>5</sup> propin esse<sup>6</sup> dice-

*HL* bat. | Hinc involutus cocchina gausapa lecticae im-

<sup>1</sup> ponetis *Scheffer*.

<sup>2</sup> quidem *Buecheler*: quid.

<sup>3</sup> etiamnum *Scheffer*.

<sup>4</sup> *Lacuna indicated by Buecheler*.

<sup>5</sup> solum *Waltz*.

<sup>6</sup> propin (*προποίνειν*) esse *Heraeus*: propinasse.

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<sup>1</sup> Menelaus in this novel is Agamemnon's assistant. Cf. Chapter 81.

<sup>2</sup> The fact that in Martial, XII, lxxxii, 11 the older MSS have *feret ipse propin de faece lagonae*, gives strong support for



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gentleman, who was in his house-shoes, busily engaged with a green ball. He never picked it up if it touched the ground. A slave stood by with a bagful and supplied them to the players. We also observed a new feature in the game. Two eunuchs were standing at different points in the group. One held a silver jordan, one counted the balls, not as they flew from hand to hand in the rigour of the game, but when they dropped to the ground. We were amazed at such a display, and then Menelaus<sup>1</sup> ran up and said, "This is the man at whose table you rest your elbow: indeed what you see is the overture to his dinner." Menelaus had just finished when Trimalchio cracked his fingers. One eunuch came up at this signal and held the jordan for him as he played. He relieved his bladder and called for a basin to wash his hands and wiped them on a boy's head. . . .

I cannot linger over details. We went into the bath. We stayed till we ran with sweat, and then at once passed through into the cold water. Trimalchio was now anointed all over and rubbed down, not with towels, but with blankets of the softest wool. Three masseurs sat there drinking Falernian wine under his eyes. They quarrelled and spilt a quantity. Trimalchio said that this was his health being drunk.<sup>2</sup> Then he was rolled up in a scarlet woollen coat and

*propin* here in Petronius also. Otherwise we might retain the reading *propinasse* of *H*, and conclude that the full phrase would be *suum calicem propinasse* (cf. Martial, II, 15, 1), but that *calicem* was omitted by Petronius in a familiar saying. "Trimalchio said that by this method they had drunk each from his glass a health to him (Trimalchio)." The Romans, when drinking a health, used to pour some of the wine under the table deliberately, as a sort of libation to the gods.

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positus est praecedentibus phaleratis cursoribus quattuor et chiramaxio, in quo deliciae eius vehabantur, puer vetulus, lippus, domino Trimalchione deformior. Cum ergo auferretur, ad caput eius cum minimis symphoniacus tibiis accessit et tanquam in aurem aliquid secreto diceret, toto itinere cantavit.

Sequitur nos admiratione iam saturi et cum  
*H* Agamemnone ad ianuam pervenimus, | in cuius poste libellus erat cum hac inscriptione fixus: "Quisquis servus sine dominico iussu foras exierit, accipiet plagas centum." |  
*HL* In aditu autem ipso stabat ostiarius prasinatus, cerasino succinctus cingulo, atque in lance argentea pisum purgabat. Super limen autem cavea pendebat aurea, in qua pica varia intrantes  
29 salutabat. Ceterum ego dum omnia stupeo, paene resupinatus crura mea fregi. Ad sinistram enim intrantibus non longe ab ostiarii cella canis ingens, catena vinctus, in pariete erat pictus superque quadrata littera scriptum "Cave canem." Et collegae quidem mei riserunt, ego autem collecto spiritu non destiti totum parietem persequi. Erat autem venalicium <cum><sup>1</sup> titulis pictum, et ipse Trimalchio capillatus caduceum tenebat Minervae ducente Romam intrabat. Hinc quemadmodum ratiocinari didicisset, denique dispensator factus

<sup>1</sup> cum added by Burman.

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<sup>1</sup> In the entrance of the remains of a house at Pompeii can be seen a mosaic of a dog on a leash and beneath it an inscription CAVE CANEM. There are other examples.

<sup>2</sup> Mercury, as the god of business, was Trimalchio's patron. It was Mercury who secured Trimalchio's selection to be a

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put in a litter. Four runners decked with medals went before him, and a hand-cart on which his favourite rode. This was a wrinkled blear-eyed boy uglier than his master Trimalchio. As he was being driven off, a musician with a tiny pair of pipes came up near his head, and played the whole way as though he were whispering secrets in his ear.

We followed, lost in wonder, and came with Agamemnon to the door. A notice was fastened on the doorpost: "NO SLAVE TO GO OUT OF DOORS EXCEPT BY THE MASTER'S ORDERS. PENALTY, ONE HUNDRED STRIPES." Just at the entrance stood a porter in green clothes, with a cherry-coloured belt, shelling peas in a silver dish. A golden cage hung in the doorway, and a black and white magpie in it greeted visitors. I was gazing at all this, when I nearly fell backwards and broke my leg. For on the left hand as you went in, not far from the porter's office, a great dog on a chain was painted on the wall, and over him was written in block capitals "BEWARE OF THE DOG."<sup>1</sup> My friends laughed at me, but I plucked up courage and went on to examine the whole wall. It had a picture of a slave-market on it, with the persons' names. Trimalchio was there with long hair, holding a Mercury's staff.<sup>2</sup> Minerva had him by the hand and was leading him into Rome. Then the painstaking artist had given a faithful picture of his whole career with explanations: how he

Sevir or Sexvir Augustalis, an official responsible for duly carrying out the worship of the Emperor. One of the privileges of the six Sevirs was to sit on a throne. Minerva was goddess of wisdom and thought, of all arts and sciences, and of spinning and weaving.

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esset, omnia diligenter curiosus pictor cum inscriptione reddiderat. In deficiente vero iam porticu levatum mento<sup>1</sup> in tribunal excelsum Mercurius rapiebat. Praesto erat Fortuna<sup>2</sup> cornu abundanti copiosa<sup>3</sup> et tres Parcae aurea pensa torquentes. Notavi etiam in porticu gregem cursorum cum magistro se exercentem. Praeterea grande armarium in angulo vidi, in cuius aedícula erant Lares argentei positi Venerisque signum marmoreum et pyxis aurea non pusilla, in qua barbam ipsius conditam esse dicebant. . . .<sup>4</sup>

Interrogare ergo atriensem coepi, quas in medio picturas haberent. "Iliada et Odyssian" inquit | 30 H "ac Laenatis gladiatorium munus." Non licebat multiciam<sup>5</sup> considerare. . . .<sup>6</sup>

HL Nos | iam ad triclinium perveneramus, in cuius parte prima procurator rationes accipiebat. Et quod praecipue miratus sum, in postibus triclinii fasces erant cum securibus fixi, quorum unam partem quasi embolum navis aeneum finiebat, in quo erat scriptum: "C. Pompeio Trimalchioni, seviro Augustali, Cinnamus dispensator." Sub eodem titulo et lucerna

<sup>1</sup> mento H, l: merito *Tornaesius's* edition and *Cod. Vat. lat. 11428* and *cod. Lambeth. 693*: vento *Fuchs* (who also suggests deletion): adiumento *Blümner*. *Fraenkel* has suggested <de pavi>mento and also porticu de pavimento in tribunal excelsum <eum>.

<sup>2</sup> After *Fortuna Wehle* adds cum, reading *Fortuna cum cornu* [abundanti] copioso.

<sup>3</sup> *Goes* deletes copiosa. *Wehle* reads cornu [abundanti] copioso.

<sup>4</sup> Lacuna indicated by *Buecheler*.

<sup>5</sup> For this probably corrupt word various suggestions have been

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had learned to keep accounts, and how at last he had been made steward. At the point where the wall-space gave out, Mercury had taken him by the chin, and was whirling him up to his high official throne. Fortune stood by flowing with her horn of plenty, and the three Fates spinning their golden threads. I also observed a company of runners practising in the gallery under a trainer, and in a corner I saw a large cupboard containing a tiny shrine, wherein were silver house-gods, and a marble image of Venus, and a large golden box, where they told me Trimalchio's first beard was laid up. . . .

I proceeded to ask the house-manager what pictures they had in the hall. "The Iliad and the Odyssey," he said, "and the gladiator's show given by Laenas." I could not take the whole multiplicity in at once. . . .

We now went through to the dining-room. At the entrance the steward sat receiving accounts. I was particularly astonished to see rods and axes fixed on the door posts of the dining-room, and one part of them finished off with a kind of ship's brazen beak, inscribed:

"PRESENTED BY CINNAMUS THE STEWARD TO GAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO, PRIEST OF THE COLLEGE OF AUGUSTUS."<sup>1</sup> Under this inscription a double lamp hung

<sup>1</sup> Rods and axes were the symbols of office of lictors, the attendants on Roman magistrates, and the six Sevirs had the right to be attended by lictors. See c. 65.

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*mads*: multa clam *Marbach*: multa ad aciam *Heinsius*: multa iam *Buecheler*: multa etiam *Scheffer*.

<sup>6</sup> *Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.*

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bilychnis de camera pendebat, et duae tabulae in utroque poste defixae, quarum altera, si bene memini, hoc habebat inscriptum: " III. et pridie kalendas Ianuarias C. noster foras cenat," altera lunae cursum stellarumque septem imagines pictas; et qui dies boni quique incommodi essent, distinguente bulla notabantur.

*H* | His repleti voluptatibus cum conaremur [in triclinium]<sup>1</sup> intrare, exclamavit unus ex pueris, qui super hoc officium erat positus,<sup>2</sup> " Dextro pede." Sine dubio paulisper trepidavimus, ne contra praeceptum

*HL* aliquis nostrum limen transiret. | Ceterum ut pariter movimus dextros<sup>3</sup> gressus, servus nobis despoliatus procubuit ad pedes ac rogare coepit, ut se poenae eriperemus: nec magnum esse peccatum suum, propter quod periclitaretur; subducta enim sibi vestimenta dispensatoris in balneo, quae vix fuissent decem sestertiorum. Rettulimus ergo dextros<sup>4</sup> pedes dispensatoremque in atrio<sup>5</sup> aureos numerantem deprecati sumus, ut servo remitteret poenam. Superbus ille sustulit vultum et " Non tam iactura me movet " inquit " quam negligentia nequissimi servi. Vestimenta mea cubitoria perdidit, quae mihi natali meo cliens quidam donaverat, Tyria sine dubio, sed iam semel lota. Quid ergo est? Dono vobis eum."

31 Obligati tam grandi beneficio cum intrassemus tri-

<sup>1</sup> Müller deletes.

<sup>2</sup> Fraenkel suggested deleting qui . . . positus.

<sup>3</sup> Fraenkel would delete dextros as below also.

<sup>4</sup> Fraenkel would delete dextros as above also.

<sup>5</sup> in atrio Buecheler after Heinsius (in primore atrio): in proecario Orioli: in promptuario Zicari: pro <coetone den-> arios Müller in his 2nd edition: in precario H.L: in praetorio in margin of 1. in oecario Heraeus.

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from the ceiling, and two calendars were fixed on either doorpost, one having this entry, if I remember right: "Our master C. goes out to supper on December 30th and 31st," the other being painted with the moon in her course, and the likenesses of seven stars.<sup>1</sup> Lucky and unlucky days were marked too with distinctive knobs.

Fed full of these delights, we tried to get in[to the dining-room], when one of the slaves, who was entrusted with this duty, cried, "Right foot first!"<sup>2</sup> For a moment we were naturally nervous, for fear any of us had broken the rule in crossing the threshold. But just as we were all taking a step with the right foot together, a slave stripped for flogging fell at our feet, and proceeded to implore us to save him from punishment. It was no great sin which had put him in such peril; the steward's clothes had been stolen from him in the bath, and the whole lot were scarcely worth ten sesterces. So we drew back our right feet, and begged the steward, who sat counting gold pieces in the hall, to let the slave off. He looked up haughtily, and said, "It is not the loss I mind so much as the villain's carelessness. He lost my dinner dress, which one of my clients gave me on my birthday. It was Tyrian dye,<sup>3</sup> of course, but it had been washed once already. Well, well, I make you a present of the fellow."

We were obliged by his august kindness, and when

<sup>1</sup> Other than the moon—that is sun, earth, and planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, Saturn, Jupiter.

<sup>2</sup> The left foot (*sinister*) would not be of good omen.

<sup>3</sup> Tyrian dark crimson dye was very costly.

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clinium, occurrit nobis ille idem servus, pro quo rogaveramus, et stupentibus spississima basia impegit gratias agens humanitati nostrae. "Ad summam, statim scietis" ait "cui dederitis beneficium. Vinum dominicum ministratoris gratia est" . . .

Tandem ergo discubuimus pueris Alexandrinis aquam in manus nivatam infudentibus aliisque insequentibus ad pedes ac paronychia cum ingenti subtilitate tollentibus. Ac ne in hoc quidem tam molesto tacebant officio, sed obiter cantabant. Ego experiri volui, an tota familia cantaret, itaque potionem poposci. Paratissimus puer non minus me acido cantico exceptit, et quisquis aliquid rogatus erat ut daret . . . pantomimi chorum, non patris familiae triclinium crederes. Allata est tamen gustatio valde lauta; nam iam omnes discubuerant praeter ipsum Trimalchionem, cui locus novo more primus servabatur. Ceterum in promulsidari asellus erat Corinthius cum bisaccio positus, qui habebat olivas in altera parte albas, in altera nigras. Tegebant asellum duae lances, in quarum marginibus nomen Trimalchionis inscriptum erat et argenti pondus. Ponticuli etiam ferruminati sustinebat glires melle ac papavere sparsos. Fuerunt et tomacula super craticulam argenteam ferventia posita, et infra craticulam<sup>1</sup> Syriaca pruna cum granis Punici mali.

32 In his eramus lautitiis, cum ipse Trimalchio ad

<sup>1</sup> Müller deletes craticulam.



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we were in the dining-room, the slave for whom we had pleaded ran up, and to our astonishment rained kisses on us, and thanked us for our mercy. "One word," he said; "you will know in a minute who owes you a debt of gratitude: 'The master's wine is in the butler's gift.'" . . .

At last then we sat down, and boys from Alexandria poured water cooled with snow over our hands. Others followed and knelt down at our feet, and proceeded with great skill to pare our hangnails. Even this unpleasant duty did not silence them, but they kept singing at their work. I wanted to find out whether the whole household could sing, so I asked for a drink. A ready slave repeated my order in a chant not less shrill. They all did the same if they were asked to hand anything. It was more like an actor's dance than a gentleman's dining-room. But some rich and tasty whets for the appetite were brought on; for every one had now sat down except Trimalchio, who had the first place kept for him in the new style. A donkey in Corinthian bronze stood on the side-board, with panniers holding olives, white in one side, black in the other. Two dishes hid the donkey; Trimalchio's name and their weight in silver was engraved on their edges. There were also dormice<sup>1</sup> rolled in honey and poppy-seed, and supported on little bridges soldered to the plate. Then there were hot sausages laid on a silver grill, and under the grill damsons and seeds of pomegranate.

While we were engaged with these delicacies,

<sup>1</sup> The grey edible dormouse (*Glis vulgaris*) has begun to spread in Britain, our reddish species being *Muscardinus avellanarius*.

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symphoniam allatus est positusque inter cervicalia minutissima<sup>1</sup> expressit imprudentibus risum. Pallio enim coccineo adrasum excluserat caput circaque oneratas veste cervices latyclaviam immiserat map-pam fimbriis hinc atque illinc pendentibus. Habebat etiam in minimo digito sinistrae manus anulum grandem subauratum, extremo vero articulo digiti sequentis minorem, ut mihi videbatur, totum aureum, sed plane ferreis veluti stellis ferruminatum. Et ne has tantum ostenderet divitias, dextrum nudavit lacertum armilla aurea cultum et eboreo circulo  
 33 lamina splendente conexo.<sup>2</sup> Ut deinde pinna argentea dentes perfodit, "Amici" inquit "nondum mihi suave erat in triclinium venire, sed ne diutius absens morae vobis essem,<sup>3</sup> omnem voluptatem mihi negavi. Permittitis tamen finire lusum." Sequatur puer cum tabula terebinthina et crystallinis tesseris, notavique rem omnium delicatissimam. Pro calculis enim albis ac nigris aureos argenteosque habebat denarios. Interim dum ille omnium textorum dicta inter lusum consumit, gustantibus adhuc nobis repositorium allatum est cum corbe, in quo gallina erat lignea patentibus in orbem alis, quales esse solent quae incubant ova. Accessere continuo duo servi et symphonia strepente scrutari paleam

<sup>1</sup> tumidissima conjectures Jacobs: munitissima H.

<sup>2</sup> conexo Buecheler: connexum.

<sup>3</sup> Here H has in triclinium absens more (= morae) vobis venire sed ne diutius absenti vos essem. L has: in triclinium venire sed ne diutius absentius essem. Heinsius first transferred absens morae vobis so as to follow diutius, but he retained absentivus of Pithoeus's editions as absentivös.

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Trimalchio was conducted in to the sound of music, propped on the tiniest of pillows. A laugh escaped the unwary. His head was shaven and peered out of a scarlet cloak, and over the heavy clothes on his neck he had put on a napkin with a broad stripe and fringes hanging from it all round. On the little finger of his left hand he had an enormous gilt ring, and on the top joint of the next finger a smaller ring which appeared to me to be entirely gold, but was really set all round with iron cut out in little stars.<sup>1</sup> Not content with this display of wealth, he bared his right arm, where a golden bracelet shone, and an ivory bangle clasped with a plate of bright metal. Then he said, as he picked his teeth with a silver quill, "It was not convenient for me to come to dinner yet, my friends, but I gave up all my own pleasure; I did not like to stay away any longer and keep you waiting. But you do not mind if I finish my game?" A boy followed him with a table of terebinth wood and two crystal dice, and I noticed the prettiest thing possible. Instead of black and white counters they used gold and silver coins. Trimalchio kept passing every kind of remark as he played, and we were still busy with the hors d'oeuvres, when a tray was brought in with a basket on it, in which there was a hen made of wood, spreading out her wings as they do when they are sitting. The music grew loud: two slaves at once came up and then hunted in the

<sup>1</sup> Petronius stresses the incongruous display of wealth by Trimalchio, who wears a gold ring as if he were an *eques*—and an iron one; he "sports" the broad (purple) stripe as if he were a senator—but on his napkin, not on his cloak; and his hair is cut close like a slave or a newly made freedman.

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coeperunt erutaque subinde pavonina ova divisere convivis. Convertit ad hanc scaenam Trimalchio vultum et "Amici" ait "pavonis ova gallinae iussi supponi. Et mehercules timeo ne iam concepti sint; temptemus tamen, si adhuc sorbilia sunt." Accipimus nos cochlearia non minus selibras pendentia ovaque ex farina pingui figurata pertundimus. Ego quidem paene proieci partem meam, nam videbatur mihi iam in pullum coisse. Deinde ut audivi veterem convivam: "Hic nescio quid boni debet esse," persecutus putamen manu pinguisissimam ficedulam inveni piperato vitello circumdatam.

- 34 Iam Trimalchio eadem omnia lusu intermisso poposcerat feceratque potestatem clara voce, si quis nostrum iterum vellet mulsum sumere, cum subito signum symphonia datur et gustatoria pariter a choro cantante rapiuntur. Ceterum inter tumultum cum forte paropsis excidisset et puer iacentem sustulisset, animadvertit Trimalchio colaphisque obiurgari puerum ac proicere rursus paropsidem iussit. Insecutus est lecticarius<sup>1</sup> argentumque inter reliqua *H* purgamenta scopis coepit everrere.<sup>2</sup> | Subinde intraverunt duo Aethiopes capillati cum pusillis utribus,

<sup>1</sup> supellecticarius *conjectures Dousa.*

<sup>2</sup> everrere *Goes: verrere.*

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<sup>1</sup> This bird cannot be a fig-bird (*Sphecotheses* of the family of orioles) because the several species are Australian. The name beccafico is applied in Italy to-day to several small passerine birds which frequent gardens in the autumn and sometimes peck at figs for insects and are eaten. The old Roman *ficedula*

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straw. Peahen's eggs were pulled out and handed to the guests. Trimalchio turned towards this fine sight, and said, "I gave orders, my friends, that peahen's eggs should be put under a common hen. And upon my oath I am afraid they are addled by now. But we will try whether they are still fresh enough to suck." We took our spoons, half-a-pound in weight at least, and hammered at the eggs, which were balls of fine meal. I was on the point of throwing away my portion. I thought a peachick had already formed. But hearing a practised diner say, "What treasure have we here?" I poked through the shell with my finger, and found a very fat fig-eater,<sup>1</sup> rolled up in spiced yolk of egg.

Trimalchio had now stopped his game, and asked for all the same dishes, and in a loud voice invited any of us, who wished, to take a second glass of mead. Suddenly the music gave the sign, and the light dishes were swept away by a troop of singing servants. But an entrée-dish happened to fall in the rush, and a boy picked it up from the ground. Trimalchio saw him, and directed that he should be punished by a box on the ear, and made to throw down the dish again. A chamberlain followed and proceeded to sweep out the silver with a broom among the other rubbish. Then two long-haired Ethiopians with little wineskins, just like the men who scatter

was probably one or more of these. Some believe it was a large warbler like the garden warbler (*Sylvia borin*). But Pliny, *N.H.*, X, 86, says that the birds are called *ficedulae* in autumn but that at all other times they are called *melancoryphi* (black-tops). This surely indicates the blackcap (*Sylvia atricapilla*), and this rather than a tit such as marsh tit or willow tit.

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quales solent esse qui harenam in amphitheatro spargunt, vinumque dedere in manus; aquam enim nemo porrexit.

*HL* | Laudatus propter elegantias dominus "Aequum" inquit "Mars amat. Itaque iussi<sup>1</sup> suam cuique mensam assignari. Obiter et putidissimi<sup>2</sup> servi minorem nobis aestum frequentia sua facient."

Statim allatae sunt amphorae vitreae diligenter gypsatae, quarum in cervicibus pittacia erant affixa cum hoc titulo: "Falernum Opimianum annorum centum." Dum titulos perlegimus, complosit Trimalchio manus et "Eheu" inquit "ergo diutius vi-

*H* vit | vinum quam homuncio. Quare tangomenas fa-  
*HL* ciamus. | Vinum vita<sup>3</sup> est. Verum Opimianum praesto. Heri non tam bonum posui, et multo honestiores cenabant." Potantibus ergo nobis et accuratissime lautitias mirantibus larvam argenteam attulit servus sic aptatam, ut articuli eius vertebraeque luxatae<sup>4</sup> in omnem partem flecterentur. Hanc cum super mensam semel iterumque abiecisset, et catenatio mobilis aliquot figuras exprimeret, Trimalchio adiecit:

<sup>1</sup> iussi *Burman*: iussit.

<sup>2</sup> putidissimi *Heinsius*: pudissimi *H*: p̄dissimi *L*.

<sup>3</sup> vinum vita *Goes*: vita vinum.

<sup>4</sup> luxatae *Heinsius*: laxatae *H*: locatae *L*.

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<sup>1</sup> Since Trimalchio is apparently a character of Nero's reign (A.D. 54-68), his wine if supposed to be genuine Opimian would taste pretty bad, because Opinius was consul in 121 B.C. But the guests enjoyed it. If the labels also are supposed to be genuine, that is, put on after one hundred years' keep, and if Trimalchio is supposed to be accurate (though he is an

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sand in an amphitheatre, came in and gave us wine to wash our hands in, for no one offered us water.

We complimented our host on his arrangements. "Mars loves a fair field," said he, "and so I gave orders that every one should have a separate table. In that way these filthy slaves will not make us so hot by crowding past us."

Just then some glass jars carefully fastened with gypsum were brought on, with labels tied to their necks, inscribed, "Falernian of Opimius's vintage, 100 years in bottle."<sup>1</sup> As we were poring over the tickets Trimalchio clapped his hands and cried, "Ah me, so wine lives longer than miserable man. So let us be merry."<sup>2</sup> Wine is life. I put on real wine of Opimius's year. I produced some inferior stuff yesterday, and there was a much finer set of people to dinner." As we drank and admired each luxury in detail, a slave brought in a silver skeleton,<sup>3</sup> made so that its joints and sockets could be moved and bent in every direction. He threw it down once or twice on the table so that the supple sections showed several attitudes, and Trimalchio said appropriately: "Alas

ignorant man), they were put on during the reign of Augustus (30 B.C.—A.D. 14).

<sup>2</sup> The word *tangomenas* is obscure. It occurs also at the end of Chapter 73, again with *faciamus*. *Tango menas* (Birt, *Rhein. Mus.*, LXXV, 118 ff.) "I touch mendoles (anchovies)" conveys no sense; nor does *tango Manes* (Ohlert). In a drinking mood Alcaeus (Fr. 94. Diehl; J. Edmonds, *Lyra Graeca*, Vol. I, LCL, pp 418–419) has *τέγγε πλεύμονας οἶνον* "wet your lungs with wine," and Buecheler suggested *tengomenas* in Petronius's phrase.

<sup>3</sup> Some representation of a skeleton was often present where Romans ate, apparently a reminder that though one eats now, one will die later. *larva* usually means a ghost.

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“ Eheu nos miseros, quam totus homuncio nil est.  
Sic erimus cuncti, postquam nos auferet Orcus.  
Ergo vivamus, dum licet esse bene.”

35 Laudationem<sup>1</sup> ferculum est insecutum plane non pro expectatione magnum; novitas tamen omnium convertit oculos. Rotundum enim repositorium duodecim habebat signa in orbe disposita, super quae proprium convenientemque materiae structor imposuerat cibum: super arietem cicer arietinum, super taurum bubulae frustum, super geminos testiculos ac riens, super cancrum coronam, super leonem ficum Africanam, super virginem steriliculam, super libram stateram in cuius altera parte scriblita erat, in altera *H* placenta, | super scorpionem pisciculum marinum, | *HL* super sagittarium oculatam,<sup>2</sup> super capricornum locustam marinam, super aquarium anserem, super pisces duos mullos. In medio autem caespes cum herbis excisus favum sustinebat. Circumferebat Aegyptius puer clibano argenteo panem. . . .<sup>3</sup>

Atque ipse etiam taeterrima voce de Laserpiciario mimo canticum extorsit. Nos ut tristiores ad tam viles accessimus cibos, “ Suadeo ” inquit Trimalchio

<sup>1</sup> lavationem *Jacobs*.

<sup>2</sup> ocolopetam *H*: odopetam *l. oculatam K. Rose and J, Sullivan, in Class. Quart., N.S. xviii, 180-184.*

<sup>3</sup> lacuna indicated by *Buecheler*.

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<sup>1</sup> In every case there is a connection between the Zodiacal sign and the food placed over it. The “ram’s-head” chick-pea was so named from its shape; the wreath of flowers over the Crab might allude to the flowers of summer or the chaplets that might be worn at the summer solstice because the sun is “in the Crab” at that turn of the year; but more likely the



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for us poor mortals, all that poor man is is nothing. So we shall all be, after the world below takes us away. Let us live then while it can go well with us.'

After we had praised this outburst a dish followed, not at all of the size we expected; but its novelty drew every eye to it. There was a round plate with the twelve signs of the Zodiac set in a circle,<sup>1</sup> and on each one the artist had laid some food fit and proper to the symbol; over the Ram ram's-head chick-pea, a piece of beef on the Bull, testicles and kidneys over the Twins, over the Crab a wreath of flowers, an African fig over the Lion, a barren sow's paunch over Virgo, over Libra a pair of scales with a muffin on one side and a cake on the other, over Scorpio a small sea-fish, over Sagittarius an oblate,<sup>2</sup> over Capricornus a crawfish, over Aquarius a goose, over Pisces two mullets. In the middle lay a honeycomb on a sod of turf with its weeds in it. An Egyptian boy took bread round in a silver chafingdish. . . .

Trimalchio himself too ground out a tune from the musical comedy "Assafoetida" in a most hideous voice. We came to such an evil entertainment rather depressed. "Now," said Trimalchio, "let us have

wreath is the constellation called by the Romans the "Corona" —the Northern Crown. The small fish over Scorpio would be the one called "scorpio" or "scorpaena," a sculpin (*Scorpaena scrofa* or else *S. porcus*). The connection between Capricornus, "goat-horn" and crawfish would be two goats' horns and two antennae.

<sup>2</sup> *oclopetam* looks like a word formed from *oculus*, eye, and *peta* from *petere*, eye-seeker, but meaning "aiming with an eye," not "aiming at an eye", as might a crow which is edible. However I accept *oculatam*. See Note on page 430.

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36 "cenemus; hoc est ius<sup>1</sup> cenae." Haec ut dixit, ad symphoniam quattuor tripudiantes procurrerunt superioremque partem repositorii abstulerunt. Quo facto videmus infra [scilicet in altero ferculo]<sup>2</sup> altitia et sumina leporemque in medio pinnis subornatum, ut Pegasus videretur. Notavimus etiam circa angulos repositorii Marsyas quattuor, ex quorum utriculis garum piperatum currebat super pisces, qui <tamquam><sup>3</sup> in euripo natabant. Damus omnes plausum a familia inceptum et res electissimas ridentes aggredimur. Non minus et Trimalchio eiusmodi methodio laetus "Carpe" inquit. Processit statim scissor et ad symphoniam gesticulatus ita laceravit obsonium, ut putares essedarium hydraule cantante pugnare. Ingerebat nihilo minus Trimalchio lentissima voce: "Carpe, Carpe." Ego suspicatus ad aliquam urbanitatem totiens iteratam vocem pertinere, non erubui eum qui supra me accumbebat, hoc ipsum interrogare. At ille, qui saepius eiusmodi ludos spectaverat, "Vides illum" inquit "qui obsonium carpit: Carpus vocatur. Itaque quotiescunque dicit 'Carpe,' eodem verbo et vocat et imperat."

37 Non potui amplius quicquam gustare, sed conversus ad eum, ut quam plurima exciperem, longe accersere fabulas coepi sciscitarique, quae esset mulier illa,

<sup>1</sup> ius *l*: in *H*: initium *Reiske*, who with *Wehle* would delete hoc est ius cenae.

<sup>2</sup> Deleted by *Pithoeus* in his second edition.

<sup>3</sup> Added by *Wehle*: <quasi> *Gaselee*. quiq3 *H*.

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<sup>1</sup> Pegasus was Bellerophon's winged horse. Marsyas the satyr was flayed alive by Apollo whom Marsyas had challenged to a contest in pipe-playing and had lost.

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dinner. This is sauce for the dinner." As he spoke, four dancers ran up in time with the music and took off the top part of the dish. Then we saw in the well of it fat fowls and sow's bellies, and in the middle a hare got up with wings to look like Pegasus.<sup>1</sup> Four figures of Marsyas at the corners of the dish also caught the eye; they let a spiced sauce run from their wine-skins over the fishes, which swam about in a kind of tide-race. We all took up the clapping which the slaves started, and attacked these delicacies with hearty laughter. Trimalchio was delighted with the trick he had played us, and said, "Now, Carver." The slicer came up at once, and making flourishes in time with the music hacked the meat to pieces; you would have said that a gladiator in a chariot was fighting to the accompaniment of a water-organ. Still Trimalchio kept on in a slow voice, "Oh, Carver, Carver." I thought this word over and over again must be part of a joke, and I made bold to ask the man who sat next to me this very question. He had seen performances of this kind quite often. "You see the fellow who is carving his way through the meat? Well, his name is Carver. So whenever Trimalchio says the word, he uses it both as a vocative and as an imperative."<sup>2</sup>

I was now unable to eat any more, so I turned to my neighbour to get as much news as possible. I proceeded to seek for far-fetched stories, and to enquire who the woman was who kept running about

<sup>1</sup>As Lowe put it, "Carver, carve 'er"; as Sedgwick suggested, "Hackett, hack it."

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quae huc atque illuc discurreret. "Uxor" inquit  
 "Trimalchionis, Fortunata appellatur, quae nummos  
 modio metitur. Et modo, modo quid fuit? Ignoscet  
 mihi genius tuus, noluisse de manu illius panem acci-  
 pere. Nunc, nec quid nec quare, in caelum abiit et  
 Trimalchionis topanta<sup>1</sup> est. Ad summam, mero  
 H meridie si dixerit illi tenebras esse, credet. | Ipse  
 nescit quid habeat, adeo saplutus<sup>2</sup> est; sed haec  
 lupatria<sup>3</sup> providet omnia et<sup>4</sup> ubi non putes. Est  
 sicca, sobria, bonorum consiliorum [tantum auri  
 vides],<sup>5</sup> est tamen malae linguae, pica pulvinaris.  
 Quem amat, amat; quem non amat, non amat. Ipse  
 Trimalchio<sup>6</sup> fundos habet, qua milvi volant, num-  
 morum nummos. Argentum in ostiarii illius cella  
 plus iacet, quam quisquam in fortunis habet.  
 Familia vero babae babae, non mehercules puto  
 decumam partem esse quae dominum suum noverit.  
 Ad summam, quemvis ex istis babaecalis<sup>7</sup> in rutae  
 38 folium coniciet. Nec est quod putes illum quic-  
 quam emere. Omnia domi nascuntur: laina<sup>8</sup>  
 credrae,<sup>9</sup> piper, lacte gallinaceum si quaesieris, in-

<sup>1</sup> τὰ πάντα in margin of l.      <sup>2</sup> Greek ζάπλουτος.

<sup>3</sup> lupa trita Goes.

<sup>4</sup> omnia est Müller in his 2nd edition.

<sup>5</sup> Deleted by Nodot, probably rightly, though Müller retains the words in his second edition. "You see so much gold".

<sup>6</sup> Müller deletes Trimalchio.

<sup>7</sup> babaecali = Greek βαβαι καλοί.      <sup>8</sup> laina P. George: lana.

<sup>9</sup> credrae H which may be corrupt. cedriae Muncker: cedrea Heraeus: cerae Heinsius: citria Jacobs. The last conjecture, or citrea, may well be right.

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<sup>1</sup> Literally "May your genius pardon me." See above, note on chapter 25.

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everywhere. "She is Trimalchio's wife Fortunata," he said, "and she counts her money by the bushel. And what was she a little while ago? You<sup>1</sup> will pardon me if I say that you would not have taken a piece of bread from her hand. Now without why or wherefore she is queen of Heaven, and Trimalchio's all in all. In fact, if she tells him that it is dark at high noon, he will believe it. He is so enormously rich that he does not know himself what he has; but this wolf-bitch woman has a plan for everything, even where you would not think it. She is temperate, sober, and prudent, but she has a nasty tongue, and henpecks him on his own sofa.<sup>2</sup> Whom she likes, she likes; whom she dislikes, she dislikes. Trimalchio has estates wherever a kite can fly in a day, is millionaire of millionaires. There is more plate lying in his hall-porter's room than other people have in their whole fortunes. And his slaves! My word! I really don't believe that one out of ten of them knows his master by sight. Why, he can knock any of these young la-de-das into a nettle-bed<sup>3</sup> if he chooses. You must not suppose either that he buys anything. Everything is home-grown: mastich,<sup>4</sup> citrons, pepper; you can have hen's milk for the ask-

<sup>2</sup> The phrase means literally "she is a magpie belonging to a pillow," and clearly refers to domestic tyranny.

<sup>3</sup> *In rutae folium coniciet.* Literally "will throw into a rue-leaf." *Rutae folium* is said by Friedlaender to be a proverbial expression for a small space. He refers to Martial, xi, 31, 17. The phrase occurs again in c. 58.

<sup>4</sup> P. George's emendation *laina* seems a good one, because the point is that what Trimalchio grows at home is exotic, which *lana*, wool, is not.

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venies. Ad summam, parum illi bona lana nascebatur; arietes a Tarento emit, et eos culavit in gregem. Mel Atticum ut domi nasceretur, apes ab Athenis iussit afferri; obiter et vernaculae quae sunt, meliusculae a Graeculis fient. Ecce intra hos dies scripsit, ut illi ex India semen boletorum mitteretur. Nam mulam quidem nullam habet, quae non ex onagro nata sit. Vides tot culcitas: nulla non aut conchyliatum aut coccineum tomentum habet. Tanta est animi<sup>1</sup> beatitudo. Reliquos autem collibertos eius cave contemnas. Valde sucos[s]i sunt. Vides illum qui in imo imus recumbit: hodie sua octingenta possidet. De nihilo crevit. Modo solebat collo<sup>2</sup> suo ligna portare. Sed quomodo dicunt—ego nihil scio, sed audivi—quom<sup>3</sup> Incuboni pilleum rapuisset, [et]<sup>4</sup> thesaurum invenit. Ego nemini invideo, si quid<sup>5</sup> deus dedit. Est tamen sub alapa et non vult sibi male. Itaque proxime casam<sup>6</sup> hoc titulo proscrispsit: 'C. Pompeius Diogenes ex kalendis Iuliis cenaculum locat; ipse enim domum emit.' Quid ille qui libertini loco iacet, quam bene se habuit. Non impropero illi. Sestertium suum vidit decies, sed male vacillavit. Non puto illum capillos liberos

<sup>1</sup> homini *Reinesius*.

<sup>2</sup> modo solebat collo *Wehle*: solebat collo modo *H*.

<sup>3</sup> quom *Buecheler*: cum modo *Scheffer*: quomodo.

<sup>4</sup> Deleted by *Scheffer*. <sup>5</sup> quid *Buecheler*: quoi *Goes*; quo.

<sup>6</sup> casam *Buecheler* (or *cenaculum*): oecum *Jak. Gronov*: cum.

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<sup>1</sup> *Incubo* was a goblin who guarded hidden treasure. If one stole his cap, he was compelled to reveal the treasure.

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ing. Why, his wool was not growing of fine enough quality. He bought rams from Tarentum and bummed them into his flock. He had bees brought from Athens to give him Attic honey on the premises; the Roman-born bees incidentally will be improved by the Greeklings. Within the last few days, I may say, he has written for a cargo of mushroom spawn from India. And he has not got a single mule which is not the child of a wild ass. You see all the cushions here: every one has purple or scarlet stuffing. So high is his felicity. But do not look down on the other freedmen who are his friends. They are very juicy people. That one you see lying at the bottom of the end sofa has his eight hundred thousand. He grew from nothing. A little time ago he was carrying loads of wood on his back. People do say—I know nothing, but I have heard—that he pulled off a goblin's cap and found a fairy hoard.<sup>1</sup> If God makes presents I am jealous of nobody. Still, he shows the marks of his master's fingers,<sup>2</sup> and has a fine opinion of himself. So he has just put up a notice next to his hovel: 'This attic, the property of Gaius Pompeius Diogenes, to let from the 1st of July, the owner having purchased a house.' That person there too who is lying in the freedman's place<sup>3</sup> is well pleased with himself. I do not blame him. He had his million in his hands, but he has had a bad shaking. I believe he cannot say his hair is free from mortgage.

<sup>2</sup> On setting a slave free the master gave him a slap (alapa) as a symbol of his former power over him.

<sup>3</sup> Apparently a recognized place at table was assigned to a freedman invited to dine with freemen. Its position is not known.

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habere, nec mehercules sua culpa; ipso enim homo melior non est; sed liberti scelerati, qui omnia ad se fecerunt. Scito autem: sociorum olla male fervet, et ubi semel res inclinata est, amici de medio. Et quam honestam negotiationem exercuit, quod illum sic vides. Libitinarius fuit. Solebat sic cenare, quomodo rex: apros gausapatos, opera pistoria, avis, cocos,<sup>1</sup> pistores. Plus vini sub mensa effundebatur, quam aliquis in cella habet. Phantasia, non homo. Inclinatorum quoque rebus suis, cum timeret ne creditores illum conturbare existimarent, hoc titulo auctionem<sup>2</sup> proscripsit: 'C. Iulius Proculus auctionem faciet rerum supervacuuarum.' "

- 39 Interpellavit tam dulces fabulas Trimalchio; nam iam sublatum erat ferculum, hilaresque convivae vino sermonibusque publicatis operam coeperant dare. Is ergo reclinatus in cubitum "Hoc vinum" inquit "vos oportet suave faciatis. Pisces natate oportet. Rogo, me putatis illa cena esse contentum, quam in theca repositorii videratis? 'Sic notus Vlixes?' quid ergo est? Oportet etiam inter cenandum philologiam nosse. Patrono meo ossa bene quiescant, qui me hominem inter homines voluit esse. Nam mihi nihil novi potest afferri, sicut ille † fericulusta mel †<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> avis, cocos *Scheffer*: viscocos. *There are other conjectures. Jacobs thought opera pistoris should be deleted.*

<sup>2</sup> auctionem *Scheffer*: caucionem. C. or T. before Iulius was added by *Buecheler*.

<sup>3</sup> fericulus iam *Buecheler*. *The corruption certainly contains ferculus (J. F. Gronov). Studer suggests talem for ta mel.*



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No fault of his I am sure; there is no better fellow alive; but it is the damned freedmen who have pocketed everything. You know how it is: the company's pot goes off the boil, and the moment business takes a bad turn your friends desert you. You see *him* in this state: and what a fine trade he drove! He was an undertaker.<sup>1</sup> He used to dine like a prince: boars cooked in a cloth, pastry-cooks' concoctions, chefs, and confectioners! There used to be more wine spilt under the table than many a man has in his cellars. He was a fairy prince, not a mortal. When his business was failing, and he was afraid his creditors might guess that he was going bankrupt, he advertised a sale in this fashion: 'Gaius Julius Proculus will offer for sale some articles for which he has no further use.'

Trimalchio interrupted these delightful tales; the course had now been removed, and the cheerful company proceeded to turn their attention to the wine, and to general conversation. He lay back on his couch and said: "Now you must make this wine go down pleasantly. A fish must have something to swim in. But I say, did you suppose I would put up with the dinner you saw on the top part of that round dish—'Is this the old Ulysses whom ye knew?'<sup>2</sup>—well, well, one must not forget one's culture even at dinner. God rest the bones of my patron; he wanted me to be a man among men. No one can bring me anything new, as that last dish already

<sup>1</sup> The word is derived from Libitina, goddess of funerals. From her temple they got their hired equipment.

<sup>2</sup> See Virgil, *Aeneid*, ii, 44. Don't you know me better than that?

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habuit praxim. Caelus hic, in quo duodecim dii habitant, in totidem se figuras convertit, et modo fit aries. Itaque quisquis nascitur illo signo, multa pecora habet, multum lanæ, caput præterea durum, frontem expudoratam, cornum acutum. Plurimi hoc signo scholastici nascuntur et arietilli.”<sup>1</sup> Laudamus urbanitatem mathematici; itaque adiecit: “deinde totus caelus taurulus fit. Itaque tunc calcitrosi nascuntur et bubulci et qui se ipsi pascunt. In geminis autem nascuntur bigae et boves et colei et qui utrosque parietes linunt. In cancro ego natus sum. Ideo multis pedibus sto, et in mari et in terra multa possideo; nam cancer et hoc et illoc quadrat. Et ideo iam dudum nihil super illum posui, ne genesim meam premerem. In leone cataphagae nascuntur et imperiosi; in virgine mulieres<sup>2</sup> et fugitivi et compediti; in libra laniones et unguentarii et quicumque aliquid expendant; <sup>3</sup> in scorpione venenarii et percussores; in sagittario strabones, qui holera spectant, lardum tollunt; in capricorno aerumnosi, quibus prae mala sua cornua nascuntur; in aquario copones et cucurbitae; in piscibus obsonatores et rhetores. Sic orbis vertitur tanquam mola,

<sup>1</sup> arietilli *Heinsius*: aietii illi.      <sup>2</sup> mulierosi *Jak. Gronov.*

<sup>3</sup> expendant *Burman*: expendiunt.

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. J. G. W. M. de Vreese, *Petron 39 und die Astrologie*, Amsterdam, 1927. The twelve chief Roman gods were Jupiter, Juno, Mars, Venus, Apollo, Vulcan, Mercury, Minerva, Diana, Vesta, Ceres and Neptune. On the signs Trimalchio gives his own ideas.

<sup>2</sup> Literally “those who daub dividing walls on both sides,” or “those who whitewash two dividing walls from one pail”—kill two birds with one stone.

## SATYRICON

proved in its consummation. The firmament which the twelve gods inhabit turns into as many figures, and at one time becomes a ram.<sup>1</sup> So anyone who is born under that sign has plenty of flocks and wool, a hard head and a shameless forehead and sharp horns. Very many pedants and young bucks are born under this sign." We applauded the elegance of his astrology, and so he went on: "Then the whole sky changes into a young bull. So men who are free with their heels are born now, and oxherds and people who have to find their own food. Under the Twins tandems are born, and pairs of oxen, and men with balls, and those who sit on both sides of the fence.<sup>2</sup> I was born under the Crab. So I have many legs to stand on, and many possessions by sea and land; for either one or the other suits your crab. And that was why just now I put nothing on top of the Crab, for fear of weighing down the house of my birth. Under the Lion gluttons and masterful men are born; under Virgo women, and runaway slaves, and chained gangs; under Libra butchers, and perfumers, and any people who weigh something out; poisoners and assassins under Scorpio; under Sagittarius cross-eyed men, who take the bacon while they look at the vegetables; under Capricornus the poor folk whose troubles make horns sprout on them; under Aquarius innkeepers and men with water on the brain; under Pisces chefs and rhetoricians.<sup>3</sup> So the world turns

<sup>1</sup> *Libra*: Balance or Scales. *Sagittarius*: "Archer." *Capricornus*: "Goat-horn." *Aquarius*: "Water-carrier," "Water-bearer" (perhaps inn-keepers put water in the wine). *Pisces*: "Fishes," under which probably fish-mouthed people were born.

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et semper aliquid mali facit, ut homines aut nascantur aut pereant. Quod autem in medio caespitem videtis et supra caespitem favum, nihil sine ratione facio. Terra mater est in medio quasi ovum corrotundata, et omnia bona in se habet tanquam favus."

40 "Sophos" universi clamamus et sublatis manibus ad cameram iuramus Hipparchum Aratumque comparandos illi homines<sup>1</sup> non fuisse, donec advenerunt ministri ac toralia praeposuerunt toris,<sup>2</sup> in quibus retia erant picta subsessoresque cum venabulis et totus venationis apparatus. Necdum sciebamus <quo><sup>3</sup> mitteremus suspiciones nostras, cum extra triclinium clamor sublatus est ingens, et ecce canes Laconici etiam circa mensam discurrere coeperunt. Secutum est hos repositorium, in quo positus erat primae magnitudinis aper, et quidem pilleatus, e cuius dentibus sportellae dependebant duae palmulis textae, altera caryotis altera thebaicis repleta. Circa autem minores porcelli ex coptoplacentis facti, quasi uberibus imminerent, scrofam esse positam significabant. Et hi quidem apophoreti fuerunt. Ceterum ad scindendum aprum non ille Carpus accessit, qui altilia laceraverat,<sup>4</sup> sed barbatus ingens, fasciis cruralibus alligatus et alicula subornatus polymita, strictoque venatorio cultro latus apri vehementer percussit, ex cuius plaga turdi evo-

<sup>1</sup> homini *Heinsius*.

<sup>2</sup> toralia praeposuerunt *Mentel*: tolaria proposeurunt *H*: toralia proposeurunt [toris] *Fraenkel*.

<sup>3</sup> <quo> *added by Mentel*.

<sup>4</sup> *J. Sullivan deletes q.a.l.*

## SATYRICON

like a mill, and always brings some evil to pass, causing the birth of men or their death. You saw the green turf in the middle of the dish, and the honeycomb on the turf; I do nothing without a reason. Mother Earth lies in the world's midst rounded like an egg, and in her all blessings are contained as in a honeycomb."

"Bravo!" we all cried, swearing with our hands lifted to the ceiling that Hipparchus and Aratus<sup>1</sup> were men not to be compared with him, until the servants came and spread over the couches coverlets painted with nets, and men lying in wait with hunting spears, and all the instruments of the chase. We were still wondering where to turn our expectations, when a great shout was raised outside the dining-room, and in came some Spartan hounds too, and proceeded to run round the table. A tray was brought in after them with a wild boar of the largest size upon it, wearing a cap of freedom, with two little baskets woven of palm-twigs hanging from the tusks, one full of dry dates and the other of fresh. Round it lay sucking-pigs made of simnel cake with their mouths to the teats, thereby showing that we had a sow before us. These sucking-pigs were for the guests to take away. Carver, who had mangled the fowls, did not come to divide the boar, but a big bearded man with bands wound round his legs, and a spangled hunting-coat of damasked silk, who drew a hunting-knife and plunged it hard into the boar's side. A number of fieldfares flew out at the blow.

<sup>1</sup> Aratus (c. 315-c. 245 B.C.) of Soli and Hipparchus (c. 190-124 B.C.) of Nicaea were famous astronomers, the latter deservedly.

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laverunt. Parati aucupes cum harundinibus fuerunt et eos circa triclinium volitantes momento exceperunt. Inde cum suum cuique iussisset referri Trimalchio, adiecit: "Etiam videte, quam porcus ille silvaticus lotam<sup>1</sup> comederit glandem." Statim pueri ad sportellas accesserunt, quae pendebant e dentibus, thebaicasque et caryotas ad numerum divisere cenantibus.

41. Interim ego, qui privatum habebam secessum, in multas cogitationes diductus sum, quare aper pilleatus intrasset. Postquam itaque omnis bacalusias<sup>2</sup> consumpsi, duravi interrogare illum interpretem meum, quod<sup>3</sup> me torqueret. At ille: "Plane etiam hoc servus tuus indicare potest; non enim aenigma est, sed res aperta. Hic aper, cum heri summa cena eum<sup>4</sup> vindicasset, a convivis dimissus est; itaque hodie tanquam libertus in convivium revertitur." Damnavi ego stuporem meum et nihil amplius interrogavi, ne viderer nunquam inter honestos cenasse.

Dum haec loquimur, puer speciosus, vitibus hederisque redimitus, modo Bromium, interdum Lyaeum Euhiumque confessus, calathisco uvas circumtulit et poemata domini sui acutissima voce traduxit. Ad quem sonum conversus<sup>5</sup> Trimalchio "Dionyse" inquit "liber esto." Puer detraxit pilleum apro capitique suo imposuit. Tum Trimalchio rursus adiecit: "Non negabitis me" inquit "habere

<sup>1</sup> lotam *Muncker*: *Buecheler conjectures cultam*: *H* has totam.

<sup>2</sup> *So H. Various suggestions have been made to alter it.*

<sup>3</sup> quod *Buecheler*: quid.

<sup>4</sup> summa cena eum *Buecheler*: summam cenam *Scheffer*: summa cenam.

<sup>5</sup> *Fraenkel suggested deleting conversus. Compare chapter 98.*

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As they fluttered round the dining-room there were fowlers ready with limed reeds who caught them in a moment. Trimalchio ordered everybody to be given his own portion, and added: "Now you see what fine acorns the woodland boar has been eating." Then boys came and took the baskets which hung from her jaws and distributed the fresh and the dry dates to the guests.

Meantime I had got a quiet corner to myself, and had gone off on a long train of speculation,—why the boar had come in with a cap of freedom on. After turning the problem over every way <sup>1</sup> I ventured to put the question which was troubling me to my old informant. "Your humble servant can explain that too;" he said, "there is no riddle, the thing is quite plain. Yesterday when this animal appeared as *pièce de résistance* at dinner, the guests let him go; and so to-day he comes back to dinner as a freedman." I cursed my dullness and asked no more questions, for fear of showing that I had never dined among decent people.

As we were speaking, a beautiful boy with vine-leaves and ivy in his hair brought round grapes in a little basket, impersonating Bacchus now as the Noisy one, sometimes as the Loosener and as Good-Joy, and rendering his master's verses in a most shrill voice. Trimalchio turned round at the noise and said, "Dionysus, rise and be liberated." The boy took the cap of freedom off the boar, and put it on his head. Then Trimalchio went on: "I am sure you

<sup>1</sup> *Bacalusias* may be derived from *baccolus* (Gk. βάκηλος) a blockhead, and *ludere*, hence meaning perhaps "every kind of foolish explanation of the riddle."

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Liberum patrem." Laudavimus dictum Trimalchionis et circumeuntem <sup>1</sup> puerum sane perbasiamus.<sup>2</sup>

Ab hoc ferculo Trimalchio ad lasanum surrexit. Nos libertatem sine tyranno nacti coepimus invitare<sup>3</sup> convivarum sermones. Dama<sup>4</sup> itaque primus cum † pataracina †<sup>5</sup> poposcisset, "Dies" inquit "nihil est. Dum versas te, nox fit. Itaque nihil est melius, quam de cubiculo recta in triclinium ire. Et mundum frigus habuimus. Vis me balneus calfecit. Tamen calda potio<sup>6</sup> vestiarius est. Staminatas duxi, et plane matus sum. Vinus mihi in cerebrum abiit."

- 42 Excepit Seleucus fabulae partem et "Ego" inquit "non cotidie labor; baliscus<sup>7</sup> enim fullo est, aqua dentes habet, et cor nostrum cotidie liquescit. Sed cum mulsi pultarium obduxi, frigori laecasin dico. Nec sane lavare potui; fui enim hodie in funus. Homo bellus, tam bonus Chrysanthus animam ebulliit. Modo, modo me appellavit. Videor mihi cum illo loqui. Heu, eheu. Utres inflati ambulamus.

<sup>1</sup> circumeuntem *Scheffer*: circumeuntes.

<sup>2</sup> *Perhaps* perbasiamus.

<sup>3</sup> *Perhaps* iungere.

<sup>4</sup> Dama *Buecheler*: Damas *Heinsius*: clamat.

<sup>5</sup> patera acina *Scheffer*: amaracina *J. F. Gronov*: pateram vini *Jacobs*: patera capaci vina *Heinsius*.

<sup>6</sup> lotio *Goes*.

<sup>7</sup> balneus *J. F. Gronov*: balaniscus *Reinesius*: balniscus *Scheffer*: aliptes suggests *Müller*.

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<sup>1</sup> The name of the Italian god Liber, god of planting and fructification, has nothing to do with *liber* "free" or *liberare*, "to set free," but was fancifully derived from the fact that wine frees peoples from cares. Trimalchio, who confers



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will agree that the god of Liberation is my father.”<sup>1</sup> We applauded Trimalchio's phrase, and kissed the boy heartily as he went round.

After this course Trimalchio rose to go to the pot. With the tyrant away we had our freedom, and we proceeded to draw the conversation of our neighbours. Dama began after calling for bumpers [?]: “Day is nothing. Night is on you before you can turn round. Then there is no better plan than going straight out of bed to dinner. It was precious cold. I could scarcely get warm in a bath. But a hot drink is as good as an overcoat. I have taken some deep drinks [?] and I am quite soaked.”<sup>2</sup> The wine has gone to my head.”

Seleucus took up the tale and said: “I do not wash every day; the bath [?] pulls you to pieces like a fuller, the water bites, and the heart of man melts away daily. But when I have put down some mugs of mead I let the cold go to hell.”<sup>3</sup> Besides, I could not wash; I was at a funeral to-day. A fine fellow, the excellent Chrysanthus, has bubbled his last. It was but the other day he greeted me. I feel as if I were speaking with him now. Dear, dear, how we bladders of wind strut about. We are of less

freedom on slaves, therefore takes Liber as his patron and his father. His real father in fact had not been a free man. Liber was identified with the Greek god Dionysus, or Bacchus, god of fruitfulness and vegetation, and particularly of wine.

<sup>2</sup> If *staminatas* is not corrupt, as *pataracina* apparently is six sentences before, it may well mean draughts of neat wine. It has been variously derived from the Greek *στάμνος* or the Latin *stamen*, and variously emended.

<sup>3</sup> *laecasin* = Greek *λαικάζειν*, go wenching. So Burman for *laecasin* in cod. H. See Martial, XI, lviii, 12.

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Minoris quam muscae sumus, <muscae><sup>1</sup> tamen aliquam virtutem habent, nos non pluris sumus quam bullae. Et quid si non abstinax fuisset? Quinque dies aquam in os suum non coniecit, non micam panis. Tamen abiit ad plures. Medici illum perdiderunt, immo magis malus fatus; medicus enim nihil aliud est quam animi consolatio. Tamen bene elatus est, vitali lecto, stragulis bonis. Planctus est optime—manu<sup>2</sup> misit aliquot—etiam si maligne illum ploravit uxor. Quid si non illam optime accepisset! Sed mulier quae<sup>3</sup> mulier milvinum genus. Neminem nihil boni facere oportet; aequae est enim ac si in puteum conicias. Sed antiquus amor cancer est.”

- 43 Molestus fuit, Philerosque proclamavit: “ Vivorum meminerimus. Ille habet, quod sibi debebatur: honeste vixit, honeste obiit. Quid habet quod queratur? Ab asse crevit et paratus fuit quadrantem de stercore mordicus tollere. Itaque crevit quicquid tetigit<sup>4</sup> tanquam favus. Puto mehercules illum reliquisse solida centum, et omnia in nummis habuit. De re<sup>5</sup> tamen ego verum dicam, qui linguam caninam comedi: durae buccae fuit, linguosus, discordia, non homo. Frater eius fortis fuit, amicus amico, manu plena, uncta<sup>6</sup> mensa. Et inter initia malam parram

<sup>1</sup> muscae added by Heinsius: quae by Anton: illae by Ernout.

<sup>2</sup> stragulis and planctus and manu ed. Patav.: stagulis and plautus and manum H.

<sup>3</sup> qua Reiske: quaeque Muncker: mulier quae - mulier Burriss.

<sup>4</sup> tetigit Delz: crevit.

<sup>5</sup> vere Heinsius.

<sup>6</sup> plena uncta Reinesius, Heinsius: uncta plena.

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value than flies; flies have their virtues, we are worth no more than bubbles. And what would have happened if he had not tried the fasting cure? No water touched his lips for five days, not a morsel of bread. Yet he went over to the majority. The doctors killed him—no, it was his unhappy destiny; a doctor is nothing but a sop to conscience. Still, he was carried out in fine style on a bier covered with a good pall. The mourning was very good too—he had freed a number of slaves—even though his own wife was very grudging over her tears. I daresay he did not treat her particularly kindly. But women † one and all † are a set of kites. You should never do no good to nobody; it is all the same as if you put your kindness in a well. But an old love pinches like a crab.”

He was a bore, and Phileros shouted out: “Oh, let us remember the living. He has got his deserts; he lived decently and died decently. What has he got to grumble at? He started with twopence, and he was always ready to pick a halfpenny out of the dung with his teeth. So whatever he touched grew like a honeycomb. Upon my word, I believe he left a clear hundred thousand, and all in hard cash. Still, I have eaten hound’s tongue,<sup>1</sup> I must speak the truth on our subject. He had a rough mouth, was talkative, and was more of a discord than a man. His brother was a fine fellow, stood by his friends, open-handed and kept a good table. To begin with, he

<sup>1</sup> Probably the plant *κυνόγλωσσος* “dog’s tongue,” “hound’s tongue,” still so called, used in ancient times in medicine for people hard of hearing, and in wine to improve its cheering effect.

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pilavit, sed recorrexit costas illius prima vindemia: vendidit enim vinum, quanti tum<sup>1</sup> ipse voluit. Et quod illius mentum sustulit, hereditatem accepit, ex qua plus involavit, quam illi relictum est. Et ille stips, dum fratri suo irascitur, nescio cui terrae filio patrimonium elegavit. Longe fugit, quisquis suos fugit. Habuit autem oricularios<sup>2</sup> servos, qui illum *HL* pessum dederunt. | Nunquam autem recte faciet, qui *H* cito credit, | utique homo negotians. Tamen verum quod frunitus est, quam diu vixit . . .<sup>3</sup> cui datum est, non cui destinatum. Plane Fortunae filius, in manu illius plumbum aurum fiebat. Facile est autem, ubi omnia quadrata currunt. Et quot putas illum annos secum tulisse? Septuaginta et supra. Sed corneolus fuit, aetatem bene ferebat, niger tanquam corvus. Noveram hominem † olim oliorum †<sup>4</sup> et adhuc salax erat. Non mehercules illum puto in domo canem reliquisse. Immo etiam pullarius<sup>5</sup> erat, omnis Minervae homo. Nec improbo, hoc solum enim secum tulit.”

44 Haec Phileros dixit, illa Ganymedes: “Narratis quod nec ad caelum nec ad terram pertinet, cum

<sup>1</sup> quanti tum *Scheffer*: quanti *Buecheler*: quantum.

<sup>2</sup> oricularios *Reinesius*: gracularios *Jak. Gronov*: oracularios.

<sup>3</sup> *Some words have dropped out here. Perhaps* <bene vixit> *or, as Muncker suggests, cui* <datum est,> *datum est.*

<sup>4</sup> olim olimorum *Wehle*: molli molliorem *Fröhner*. *Perhaps oliorum should be deleted (if olim is right). There are various efforts to recover a lost epithet. Read perhaps simply olim olim.*

<sup>5</sup> pullarius *Burman*: puellarius.

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caught a Tartar:<sup>1</sup> but his first vintage put his ribs right again: for he sold his wine for any price he then wanted. And what made him hold up his chin was that he came into an estate out of which he got more than had been left to him. And that blockhead, in a fit of passion with his brother, left the family property away to some son of the soil. He that flies from his own family has far to travel. But he had some eaves-dropping slaves who did for him. A man who is always ready to believe what is told him will never do well, especially a business man. Still no doubt he enjoyed himself every day of his life. † Blessed is he who gets the gift, not he for whom it is meant. He was a real Fortune's darling, lead turned gold in his hands. Yes, it is easy when everything goes fair and square. And how many years do you think he had on his shoulders? Seventy and more. But he was a tough old thing, carried his age well, as black as a crow. I had known him world without end,<sup>2</sup> and he was still lecherous. I really do not think he left even his dog unmolested in his house. No, he was still a boy-catcher, a man of every fine art. Well, I do not blame him: it is only his past pleasures he could take with him."

So said Phileros, but Ganymede<sup>3</sup> broke in: "You go talking about things which are neither in heaven nor earth, and none of you care all the time how the

<sup>1</sup> Literally "he plucked a bad *parra*," some bird of ill omen: Horace, *Odes*, iii, 27.

<sup>2</sup> *Olim oliorum* is doubtful; *oliorum* may be a partial duplication of an adjacent word as elsewhere in MSS. of Petronius. Cf. note on p. 84.

<sup>3</sup> Ganymedes is here the name of one of the guests.

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interim nemo curat, quid annona mordet. Non mehercules hodie buccam panis invenire potui. Et quomodo siccitas perseverat. Iam annum esuritio<sup>1</sup> fuit. Aediles male eveniat, qui cum pistoribus colludunt 'Serva me, servabo te.' Itaque populus minutus laborat; nam isti maiores maxillae semper Saturnalia agunt. O si haberemus illos leones, quos ego hic inveni, cum primum ex Asia veni. Illud erat vivere. † similia sicilia interiores et †<sup>2</sup> larvas sic istos percolopabant, ut illis Iupiter iratus esset. [Sed]<sup>3</sup> memini Safinium: tunc habitabat ad arcum veterem, me puero, piper, non homo. Is quacunquē ibat, terram adurebat. Sed rectus, sed certus, amicus amico, cum quo audacter posses in tenebris micare. In curia autem quomodo singulos [vel]<sup>4</sup> pilabat [tractabat],<sup>5</sup> nec schemas loquebatur sed directum.<sup>6</sup> Cum ageret porro in foro, sic illius vox crescebat tanquam tuba. Nec sudavit unquam nec expuit, puto eum<sup>7</sup> nescio quid Asiadis<sup>8</sup> habuisse.

<sup>1</sup> esuritio *Buecheler*: esurio.

<sup>2</sup> For efforts to emend this corruption see the critical notes of *Buecheler and Schmeck*; *G. Whittick in Classical Review LXVI*, = *N.S. II, 1952, 11-12*, keeps the reading of *H*.

<sup>3</sup> Deleted by *Scheffer*.

<sup>4</sup> Deleted by *Scheffer* and others.

<sup>5</sup> Deleted by *Scheffer* and others.

<sup>6</sup> directum or derectum *Reiske*: dilectum.

<sup>7</sup> eum *Mentel*: enim.

<sup>8</sup> assi a dis *Burman*, perhaps rightly: asia dis *H*. Possibly aridi. There are various suggestions.

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<sup>1</sup> The text here, after various attempts to emend it, remains a problem. *Similia* and *sicilia* seem to me to be alternatives or by dittography duplicates (almost). The same might be true if the writer of *H* ought to have written *si milia si cilia* (that is

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price of food pinches. I swear I cannot get hold of a mouthful of bread to-day. And how the drought goes on. There has been a famine for a whole year now. Damn the magistrates, who play 'Scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours,' in league with the bakers. So the little people come off badly; for the jaws of the upper classes are always keeping carnival. I do wish we had the lion-hearts I found here when I first came out of Asia. That was life. [. . .] they beat those inner rail-huggers and bogey men to a jelly and so put the fear of God into them.<sup>1</sup> I remember Safinius: he used to live then by the old arch when I was a boy. He was more of a pepperpot than a man: used to scorch the ground wherever he trod. Still he was straight: you could trust him, a true friend: you would not be afraid to play at morra<sup>2</sup> with him in the dark. How he used to dress them down in the senate-house, every one of them, never using roundabout phrases, making a straightforward attack. And when he was pleading in the courts, his voice used to swell like a trumpet. Never any sweating or spitting: I imagine he had a touch of the Asiatic style. And how kindly he returned one's

*χ(λ)ια*) as Heraeus suggests, though in this case *si milia* might be an intended gloss on *si cilia* "if a thousand." But Whittick may be right in suggesting the general sense "whatever the odds," as well as in interpreting *interiores* as racers who try to hold the inner position on a curving track.

<sup>2</sup> *micare* means to quiver, to move quickly to and fro. Here Petronius alludes to the game still played in Italy and called there "morra." Of two players, one raises suddenly one hand showing for an instant one or more fingers outstretched; and the other player must at once guess the number. A person who could win in the dark would be a miracle.

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Et quam benignus resalutare, nomina omnium red-  
dere, tanquam unus de nobis. Itaque illo tempore  
annona pro luto erat. Asse panem quem emisses,  
non potuisses cum altero devorare. Nunc oculum  
bubulum vidi maiorem. Heu heu, quotidie peius.  
Haec colonia retroversus crescit tanquam coda vituli.  
Sed quare nos <sup>1</sup> habemus aedilem trium cauniarum,  
qui sibi mavult assem quam vitam nostram? Itaque  
domi gaudet, plus in die nummorum accipit, quam  
alter patrimonium habet. Iam scio, unde acceperit  
denarios mille aureos. Sed si nos coleos haberemus,  
non tantum sibi placeret. Nunc populus est domi  
leones, foras vulpes. Quod ad me attinet, iam pannos  
meos comedi, et si perseverat haec annona, casulas  
meas vendam. Quid enim futurum est, si nec dii  
nec homines huius coloniae miserentur? Ita meos  
fruniscar, ut ego puto omnia illa a diibus <sup>2</sup> fieri.

*HL* | Nemo enim caelum caelum putat, nemo ieiunium  
servat, nemo Iovem pili facit, sed omnes opertis  
*II*. oculis bona sua computant. | Antea stolatae ibant  
nudis pedibus in clivum, passis capillis, mentibus <sup>3</sup>  
puris, et Iovem aquam exorabant. Itaque statim  
urceatim plovebat: aut tunc aut nunquam: et omnes  
redibant <sup>4</sup> udi <sup>5</sup> tanquam mures. Itaque dii pedes  
lanatos habent, quia nos religiosi non sumus. Agri  
iacent"—

45 "Oro te" inquit Echion centonarius "melius

<sup>1</sup> nos *Mentel*: non, which *Müller* deletes: quare habemus  
aedilem non trium is suggested by *Buecheler*.

<sup>2</sup> a diibus *Buecheler*: aedilibus.

<sup>3</sup> vestibus *Leo* needlessly.

<sup>4</sup> redibant *Jacobs*: rodebant *Heinsius*: ridebant.

<sup>5</sup> udi *Triller*: uvidi *Reiske*: avidi *Heinsius*: ut dii.



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greeting, calling every one by name quite like one of ourselves. So at that time food was dirt-cheap. You could buy a larger loaf for twopence than you and your companion together could get through. One sees an ox-eye<sup>1</sup> bigger now. Lord, things are worse daily. This town grows backwards like a calf's tail. But why do we put up with a magistrate not worth three little figs,<sup>2</sup> who cares more about putting twopence in his purse than keeping us alive? He sits grinning at home, and pockets more money a day than other people have for a fortune. I happen to know where he came by a thousand in gold. If we had any balls he would not be so pleased with himself. Nowadays people are lions in their own houses, and foxes when they go out of doors. I have already eaten my rags, and if food-prices keep up, I shall have to sell my cottage. Whatever is to happen if neither the gods nor man will take pity on this town? As I hope to have joy of my children, I believe all these things come from Heaven. For no one now believes that the gods are gods. There is no fasting done, no one cares a button for religion: they all shut their eyes and count their own goods. In old days the mothers in their best robes used to climb the hill with bare feet and loose hair, pure in spirit, and pray Jupiter to send rain. Then it used promptly to rain by the bucket: it was now or never: and they all came home, wet as drowned rats. As it is, the gods steal upon us with woolly feet because we are sceptics. So our fields lie baking——”

“Oh, don't be so gloomy,” said Echion, the old

<sup>1</sup> What sort of “ox eye” is obscure.

<sup>2</sup> From Caunus in Caria in Asia Minor.

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loquere. 'Modo sic, modo sic' inquit rusticus; *HL* varium porcum perdiderat. | Quod hodie non est, *H* cras erit: sic vita truditur. | Non mehercules patria melior dici potest, si homines haberet. Sed laborat hoc tempore, nec haec sola.<sup>1</sup> Non debemus delicati esse, ubique medius caelus est. Tu si aliubi fueris, dices hic porcos coctos ambulare. Et ecce habituri sumus munus eccellente in triduo<sup>2</sup> die festa; familia non lanisticia, sed plurimi liberti. Et Titus noster magnum animum habet et est caldicerebrius; aut hoc aut illud erit, quid<sup>3</sup> utique. Nam illi domesticus sum, non est miscix.<sup>4</sup> Ferrum optimum daturus est, sine fuga<sup>5</sup> carnarium in medio, ut amphitheater videat. Et habet unde: relictum est illi sestertium tricentis, decessit illius pater † male.†<sup>6</sup> Ut quadringenta impendat, non sentiet patrimonium illius, et sempiterno nominabitur. Iam Manios<sup>7</sup> aliquot habet et mulierem essedariam et dispensatorem Glyconis, qui deprehensus est, cum dominam suam delectaretur. Videbis populi rixam inter zelotypos et amasiunculos. Glyco autem, sestertiarius homo, dispensatorem ad bestias dedit. Hoc est se ipsum traducere. Quid servus peccavit, qui coactus est facere? Magis illa matella digna fuit quam taurus iactaret. Sed qui asinum non potest, stratum caedit. Quid autem Glyco putabat Hermogenis filicem

<sup>1</sup> sola *Reiske*: sua.

<sup>2</sup> in triduo *Heinsius*: inter duo.

<sup>3</sup> quid *Heinsius*: quod.

<sup>4</sup> miscix *Antonius*: *H* has mixoix, *rightly*?

<sup>5</sup> fuga *Scheffer*: fuco *Heinsius*: fuca.

<sup>6</sup> Maleius *Reiske*: et mater *Jacobs*.

<sup>7</sup> nannos *Scheffer*: mannos *Reinesius*.

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clothes dealer. " 'There's ups and there's downs,' as the country bumpkin said when he lost his pied pig. What is not to-day, will be to-morrow: so we trudge through life. I engage you could not name a better country to call one's own, if only the men in it had sense. It has its troubles now like others. We must not be too particular when there is a sky above us all. If you are anywhere else, you would say that roast pigs walked in the streets here. Just think, we are soon to be given a superb spectacle lasting three days; not simply a troupe of professional gladiators, but a large number of them freedmen. And our good Titus has a big imagination and is hot-headed: it will be one thing or another, something real anyway. I know him very well, and he is all against half-measures. He will give you the finest blades, no running away, butchery done in the middle, where the whole audience can see it. And he has the wherewithal; he came into thirty million when his father departed this life [—bad job?]. If he spends four hundred thousand, his estate will never feel it, and his name will live for ever. He has already collected some Jacks, and a woman to fight from a chariot, and Glyco's steward, who was caught amusing Glyco's wife. You will see the crowd quarrel, jealous husbands against gallants. A two-penny-halfpenny fellow like Glyco goes throwing his steward to the beasts. He only gives himself away. It is not the slave's fault; he had to do as he was told. That filthy pizz-pot whore of his rather deserved to be tossed by the bull. But a man who cannot beat his donkey, beats the saddle. How did Glyco suppose that a weedy fern of Hermogenes's sowing would

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unquam bonum exitum facturam? Ille milvo volanti poterat ungues resecare; colubra restem non parit. Glyco? Glyco<sup>1</sup> dedit suas;<sup>2</sup> itaque quamdiu vixerit, habebit stigmam, nec illam nisi Orcus delebit. Sed sibi quisque peccat. Sed subolfacio, quod nobis epulum daturus est Mammaea, binos denarios mihi et meis. Quod si hoc fecerit, eripiat Norbano totum favorem. Scias oportet plenis velis hunc vinciturum. Et revera, quid ille nobis boni fecit? Dedit gladiatores sestertiariorum iam decrepitos, quos si sufflasset, cecidissent; iam meliores bestiarios vidi. Occidit de lucerna equites, putares eos gallos gallinaceos; alter burdubasta, alter loripes, tertiariorum mortuus pro mortuo, qui habebat<sup>3</sup> nervia praecisa. Unus alicuius flaturae fuit Thraex, qui et ipse ad dictata pugnavit. Ad summam, omnes postea secti sunt; adeo de magna turba 'adhibete' acceperant, plane fugae merae. 'Munus tamen' inquit 'tibi dedi': et ego tibi plodo. Computa, et tibi plus do quam accepi.

46 Manus manum lavat. Videris mihi, Agamemnon, dicere: 'Quid iste argutat molestus?' quia tu, qui potes loquere, non loquis.<sup>4</sup> Non es nostrae fasciae, et ideo pauperorum verba derides. Scimus te prae litteras fatuum esse. Quid ergo est? aliqua die te

<sup>1</sup> exitio *Heinsius*.

<sup>2</sup> suos *Scheffer*.

<sup>3</sup> habebat *Buecheler*: habet.

<sup>4</sup> loquis *Burman*: loqui.

<sup>1</sup> Literally "a viper does not bring forth a rope."

<sup>2</sup> A prosperous lawyer. See Chapter 46.

<sup>3</sup> "with wind-full sails." The whole phrase means, as we might say, "will beat him hands down."

<sup>4</sup> Presumably little images of clay.

<sup>5</sup> Gladiators who wore Thracian weapons were called Thracians.

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ever come to a good end? He was one for paring the claws of a kite on the wing, and you do not father figs from thistles.<sup>1</sup> Glyco? why, Glyco has given away his own flesh and blood. He will be branded as long as he lives, and nothing but death will wipe it out. But a man must have his faults. My nose prophesies what meal we shall get from Mammaea, twopence each for me and mine. If he so behaves, he will put Norbanus<sup>2</sup> quite in the shade. You should know he will tie him up, sails full spread.<sup>3</sup> After all, what has Norbanus ever done for us? He produced some decayed twopenny-halfpenny gladiators, who would have fallen flat if you breathed on them; I have seen better ruffians turned in to fight the wild beasts. He shed the blood of some mounted infantry that might have come off a lamp;<sup>4</sup> dunghill cocks you would have called them: one a spavined mule, the other bandy-legged, and the holder of the bye, just one corpse instead of another, and hamstringed. One man, a Thracian,<sup>5</sup> had some stuffing, but he too fought according to the rule of the schools. In short, they were all flogged afterwards. How the great crowd roared at them, 'Lay it on!' They were mere runaways, to be sure. 'Stili,' says Norbanus, 'I did give you a show.' Yes, and I clap my hands at you. Reckon it up, and I give you more than I got. One good turn deserves another. Now, Agamemnon, you look as if you were saying, 'What is this bore chattering for?' Only because you have the gift of tongues and do not speak. You are not of our cloth, and so you make fun of the way we poor men talk. We know you are mad with much learning. But I tell you what; can I persuade you to

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persuadeam, ut ad villam venias et videas casulas nostras? Inveniemus quod manducemus, pullum, ova: belle erit, etiam si omnia hoc anno tempestas † dispare pallavit †<sup>1</sup> inveniemus ergo unde saturi fiamus. Et iam tibi discipulus crescit cicaro meus. Iam quattuor partis dicit; si vixerit, habebis ad latus servulum. Nam quicquid illi vacat, caput de tabula non tollit. Ingeniosus est et bono filo, etiam si in aves<sup>2</sup> morbosus est. Ego illi iam tres cardeles occidi, et dixi quia mustella comedit. Invenit tamen alias nenias, et libentissime pingit. Ceterum iam Graeculis calcem impingit et Latinas coepit non male appetere, etiam si magister eius sibi placens fit<sup>3</sup> nec uno loco consistit, † sed venit dem †<sup>4</sup> litteras, sed non vult laborare. Est et alter non quidem doctus, sed curiosus, qui plus docet quam scit. Itaque feriatis diebus solet domum venire, et quicquid dederis, contentus est. Emi ergo nunc puero aliquot libra rubricata, quia volo illum ad domusionem aliquid de iure gustare. Habet haec res panem. Nam litteris satis inquinatus est. Quod si resilierit, destinavi illum artificium<sup>5</sup> docere, aut tonstrinum<sup>6</sup> aut praeconem aut certe causidicum, quod illi auferre non possit nisi Orcus. Ideo illi cotidie clamo: 'Primi-

<sup>1</sup> dispar pallavit *Antonius*: dispare pullavit *Reiske*: dispare pellavit *Siewert*. *There are other guesses.*

<sup>2</sup> aves *Triller*: naves.

<sup>3</sup> fit *Buecheler*: sit.

<sup>4</sup> *There are various attempts to correct this. Perhaps* sed vendit idem.

<sup>5</sup> artificium *Scheffer*: artificii.

<sup>6</sup> tonstrinum *Scheffer*: constreinum.

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come down to my place some day and see my little property? We shall find something to eat, a chicken and eggs: it will be delightful, even though the weather this year has [ruined]<sup>1</sup> everything: we shall find something to fill ourselves up with. My little boy is growing into a follower of yours already. He can do simple division now; if he lives, you will have a little servant at your side. Whenever he has any spare time, he never lifts his nose from the slate. He is clever, and comes of a good stock, even though he is too fond of birds. I killed three of his goldfinches just lately, and said a weasel had eaten them. But he has found some other trifles, and has taken to painting with great pleasure. He has stuck a heel in his Greek now, and begins to relish Latin finely, even though his master is conceited and will not stick to one thing at a time. The boy comes † asking me to give him some writing to do, † though he does not want to work. I have another boy who is no scholar, but very enquiring, and can teach you more than he knows himself. So on holidays he generally comes home, and is quite pleased whatever you give him. I bought the child some books with red-letter headings in them a little time ago. I want him to have a smack of law in order to manage the property. Law has bread and butter in it. He has dipped quite deep enough into literature. If he is restless, I mean to make him learn a trade, as a barber or an auctioneer, or at least a barrister, something that he can carry to the grave with him. So I drum it into him every day: 'Mark my words.

<sup>1</sup> This corruption has no good remedy yet.

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geni, crede mihi, quicquid discis, tibi discis. Vides Phileronem causidicum: si non didicisset, hodie famem a labris non abigeret. Modo, modo collo suo circumferebat onera<sup>1</sup> venalia, nunc etiam adversus Norbanum se extendit. Litterae thesaurum est, et artificium nunquam moritur.' ”

47 Eiusmodi fabulae vibrabant, cum Trimalchio intravit et deterosa fronte unguento manus lavit spatioque minimo interposito “ Ignoscite mihi ” inquit “ amici, multis iam diebus venter mihi non respondit. Nec medici se inveniunt. Profuit mihi tamen malicorium<sup>2</sup> et taeda ex aceto. Spero tamen, iam veterem<sup>3</sup> pudorem sibi imponit. Alioquin circa stomachum mihi sonat, putes taurum. Itaque si quis vestrum voluerit sua re [causa]<sup>4</sup> facere, non est quod illum pudeatur. Nemo nostrum solide natus est. Ego nullum puto tam magnum tormentum esse quam continere. Hoc solum vetare ne Iovis potest. Rides, Fortunata, quae soles me nocte desomnem facere? Nec tamen in triclinio ullum vetuo<sup>5</sup> facere quod se iuвет, et medici vetant continere. Vel si quid plus venit, omnia foras parata sunt: aqua, lasani et cetera minutalia. Credite mihi, anathymiasis in cerebrum it et in toto corpore fluctum facit. Multos scio sic periisse, dum nolunt sibi verum dicere.” Gratias agimus liberalitati indulgentiaeque eius, et subinde

<sup>1</sup> olera Scheffer.

<sup>2</sup> malicorium Scheffer: maleicorum.

<sup>3</sup> veterem Heinsius: ventrem which Müller deleted.

<sup>4</sup> Deleted by Scheffer.

<sup>5</sup> vetuo Buecheler: vetui.

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<sup>1</sup> *Primigenius* (“ first of his kind ”) is here a proper name. He was not necessarily *primogenitus* (first-born) also. He is son of the guest Echion.



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Primigenius,<sup>1</sup> whatever you learn, you learn for your own good. Look at Philero<sup>2</sup> the barrister: if he had not worked, he would not be keeping the wolf from the door to-day. It is not so long since he used to carry loads round on his back and sell them, and now he makes a brave show even against Norbanus. Yes, education is a treasure, and culture never dies.' ”

Gossip of this kind was in the air, when Trimalchio came in mopping his brow, and washed his hands in scent. After a short pause, he said, “ You will excuse me, gentlemen? My bowels have not been working for several days. All the doctors feel lost. Still, I found pomegranate rind useful, and pinewood boiled in vinegar. I hope now my stomach learns to observe its old decencies. Besides, I have such rumblings inside me you would think there was a bull there. So if any of you gentlemen wishes to do private business, there is no need to be shy about it. We were none of us born quite solid. I cannot imagine any torture like holding oneself in. The one thing Jupiter himself cannot forbid is that we should have relief. Why do you laugh, Fortunata? It is you who are always keeping me awake all night. Of course, as far as I am concerned, anyone may do what he likes in the dining-room. The doctors forbid retention. But if the matter is serious, everything is ready outside: water, pots, and all the other little comforts. Take my word for it, vapours go to the brain and make a disturbance throughout the body. I know many people have died this way, by refusing to admit the truth to themselves.” We thanked him for his generosity and kindness, and then tried to sup-

<sup>2</sup> Philero: presumably Phileros of Chapters 43 and 44.

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castigamus crebris potiunculis risum. Nec adhuc sciebamus nos in medio [lautitiarum],<sup>1</sup> quod<sup>2</sup> aiunt, clivo laborare. Nam cum mundatis ad symphoniam mensis tres albi sues in triclinium adducti sunt capistris et tintinnabulis culti, quorum unum bimum nomenclator esse dicebat, alterum trimum, tertium vero iam sexennem,<sup>3</sup> ego putabam petauristarios intrasse et porcos, sicut in circulis mos est, portenta aliqua facturos; sed Trimalchio expectatione discussa "Quem" inquit "ex eis vultis in cenam statim fieri? gallum enim gallinaceum, penthiacum<sup>4</sup> et eiusmodi nenias rustici faciunt: mei coci etiam vitulos aeno coctos<sup>5</sup> solent facere." Continuoque cocum vocari iussit, et non expectata electione nostra maximum natu iussit occidi, et clara voce: "Ex quota decuria es?" Cum ille se ex quadragesima respondisset, "Empticius an" inquit "domi natus?" "Neutrum" inquit cocus "sed testamento Pansae tibi relictus sum." "Vide ergo" ait "ut diligenter ponas; si non, te iubebo in decuriam viatorum conici." Et cocum quidem potentiae<sup>6</sup> admonitum in  
48 culinam obsonium duxit, Trimalchio autem miti ad nos vultu respexit et "Vinum" inquit "si non placet, mutabo; vos illud oportet bonum faciatis. Deorum beneficio non emo, sed nunc quicquid ad

<sup>1</sup> [lautitiarum] *Fraenkel deletes.*      <sup>2</sup> quod *Heinsius*: quo.

<sup>3</sup> sexennem *Wehle*: senem (*perhaps rightly*).

<sup>4</sup> phasiacum *is suggested by Reinesius.*

<sup>5</sup> aeno coctos *Mentel*: oenococtos *Orioli*: eno cocto.

<sup>6</sup> potentiae *Scheffer*: potentia. *For cocum . . . admonitum Mentel proposed cocus admonitus.*

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<sup>1</sup> Pentheus, traditional King of Thebes, was torn to pieces by women frenzied by Dionysus.

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press our laughter by drinking hard and fast. We did not yet realize that we had only got halfway through [the delicacies], and still had an uphill task before us, as they say. The tables were cleared to the sound of music, and three white pigs, adorned with muzzles and bells, were led into the dining-room. One was two years old, the announcer said, the second three, and the other as much as six. I thought some ropewalkers had come in, and that the pigs would perform some wonderful tricks, as they do for crowds in the streets. Trimalchio ended our suspense by saying, "Now, which of them would you like turned into a dinner this minute? Any country hand can turn out a fowl or a Pentheus mincemeat<sup>1</sup> or trifles of that kind. My cooks are quite used to serving whole calves done in a cauldron." Then he told them to fetch a cook at once, and, without waiting for us to choose, ordered the eldest pig to be killed, and said in a loud voice, "Which division of the household do you belong to?" The man said he came from the fortieth. "Were you purchased or born on the estate?" "Neither; I was left to you under Pansa's will." "Well then," said Trimalchio, "mind you serve this carefully, or I will have you degraded to the messengers' division." So the cook was reminded of his master's power, and the dish that was to be carried him off to the kitchen. Trimalchio turned to us with a mild expression and said, "I will change the wine if you do not like it. You will have to give it its virtues. Under God's providence, I do not have to buy it. Anything here which makes your mouths water is grown on a country

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salivam facit, in suburbano nascitur eo,<sup>1</sup> quod ego adhuc non novi. Dicitur confine esse Tarraciniensibus et Tarentinis. Nunc coniungere agellis Siciliam volo, ut cum Africam libuerit ire, per meos fines navigem. Sed narra tu mihi, Agamemnon, quam controversiam hodie declamasti? Ego etiam<sup>2</sup> si causas non ago, in domusionem<sup>3</sup> tamen litteras didici. Et ne me putes studia fastiditum, II<sup>4</sup> bybliotheecas habeo, unam Graecam, alteram Latinam. Dic ergo, si me amas, peristasim declamationis tuae." Cum dixisset Agamemnon: "Pauper et dives inimici erant," ait Trimalchio "Quid est pauper?" "Urbane" inquit Agamemnon et nescio quam controversiam exposuit. Statim Trimalchio "Hoc" inquit "si factum est, controversia non est; si factum non est, nihil est." Haec aliaque cum effusissimis prosequeremur laudationibus, "Rogo" inquit "Agamemnon mihi carissime, numquid duodecim aerumnas Herculis tenes, aut de Vlixee fabulam, quemadmodum illi Cyclops † pollicem forcipe<sup>5</sup> extorsit? † Solebam haec ego

<sup>1</sup> meo *Goes*.      <sup>2</sup> etiam *Wehle*: autem.

<sup>3</sup> domusionem *Wehle*: divisione.

<sup>4</sup> duas *Mentel*: II *Buecheler*: tres.

<sup>5</sup> *H* has pollicem poricino extorsit for which various emendations have been proposed. forcipe or per iocum *Studer*. Delete perhaps poricino (so *Fuchs*). The word may hide periculum 'the quick' under finger-nails—cf. *Fragment III* ad periculum.

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<sup>1</sup> Terracina and Taranto are more than two hundred miles apart. Trimalchio's knowledge of geography is vague.

<sup>2</sup> A *controversia* was a declamation on some controversial subject.

<sup>3</sup> The mythological twelve labours of Hercules (Heracles) are not given in full by Homer who, however, does mention or allude to some of them. The Cyclopes were an imaginary

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estate of mine which I know nothing about as yet. I believe it is on the boundary of Terracina and Tarentum.<sup>1</sup> Just now I want to join up all Sicily with properties of mine, so that if I take a fancy to go to Africa I shall travel through my own land. But do tell me, Agamemnon, what declamation<sup>2</sup> did you deliver in school to-day? Of course, I do not practise in court myself, but I learned literature for domestic purposes. And do not imagine that I despise learning. I have got two libraries, one Greek and one Latin. So give me an outline of your speech, if you love me." Then Agamemnon said: "A poor man and a rich man were once at enmity." "But what is a poor man?" Trimalchio replied. "Very clever," said Agamemnon, and went on expounding some problem or other. Trimalchio at once retorted: "If the thing really happened, there is no problem; if it never happened, it is all nonsense." We followed up this and other sallies with the most extravagant admiration. "Tell me, dear Agamemnon," said Trimalchio, "do you know anything of the twelve labours of Hercules, or the story of Ulysses and how the Cyclops † twisted his thumb with the tongs? †<sup>3</sup>

race of one-eyed shepherds in Sicily. The story of Ulysses and Polyphemus the Cyclops is in Book IX of Homer's *Odyssey*. The text of the incident mentioned here by Petronius is apparently corrupt—*poricino* in cod. *H* looks as if it hides another of those partial duplications as well as an instrumental ablative case. In Chapter 56 *porrum* a leek and *flagellum* a whip or the like seem to be connected, as if a whipping instrument could be called a *porrum*. But all is vague. If *pollicem* is right, the incident is not in Homer. Trimalchio's knowledge of literature is as vague as his geography—see especially Chapter 59.

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puer apud Homerum legere. Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent: Σίβυλλα, τί θέλεις; respondebat illa: ἀποθανεῖν θέλω."

49 Nondum efflaverat omnia, cum repositorium cum sue ingenti mensam occupavit. Mirari nos celeritatem coepimus et iurare, ne gallum quidem gallinaceum tam cito percoqui potuisse, tanto quidem magis, quod longe maior nobis porcus videbatur esse, quam paulo ante aper fuerat.<sup>1</sup> Deinde magis magisque Trimalchio intuens eum "Quid? quid?" inquit "porcus hic non est exinteratus? Non mehercules est. Voca, voca cocum in medio." Cum constitisset ad mensam cocus tristis et diceret se oblitum esse exinterare, "Quid? oblitus?" Trimalchio exclamat, "Putes illum piper et cuminum non coniecisse. Despolia." Non fit mora, despoliatur cocus atque inter duos tortores maestus consistit. Deprecari tamen omnes coeperunt et dicere: "Solet fieri; rogamus, mittas;<sup>2</sup> postea si fecerit, nemo nostrum pro illo rogabit." Ego, crudelissimae severitatis, non potui me tenere, sed inclinatus ad aurem Agamemnonis "Plane" inquam "hic debet servus esse nequissimus; aliquis oblivisceretur porcum exinterare? Non mehercules illi ignoscerem, si piscem praeterisset." At non Trimalchio, qui relaxato in

<sup>1</sup> apparuerat *Heinsius*.

<sup>2</sup> mittas *Heinsius*: mittes.

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<sup>1</sup> In Roman mythology Sibyls were prophetesses who might be immortal but were not free from the effects of old age. Trimalchio claims to have seen the famous Sibyl of Cumae

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I used to read these things in Homer when I was a boy. Yes, and I myself with my own eyes saw the Sibyl at Cumae hanging in a flask; and when the boys cried at her: 'Sibyl, Sibyl, what do you want?' 'I would that I were dead,' she used to answer."<sup>1</sup>

He had still more talk to puff out, when the table was filled by a dish holding an enormous pig. We went on to express astonishment at such speed, and took our oath that not even a fowl could have been properly cooked in the time, especially as the pig seemed to us to be much bigger than the boar<sup>2</sup> had been a little while earlier. Trimalchio looked at it more and more closely and then said, "What, what, has not this pig been gutted? I swear it has not. The cook, send the cook up here to us." The poor cook came and stood by the table and said that he had forgotten to gut it. "What? Forgotten?" shouted Trimalchio. "You would think the fellow had only forgotten to season it with pepper and cummin. Off with his shirt!" In a moment the cook was stripped and stood dolefully between two executioners. But we all set to to beg him off and say: "These things will happen; do let him go; if he does it again none of us will say a word for him." I was as stiff and stern as could be; I could not restrain myself, but leaned over and said in Agamemnon's ear: "This must be a most wretched servant; how could anyone forget to gut a pig? On my oath I would not forgive him if he had let a fish go like that." But not Trimalchio; *his* face softened into

so withered as to be preserved in a flask. The sentence might imply that the dinner was not held right inside Cumae.

<sup>2</sup> The boar brought in as related in Chapter 40.

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hilaritatem vultu " Ergo " inquit " quia tam malae memoriae es, palam nobis illum exintera." Recepta cocus tunica cultrum arripuit porcique ventrem hinc atque illinc timida manu secuit. Nec mora, ex plagis ponderis inclinatione crescentibus tomacula cum botulis effusa sunt.

50 Plausum post hoc automatam familia dedit et " Gaio feliciter " conclamavit. Nec non cocus potione<sup>1</sup> honoratus<sup>2</sup> est et argentea corona, poculumque in lance accepit Corinthia. Quam cum Agamemnon propius consideraret, ait Trimalchio " Solus sum qui vera Corinthea habeam." Expectabam, ut pro reliqua insolentia diceret sibi vasa Corintho afferri. Sed ille melius: " Et forsitan " inquit " quaeris, quare solus Corinthea vera possideam: quia scilicet aerarius, a quo emo, Corinthus vocatur. Quid est autem Corinthium, nisi quis Corinthum habet? Et ne me putetis nesapium esse, valde bene scio, unde primum Corinthea nata sint. Cum Ilium captum est, Hannibal, homo vafer et magnus stelio,<sup>3</sup> omnes statuas aeneas et aureas et argenteas in unum rogam congegit et eas incendit; factae sunt in unum aera miscellanea. Ita ex hac massa fabri sustulerunt

<sup>1</sup> portione *Jak. Gronov.*

<sup>2</sup> honoratus *Scheffer*: oneratus. *For et (so Buecheler) after est H has etiam.*

<sup>3</sup> stelio *Heinsius*: scelero *Reinesius*: scelio.

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<sup>1</sup> Trimalchio's confusion in what follows is wonderful. There was a false story (see Pliny, *N.H.*, XXXIV, 6-8) that the alloy "Corinthian" bronze was discovered accidentally through mixture of melted metals during the burning of



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smiles. "Well," he said, "if your memory is so bad, clean him here in front of us." The cook put on his shirt, seized a knife, and carved the pig's belly in various places with a shaking hand. At once the slits widened under the pressure from within, and sausages and black puddings tumbled out.

At this the slaves burst into spontaneous applause and shouted, "God bless Gaius!" The cook too was rewarded with a drink and a silver crown, and was handed the cup on a Corinthian dish. Agamemnon began to peer at the dish rather closely, and Trimalchio said, "I am the sole owner of genuine Corinthian plate." I thought he would declare with his usual effrontery that he had cups imported direct from Corinth. But he went one better: "You may perhaps inquire," said he, "how I come to be alone in having genuine Corinthian stuff: the obvious reason is that the name of the dealer I buy it from is Corinthus. But what is real Corinthian, unless a man has Corinthus at his back? Do not imagine that I am an ignoramus. I know perfectly well how Corinthian plate was first brought into the world.<sup>1</sup> At the fall of Ilium, Hannibal, a trickster and a great knave, collected all the sculptures, bronze, gold, and silver, into a single pile, and set light to them. They all melted into one amalgam of bronze. The workmen took bits out of this lump and made

Corinth by the Roman L. Mummius in 146 B.C. But Trimalchio transfers the "discovery" to the burning of Troy (Ilium) by the Greeks about a thousand years earlier, and there brings in Hannibal, Rome's famous Carthaginian opponent in Italy in the latter years of the third century B.C. We do not know the composition of Corinthian bronze as distinct from other bronze.

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et fecerunt catilla et paropsides et statuncula. Sic  
 Corinthea nata sunt, ex omnibus in unum, nec hoc  
 nec illud. Ignoscetis mihi, quod dixerō: ego malo  
 mihi vitrea, certe non olunt.<sup>1</sup> Quod si non frange-  
 rentur, malletm mihi quam aurum; nunc autem vilia  
 51 sunt. Fuit tamen faber qui fecit phialam vitream,  
 quae non frangebatur. Admissus ergo Caesarem est  
 cum suo munere, deinde fecit reporrigare Caesarem<sup>2</sup>  
 et illam in pavementum proiecit. Caesar non pote  
 valdius quam expavit. At ille sustulit phialam  
 de terra; collisa erat tanquam vasum aeneum;  
 deinde martiolum de sinu protulit et phialam otio  
 belle correxit. Hoc facto putabat se solium<sup>3</sup> Iovis  
 tenere, utique postquam <Caesar><sup>4</sup> illi dixit: ' Num-  
 quid alius scit hanc condituram vitreorum?' vide  
 modo. Postquam negavit, iussit illum Caesar decol-  
 lari: quia enim, si scitum esset, aurum pro luto  
 52 haberemus. In argento plane studiosus sum. Habeo  
 scyphos urnales plus minus <C>:<sup>5</sup> quemadmodum  
 Cassandra occidit filios suos, et pueri mortui iacent  
 sic ut vivere<sup>6</sup> putes. Habeo capides M<sup>7</sup>, quas

<sup>1</sup> non olunt *Buecheler*: non olent *Jahn*: nolunt. *There are other conjectures.*

<sup>2</sup> Caesarem *Scheffer*: Caesari which *Fraenkel* suggested deleting.

<sup>3</sup> solium *Heinsius*: coelum *John of Salisbury*: coleum.

<sup>4</sup> Added by *Buecheler*.

<sup>5</sup> C added by *Wehle*. *But probably more words are lost here, as Heinsius and Goes indicated.*

<sup>6</sup> sic ut vivere *Heinsius*: sicuti vere.

<sup>7</sup> capides M *Buecheler*: capidem; *ed. Patav.* has c. quam.

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plates and entrée dishes and statuettes. That is how Corinthian metal was born, from all sorts lumped together, neither one kind nor the other. You will forgive me if I say that personally I prefer glass; glass at least does not smell. If it were not so breakable I should prefer it to gold; as it is, it is so cheap. But there was once a workman who made a glass cup that was unbreakable. So he was given an audience of the Emperor<sup>1</sup> with his invention; he made Caesar give it back to him and then threw it on the floor. Caesar was as frightened as could be. But the man picked up his cup from the ground: it was dented like a bronze bowl; then he took a little hammer out of his pocket and made the cup quite sound again without any trouble. After doing this he thought he had himself seated on the throne of Jupiter,<sup>2</sup> especially when Caesar said to him: 'Does anyone else know how to blow glass like this?' Just see what happened. He said not, and then Caesar had him beheaded. Why? Because if his invention were generally known we should treat gold like dirt. Myself I have a great passion for silver. I own about a hundred four-gallon cups engraved with Cassandra<sup>3</sup> killing her sons, and the boys lying there dead—but you would think they were alive. I have a thousand

<sup>1</sup> The Emperor Tiberius (A.D. 14–37), according to Pliny, *N.H.*, XXXVI, 198; Dio Cassius, LVII, 57.

<sup>2</sup> But cod. *H* has *coleum*. So, by a glorious piece of blasphemy, "thought he had Jupiter by the balls."

<sup>3</sup> Cassandra was a prophetess in Troy. Apollo, offended at her resistance to him, caused the Trojans to disbelieve her. Instead of saying Cassandra, Trimalchio should have said Medea, who killed her children by Jason in revenge on him.

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reliquit † patronorum meus †<sup>1</sup> ubi Daedalus Niobam in equum Troianum includit. Nam Hermerotis pugnans et Petraitis in poculis habeo, omnia ponderosa; meum enim intellegere nulla pecunia vendo."

Haec dum refert, puer calicem proiecit. Ad quem respiciens Trimalchio "Cito" inquit "te ipsum caede, quia nugax es." Statim puer demisso labro orare.<sup>2</sup> At ille "Quid me" inquit "rogas? Tanquam ego tibi molestus sim. Suadeo, a te impetres, ne sis nugax." Tandem ergo exoratus a nobis missionem dedit puero. Ille dimissus circa mensam percucurrit < . . . ><sup>3</sup>

et "Aquam foras, vinum intro" clamavit. Excipimus urbanitatem iocantis, et ante omnes Agamemnon, qui sciebat, quibus meritis revocaretur ad cenam. Ceterum laudatus Trimalchio hilarius bibit et iam ebrius proximus "Nemo" inquit "vestrum rogat Fortunatam meam, ut saltet? Credite mihi: cordacem nemo melius ducit."

Atque ipse erectis supra frontem manibus Syrum histrionem exhibebat concinente tota familia: μάδεια

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<sup>1</sup> *There are various emendations of which patronorum unus (Goes) and patronus meus (ed. Patav.) are the simplest.*

<sup>2</sup> labro orare *Scheffer*: labrore.

<sup>3</sup> *Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.*

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<sup>1</sup> Not L. Mummius, as Buecheler suggested; he died too early, and Trimalchio is imagined as knowing nothing about him.

<sup>2</sup> Triple confusion by Trimalchio: In Greek mythology Niobe, wife of Amphion, a traditional King of Thebes, had nothing to do with the Trojan war and the wooden horse; nor had Daedalus the Athenian architect and craftsman who built or designed the labyrinth at Cnossos in Crete. He did,

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jugs which a patron †<sup>1</sup> bequeathed, where you see Daedalus shutting Niobe into the Trojan horse.<sup>2</sup> And I have got the fights between Hermeros and Pe-traites<sup>3</sup> on my cups, and every cup is a heavy one; for I do not sell my connoisseurship for any money."

As he was speaking, a boy dropped a cup. Trimalchio looked at him and said, "Quick, off with your own head, since you are so stupid." The boy's lip fell and he began to petition. "Why do you ask me?" said Trimalchio, "as if I should be hard on you! I advise you to prevail upon yourself not to be stupid." In the end we induced him to let the boy off. As soon as he was forgiven the boy ran round the table. . . .

Then Trimalchio shouted, "Out with water! In with wine!" We took up the jokes, especially Agamemnon, who knew how to earn a second invitation to dinner. Trimalchio warmed to his drinking under our flattery, and was almost drunk when he said: "None of you ask dear Fortunata to dance. I tell you no one can dance the cancan<sup>4</sup> better." He then lifted his hands above his brow and gave us the actor Syrus, while all the slaves sang in chorus:

Madeia!

Perimadeia!<sup>5</sup>

however, make a wooden cow for Pasiphaë (wife of King Minos for whom that labyrinth was built) who loved a fine white bull and hid inside the cow so as to be covered by it. She gave birth to the monstrous Minotaur for which the labyrinth at Cnossos was built.

<sup>3</sup> Gladiators. cf. H. T. Rowell, in *T.A.P.A.*, 1958, 14 ff., and chapter 71.

<sup>4</sup> The *cordax* was a rude Greek dance.

<sup>5</sup> These are words of unknown meaning.

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περιμάθεια. Et prodisset in medium, nisi Fortunata ad aurem accessisset; [et]<sup>1</sup> credo, dixerit non decere gravitatem eius tam humiles ineptias. Nihil autem tam inaequale erat; nam modo Fortunatam <verebatur>, modo ad naturam suam revertebatur.<sup>2</sup>

53 Et plane interpellavit saltationis libidinem actuarius, qui tanquam urbis acta recitavit: "VII. kalendas sextiles: in praedio Cumano, quod est Trimalchionis, nati sunt pueri xxx, puellae xl; sublata in horreum ex area tritici millia modium quingenta; boves domiti quingenti. Eodem die: Mithridates servus in crucem actus est, quia Gai nostri genio male dixerat. Eodem die: in arcam relatum est, quod collocari non potuit, sestertium centies. Eodem die: incendium factum est in hortis Pompeianis, ortum ex aedibus Nastae vilici." "Quid?" inquit Trimalchio "quando mihi Pompeiani horti empti sunt?" "Anno priore" inquit actuarius "et ideo in rationem nondum venerunt." Excanduit Trimalchio et "Quicumque" inquit "mihi fundi empti fuerint, nisi intra sextum mensem sciero, in rationes meas inferri vetuo." Iam etiam edicta aedilium recitabantur et saltuariorum testamenta, quibus Trimalchio cum elogio exheredabatur; iam nomina vilicorum et repudiata a circitore<sup>3</sup> liberta in balneatoris contu-

<sup>1</sup> Deleted by Buecheler.

<sup>2</sup> modo fortunatam suam revertebatur modo ad naturam H, variously emended, verebatur is added by Heinsius, suam revertebatur put after naturam by Buecheler.

<sup>3</sup> So Buecheler: circumitore.

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And Trimalchio would have come out into the middle of the room if Fortunata had not whispered in his ear. I suppose she told him that such low fooling was beneath his dignity. But never was anything so variable; at one moment he was afraid of Fortunata, and then he would return to his natural self.

But a clerk quite interrupted his passion for the dance by reading as though from the city's daily gazette: "July the 26th. Thirty boys and forty girls were born on the estate at Cumae which is Trimalchio's.<sup>1</sup> Five hundred thousand pecks of wheat were taken up from the threshing-floor into the barn. Five hundred oxen were broken in. On the same date: the slave Mithridates was led to crucifixion for having damned the soul of our lord Gaius. On the same date: ten million sesterces which could not be invested were returned to the strong-box. On the same day: there was a fire in our gardens at Pompeii, which broke out in the house of Nasta the bailiff." "Stop," said Trimalchio, "When did I buy any gardens at Pompeii?" "Last year," said the clerk, "so that they are not entered in your accounts yet." Trimalchio glowed with passion, and said, "I will not have any property which is bought in my name entered in my accounts unless I hear of it within six months." We now had a further recitation of police notices, and some foresters' wills, in which Trimalchio was cut out in a codicil;<sup>2</sup> then the names of bailiffs, and of a freed-woman who had been caught with a bathman and divorced by her husband, a night watchman; the

<sup>1</sup> *quod est Trimalchionis*: words of a legal formula rather than an explanatory interpolation.

<sup>2</sup> "in flattering terms"?

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bernio deprehensa et atriensis Baias relegatus; iam reus factus dispensator et iudicium inter cubicularios actum.

Petauristarii autem tandem venerunt. Baro insul-sissimus cum scalis constitit puerumque iussit per gradus et in summa parte odaria saltare, circulos deinde ardentes transilire<sup>1</sup> et dentibus amphoram sustinere. Mirabatur haec solus Trimalchio dicebatque ingratum artificium esse. Ceterum duo esse in rebus humanis, quae libentissime spectaret, petauristarios et cornicines;<sup>2</sup> reliqua [animalia]<sup>3</sup> acroamata tricas<sup>4</sup> meras esse. "Nam et comoe-dos" inquit "emeram, sed malui illos Atellaniam<sup>5</sup> facere et choraulen meum iussi Latine cantare."

54 Cum maxime haec dicente eo<sup>6</sup> puer < . . . ><sup>7</sup> Trimalchionis delapsus est. Conclamavit familia, nec minus convivae, non propter hominem tam putidum, cuius etiam cervices fractas libenter vidissent, sed propter malum exitum cenae, ne necesse haberent alienum mortuum plorare. Ipse Trimalchio cum graviter ingemisset superque brachium tanquam laesum incubisset, concurrere medici, et inter primos Fortunata crinibus passis cum scypho, miseramque se atque infelicem proclamavit. Nam puer quidem, qui ceciderat, circumibat iam dudum pedes nostros et missionem rogabat. Pessime mihi erat ne his

<sup>1</sup> transilire *Heinsius*: transire.

<sup>2</sup> cornicines *Heinsius*: cornices.

<sup>3</sup> Deleted by *Buecheler*: anomala or anilia *Heinsius*: enim talia *Gilbert*.

<sup>4</sup> acroamata tricas *Scheffer*: cromataricas.

<sup>5</sup> Atellaniam *Buecheler*: Atellanam *Scheffer*: atellam.

<sup>6</sup> eo *Müller*: Gaio.

<sup>7</sup> lacuna indicated by *Scheffer*.



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name of a porter who had been banished to Baiae;<sup>1</sup> the name of a steward who was being prosecuted, and details of an action between some valets.

But at last the acrobats came in. A very dull bloke stood there with a ladder and made a boy dance from rung to rung and on the very top to the music of popular airs, and then made him hop through burning hoops, and pick up a wine jar with his teeth. No one was excited by this but Trimalchio, who kept saying that it was a thankless profession. He said there were only two things in the world that he could watch with real pleasure, acrobats and trumpeters; all other shows were silly nonsense. "Why," said he, "I once bought a Greek comedy company, but I preferred them to do Atellane plays,<sup>2</sup> and I told my pipe-player to have Latin songs."

Just as Trimalchio was speaking the boy slipped and fell [against his arm].<sup>3</sup> The slaves raised a cry, and so did the guests, not over a disgusting creature whose very neck they would have been glad to see broken, but because it would have been a gloomy finish to the dinner to have to shed tears over the death of a perfect stranger. Trimalchio groaned aloud, and nursed his arm as if it was hurt. Doctors rushed up, and among the first Fortunata, with her hair down, and a cup in her hand, calling out what a poor unhappy woman she was. The creature who had fallen down was crawling round at our feet by this time, and begging to be let off. I was very much

<sup>1</sup> Coastal resort, now Baia; a nice place for exile.

<sup>2</sup> Native Latin comedy as opposed to *comoedia palliata*, which was translated or adapted from the Greek.

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps Fragment XV comes somewhere here.

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precibus † per ridiculum<sup>1</sup> aliquid catastropha † quaereretur. Nec enim adhuc exciderat cocus ille, qui oblitus fuerat porcum exinterare. Itaque totum circumspicere triclinium coepi, ne per parietem automatam aliquod exiret, utique postquam servus verberari coepit, qui brachium domini contusum alba potius quam conchyliata involverat lana. Nec longe aberravit suspicio mea; in vicem enim poenae<sup>2</sup> venit decretum Trimalchionis, quo puerum iussit liberum esse, ne quis posset dicere, tantum virum esse a servo vulneratum.<sup>3</sup>

LO/H | Comprobamus nos factum | et quam in praecipiti

HLO res humanae essent, | vario sermone garrimus. |

H "Ita" inquit Trimalchio "non oportet hunc casum sine inscriptione transire" statimque codicillos poposcit et non diu cogitatione distorta haec recitavit:

HL | "Quod non expectes, ex transverso fit. . . .  
. . . .<sup>4</sup> et supra nos Fortuna negotia curat.

II | quare da nobis vina Falerna, puer."

HLO Ab hoc epigrammate | coepit poetarum esse mentio diuque summa carminis penes Mopsum Thracem memorata est donec Trimalchio "Rogo" inquit

<sup>1</sup> per ridiculum *Keller*: periculo. *The whole passage is variously emended.*

<sup>2</sup> poenae *Hadrianides*: cene.

<sup>3</sup> vulneratum *Scheffer*: tuberatum *Garrod*: liberatum.

<sup>4</sup> *To fill the gap, Heinsius suggests* ubique | nostra.

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afraid that his petition † was leading up to some comic turn. †<sup>1</sup> The cook who had forgotten to gut the pig had not yet faded from my recollection. So I proceeded to look all round the dining-room, in case any clockwork toy should jump out of the wall, especially after they went on to beat a servant for dressing the bruise on his master's arm with white wool instead of purple. And my suspicions were not far out. Instead of punishment there came Trimalchio's decree that he should be made a free man, for fear anyone might be able to say that so great a hero had been wounded by a slave.

We applauded his action, and made small talk in different phrases about the uncertainty of man's affairs. "Ah," said Trimalchio, "then we should not let this occasion slip without a record." And he called at once for paper, and after no long writhing reflection declaimed these verses:

"What men do not look for turns about and comes to pass. . . . And high over us Fortune directs our affairs. Wherefore, slave, hand us Falernian wine."

A discussion about poets arose out of this epigram, and for a long time it was maintained that Mopsus<sup>2</sup> of Thrace held the crown of song in his hand, until Trimalchio said, "Now, I ask you as a scholar, how would

<sup>1</sup> In this passage of uncertain reading, I feel that *catastrophā* (καταστροφή) means some action such as tackling or up-tripping or throwing down as in a ball-game or in wrestling. The word usually means a sudden reversal of fortune in a tragic drama.

<sup>2</sup> We know of several soothsayers but no poet named Mopsus.

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“ magister, quid putas inter Ciceronem et Publilium <sup>1</sup> interesse? Ego alterum puto disertiozem fuisse, alterum honestiozem. Quid enim his melius dici potest?

“ “ Luxuriae rictu Martis marcent moenia.

Tuo palato clausus pavo pascitur <sup>2</sup>

plumato amictus aureo Babylonico,<sup>3</sup>

gallina tibi Numidica, tibi gallus spado;

ciconia etiam, grata <sup>4</sup> peregrina hospita

pietaticultrix gracilipes crotalistris,

avis exul hiemis,<sup>5</sup> titulus tepidi temporis,

nequitiae nidum in caccabo fecit modo.<sup>6</sup>

Quo margaritam caram <sup>7</sup> tibi, bacam Indicam? <sup>8</sup>

An ut matrona ornata phaleris pelagiis

tollat pedes indomita in strato extraneo?

Zmaragdum ad quam rem viridem, pretiosum

vitrum?

Quo Carchedonios optas ignes lapideos,

nisi ut scintillet probitas e carbunculis? <sup>9</sup>

Aequum est induere nuptam ventum textilem,

palam prostare nudam in nebula linea?’

56 H | “ Quod autem ” inquit “ putamus secundum litteras difficillimum esse artificium? Ego puto

<sup>1</sup> Publilium *Buecheler*: Publium.

<sup>2</sup> pascitur *Scaliger in the margin of l*: nascitur.

<sup>3</sup> Babylonicus, *thinks Fraenkel*.

<sup>4</sup> Graia *Scaliger*.

<sup>5</sup> hieme *Fraenkel and Fuchs*.

<sup>6</sup> modo *Jacobs*: tuae *Fraenkel*: merae or tuo *Heinsius*: meo.

<sup>7</sup> margaritam caram *Ribbeck*: margarita cara.

<sup>8</sup> tibi bacam Indicam *Heinsius*: *There are other suggestions.*  
tribaca Indica.

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you compare Cicero and Publilius? <sup>1</sup> In my opinion the first has more eloquence, the second more beauty. For what could be better written than these lines?

“The high walls of Mars crumble beneath the gaping jaws of luxury. To please thy palate the peacock in his Babylonian vesture of gilded feathers is prisoned and fed, for thee the guinea-fowl, and for thee the capon. Even our beloved foreign guest the stork, type of parental love, with thin legs and sounding rattle, the bird exiled by winter, the harbinger of the warm weather, has now built a nest in thy cooking-pot of rascality. Why get pearls of price for yourself—blobs, fruits of India? For thy wife to be adorned with sea-spoils when she lifts her feet unchecked on a strange man's bed? For what end dost thou require the green emerald, the precious crystal, or the fire that lies in the gems of Carthage, save that honesty should shine forth from amid the carbuncles? Should a young bride clothe herself with a garment of the wind or stand forth publicly naked under her mere mist of muslin?”

“And now,” said he, “what do we think is the hardest profession after writing? I think a doctor's

<sup>1</sup> Publilius Syrus (not the unknown actor of Chapter 52) was a composer of mimes or farces and publisher of moral sayings during the first century B.C. (see *Minor Latin Poets*, Loeb Classical Library, 3-111). The pompous verses which follow may be by him, but sound more like a parody. Trimalchio of course admires them. The “walls of Mars” mean Rome.

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<sup>2</sup> *probita se B: probitas est H, L, and other MSS. carbunculis Buecheler: carbunculus or -os or -as.*

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medicum et nummularium: medicus, qui scit quid homunciones intra praecordia sua habeant et quando febris veniat, etiam si illos odi pessime, quod mihi iubent saepe anetinam<sup>1</sup> parari; nummularius, qui per argentum aes videt. Nam mutae bestiae laboriosissimae boves et oves: boves, quorum beneficio panem manducamus; oves, quod lana illae nos gloriosos faciunt. Et facinus indignum, aliquis ovillam est et<sup>2</sup> tunicam habet. Apes enim ego divinas bestias puto, quae mel vomunt, etiam si dicuntur *HL* illud a Iove afferre; | ideo autem pungunt, quia ubicunque dulce est, ibi et acidum invenies.”

*H* | Iam etiam philosophos de negotio deiciebat, cum pittacia in scypho circumferri coeperunt, puerque super hoc positus officium apophoreta recitavit. “Argentum<sup>3</sup> sceleratum”: allata est perna, super quam acetabula erant posita. “Cervical”: offa collaris allata est. “Serisapia<sup>4</sup> et contumelia”:

<sup>1</sup> anethinam *Jahn*: aloetinam *Reinesius*: anatinam.

<sup>2</sup> est et *Statileo, Scheffer*: esset.

<sup>3</sup> *Perhaps* armentum “plough-cattle”.

<sup>4</sup> sevisapia *Heinsius*: seria sapae *Scheffer*.

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<sup>1</sup> *H* has *anatinam*, “a dose of duck.” This may be right. *Pliny, N.H., XXV, 6*, says that Mithridates VI, King of Pontus, who allegedly drank poison after remedies daily, to make himself immune from poisoning, mixed with antidotes the blood of Pontic ducks which, says *Pliny*, lived on poison. However, the context here does not give a dose of duck any point.

<sup>2</sup> Of base-metal coins coated with silver.

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or a money-changer's. The doctor's, because he knows what poor men have in their insides, and when a fever will come—though I detest them specially, because they so often order a prescription for a dose of dill<sup>1</sup> for me. The money-changer's, because he sees the copper under the silver.<sup>2</sup> Just so among the dumb animals, oxen and sheep are the hardest workers: the oxen, because thanks to the oxen we have bread to eat; the sheep, because their wool clothes us in splendour. It is a gross outrage when people eat lamb and wear shirts. Yes, and I hold the bees to be the most divine insects. They vomit honey, although people do say they bring it from Jupiter: and they have stings, because wherever you have a sweet thing there you will find something bitter too."

He was just throwing the philosophers out of work, when tickets were carried round in a cup, and a boy who was entrusted with this duty read aloud the names of the presents for the guests.<sup>3</sup> "Tainted silver":<sup>4</sup> a ham was brought in with vinegar bowls on top of it. "Something soft for the neck": a scrap of neck-end was put on. "That feeling ' wise

<sup>3</sup> *Apophoreta* are presents for guests to carry away. It was customary to hand tickets to them on which riddles concealing the names of the presents were written. Trimalchio's jokes depend upon allusions to likenesses (even appalling puns) between the words in the riddle and the name of the present, and are therefore impossible to render naturally in English.

<sup>4</sup> *argentum sceleratum* "rascally silver" suggests impure silver or Nero's depreciation of Rome's gold and silver coinage; but the connection with ham and vinegar is not clear, unless the *acetabula* were of silver and unless *perna* suggests Greek *οκέλος*, leg.

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xerophagiae e sale <sup>1</sup> datae sunt et contus <sup>2</sup> cum malo. "Porri et persica": flagellum et cultrum accepit; "passeres et muscarium": uvam passam et mel Atticum. "Cenatoria et forensia": offlam et tabulas accepit. "Canale et pedale": <sup>3</sup> lepus et solea est allata. "Muraena et littera": murem cum rana alligata fascemque betae <accepit>. <sup>4</sup> Diu risimus: sexcenta huiusmodi fuerunt, quae iam exciderunt <sup>5</sup> memoriae meae.

57 Ceterum Ascyltos, intemperantis licentiae, cum omnia sublatis manibus eluderet et usque ad lacrimas rideret, unus ex conlibertis Trimalchionis excanduit, is ipse qui supra me discumbebat, <sup>6</sup> et "Quid rides" inquit "vervex? An tibi non placent lautitiae domini mei? Tu enim beatior es et convivare melius soles. Ita tutelam huius loci habeam propitiam, ut ego si secundum illum discumberem, iam illi balatum <sup>7</sup> cluissem. <sup>8</sup> Bellum pomum, qui rideatur

<sup>1</sup> xerophagiae *Reiske*: xerophagi *Friedländer*: aecrophagie *H.* e sale *Burman*: ex sapa *Friedländer*: saele *H.*

<sup>2</sup> contus *Burman*: centus.

<sup>3</sup> canale *Buecheler*: canalem. pedale *Hadrianides*: pedalem.

<sup>4</sup> accepit *added by Buecheler*.

<sup>5</sup> exciderunt *Hadrianides*: ceciderunt.

<sup>6</sup> *Fraenkel was inclined to delete the whole clause is . . . discumbebat.*

<sup>7</sup> alapam *Scheffer*: talatrum *Heraeus*: colaphum *Reiske*. *There are other suggestions combined with what follows.*

<sup>8</sup> cluissem *Friedländer, Marbach*: duxissem *H.* *There are other suggestions combined with what precedes.*

<sup>1</sup> I assume here a double meaning *malo* "evil" and *mālo* "apple."

<sup>2</sup> *passer* was a name applied to several small birds. You can see why I choose *siskin* in translating.



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but it's all so late ' and ' appalling impoliteness '": he was given dry biscuits all so salty, and a little pole with a bad apple.<sup>1</sup> " Flip of leeks and peaches *piquant*: he got a whip and a knife *coupant*. " Siskins<sup>2</sup> and fly-paper": up came dry-skin grapes and Attic honey. " Dinner-dress and public dress":<sup>3</sup> he received a piece of meat and note-books. " Something for a dog and something for a foot": a hare and a slipper were served up. " A murry *muraena* and a letter": he received a "mury"-mouse with a *rana*-frog tied to it and a bunch of b-eet.<sup>4</sup> We laughed loud and long: there were any number of these jokes, which have now escaped my memory.

But Ascyrtos let himself go completely, threw up his hands and made fun of everything and laughed till he cried. This annoyed one<sup>5</sup> of Trimalchio's fellow-freedmen, the man who was sitting next above me.

"What are you laughing at, mutton head?" he said. "Are our host's good things not good enough for you? I suppose you are richer and used to better living. As I hope to have the spirits of this place on my side, if I had been sitting next him I should have put a stopper on his bleating by now. A nice young

<sup>3</sup> These are the ordinary meanings of the Latin words as normally used. What follows substitutes something more general: *cenatoria* "connected with dinner"; *forensia* "connected with the forum."

<sup>4</sup> *beta* "beetroot" because *beta* (*βῆρα*) is also the second letter of the alphabet. On this chapter in general cf. H. D. Rankin, in *Classica et Mediaevalia*, XXXIII, 1962, 86 ff. I have given few only of the many conjectures about the text.

<sup>5</sup> Hermeros—see Chapter 59.

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alios; <sup>1</sup> larifuga nescio quis, nocturnus, qui non valet lotium suum. Ad summam, si circumminxero illum, nesciet qua fugiat. Non meherecules soleo cito fervere, sed in molle carne vermes nascuntur. Ridet. Quid habet quod rideat? Numquid pater fetum <sup>2</sup> emit lamna? Eques Romanus es: et ego regis filius. 'Quare ergo servivisti?' Quia ipse me dedi in servitutem et malui civis Romanus esse quam tributarius. Et nunc spero me sic vivere, ut nemini iocus sim. Homo inter homines sum, <sup>3</sup> capite aperto ambulo; assem aerarium nemini debeo; constitutum habui nunquam; nemo mihi in foro dixit, 'Redde quod debes.' Glebulas emi, lamellulas paravi; viginti ventres pasco et canem; contubernalem meam redemi, ne quis in <sinu> <sup>4</sup> illius manus tergeret; mille denarios pro capite solvi; sevir gratis factus sum; spero, sic moriar, ut mortuus non erubescam. Tu autem tam laboriosus es, ut post te non respicias? In alio peduculum vides, in te ricinum non vides. Tibi soli ridiculi videmur; ecce magister tuus homo maior natus: placemus illi. Tu laticulosus, <sup>5</sup> nec mu nec ma argutas, vasus fictilis, immo lorus in aqua, lentior, non melior. Tu beatior es: bis prande,

<sup>1</sup> rideat alios *ed. Patav.*: rideat curalios *Fröhner, Schneck*: rideat uranios *Jacobs*.

<sup>2</sup> foenum *Mentel*.

<sup>3</sup> sum *Burman*: suos.

<sup>4</sup> sinu *added by Heinsius*. *There are other suggestions*.

<sup>5</sup> laticulosus *Scheffer*: lenticulosus *Heinsius*: laeticulosus.

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<sup>1</sup> This indicates that Ascyrtos wears a gold ring like a Roman *eques* or knight.

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fruit to laugh at other people! Some vagabond fly-by-night not worth his own pizz. In fact, when I've piddled round him he won't know where to take refuge. Upon my word, I am not easily annoyed as a rule, but in rotten flesh worms will breed. He laughs. What has he got to laugh about? Did his father pay solid gold for him when he was a baby? A Roman knight,<sup>1</sup> are you? Well, I am a king's son. 'Then why have you been a slave?' Because I went into service to please myself, and preferred being a Roman citizen to going on paying taxes as a provincial. And now I hope I live such a life that no one can jeer at me. I am a man among men; I walk about bare-headed; I owe nobody a brass farthing; I have never been in the Courts; no one has ever said to me in public, 'Pay me what you owe me.' I have bought a few small clods and collected a little plate; I have to feed twenty bellies and a dog: I ransomed my fellow slave lest someone should wipe his hands in her lap;<sup>2</sup> I paid a thousand silver pennies for my own freedom; I was made a priest of Augustus and excused the fees; I hope to die so that I need not blush in my grave. But are *you* so full of business that you have no time to look behind you? You can see a louse on others, but not the big tick on yourself. No one finds us comic but you: there is your schoolmaster, older and wiser than you: he likes us. You are a child just weaned, you cannot squeak out *mu* or *ma*, you are a clay-pot, or rather a wash-leather in water, softer, not superior. If you are richer, then have two break-

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps Petronius made the speaker omit a "four-letter" word here. Cf. E. Burriess in *Class. Phil.*, 1947, 204 ff.

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bis cena. Ego fidem meam malo quam thesauros. Ad summam, quisquam me bis poposcit? Annis quadraginta servivi; nemo tamen sciit, utrum servus essem an liber. Et puer capillatus in hanc coloniam veni; adhuc basilica non erat facta. Dedi tamen operam, ut domino satis facerem, homini maiesto<sup>1</sup> et dignitosso, cuius pluris erat unguis, quam tu totus es. Et habebam in domo, qui mihi pedem opponerent hac illac; tamen—genio illius gratias—enatavi. Haec sunt vera athla; nam [in]<sup>2</sup> ingenium nasci tam facile est quam ‘accede istoc.’ Quid nunc stupes tanquam hircus in ervilia?”

58 Post hoc dictum Giton, qui ad pedes stabat, risum iam diu compressum etiam indecenter effudit. Quod cum animadvertisset adversarius Ascylti, flexit convicium in puerum et “Tu autem” inquit “etiam tu rides, caepa cirrata?”<sup>3</sup> Io Saturnalia, rogo, mensis december est? Quando vicesimam numerasti? <Nescit><sup>4</sup> quid faciat crucis offla, corvorum cibaria. Curabo, iam tibi Iovis iratus sit, et isti qui tibi non imperat. Ita satur pane fiam, ut ego istud conliberto meo dono; alioquin iam tibi depraesentiarum reddidissem. Bene nos habemus, at isti nugae,<sup>5</sup> qui tibi non imperant.<sup>6</sup> Plane qualis dominus, talis et servus.

<sup>1</sup> maiesto *Muncker*: maiiesto *Buecheler*: macisto *Hiltbrunner*: mali isto.

<sup>2</sup> Deleted by *Buecheler*.

<sup>3</sup> pica cirrata *Reinesius*: caepa piperata *Scheffer*: caepa pirrata.

<sup>4</sup> added by *Buecheler*.

<sup>5</sup> nugae *Buecheler*: geuge. *There are other conjectures.*

<sup>6</sup> *Fraenkel would delete the clause qui . . . imperant.*

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<sup>1</sup> At the *Saturnalia* in mid-December in honour of Saturn, as mythical bringer of agriculture to Italy, slaves were granted

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fasts and two dinners a day. I prefer my reputation to any riches. One word more. Who ever had to ask me twice? I was a slave for forty years, and nobody knew whether I was a slave or free. I was a boy with long curls when I came to this place; they had not built the town-hall then. But I tried to please my master, a fine dignified gentleman whose finger-nail was worth more than your whole body. And there were people in the house who put out a foot to trip me up here and there. But still—God bless my master!—I struggled through. These are real victories: for being born free is as easy as saying, ‘Come here.’ But why do you look scared at me now like a goat in a field of vetch?”

At this remark Giton, who was standing by my feet, burst out with an unseemly laugh, which he had now been holding in for a long while. Ascylos’s enemy noticed him, and turned his abuse on to the boy. “What,” he said, “are you laughing too, you curly-headed onion? Merry Saturnalia indeed: what, have we December here? When did you pay five per cent on your freedom?<sup>1</sup> He doesn’t know what to do, the gallows-meat, the crows’-food. I will call down the wrath of Jupiter at once on you and the fellow who cannot keep you in order. As sure as I get my bellyfull of bread, I would have given you what you deserve now on the spot, but for my respect for my fellow-freedman. We are getting on splendidly, but those fellows are fools, who don’t keep you in hand. Yes, like master, like man. I can scarcely

some licence. The tax mentioned was the one normally paid by a master on the assessed value of a slave set free by him.

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Vix me teneo, nec <sup>1</sup> sum natura caldicerebrius, sed <sup>2</sup> cum coepi, matrem meam dupundii non facio. Recte, videbo te in publicum, mus, immo terrae tuber: nec sursum nec deorsum non cresco, nisi dominum tuum in rutae folium non conieci,<sup>3</sup> nec tibi parsero,<sup>4</sup> licet mehercules Iovem Olympium clames. Curabo, longe tibi sit comula ista besalis et dominus dupundarius. Recte, venies sub dentem: aut ego non me novi, aut non deridebis, licet barbam auream habeas. Athana tibi irata sit, curabo, et qui te primus deurode <sup>5</sup> fecit.

“ Non didici geometrias critica <sup>6</sup> et alogias <sup>7</sup> menias,<sup>8</sup> sed lapidarias litteras scio, partes centum dico ad aes, ad pondus, ad nummum. Ad summam, si quid vis, ego et tu sponsiunculam: exi, defero lamnam.<sup>9</sup> Iam scies patrem tuum mercedes perdidisse, quamvis et rhetoricam scis.<sup>10</sup> Ecce

‘ Qui de <sup>11</sup> nobis longe venio, late venio? solve me.’

<sup>1</sup> nec *Jahn*: et.

<sup>2</sup> caldicerebrius *Jahn*: caldus cicer eius. sed *added by Buecheler*.

<sup>3</sup> conieci *Scheffer*: coniecit.

<sup>4</sup> parsero *Reinesius*: par ero.

<sup>5</sup> δεῦρο δὴ *Buecheler*: deuro de.

<sup>6</sup> critica *Reiske*: creticas *Scheffer*: criticen *Mentel*: cretica. *Perhaps* chreias or chrias (χρηίας).

<sup>7</sup> alogas *Scheffer*.

<sup>8</sup> menias *H*: naenias *Scheffer*, *Heinsius*. *If we omit et, then possibly* geometrias criticas (sc. τέχνας) analogias menias.

<sup>9</sup> lamnam *Heinsius*: lāna.

<sup>10</sup> scis *Reiske*: scias *Goes*: scio.

<sup>11</sup> qui de *Buecheler*: quidem.

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<sup>1</sup> See note on the beginning of Chapter 38.

<sup>2</sup> *Athana* is *Heinsius*'s correction of *Sathana*. *Deurode* is a

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hold myself in, and I am not naturally hot-tempered, but when I once begin I do not care twopence for my own mother. Depend upon it, I shall meet you somewhere in public, you rat, you puff-ball. I will not grow an inch up or down until I have put your master's head in a nettle-bed<sup>1</sup> and I shall have no mercy on you, I can tell you, however much you may call upon Jupiter in Olympus. I'll see to it that those pretty eight-inch curls and that twopenny master of yours will be no use to you. Depend upon it, you will come under the harrow; if I know my own name you will not laugh any more, though you may have a gold beard like a god. I will bring down the wrath of Athena on you and the man who first made you a 'come here man.'<sup>2</sup>

"No, I never learned your geometries, criticisms, non-logics, Wraths.<sup>3</sup> But I know my block capitals, and I can do any sum into pounds, shillings and pence. In fact, if you like, you and I will have a little bet. Come on, I put down the metal. Now I will show you that your father wasted the fees, even though you are a scholar in rhetoric. Look here:

'What part of us am I? I come far, I come wide.<sup>4</sup>  
Solve this riddle about me.'

transliteration of the Greek *δεῦρο δὴ* "come hither," used of a person trained to be obsequious.

<sup>1</sup> It is tempting to read *nenias* or *naenias* with Scheffer and Heinsius in this uncertain passage. But the reading *menias* of *H* can be taken to represent, like the three preceding nouns, another Greek word (as we should expect) *μήνιαι*, accusative plural of *μήνις* the first word (*μήνιν*) of Homer's *Iliad*: "Wrath of Achilles son of Peleus—sing about *that*, goddess" (*Iliad*, I, 1). So the speaker says he never learnt Homer. Hermeros speaks to Ascyrtos.

<sup>4</sup> Very doubtful.

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Dicam tibi, qui de nobis currit et de loco non movetur; qui de nobis crescit et minor fit. Curris, stupes, satagis, tanquam mus in matella. Ergo aut tace aut meliorem noli molestare, qui te natum non putat; nisi si me iudicas anulos buxeos curare, quos amicae tuae involasti. Occuponem<sup>1</sup> propitium. Eamus in forum et pecunias mutuemur: iam scies hoc ferrum fidem habere. Vah, bella res est volpis uda. Ita lucrum faciam et ita bene moriar ut<sup>2</sup> populus per exitum meum iuret, nisi te ubique toga perversa fuero persecutus. Bella res et iste, qui te haec docet, mufrius, non magister. <Nos><sup>3</sup> didicimus, dicebat enim magister: 'Sunt vestra salva? recta domum; cave, circumspicias; cave, maiorem maledicas. At nunc mera<sup>4</sup> mapalia; nemo dupundii evadit.' Ego, quod me sic vides, propter artificium meum diis gratias ago."

59 Coeperat Ascylytos respondere convicio, sed Trimalchio delectatus colliberti eloquentia "Agite" inquit "scordalias de medio. Suaviter sit potius, et tu, Hermeros, parce adulescentulo. Sanguen illi fervet, HL tu melior esto. | Semper in hac re qui vincitur, vin-

<sup>1</sup> o bucconem *Heinsius*: o cleponem *Reinesius*.

<sup>2</sup> ut *Heinsius*: aut.

<sup>3</sup> <nos> added by *Jacobs* who reads nos magis. *Heraeus* reads nos aliter.

<sup>4</sup> at nunc mera *Heraeus*, surely rightly; we have mera mapalia in *Seneca*, *Apocolocyntosis*, 9. sat numero *Wehle*. There are other suggestions. aut numerata *H*.

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<sup>1</sup> The answer to these riddles according to *Buecheler* is "the eye, the foot, and the hair."

<sup>2</sup> *Occupo* is a goblin who helps people in business, like the *Lares* mentioned in c. 60.



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I'll tell you something else—what part of us runs and does not move from its place; what grows out of us and grows smaller?<sup>1</sup> Ah! you run about and look scared and hustled, like a mouse in a pot. So keep your mouth shut, or do not worry your betters who are unaware of your existence; unless you think I have any respect for the boxwood rings you stole from your young woman. May the God of grab be on my side!<sup>2</sup> Let us go on 'Change and borrow money: then you will see that my iron ring commands credit. My word, a draggled fox is a fine creature! I hope I may never get rich and make a good end, so that the people swear by my death, if I do not put on the black cap<sup>3</sup> and hunt you down everywhere. It was a fine fellow who taught you to behave like this, too; a chattering ape, not a master. We had some real schooling, for the master used to say, 'Are all your belongings safe? Go straight home, and don't stop to look round you; and mind you do not abuse your elders. As things are, everything is plain shoddy;<sup>4</sup> not one person is worth two-pence in the end.' Yes, I thank God for my education; it made me what I am, as you see."

Ascyltos was proceeding to retort to his abuse, but Trimalchio was delighted with his fellow-freedman's readiness, and said, "Come now, stop all this wrangling. It is nicer to go on pleasantly, and *you*—please do not be hard on the young man, Hermeros. Young blood is hot in him; you must be indulgent. A man

<sup>3</sup> *Toga perversa*: a magistrate wore his toga reversed when he had to pronounce a capital sentence.

<sup>4</sup> *mapalia* were properly huts or cottages of Africans. Cp. Seneca, *Apocolocyntosis*, 9.

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*H* cit. | Et tu cum esses capo, coco coco,<sup>1</sup> atque cor non habebas.<sup>2</sup> Simus ergo, quod melius est, a primitiis hilares et Homeristas spectemus." Intravit factio statim hastisque scuta concrepuit. Ipse Trimalchio in pulvino consedit, et cum Homeristae Graecis versibus colloquerentur, ut insolenter solent, ille canora voce Latine legebat librum. Mox silentio facto "scitis" inquit "quam fabulam agant? Diomedes et Ganymedes duo fratres fuerunt. Horum soror erat Helena. Agamemnon illam rapuit et Dianae cervam subiecit. Ita nunc Homeros dicit, quemadmodum inter se pugnent Troiani et Parentini.<sup>3</sup> Vicit scilicet<sup>4</sup> et Iphigeniam, filiam suam, Achilli dedit uxorem. Ob eam rem Ajax insanit et statim argumentum explicabit." Haec ut dixit Trimalchio.

<sup>1</sup> *Perhaps, after the manner of many cockerels, coco coco co.*

<sup>2</sup> *habebas Mentel: habebas.*

<sup>3</sup> *Tarentini Scheffer, rightly?*

<sup>4</sup> *after scilicet Scheffer adds <Agamemnon>.*

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<sup>1</sup> Trimalchio's perversion of Greek mythology which follows is superb. The "true" mythology is: Ganymedes was not a Greek but a Trojan boy carried away to "heaven" by Zeus to be his favourite and his (and the other gods') cup-bearer. Diomedes was a great Greek captain and hero in the traditional war against Troy in north-western Asia Minor. Ganymedes and Diomedes were not related in any way to each other or to Helen (wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta) whose brothers were Castor and Pollux. Paris, the Trojan, carried Helen off to Troy and so caused the war. Agamemnon (King of Mycenae city, brother of Menelaus, and commander-in-chief of the Greeks in the war) lured his daughter Iphigenia to Aulis on the pretext of marrying her to prince Achilles; and, to gain favourable winds, and relief from plague in

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who admits defeat in this kind of quarrel is always the winner. And you, too, when you were a young cockerel cried Cock-a-doodle-doo! and hadn't any sense in your head. So let us do better, and start the fun over again, and have a look at these reciters of Homer." A troop came in at once and clashed spear on shield. Trimalchio sat up on his cushion, and when the reciters talked to each other in Greek verse, as their conceited way is, he intoned Latin from a book. Soon there was silence, and then he said,<sup>1</sup> "You know the story they are doing? Diomedes and Ganymedes were two brothers. Helen was their sister. Agamemnon carried her off and took in Diana by sacrificing a deer to her instead. So Homer is now telling the tale of the war between Troy and Parentium. Of course he won and married his daughter Iphigenia to Achilles. That drove Ajax mad, and he will show you the story in a minute." As he spoke the reciters raised a shout, and the slaves

his army, would have sacrificed her, but Artemis (Diana) substituted a hart and translated her elsewhere before the ten years' war began, part of which is related by Homer. During the war Achilles died. [This is not in the *Iliad*.] After Achilles' arms had been awarded to Odysseus (Ulysses), Ajax went mad because he had wanted them. Trimalchio's mythology is: Ganymedes and Diomedes were brothers of Helen. She was carried off by King Agamemnon who deceived Diana by sacrificing a deer instead. Homer tells the story of fighting between the Trojans and the Parentini (connecting these with Paris?) of a town in the Italian country of Istria at the north end of the Adriatic, unless indeed for *parentini* in cod. *H* Scheffer was right in conjecturing Tarentini the people of Taranto in south Italy. After his victory Agamemnon gave Iphigenia in marriage to Achilles so that Ajax went mad through jealousy of Achilles.

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clamorem Homeristae sustulerunt, interque familiam discurrentem vitulus in lance donaria<sup>1</sup> elixus allatus est, et quidem galeatus. Secutus est Ajax strictoque gladio, tanquam insaniret,<sup>2</sup> concidit, ac modo versa modo supina<sup>3</sup> gesticulatus mucrone frustra collegit mirantibusque vitulum partitus est.

60 Nec diu mirari licuit tam elegantes strophas; nam repente lacunaria sonare coeperunt totumque triclinium intremuit. Consternatus ego exsurrexi et timui, ne per tectum petauristarius aliquis descenderet. Nec minus reliqui convivae mirantes<sup>4</sup> erexere vultus, expectantes quid novi de caelo nuntiaretur. Ecce autem diductis<sup>5</sup> lacunaribus subito circulus ingens, de cupa videlicet grandi excussus,<sup>6</sup> demittitur, cuius per totum orbem coronae aureae cum alabastris unguenti pendebant. Dum haec apophoreta iubemur sumere, respiciens ad mensam . . .

iam illic repositorium cum placentis aliquot erat positum, quod medium Priapus a pistore factus tenebat, gremioque satis amplo omnis generis poma et uvas sustinebat more vulgato. Avidius ad pompam<sup>7</sup> manus porreximus, et repente nova ludorum missio<sup>8</sup> hilaritatem [hic] refecit. Omnes enim placentae omniaque poma etiam minima vexatione contacta

<sup>1</sup> donaria *Buecheler*: ducenaria *Burman*: dunaria.

<sup>2</sup> *After* insaniret *Müller* puts vitulum instead of leaving it after mirantibusque below.

<sup>3</sup> supina *Scheffer*: spuma.

<sup>4</sup> *Fraenkel* suggested deleting mirantes.

<sup>5</sup> diductis *Scheffer*: deductus.

<sup>6</sup> *Fraenkel* would delete the words de . . . excussus.

## SATYRICON

ran about and a boiled calf on a presentation dish was brought in. There was a helmet on its head. Ajax followed and attacked it with his sword drawn as if he were mad; and after making passes with the edge and the flat he collected slices on the point, and divided the calf among the astonished company.<sup>1</sup>

We were not given long to admire these elegant *tours de force*; suddenly there came a noise from the ceiling, and the whole dining-room trembled. I rose from my place in a panic: I was afraid some acrobat would come down through the roof. All the other guests too looked up astonished, wondering what new portent from heaven was announced. The whole ceiling parted asunder, and an enormous hoop, apparently knocked out of a giant cask, was let down. All round it were hung golden crowns and alabaster boxes of perfumes. We were asked to take these presents for ourselves, when I looked back at the table. . . .

A dish with some cakes on it had now been put there, a Priapus<sup>2</sup> made by the confectioner standing in the middle, holding up every kind of fruit and grapes in his wide apron in the conventional style. We reached greedily after his treasures, and a sudden fresh start to the games renewed our merriment. All the cakes and all the fruits, however lightly they were touched,

<sup>1</sup> This would be an allusion to the way in which Ajax in his fits of madness attacked herds and flocks of farm animals.

<sup>2</sup> See note on p. 27.

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<sup>7</sup> poma Fröhner.

<sup>8</sup> missio Buecheler: commissio Delz, perhaps rightly: remissio. Friedlaender deletes hic.

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coeperunt effundere crocum, et usque ad os<sup>1</sup> molestus umor accidere. Rati ergo sacrum esse fer[i]-culum<sup>2</sup> tam religioso apparatu perfusum, consurreximus altius et " Augusto, patri patriae, feliciter " diximus. Quibusdam tamen etiam post hanc venerationem poma rapientibus et ipsi iis<sup>3</sup> mappas implevimus, ego praecipue, qui nullo satis amplo munere putabam me onerare Gitonis sinum.

Inter haec tres pueri candidas succincti tunicas intraverunt, quorum duo Lares bullatos super mensam posuerunt, unus pateram vini circumferens " dii propitii " clamabat. < . . . ><sup>4</sup>

Aiebat autem unum Cerdonem, alterum Felicionem, tertium Lucrionem<sup>5</sup> vocari. Nos etiam auream<sup>6</sup> imaginem ipsius Trimalchionis, cum iam omnes basiarent, erubuimus praeterire.

61 Postquam ergo omnes bonam mentem bonamque validitudinem sibi optarunt, Trimalchio ad Nicerotem respexit et " solebas " inquit " suavius esse in convictu; nescio quid nunc<sup>7</sup> taces nec muttis.<sup>8</sup> Oro te, sic felicem me videas, narra illud quod tibi usu venit." Niceros delectatus affabilitate amici " omne me " inquit " lucrum transeat, nisi iam dudum gaudimonio dissilio, quod te talem video. Itaque hilaria

<sup>1</sup> os *Buecheler*: nos.

<sup>2</sup> fericulum *Reinesius* (*perhaps rather ferculum*): peniculum *Scheffer*: periculum.

<sup>3</sup> ipsi iis *Heinsius*: ipsas.

<sup>4</sup> lacuna indicated by *Buecheler*.

<sup>5</sup> Lucrionem *Reinesius*: lucronem.

<sup>6</sup> auream *Jahn*: ueram.

<sup>7</sup> nunc *Scheffer*: nec.

<sup>8</sup> muttis *Scheffer*: mutes.

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proceeded to spurt out saffron, and the nasty juice flew even into our faces. We thought it must be a sacred dish<sup>1</sup> that was anointed with such holy appointments, and we all stood straight up and cried, "The gods bless Augustus,<sup>2</sup> the father of his country." But as some people even after this solemnity snatched at the fruit, we filled our napkins too with them, myself especially, for I thought that I could never fill Giton's lap with a large enough present. Meanwhile three boys came in with their white tunics well tucked up, and two of them put images of the Lares<sup>3</sup> with lockets round their necks on the table, while one carried round a bowl of wine and cried, "God be gracious unto us." . . .

Trimalchio said that one of the images was called Gain, another Luck, and the third Profit. And as everybody else kissed Trimalchio's golden portrait we were ashamed to pass it by.

So after they had all wished themselves good sense and good health, Trimalchio looked at Niceros and said, "You used to be better company at a dinner; something or other makes you dumb now, and you do not utter a sound. Do please, to make me happy, tell us of your adventure." Niceros was delighted by his friend's amiability and said, "May I never turn another penny if I am not ready to burst with joy at seeing you in such a good humour. Well, it shall

<sup>1</sup> Because saffron was often used by the Romans in sacred procedure.

<sup>2</sup> This title, assumed by Octavian when he became the first emperor (reigned 30 B.C.—A.D. 14), was applied to his successors also.

<sup>3</sup> The Lares and Penates were the household gods.

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mera sint, etsi timeo istos scholasticos, ne me rideant.<sup>1</sup> Riserint;<sup>2</sup> narrabo tamen: quid enim mihi aufert, qui ridet? Satius est rideri quam derideri." "Haec ubi dicta dedit," talem fabulam exorsus est:

"Cum adhuc servirem, habitabamus in vico angusto; nunc Gavillae domus est. Ibi, quomodo dii volunt, amare coepi uxorem Terentii coponis: noveratis Melissam Tarentinam, pulcherrimum bacciballum. Sed ego non mehercules corporaliter illam<sup>3</sup> aut propter res venerias curavi, sed magis quod benemoria<sup>4</sup> fuit. Si quid ab illa petii, nunquam mihi negatum; fecit assem, semissem habui; <quicquid habui>,<sup>5</sup> in illius sinum demandavi, nec unquam fefellit sum. Huius contubernalis ad villam supremum diem obiit. Itaque per scutum per ocream egi aginavi,<sup>6</sup> quemadmodum ad illam pervenirem: <scitis><sup>7</sup> 62 autem, in angustiis amici apparent. Forte dominus Capuam<sup>8</sup> exierat ad scruta [scita]<sup>9</sup> expedienda. Nactus ego occasionem persuadeo hospitem nostrum, ut mecum ad quintum miliarium veniat. Erat autem miles, fortis tanquam Orcus. Apoculamus<sup>10</sup> nos circa

<sup>1</sup> rideant *Mentel*: derideant.

<sup>2</sup> riserint *Scheffer*: viderint *ed. Patav.*: viderit.

<sup>3</sup> illam *Buecheler*: autem.

<sup>4</sup> benemoria *Orelli*: bene morata *Hadrianides*: bene moriar  
*H* which might be an interjection (so *Jacobs and Burriss*).

<sup>5</sup> Added by *Buecheler*.

<sup>6</sup> *Heinsius* suggests aegre agitavi: ecraginavi *Reiske*.

<sup>7</sup> scitis added by *Buecheler*.

<sup>8</sup> Capuam *Scheffer*: Capuae, perhaps rightly.

<sup>9</sup> Deleted by *P. George*.

<sup>10</sup> apoculamus *Scheffer* (see *Chapter 67*): apoculanius.



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be pure fun then, though I am afraid your clever friends will laugh at me. Still, let them; I will tell my story; what harm does a man's laugh do me? Being laughed at is more satisfactory than being sneered at." So spake the hero,<sup>1</sup> and began the following story:

"While I was still a slave, we were living in a narrow street; the house now belongs to Gavilla. There it was God's will that I should fall in love with the wife of Terentius the inn-keeper; you remember her, Melissa of Tarentum, a pretty round thing.<sup>2</sup> But I swear it was no base passion: I did not care about her for physical love, but rather because she had a beautiful nature. If I asked her for anything it was never refused me; if she made twopence I had a penny; whatever I had I put into her pocket, and I was never taken in. Now one day her husband died on the estate.<sup>3</sup> So I buckled on my shield and greaves, and schemed how to come at her: and as you know, one's friends turn up in tight places. My master happened to have gone to Capua to look after some silly business<sup>4</sup> or other. I seized my opportunity and persuaded a guest in our house to come with me as far as the fifth milestone. He was a soldier, and as brave as Hell. So we bummed our-

<sup>1</sup> A phrase of Roman epic poetry. Cf. Chapter 121, line 100.

<sup>2</sup> This is probably the meaning of *bacciballum*, from *baca* or *bacca*, a berry. "A round little peach."

<sup>3</sup> Terentius was a slave managing the tavern for his master.

<sup>4</sup> *scita* looks like an alternative effort for *scruta* arising partly from *scitis* just before; but if it is right, then: "elegant trash."

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gallicinia, luna lucebat tanquam meridie. Venimus inter monumenta: homo meus coepit ad stelas facere, sedeo<sup>1</sup> ego cantabundus et stelas<sup>2</sup> numero. Deinde ut respexi ad comitem, ille exuit se et omnia vestimenta secundum viam posuit. Mihi anima<sup>3</sup> in naso esse, stabam tanquam mortuus. At ille circumminxit vestimenta sua, et subito lupus factus est. Nolite me iocari putare; ut mentiar, nullius patrimonium tanti facio. Sed, quod coeperam dicere, postquam lupus factus est, ululare coepit et in silvas fugit. Ego primitus nesciebam ubi essem, deinde accessi, ut vestimenta eius tollerem: illa autem lapidea facta sunt. Qui mori timore nisi ego? Gladium tamen strinxi et in tota via<sup>4</sup> umbras cecidi, donec ad villam amicae meae pervenirem. Larva<sup>5</sup> intravi, paene animam ebulivi, sudor mihi per bifurcum volabat,<sup>6</sup> oculi mortui, vix unquam reffectus sum. Melissa mea mirari coepit, quod tam sero ambularem, et 'Si ante' inquit 'venisses, saltem nobis adiutasses; lupus enim villam intravit et omnia pecora <momordit>,'<sup>7</sup> tanquam lanius sanguinem illis misit. Nec tamen derisit, etiam si fugit; servus

<sup>1</sup> sedeo *Scheffer*: sed.

<sup>2</sup> *H* has stellas here but it doubtless stands for stelas.

<sup>3</sup> anima *Muncker*: in animo.

<sup>4</sup> in tota via *Scheffer*: matavita tau. There are various conjectures, some rather fantastic. Perhaps media via.

<sup>5</sup> larva *Fraenkel*: ut larva *Buecheler*: ianuam *Scheffer*: in larvam. There are other suggestions.

<sup>6</sup> undabat suggests *Nisbet*.

<sup>7</sup> Added by *Müller*. There are other conjectures.

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<sup>1</sup> If we have this word right, it is some slang for going away, formed of *apo*, Greek ἀπό "from," and *culus* "arse," or

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selves off<sup>1</sup> about cockcrow; the moon shone like high noon. We got among the monuments;<sup>2</sup> my man proceeded to do business at the gravestones, I sat down with my heart full of song and began to count the gravestones. Then when I looked round at my friend, he stripped himself and put all his clothes by the roadside. My heart was in my mouth,<sup>3</sup> but I stood like a dead man. He piddled all round his clothes and suddenly turned into a wolf. Please do not think I am joking; I would not lie about this for any fortune in the world. But as I was saying, after he had turned into a wolf, he proceeded to howl, and ran off into the woods. At first I hardly knew where I was, then I went up to take his clothes; but they had all turned into stone. No one could be nearer dead with terror than I was. But I drew my sword and went slaying shadows<sup>4</sup> all the way till I came to my love's house. I went in—a mere ghost and nearly bubbled out my life; the sweat ran down my legs, my eyes were dull, I could hardly be revived. My dear Melissa proceeded to express surprise at my being out so late, and said, 'If you had come earlier you might at least have helped us; a wolf got into the farm and worried all our sheep, and let their blood like a butcher. But he did not make fools of us, even

Greek ἀποκυλίω, ἀποκυλίνδω "roll away"? Possibly, however, it is *ap-* (ἀπ') and *oculus* "take ourselves from sight," "vanish"; or, since in Chapter 67 *H* has *apocalo*, we might read this in both chapters, as if from *calare* (καλεῖν) "call ourselves off."

<sup>2</sup> Presumably by the roadside, as often.

<sup>3</sup> The Latin has *naso* "nose."

<sup>4</sup> It seems impossible to emend the corruption here in any convincing way. *matarī* may hide *mactarī* a gloss on *cecidī*.

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enim noster lancea collum eius traiecit.' Haec ut audiui, operire oculos amplius non potui, sed luce clara Gai nostri <sup>1</sup> domum fugi tanquam copo compilatus, et postquam veni in illum locum, in quo lapidea vestimenta erant facta, nihil inveni nisi sanguinem. Ut vero domum veni, iacebat miles meus in lecto tanquam bovis, et collum illius medicus curabat. Intellexi illum versipellem esse nec postea cum illo panem gustare potui, non si me occidisses. Viderint alii quid de hoc <sup>2</sup> exopinissent; ego si mentior, genios vestros iratos habeam."

63 Attonitis admiratione universis "Salvo" inquit "tuo sermone" Trimalchio "si qua fides est, ut mihi pili inhorruerunt, quia scio Niceronem nihil nugarum narrare: immo certus est et minime linguosus. Nam et ipse vobis rem horribilem narrabo: asinus in tegulis. Cum adhuc capillatus essem, nam a puero vitam Chiam gessi, ipsimi nostri <sup>3</sup> delicatus decessit, mehercules margaritum, zacritus <sup>4</sup> et omnium numerum. Cum ergo illum mater misella plangeret et nos tum plures <sup>5</sup> in tristimonio essemus, subito strigae <stridere> <sup>6</sup> coeperunt; putares canem

<sup>1</sup> Gai nostri *Buecheler*: raptim *suggests Müller*: maturius *Ehlers*: hac nri.

<sup>2</sup> alii quid de hoc *Buecheler*: quid de hoc alii *Heinsius*: qui hoc de alibi.

<sup>3</sup> ipsimi nostri *Scheffer*, *Buecheler*: ipim mostri.

<sup>4</sup> zacritus *Roensch*: catamitus *Jacobs*, *perhaps rightly*.  
*There are other guesses: caccitus.*

<sup>5</sup> plorantes *suggests Müller* in his 2nd edition.

<sup>6</sup> stridere *added by Jacobs*.

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<sup>1</sup> Literally "a Chian life," i.e. luxurious and vicious. Thucydides calls the Chians shameless.

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though he got off; for our slave made a hole in his neck with a spear.' When I heard this, I could not keep my eyes shut any longer, but at break of day I rushed back to my master Gaius's house like a defrauded inn-keeper, and when I came to the place where the clothes were turned into stone, I found nothing but a pool of blood. But when I reached home, my soldier was lying in bed like an ox, with a doctor looking after his neck. I realized that he was a werewolf, and I never could sit down to a meal with him afterwards, not if you had killed me first. Other people may think what they like about this; but may all your guardian angels punish me if I am lying."

We were all dumb with astonishment, but Trimalchio said, "I pick no holes in your story; by the soul of truth, how my hair stood on end! For I know that Niceros never talks nonsense: he is very dependable, and not at all a chatterbox. Now I want to tell you a tale of horror myself: but I'm a donkey on the tiles compared with him. While I still had hair down my back, for I lived delicately<sup>1</sup> from my youth up, my master's favourite died. Oh! he was a pearl, one in a thousand, a mirror of all perfection!<sup>2</sup> So while his poor mother was bewailing him, and several of us were sharing her sorrow, suddenly the witches began to screech; you would have thought there was a dog

<sup>1</sup> *ipsimus*: "his very self" "the master"; *zacritus*, representing the Greek *διάρπτος* "distinguishedly excellent," is an effort to emend *caccitus*, for which *catamitus* (so Jacobs) "pansy-boy" is perhaps preferable. *omnium numerum* = *omnium numerorum* "a person of all categories" (of excellence).

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leporem persequi. Habebamus tunc hominem Cap-padocem, longum, valde audaculum et qui valebat: poterat<sup>1</sup> bovem<sup>2</sup> iratum tollere. Hic audacter stricto gladio extra ostium procucurrit, involuta sinistra manu curiose, et mulierem tanquam hoc loco —salvum sit, quod tango—mediam traiecit. Audimus gemitum, et—plane non mentiar—ipsas non vidimus. Baro autem noster introversus se proiecit in lectum, et corpus totum lividum habebat quasi flagellis caesus, quia scilicet illum tetigerat mala manus.<sup>3</sup> Nos cluso ostio redimus iterum ad officium, sed dum mater amplexaret corpus filii sui, tangit et videt manuciolum de stramentis factum. Non cor habebat, non intestina, non quicquam: scilicet iam puerum strigae involaverant et supposuerant stramentitium vavatonem.<sup>4</sup> Rogo vos, oportet credatis, sunt mulieres plussciae, sunt nocturnae, et quod sursum est, deorsum faciunt. Ceterum baro ille longus post hoc factum nunquam coloris sui fuit, immo post paucos dies phreneticus periit.”

64 Miramur nos et pariter credimus, osculatique mensam rogamus nocturnas, ut suis se<sup>5</sup> teneant, dum redimus a cena.

Et sane iam lucernae mihi plures videbantur ardere totumque triclinium esse mutatum, cum Trimalchio “tibi dico” inquit “Plocame, nihil narras? Nihil

<sup>1</sup> poterat deleted in the ed. Patav.

<sup>2</sup> bovem Reiske: iovem.

<sup>3</sup> I would delete the clause quia . . . manus, as Fraenkel suggested.

<sup>4</sup> There are several conjectures for vavatonem.

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pursuing a hare. We had a Cappadocian in the house at the time, a tall fellow, quite brave and a man of muscle; he could lift an angry bull off the ground. He rushed boldly out of doors with a naked sword, having carefully wrapped up his left hand, and ran a woman through the middle, just about here—may the spot my finger is on be safe! We heard a groan, but to tell the honest truth we did not see the witches themselves. But our big fellow came back and threw himself on a bed: and his whole body was blue as if he had been flogged, of course because the witch's hand had touched him. We shut the door and returned to our observances, but when the mother put her arms round the body of her son, she felt it and saw that it was a little bundle of straw. It had no heart, no inside or anything: of course the witches had carried off the boy and put a straw squaller<sup>1</sup> in his place. Ah! yes, I would beg you to believe there are wise women, and night-riders, who can turn the whole world upside down. Well, the tall bloke never came back to his proper colour after this affair, but died raving mad in a few days."

We were full of wonder and faith, and we kissed the table and prayed the Night-riders to stay at home as we returned from dinner.

By this time, I own, the lamps were multiplying before my eyes, and the whole dining-room was altering; then Trimalchio said, "Come you, Plocamus,

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<sup>1</sup> The word *vavato* suggests early efforts of very young children to speak.

<sup>5</sup> *After se Buecheler addis sedibus, reasonably. Perhaps se sede.*

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nos delectaris? Et solebas suavius esse, canturire belle deverbia, adicere melica.<sup>1</sup> Heu heu, abistis dulces caricae.”<sup>2</sup> “Iam” inquit ille “quadrigae meae decucurrerunt, ex quo podagricus factus sum. Alioquin cum essem adolescentulus, cantando paeneticus factus sum. Quid saltare? Quid deverbia? Quid tonstrinum? Quando parem habui nisi unum Apelletem?” Oppositaque<sup>3</sup> ad os manu nescio quid taetrum exsibilavit, quod postea Graecum esse affirmabat.

Nec non Trimalchio ipse cum tubicines esset imitatus, ad delicias suas respexit, quem Croesum appellabat. Puer autem lippus, sordidissimis dentibus, catellam nigram atque indecenter pinguem prasina involvebat fascia panemque semissem ponebat super torum [atque] ac<sup>4</sup> nausea recusantem saginabat. Quo admonitus officii<sup>5</sup> Trimalchio Scylacem iussit adduci “praesidium domus familiaeque.” Nec mora, ingentis formae adductus est canis catena vinctus, admonitusque ostiarii calce, ut cubaret, ante mensam se posuit. Tum Trimalchio iactans candidum panem “nemo” inquit “in domo mea me plus amat.” Indignatus puer, quod Scylacem tam effuse laudaret, catellam in terram deposuit hortatusque est, ut ad rixam properaret. Scylax, canino scilicet usus

<sup>1</sup> melica *Scheffer*: melicam which may well be right.

<sup>2</sup> dulces caricae *Scheffer*: dulcis carica.

<sup>3</sup> appositaque *Heinsius*. <sup>4</sup> So *Buecheler*: atque hac.

<sup>5</sup> officii *Buecheler*: officio. *Fraenkel* suggests <ae> quo [admonitus] officio.

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<sup>1</sup> Not the famous Greek painter but an actor in tragedies who flourished c. A.D. 40.



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have you got no story? Will you not entertain us? You used to be more pleasant company, and recite blank verse very prettily, and put in songs too. Dear, dear, all the sweet green figs are fallen!" "Ah, yes," the man replied, "my galloping days are over since I was taken with the gout. Otherwise, in the days when I was a young fellow I nearly got consumption with singing. How I could dance and recite and imitate the talk in a barber's shop! Was there ever my equal, except the one and only Apelles?"<sup>1</sup> And he put his hand against his mouth and whistled out some offensive stuff I did not catch: he declared afterwards it was Greek.

Trimalchio himself also, after imitating a man with a trumpet, looked round for his favourite, whom he called Croesus. The creature had blear eyes and very bad teeth, and was tying up an unnaturally obese black puppy<sup>2</sup> in a green handkerchief, and then putting a broken piece of bread on a chair, and cramming it down the throat of the dog, who did not want it and felt sick. This reminded Trimalchio of his duties, and he ordered them to bring in Scylax,<sup>3</sup> "the guardian of the house and the slaves." An enormous dog on a chain was at once led in, and on receiving a kick from the porter as a hint to lie down, he curled up in front of the table. Then Trimalchio threw him a bit of white bread and said, "No one in my house loves me better than Scylax." The favourite took offence at his lavish praise of the dog, and put down the puppy, and encouraged her to attack at once. Scylax, after the manner of dogs,

<sup>2</sup> Named *Margarita* "Pearl;" see below.

<sup>3</sup> Greek for young animal, a puppy in particular.

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ingenio, taeterrimo latratu triclinium implevit Margaritamque Croesi paene laceravit. Nec intra rixam tumultus constitit, sed candelabrum etiam super mensam eversum et vasa omnia crystallina comminuit et oleo ferventi aliquot convivas respersit. Trimalchio ne videretur iactura motus, basiavit puerum ac iussit super dorsum ascendere suum. Non moratus ille usus est equo manumque plena<sup>1</sup> scapulas eius subinde verberavit, interque risum proclamavit: "Bucca, bucca,<sup>2</sup> quot sunt hic?" repressus ergo aliquamdiu Trimalchio camellam grandem iussit misceri . . . potiones dividi omnibus servis, qui ad pedes sedebant, adiecta exceptione: "Si quis" inquit "noluerit accipere, caput illi perfunde. Interdium severa, nunc hilaria."

65 Hanc humanitatem insecutae sunt mattee, quarum etiam recordatio me, si qua est dicenti fides, offendit. Singulae enim gallinae altiles pro turdis circumlatae sunt et ova anserina pilleata, quae ut comessemus, ambitiosissime a nobis Trimalchio petiit dicens exossatas esse gallinas. Inter haec triclinii valvas lictor percussit, amictusque veste alba cum ingenti frequentia comissator intravit. Ego maiestate conterritus praetorem putabam venisse. Itaque temptavi assurgere et nudos pedes in terram deferre. Risit hanc trepidationem Agamemnon et

<sup>1</sup> plana Scheffer.

<sup>2</sup> bucco bucco Mentel, Heinsius.

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<sup>1</sup> Perhaps *bucca* was a child's game (Hoodman Blind in English) where one child was blindfolded and the others touched him on the cheek, and asked him how many fingers,

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of course, filled the dining-room with a most hideous barking, and nearly tore Croesus's little Pearl to pieces. And the uproar did not end with a dog-fight, for a lamp upset over the table, and broke all the crystal to pieces, and sprinkled some of the guests with hot oil. Trimalchio did not want to seem hurt at his loss, so he kissed his favourite, and told him to jump on his back. He mounted his horse at once and went on smacking Trimalchio's shoulders with his open hand, saying amid laughter, "How many are here, blind man's cheek?"<sup>1</sup> After some time Trimalchio calmed himself, and ordered a great bowl of wine to be mixed, and drinks to be served round to all the slaves, who were sitting at our feet, adding this provision: "If anyone refuses to take it, pour it over his head; business in the daytime and pleasure at night."

After this display of kindness, some savouries were brought in, the memory of which, as sure as I tell you this story, still makes me shudder. For instead of a fieldfare a fat chicken was brought round to each of us, and goose-eggs in caps, which Trimalchio kept asking us to eat with the utmost insistence, saying that they were chickens without the bones. Meanwhile a priest's attendant<sup>2</sup> knocked at the dining-room door, and a reveller dressed in white came in with a large number of others. I was frightened by his official looks, and thought the mayor had arrived. So I tried to get up and plant my bare feet on the ground. Agamemnon laughed at my anxiety and

or how many children, had touched him. Or perhaps the modern *morra* is meant, as in Chapter 44.

<sup>2</sup> The attendant on a *Sevir Augusti*. See pp. 48-51.

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“Contine te” inquit “homo stultissime. Habinnas sevir est idemque lapidarius, qui videtur<sup>1</sup> monumenta optime facere.”

Recreatus hoc sermone reposui cubitum, Habinnamque intrans eum cum admiratione ingenti spectabam. Ille autem iam ebrius uxoris suae umeris imposuerat manus, oneratusque aliquot coronis et unguento per frontem in oculos fluente praetorio loco se posuit continuoque vinum et caldam poposcit. Delectatus hac Trimalchio hilaritate et ipse capaciorem poposcit scyphum quaesivitque, quomodo acceptus esset. “Omnia” inquit “habuimus praeter te; oculi enim mei hic erant. Et mehercules bene fuit. Scissa<sup>2</sup> lautum novendiale<sup>3</sup> servo suo misello faciebat, quem mortuum manu miserat. Et puto, cum vicensimariis magnam mantissam habet; quinquaginta enim millibus aestimant mortuum. Sed tamen suaviter fuit, etiam si coacti sumus dimidias<sup>4</sup> potiones super ossucula eius effundere.” “Tamen” inquit Trimalchio “quid habuistis in cena?” “Dicam” inquit “si potuero; nam tam bonae memoriae sum, ut frequenter nomen meum obliviscar. Habuimus tamen in primo porcum poculo<sup>4</sup> coronatum et circa saviunculum<sup>5</sup> et gizeria optime facta<sup>6</sup> et

<sup>1</sup> videtur *Scheffer*: videretur. *Müller* deletes the whole clause qui . . . facere.

<sup>2</sup> The name is variously emended.

<sup>3</sup> lautum novendiale *Buecheler*: laucum novendialem. *Heinsius* reads lautam novendialem, the word cenam to be understood. sacrum novendiale *Mentel*, *Scheffer*.

<sup>4</sup> botulo *Jak. Gronov*.

<sup>5</sup> saviunculum *Hildebrand*: sangunculum *Heraeus*: saucunculum.

<sup>6</sup> farcta *Jahn*.

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said, "Control yourself, you silly fool! It is Habinnas of the priests' college, a monumental mason with a reputation for making first-class tombstones."

I was relieved by this news, and lay down in my place again, and watched Habinnas' entrance with great astonishment. He was already drunk, and had put his hands on his wife's shoulders; he had several wreaths on, and ointment was running down his forehead into his eyes. He sat down in the chief magistrate's place,<sup>1</sup> and at once called for wine and hot water. Trimalchio was delighted at his good humour, and demanded a larger cup for himself, and asked him how he had been received. "We had everything there except you," was the reply, "for my eyes were here with you. Yes, it was really splendid. Scissa<sup>2</sup> was having a funeral feast on the ninth day for her poor dear slave, whom she set free on his deathbed. And I believe she will have an enormous profit to record with the five per cent tax-collector, for they reckon that the dead man was worth fifty thousand."<sup>3</sup> But anyhow it was a pleasant affair, even if we did have to pour half our drinks over his lamented bones." "Ah," said Trimalchio, "but what did you have for dinner?" "I will tell you if I can," he said, "but my memory is in such a fine way that I often forget my own name. Well, first we had a pig crowned with a wine-cup, garnished with honey cakes, and giblets very well done, and

<sup>1</sup> The lowest seat on the middle couch, usually called the consul's seat, but here the highest official present took it.

<sup>2</sup> The name *Scissa* may be that of a man.

<sup>3</sup> She would pay a tax of five per cent, i.e. 2,500 sesterces, on his value.

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certe betam<sup>1</sup> et panem autopyrum de suo sibi, quem ego malo quam candidum; et vires facit, et cum mea re [causa]<sup>2</sup> facio, non ploro. Sequens ferculum fuit scriblita<sup>3</sup> frigida et super mel caldum infusum eccellente Hispanum. Itaque de scriblita quidem non minimum edi, de melle me usque tetigi. Circa cicer et lupinum, calvae arbitrato et mala singula. Ego tamen duo sustuli et ecce in mappa alligata habeo; nam si aliquid muneris meo vernulae non tulero, habebo convicium. Bene me admonet domina mea. In prospectu habuimus ursinae frustum, de quo cum imprudens Scintilla gustasset, paene intestina sua vomuit; ego contra plus libram comedi, nam ipsum aprum sapiebat. Et si, inquam, ursus homuncionem comest, quanto magis homuncio debet ursum comesse? In summo habuimus caseum mollem ex sapa et cocleas singulas et cordae<sup>4</sup> frusta et hepatica in catillis et ova pilleata et rapam et senape et catillum concacatum, pax Palamedes.<sup>5</sup> Etiam in alveo circumlata sunt oxycomina, unde quidam etiam improbe ternos pugnos<sup>6</sup> sustulerunt.

67 Nam pernae missionem dedimus. Sed narra mihi, Gai, rogo, Fortunata quare non recumbit? "Quomodo nosti" inquit "illam" Trimalchio "nisi argentum composuerit, nisi reliquias pueris dividerit, aquam in os suum non coniciet." "Atqui" respondit

<sup>1</sup> cerebellam *Fröhner*.

<sup>2</sup> deleted by *Buecheler*.

<sup>3</sup> scriblita here and in the next sentence ed. *Patav.*: sciribilita.

<sup>4</sup> fordæ *Heinsius*: cordis *Scheffer*.

<sup>5</sup> concacatum *Burman*: concagatum. Perhaps anguillam conchas garum, mox pelamidas.

<sup>6</sup> improbe ternos pugnos *Buecheler*: improbi t.p. *Jak. Gronov*: improbitur nos pugno.

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beetroot of course, and pure wholemeal bread, which I prefer to white myself; it puts strength into you, and when I do my business I don't grumble. The next dish was a cold tart, with excellent Spanish wine poured over warm honey. Indeed I ate a lot of the tart, and gave myself such a soaking of honey. Pease and lupines were handed, a choice of nuts and an apple each. I took two myself, and I have got them here tied up in my napkin: for if I do not bring some present back for my pet slave-boy there will be trouble. Oh! yes, my wife reminds me. There was a piece of bear in view.<sup>1</sup> Scintilla was rash enough to taste it, and nearly brought up her own inside. I ate over a pound myself, for it tasted like proper wild boar. What I say is this, since bears eat up us poor men, how much better right has a poor man to eat up a bear? To finish up with we had cheese mellowed in new wine, and snails all round, and pieces of tripe, and liver in little dishes, and eggs in caps, and turnip, and mustard, and a mucked up dish—but hold hard, Palamedes.<sup>2</sup> Pickled olives were brought round in a dish, too, and some greedy creatures took three fistfuls. For we had let the ham go. But tell me, Gaius, why is Fortunata not at dinner?" "Do you not know her better?" said Trimalchio. "Until she has collected the silver, and divided the remains among the slaves, she will not let a drop of water pass her lips." "Oh," replied

<sup>1</sup> Or "in high regard."

<sup>2</sup> Meaning unknown. Perhaps the words hide (as a gloss?) *lanx Palamedes*—a dish "Palamedes"—i.e. of cranes. Cf. Martial XIII, lxxv. Earlier in the sentence I think *catillum* at least is wrong, coming from *catillis* a little before.

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Habinnas " nisi illa discumbit, ego me apoculo " <sup>1</sup> et coeperat surgere, nisi signo dato Fortunata quater amplius a tota familia esset vocata. Venit ergo galbino succincta cingillo, ita ut infra cerasina apparet tunica et periscelides tortae phaecasiaeque inauratae. Tunc sudario manus tergens, quod in collo habebat, applicat se illi toro, in quo Scintilla <sup>2</sup> Habinnae discumbebat uxor, osculataque plaudentem " est te " inquit " videre? "

Eo deinde perventum est, ut Fortunata armillas suas crassissimis detraheret lacertis Scintillaeque miranti ostenderet. Ultimo etiam periscelides resolvit et reticulum aureum, quem ex obrussa esse dicebat. Notavit haec Trimalchio iussitque afferri omnia et " Videtis " inquit " mulieris <sup>3</sup> compedes: sic nos barcalae despoliamur. Sex pondo et selibram debet habere. Et ipse nihilo minus habeo decem pondo armillam ex millesimis Mercurii factam." Ultimo etiam, ne mentiri videretur, stateram iussit afferri et circumlatum approbari pondus. Nec melior Scintilla, quae de cervice sua capsellam detraxit aureolam, quam Felicionem appellabat. Inde duo crotalia protulit et Fortunatae in vicem consideranda dedit et " Domini " inquit " mei beneficio nemo habet meliora." " Quid? " inquit Habinnas " excatarissasti me, ut tibi emerem fabam vitream. Plane

<sup>1</sup> apoculo *ed. Patav.*: apocalo.

<sup>2</sup> *Fraenkel suggested deleting Scintilla.*

<sup>3</sup> mulieris *Scheffer*: muliebres *Heinsius*: mulieres.

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<sup>1</sup> *barcala* is akin to *bardus* and *baro*, blockhead.



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Habinnas, "but unless she is here I bum myself off," and he was just getting up, when at a given signal all the slaves called "Fortunata" four times and more. So she came in with a high yellow waist-band on, which allowed a cherry-red slip to appear under it, and twisted anklets, and white shoes embroidered with gold. She wiped her hands on a cloth which she had round her neck, took her place on the sofa, where Scintilla, Habinnas's wife, was lying, kissed her as she was clapping her hands, and said, "Is it really you I see, dear?"

Fortunata then went so far as to take the bracelets off her fat arms to exhibit them to Scintilla's admiring gaze. At last she even took off her anklets and her hair-net, which she said was eighteen carat. Trimalchio saw this, and ordered the whole lot to be brought to him. "There," he said, "are a woman's fetters; that is how we poor fools<sup>1</sup> are plundered. She must have six pounds and a half of gold on her. I have got a bracelet myself, made out of the thousandth which I owe to Mercury,<sup>2</sup> that weighs not an ounce under ten pounds." At last, for fear we should think he was lying, he ordered the scales to be brought and had the weight carried round and tested. Scintilla was just as bad. She took off a little gold box from her neck, which she called her lucky box. Then she brought out two rattling earrings, and gave them to Fortunata to look at in her turn, and said, "Thanks to my husband's kindness, nobody has finer ones." "What?" said Habinnas, "you cleaned me out to buy you a glass bean. I declare if I

<sup>1</sup> God of merchants; to him rich Romans apparently dedicated a contribution.

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si filiam haberem, auriculas illi praeciderem. Mulieres si non essent, omnia pro luto haberemus; nunc hoc est caldum meiere et frigidum potare."

Interim mulieres sauciae inter se riserunt ebriaque<sup>1</sup> iunxerunt oscula, dum altera diligentiam matris familiae iactat, altera delicias et indigentiam viri. Dumque sic cohaerent, Habinnas furtim consurrexit pedesque Fortunatae correptos super lectum immisit. "Au au" illa proclamavit aberrante tunica super genua. Composita ergo in gremio Scinillae incensissimam<sup>2</sup> rubore faciem sudario abscondit.

68 Interposito deinde spatio cum secundas mensas Trimalchio iussisset afferri, sustulerunt servi omnes mensas et alias attulerunt, scobemque croco et minio tinctam sparserunt et, quod nunquam ante videram, ex lapide speculari pulverem tritum. Statim Trimalchio "poteram quidem" inquit "hoc fericulo esse contentus; secundas enim mensas habetis. Sed si quid belli habes, affer."

Interim puer Alexandrinus, qui caldam ministrabat, lusciniis coepit imitari clamante Trimalchione subinde: "Muta." Ecce alius ludus. Servus qui ad pedes Habinnae sedebat, iussus, credo, a domino suo proclamavit subito canora voce:

"Interea medium Aeneas iam classe tenebat."

<sup>1</sup> ebriaque *Müller*: ebriaque.

<sup>2</sup> incensissimam or indecentissimam *Reinesius*: indecens imam.

<sup>1</sup> This means apparently we sweat for women and get cold thanks.

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had a daughter I would cut off her ears. If there were no women, we should look on all gems as so much dirt; as it is, we piddle warm and drink cold." <sup>1</sup>

Meanwhile the tipsy wives laughed together, and gave each other drunken kisses, one prating of her merits as a housewife, the other of the favourites of her husband and his own demerits. While they were hobnobbing, Habinnas got up quietly, took Fortunata by the legs, and threw them up on the sofa. She shouted out, "Ow! Ow!" as her dress flew up over her knees. She took refuge in Scintilla's arms, and buried her burning red face in a napkin.

After an interval, Trimalchio ordered a further dessert-course of food to be brought in. The slaves took away all the tables, brought in others, and sprinkled about sawdust coloured with saffron and vermilion, and, what I had never seen before, powdered mica. Trimalchio at once said, "I might really be satisfied with this course; for you have got your fresh relays. But if there is anything nice, put it on."

Meanwhile a boy from Alexandria, who was handing hot water, proceeded to imitate a nightingale, and made Trimalchio shout "Oh! change the tune." Then there was another joke. A slave, who was sitting at the feet of Habinnas, began, by his master's orders I suppose, suddenly to declaim in a sing-song voice:

"Now with his fleet Aeneas held the main".<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> See Virgil, *Aeneid*, V, 1. Aeneas was the fictional founder of Rome, connecting Rome with Troy.

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Nullus sonus unquam acidior percussit aures meas; nam praeter errantis barbariae aut adiectum aut de-  
 minutum clamorem miscebat Atellanicos versus, ut  
 tunc primum me etiam Vergilius offenderit. Lassus<sup>1</sup>  
 tamen, cum aliquando desisset,<sup>2</sup> [adiexit]<sup>3</sup> Habin-  
 nas "et nunquam" inquit<sup>4</sup> "didicit, sed ego ad  
 circulatorum eum mittendo erudibam."<sup>5</sup> Itaque parem  
 non habet, sive muliones volet sive circutores  
 imitari. Desperatum<sup>6</sup> valde ingeniosus est: idem  
 sutor est, idem cocus idem pistor, omnis musae man-  
 cipium. Duo tamen vitia habet, quae si non haberet,  
 esset omnium numerum:<sup>7</sup> recutitus est et stertit.  
 Nam quod strabonus est, non curo: sicut Venus  
 spectat. Ideo nihil tacet, vix oculo mortuo unquam.  
 69 Illum emi trecentis<sup>8</sup> denariis." Interpellavit lo-  
 quentem Scintilla et "plane" inquit "non omnia  
 artificia servi nequam narras. Agaga est; at curabo,  
 stigmam habeat." Risit Trimalchio et "ad cog-  
 nosco" inquit "Cappadocem: nihil sibi defraudat,  
 et mehercules laudo illum; hoc enim nemo parentat.  
 Tu autem, Scintilla, noli zelotypa esse. Crede mihi,  
 et vos novimus. Sic me salvum habeatis, ut ego sic  
 solebam ipsum meam debattuere, ut etiam  
 dominus suspicaretur; et ideo me in vilicationem  
 relegavit. Sed tace, lingua,<sup>9</sup> dabo panem." Tan-  
 quam laudatus esset nequissimus servus, lucernam

<sup>1</sup> plausum *Buecheler*.      <sup>2</sup> desisset *Scheffer*: dedisset.

<sup>3</sup> *Fraenkel* suggested deleting adiecit.

<sup>4</sup> nunquam inquit *Buecheler*: nunquid.

<sup>5</sup> erudibam *Buecheler*: erudiebam *Jahn*: audibant.

<sup>6</sup> desperatum *Buecheler*: desperatus.

<sup>7</sup> numerum *Haase*: numerorum *Scheffer*: nummorum.

<sup>8</sup> emi trecentis *Scheffer*: emit retentis.

<sup>9</sup> lingua *Scheffer*: lingua iam *Heinsius*: linguam.

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No sharper sound ever pierced my ears; for besides his making barbarous mistakes in raising or lowering his voice, he mixed up Atellane verses<sup>1</sup> with it, so that even Virgil jarred on me for the first time in my life. All the same, when he was tired and at last left off, Habinnas said, "He never went to school, but I educated him by sending him round the hawkers in the market. So he has no equal when he wants to imitate mule-drivers or hawkers. He is hopelessly clever; he is a cobbler too, a cook, a confectioner, a slave of all the talents. He has only two faults, and if he were rid of them he would be simply perfect. He is a Jew and he snores. For I do not mind his being cross-eyed; he has a look like Venus. So that is why he cannot keep silent, and scarcely ever shuts his eyes. I bought him for three hundred denarii." Scintilla interrupted his story by saying, "To be sure you have forgotten some of the tricks of the vile slave. He is a pimp; but I will see to it that he is branded." Trimalchio laughed and said, "Oh! I perceive he is a Cappadocian;<sup>2</sup> he does not deny himself anything, and, upon my word, I admire him; for no one honours a dead man's tomb with *that*. And please do not be jealous, Scintilla. Take my word for it, we know you women too. By my hope of salvation, I used to batter my own mistress, until even the master became suspicious; and so he banished me to a country stewardship. But peace, my tongue, and you shall have some bread." The worthless slave took a clay lamp out of his dress, as if

<sup>1</sup> See note at end of Chapter 53.

<sup>2</sup> Slaves from Cappadocia seem to have had a bad reputation.

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de sinu fictilem protulit et amplius semihora tubicines imitatus est<sup>1</sup> succinente Habinna et inferius labrum manu deprimente. Ultimo etiam in medium processit et modo harundinibus quassis choraulas imitatus est, modo lacernatus cum flagello mulionum fata egit, donec vocatum ad se Habinnas basiavit, portionemque illi porrexit et "Tanto melior" inquit "Massa, dono tibi caligas."

Nec ullus tot malorum finis fuisset, nisi epidipnis esset allata, turdi siliginei<sup>2</sup> uvis passis nucibusque farsi.<sup>3</sup> Insecuta sunt Cydonia etiam mala spinis confixa, ut echinos efficerent. Et haec quidem tolerabilia erant, si non ferculum<sup>4</sup> longe monstrosius effecisset, ut vel fame perire mallems. Nam cum positus esset, ut nos putabamus, anser altilis circaque pisces et omnium genera avium, "Amici"<sup>5</sup> inquit Trimalchio "quicquid videtis hic positum, de uno corpore est factum." Ego, scilicet homo prudentissimus, statim intellexi quid esset, et respiciens Agamemnonem "mirabor" inquam "nisi omnia ista de cera<sup>6</sup> facta sunt aut certe de luto. Vidi Romae Saturnalibus eiusmodi cenarum imaginem fieri."

70 Necdum finieram sermonem, cum Trimalchio ait: "Ita crescarn patrimonio, non corpore, ut ista cocus meus de porco fecit. Non potest esse pretiosior

<sup>1</sup> *Fraenkel was inclined to delete imitatus est.*

<sup>2</sup> *turdi siliginei Heinsius: turdis iligine.*

<sup>3</sup> *farsi Heinsius: farsis.*

<sup>4</sup> *ferculum ed. Patav.*

<sup>5</sup> *amici added by Buecheler.*

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he had been complimented, and imitated trumpeters for more than half an hour, Habinnas humming an accompaniment by pulling his lower lip down. Finally, he came right into the middle of the room, and shook a bunch of reeds in imitation of pipe-players, or gave us the mule-drivers' life, with a cloak and a whip, till Habinnas called him and gave him a kiss, and offered him a drink, saying, "Better than ever, Massa. I will give you a pair of boots for that."

There would have been no end to our troubles if a last course had not been brought in, fieldfares made of fine meal and stuffed with raisins and nuts. There followed also quinces, stuck all over with thorns to look like sea-urchins. We could have borne this, if a far more fantastic dish had not driven us even to prefer death by starvation. What we took to be a fat goose, with fish and all kinds of birds round it, was put on, and then Trimalchio said, "My friends, whatever you see here on the table is made out of one body." With my usual intelligence, I knew at once what it was; I looked at Agamemnon and said, "I shall be surprised if the whole thing is not made out of wax, or, at any rate clay. I have seen sham dinners of this kind served in Rome at the Saturnalia."<sup>1</sup> I had not finished speaking when Trimalchio said, "As I hope to grow in gains and not in girth, my cook made the whole thing out of a pig. There could not be a more valuable fellow. If you

<sup>1</sup> See note on Chapter 58.

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<sup>6</sup> *defacta H: cera added by Heinsius so as to read de cera facta: de face facta Brožele: Other suggestions have been made.*

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homo. Volueris, de vulva<sup>1</sup> faciet piscem, de lardo palumbum, de perna turturem, de colaepio gallinam. Et ideo ingenio meo impositum est illi nomen bellissimum; nam Daedalus vocatur. Et quia bonam mentem habet, attuli illi Roma munus cultros Norico ferro." Quos statim iussit afferri inspectosque miratus est. Etiam nobis potestatem fecit, ut mucronem ad buccam probaremus.

Subito intraverunt duo servi, tanquam qui rixam ad lacum fecissent; certe in collo<sup>2</sup> adhuc amphoras habebant. Cum ergo Trimalchio ius inter litigantes diceret, neuter sententiam tulit decernentis, sed alterius amphoram fuste percussit. Consternati nos insolentia ebriorum intentavimus oculos in proeliantes notavimusque ostrea pectinesque e gastris<sup>3</sup> labentia, quae collecta puer lance circumtulit. Has lautitias aequavit ingeniosus cocus; in craticula enim argentea cochleas attulit et tremula taeterrimaque voce cantavit.

Pudet referre, quae secuntur: inaudito enim more pueri capillati attulerunt unguentum in argentea pelve pedesque recumbentium unxerunt, cum ante crura talosque corollis vinxissent. Hinc ex eodem unguento in vinarium atque lucernam aliquantum<sup>4</sup> est infusum.

Iam coeperat Fortunata velle saltare, iam Scintilla

<sup>1</sup> vulva *Hadrianides*: bulba *Scheffer*: bulla.

<sup>2</sup> collo *Heinsius*: iugo *Fröhner*: loro *Muncker*: loco.

<sup>3</sup> gastris *Muncker*: castris.

<sup>4</sup> aliquantum *Heinsius*: liquatum.



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want it, he will make you a fish out of a sow's womb, a woodpigeon out of bacon, a turtledove out of a ham, and a chicken out of a knuckle of pork. That gave me the idea of putting a very pretty name on him; he is called Daedalus. And because he is so intelligent, I brought him back from Rome some knives, made of steel of Noricum,<sup>2</sup> as a present." He had these knives brought in at once, and contemplated them with admiration. He even allowed us to try the edge on our cheeks.

Suddenly two slaves came in who had apparently been fighting at a water-tank; at least they still had waterpots on their necks. Trimalchio sat in judgment on the dispute, but neither of them accepted his decision, and they smashed each other's waterpots with sticks. We were amazed at their drunken folly, and stared at them fighting, and then we saw oysters and scallops fall out of the pots, and a boy picked them up and brought them round on a dish. The clever cook was a match for this exhibition; he offered us snails on a silver gridiron, and sang in an extremely ugly quavering voice.

I am ashamed to tell you what followed: in defiance of all convention, some long-haired boys brought ointment in a silver basin, and anointed our feet as we lay, after winding little garlands round our feet and ankles. A quantity of the same ointment was then poured into the mixing-bowl and the lamp.

Fortunata had now grown anxious to dance; Scin-

<sup>1</sup> On Daedalus, see note on Chapter 52. The name was used for a Jack-of-all-trades.

<sup>2</sup> Noricum was a territory between the River Danube and the Alps.

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frequentius plaudebat quam loquebatur, cum Trimalchio "Permitto" inquit "Philargyre [et Carrio]<sup>1</sup> etsi prasinianus es famosus, dic et Menophilae, contubernali tuae, discumbat." Quid multa? paene de lectis deiecti sumus, adeo totum triclinium familia occupaverat. Certe ego notavi super me positum cocum, qui de porco anserem fecerat,<sup>2</sup> muria condimentisque fetentem. Nec contentus fuit recumbere, sed continuo Ephesum tragoedum coepit imitari et subinde dominum suum sponsione provocare "si prasinus proximis circensibus primam palmam."

71 Diffusus hac contentione Trimalchio "amici" inquit "et servi homines sunt et aequae unum lactem biberunt, etiam si illos malus fatus oppresserit.<sup>3</sup> Tamen me salvo cito aquam liberam gustabunt. Ad summam, omnes illos in testamento meo manu mitto. Philargyro etiam fundum lego et contubernalem suam, Carioni<sup>4</sup> quoque insulam et vicesimam et lectum stratum. Nam Fortunatam meam heredem facio, et commendo illam omnibus amicis meis. Et haec ideo omnia publico, ut familia mea iam nunc sic me amet tanquam mortuum." Gratias agere omnes indulgentiae coeperant domini, cum ille oblitus nugarum exemplar testamenti iussit afferri et totum a primo ad ultimum ingemescente familia recitavit. Respiciens deinde Habinnam "quid dicis" inquit

<sup>1</sup> et Carrio *H*: et Cario *Buecheler*: *Kaibel* deletes. *Cp. Chapter 71.*

<sup>2</sup> *Fraenkel* would delete the clause qui . . . fecerat.

<sup>3</sup> oppressit *Buecheler*. <sup>4</sup> Carioni *Buecheler*: Carrioni.

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<sup>1</sup> These persons were two of Trimalchio's slaves. He addresses one of them, Philargyrus, as a supporter of the green

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tilla clapped her hands more often than she spoke, when Trimalchio said, "Philargyrus, you, though you are a damned wearer of the green,<sup>1</sup> may sit down and tell your good woman, Menophila, to do the same." I need hardly say that we were nearly pushed off the sofas with the slaves crowding into every seat. Anyhow, I noticed that the cook, who had made a goose out of the pig, sat stinking of pickle and sauces just above me. Not satisfied with having a seat, he at once proceeded to imitate the tragedian<sup>2</sup> Ephesus, and then invited his own master to make a bet on the green winning the first prize in the next games.

Trimalchio expanded at this dispute and said, "Ah, my friends, a slave is a man and drank his mother's milk like ourselves, even if cruel fate has trodden him down. Yes, and if I live they shall soon taste the water of freedom. In fact I am setting them all free in my will. I am leaving a property and his good woman to Philargyrus as well, and to Cario a block of buildings, and his manumission fees, and a bed and bedding. I am making Fortunata my heir, and I recommend her to all my friends. I am making all this known so that my slaves may love me now as if I were dead." They all went on to thank their master for his kindness, when he turned serious, and had a copy of the will brought in, which he read aloud from beginning to end, while the slaves moaned and groaned. Then he looked at Habinnas and said,

colours in competitions in the circus. Competitors there wore one of four colours: blue, green, white, red.

<sup>2</sup> Ephesus: no tragic actor or composer with this name is known.

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“ amice carissime? Aedificas monumentum meum, quemadmodum te iussi? Valde te rogo, ut secundum pedes statuæ meae catellam ponas<sup>1</sup> et coronas et unguenta et Petratis omnes pugnās, ut mihi contingat tuo beneficio post mortem vivere; praeterea ut sint in fronte pedes centum, in agrum pedes ducenti. Omne genus enim pomæ volo sint circa cineres meos, et vinearum largiter. Valde enim falsum est vivo quidem domos cultas esse, non curari eas, ubi diutius nobis habitandum est. Et ideo ante omnia adici volo: ‘hoc monumentum heredem non sequitur.’<sup>2</sup> Ceterum erit mihi curae, ut testamento caveam, ne mortuus iniuriam accipiam. Praeponam enim unum ex libertis sepulcro meo custodiae causa, ne in monumentum meum populus cacatum currat. Te rogo, ut naves etiam . . . monumenti mei<sup>3</sup> facias plenis velis euntes, et me in tribunali sedentem praetextatum cum anulis aureis quinque et nummos in publico de sacculo effundentem; scis enim, quod epulum dedi binos denarios. Faciantur,<sup>4</sup> si tibi videtur, et triclinia. Facias<sup>5</sup> et totum populum sibi suaviter facientem. Ad dexteram meam ponas

<sup>1</sup> ponas *Buecheler*: fingas *Scheffer*: pingas, which may be right.

<sup>2</sup> sequitur *Buecheler*: sequatur.

<sup>3</sup> *Keller* suggested adding <in fronte> before monumenti. *Müller* in his 2nd edition deletes monumenti mei.

<sup>4</sup> faciantur *Goes*: faciatur.

<sup>5</sup> facias *Buecheler*: facies.

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<sup>1</sup> See note on Chapter 52.

<sup>2</sup> The initials *h.m.h.n.s.* of the Latin words were often put upon monuments.

<sup>3</sup> The words indicating the part of the monument on which Trimalchio wants ships to be carved are missing.

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“ Now tell me, my dear friend: you will erect a monument as I have directed? I beg you earnestly to put up round the feet of my statue my little dog, and some wreaths, and bottles of perfume, and all the fights of Petraites,<sup>1</sup> so that your kindness may bring me a life after death; and I want the monument to have a frontage of one hundred feet and to be two hundred feet in depth. For I should like to have all kinds of fruit growing round my ashes, and plenty of vines. It is quite wrong for a man to decorate his house while he is alive, and not to trouble about the house where he must make a longer stay. So above all things I want added to the inscription, ‘ This monument does not descend to my heir.’<sup>2</sup> I shall certainly take care to provide in my will against any injury being done to me when I am dead. I am appointing one of the freedmen to be caretaker of the tomb and prevent the common people from running up and defiling it. I beg you to put ships in full sail . . .<sup>3</sup> of monument, and me sitting in official robes on my official seat, wearing five gold rings and distributing coin publicly out of a bag;<sup>4</sup> you remember that I gave a free dinner worth two denarii a head. I should like you to make a representation of a dining-room set of couches, if you can arrange it. And represent also the whole people there enjoying themselves. On my right hand put a statue of dear

<sup>4</sup> Members of the college of Augustus were allowed on important public occasions to sit on a throne and to wear a *toga praetexta*. Trimalchio may have earned the right to wear gold rings by giving a public dinner: after his term of office as a *Sevir Augusti* (pp. 48–51) expired, he would not be entitled to wear them. See c. 32, where he wears a ring made to look like gold at a distance.

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statuam Fortunatae meae columbam tenentem: et catellam cingulo alligatam ducat: et cicaronem meum, et amphoras copiosas<sup>1</sup> gypsatas, ne effluent vinum. Et urnam<sup>2</sup> licet fractam sculpas, et super eam puerum plorantem. Horologium in medio, ut quisquis horas inspiciet, velit nolit, nomen meum legat. Inscriptio quoque vide diligenter si haec satis idonea tibi videtur: 'C. Pompeius Trimalchio Maecenatianus hic requiescit. Huic seviratus absenti decretus est. Cum posset in omnibus decuriis Romae esse, tamen noluit. Pius, fortis, fidelis, ex parvo crevit, sestertium reliquit trecenties, nec unquam philosophum audivit. Vale: et tu.'"

72 Haec ut dixit Trimalchio, flere coepit ubertim. Flebat et Fortunata, flebat et Habinnas, tota denique familia, tanquam in funus rogata, lamentatione triclinium implevit. Immo iam coeperam etiam ego plorare, cum Trimalchio "Ergo" inquit "cum sciamus nos morituros esse, quare non vivamus? Sic vos felices videam, coniciamus nos in balneum, meo periculo, non paenitebit. Sic calet tanquam furnus." "Vero, vero," inquit Habinnas "de una die duas

<sup>1</sup> copiose *P. George*.

<sup>2</sup> urnam *Jak. Gronov*: unam.

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<sup>1</sup> I feel that the words *ne effluent* (or *effluat*?) *vinum* are an intruded remark.

<sup>2</sup> Trimalchio was allowed to have this name because he had been in the service of a patron named Maecenas before he became a slave in the family of the Pompeii. Slaves were allowed to retain their old master's name on transfer in order

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Fortunata holding a dove, and let her be leading a little dog with a waistband on; and my dear little boy, and big jars sealed with gypsum, so that they may not let the wine run out.<sup>1</sup> And have a broken urn carved with a boy weeping over it. And a sundial in the middle, so that anyone who looks at the time will read my name whether he likes it or not. And again, please think carefully whether this inscription seems to you quite appropriate: 'Here lieth Gaius Pompeius Trimalchio, freedman of Maecenas.<sup>2</sup> The degree of Priest of Augustus was conferred upon him in his absence. He might have been attendant on any magistrate in Rome, but refused it.<sup>3</sup> God-fearing, gallant, constant, he grew from very little and left thirty millions. He never listened to a philosopher. Fare thee well, Trimalchio: and thou too, passer-by.' "

After saying this, Trimalchio began to weep floods of tears. Fortunata wept, Habinnas wept, and then all the slaves began as if they had been invited to his funeral, and filled the dining-room with lamentation. I had even begun to lift up my voice myself, when Trimalchio said, "Well, well, if we know we must die, why should we not live? As I hope for your happiness, let us jump into a bath. My life on it, you will never regret it. It is as hot as a furnace." "Very true, very true," said Habinnas, "making two days

to prevent confusion arising from similarities in their names where they were very numerous.

<sup>3</sup> Trimalchio boasts that if he had chosen to go to Rome as a freedman he could have become a member of the *decuries*, the orders or guilds which supplied the lower branches of the public service, e.g. *lictors*, *scribes*, *criers*, and *street officers*.

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facere, nihil malo " nudisque consurrexit pedibus et Trimalchionem gaudentem <sup>1</sup> subsequi <coepit.> <sup>2</sup>

Ego respiciens ad Ascyllon " Quid cogitas? " inquam " ego enim si videro balneum, statim expirabo." " Assentemur " ait ille " et dum illi balneum petunt, nos in turba exeamus." Cum haec placuissent, ducente per porticum Gitone ad ianuam venimus, ubi canis catenarius tanto nos tumultu excepit, ut Ascyllon etiam in piscinam ceciderit. Nec non ego quoque ebrius, <sup>3</sup> [qui etiam pictum timueram canem, <sup>4</sup>] dum natanti opem fero, in eundem gurgitem tractus sum. Servavit nos tamen atriensis, qui interventu suo et canem placavit et nos trementes extraxit in siccum. Et Giton quidem iam dudum se ratione <sup>5</sup> acutissima redemerat a cane; quicquid enim a nobis acceperat de cena, latranti sparserat, at ille avocatus cibo furorem suppresserat. Ceterum cum algentes udique <sup>6</sup> petissemus ab atriense, ut nos extra ianuam emitteret, " Erras " inquit " si putas te exire hac posse, qua venisti. Nemo unquam convivarum per eandem ianuam emissus est; alia <sup>73</sup> intrant, alia exeunt." Quid faciamus homines miserimi et novi generis labyrintho inclusi, quibus lavari iam coeperat votum esse? Ultro ergo rogavimus, ut nos ad balneum duceret, proiectisque vestimentis, quae Giton in aditu siccare coepit, balneum intravimus, angustum scilicet et cisternae frigidariae simile,

<sup>1</sup> gaudentem *H*: gradientem *Reinesius*: plaudentem *Jacobs*, *Wehle*.

<sup>2</sup> coepit added by *Burman*.

<sup>3</sup> exterritus *Jahn*.

<sup>4</sup> *Müller* deletes qui . . . canem, rightly.

<sup>5</sup> se ratione *Scheffer*: servatione.

<sup>6</sup> udique *Buecheler*: utique.



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out of one is my chief delight." And he got up with bare feet and proceeded to follow Trimalchio, who was now happy again.

I looked at Ascylos and said, "What do you think? I shall die on the spot at the very sight of a bath." "Oh! let us say yes," he replied, "and we will slip away in the crowd while they are making for the bath." This was agreed, and Giton led us through the gallery to the door, where the dog on the chain welcomed us with such a noise that Ascylos fell straight into the fish-pond. As I [who had been terrified even of a painted dog]<sup>1</sup> was drunk too, I fell into the same abyss while I was helping him in his struggles to swim. But the porter by his intervention pacified the dog and saved us, and pulled us shivering on to dry land. Giton had ransomed himself from the dog some time before by a very cunning plan; when it barked he threw it all the pieces we had given him at dinner, and food distracted the beast from his anger. But when, chilled to the bone and wet, we asked the porter at least to let us out of the door, he replied, "You are wrong if you suppose you can go out at the door you came in by. None of the guests are ever let out by the same door; they come in at one and go out by another." There was nothing to be done, we were victims enwound in a new labyrinth, and the idea of washing had begun to grow pleasant, so we asked him instead to show us the bath, and after throwing off our clothes, which Giton then dried in the front hall, we went in. It was a tiny place like a cold-water cistern,<sup>2</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> See Chapter 29.

<sup>2</sup> J. Sullivan suspects this clause.

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in quo Trimalchio rectus stabat. Ac ne sic quidem putidissimam eius iactationem<sup>1</sup> licuit effugere; nam nihil melius esse dicebat quam sine turba lavari, et eo ipso loco aliquando pistrinum fuisse. Deinde ut lassatus consedit, invitatus balnei sono diduxit usque ad cameram<sup>2</sup> os ebrium et coepit Menecratis cantica lacerare, sicut illi dicebant, qui linguam eius intellegebant. Ceteri convivae circa labrum manibus nexis currebant et gingilipho ingenti clamore exsonabant. Alii autem [aut]<sup>3</sup> restrictis manibus anulos de pavimento conabantur tollere aut posito genu cervices post terga flectere et pedum extremos pollices tangere. Nos, dum alii sibi ludos faciunt, in solium, quod Trimalchioni vaporabatur,<sup>4</sup> descendimus.

Ergo ebrietate discussa in aliud triclinium deducti sumus, ubi Fortunata disposuerat lautitias [suas]<sup>5</sup> ita ut supra < . . . > lucernas aeneolosque piscatores notavimus<sup>6</sup> et mensas totas argenteas calicesque circa fictiles inauratos et vinum in conspectu sacco defluens. Tum Trimalchio " Amici " inquit " hodie servus meus barbatoriam fecit, homo praefiscini frugi et micarius. Itaque tangomenas faciamus et usque in lucem cene-  
74 mus." Haec dicente eo gallus gallinaceus cantavit. Qua voce confusus Trimalchio vinum sub mensa iussit

<sup>1</sup> eius iactationem *Heinsius*: ei actionem.

<sup>2</sup> *Nisbet would delete* usque ad cameram.

<sup>3</sup> *Deleted by Buecheler.*

<sup>4</sup> vaporabatur *Buecheler*: there are other suggestions: pervapatur *H*, but al parabatur in margin; which supports *Heinsius'* praeparabatur.

<sup>5</sup> apparently marked for deletion in *H* (suas): *Müller* deletes ita ut supra also and puts a lacuna after supra.

<sup>6</sup> notavimus *Müller*: notaverim.

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Trimalchio was standing upright in it. We were not allowed to escape his filthy bragging even there; he declared that there was nothing nicer than washing out of a crowd, and told us that there had once been a bakery on that very spot. He then became tired and sat down, and the echoes of the bathroom encouraged him to open his tipsy jaws to the ceiling and go on to murder Menecrates's songs,<sup>1</sup> as I was told by those who could understand what he said. Other guests joined hands and ran round the bath, roaring with obstreperous laughter at the top of their voices. Some again had their hands tied behind their backs and tried to pick up rings from the floor, or knelt down and bent their heads backwards and tried to touch the tips of their big toes. While the others were amusing themselves, we went down into a deep bath which was being heated for Trimalchio.

Then, having got rid of the effects of our liquor, we were led into another dining-room, where Fortunata had laid out her treasures, so that over the lamps we saw . . . little bronze fishermen, and tables of solid silver, and clay-made cups with gold settings, and wine being strained through a cloth before our eyes. Then Trimalchio said, "Gentlemen, a slave of mine is celebrating his first shave to-day: an honest, cheese-paring fellow, in a good hour be it spoken. So let us drink deep<sup>2</sup> and keep up dinner till dawn."

Just as he was speaking, a cock crew. The noise upset Trimalchio, and he had wine poured under the

<sup>1</sup> Menecrates was a harp-player specially honoured by Nero (Suetonius, *Nero*, c. 30).

<sup>2</sup> See note on Chapter 34.

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effundi lucernamque etiam mero spargi. Immo anulum traiecit in dexteram manum et "non sine causa" inquit "hic bucinus signum dedit; nam aut incendium oportet fiat, aut aliquis in vicinia animam abiciet. Longe a nobis. Itaque quisquis hunc indicem attulerit, corollarium accipiet." Dicto citius de vicinia<sup>1</sup> gallus allatus est, quem Trimalchio <occidi><sup>2</sup> iussit, ut aeno coctus<sup>3</sup> fieret. Laceratus igitur ab illo doctissimo coco, qui paulo ante de porco aves piscesque fecerat, in caccabum est coniectus. Dumque Daedalus potionem ferventissimam haurit, Fortunata mola buxea piper trivit.

Sumptis igitur matteis respiciens ad familiam Trimalchio "Quid vos" inquit "adhuc non cenastis? Abite, ut alii veniant ad officium." Subiit igitur alia classis, et illi quidem exclamavere: "Vale Gai," hi autem: "Ave Gai." Hinc primum hilaritas nostra turbata est; nam cum puer non inspeciosus inter novos intrasset ministros, invasit eum Trimalchio et osculari diutius coepit. Itaque Fortunata, ut ex aequo ius firmum approbaret, male dicere Trimalchioni<sup>4</sup> coepit et purgamentum dedecusque praedicare, qui non contineret libidinem suam. Ultimo etiam adiecit: "canis." Trimalchio contra offensus convicio calicem in faciem Fortunatae immisit. Illa, tanquam oculum perdidisset, exclamavit manusque

<sup>1</sup> Müller deletes de vicinia.

<sup>2</sup> occidi added by Buecheler, perhaps needlessly.

<sup>3</sup> oenococtus Orioli.

<sup>4</sup> Trimalchioni Buecheler: Trimalchionem.

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table,<sup>1</sup> and even the lamp sprinkled with pure wine. Further, he changed a ring onto his right hand, and said, "That trumpeter did not give his signal without a reason. Either there must be a fire, or some one close by is just going to give up the ghost. Lord, save us! So anyone who catches the informer shall have a reward." He had scarcely spoken, when the cock was brought in from somewhere near. Trimalchio ordered it to be killed and cooked in a saucepan. So he was cut up by the learned cook who had made birds and fishes out of a pig a little while before, and thrown into a cooking-pot. And while Daedalus took a long drink very hot, Fortunata ground up pepper in a box-wood mill.

After the delicacies were eaten, Trimalchio looked at the slaves and said, "Why have you not had dinner yet? Be off, and let some others come and wait." So another brigade appeared, and the old lot shouted, "Gaius, good-bye," and the new ones, "Hail! Gaius." After this, our jollity received its first shock; a rather comely boy came in among the fresh waiters, and Trimalchio took him and proceeded to kiss him warmly. So Fortunata, to assert her rights at law, proceeded to abuse Trimalchio, and called him a dirty disgrace for not holding his lust in check. At last she even added, "You hound." Her cursing annoyed Trimalchio, and he let fly a cup in her face. She shrieked as if her eye had been put

<sup>1</sup> Wine under the table: see note on p. 47. But here Trimalchio thinks there must be a fire somewhere and causes wine to be spilt under the table instead of the usual water which, to avert the omen, was so poured if fire has been mentioned at a banquet. Pliny, *N.H.*, XXVIII, 26.

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trementes ad faciem suam admovit. Consternata est etiam Scintilla trepidantemque sinu suo textit. Immo puer quoque officiosus urceolum frigidum ad malam eius admovit, super quem incumbens Fortunata gemere ac flere coepit. Contra Trimalchio "Quid enim?" inquit "ambubaia non meminit<sup>1</sup> se de<sup>2</sup> machina? Inde illam<sup>3</sup> sustuli, hominem inter homines feci. At inflat se tanquam rana, et in sinum suum non sputit,<sup>4</sup> codex, non mulier. Sed hic, qui in pergula natus est, aedes non somniatur. Ita genium meum propitium habeam, curabo, domata sit Cassandra caligaria. Et ego, homo dipundiarius, sestertium centies accipere potui. Scis tu me non mentiri. Agatho unguentarius † here proxime †<sup>5</sup> seduxit me et 'Suadeo' inquit 'non patiaris genus tuum interire.' At ego dum bonatus ago et nolo videri levis, ipse mihi asciam in crus impegi. Recte, curabo, me unguibus quaeras. Et ut depraesentiarum intelligas, quid tibi feceris: Habinna, nolo, statuam eius in monumento meo ponas, ne mortuus quidem lites habeam. Immo, ut sciat me posse malum dare, nolo, me mortuum basiet."

75 Post hoc fulmen Habinnas rogare coepit, ut iam HL desineret irasci et | "Nemo" inquit "nostrum non H peccat. Homines sumus, non dei." | Idem et Scintilla

<sup>1</sup> meminit *Heinsius*: me misit. *The suggestion ambubaiam non meminisse! of Nisbet is reasonable.*

<sup>2</sup> se de H: sed de *Buecheler*.

<sup>3</sup> machina? inde illam *Fraenkel*: machina illam *Reiske*: machillam illam H. *In his 2nd edition Müller reads meminit? [se] de machina illam.*

<sup>4</sup> non sputit *Reiske*: conspuat.

<sup>5</sup> *Of various conjectures I prefer Nisbet's. He would simply delete here.*

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out, and lifted her trembling hands to her face. Scintilla was frightened too, and shielded her quivering friend with her arms. While an officious slave held a cool little jar to her cheek, Fortunata leaned over it and went on to groan and cry. But Trimalchio said, "What is it all about? Doesn't this chorus-girl remember that she's from the sale-platform? That's where I took her from, and made her one of ourselves. But she puffs herself up like a frog, and does not spit<sup>1</sup> onto her bosom; a log she is, not a woman. But if you were born in a hut you cannot dream of a palace. Damn my soul if I do not properly tame this shameless Cassandra.<sup>2</sup> And I might have married ten million, two-penny fool that I was! You know I am speaking the truth. Agatho, a perfumer of the rich woman next door, took me aside quite recently and said, 'I entreat you not to let your family die out.' But I, acting like a good chap, didn't wish to seem fickle, and so I have stuck the axe into my own leg. Very well, I will make you want to dig me up with your finger-nails. But you shall understand what you have done for yourself straight away. Habinnas, do not put any statue of her on my tomb, or I shall have nagging even when I am dead. And to show that I can do her a bad turn, I will not have her kiss me even when I am laid out."

After this flash of lightning Habinnas proceeded to ask him to moderate his wrath. "We all have our faults," he said, "we are men, not gods," Scintilla

<sup>1</sup> Which she ought to do, being so lucky.

<sup>2</sup> Cassandra, Trojan priestess who had fits of madness, was a type of passion, and a Cassandra "in a soldier's top-boots" (*caligaria*) is a brutal strong woman.

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flens dixit ac per genium eius Gaium appellando rogare coepit, ut se frangeret.<sup>1</sup> Non tenuit ultra lacrimas Trimalchio et "Rogo" inquit "Habinna, sic peculium tuum fruniscaris: si quid perperam feci, in faciem meam inspue. Puerum basiavi frugalissimum, non propter formam, sed quia frugi est: decem partes dicit,<sup>2</sup> librum ab oculo legit, thraecium<sup>3</sup> sibi de diariis fecit, arcisellium de suo paravit et duas trullas. Non est dignus quem in oculis feram? sed Fortunata vetat. Ita tibi videtur, fulcipedia? suadeo, bonum tuum concoquas, milva, et me non facias<sup>4</sup> ringentem, amasiuncula: alioquin experieris cerebrum meum. Nosti me: quod semel destinavi, clavo tabulari<sup>5</sup> fixum est. Sed vivorum meminimus. Vos rogo, amici, ut vobis suaviter sit. Nam ego quoque tam fui quam vos estis, sed virtute mea ad hoc perveni. Corcillum est quod homines facit, cetera quisquilia omnia. 'Bene emo, bene vendo'; alius alia vobis dicit. Felicitate dissilio. Tu autem, sterteia,<sup>6</sup> etiamnum ploras? iam curabo, fatum tuum plores. Sed, ut coeperam dicere, ad hanc me fortunam frugalitas mea perduxit. Tam magnus ex Asia veni, quam hic candelabrus est. Ad summam,

<sup>1</sup> se frangeret *Heinsius*: effrangeret.

<sup>2</sup> didicit *Goes*.

<sup>3</sup> Thraecium or thoracium *Orelli*: pretium *Scheffer*:  
teruncium *Heinsius*: thretium.

<sup>4</sup> facias *Mentel*: facies.

<sup>5</sup> trabali *Scheffer*.

<sup>6</sup> sterceia *Orioli*.



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cried and said the same, called him Gaius and proceeded to ask him by his guardian angel to unbend. Trimalchio no longer restrained his tears, and said, "Habinnas, please, as you hope to enjoy your money, spit in my face if I have done anything wrong. I kissed that excellent boy not because he is beautiful, but because he is excellent: he can do division and read books at sight, he has bought a suit of Thracian<sup>1</sup> armour out of his day's wages, purchased a round-backed chair with his own money, and two ladles. Does he not deserve to be treated well by me? But Fortunata will not have it. Is that your feeling, my high-heeled hussy? I advise you to chew what you have bitten off, you she-kite, and not make me show my teeth, my little dear: otherwise you shall know what my anger is. Mark my words: when once my mind is made up, the thing is fixed with a drawing-pin.<sup>2</sup> But we will think of the living. Please make yourselves comfortable, gentlemen. I was once just what you are, but by my own merits I have come to this. A bit of sound sense is what makes men; the rest is all rubbish. 'I buy well and sell well': some people will tell you differently. I am bursting with happiness. What, you snorer in bed, are you still whining? I will take care that you have something to whine over. Well, as I was just saying, self-denial has brought me into this fortune. When I came from Asia I was about as tall as this candle-stick. In fact I used to measure

<sup>1</sup> As if for use by a certain kind of gladiator in the arena. See pages 90-91.

<sup>2</sup> *clavus tabularis*, a nail for thin wood; but one expects *clavus trabalis*, a nail for thick wood.

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quotidie me solebam ad illum metiri,<sup>1</sup> et ut celerius rostrum barbatum haberem, labra de lucerna ungebam. Tamen ad delicias [femina]<sup>2</sup> ipsimi [domini] annos quattuordecim fui. Nec turpe est, quod dominus iubet. Ego tamen et ipsimae [dominae] satis faciebam. Scitis, quid dicam: taceo, quia non  
 76 sum de gloriosis. Ceterum, quemadmodum di volunt, dominus in domo factus sum, et ecce cepi ipsimi cerebellum. Quid multa? coheredem me Caesari fecit, et accepi<sup>3</sup> patrimonium laticlavium. Nemini tamen nihil satis est. Concupivi negotiari. Ne multis vos morer, quinque naves aedificavi, oneravi vinum—et tunc erat contra aurum—misi Romam. Putares me hoc iussisse: omnes naves naufragarunt, factum, non fabula. Uno die Neptunus trecenties sestertium devoravit. Putatis me defecisse? Non mehercules mi haec iactura gusti fuit, tanquam nihil facti. Alteras feci maiores et meliores et feliciores,<sup>4</sup> ut nemo non me virum fortem diceret. Scitis, magna navis magnam fortitudinem habet. Oneravi rursus vinum, lardum, fabam, sepladium, mancipia. Hoc loco Fortunata rem piam fecit; omne enim aurum suum, omnia vestimenta vendidit et mi centum aureos in manu posuit. Hoc fuit peculii mei fermentum. Cito fit, quod di volunt. Uno cursu centies sestertium corrotundavi. Statim re-

<sup>1</sup> metiri *Scheffer*: me uri.

<sup>2</sup> femina and domini and (below) dominae deleted by *Buecheler*.

<sup>3</sup> accepi *Scheffer*: accepit.

<sup>4</sup> *P. George would delete et feliciores.*

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myself by it every day, and grease my lips from the lamp to grow a beard the quicker. Even so, at fourteen I was my master's favourite. No disgrace in obeying your master's orders. Well, I used to amuse my mistress too. You know what I mean; I say no more, I am not a conceited man. Then, as the Gods willed, I became the real master of the house, and simply had his brains in my pocket. I need only add that my master made me joint residuary legatee with Caesar,<sup>1</sup> and came into an estate fit for a senator.<sup>2</sup> But no one is satisfied with nothing. I conceived a passion for business. I will not keep you a moment—I built five ships, got a cargo of wine—which was worth its weight in gold at the time—and sent them to Rome. You may think it was a put-up job; every one was wrecked, truth and no fairy-tales. Neptune gulped down thirty million in one day. Do you think I lost heart? Lord! no, I no more tasted my loss than if nothing had happened. I built some more, bigger, better and also luckier, so that no one could say I was not a brave man. You know, a huge ship has great gallantry about her. I got another cargo of wine, bacon, beans, perfumes, and slaves. Fortunata did a noble thing at that time; she sold all her jewellery and all her clothes, and put a hundred gold pieces into my hand. They were the leaven of my fortune. What God wishes soon happens. I made a clear ten million on one voyage. I at once

<sup>1</sup> It was common, and often prudent, for a rich man under the early Empire to mention the Emperor in his will.

<sup>2</sup> *laticlavus* means "belonging to the broad edging of purple" which senators were entitled to wear.

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demi fundos omnes, qui patroni mei fuerant. Aedifico domum, venalicia coemo, iumenta; quicquid tangebam, crescebat tanquam favus. Postquam coepi plus habere, quam tota patria mea habet, manum de tabula: sustuli me de negotiatione et coepi liberos faenerare. Et sane nolentem me negotium meum agere exhortavit mathematicus, qui venerat forte in coloniam nostram, Graeculio, Serapa<sup>1</sup> nomine, consiliator deorum. Hic mihi dixit etiam ea, quae oblitus eram; ab acia et acu mi omnia exposuit;<sup>2</sup> intestinas meas noverat; tantum quod mihi non dixerat, quid pridie cenaveram. Putasses  
 77 illum semper mecum habitasse. Rogo, Habinna—puto, interfuisti—: ‘Tu dominam tuam de rebus illis<sup>3</sup> fecisti. Tu parum felix in amicos<sup>4</sup> es. Nemo unquam tibi parem gratiam refert. Tu latifundia possides. Tu viperam sub ala nutricas’ et, quod vobis non dixerim, et nunc mi restare vitae annos triginta et menses quattuor et dies duos. Praeterea cito accipiam hereditatem. Hoc mihi dicit fatus meus. Quod si contigerit fundos Apuliae iungere, satis vivus pervenero. Interim dum Mercurius vigilat, aedificavi hanc domum. Ut scitis, casula<sup>5</sup> erat; nunc templum est. Habet quattuor cenationes, cubicula viginti, porticus marmoratos duos, susum cenationem,<sup>6</sup> cubiculum in quo ipse dormio, viperae

<sup>1</sup> Serapio *Heinsius*.

<sup>2</sup> exposuit *Scheffer*: exposcit.

<sup>3</sup> pusillis *Heinsius*.

<sup>4</sup> amicis *Scheffer*.

<sup>5</sup> casula *Heinsius*: casa *ed. Patav.*: cusuc.

<sup>6</sup> cenationem *Scheffer*: lavationem *Salonius*: cellationem.

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bought up all the estates which had belonged to my patron. I built a house, and bought slaves and cattle; whatever I touched grew like a honey-comb. When I came to have more than the whole revenues of my own country, I threw up the game: I retired from active work and proceeded to finance freedmen. I was quite unwilling to go on with my work when I was encouraged by an astrologer who happened to come to our town, a little Greek called Serapa, who knew the secrets of the Gods. He told me things that I had forgotten myself; explained everything from thread and needle upwards; knew my own inside, and only fell short of telling me what I had had for dinner the day before. You would have thought he had always lived with me. You remember, Habinnas?—I believe you were there?—‘ You got your wife from those profits. You are not lucky in your friends. No one is ever as grateful to you as you deserve. You are a man of property. You are nourishing a viper in your bosom ’ and, though I must not tell you this, even now I have thirty years four months and two days left to live. Moreover I shall soon come into an estate. My oracle tells me so. If I could only extend my boundaries to Apulia<sup>1</sup> I should have gone far enough for my lifetime. Meanwhile I built this house while Mercury watched over me.<sup>2</sup> As you know, it was a tiny place; now it is a temple. It has four dining-rooms, twenty bedrooms, two marble colonnades, an upstairs dining-room, a bedroom where I sleep myself, this viper’s

<sup>1</sup> Apulia (Puglia)—the “ heel ” of Italy.

<sup>2</sup> Mercury was Trimalchio’s patron. Also he was the god of gain and good luck. See note, p. 440.

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huius sessorium, ostiarii cellam perbonam; hospitium hospites <C><sup>1</sup> capit. Ad summam, Scaurus cum huc venit, nusquam mavoluit hospitari, et habet ad mare paternum hospitium. Et multa alia sunt, quae statim vobis ostendam. Credite mihi: assem habeas, assem valeas; habes, habeberis. Sic amicus vester, qui fuit rana, nunc est rex. Interim, Stiche, profer vitalia, in quibus volo me efferri. Profer et unguentum et ex illa amphora gustum, ex qua iubeo lavari ossa mea.”

- 78 Non est moratus Stichus, sed et stragulam albam et praetextam in triclinium attulit < . . . ><sup>2</sup> iussitque nos temptare, an bonis lanis essent confecta. Tum subridens “Vide tu” inquit “Stiche, ne ista mures tangant aut tineae; alioquin te vivum comburam. Ego gloriosus volo efferri, ut totus mihi populus bene imprecetur.” Statim ampullam nardi aperuit omnesque nos unxit et “Spero” inquit “futurum ut aequae me mortuum iuuet tanquam vivum.” Nam vinum quidem in vinarium iussit infundi et “Putate vos” ait “ad parentalia mea invitatos esse.”

Ibat res ad summam nauseam, cum Trimalchio ebrietate turpissima gravis novum acroama, cornicines, in triclinium iussit adduci, fultusque cervicalibus multis extendit se super torum extremum et “Fingite me” inquit “mortuum esse. Dicite aliquid belli.” Consonuere cornicines funebri strepitu.

<sup>1</sup> <C> added by Heinsius.

<sup>2</sup> lacuna indicated by Buecheler.

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<sup>1</sup> Roman history had produced a number of famous men of this name.

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boudoir, an excellent room for the porter; there is a guest-room to take a hundred guests. In fact when Scaurus<sup>1</sup> came he preferred staying here to anywhere else, and he has a family place by the sea. There are plenty of other things which I will show you in a minute. Take my word for it: if you have a penny, that is what you are worth; by what a man hath shall he be reckoned. So your friend who was once a frog is now a king. Meanwhile, Stichus, bring me the grave-clothes in which I mean to be carried out. And some ointment, and a sample out of that jar which has to be poured over my bones."

In a moment Stichus had fetched a white winding-sheet and dress into the dining-room and . . . [Trimalchio] asked us to feel whether they were made of good wool. Then he gave a little laugh and said, "Mind neither mouse nor moth corrupts them, Stichus; otherwise I will burn you alive. I want to be carried out in splendour, so that the whole crowd calls down blessings on me." He immediately opened a flask of spikenard and anointed us all and said, "I hope I shall like this as well in the grave as I do on earth." Besides this he ordered wine to be poured into a bowl, and said, "Now you must imagine you have been asked to a festival in honour of my past life."

The thing was becoming perfectly sickening, when Trimalchio, now deep in the most vile drunkenness, had a new set of performers, some trumpeters, brought into the dining-room, propped himself on a heap of cushions, and stretched himself on his death-bed, saying, "Imagine that I am dead. Play something pretty." The trumpeters broke into a loud

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Unus praecipue servus libitinarium <sup>1</sup> illius, qui inter hos honestissimus erat, tam valde intonuit, ut totam concitaret viciniam. Itaque vigiles, qui custodiebant vicinam regionem <sup>2</sup> rati ardere Trimalchionis domum, effregerunt ianuam subito et cum aqua securibusque tumultuari suo iure coeperunt. Nos occasionem opportunissimam nacti Agamemnoni verba dedimus raptimque tam plane quam ex incendio fugimus. <...>  
 79 L | . . . > <sup>3</sup> Neque fax ulla in praesidio erat, quae iter aperiret errantibus, nec silentium noctis iam mediae promittebat occurrentium lumen. Accedebat huc ebrietas et imprudentia locorum etiam interdium obfutura. <sup>4</sup> Itaque cum hora paene tota per omnes scrupos <sup>5</sup> gastrarumque eminentium fragmenta traxissemus cruentos pedes, tandem expliciti acumine Gitonis sumus. Prudens enim [pridie], <sup>6</sup> cum luce etiam clara timeret errorem, omnes pilas columnasque notaverat creta, quae lineamenta evicerunt spississimam noctem et notabili candore ostenderunt errantibus viam. Quamvis non minus sudoris habuimus etiam postquam ad stabulum pervenimus. Anus enim ipsa inter deversitores diutius ingurgitata ne ignem quidem admotum sensisset. Et forsitan pernoctassemus in limine, ni tabellarius Trimal-

<sup>1</sup> libitinarium *Scheffer*: libertinarium.

<sup>2</sup> *Müller* deletes the clause qui . . . regionem.

<sup>3</sup> lacuna indicated by *Buecheler*.

<sup>4</sup> obfutura *Buecheler*: obscurorum *Burman*: obscura.

<sup>5</sup> scrupos in margin of *l*: scirpos.

<sup>6</sup> pridie *cod. Vat. lat. 11428* and in margin of *cod. Lambeth. 693*, apparently from a conjecture sumus. pridie enim cum of *F. Daniel*; otherwise *cod. Lambeth.* as also *cod. l* repeats prudens; but *l* however then underlines it. Both readings are rightly rejected. *Nisbet* suggests puer.



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funeral march. One man especially, a slave of the undertaker who was the most decent man in the party, blew such a mighty blast that the whole neighbourhood was roused. So the watch,<sup>1</sup> who were patrolling the streets close by, thought Trimalchio's house was alight, and suddenly burst in the door and proceeded with water and axes to do their duty in creating a disturbance. My friends and I seized this most welcome opportunity, outwitted Agamemnon,<sup>2</sup> and took to our heels as quickly as if there were a real fire. . . .

. . . There was no guiding torch to show us the way as we wandered; it was now midnight, and the silence gave us no prospect of meeting anyone with a light. Moreover we were drunk, and our ignorance of the quarter would have puzzled us even in the daytime. So after dragging our bleeding feet nearly a whole hour over the flints and broken pots which lay out in the road, we were at last put straight by Giton's cleverness. The careful child had been afraid of losing his way even in broad daylight, and had marked all the posts and columns with chalk; these lines shone through the blackest night, and their brilliant whiteness directed our lost footsteps. But even when we reached our lodgings our agitation was not relieved. For our friend the old woman had had a long night swilling with her lodgers, and would not have noticed if you had set a light to her. We might have had to sleep on the doorstep if Trimalchio's

<sup>1</sup> Either a municipal or a private brigade of firemen or watchmen.

<sup>2</sup> Who had secured for them an invitation to Trimalchio's dinner. The *Cena* ends with this sentence,

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chionis intervenisset † X vehiculis †<sup>1</sup> dives. Non diu ergo tumultuatus stabuli ianuam effregit et nos † per eandem intro †<sup>2</sup> admisit . . .

Qualis nox fuit illa, di deaeque,  
quam mollis torus. Haesimus calentes  
et transfudimus hinc et hinc labellis  
errantes animas. Valete, curae  
mortales. Ego sic perire coepi.

Sine causa gratulor mihi. Nam cum solutus mero remissem<sup>3</sup> ebrias manus, Ascyltos, omnis iniuriae inventor, subduxit mihi nocte puerum et in lectum transtulit suum, volutatusque liberius cum fratre non suo, sive non sentiente iniuriam sive dissimulante, indormivit alienis amplexibus oblitus iuris humani. Itaque ego ut experrectus pertrectavi gaudio despoliatum torum . . . si qua est amantibus fides, ego dubitavi, an utrumque traicerem gladio somnumque morti iungerem. Tutius dein secutus consilium Gitona quidem verberibus excitavi, Ascylton autem truci intuens vultu "quoniam" inquam "fidem scelere violasti communem amicitiam, res tuas ocios tolle et alium locum, quem polluas, quaere."

Non repugnavit ille, sed postquam optima fide partiti manubias sumus, "age" inquit "nunc et  
80 puerum dividamus." Iocari putabam discedentem. At ille gladium parricidali manu strinxit et "non

<sup>1</sup> *Perhaps not corrupt. Tornaesius's edition has \* instead of X.*

<sup>2</sup> *intro Bourdelot: terram. Gurlitt conjectures per eam <tan>dem [terram]: Müller suggests per eam <tan>dem intro-misit in his 1st edition, eam dein aper<turam> in his 2nd.*

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courier had not come up † in state with ten carts.† After making a noise for a little while he broke down the house-door and let us in by it. . . .

“ Ah! gods and goddesses, what a night that was, how soft was the bed. We lay in a warm embrace and with kisses everywhere made exchange of our wandering spirits. Farewell, all earthly troubles. So I proceeded to meet my ruin.”

I blessed my luck too soon. I was overcome with drink and let my shaking hands fall, and then Ascylos, that fountain of all wickedness, took my boy at night away into his own bed, and taking all manner of liberties with one who was no comrade of his, who either felt no hurt or hid his feelings, at last fell asleep with another man's lover, in defiance of all human justice. When I awoke and felt all over the bed stripped of its delight . . . if there is any faith in lovers! I hesitated whether to run my sword through them both and make sleep and death one.<sup>1</sup> But I came to a safer resolution, and awaking Giton with my blows, I looked angrily at Ascylos, and said, “ As you have wickedly broken our agreement and the friendship between us, collect your things at once, and find some other place to corrupt.”

He did not resist, but after we had divided our spoils with scrupulous honesty he said, “ And now we must divide the boy too.” I thought this was a parting joke. But he drew his sword murderously, and

<sup>1</sup> The *clausula* suggests the end of a line of dramatic poetry.

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*There are various other conjectures. fenestram Richard. Perhaps per candem errantes admisit.*

<sup>3</sup> *remissem Jacobs: amissem.*

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frueris" inquit "hac praeda, super quam solus incumbis. Partem meam necesse est vel hoc gladio contemptus<sup>1</sup> abscidam." Idem ego ex altera parte feci et intorto circa brachium pallio composui ad proeliandum gradum. Inter hanc miserorum demerentiam infelicissimus puer tangebatur utriusque genua cum fletu petebatque suppliciter, ne Thebanum par humilis taberna spectaret, neve sanguine mutuo pollueremus familiaritatis clarissimae sacra. "Quod si utique" proclamabat "facinore opus est, nudo ecce iugulum, convertite huc manus, imprimate mucrones. Ego mori debeo, qui amicitiae sacramentum delevis." Inhibuimus ferrum post has preces, et prior Ascylos "ego" inquit "finem discordiae imponam. Puer ipse, quem vult, sequatur, ut sit illi saltem in eligendo fratre [salva]<sup>2</sup> libertas." Ego <qui><sup>3</sup> vetustissimam consuetudinem putabam in sanguinis pignus transisse, nihil timui, immo condicionem praecipiti festinatione rapui commisque iudici litem. Qui ne deliberavit quidem, ut videretur cunctatus, verum statim ab extrema parte verbi consurrexit <et><sup>4</sup> fratrem Ascyton elegit. Fulminatus hac pronuntiatione, sic ut eram, sine gladio<sup>5</sup> in lectulum decidi, et attulissem mihi damnatus manus, si non inimici victoriae invidissem.

<sup>1</sup> contemptus *Burman*: contentus. *Jacobs* suggested *di-midio contentus*.

<sup>2</sup> *salva* only in the editions of *Tornaesius* and *Pithoeus* and *cod. Lambeth*. *Buecheler* deletes.

<sup>3</sup> *qui* added in *Pithoeus's* 2nd edition.

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said, "You shall not enjoy this treasure that you brood over all alone. I am rejected, but I must carve off my share too, even with this sword."

So I did the same on my side; wrapped my cloak round my arm and put myself in position for a fight. As we raved in folly, the poor boy touched our knees, and humbly besought us with tears not to let that quiet lodging-house be the scene of a Theban duel,<sup>1</sup> or stain the sanctity of a beautiful friendship with each other's blood. "But if you must commit your crime," he cried, "look here, here is my throat. Turn your hands this way and imbrue your blades. I deserve to die for breaking the oath of friendship." We put up our swords at his prayers, and Ascyltos spoke first, "I will put an end to this quarrel. Let the boy follow the one he prefers, so that he at any rate may have a free choice of brothers."

I had no fears, imagining that long-standing familiarity had passed into a tie of blood, and I accepted the arrangement in hot haste, and referred the dispute to the judge. He did not even pretend to take time to consider, but got up at once as I finished speaking, and chose Ascyltos for his brother. I was thunderstruck at his choice, and fell down on the bed just as I was, without my sword; I should have committed suicide at the sentence if I had not grudged my enemy this triumph. Ascyltos went

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<sup>1</sup> Such as the struggle between Eteocles and Polyneices, two sons of Oedipus, for the throne of Thebes, in Greek traditional history.

<sup>4</sup> *Added by Buecheler.*

<sup>5</sup> *Müller deletes sine gladio.*

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Egreditur superbus cum praemio Ascyrtos et paulo ante carissimum sibi commilitonem fortunaeque etiam similitudine parem in loco peregrino destituit abiectum.

LO | Nomen amicitiae sic, quatenus expedit, haeret;  
calculus in tabula mobile ducit opus.  
Cum fortuna manet, vultum servatis, amici;  
cum cecidit, turpi vertitis ora fuga.

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Grex agit in scaena mimum: pater ille vocatur,  
filius hic, nomen divitis ille tenet.

Mox ubi ridendas inclusit pagina <sup>1</sup> partes,  
vera redit facies, dum simulata <sup>2</sup> perit. . . .

81 Nec diu tamen lacrimis indulsi, sed veritus, ne Menelaus etiam antescholanus inter cetera mala solum me in deversorio inveniret, collegi sarcinulas locumque secretum et proximum litori maestus conduxī. Ibi triduo inclusus redeunte in animum solitudine atque contemptu verberabam aegrum  
L planctibus pectus | et inter tot altissimos gemitus frequenter etiam proclamabam: "ergo me non ruina terra potuit haurire? Non iratum etiam innocentibus mare? Effugi iudicium, harenae imposui, hospitem occidi, ut inter <tot> <sup>3</sup> audaciae nomina mendicus, exul, in deversorio Graecae urbis iacerem desertus? Et quis hanc mihi solitudinem imposuit? Adulescens omni libidine impurus et sua

<sup>1</sup> pergula *Nisbet*. *Buecheler* suggested machina.

<sup>2</sup> dum simulata *Buecheler*: assimulata *Dousa*: dissimulata.

<sup>3</sup> *Added by Jacobs*. For ut inter audaciae *Fraenkel* suggests ut meritis tot audaciae.

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stalking out with his winnings, and left his comrade, whom he had loved a little while before, and whose fortunes had been so like his own, in despair in a strange place.

“The name of friendship endures so long as there is profit in it: the counter on the board plays a changeable game. While my luck holds you give me your smiles, my friends; when it is out, you turn your faces away in shameful flight.

<sup>1</sup> A company acts a farce on the stage: one is called the father, one the son, and one is labelled the Rich Man. Soon the comic parts are shut in a † book †, the men's real faces come back, and the made-up disappear.”

But still I did not spend much time in weeping. I was afraid that Menelaus the assistant tutor <sup>2</sup> might increase my troubles by finding me alone in the lodgings, so I got together my bundles and sadly took a room in a remote place right on the beach. I shut myself up there for three days; I was haunted by the thought that I was deserted and despised; I beat my breast, already worn with blows, groaned deeply, and even cried aloud many times, “Could not the earth have opened and swallowed me, or the sea that shows her anger even against the innocent? I fled from justice, I cheated the ring, I killed my host, and with all these badges of courage I am left forsaken in lodgings in a Greek town, a beggar and an exile! And who condemned me to this loneliness? A young man tainted by excess of every kind,

<sup>1</sup> The four lines following seem not to belong here. A mime was a farce in which stock characters were introduced.

<sup>2</sup> Menelaus: cf. Chapter 27.

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quoque confessione dignus exilio, stupro liber, stupro ingenuus, cuius anni ad tesseram venierunt, quem tanquam puellam conduxit etiam qui virum putavit. Quid ille alter? Qui [tamquam]<sup>1</sup> die togae virilis stolam sumpsit, qui ne vir esset, a matre persuasus est, qui opus muliebre in ergastulo fecit, qui postquam conturbavit et libidinis suae solum vertit, reliquit veteris amicitiae nomen et, pro pudor, tanquam mulier secutuleia unius noctis tactu omnia vendidit. Iacent nunc amatores obligati<sup>2</sup> noctibus totis, et forsitan mutuis libidinibus attriti derident solitudinem meam. Sed non impune. Nam aut vir ego liberque non sum, aut noxio sanguine parentabo iniuriae meae."

- 82 Haec locutus gladio latus cingor et ne infirmitas militiam perderet, largioribus cibis excito vires. Mox in publicum prosilio furentisque more omnes circum-eo porticus. Sed dum attonito vultu efferatoque nihil aliud quam caedem et sanguinem cogito frequentiusque manum ad capulum, quem devoveram, refero, notavit me miles, sive ille planus fuit sive nocturnus grassator, et "Quid tu" inquit "com-milito, ex qua legione es aut cuius centuria?" Cum constantissime et centurionem et legionem essem ementitus, "Age ergo" inquit ille "in exercitu vestro phaecasiati milites ambulant?" Cum deinde vultu atque ipsa trepidatione mendacium prodidissem, ponere iussit arma et malo cavere. Despoliatus ergo, immo praecisa ultione retro ad

<sup>1</sup> Deleted by Gataker.

<sup>2</sup> adligati Buecheler, rightly?



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deserving banishment even by his own admission, free in lewdness; a gentleman in lewdness; his years were for sale at a dice-throw, and even those who supposed him to be a man hired him like a girl. And his friend? A boy who went into skirts instead of trousers, whose mother persuaded him never to grow up, who played the part of a woman in a slaves' prison, who after going bankrupt, and changing the tune of his vices, has broken the ties of an old friendship, and shamelessly sold everything in a single night's work like a follow-me-girl. Now the lovers lie all night long in each other's arms, and very likely laugh at my loneliness when they are tired out. But they shall suffer for it. I am no man, and no free citizen, if I do not avenge my wrongs with their hateful blood."

With these words I put on my sword, and recruited my strength with a square meal to prevent my losing the battle through weakness. I rushed out of doors next and went round all the arcades like a madman. My face was as of one dumbfounded with fury, I thought of nothing but blood and slaughter, and kept putting my hand to the sword-hilt which I had consecrated to the work. Then a soldier, who may have been a swindler or a footpad by night, noticed me, and said, "Hullo, comrade, what regiment and company do you belong to?" I lied stoutly about my captain and my regiment, and he said, "Well, do soldiers in your force walk about in white shoes?" My expression and my trembling showed that I had lied, and he ordered me to hand over my arms and look out for myself. So I was not only robbed, but my revenge was nipped in the bud.

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deversorium tendo paulatimque temeritate laxata<sup>1</sup>  
coepi grassatoris audaciae gratias agere . . .

Non bibit inter aquas poma aut pendentia carpit  
Tantalus infelix, quem sua vota premunt.  
Divitis haec magni facies erit, omnia cernens  
qui timet et sicco concoquit ore famem. . . .

Non multum oportet consilio credere, quia suam  
habet fortuna rationem . . .

83 In pinacothecam perveni vario genere tabularum  
mirabilem. Nam et Zeuxidos manus vidi nondum  
vetustatis iniuria victas, et Protogenis rudimenta  
cum ipsius naturae veritate certantia non sine quodam  
horrore tractavi. Iam vero Apellis quam Graeci<sup>2</sup>  
*μονόκνημον* appellant, etiam adoravi. Tanti enim  
subtilitate extremitates imaginum erant ad simili-  
tudinem praecisae, ut crederes etiam animorum esse  
picturam. Hinc aquila ferebat caelo<sup>3</sup> sublimis<sup>4</sup>  
Idaeum,<sup>5</sup> illinc candidus Hylas repellebat improbam  
Naida. Damnabat Apollo noxias manus lyræmque

<sup>1</sup> laxata *Muncker*: lassata.

<sup>2</sup> Graeci *might be deleted*.

<sup>3</sup> *Fraenkel suggested deleting caelo*.

<sup>4</sup> sublimen *Buecheler*.

<sup>5</sup> Idaeum *Wehle*: deum.

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<sup>1</sup> See note on Seneca's *Apocolocyntosis*, 14.

<sup>2</sup> Zeuxis (born c. 450 B.C.), famous Greek realistic painter, of Heraclea (probably the one by the Black Sea).

<sup>3</sup> Greek painter of Rhodes (?), fourth century B.C.

<sup>4</sup> Apelles, late fourth century B.C., was perhaps the most renowned of Greek painters.

<sup>5</sup> Ganymedes (see above, pp. 128-9); Mount Ida (cf.

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I went back to the inn, and by degrees my rashness cooled, and I proceeded to bless the footpad's effrontery. . . .

" Poor Tantalus <sup>1</sup> stands in water and never drinks, nor plucks the fruit above his head: his own desires torment him. So must a rich great man look when, with everything before his eyes, he fears starvation, and digests hunger dry-mouthed. . . ."

It is not much use depending upon calculation when Fate has methods of her own. . . .

I came into a gallery hung with a wonderful collection of various pictures. I saw the works of Zeuxis <sup>2</sup> not yet overcome by the defacement of time, and I studied with a certain terrified wonder the rough drawings of Protogenes,<sup>3</sup> which rivalled the truth of Nature herself. But when I came to the work of Apelles <sup>4</sup> the work which the Greeks call The One-legged, I positively worshipped it. For the outlines of his figures were defined with such subtle accuracy, that you would have declared that he had painted their souls as well. In one the eagle on high was carrying the Shepherd of Ida<sup>5</sup> to heaven, and in another fair Hylas <sup>6</sup> resisted a tormenting Naiad. Apollo <sup>7</sup> passed judgment on his accursed hands, and

89 and 134) is the mountain from which Zeus (Jupiter) carried him off in the shape of an eagle.

<sup>6</sup> In mythology, Hylas, loved by Heracles, went with the Argonauts seeking the golden fleece and, when drawing water, was dragged in by an amorous Naiad (fresh-water nymph) and disappeared.

<sup>7</sup> Apollo, the god, killed the Spartan boy, Hyacinthus, whom he loved, by a mis-throw of a discus. The "hyacinth" flower (corn-flag, *Gladiolus segetum*) sprang up from the boy's blood.

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resolutam modo nato flore honorabat. Inter quos etiam pictorum<sup>1</sup> amantium vultus tanquam in solitudine exclamavi: "Ergo amor etiam deos tangit. Iuppiter in caelo suo non invenit quod diligeret, sed<sup>2</sup> peccaturus in terris nemini tamen iniuriam fecit. Hylan Nympha praedata imperasset amori suo, si venturum ad interdictum Herculem credidisset. Apollo pueri umbram revocavit in florem; [et]<sup>3</sup> omnes [fabulae quoque]<sup>4</sup> sine aemulo habuerunt complexus. At ego in societatem recepi hospitem Lycurgo crudeliorem."

Ecce autem, ego dum cum ventis litigo, intravit pinacothecam senex canus, exercitati vultus et qui videretur nescio quid magnum promittere, sed cultu non proinde speciosus, ut facile appareret eum <ex><sup>5</sup> hac nota litteratorum esse, quos odisse divites solent. Is ergo ad latus constitit meum . . .

"Ego" inquit "poeta sum et ut spero, non humilimi spiritus, si modo coronis aliquid credendum est, quas etiam ad immeritos<sup>6</sup> deferre gratia solet. 'Quare ergo' inquis 'tam male vestitus es?' Propter hoc ipsum. Amor ingenii neminem unquam divitem fecit.

LO | Qui pelago credit, magno se faenore tollit;  
qui pugnas et castra petit, praecingitur auro;  
vilis adulator picto iacet ebrius ostro,  
et qui sollicitat nuptas, ad praemia peccat:

<sup>1</sup> *Fraenkel would delete etiam pictorum.*

<sup>2</sup> *diligeret P. Daniel and sed Jacobs: eligeret et.*

<sup>3</sup> *Deleted by Fraenkel.*

<sup>4</sup> *Deleted by Fraenkel.*

<sup>5</sup> *Added by Dousa.*

<sup>6</sup> *immeritos suggests Buecheler: imperitos.*

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adorned his unstrung lyre with the newborn flower. I cried out as if I were in a desert, among these faces of mere painted lovers, "So even the gods feel love. 'Jupiter in his heavenly home' could find no object for his passion, but came down on earth to sin, yet did no one any harm. The Nymph who ravished Hylas would have restrained her passion had she believed that Hercules would come to dispute her claim. Apollo recalled the ghost of a boy into a flower. All these divinities enjoyed love's embraces without a rival. But *I* have taken for my comrade a friend more cruel than Lycurgus<sup>1</sup> himself."

Suddenly, as I strove thus with the empty air, a white-haired old man<sup>2</sup> came into the gallery. His face was troubled, but there seemed to be the promise of some great thing about him; though he was shabby in appearance, so that it was quite plain by this sign alone that he was a man of letters, of the kind that rich men are accustomed to hate. Well, he came and stood by my side. . . .

"I am a poet," he said, "and one, I hope, of no mean imagination, if one can reckon at all by crowns of honour, which influence can set even on unworthy heads. 'Why are you so badly dressed, then?' you ask. For that very reason. The worship of genius never made a man rich.

"The man who trusts the sea carries off high profits; the man who follows war and the camp is girded with gold; the base flatterer lies drunk on a couch of purple dye; the man who tempts young

<sup>1</sup> Traditional name of the early law-giver of Sparta. Early laws were always believed to be severe.

<sup>2</sup> Eumolpus.

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sola pruinosis horret facundia pannis  
atque inopi lingua desertas invocat artes.

84 Non dubie ita est: si quis vitiorum omnium inimicus rectum iter vitae coepit insistere,<sup>1</sup> primum propter morum differentiam odium habet; quis enim potest probare diversa? Deinde qui solas extruere divitias curant, nihil volunt inter homines melius credi, quam quod ipsi tenet. Inescant<sup>2</sup> itaque, quacunque ratione possunt, litterarum amatores, ut videantur illi quoque infra pecuniam positi” . . .

L | “Nescio quo modo bonae mentis soror est paupertas” . . .

“Vellem, tam innocens esset frugalitatis meae hostis, ut deliniri posset. Nunc veteranus est latro et ipsis lenonibus doctior” . . .

85 “In Asiam cum a quaestore<sup>3</sup> essem stipendio eductus, hospitium Pergami accepi. Ubi cum libenter habitarem non solum propter cultum aedicularum, sed etiam propter hospitis formosissimum filium, excogitavi rationem, qua non essem patri familiae suspectus [amator].<sup>4</sup> Quotiescunque enim in convivio de usu formosorum mentio facta est,

<sup>1</sup> insistere *Brassicanus*: inspicere *O*: respicere coepit *the Florilegia*. Cf. Müller, ed. 1, p. 91.

<sup>2</sup> Müller's suggestion *inescant* is accepted. In his 2nd edition he prefers *Buecheler's* *insectantur*. Fraenkel suggests *inlactant* = *illectant*. *The MSS* have *iactantur*.

<sup>3</sup> perhaps a quaestura.

<sup>4</sup> Fraenkel would delete *amator*, rightly, because of the *clausula sūspēctūs āmātōr*.

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<sup>1</sup> *Ascyltos*.

<sup>2</sup> Asia was the Roman province—only a smallish part of

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wives gets money for his sin; eloquence alone shivers in rags and cold, and calls upon a neglected art with unprofitable tongue.'

"Yes, that is certainly true: if a man dislikes all vices, and proceeds to tread a straight path in life, he is hated first of all because his character is different; for who is able to like what differs from himself? Further, those who only trouble about heaping up riches do not want anything to be considered better than what is in their own hands. So they offer a bait to men with a passion for learning in every possible way, to make them also look an inferior article to money. . . .

"Somehow or other poverty is own sister to good sense. . . .

"I wish he<sup>1</sup> that hates me for my virtue were so guiltless that he might be mollified. As it is he is a past master of robbery, and more clever than any pimp. . . .

"When I had been brought out to Asia<sup>2</sup> by a quaestor on salary, I lodged in a home at Pergamum by invitation.<sup>3</sup> Here I stayed with pleasure not only because of the entertainment of that refined establishment, but also because of a very beautiful boy—the son of my host. My contrivance was to act [the lover] unsuspected by his father; and to effect my wishes, I used this method. Whenever at table we happened to discourse of amours with

Asia Minor. In the provinces quaestors were financial officers. Codex *l* indicates that Eumolpus is the speaker.

<sup>3</sup> *Pergami* is locative case of *Pergamum*, the famous Greek capital of the Roman province of Asia, not genitive of *Pergamus*, a man's name.

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tam vehementer excandui, tam severa tristitia violari aures meas obsceno sermone nolui, ut me mater praecipue tanquam unum ex philosophis intueretur. Iam ego coeperam ephebum in gymnasium deducere, ego studia eius ordinare, ego docere ac praecipere, ne quis praedator corporis admitteretur in domum . . .

“ Forte cum in triclinio iaceremus, quia dies sollempnis ludum artaverat<sup>1</sup> pigritiamque recedendi imposuerat hilaritas longior, fere circa mediam noctem intellexi puerum vigilare. Itaque timidissimo murmure votum feci et ‘domina’ inquam ‘Venus, si ego hunc puerum basiavero, ita ut ille non sentiat, cras illi par columbarum donabo.’ Audito voluptatis pretio puer stertere coepit. Itaque aggressus simultantem aliquot basiolis invasi. Contentus hoc principio bene mane surrexi electumque par columbarum  
86 attuli expectanti ac me voto exsolvi. Proxima nocte cum idem liceret, mutavi optionem et ‘si hunc’ inquam ‘tractavero improba manu, et ille non senserit, gallos gallinaceos pugnacissimos duos donabo [patienti].’<sup>2</sup> Ad hoc votum ephebus ultro se admovit et, puto, vereri coepit, ne ego obdormissem.<sup>3</sup> Indulsi ergo sollicito, totoque corpore citra summam voluptatem me ingurgitavi. Deinde ut dies venit, attuli gaudenti quicquid promiseram. Ut tertia nox licentiam dedit, consurrexi,<sup>4</sup> ad aurem male dormientis ‘dii’ inquam ‘immortales, si ego huic

<sup>1</sup> In his 2nd edition Müller conjectures apportaverat, but Nisbet prefers ampliaverat or prolataverat.

<sup>2</sup> P. George deletes patienti.

<sup>3</sup> obdormiscerem Muncker.

<sup>4</sup> After consurrexi, Müller (1st edition) adds accessique, but later (2nd edition) adds inclinatusque. Fraenkel would add et.



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young beauties, I fell into a passion, and pretended my modesty suffered so much by obscene talk, that the boy's mother in particular looked on me as a philosopher above the sensual pleasures of the world. Soon I proceeded to escort the boy to the gymnasium, to arrange his studies, to be his teacher and to warn his parents to admit no preyer on his body into the house. . . .

"It happened that we were resting in the dining-room, because a public holiday had cut short our play, and prolonged merry-making had made us too lazy to retire. About midnight I noticed that the boy was awake; so in a cautious whisper I made my vow—'Queen Venus, if I could kiss this boy, without his knowing it, I will give him to-morrow a pair of doves!' Hearing the price of the pleasure, the boy proceeded to snore; so I approached the little impostor and pressed several kisses upon his lips. Satisfied with this beginning, I stopped there, and early the next morning performed my promise, chose a pair of doves and gave them to the eager boy. Next night I had another chance, altered my choice, and said 'If I can handle him in saucy style without his knowing it, I'll give him a pair of the best fighting-cocks.' At this the boy readily accommodated himself, and indeed I think he went on to fear that I fell asleep myself; so I humoured him in his anxiety and wallowed with my whole body, but not reaching the supreme height of pleasure. Then as day came I brought all that I had promised, to his delight. When the third night gave me scope, I got up. . . . I whispered close to the ear of the restless sleeper, 'immortal gods!' I said. If only I can get from

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[dormienti]<sup>1</sup> abstulero coitum plenum et optabilem, pro hac felicitate cras puero asturconem Macedonicum optimum donabo, cum hac tamen exceptione, si ille non senserit.' Nunquam altiore somno ephebus obdormivit. Itaque primum implevi lactentibus papillis manus, mox basio inhaesi, deinde in unum omnia vota coniunxi. Mane sedere in cubiculo coepit atque expectare consuetudinem meam. Scis quanto facilius sit, columbas gallosque gallinaceos emere quam asturconem, et praeter hoc etiam timebam, ne tam grande munus suspectam faceret humanitatem meam. Ego aliquot horis spatiatum in hospitium reverti nihilque aliud quam puerum basiavi. At ille circumspiciens ut cervicem meam iunxit amplexu, 'rogo' inquit 'domine, ubi est asturco?' . . .

87 "Cum ob hanc offensam praeclusissem mihi aditum, quem feceram, iterum ad licentiam redii. Interpositis enim paucis diebus, cum similis casus nos in eandem fortunam rettulisset, ut intellexi stertere patrem, rogare coepi ephebum, ut reverteretur in gratiam mecum, id est ut pateretur satis fieri sibi, et cetera quae libido distenta dictat. At ille plane iratus nihil aliud dicebat nisi hoc: 'aut dormi, aut ego iam dicam patri.' Nihil est tam arduum, quod non improbitas extorqueat. Dum dicit: 'patrem excitabo,' irrepsi tamen et male repugnanti gaudium extorsi. At ille non indelectatus nequitia mea, postquam diu questus est deceptum se et derisum traductumque inter condiscipulos, quibus iactasset censum<sup>2</sup> meum, 'videris tamen' inquit 'non ero

<sup>1</sup> Müller deletes dormienti.

<sup>2</sup> censum P. Daniel and P. Pithoeus: sensum.

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him the full desirable union I will give the boy to-morrow in return for this happiness a Macedonian thoroughbred, on this condition only, that he has felt nothing.' The boy never slept more soundly. So I first filled my hands with his milk-soft breasts, next was glued in a kiss, and then united all my desires into one. Next morning he sat in his room waiting for my company. You may imagine that doves and cockerels are easier to be bought than a thoroughbred horse; besides, I was also afraid lest so splendid a present should make my kindness suspect. I therefore walked about for a few hours, and when I returned to my lodging gave the boy no more than a kiss. He looked about, then threw his arms about my neck, saying, 'Please sir, where's the thoroughbred?' . . .

"This breach of my word closed against me the approach I had made; but I found my chance again. For not many days after, another festival brought us into the same state as before. When I heard the father snoring, I proceeded to beg the boy to be friends again, that he would let me satisfy him, and the sort of things that love delayed make you say. But he was clearly angry, and returned no other answer than 'Go to sleep, or I will tell my father at once.' But there is nothing too hard for boldness to extort. I crept on him and extorted my pleasure in spite of a faint resistance, while he kept saying, 'I'll wake father!' He was not displeased with my naughtiness, but with a long complaint that he was cheated and laughed at and abused among his play-fellows, to whom he had been boasting of my riches, he said, 'You shall see that I will not be like you; do

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tui similis. Si quid vis, fac iterum.' Ego vero deposita omni offensa cum puero in gratiam redii ususque beneficio eius in somnum delapsus sum. Sed non fuit contentus iteratione ephebus plenae maturitatis et annis ad patiendum gestientibus. Itaque excitavit me sopitum et 'numquid vis?' inquit. Et non plane iam molestum erat munus. Utcunque igitur inter anhelitus sudoresque tritus, quod voluerat, accepit, rursusque in somnum decidi gaudio lassus; interposita minus hora pungere me manu coepit et dicere: 'quare non facimus?' tum ego totiens excitatus plane vehementer excandui et reddidi illi voces suas: 'aut dormi, aut ego iam patri dicam.' " . . .

- 88 Erectus his sermonibus consulere prudentiorem coepi aetates tabularum et quaedam argumenta mihi obscura simulque causam desidiae praesentis excutere, cum pulcherrimae artes perissent, inter quas pictura ne minimum quidem sui vestigium reliquisset. Tum ille "pecuniae" inquit "cupiditas haec tropica  
*LO* instituit. | Priscis enim temporibus, cum adhuc nuda virtus placeret, vigeabant artes ingenuae summumque certamen inter homines erat, ne quid profuturum saeculis diu lateret. Itaque herbarum omnium sucos Democritus expressit, et ne lapidum virgultorumque vis lateret, aetatem inter experimenta consumpsit. Eudoxos quidem<sup>1</sup> in cacumine excelsissimi montis

<sup>1</sup> quidem was omitted by L.

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<sup>1</sup> Greek of Abdera, c. 460-361 B.C., founder, with Leucippus, of the theory that all things were made from collisions of infinitely small "atoms" ("uncuttables")—though he did not conceive of them as being nearly as small as "modern" atoms.

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it again if you like.' And so we made it up and I enjoyed his kindness and slipped off to sleep. But the boy—of full maturity, his years being desirous of submission—was not satisfied with repetition. So he roused me out of my slumber and said 'Do you want anything?' And by now it was indeed no unpleasant task. Anyhow, with gasps on my part and sweat he got a pounding and so had what he all along wanted, and again I fell asleep tired out with joy; but it was less than an hour ere he was probing me with his hand and crying, 'Why aren't we doing it?' Then I flew in a great passion to be so often disturbed, and turned his own words upon him—'Go to sleep, or I'll tell your father at once.' " . . .

Encouraged by his conversation, I proceeded to draw on his knowledge about the age of the pictures, and about some of the stories which puzzled me, and at the same time to discuss the decadence of the age, since the fine arts had died, and painting, for instance, had left no trace of its existence behind. "Love of money began this revolution," he replied. "In former ages virtue was still loved for her own sake, the noble arts flourished, and there were the keenest struggles among mankind to prevent anything being long undiscovered which might benefit posterity. So Democritus<sup>1</sup> extracted the juice of every plant on earth, and spent his whole life in experiments to discover the virtues of stones and twigs. Eudoxus<sup>2</sup> grew old on the top of a very high

<sup>2</sup> Greek of Cnidus (c. 408–355 B.C.), astronomer, geometer, and philosopher, of whose prose work *Phaenomena* the substance in a versification by Aratus survives.

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consenuit, ut astrorum caelique motus deprehenderet, et Chrysippus, ut ad inventionem sufficeret, ter elleboro animum detersit. Verum ut ad plastas convertar, Lysippum statuae unius lineamentis inhaerentem inopia extinxit, et Myron, qui paene animas hominum ferarumque aere comprehenderat, non invenit heredem. At nos vino scortisque demersine paratas quidem artes audemus cognoscere, sed accusatores antiquitatis vitia tantum docemus et discimus. Ubi est dialectica? Ubi astronomia? Ubi sapientiae cultissima<sup>1</sup> via? Quis unquam venit in templum et votum fecit, si ad eloquentiam pervenisset? Quis, si philosophiae fontem attigisset? Ac ne bonam quidem mentem aut bonam valetudinem petunt, sed statim antequam limen Capitolii<sup>2</sup> tangant, alius donum promittit, si propinquum divitem extulerit, alius, si thesaurum effoderit, alius, si ad trecenties sestertium salvus pervenerit. Ipse senatus, recti bonique praeceptor, mille pondo auri Capitolio promittere solet, et ne quis dubitet pecuniam concupiscere, Iovem quoque peculio exornat. Noli ergo mirari, si pictura defecit, cum omnibus diis hominibusque formosior videatur massa auri, quam quicquid Apelles Phidiasque, Graeculi delirantes,

<sup>1</sup> cultissima *R*: consultissima *the rest*: occultissima *suggests Müller*; consultis <tritis>sima *Fraenkel*: consuetissima *Burman*.

<sup>2</sup> *Fraenkel would delete Capitolii.*

<sup>1</sup> Greek of Soli in Cilicia in Asia Minor (280–206 B.C.), a philosopher who did much to shape and develop Stoicism.

<sup>2</sup> Greek of Sicyon (fourth century B.C.) famous sculptor of natural rather than idealized beauty in men. We have a marble copy of his bronze Agias an athlete.

<sup>3</sup> Greek of Eleutheræ (fifth century B.C.), renowned sculp-

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mountain in order to trace the movements of the stars and the sky, and Chrysippus<sup>1</sup> three times cleared his wits with hellebore to improve his powers of invention. If you turn to sculptors, Lysippus<sup>2</sup> died of starvation as he brooded over the lines of a single statue, and Myron,<sup>3</sup> who almost caught the very soul of men and beasts in bronze, left no heir behind him. But *we* are besotted with wine and whores and cannot rise to understand even the arts that are developed; we slander the past, and learn and teach nothing but vices. Where is dialectic now, or astronomy? Where is the exquisite way of wisdom? Who has ever been to a temple and promised an offering should he attain to eloquence, or drink of the waters of philosophy? Men do not even ask for good sense or good health, but before they even touch the threshold of the Capitol, one promises an offering if he may bury his rich kinsman, another if he may dig up a hid treasure, another if he may make thirty millions in safety. Even the Senate, the teachers of what is right and good, often promise a thousand pounds in gold to the Capitol, and decorate even Jupiter with pelf, that no one need be ashamed of lusting for money. So there is nothing surprising in the decadence of painting, when all the gods and men think an ingot of gold more beautiful than anything those poor crazy Greeks, Apelles and Phidias,<sup>4</sup> ever did.

tor. Of his "Discus-Thrower" and his "Marsyas" copies survive. He is said to have had a son, Lycius.

<sup>4</sup> For Apelles, see above. Phidias of Athens (c. 490-432) was perhaps the most celebrated of Greek sculptors, especially in bronze and in gold-and-ivory. How far he was concerned in the creation of the Parthenon and its stone sculptures is not known.

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89 fecerunt. Sed video te totum in illa haerere tabula,  
 quae Troiae halosin ostendit. Itaque conabor opus  
 versibus pandere:

Iam decima maestos inter ancipites metus  
 Phrygas obsidebat messis et vatis fides  
 Calchantis atro dubia pendeat metu,  
 cum Delio profante caesi<sup>1</sup> vertices  
 Idae trahuntur scissaque in molem cadunt  
 robora, minacem quae figurabunt<sup>2</sup> equum.  
 Aperitur ingens antrum et obducti specus,  
 qui castra caperent. Huc decenni proelio  
 irata virtus abditur, stipant graves  
 Danaï recessus, in suo voto latent. 10  
 O patria, pulsas mille credidimus rates  
 solumque bello liberum: hoc titulus fero  
 incisus, hoc ad furta<sup>3</sup> compositus Sinon  
 firmabat et mens semper<sup>4</sup> in damnum potens.  
 Iam turba portis libera ac bello carens  
 in vota properat. Fletibus manant genae  
 mentisque pavidæ gaudium lacrimas habet,

<sup>1</sup> ferro caesi MSS.; ferro is rightly omitted by Sambucus and by Scaliger in l and in his Catalecta.

<sup>2</sup> figurabunt Lachmann: figurabant and figurabat.

<sup>3</sup> furta Buecheler: fata.

<sup>4</sup> mens semper Pithoeus: m̄ semper cd. Autissiodurensis: mendacium semper R: mendacium the other MSS.: mendacio Brassicanus: mendacii Heinsius and in margin of Tornaesius' edition.

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<sup>1</sup> The poem which follows largely summarizes in *senarii* the first part of the 2nd book of the *Aeneid* of Virgil, of whom there are various echoes. These may be part of parody which seems to pervade the poetry—a parody not of Virgil but of rhetorical method, perhaps of messengers' speeches in classical tragedies.



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“ But I see your whole attention is riveted on that picture, which represents the fall of Troy. Well, I will try and explain the situation in verse: <sup>1</sup>

“ ‘ It was now the tenth harvest of the siege of the Phrygians, who were worn with anxious fear, and the honour of Calchas the prophet hung wavering in dark dread, when at Apollo’s bidding the wooded peaks of Ida were felled and dragged down, and the sawn planks fall into a heap—planks that will shape a threatening horse.<sup>2</sup> Within it a great hollow was opened, and a hidden cave that could shelter a camp. In this the warriors who chafed at a war ten years long were packed away; the baleful Greeks fill every corner, and lie waiting in their own votive offering. Ah! my country! we thought the thousand ships were beaten off, and the land released from strife. The inscription carved on this beast, Sinon’s bearing, planned for deceit with this horse, and his spirit (ever powerful for evil it was) all strengthened our confidence.<sup>3</sup>

“ ‘ Now a crowd hurries from the gate to worship, careless and free of the war. Their cheeks are wet with tears, and the joy of their trembling souls brings

<sup>2</sup> The Trojans were called Phrygians because they were in the Phrygian area of Asia Minor. According to story, Calchas the Greek foretold that the siege of Troy would last ten years; he was priest and prophet of the god Apollo (imagined as born in Delos island), who told the Greeks to make the wooden horse. King Laomedon of Troy had refused to pay the gods Apollo and Posidon (Neptune) for building the city walls of Troy—hence Apollo’s hatred. Mount Ida is near Troy.

<sup>3</sup> Sinon was a Greek. He let himself be captured by the Trojans whom he convinced that the horse was a harmless votive offering. In fact it was packed with Greek soldiers.

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quas metus abegit. Namque Neptuno sacer  
 crinem solutus omne Laocoon replet  
 clamore vulgus. Mox reducta cuspidē 20  
 uterum notavit, fata sed tardant manus,  
 ictusque resilit et dolis addit fidem.  
 Iterum tamen confirmat invalidam manum  
 altaque bipenni latera pertemptat. Fremit  
 captiva pubes intus et, dum murmurat,  
 roborea moles spirat alieno metu.  
 Ibat iuventus capta, dum Troiam capit,  
 bellumque totum fraude ducebat <sup>1</sup> nova.  
 Ecce alia monstra: celsa qua Tenedos mare  
 dorso replevit, tumida consurgunt freta 30  
 undaque resultat scissa tranquillo † minor † <sup>2</sup>  
 qualis silenti nocte remorum sonus  
 longe refertur, cum premunt classes mare  
 pulsumque marmor abiete imposita gemit.  
 Respicimus: angues orbibus geminis ferunt  
 ad saxa fluctus, tumida quorum pectora  
 rates ut altae lateribus spumas agunt.  
 Dat cauda sonitum, liberae ponto iubae  
 consentiunt luminibus, fulmineum <sup>3</sup> iubar  
 incendit aequor sibilisque undae fremunt. <sup>4</sup> 40  
 Stupuere mentes. Infulis stabant sacri  
 Phrygioque cultu gemina nati pignora  
 Lauconte. Quos repente tergoribus ligant

<sup>1</sup> *Nisbet suggests cludebat.*

<sup>2</sup> *mari J. Tollius; but see two lines above and below. Perhaps tranquillo omine or t. Iove.*

<sup>3</sup> *alienum Norden.*

<sup>4</sup> *fremunt Haupt: tremunt.*

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to their eyes tears that terror had banished. Laocoon,<sup>1</sup> priest of Neptune, with hair unbound, stirs the whole assembly to cry aloud. Next, he drew back his spear and gashed the belly of the horse, but fate stayed his hand, the spear leaped back, and won us to trust the fraud. But he nerved his feeble hand a second time, and sounded the deep sides of the horse with an axe. The young soldiers shut within breathed loud, and while the sound lasted the wooden mass gasped with a terror that was not its own. The prisoned warriors went forward to make Troy prisoner, and waged all the war by a new subtlety.

“ There followed further portents; where the steep ridge of Tenedos<sup>2</sup> blocks the sea, the billows rise and swell, and the shattered wave leaps back in calm † weather † with noise as of oars borne far through the silent night, when ships bear down the ocean, and the marble surface is stirred and splashes under the fir-wood keel. We look back: the tide carries two coiling snakes towards the rocks, their swollen breasts like tall ships throwing the foam from their sides. Their tails crash through the sea, their crests move free over the open water, fierce as their eyes; a brilliant beam kindles the waves, and the waters resound with their hissing. Our heartbeats stopped. The priests stood wreathed for sacrifice with the two sons of Laocoon in Phrygian raiment. Suddenly the gleaming snakes twine their bodies

<sup>1</sup> Laocoön, son of Priam King of Troy at the time of the war, had been a priest of Apollo whose temple he profaned, but became priest of Posidon (Neptune), who like Apollo hated Troy.

<sup>2</sup> An island near the coast of the Troad.

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angues corusci. Parvulas illi manus  
ad ora referunt, neuter auxilio sibi,  
uterque fratri: transtulit pietas vices  
morsque ipsa miseros mutuo perdit metu.  
Accumulat ecce liberum funus parens,  
infirmus auxiliator. Invadunt virum  
iam morte pasti membraque ad terram trahunt. 50  
Iacet sacerdos inter aras victima  
terramque plangit. Sic profanatis sacris  
peritura Troia perdidit primum deos.

Iam plena Phoebe candidum extulerat iubar  
minora ducens astra radianti face,  
cum inter sepultos Priamidas nocte et mero  
Danai relaxant claustra et effundunt viros.  
Temptant in armis se duces, veluti<sup>1</sup> solet  
nodo<sup>2</sup> remissus Thessali quadrupes iugi  
cervicem et altas quater ad excursum iubas. 60  
Gladios retractant, commovent orbes manu  
bellumque sumunt. Hic graves alius mero  
obtruncat et continuat in mortem ultimam  
somnos, ab aris alius accendit faces  
contraque Troas invocat Troiae sacra." . . .

90 L | Ex is, qui in porticibus spatiabantur, lapides in  
Eumolpum recitantem miserunt. At ille, qui plau-  
sum ingenii sui noverat, operuit caput extraque tem-

<sup>1</sup> veluti *Krohn*: ceu vi *Lachmann*: ceu ubi, as if for the  
*Homeric* ὡς (δ') ὄρε.

<sup>2</sup> nodo *Dousa*: nudo.

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<sup>1</sup> The famous group in marble by the Rhodians Hagesander,  
Polydorus, and Athenodorus (Pliny, XXXVI, 37-38), re-

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round them.<sup>1</sup> The boys throw up their little hands to their faces, neither helping himself, but each his brother: such was the exchange of love, and death himself slew both poor children by their unselfish fear. Then before our eyes the father, a feeble helper, laid his own body down upon his children's. The snakes, now gorged with death, attacked the man and dragged his limbs to the ground. The priest lies a victim before his altars and thrashes the earth. Thus the doomed city of Troy first lost her gods by profaning their worship.

“Now Phoebe<sup>2</sup> at the full lifted up her white beam, and led forth the smaller stars with her glowing torch, and the Greeks unbarred the horse, and poured out their warriors among Priam's sons<sup>3</sup> drowned in darkness and wine. The leaders try their strength in arms, as a steed untied from the knot of a Thessalian<sup>4</sup> chariot will toss his head and lofty mane as he rushes forth. They draw their swords, brandish their shields, and begin the fight. One slays Trojans heavy with drink and makes sleep merge into death that endeth all, another lights torches from the altars, and calls on the holy places of Troy to fight against the Trojans.’” . . .

Some of the people who were walking in the colonnades threw stones at Eumolpus as he recited. But he recognized this tribute to his genius, covered his

presenting Laocoön and his two sons in serpent-coils, survives today. It is in the Vatican.

<sup>2</sup> The moon.

<sup>3</sup> Priam was King of Troy. The Greeks were called Danaï from the mythical founder of Argos.

<sup>4</sup> Thessaly with its plains was a land favourable to horses.

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plum profugit. Timui ego, ne me poetam vocaret.<sup>1</sup> Itaque subsecutus fugientem ad litus perveni, et ut primum extra teli coniectum licuit consistere, "Rogo" inquam "quid tibi vis cum isto morbo? Minus quam duabus horis mecum moraris, et saepius poetice quam humane locutus es. Itaque non miror, si te populus lapidibus persequitur. Ego quoque sinum meum saxis onerabo, ut quotiescunque coeperis a te exire, sanguinem tibi a capite mittam." Movit ille vultum et "O mi" inquit "adulescens, non hodie primus auspicatus sum. Immo quoties theatrum, ut recitarem aliquid, intravi, hac<sup>2</sup> me adventicia excipere frequentia solet. Ceterum ne [et]<sup>3</sup> tecum quoque habeam rixandum, toto die me ab hoc cibo<sup>4</sup> abstinebo." "Immo" inquam ego "si eiuras hodiernam bilem, una cenabimus" . . .

Mando aedicularum custodi cenulae officium . . .

- 91 Video Gitona cum linteis et strigilibus parieti applicitum tristem confusumque. Scires, non libenter servire. Itaque ut experimentum oculorum caperem <. . .><sup>5</sup> convertit ille solutum gaudio vultum et "Miserere" inquit "frater. Ubi arma non sunt, libere loquor. Eripe me latroni cruento et qualibet saevitia paenitentiam iudicis tui puni. Satis magnum erit misero solacium, tua voluntate cecidisse."

<sup>1</sup> Müller emends to pro poeta mulcarent.

<sup>2</sup> hac Dousa: haec.

<sup>3</sup> Deleted by Buecheler.

<sup>4</sup> ab hoc cibo] Ehlers would delete.

<sup>5</sup> Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.

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head, and fled out of the temple. I was afraid that he would call me also a poet. So I followed him in his flight, and came to the beach, and as soon as we were out of range and could stop, I said, "Tell me, cannot you get rid of your disease? You have been in my company less than two hours, and you have talked more often like a poet than like a man. I am not surprised that the crowd pursue you with stones. I shall load my pockets with stones too, and whenever you proceed to forget yourself I shall let blood from your head." His expression altered, and he said, "My dear young friend, I have taken notice of omens before to-day. I mean, whenever I go into the theatre to recite anything, this is the sort of come-if-you-wish gathering with which the house usually welcomes me. But I do not want to have anything to quarrel about with you [too], so I will keep off this food for a whole day." "Well," said I, "if you forswear your madness for to-day, we will dine together." . . .

I gave the house-porter orders about our supper. . . .

I saw Giton, with some towels and scrapers, hugging the wall in sad embarrassment. You could see he was not a willing slave. So to enable me to catch his eye . . . he turned round, his face softened with pleasure, and he said, "Forgive me, brother. As there are no deadly weapons here, I speak freely. Take me away from this bloody robber and punish me as cruelly as you like, your penitent judge.<sup>1</sup> It will be quite enough consolation for my misery to die

<sup>1</sup> The words refer to the phrase in Chapter 80 *commisi iudici* (sc. *Gitoni*) *litem*, where Encolpius left Giton to choose between himself and Ascyrtos.

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Supprimere ego querellam iubeo, ne quis consilia deprehenderet, relictoque Eumolpo—nam in balneo carmen recitabat—per tenebrosum et sordidum egressum extraho Gitona raptimque in hospitium meum pervolo. Praeclusis deinde foribus invado pectus amplexibus et perfusum os lacrimis vultu meo contero. Diu vocem neuter invenit; nam puer etiam singultibus crebris amabile pectus quassaverat. “O facinus” inquam “indignum, quod amo te quamvis relictus, et in hoc pectore, cum vulnus ingens fuerit, cicatrix non est. Quid dicis, peregrini amoris concessio? Dignus hac iniuria fui?” Postquam se amari sensit, supercilium altius sustulit  
< . . . ><sup>1</sup>

“Nec amoris arbitrium ad alium iudicem detuli.<sup>2</sup> Sed nihil iam queror, nihil iam memini, si bona fide paenitentiam<sup>3</sup> emendas.” Haec cum inter gemitus lacrimasque fudissem, deterisit ille pallio vultum et “Quaeso” inquit “Encolpi, fidem memoriae tuae appello: ego te reliqui, an tu me prodidisti? Equidem fateor et prae me fero: cum duos armatos viderem, ad fortiorem confugi.” Exosculatus pectus sapientia plenum inieci cervicibus manus, et ut facile intellegeret redisse me in gratiam et optima fide revisiscentem: amicitiam, toto pectore adstrinxi.

- 92 Et iam plena nox erat mulierque cenae mandata curaverat, cum Eumolpus ostium pulsat. Interrogo ego: “quot estis?” obiterque per rimam foris speculari diligentissime coepi, num Ascyrtos una venisset.

<sup>1</sup> *Lacuna indicated in Pithceus's 2nd edition.*

<sup>2</sup> *detuli Buecheler: tulit and tuli.*

<sup>3</sup> *praeterita Müller: praeteritam dementiae suggests Fraenke.*



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because you wish it." I told him to stop his lamentation, for fear anyone should overhear our plans. We left Eumolpus behind—for he was reciting a poem in the bathroom—and I took Giton out by a dark, dirty exit, and flew with all speed to my lodgings. Then I shut the door and warmly embraced him, and rubbed my face against his cheek, which was wet with tears. For a time neither of us could utter a sound; the boy's dear breast shook with continuous sobs. "It is a shame and a wonder!" I cried, "You left me, and yet I love you, and no scar is left on my breast, where the wound was so deep. Have you any excuse for yielding your love to a stranger? Did I deserve this blow?" As soon as he felt that I loved him, he began to hold his head up. . . .

"I laid our love's cause before no other judge. But I make no complaint, I will forget all, if you improve your penitence by keeping your word." I poured out my words with groans and tears, but Giton wiped his face on his cloak, and said, "Now, Encolpius, I ask you, I appeal to your honest memory; did I leave you, or did *you* betray me? I admit, I confess it openly, that when I saw two armed men before me, I hurried to the side of the stronger." I pressed my lips to his dear wise breast, and put my arms round his neck, and hugged him close to me, to make it quite plain that I was in amity with him again, and that our friendship lived afresh in perfect confidence.

It was now quite dark, and the woman had seen to our orders for supper, when Eumolpus knocked at the door. I asked, "How many of you are there?" and began as I spoke to look carefully through a chink in the door to see whether Ascylos had come with him.

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Deinde ut solum hospitem vidi, momento recepi. Ille ut se in grabatum reiecit viditque Gitona in conspectu ministrantem, movit caput et "Laudo" inquit "Ganymedem. Oportet hodie bene sit." Nondelectavit me tam curiosum principium timuique, ne in contubernium recepissem Ascyli parem. Instat Eumolpus, et cum puer illi potionem dedisset, "Malo te" inquit "quam balneum totum" siccatoque avide poculo negat sibi unquam acidius fuisse. "Nam et dum labor" ait "paene vapulavi, quia conatus sum circa solium sedentibus carmen recitare, et postquam de balneo tanquam de theatro<sup>1</sup> eiectus sum, circuire omnes angulos coepi et clara voce Encolpion clamitare. Ex altera parte iuvenis nudus, qui vestimenta perdiderat, non minore clamoris indignatione Gitona flagitabat. Et me quidem pueri tanquam insanum imitatione petulantissima deriserunt, illum autem frequentia ingens circumvenit cum plausu et admiratione timidissima. Habebat enim inguinum pondus tam grande, ut ipsum hominem laciniam fascini crederes. O iuvenem laboriosum: puto illum pridie incipere, postero die finire. Itaque statim invenit auxilium; nescio quis enim, eques Romanus ut aiebant<sup>2</sup> infamis, sua veste errantem circumdedit ac domum abduxit, credo, ut tam magna fortuna solus uteretur. At ego ne mea quidem vestimenta ab officio<ali dol>oso<sup>3</sup> recepissem, nisi notorem

<sup>1</sup> Müller deletes tanquam de theatro.

<sup>2</sup> aiebant Dousa: aiebat.

<sup>3</sup> officiali doloso Fraenkel: officioso<capsario> Müller in his 2nd edition (an adscript of Scaliger gives capsarius). officioso L.

<sup>1</sup> See above, pp. 128-129.

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When I saw that he was the only visitor, I let him in at once. He threw himself on a bed, and when he saw Giton before his eyes waiting at table, he wagged his head and said, "I like your Ganymede.<sup>1</sup> To-day should be a fine time for us." I was not pleased at this inquisitive opening; I was afraid I had let Ascyrtos's double into companionship. Eumolpus persisted, and, when the boy brought him a drink, said, "I like you better than the whole bathful." He greedily drank the cup dry, and said he had never taken anything with a sharper tang in it. "Why, I was nearly flogged while I was washing," he cried, "because I tried to go round the bath and recite poetry to the people sitting in it, and when I was thrown out of the bathroom as if it were the theatre, I proceeded to look round all the corners, and shouted for Encolpius in a loud voice. In another part of the place a naked young man who had lost his clothes kept clamouring for Giton with equally noisy indignation. The boys laughed at me with saucy mimicry as if I were crazy, but a large crowd surrounded him, clapping their hands and humbly admiring. For the weight of groin which he had was so huge that you would have thought that the man himself was the flap of a prick-charm. Oh dear! What a hero of labours the young man is! I think he could start on the day before and end only on the day after. So he found an ally at once: some Roman knight or other, a low fellow they said, put his own clothes on him as he strayed round, and took him off home, I suppose, in order to enjoy so great a good fortune alone. I should never have got my own clothes back from the crafty attendant if I had not produced someone to

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dedissem. Tanto magis expedit inguina quam ingenia fricare." Haec Eumolpo dicente mutabam ego frequentissime vultum, iniuriis scilicet inimici mei hilaris, commodis tristis. Utcunque tamen, tanquam non agnoscerem fabulam, tacui et cenae ordinem explicui . . .

93 "Vile est, quod licet, et animus errori intentus<sup>1</sup> iniurias diligit.

Ales Phasiacis petita Colchis  
atque Afrae<sup>2</sup> volucres placent palato,  
quod non sunt faciles: at albus anser  
et pictis anas enotata<sup>3</sup> pennis  
plebeium sapit. Ultimis ab oris  
attractus scarus atque arata<sup>4</sup> Syrtis,  
si quid naufragio dedit, probatur:  
mullus iam gravis est. Amica vincit  
uxorem. Rosa cinnamum veretur.  
Quicquid quaeritur, optimum videtur."

"Hoc est" inquam "quod promiseras, ne quem hodie versum faceres? per fidem, saltem nobis parce,

<sup>1</sup> errori intentus *Buecheler*: <in> errore lentus and later animus errore inlectus suggests *Müller*: errore lentus.

<sup>2</sup> Afrae *Puteanus*: aëriæ.

<sup>3</sup> enotata *Jungermann*: enovata *Pithoeus*: involuta *Busche*: innotata suggests *Fraenkel*: elevata thinks *Müller* in ed. 1, involuta in ed. 2: renovata.

<sup>4</sup> taetra (tetra) *Jacobs*.

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<sup>1</sup> The meaning seems to be that it is more important to stir up one's sexual than one's mental powers.

<sup>2</sup> The bird is the pheasant, the name being derived, through the Latin *phasianus* or *phasiana*, from the river Phasis (the Rion) in Colchis east of the Black Sea into which the Rion flows. From this region pheasants (still common there) were first brought westwards. The reciter is Eumolpus.

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vouch for me. So much the greater gain is it to rub groins than geniuses." <sup>1</sup> As Eumolpus told me all this, my expression kept changing, for of course I laughed at my enemy's straits and frowned on his fortune. But anyhow I kept quiet as if I did not know what the story was about, and set forth our bill of fare. . . .

"What we may have we do not care about; our minds are bent on folly and love what is troublesome.

"The bird <sup>2</sup> won from Colchis where Phasis flows, and fowls <sup>3</sup> from Africa, are sweet to taste because they are not easy to win; but the white goose and the duck with brightly marked wings have a homely savour. The wrasse drawn from far-off shores, and the yield of furrowed <sup>4</sup> Syrtis is praised if first it wrecks a ship: the mullet by now is a weariness. The mistress eclipses the wife, the rose bows down to the cinnamon. What men must seek after seems ever best."

"What about your promise, that you would not make a single verse today?" I said. "On your

<sup>2</sup> Guinea-fowl (particularly *Numida ptilorhyncha*) from north and north-west Africa, especially Numidia (Algeria).

<sup>4</sup> "ploughed" used of the surface of the sea, furrowed by voyaging ships, or of a beach scored by landing ships. But "ploughed" might be taken in the agricultural sense; and *arare Syrtis* ("to plough the Syrtis") may have been used like *arare litus* ("to plough the sea-shore") which would be useless labour. *Syrtis* properly meant a marine sandbank; but the name was used specially for two broad gulfs, with their shores, in North Africa—the *Syrtis maior*, the Gulf of Sirte (Sidri), Cyrenaica and Tripolitania, and the *Syrtis minor*, the Gulf of Gabès in Tunisia. Their desolate sandy beaches had the reputation of being very dangerous because of sand-clouds raised by wind.

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qui te nunquam lapidavimus. Nam si aliquis ex is, qui in eodem synoecio potant, nomen poetae olfecerit, totam concitabit viciniam et nos omnes sub eadem causa obruet. Miserere et aut pinacothecam aut balneum cogita." Sic me loquentem obiurgavit Giton, mitissimus puer, et negavit recte facere, quod seniori conviciarer simulque oblitus officii mensam, quam humanitate posuissem, contumelia tollerem, multaque alia moderationis verecundiaeque verba, quae formam eius egregie decebant. . . .

94 LO | "O felicem" inquit "matrem tuam, quae te talem peperit: macte virtute esto. Raram fecit mixturam cum sapientia forma. Itaque ne putes te tot verba perdidisse, amatorem invenisti. Ego laudes tuas carminibus implebo. Ego paedagogus et custos etiam quo non iusseris, sequar. Nec iniuriam Encolpius accipit, alium amat." Profuit etiam Eumolpo miles ille, qui mihi abstulit gladium; alioquin quem animum adversus Ascyllon sumpseram, eum in Eumolpi sanguinem exercuissem. Nec fefellit hoc Gitona. Itaque extra cellam processit, tanquam aquam peteret, iramque meam prudenti absentia extinxit. Paululum ergo intepescente saevitia "Eumolpe" inquam "iam malo vel carminibus loquaris, quam eiusmodi tibi vota proponas. Et ego iracundus sum, et tu libidinosus: vide, quam non conveniat his moribus. Puta igitur me furiosum esse, L cede insaniae, id est ocius foras exi." | Confusus hac denuntiatione Eumolpus non quaesivit iracundiae causam, sed continuo limen egressus adduxit re-

<sup>1</sup> There are echoes here of three passages of Virgil: *Aeneid*, I, 605-606; IX, 641-642, and V, 343-344. Codex *l* says that Eumolpus addresses Giton.

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honour, spare us at least: we have never stoned you. If a single one of the people who are drinking in the same tenement with us scents the name of a poet, he will rouse the whole neighbourhood and ruin us all for the same reason. Spare us then, and remember the picture-gallery or the baths." Giton, the gentle boy, reproved me when I spoke thus, and said that I was wrong to rebuke my elders, and forget my duty so far as to spoil with my insults the dinner I had ordered out of kindness, with much more tolerant and modest advice which well became his beautiful self. . . .

"Happy was the mother who bore such a son as you," he said, "be good and prosper. Beauty and wisdom has made a rare conjunction.<sup>1</sup> So do not think that all your words have been wasted. In me you have found a lover. I will do justice to your worth in verse. I will teach and protect you, and follow you even where you do not bid me. I do Encolpius no wrong; he loves another."

That soldier who took away my sword did Eumolpus a good turn too; otherwise I would have appeased the wrath raised in me against Ascyrtos with the blood of Eumolpus. Giton was not blind to this. So he went out of the room on a pretence of fetching water, and quenched my wrath by his tactful departure. Then, as my fury cooled a little, I said, "I would prefer even that you should talk poetry now, Eumolpus, rather than harbour such hopes. I am choleric, and *you* are lecherous: understand that these dispositions do not suit each other. Well, regard me as a maniac, yield to my infirmity, in short, get out quick." Eumolpus was staggered by this attack, and never asked why I was angry, but went out of the room at

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pente ostium cellae meque nihil tale expectantem inclusit, exemitque raptim clavem et ad Gitona investigandum cucurrit.

Inclusus ego suspensio vitam finire constitui. Et iam semicinctio <lecti><sup>1</sup> stantis ad parietem spondam vinxeram cervicesque nodo condebam,<sup>2</sup> cum reseratis foribus intrat Eumolpus cum Gitone meque a fatali iam meta revocat ad lucem. Giton praecipue ex dolore in rabiem efferatus tollit clamorem, me utraque manu impulsus praecipitat super lectum, "erras" inquit "Encolpi, si putas contingere posse, ut ante moriaris. Prior coepi; in Ascylii hospitio gladium quaesivi. Ego si te non invenissem, periturus per praecipitia<sup>3</sup> fui. Et ut scias non longe esse quaerentibus mortem, specta invicem, quod me spectare voluisti." Haec locutus mercenario Eumolpi novaculam rapit et semel iterumque cervice percussa ante pedes collabitur nostros. Exclamo ego attonitus, secutusque labentem eodem ferramento ad mortem viam quaero. Sed neque Giton ulla erat suspitione vulneris laesus, neque ego ullum sentiebam dolorem. Rudis enim novacula et in hoc retusa, ut pueris discentibus audaciam tonsoris<sup>4</sup> daret, instruxerat thecam. Ideoque nec mercenarius ad raptum ferramentum expaverat, nec Eumolpus interpellaverat mimicam mortem.

95 LO | Dum haec fabula inter amantes luditur, deversitor cum parte cenulae intervenit, contemplatusque foedissimam volutionem iacentium "rogo" inquit

<sup>1</sup> lecti added by Buecheler.

<sup>2</sup> indebam Burman.

<sup>3</sup> For per (added in Tornaesius' edition) praecipitia Nisbet proposes praecipiti via.

<sup>4</sup> Fraenkel would delete tonsoris.



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once and suddenly banged the door, taking me completely by surprise and shutting me in. He pulled out the key in a moment and ran off to look for Giton.

I was locked in. I made up my mind to hang myself and die. I had just tied a belt to the frame of a bed which stood by the wall, and was stowing my neck in the noose, when the door was unlocked, Eumolpus came in with Giton, and called me back to light from the very bourne of death. Nay, Giton passed from grief to raving madness, and raised a shout, pushed me with both hands and threw me on the bed, and cried, "Encolpius, you are wrong if you suppose you could possibly die before me. *I* thought of suicide first; I looked for a sword in Ascyltos's lodgings. If I had not found you I would have hurled myself to death over a precipice. I will show you that death stands close by those who seek him: behold in your turn the scene you wished me to behold."

With these words he snatched a razor from Eumolpus's servant, drew it once, twice across his throat, and tumbled down at our feet. I gave a cry of horror, rushed to him as he fell, and sought the road of death with the same steel. But Giton was not marked with any trace of a wound, and I did not feel the least pain. The razor was untempered, and specially blunted in order to give boy-pupils the courage of a barber, and so had provided its own sheath. So the servant had not been alarmed when the steel was snatched from him, and Eumolpus did not interrupt our death-scene.

While this lover's play was being performed, an inmate of the house came in with part of our little dinner, and after looking at us rolling in most filthy fashion on the ground he said, "Are you drunk,

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“ ebrii estis, an fugitivi, an utrumque? Quis autem grabatum illum erexit, aut quid sibi vult tam furtiva molitio? Vos mehercules ne mercedem cellae daretis, fugere nocte in publicum voluistis. Sed non impune. Iam enim faxo sciatis non viduae hanc insulam esse sed M. Mannicii.” Exclamat Eumolpus “ etiam minaris? ” simulque os hominis palma excussissima pulsat. Ille tot hospitem potionibus † liberum †<sup>1</sup> urceolum fictilem in Eumolpi caput iaculatus est solvitque clamantis frontem et de cella se proripuit. Eumolpus contumeliae impatiens rapit ligneum candelabrum sequiturque abeuntem et creberrimis ictibus supercilium suum vindicat. Fit concursus familiae hospitemque ebriorum frequentia. Ego autem nactus occasionem vindictae Eumolpum excludo, redditaque scordalo vice sine aemulo scilicet et cella utor et nocte.

Interim coctores insulariique mulcant exclusum et alius veru extis stridentibus plenum in oculos eius intentat, alius furca de carnario rapta statum proeliantis componit. Anus praecipue lippa, sordidissimo praecineta linteo, soleis ligneis imparibus imposita, canem ingentis magnitudinis catena trahit instigatque in Eumolpon. Sed ille candelabro se ab omni  
96 periculo vindicabat. Videbamus nos omnia per foramen valvae, quod paulo ante ansa ostioli rupta laxa-

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<sup>1</sup> *This and the other reading liber are corrupt and some words may be missing. Read perhaps simply libatum or tritum.*

<sup>1</sup> So Heseltine: *liberum* if not corrupt might mean simply “free” from so many drinkings: not being used any longer.

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please, or run-away slaves, or both? Who put up the bed there, and what do all these sneaking contrivances mean? I declare you meant to run off in the dark into the public street rather than pay for your room. But you shall pay for it. I will teach you that this block of flats does not belong to a poor widow, but to Marcus Mannicius." "What?" shouted Eumolpus, "you dare threaten us." And as he spoke he struck the man in the face with all the force of his outstretched hand. The man hurled a little earthenware pot, which was empty, all the guests having drunk from it,<sup>1</sup> at Eumolpus's head, broke the skin of his forehead in the midst of his clamour, and rushed out of the room. Eumolpus would not brook an insult; he seized a wooden candle stick and followed the lodger out, and avenged his bloody forehead with a rain of blows. All the household ran up, and a crowd of drunken lodgers. I had a chance of punishing Eumolpus, and I shut him out, and so got even with the brawler, and of course had the room and the night to myself without a rival.

Meanwhile cooks and lodgers belaboured him now that he was locked out, and one thrust a spit full of hissing meat into his eyes, another took a fork from a dresser and struck a fighting attitude. Above all, a blear-eyed old woman with a very dirty linen wrap round her, balancing herself on an uneven pair of clogs, took the lead, brought up a dog of enormous size on a chain, and set him on to Eumolpus. But the candlestick was enough to protect him from all danger.

We saw everything through a hole in the folding doors, which had been made by the handle of the

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verat, favebamque ego vapulanti. Giton autem non oblitus misericordiae suae reserandum esse ostium succurrendumque periclitanti censebat. Ego durante adhuc iracundia non continui manum, sed caput miserantis stricto acutoque<sup>1</sup> articulo percussi. Et ille quidem flens consedit in lecto. Ego autem alternos opponebam foramini oculos iniuriaque<sup>2</sup> Eumolpi

L | velut quodam cibo me replebam | advocationemque  
LO commendabam, cum procurator insulae Bargates a cena excitatus a duobus lecticariis in mediam rixam perfertur; nam erat etiam pedibus aeger. Is ut rabiosa barbaraque voce in ebrios fugitivosque diu peroravit, respiciens ad Eumolpon "o poetarum" inquit "disertissime, tu eras? Et non discedunt ocuis nequissimi servi manusque continent a rixa?" . . .

L | "Contubernalis mea mihi fastum facit. Ita, si me amas, maledic illam versibus, ut habeat pudorem" . . .

97 Dum Eumolpus cum Bargate in secreto loquitur, intrat stabulum praeco cum servo publico aliaque sane<sup>3</sup> modica frequentia, facemque fumosam magis quam lucidam quassans haec proclamavit: "puer in balneo paulo ante aberravit, annorum circa XVI, crispus, mollis, formosus, nomine Giton. Si quis eum reddere aut commonstrare voluerit, accipiet nummos

<sup>1</sup> Nisbet would delete *acutoque*.

<sup>2</sup> *iniuriaque Tornaesius's edition: iniuriamque (iniuriam δ). For the order of the next words see Müller and Buecheler.*

<sup>3</sup> *After sane Pithoeus adds <non>.*

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<sup>1</sup> Nisbet's suggestion "with knuckles drawn" (like a sword) is attractive, but need we delete *acutoque*? "Knuckles, a sword drawn and sharp."

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door being broken a short time before; and I was delighted to see him thrashed. But Giton clung to compassion, and said we ought to open the door and run to his help in peril. My indignation was still awake; I did not hold my hand, I rapped his compassionate head with my clenched sharp knuckles.<sup>1</sup> He cried and sat down on the bed. I put each eye to the chink by turns, and gorged myself on the miseries of Eumolpus like a dainty dish, and approved their prolongation. Then Bargates, the man in charge of the block of flats, was disturbed at his dinner, and two chairmen carried him right into the brawl; for he had gouty feet. In a furious vulgar voice he made a long oration against drunkards and escaped slaves, and then he looked at Eumolpus and said, "What, most learned bard, was it you? Get away quick, you damned slaves, and keep your hands from quarrelling." . . .

<sup>2</sup>"My mistress despises me. So curse her for me in rhyme, if you love me, and put shame into her." . . .

While Eumolpus was talking privately to Bargates, a crier came into the house with a municipal slave and quite a small crowd of other people, shook a torch which gave out more smoke than light, and made this proclamation: "Lost recently in the public baths, a boy aged about sixteen, hair curly, looks soft, of attractive appearance, answers to the name of Giton. A reward of a thousand pieces will be paid to any person willing to bring him back or indicate his where-

<sup>2</sup> The speaker is apparently Bargates. Codex *l* prefixes *Bargates procurator ad Eumolpum*, "Bargates the manager addressing Eumolpus."

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mille." Nec longe a praecone Aescyltos stabat amictus discoloria veste atque in lance argentea indicium et fidem praeferebat. Imperavi Gitoni, ut raptim grabatum subiret annecteretque pedes et manus institis, [quibus sponda culcitam ferebat,]<sup>1</sup> ac sic [ut olim Ulixes pro ariete adhaesisset, extentus infra grabatum]<sup>2</sup> scrutantium eluderet manus. Non est moratus Giton imperium<sup>3</sup> momentoque temporis inseruit vinculo manus et Ulixem astu simillimo vicit. Ego ne suspicioni relinquerem locum, lectulum vestimentis implevi uniusque hominis vestigium ad corporis mei mensuram figuravi.

Interim Aescyltos ut pererravit omnes cum viatore cellas, venit ad meam, et hoc quidem plenior spem concepit, quo diligentius oppessulatas invenit fores. Publicus vero servus inserta<sup>4</sup> commissuris secure<sup>5</sup> claustrorum firmitatem<sup>6</sup> laxavit. Ego ad genua Aescylti procubui et per memoriam amicitiae perque societatem miseriarum petii, ut saltem ostenderet fratrem. Immo ut fidem haberent fictae preces, "scio te" inquam "Aescylte, ad occidendum me venisse. Quo enim secures attulisti? Itaque satia

<sup>1</sup> Müller deletes the clause quibus . . . ferebat.

<sup>2</sup> Fraenkel would delete the clause ut olim . . . adhaesisset and Müller continues the deletion through grabatum. For pro ariete Muncker proposed imo ariete, and Buecheler proposed pro<. . .>arieti, for example pro<salute>arieti. It may be that nothing is interpolated here but that pro ariete was written by Petronius after grabatum "under the bed in place of a ram"; that later pro ariete was misplaced in front of adhaesisset; and that we should read ac sic ut olim Ulixes adhaesisset extentus

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abouts." Ascyrtos stood close by the crier in clothes of many colours, holding out the reward on a silver dish to prove his honesty. I told Giton to get under the bed at once, and hook his feet and hands into the girths which held up the mattress on the frame, and (as Ulysses of old clung tightly), stretched out under the bed instead of a ram,<sup>1</sup> evade the grasp of searchers. Giton obeyed orders at once, and in a second had slipped his hands into the webbing, and surpassed even Ulysses at his own tricks. I did not want to leave any room for suspicion, so I stuffed the bed with clothes, and arranged them in the shape of a man about my own height sleeping by himself.

Meanwhile Ascyrtos went round all the rooms with a constable, and when he came to mine, his hopes swelled within him at finding the door bolted with especial care. The municipal slave put an axe into the joints, and loosened the bolts from their place. I fell at Ascyrtos's feet, and besought him, by the memory of our friendship and the miseries we had shared, at least to show me my brother. Further to win belief in my sham prayers, I said, "I know you have come to kill me, Ascyrtos. Else why have you brought an axe with you? Well, satisfy your rage.

<sup>1</sup> For the story of how Odysseus escaped from the blinded Cyclops by clinging to a ram's belly underneath, see Homer, *Odyssey*, IX, 420 ff.

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*infra grabatum pro ariete scrutantium eluderet manus. This I have translated. E. H. W.*

<sup>3</sup> Müller *deletes imperium.*

<sup>4</sup> *inserta Fraenkel: insertans.*

<sup>5</sup> *securem (sc. insertans) Buecheler.*

<sup>6</sup> *firmitatem Dousa: infirmitatem.*

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iracundiam tuam: praebeo ecce cervicem, funde sanguinem, quem sub praetextu quaestionis petisti.” Amolitur Ascylos invidiam et se vero nihil aliud quam fugitivum suum dixit quaerere, mortem nec <sup>1</sup> hominis concupisse nec supplicis, utique eius quem <sup>2</sup> 98 post fatalem rixam habuit <sup>3</sup> carissimum. At non servus publicus tam languide agit, sed raptam cauponi harundinem subter lectum mittit omniaque etiam foramina parietum scrutatur. Subducebat Giton ab ictu corpus et reducto <sup>4</sup> timidissime spiritu ipsos sciniphes ore tangebatur . . .

Eumolpus autem, quia effractum ostium cellae neminem poterat excludere, irrumpit perturbatus et “ mille ” inquit “ nummos inveni; iam enim persequar abeuntem praeconem et in potestate tua esse Gitonem meritissima prodicione <sup>5</sup> monstrabo. Genua ego perseverantis amplector, ne morientes vellet occidere, et “ merito ” inquam “ exanderes, si posses perditum <sup>6</sup> ostendere. Nunc inter turbam puer fugit, nec quo abierit, suspicari possum. Per fidem, Eumolpe, reduc puerum et vel Ascylo redde.” Dum haec ego iam credenti persuadeo, Giton collectione spiritus plenus ter continuo ita sternutavit, ut grabatum concuteret. Ad quem motum Eumolpus conversus <sup>7</sup> salvare Gitona iubet. Remota etiam culcita videt Vlixem, cui vel esuriens

<sup>1</sup> after nec Fuchs adds reasonably insontis.

<sup>2</sup> after quem Ernout adds etiam, rightly?

<sup>3</sup> habuerit Jacobs: habuisset Buecheler.

<sup>4</sup> retento Müller.

<sup>5</sup> prodicione Pithoeus: propositione.



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Here is my neck, shed my blood, the real object of your pretended legal search." Ascyltos threw off his resentment, and declared that he wanted nothing but his own runaway slave, that he did not desire the death of any man or any suppliant, much less of one whom he loved very dearly now that their deadly dispute was over.

But the constable was not so deficient in energy. He took a cane from the inn-keeper, and pushed it under the bed, and poked into everything, even the cracks in the walls. Giton twisted away from the stick, drew in his breath very gently, and pressed his lips even against the bugs in the bedding. . . . The broken door of the room could not keep anyone out, and Eumolpus rushed in in a fury, and cried, "I have found a thousand pieces; for I mean to follow the crier as he goes away, and betray you as you richly deserve, and tell him that Giton is in your hands." He persisted, I fell at his feet, besought him not to kill a dying man, and said, "You might well be excited if you could reveal the lost one. As it is, the boy has run away in the crowd, and I have not the least idea where he has gone. As you love me, Eumolpus, get the boy back, and give him to Ascyltos if you like." I was just inducing him to believe me, when Giton burst with holding his breath, and all at once sneezed three times so that he shook the bed. Eumolpus turned round at the stir, and said "Good day, Giton." He pulled off the mattress, and saw an

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<sup>6</sup> perditum *Jacobs*: abditum *Fraenkel*: quaesitum *Müller* (*2nd edition*).

<sup>7</sup> conversus] *Fraenkel* suggested deleting. Compare Chapter 41.

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Cyclops potuisset parcere. Mox conversus ad me "quid est" inquit "latro? ne deprehensus quidem ausus es mihi verum dicere. Immo ni deus quidam humanarum rerum arbiter pendenti puero excussisset indicium, elusus circa popinas errarem" . . .

Giton longe blandior quam ego, primum araneis oleo madentibus vulnus, quod in supercilio factum erat, coartavit. Mox palliolo suo laceratam mutavit vestem, amplexusque iam mitigatum osculis tanquam fomentis aggressus est et "in tua" inquit "pater carissime, in tua sumus custodia. Si Gitona tuum amas, incipe velle servare. Utinam me solum inimicus ignis hauriret vel hibernum invaderet mare. Ego enim omnium scelerum materia, ego causa sum. Si perirem, conveniret inimicis" . . .

99 "ego sic semper et ubique vixi, ut ultimam quamque lucem tanquam non redituram consumerem" . . .

profusis ego lacrimis rogo quaesoque, ut mecum quoque redeat in gratiam: neque enim in amantium esse potestate furiosam aemulationem. Daturum tamen operam, ne aut dicam aut faciam amplius, quo possit offendi. Tantum omnem scabitudinem animo tanquam bonarum artium magister delevet<sup>1</sup> sine cicatrice. "Incultis asperisque regionibus diutius

<sup>1</sup> delevet *Fraenkel (Glotta, XXXVII, 1958, 312)*: deleret.

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<sup>1</sup> Codex *l* here prefixes Eumolpus as the speaker. In Chapter 99 the reconciliation between Encolpius and Eumolpus seems to complete the pacification begun in Chapter 98. Yet suddenly all three pack up and go on board a ship (as arranged by Eumolpus, Chapter 101) for a voyage for which the reason and preparations have not been mentioned in the tradition;

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Ulysses whom even a hungry Cyclops might have spared. Then he turned on me, "Now, you thief; you did not dare to tell me the truth even when you were caught. In fact, unless the God who controls man's destiny had wrung a sign from this boy as he hung there, I should now be wandering round the pot-houses like a fool." . . .

Giton was far more at ease than I. He first stanchd a cut which had been made on Eumolpus's forehead with spider's webs soaked in oil. He then took off his torn clothes, and in exchange gave him a short cloak of his own, then put his arms round him, for he was now softening, poulticed him with kisses, and said, "Dearest father, we are in your hands, yours entirely. If you love your Giton, make up your mind to save him. I wish the cruel fire might engulf me alone, or the wintry sea assail me. I am the object of all his transgressions, I am the cause. If I were gone, you two might patch up your quarrel." . . .

<sup>1</sup>"At all times and in all places I have lived such a life that I spent each passing day as though that light would never return." . . .

I burst into tears, and begged and prayed him to be friends again with me too: a true lover was incapable of mad jealousy. At the same time I would take care to do nothing more in word or deed by which he could possibly be hurt. Only he must smooth off all irritation from his mind like a man of true culture, and leave no scar. "On the wild rough uplands the

I feel that the gap at the end of 98 is a large one in which came matters connected with the projected voyage, with Eumolpus not yet fully appeased.

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nives haerent, ast ubi aratro domefacta tellus nitet, dum loqueris, levis pruina dilabitur. Similiter [in pectoribus] ira [considit]<sup>1</sup> feras quidem mentes obsidet, eruditas praelabitur." " Ut scias " inquit Eumolpus " verum esse, quod dicis, ecce etiam osculo iram finio. Itaque, quod bene eveniat, expedite sarcinulas et vel sequimini me vel, si mavultis, ducite." Adhuc loquebatur, cum crepuit ostium impulsus, stetitque in limine barbibus horrentibus nauta et " moraris " inquit " Eumolpe, tanquam † propudium †<sup>2</sup> ignores." Haud mora, omnes con-surgimus, et Eumolpus quidem mercennarium suum iam olim dormientem exire cum sarcinis iubet. Ego cum Gitone quicquid erat, in iter<sup>3</sup> compono et adora-tis sideribus intro navigium . . .

100 " molestum est quod puer hospiti placet. Quid autem? Non commune est, quod natura optimum fecit? Sol omnibus lucet. Luna innumerabilibus comitata sideribus<sup>4</sup> etiam feras ducit ad pabulum. Quid aquis dici formosius potest? In publico tamen manant. Solus ergo amor furtum potius quam prae-mium erit? Immo vero nolo habere bona, nisi quibus populus inviderit. Unus, et senex, non erit gravis; etiam cum voluerit aliquid sumere, opus anhelitu pro-det." Haec ut infra fiduciam posui fraudavique

<sup>1</sup> in pectoribus and considit] delete, says Fraenkel.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps pro pudor! J. Sullivan thinks prope diem lurks here.

<sup>3</sup> in iter Buecheler: manticae Fraenkel: alt~. There are various conjectures impono Fraenkel for compono.

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snow lies late, but when the earth is beautiful under the mastery of the plough, the light frost passes while you speak. Thus anger besieges savage minds, and glides over the man of learning." "There," said Eumolpus, "you see what you say is true. Behold, I banish my anger with a kiss. So good luck go with us. Get ready your luggage and follow me, or lead the way if you like." He was still talking, when a knock sounded on the door, and a sailor with a straggly beard stood at the entrance and said, "You hang about, Eumolpus, as if you did not know [—blast you] (?)." We all got up in a hurry, and Eumolpus ordered his paid servant, already asleep for some time, to come out with his baggage. Giton and I put together all we had for a journey; I asked a blessing of the stars, and went aboard. . .

"I am annoyed because the boy takes a stranger's fancy. But are not all the finest works of nature common property? The sun shines upon all men. The moon with countless troops of stars in her train leads even the beasts to their food. Can we imagine anything more lovely than water? yet it flows for all the world. Then shall love alone be stolen rather than enjoyed? The truth is that I do not care for possessions unless the common herd are jealous of them. One rival, and he too an old man, will not be troublesome; even if he wants to gain an advantage his shortness of breath will give him away." When I had made these points without any confidence,

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<sup>4</sup> *Fraenkel would delete innumerabilibus c. sideribus. The phrase may come, in prose-parody, from hexameter or elegiac poetry.*

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animum dissidentem, coepi somnum obruto tunicula capite mentiri.

Sed repente quasi destruente fortuna constantiam meam eiusmodi vox super constratum puppis conge-  
muit: "ergo me derisit?" Et haec quidem virilis et  
paene auribus meis familiaris animum palpitantem  
percussit. Ceterum eadem indignatione mulier lace-  
rata ulterius excanduit et "Si quis deus manibus  
meis" inquit "Gitona imponeret, quam bene exulem  
exciperem."<sup>1</sup> Uterque nostrum tam inexpectato  
ictus sono amiserat sanguinem. Ego praecipue quasi  
somnia quodam turbulento circumactus<sup>2</sup> diu vocem  
collegi tremebundisque manibus Eumolpi iam in so-  
porem labentis laciniam duxi et "Per fidem" inquam  
"pater, cuius haec navis est, aut quos vehat, dicere  
potes?" Inquietatus ille moleste tulit et "Hoc  
erat" inquit "quod placuerat tibi, ut supra con-  
stratum<sup>3</sup> navis occuparem secretissimum locum, ne  
nos patereris requiescere? Quid porro ad rem  
pertinet, si dixerem Licham Tarentinum esse dominum  
huiusce navigii, qui Tryphaenam exulem<sup>4</sup> Tarentum  
101 ferat?" Intremui post hoc fulmen attonitus, iugu-  
loque detecto "aliquando" inquam "totum me,  
Fortuna, vicisti." Nam Giton quidem super pectus  
meum positus diu animam egit. Deinde ut effusus

<sup>1</sup> exciperem in margin of Tornaesius's edition: exciperent  
Reiske: exciperet L: acciperem suggests Buecheler.

<sup>2</sup> circumactus Bongars: circumamictus.

<sup>3</sup> Fraenkel would delete supra constratum.

<sup>4</sup> Müller deletes exulem.

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deceiving my protesting spirit, I proceeded to cover my head in my cloak and pretended to be asleep.

But suddenly, as though fate were in arms against my resolution, a voice on the ship's deck said with a groan, like this: "So he deceived me, then?" These manly tones were somehow familiar to my ears, and my heart beat fast as they struck me. But then a woman torn by the same indignation broke out yet more vehemently: "Ah, if the gods would deliver Giton into my hands, what a fine welcome I would give the runaway." The shock of these unexpected sounds drove all the blood out of both of us. I especially felt as if I were being hunted round in some troubled dream; I was a long while finding my voice, and then pulled Eumolpus's lappet with a shaking hand, just as he was falling into a deep sleep, and said, "Tell me the truth, father; can you say who owns this ship, or who is on board?" He was annoyed at being disturbed, and replied, "Was this why you chose a very quiet corner on deck, to prevent us from getting any rest? Further, what on earth is the use of my telling you that Lichas of Tarentum is the master of this boat, and is carrying Tryphaena to Tarentum as under a sentence of banishment?"<sup>1</sup> I was thunderstruck at this blow. I bared my throat, and cried, "Ah, Fate, at last you have smitten me hip and thigh." For Giton, who was sprawling over me, had already fainted. Then the sweat broke out on us

<sup>1</sup> The name Tryphaena implies sexiness and good living. Unless *exulem* means the same as applies to Giton just above—"runaway", "on the run", the reason for her banishment was probably told in some missing passage. We hear more about her later.

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sudor utriusque spiritum revocavit, comprehendi Eumolpi genua et "Miserere" inquam "morientium et pro consortio studiorum commoda manum; mors venit, quae nisi per te <non><sup>1</sup> licet, potest esse pro munere." Inundatus hac Eumolpus invidia iurat per deos deasque se neque scire quid acciderit, nec ullum dolum malum consilio adhibuisse, sed mente simplicissima et vera fide in navigium comites induxisse, quo ipse iam pridem fuerit usurus. "Quae autem hic insidiae sunt" inquit "aut quis nobiscum Hannibal navigat? Lichas Tarentinus, homo vercundissimus et non tantum huius navigii dominus, quod regit, sed fundorum etiam aliquot et familiae negotiantis, onus deferendum ad mercatum conduit. Hic est Cyclops ille et<sup>2</sup> archipirata, cui vecturam debemus; et praeter hunc Tryphaena, omnium feminarum formosissima, quae voluptatis causa huc atque illuc vectatur." "Hi sunt" inquit Giton "quos fugimus" simulque raptim causas odiorum et instans periculum trepidanti Eumolpo exponit. Confusus ille et consilii egens iubet quemque suam sententiam promere et "Fingite" inquit "nos antrum Cyclopi intrasse. Quaerendum est aliquod effugium, nisi naufragium patimur et omni nos periculo liberamus."<sup>3</sup> "Immo" inquit Giton "per-

<sup>1</sup> non added (above the line) in l.

<sup>2</sup> Fraenkel would delete Cyclops and et.

<sup>3</sup> patimur Fuchs for ponimus. liberamur for liberamus Müller in his 2nd edition. Perhaps et omnino <sic> periculo liberamur. J. Sullivan proposes facimus for ponimus.



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and called us both back to life. I took Eumolpus by the knees, and cried, "Mercy on us! We are dead men. Help us, I implore you by our fellowship in learning; death is upon us, and we may come to welcome death, unless you prevent us from doing so."

Eumolpus was overwhelmed by this attack, and swore by gods and goddesses that he did not understand what had happened, and had no sinister intentions in his mind, but had taken us to share the voyage with him in perfect honesty and absolute good faith; he had been meaning to sail himself some time before. "Is there any trap here?" he said, "and who is the Hannibal<sup>1</sup> we have on board? Lichas of Tarentum is a respectable person. He is not only owner and captain of this ship, but has several estates and some slaves in business. He is carrying a cargo consigned to a market. This is the [ogre and]<sup>2</sup> pirate king to whom we owe our passage; and besides, there is Tryphaena, loveliest of women, who sails from one place to another in the cause of pleasure." "It is these two we are running away from," said Giton, and poured out the story of our feud, and explained our imminent danger, till Eumolpus shook. He became muddled and helpless, and asked us each to put forward our views. "I would have you imagine that we have entered the ogre's den," he said. "We must find some way out, unless we suffer shipwreck and free ourselves from all danger." "No," said Giton,

<sup>1</sup> Hannibal, the great Carthaginian enemy of Rome in the third century B.C., was undeservedly regarded by Rome as cruel and faithless.

<sup>2</sup> A Cyclops was taken from mythology as a type of horrid cruelty.

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suade gubernatori, ut in aliquem portum navem deducat, non sine praemio scilicet, et affirma ei impatientem maris fratrem tuum in ultimis esse. Poteris hanc simulationem et vultus confusione et lacrimis obumbrare, ut misericordia permotus gubernator<sup>1</sup> indulgeat tibi." Negavit hoc Eumolpus fieri posse, "quia <nec><sup>2</sup> magna" inquit "navigia portubus se curvatis<sup>3</sup> insinuant, nec tam cito fratrem defecisse veri simile erit. Accedit his, quod forsitan Lichas officii causa visere languentem desiderabit. Vides, quam valde nobis expediat, ultro dominum ad fugientes accersere.<sup>4</sup> Sed finge navem ab ingenti posse cursu deflecti et Licham non utique circumiturum aegrorum cubilia: quomodo possumus egredi nave, ut non conspiciamur a cunctis? Opertis capitibus, an nudis? Opertis, et quis non dare manum languentibus volet? Nudis, et quid erit  
 102 aliud quam se ipsos proscribere?" "Quin potius" inquam ego "ad temeritatem confugimus et per funem lapsi descendimus in scapham praecisoque vinculo reliqua fortunae committimus? Nec ego in hoc periculum Eumolpon arcesso. Quid enim attinet innocentem alieno periculo imponere? Contentus sum, si nos descendentes adjuverit" [casus]<sup>5</sup>. "Non imprudens" inquit "consilium" Eumolpos "si aditum haberet. Quis enim non euntes notabit? Utique gubernator, qui pervigil nocte siderum quoque motus custodit. Et utcunque <ei><sup>6</sup> imponi

<sup>1</sup> *Nisbet would delete gubernator.*

<sup>2</sup> *nec added by Müller.*

<sup>3</sup> *contractis Müller in his 2nd edition. Perhaps curtis.*

<sup>4</sup> *accersere Buecheler: arcessere Jacobs: accedere.*

<sup>5</sup> *Deleted by Fuchs.*      <sup>6</sup> *ei added by Fuchs.*

## SATYRICON

“ persuade the helmsman to run the boat into some harbour. Pay him well, of course, and tell him your brother cannot stand the sea, and is at his last gasp. You will be able to hide your deception by the confused look and the tears on your face. You will touch the helmsman’s heart, and he will do you a favour.” Eumolpus declared that this was impossible: “For large boats don’t steer into landlocked [?] harbours, and it is incredible that our brother should collapse so soon. Besides, Lichas may perhaps ask to see the sick man as a matter of kindness. You realize what a fine turn we should do ourselves by leading the master up to his runaways with our own hands. But supposing the ship could be turned aside from her long passage, and Lichas will not after all go round the patients’ beds; how could we leave the ship without being seen by every one? Cover our heads, or bare them? Cover them and every one will want to lend his arm to the poor sick man! Bare them, that is nothing more or less than advertising ourselves.” “ No,” I said, “ I should prefer to take refuge in boldness, slip down a rope into the boat,<sup>1</sup> cut the painter, and leave the rest to luck. I do not invite Eumolpus to share the risk. It is not fair to load an innocent person with another’s troubles. I am satisfied if chance [?] will help us to get down.” “ It is a clever plan,” said Eumolpus, “ if there were any way of starting it. But every one will see you going: especially the helmsman, who watches all night long, and keeps guard even over the motions of the stars. Of course you might elude his unsleeping watchful-

<sup>1</sup> A single boat towed behind the ship.

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nihil<sup>1</sup> dormienti posset, si per aliam partem navis fuga quaeretur: nunc per puppim, per ipsa gubernacula delabendum est [, a quorum regione funis descendit, qui scaphae custodiam tenet].<sup>2</sup> Praeterea illud miror, Encolpi, tibi non succurrisse, unum nautam stationis perpetuae interdium noctuque iacere in scapha, nec posse inde custodem<sup>3</sup> nisi aut caede expelli aut praecipitari viribus. Quod an fieri possit, interrogate audaciam vestram. Nam quod ad meum quidem comitatum attinet, nullum recuso periculum, quod salutis spem ostendit. Nam sine causa [quidem]<sup>4</sup> spiritum tanquam rem vacuum impendere ne vos quidem existimo velle. Videte, numquid hoc placeat: ego vos in duas iam pelles coniciam vinctosque loris inter vestimenta pro sarcinis<sup>5</sup> habebō, apertis scilicet aliquatenus labris, quibus et spiritum recipere possitis et cibum. Conclamabo deinde nocte servos poenam graviolem timentes praecipitasse se in mare. Deinde cum ventum fuerit in portum, sine ulla suspitione pro sarcinis vos efferam." "Ita vero" inquam ego "tanquam solidos alligaturus, quibus non soleat venter iniuriam facere? An tanquam eos qui sternutare non soleamus nec stertere? An quia hoc genus furti semel [mea]<sup>6</sup> feliciter cessit? Sed finge una die vinctos posse durare: quid ergo, si diutius aut tranquillitas nos tenuerit aut adversa tempestas?

<sup>1</sup> nihil *Buecheler*: vel. *Fuchs deletes* vel dormienti.

<sup>2</sup> Deleted by *Müller*

<sup>3</sup> *Fraenkel would delete* custodem.

<sup>4</sup> Deleted by *Buecheler*.

<sup>5</sup> *Fraenkel would delete* pro sarcinis.

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ness, if you wanted to escape off another part of the ship; but as it is, you want to slip off the stern close to the helm itself [where the rope which holds the boat safe hangs just by]. Again, I am surprised that it did not occur to you, Encolpius, that one sailor is always on duty night and day lying in the boat, and you cannot turn this sentry out except by killing him, or throw him out except by force. You must ask your own bold heart whether that can be done. As far as my coming with you goes, I do not shirk any danger which offers a chance of safety. But I suppose that even you do not wish to squander your lives like a vain trifle without any reason. Now see whether you approve of this. I will roll you in two bales, tie you up, and put you among my clothes as luggage, of course leaving the ends a bit open, so that you can get your breath and your food. Then I will raise the cry that my slaves have jumped overboard in the dark, being afraid of some heavier punishment. Then after we have arrived in harbour, I will carry you out like baggage, without arousing any suspicion." "What," I cried, "tie us up like wholly solid people whose stomachs never make them unhappy? Like people who never sneeze nor snore? Or just because this kind of trick turned out a success just once<sup>1</sup>? But even supposing we could endure one day tied up: what if we were detained longer by a calm or by rough weather? What should we do?

<sup>1</sup> Cleopatra had herself conveyed wrapped up in a carpet to Julius Caesar at Alexandria, Plutarch: *Life of Caesar*, c. 49.

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<sup>6</sup> *mea* deleted by Scaliger: *mihī cod. Lambeth.*: *antea Schoppius*: *ante Müller in his 2nd edition.*

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Quid facturi sumus? Vestes quoque diutius vinctas ruga consumit, et chartae alligatae mutant figuram. Iuvenes adhuc laboris expertes statuarum ritu patiemur pannos et vincla?" . . .

"Adhuc aliquod iter salutis quaerendum est. Inspicite, quod ego inveni. Eumolpus tanquam litterarum studiosus utique atramentum habet. Hoc ergo remedio mutemus colores a capillis usque ad unguis. Ita tanquam servi Aethiopes et praesto tibi erimus sine tormentorum iniuria hilares, et permutato colore imponemus inimicis." "Quidni?" inquit Giton "etiam circumcide nos, ut Iudaei videamur, et perunde aures, ut imitemur Arabes, et increta facies, ut suos Gallia cives putet: tanquam hic solus color figuram possit pervertere et non multa una oporteat consentiant <ut> omni ratione mendacium<sup>1</sup> constet. Puta infectam medicamine faciem diutius durare posse; finge nec aquae asperginem imposituram aliquam corpori maculam, nec vestem atramento adhaesuram, quod frequenter etiam non accersito ferrumine infigitur:<sup>2</sup> age, numquid et labra possumus tumore taeterrimo implere? Numquid et crines calamistro convertere? Numquid et frontes cicatricibus scindere? Numquid et crura in orbem pandere? Numquid et talos ad terram deducere? Numquid et barbam peregrina ratione figurare? Color arte compositus inquinat corpus, non mutat.

<sup>1</sup> *The tradition for the whole passage here has: pervertere et non multa una oportet consentiant et non natione (ratione Pithoeus's 2nd edition) mendacium constet. On Fraenkel's authority Müller in his 1st edition deletes the first et non and*

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Even clothes that are tied up too long get creased and spoilt, and papers in bundles lose their shape. Are we young fellows who never worked in our lives to put up with ropes and dirty rags as if we were statues? . . . No, we still have to find some way of salvation. Look at what *I* thought of. Eumolpus, as a man of learning, is sure to have some ink. Let us use this medicine to dye ourselves, hair, nails, everything. Then we will stand by you with pleasure like Aethiopian slaves, without undergoing any tortures, and our change of colour will take in our enemies.”

“ Oh! yes,” said Giton, “ and please circumcise us too so that we look like Jews, and bore our ears to imitate Arabians, and chalk our faces till Gaul takes us for her own sons; as if this colour alone could alter our shapes, and it were not needed that many things act in unison to make a good lie on all accounts. Suppose the stain of dye on the face could last for some time; imagine that never a drop of water could make any mark on our skins, nor our clothes stick to the ink, which often clings to us without the use of any cement: but, tell me, can we also make our lips swell to a hideous thickness? Or transform our hair with curling-tongs? Or plough up our foreheads with scars? Or walk bow-legged? Or bend our ankles over to the ground? Or trim our beards in a foreign cut? Artificial colours dirty one’s body without

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*una; and he also deletes et non natione. In his 2nd edition he revises his opinion, and reads pervertere et non multa una oporteat consentiant ut omni ratione mendacium. (oporteat taken with tamquam above Heinsius): ut omni Crusius for the second et non.*

<sup>2</sup> *Stephanie West would delete the clause quod . . . infigitur.*

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Audite, quid amenti<sup>1</sup> succurrerit: praeligemus vestibus capita et nos in profundum mergamus." "Nec istud dii hominesque patiantur" Eumolpus exclamat "ut vos tam turpi exitu vitam finiatis. Immo potius facite, quod iubeo. Mercennarius meus, ut ex novacula comperistis, tonsor est: hic continuo radat utriusque non solum capita, sed etiam supercilia. Sequar ego frontes notans inscriptione sollerti, ut videamini stigmatate esse puniti. Ita eadem litterae et suspicionem declinabunt quaerentium et vultus umbra supplicii tegent."

Non est dilata fallacia, sed ad latus navigii furtim processimus capitaque cum superciliis<sup>2</sup> denudanda tonsori praebuimus. Implevit Eumolpus frontes utriusque ingentibus litteris et notum fugitivorum epigramma per totam faciem liberali manu duxit. Unus forte ex vectoribus, qui acclinatus lateri navis exonerabat stomachum nausea gravem, notavit sibi ad lunam tonsorem intempestivo inhaerentem ministerio, execratusque omen, quod imitaretur naufragorum ultimum votum, in cubile reiectus est. Nos<sup>3</sup> dissimulata nauseantis devotione ad † ordinem †<sup>4</sup> tristitiae redimus, silentioque compositi reliquas noctis horas male soporati consumpsimus . . .

104 "Videbatur mihi secundum quietem Priapus di-

<sup>1</sup> amenti *Buecheler*: menti *suggests Fraenkel*: timenti *l. dementi cod. Lambeth. Perhaps tamen.*

<sup>2</sup> *Fraenkel would delete cum superciliis.*

<sup>3</sup> nos *Dousa*: non.

<sup>4</sup> ordinem *seems to be corrupt. Perhaps turbinem.*

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<sup>1</sup> People threatened by shipwreck dedicated pieces of their hair or beard to sea-gods.



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altering it. Listen, I have thought of this in a crazy mood. Let us tie our heads in our clothes, and plunge into the deep."

"God and man forbid," cried Eumolpus, "that you should make such a vile conclusion of your lives. No, better take my advice. My slave, as you learned by his razor, is a barber. Let him shave the head of each of you this minute, and your eyebrows as well. Then I will come and mark your foreheads with some neat inscription, so that you look like slaves punished by branding. These letters will divert inquisitive people's suspicions, and at the same time conceal your faces with the shadow of punishment." We tried the trick at once, and walked cautiously to the side of the ship, and yielded up our heads and eyebrows to the barber to be shorn. Eumolpus covered both our foreheads with enormous letters, and scrawled the usual mark of runaway slaves all over our faces with a generous hand. But one of the passengers, who was extremely seasick, happened to be leaning over the side of the ship to relieve his stomach, and observed the barber in the moonlight busy with his ill-timed work. The man cursed this for an omen, because it looked like the last offering of a doomed crew,<sup>1</sup> and then threw himself back into his bunk. We pretended not to hear the sea-sick man, and went back to our process of gloom, and then lay down in silence and passed the remaining hours of the night in uneasy sleep. . . .

<sup>2</sup>"I thought I heard Priapus say in my dream: 'I

<sup>2</sup> Codex *l* here prefixes Lichas as the speaker. For Priapus, see p. 27.

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cere: 'Encolpion quod<sup>1</sup> quaeris, scito a me in navem tuam esse perductum.' "Exhorruit Tryphaena et "Putes" inquit "una nos dormiisse; nam et mihi simulacrum Neptuni, quod Baiis in tetrastylo<sup>2</sup> notaveram, videbatur dicere: 'in nave Lichae Gitona invenies.'" "Hinc scies" inquit Eumolpus "Epicurum esse hominem divinum, qui eiusmodi ludibria facetissima ratione condemnat" < . . . ><sup>3</sup>

ceterum Lichas ut Tryphaenae somnium expiavit,<sup>4</sup> "quis" inquit "prohibet navigium scrutari, ne videamur divinae mentis opera damnare?" < . . . ><sup>5</sup> Is qui nocte miserorum furtum deprehenderat, Hesus nomine<sup>6</sup> subito proclamat: "Ergo illi qui<sup>7</sup> sunt qui nocte ad lunam<sup>8</sup> radebantur pessimo medius fidius exemplo? Audio enim non licere cuiquam mortalium in nave neque ungues neque capillos  
105 deponere, nisi cum pelago ventus irascitur." Excanduit Lichas hoc sermone turbatus et "Itane" inquit "capillos aliquis in nave praecidit, et hoc nocte intempesta? Attrahite ocius nocentes in medium, ut sciam, quorum capitibus debeat navigium lustrari." "Ego" inquit Eumolpus "hoc iussi. Nec in<sup>9</sup> eodem futurus navigio auspiciam mihi feci, sed quia

<sup>1</sup> quem suggests Fraenkel.

<sup>2</sup> Baiis in tetrastylo Buecheler: Baistor asylo. Perhaps Baiis pro asylo. Heinsius proposed in peristylo, J. F. Gronov in peristylio.

<sup>3</sup> Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.

<sup>4</sup> Nisbet suggests expiaret.

<sup>5</sup> Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.

<sup>6</sup> laesus omnine in margin of Tornaesius's edition. Fraenkel suggests offensus omnine.

<sup>7</sup> Segebade deletes qui.

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tell you that Encolpius—to answer your inquiry—has been led by me on board your ship.” Tryphaena shuddered and said, “You would think we had slept together; I also dreamed that a likeness of Neptune, which I noticed in a gallery at Baiae, said to me: ‘You will find Giton on board Lichas’s ship.’” “This shows you,” said Eumolpus, “That Epicurus<sup>1</sup> was a superhuman creature; he condemns jokes of this kind in a very witty fashion.” . . . However, Lichas first prayed that Tryphaena’s dream might mean no harm, and then said, “There is no objection to searching the ship to show that we do not despise the workings of Providence.” . . . Then the man who had caught us at our wretched tricks the night before, whose name was Hesus, suddenly shouted, “Then who are those fellows who were being shaved in the dark by moonlight? A mighty bad precedent, I swear. I am told that no man alive ought to shed a nail or a hair on board ship, unless winds and waves are raging.” At this speech Lichas fired up in alarm, and said, “What, has anyone cut his hair on board my ship, and at dead of night too? Quick, bring the villains out here. I want to know what persons are to be punished to give us a clear voyage.” “Oh,” said Eumolpus, “I gave those orders. I was not doing anything unlucky, considering that I had to

<sup>1</sup> Epicurus, c. 342–270 B.C., the famous philosopher, who taught that freedom from pain was the highest good. But the allusion here is obscure.

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<sup>8</sup> Müller deleted *ad lunam in his 1st edition, but retains the words in his 2nd.*

<sup>9</sup> in *Buecheler*: non.

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nocentes<sup>1</sup> horridos longosque habebant capillos, ne viderer de nave carcerem facere, iussi squalorem damnatis auferri; simul ut notae quoque litterarum non adumbratae<sup>2</sup> comarum praesidio totae<sup>3</sup> ad oculos legentium acciderent. Inter cetera apud communem amicam consumpserunt pecuniam meam, a qua illos proxima nocte extraxi mero unguentisque perfusos. Ad summam, adhuc patrimonii mei reliquias olent” . . .

itaque ut tutela navis expiaretur, placuit quadragenas utrique plagas imponi. Nulla ergo fit mora; aggrediuntur nos furentes nautae cum funibus temptantque vilissimo sanguine tutelam placare. Et ego quidem tres plagas Spartana nobilitate concoxi. Ceterum Giton semel ictus tam valde exclamavit, ut Tryphaenae aures notissima voce repleret.<sup>4</sup> Non solum era<sup>5</sup> turbata est, sed ancillae etiam omnes familiari sono inductae ad vapulantem decurrunt. Iam Giton mirabili forma exarmaverat nautas cooperatque etiam sine voce saevientes rogare, cum ancillae pariter proclamant: “Giton est, Giton, inhibete crudelissimas manus; Giton est, domina, succurre.” Deflectit aures Tryphaena iam sua sponte credentes raptimque ad puerum devolat. Lichas, qui me optime noverat, tanquam et ipse vocem

<sup>1</sup> *Fraenkel would delete nocentes.*

<sup>2</sup> *Fraenkel suggested deleting adumbratae. Müller in his 2nd edition reads obumbratae with Buecheler.*

<sup>3</sup> *tectae Müller (1st edition): tutae Fraenkel: totae, retained by Müller in his 2nd edition.*

<sup>4</sup> *Since Petronius would hardly end a sentence vōcē rēplērēt, Müller reads compleret, Fraenkel impletet. Perhaps repleret voce.*

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share the voyage myself. It was because these ruffians had long, dirty hair. I did not want to turn the ship into a prison, so I ordered the filth to be cleared off the brutes. Besides, I did not want the marks of branding to be screened and covered by their hair. They ought to show a full length for every one to read. Furthermore, they squandered my money on a certain lady friend of ours; I pulled them away from her the night before, reeking with wine and scent. In fact, they still stink of the shreds of my inheritance." . . .

So it was decided that forty stripes should be inflicted on each of us to appease the guardian angel of the ship. So not a moment was lost; the angry sailors advanced upon us with ropes-ends, and tried to soften their guardian angel's heart with our miserable blood. I indeed digested three full blows with Spartan pride. But Giton cried out so lustily the moment he was touched, that his familiar voice filled Tryphaena's ears. Not only was the mistress in a flutter, but all her maids were drawn by the well-known tones, and came running to the victim. Giton's loveliness had already disarmed the sailors; even without speaking he had appealed to his tormentors. Then all the maids screamed out together: "It is Giton, it is; stop beating him, you monsters. Help, ma'am, Giton is here." Tryphaena had already convinced herself, and inclined her ear to them, and flew on wings to the boy. Lichas, who knew me intimately, ran up as though he had heard my voice

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<sup>5</sup> era *Buecheler*: ergo(ea) *Novák*: ergo. *Müller* reads nec solum ea conturbata est.

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audisset, accurrit et nec manus nec faciem meam consideravit, sed continuo ad inguina mea luminibus deflexis<sup>1</sup> movit<sup>2</sup> officiosam manum et "Salve" inquit "Encolpi." Miretur nunc aliquis Vlixis nutricem post vicesimum annum cicatricem invenisse originis<sup>3</sup> indicem, cum homo prudentissimus<sup>4</sup> confusis omnibus corporis orisque lineamentis<sup>5</sup> ad unicum fugitivi argumentum tam docte pervenerit. Tryphaena lacrimas effudit decepta supplicio<sup>6</sup>—vera enim stigmata credebat captivorum frontibus impressa—sciscitarique submissius coepit, quod ergastulum interceptisset errantes, aut cuius tam crudeles manus in hoc supplicium durassent. Meruisse quidem contumeliam aliquam fugitivos,<sup>7</sup> quibus in odium bona sua venissent < . . . ><sup>8</sup>

106 concitatus iracundia prosiliit Lichas et "O te" inquit "feminam simplicem, tanquam vulnera ferro praeparata litteras biberint. Utinam quidem hac se inscriptione frontis<sup>9</sup> maculassent; haberemus nos extremum solacium. Nunc mimicis<sup>10</sup> artibus petiti sumus et adumbrata inscriptione derisi."

Volebat Tryphaena misereri, quia non totam voluptatem perdiderat, sed Lichas memor adhuc uxoris

<sup>1</sup> *Fraenkel was inclined to delete luminibus deflexis.*

<sup>2</sup> admovit *Müller in his 1st edition only.*

<sup>3</sup> *Fraenkel would delete originis.*

<sup>4</sup> prudentissimus *Dousa; imprudentissimus Schoppius.*

<sup>5</sup> *Müller deletes the clause confusis . . . lineamentis in which Buecheler reads orisque for indiciorumque.*

<sup>6</sup> *Fraenkel suggested deleting decepta supplicio.*

<sup>7</sup> *P. George would delete fugitivos.*

## SATYRICON

too, and did not glance at my hands or face, at once looking down applied a busy hand to my groin, and said, "How are you, Encolpius?" No one need be surprised that Ulysses's nurse discovered the scar<sup>1</sup> which revealed his identity after twenty years, when a clever man hit upon the one test of a runaway so brilliantly, though every feature of his face and body was blurred. Tryphaena, thinking that the marks on our foreheads were real prisoners' brands, cried bitterly over our supposed punishment, and proceeded to inquire more gently what prison had stayed us in our wanderings, and what hand had been so ruthless as to inflict such marks upon us. "But, of course," she said, "runaway slaves who come to hate their own happiness, do deserve some chastisement." . . .

Lichas leaped forward in a transport of rage and cried, "You silly woman, as if these letters were made by the scars of the branding-iron. I only wish they had defiled their foreheads with that kind of inscription; we should have some consolation left. As it is, we have been assailed by an actor's tricks, and befooled by a mere outline of an inscription."

Tryphaena besought him to have pity, because she had not lost all her desire for Giton, but the seduction of his wife and the insults offered to him in the Porch

<sup>1</sup> Odysseus' old nurse Euryclea recognized him, despite his age and disguise, by a scar on his leg—Homer, *Odyssey*, XIX, 467 ff.

<sup>8</sup> *Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.*

<sup>9</sup> *Müller deletes frontis.*

<sup>10</sup> *mimicis Pithoeus: inimici.*

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corruptae contumeliarumque, quas in Herculis porticu acceperat, turbato vehementius vultu proclamat: "Deos immortales rerum humanarum agere curam, puto, intellexisti, o Tryphaena. Nam imprudentes noxios in nostrum inducere navigium, et quid fecissent, admonuerunt pari somniorum consensu. Ita vide, ut possit illis ignosci, quos ad poenam ipse deus deduxit. Quod ad me attinet, non sum crudelis, sed vereor, ne quod remisero, patiar." Tam superstitiosa oratione Tryphaena mutata negat se interpellare supplicium, immo accedere etiam iustissimae ultioni. Nec se minus grandi vexatam iniuria quam Licham,<sup>1</sup> cuius pudoris dignitas<sup>2</sup> in contione proscripta sit . . .

107 "Me, ut puto, hominem non ignotum, elegerunt ad hoc officium [legatum]<sup>3</sup> petieruntque, ut se reconciliarem aliquando amicissimis. Nisi forte putatis iuvenes casu in has plagas incidisse, cum omnis vector nihil prius quaerat, quam cuius se diligentiae credat. Flectite ergo mentes satisfactione lenitas, et patimini liberos homines ire sine iniuria, quo destinarunt.<sup>4</sup> Saevi quoque implacabilesque domini crudelitatem suam impediunt, si quando paenitentia fugitivos reduxit, et dediticiis hostibus parcimus. Quid ultra petitis aut quid vultis? In conspectu vestro supplices

<sup>1</sup> *Fraenkel would delete Licham.*

<sup>2</sup> *Buecheler conjectures pudor et dignitas: [pudoris] dignitas Fraenkel: uxoris dignitas Jacobs.*

<sup>3</sup> *Omitted by Pithoeus and cod. Lambeth.*

<sup>4</sup> *destinarunt Buecheler: destinant.*



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of Hercules<sup>1</sup> were still in Lichas's mind, and he cried out with a look of still more profound agitation, "Tryphaena, I believe you admit that the Gods in Heaven take some trouble about men's affairs. They brought these sinners on board my boat without their knowledge, and told us what they had done by a coincidence in dreams. Then do consider; how can we possibly pardon people whom a God himself has handed over to us for punishment? As for me, I am not a bloodthirsty man, but personally I am afraid that if I let them off anything it will fall on me." Tryphaena veered round at this appeal to superstition, declined to interfere with the punishment, and declared that she approved of this most proper vengeance. She had been just as gravely wronged as Lichas, considering that her reputation for chastity had been publicly and adversely shown up. . . .

<sup>2</sup>" I believe I am a man of some reputation, and they have chosen me for this duty, and begged me to make it up between them and their old friends. I suppose you do not imagine that these young men have fallen into the snare by chance, when the first care of every one who goes a voyage is to find a trustworthy person to depend on. So unbend the sternness which has been softened by revenge, and let the men go free without hindrance to their destination. Even a harsh and unforgiving master reins in his cruelty if his runaways are at last led back by penitence, and we all spare an enemy who surrenders. What do you want or wish for more? These free and

<sup>1</sup> This incident presumably occurred in a lost passage of Petronius.

<sup>2</sup> Codex *l* adds Eumolpus as the speaker.

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iacent iuvenes ingenui, honesti, et quod utroque potentius est, familiaritate vobis aliquando coniuncti. Si mehercules intervertissent pecuniam vestram, si fidem proditione laesissent, satiari tamen potuissetis hac poena, quam videtis. Servitia ecce in frontibus<sup>1</sup> cernitis et vultus ingenuos voluntaria poenarum lege proscriptos.” Interpellavit deprecationem supplicii<sup>2</sup> Lichas et “Noli” inquit “causam confundere, sed impone singulis modum. Ac primum omnium, si ultro venerunt, cur nudavere crinibus capita? Vultum enim qui permutat, fraudem parat, non satisfactionem. Deinde, si gratiam te<sup>3</sup> legato moliebantur, quid ita omnia fecisti, ut quos tuebaris, absconderes? Ex quo apparet casu incidisse noxios in plagas et te artem quaesisse, qua nostrae animadversionis impetum eluderet. Nam quod invidiam facis nobis ingenuos honestosque clamando, vide, ne deteriorem facias confidentia causam. Quid debent laesi facere, ubi rei ad poenam confugiunt? At enim amici fuerunt nostri: eo maiora meruerunt<sup>4</sup> supplicia; nam qui ignotos laedit, latro appellatur, qui amicos, paulo minus quam parricida.” Resolvit Eumolpos tam iniquam declamationem et “Intellego” inquit “nihil magis obesse iuvenibus miseris, quam quod nocte deposuerunt capillos: hoc argumento incidisse videntur in navem, non venisse.<sup>5</sup> Quod velim tam candide ad aures vestras perveniat.

<sup>1</sup> servilia ecce in frontibus <stigmata> *Jacobs*. *There are other suggestions*; servitii indicia *Burman*.

<sup>2</sup> supplicii *Buecheler*: supplicis, omitted in *Tornaesius's edition and Pithoeus's 1st and ed. Lambeth.*: Müller deletes.

<sup>3</sup> te *Buecheler*: a.

<sup>4</sup> *Fraenkel suggests, because of the clausula, meruere.*

<sup>5</sup> Müller deletes the whole sentence hoc . . . venisse.

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respectable young men lie prostrate before your eyes, and what is more important than either, they were once bound to you by close friendship. I take my oath that if they had embezzled your money, or hurt you by betraying your confidence, you might still be satisfied with the punishment you have seen inflicted. Look, you see slavery on their foreheads, and their free faces defiled under a self-imposed sentence of punishment." Lichas interrupted this plea for mercy, saying, "Do not go confusing the issue, but let each single point have its place. And first of all, if they came of their own accord, why have they stripped all the hair off their heads? A man who disguises himself wants to play a trick, not to make amends. Again, if they were contriving some act of grace with you as mediator, why did you do everything in your power to hide your protégés away? All this makes it clear that the ruffians fell into the net by accident, and that you hunted for some device to avoid the force of our displeasure. When you try to prejudice us by calling them free and respectable, mind you do not spoil your case by impudence. What should an injured party do, when the guilty run into punishment? Oh! you say, they were once our friends! Then they deserve the harsher treatment. A person who injures a stranger is called a robber, but a man who hurts his friends is practically a parricide." Eumolpus put an end to this unfair harangue by saying, "I know that nothing is more against the poor young men than their cutting their hair at night. This looks like a proof that they came by chance upon the ship and did not come on purpose. Now I want the plain truth to come to your ears just

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quam simpliciter gestum est. Voluerunt enim antequam conscenderent, exonerare capita molesto et supervacuo pondere, sed celerior ventus distulit curationis propositum. Nec tamen putaverunt ad rem pertinere, ubi inciperent, quod placuerat ut fieret, quia nec omen nec legem navigantium noverant." "Quid" inquit Lichas "attinuit supplices radere? Nisi forte miserabiliores calvi solent esse. Quamquam quid attinet veritatem per interpretem quaerere? quid dicis tu, latro? quae [sola]<sup>1</sup> salamandra supercilia tua exussit? cui deo crinem vovisti? pharmace, responde."

108 Obstupueram ego supplicii metu pavidus, nec quid in re manifestissima dicerem inveniebam turbatus < . . . ><sup>2</sup> et deformis praeter spoliati capitis dedecus superciliorum etiam aequalis cum fronte calvities, ut nihil nec facere deceret nec dicere. Ut vero sponsia uda facies plorantis deteresa est et liquefactum per totum os atramentum omnia scilicet<sup>3</sup> lineamenta fuliginea nube confudit, in odium se ira convertit. < . . . ><sup>4</sup> Negat Eumolpus passurum se, ut quisquam ingenuos contra fas legemque contaminet, interpellatque saevientium minas non solum voce sed etiam manibus. Aderat interpellanti<sup>5</sup> mercennarius comes et unus alterque infirmissimus vector, solacia magis litis quam virium auxilia. Nec quicquam pro me de-

<sup>1</sup> deleted by *Pithoeus*.

<sup>2</sup> *Lacuna indicated by Buecheler*.

<sup>3</sup> *Fuchs would delete scilicet*.

<sup>4</sup> *Lacuna indicated by Fraenkel*.

<sup>5</sup> *ei [interpellanti] Müller*.

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as simply as it happened. They wanted to relieve their heads of the troublesome and useless weight before they came aboard, but the wind got up and postponed their scheme of treatment. They never thought that it made any difference where they began what they had decided to do; they were quite ignorant of sailors' omens and sea-law." "But why should they shave themselves to excite pity?" said Lichas, "Unless of course bald people are naturally more pitiable. But what is the use of trying to discover the truth through a third person? Now *you* speak up, you ruffian! Who was the salamander<sup>1</sup> that singed off your eyebrows? What God had the promise of your hair? Answer me, poisonous fellow!"

I was dumb with terror of being punished, and too upset to find a word to say, for the case was only too clear. . . . We were in no position to speak, or do anything, for to say nothing of the disgrace of our heads both unseemly and shaven, our eyebrows were as bald as our pates. But when a wet sponge was wiped down my doleful countenance, and the ink ran over all my face and of course blotted out every feature in a cloud of smut, anger passed into loathing. . . . Eumolpus cried out that he would not allow anyone to disfigure free young men without right or reason, and cut short the angry sailors' threats not only by argument but by force. His slave stood by him in his protest, and one or two of the most feeble passengers; but they merely gave him moral support in the dispute, not an increase in his strength. For

<sup>1</sup> There was a belief that if you touched a salamander you lost all your hair. Lichas here speaks to Encolpius.

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precabar, sed intentans in oculos Tryphaenae manus usurum me viribus meis clara liberaque voce clamavi, ni abstineret a Gitone iniuriam mulier damnata et in toto navigio sola verberanda. Accenditur audacia mea iratior Lichas, indignaturque quod ego relicta mea causa tantum pro alio clamo. Nec minus Tryphaena contumelia saevit accensa totiusque navigii turbam diducit in partes. Hinc mercennarius tonsor<sup>1</sup> ferramenta sua nobis et ipse armatus distribuit, illinc Tryphaenae familia nudas expedit manus, ac ne ancillarum quidem clamor aciem destituit, uno tantum gubernatore relicturum se navis ministerium denuntiante, si non desinat rabies libidine perditorum collecta. Nihilo minus tamen perseverat dimicantium furor, illis pro ultione, nobis pro vita pugnantibus. Multi ergo utrinque sine morte<sup>2</sup> labuntur, plures cruenti vulneribus referunt veluti ex proelio<sup>3</sup> pedem, nec tamen cuiusquam ira laxatur. Tunc fortissimus Giton ad virilia sua admovit novaculam infestam, minatus se abscisurum tot miseriarum causam, inhiuitque Tryphaena tam grande facinus non dissimulata missione. Saepius ego cultrum tonsorium super iugulum meum posui, non magis me occisurus, quam Giton, quod minabatur, facturus. Audacius tamen ille tragoediam implebat, quia sciebat se illam habere novaculam, qua iam sibi cervicem LO praeciderat. | Stante ergo utraque acie, cum ap-

<sup>1</sup> *Burman deletes tonsor.*

<sup>2</sup> *sine morte deleted by Delz and Nisbet, rightly? sine mora Pflug.*

<sup>3</sup> *Fraenkel would delete veluti ex proelio.*

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my part I shirked nothing. I shook my fist in Tryphaena's face, and declared in a loud open voice that I would use violence to her if she did not leave off hurting Giton, for she was a wicked woman and the only person on the ship who deserved flogging. Lichas's wrath blazed hotter at my daring, and he taunted me with throwing up my own case and only shouting for somebody else. Tryphaena was equally hot and angry and abusive, and divided the whole ship's company into factions. On our side, the hireling [barber] handed out his blades to us, and kept one for himself, on the other side Tryphaena's slaves were ready with bare fists, and even the cries of women were not unheard on the field. The helmsman alone swore that he would give up minding the ship if this madness, which had been stirred up to suit a pack of scoundrels, did not stop. None the less, the fury of the combatants persisted, the enemy fighting for revenge and we for dear life. Many fell on both sides without fatal results, still more got bloody wounds and retired in the style of a real battle, and still we all raged implacably. Then the gallant Giton turned a razor against his genitals and threatened to put an end to our troubles by self-mutilation, and Tryphaena averted the horrible disaster by an effort to free us from our troubles which she made in all sincerity. I lifted a barber's knife to my throat several times, no more meaning to kill myself than Giton meant to do what he threatened. Still he filled the tragic part more recklessly, because he knew that he was holding the very razor with which he had already made a cut on his throat. Both sides were drawn up in battle array, and it was plain that the fight

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pareret futurum non tralaticium bellum, aegre expugnavit gubernator, ut caduceatoris more Tryphaena indutias faceret. Data ergo acceptaque ex more patrio fide praetendit ramum oleae a tutela navigii raptum, atque in colloquium venire ausa

“ Quis furor ” exclamat “ pacem convertit in arma? Quid nostrae meruere manus? Non Troius heros<sup>1</sup> hac in classe vehit decepti pignus Atridae, nec Medea furens fraterno sanguine pugnat. Sed contemptus amor vires habet. Ei mihi, fata hos inter fluctus quis raptis evocat armis? Cui non est mors una satis? Ne vincite pontum gurgitibusque feris alios imponite fluctus.”

109 Haec ut turbato clamore mulier effudit, haesit paulisper acies, revocataeque ad pacem manus intermisere bellum. Utitur paenitentiae occasione dux Eumolpos et castigato ante vehementissime Licha tabulas foederis signat, quis<sup>2</sup> haec formula erat: “ Ex tui animi sententia, ut tu, Tryphaena, neque iniuriam tibi factam a Gitone quereris, neque si quid ante hunc diem factum est, obicies vindicabisve aut ullo alio genere persequendum curabis; ut tu nihil imperabis puero repugnanti, non amplexum, non osculum, non coitum venere constrictum, nisi pro qua re praesentes numeraveris denarios centum. Item, Licha, ex tui

<sup>1</sup> heros *cod. Autissiodurensis and O*; hostis: hospes *Wehle*.

<sup>2</sup> cuius *conjectures Buecheler*.

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<sup>1</sup> Paris who carried off to Troy from Sparta Helen, wife of King Menelaus (son of Atreus) and so caused the Trojan war.

<sup>2</sup> In Greek mythology Absyrtus, Medea's brother, and son of Aietes King of Colchis, plotted against Jason, who had come



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would be no ordinary affair, when the helmsman with difficulty induced Tryphaena to conclude a truce like a herald with staff. So the usual formal undertakings were exchanged, and she waved an olive-branch which she took from the ship's figure-head, and ventured to come up and talk to us: "What madness," she cried, "is turning peace into war? What have our hands done to deserve it? No Trojan hero<sup>1</sup> carries the bride of the cuckold son of Atreus in this fleet, nor does frenzied Medea<sup>2</sup> fight her foe by slaying her brother. But love despised is powerful. Ah! who courts destruction among these waves by drawing the sword? Who does not find a single death enough? Do not strive to outdo the sea and heap fresh waves upon its savage floods."

The woman poured out these words in a loud excited voice, the fighting died away for a little while, our hands were recalled to the way of peace, and dropped the war. Our leader Eumolpus seized the occasion of their relenting, and after making a warm attack on Lichas, signed the deed of treaty, which ran as follows: "Agreed on your part, Tryphaena, that you will not complain of any wrong done to you by Giton, and if any has been done to you before this date will not bring it up against him or punish him or take steps to follow it up in any other way whatsoever; that you will give the boy no orders which he dislikes, for a hug, a kiss, or a lover's close embrace, without paying a hundred pieces for it cash down. Furthermore, it is agreed on your part, Lichas, that

seeking the Golden Fleece. While fleeing with Jason, his mistress Medea cut Absyrtus into pieces and dropped them overboard to delay the pursuers.

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animi sententia, ut tu Encolpion nec verbo contumelioso insequeris nec vultu, neque quaeres ubi nocte dormiat, aut si quaesieris,<sup>1</sup> pro singulis iniuriis numerabis praesentes denarios ducenos." In haec verba  
*L* foederibus compositis arma deponimus, | et ne residua in animis etiam post iusiurandum ira remaneret, praeterita aboleri oculis placet. Exhortantibus universis odia detumescunt, epulaeque ad certamen prolatae  
*LO* conciliant hilaritatem [concilium].<sup>2</sup> | Exsonat ergo cantibus totum navigium, et quia repentina tranquillitas intermiserat cursum, alius exultantes quaerebat<sup>3</sup> fuscina pisces, alius hamis blandientibus convellebat praedam repugnantem. Ecce etiam per antennam pelagiae considerant volucres, quas textis harundinibus peritus artifex tetigit; illae viscatis illigatae viminibus deferebantur ad manus. Tollebat plumas aura volitantes, pinnasque per maria inanis spuma torquebat.

Iam Lichas redire mecum in gratiam coeperat, iam Tryphaena Gitona extrema parte potionis spargebat, cum Eumolpus et ipse vino solutus dicta voluit in calvos stigmososque iaculari, donec consumpta frigidissima urbanitate rediit ad carmina sua coepitque capillorum elegidarion dicere:

" Quod solum<sup>4</sup> formae decus est, cecidere capilli,  
 vernantesque comas tristis abegit hiemps.

Nunc umbra nudata sua iam tempora maerent,

<sup>1</sup> Müller deletes si quaesieris.

<sup>2</sup> hilaritatem Jacobs: hilaritate. For concilium (or consilium), which Jacobs deletes, Buecheler proposes concordiam, keeping hilaritate. Another suggestion is convivium.

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you will not pursue Encolpius with insulting words or grimaces, nor inquire where he sleeps at night, or if you do inquire will pay two hundred pieces cash down for every injurious act done to him." Peace was made on these terms, and we laid down our arms, and for fear any vestige of anger should be left in our minds, even after taking the oath, we decided to wipe out the past with a kiss. There was applause all round, our hatred died down, and a feast which had been brought for the fight made us one in joviality. Then the whole ship rang with songs; and a sudden calm having stayed us in our course, one man pursued the leaping fish with a spear, another pulled in his struggling prey on alluring hooks. Besides all this, some sea-birds settled on one of the yards, and a clever sportsman took them in with a jointed rod of reeds, they were snared by these limed twigs and brought down into our hands. The breeze caught their feathers as they flew, and the light foam lashed their wings as they skimmed the sea.

Lichas was just beginning to be friendly with me again, Tryphaena was just pouring the dregs of a drink over Giton, when Eumolpus, who was unsteady with drink himself, tried to aim some satire at bald persons and branded criminals, and after exhausting his chilly wit, went back to his poetry and proceeded to declaim a little dirge on Hair:

"The hair that is the whole glory of the body is fallen, dull winter has carried away the bright locks of spring. Now the temples are bare of their shade

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<sup>3</sup> *Müller suggests petebat.*

<sup>4</sup> *summum Florilegia.*

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• areaque attritis ridet <sup>1</sup> adusta <sup>2</sup> pilis.  
 O fallax natura deum: quae prima dedisti 5  
 aetati nostrae gaudia, prima rapis.”

⟨ . . . ⟩ <sup>3</sup>

“ Infelix, modo crinibus nitebas 7  
 Phoebo pulchrior et sorore Phoebi.  
 At nunc levior aere vel rotundo  
 horti tubere, quod creavit unda, <sup>4</sup> 10  
 ridentes fugis et times puellas.  
 Ut mortem citius venire credas,  
 scito iam capitis perisse partem.”

110 Plura volebat proferre, credo, et ineptiora praeteritis, cum ancilla Tryphaenae Gitona in partem navis inferiorem ducit corymbioque dominae pueri adornat caput. Immo supercilia etiam profert de pyxide sciteque iacturae lineamenta secuta totam illi formam suam reddidit. Agnovit Tryphaena verum Gitona, lacrimisque turbata tunc primum bona fide  
*L* puero basium dedit. | Ego etiam si repositum in pristinum decorem puerum gaudebam, abscondebam tamen frequentius vultum intellegebamque me non tralaticia deformitate esse insignitum, quem alloquio dignum ne Lichas quidem crederet. Sed huic tristitiae eadem illa succurrit ancilla, sevocatumque <sup>5</sup> me

<sup>1</sup> ardet *Birt*: sordet or aret *Iunius*.

<sup>2</sup> adulta suggests *Buecheler*.

<sup>3</sup> lacuna indicated by cod. *Lambeth.*, *Tornaesius's* edition, and *Pithoeus's* 1st edition. Before *Turnebus* and *Sambucus* re-

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and are downcast, and the scorched space on my old head shines where the hair is worn away. Ye Gods that love to cheat us; ye rob us first of the first joys ye gave to our youth. . . .

“Poor wretch, a moment ago thy hair shone bright and more beautiful than Phoebus<sup>1</sup> and the sister of Phoebus. Now thou art smoother than bronze or the round garden truffle that is born in rain, and turnest in dread from a girl’s mockery. To teach thee how quickly death shall come, know that a part of thine head hath died already.”

He wanted to produce some more lines even more silly than the last, I believe, when one of Tryphaena’s maids took Giton below decks, and ornamented the boy’s head with some of her mistress’s clustered curls. Further, she also took some eyebrows out of a box, and by cunningly following the lines where he was defaced she restored his proper beauty complete. Tryphaena recognized the true Giton, there was a storm of tears, and she then for the first time gave the boy a kiss with real affection. Of course, I was glad to see him clothed again in his former loveliness, but still I kept hiding my own face continually, for I realized that I was marked with no common ugliness, since not even Lichas considered me fit to speak to. But the same maid came and rescued me from gloom,

<sup>1</sup> The god of the sun, Apollo, whose twin sister was Phoebe, goddess of the moon, Artemis-Diana.

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*arranged lines 7-13 of this poem, they were in the order 7, 9, 11, 8, 10, 12, 13.*

<sup>4</sup> *imber Jahn.*

<sup>5</sup> *sevocatunq̄ue Goldast: evocatunq̄ue.*

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non minus decoro exornavit capillamento; immo commendatior vultus enituit, quia flavum<sup>1</sup> corymbion erat . . .

LO | Ceterum Eumolpos, et periclitantium advocatus et praesentis concordiae auctor, ne sileret sine fabulis hilaritas, multa in muliebrem levitatem coepit iactare: quam facile adamarent, quam cito etiam filiorum obliviscerentur, nullamque esse feminam tam pudicam, quae non peregrina libidine usque ad furorem averteretur. Nec se tragoedias veteres curare aut nomina saeculis nota, sed rem sua memoria factam, quam expositurum se esse, si vellemus audire. Conversis igitur omnium in se vultibus auribusque sic orsus est:

111 “ Matrona quaedam Ephesi tam notae erat pudicitiae, ut vicinarum quoque gentium feminas ad spectaculum sui evocaret. Haec ergo cum virum extulisset, non contenta vulgari more funus passis prosequi crinibus aut nudatum pectus in conspectu frequentiae plangere, in conditorium etiam prosecuta est defunctum positumque in hypogaeo Graeco more<sup>2</sup> corpus custodire ac flere totis noctibus diebusque coepit. Sic afflictantem se ac mortem inedia persequentem non parentes potuerunt abducere, non propinqui; magistratus ultimo repulsi abierunt, complorataque singularis exempli femina ab omnibus quintum iam diem

<sup>1</sup> flavum in margin of Tornassius's edition: flaucorum. There are other suggestions.

<sup>2</sup> Graeco more perhaps should be deleted (Fraenkel).

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called me aside, and decked me with equally becoming curls. Indeed, my face shone with a greater glory. My curls were golden! . . .

Then Eumolpus, our spokesman in peril and the begetter of our present peace, to save our jollity from falling dumb for want of good stories, proceeded to hurl many taunts at the fickleness of women; how easily they fell in love, how quickly they forgot even their children, how no woman was so chaste that she could not be led away into utter madness by a passion for a stranger. He was not thinking of old tragedies or names notorious in history, but of an affair which happened in his lifetime. He would tell it us if we liked to listen. So all eyes and ears were turned upon him, and he began as follows:<sup>1</sup>

“ There was a married woman in Ephesus of such famous virtue that she drew women even from the neighbouring states to gaze upon her. So when she had buried her husband, the common fashion of following the procession with loose hair, and beating the naked breast in front of the crowd, did not satisfy her. She followed the dead man even to his resting-place, and proceeded to watch and weep night and day over the body, which was laid in an underground vault in the Greek fashion. Neither her parents nor her relations could divert her from thus torturing herself, and courting death by starvation; the officials were at last rebuffed and left her; every one mourned for her as a woman of unique character, and she was

<sup>1</sup> The story which follows was one of the “ Milesian Tales ” which became popular by the first century B.C. We find it first in Phaedrus. It has been specially famous since the twelfth century.

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sine alimento trahebat. Assidebat aegrae fidissima ancilla, simulque et lacrimas commodabat <sup>1</sup> lugenti, et quotienscunque defecerat positum in monumento lumen renovabat. Una igitur in tota civitate fabula erat, solum illud affulsisse verum pudicitiae amorisque exemplum omnis ordinis homines confitebantur, cum interim imperator provinciae latrones iussit crucibus affigi secundum illam casulam, in qua recens cadaver matrona deflebat. Proxima ergo nocte, cum miles, qui cruces asservabat, ne quis ad sepulturam corpus detraheret, notasset sibi [et] <sup>2</sup> lumen inter monumenta clarius fulgens et gemitum lugentis audisset, vitio gentis humanae concupiit scire, quis aut quid faceret. Descendit igitur in conditorium, visaque pulcherrima muliere primo quasi quodam monstro infernisque imaginibus turbatus substitit. Deinde ut et corpus iacentis conspexit et lacrimas consideravit faciemque unguibus sectam, ratus scilicet id quod erat, desiderium extincti non posse feminam pati, attulit in monumentum cenulam suam coepitque hortari lugentem, ne perseveraret in dolore supervacuo ac nihil profuturo gemitu pectus diduceret: omnium eundem esse exitum [sed] <sup>3</sup> et idem domicilium, et cetera quibus exulceratae mentes ad sanitatem revocantur. At illa ignota <sup>4</sup> consolatione per-

<sup>1</sup> commodabat *Rittershusius*: commendabat.

<sup>2</sup> Deleted by *Buecheler*.

<sup>3</sup> Deleted by *Orelli*.

<sup>4</sup> For ignota, which seems wrong, *Rittershusius* proposed



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now passing her fifth day without food. A devoted maid sat by the failing woman, shed tears in sympathy with her woes, and at the same time filled up the lamp, which was placed in the tomb, whenever it sank. So there was but one opinion throughout the city, every class of person admitting this was the one true and brilliant example of chastity and love. At this moment the governor of the province gave orders that some robbers should be crucified near the small building where the lady was bewailing her recent loss. So on the next night, when the soldier who was watching the crosses, to prevent anyone taking down a body for burial, observed a light shining plainly among the tombs and heard a mourner's groans, a very human weakness made him curious to know who it was and what he was doing. So he went down into the vault, and on seeing a very beautiful woman, at first halted in confusion, as if he had seen a portent or some ghost from the world beneath. But afterwards noticing the dead man lying there, and watching the woman's tears and the marks of her nails on her face, he came to the correct conclusion, that she found her regret for the lost one unendurable. He therefore brought his supper into the tomb, and proceeded to urge the mourner not to persist in useless grief, and break her heart with unprofitable sobs; for all men made the same end and found the same resting-place, and so on with the other platitudes which restore wounded spirits to health. But she took no notice [?] of his sympathy, struck and tore

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*inopinata. Nisbet proposes ingrata, and for percussa suggests praeclusa.*

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cussa laceravit vehementius pectus ruptosque<sup>1</sup> crines super corpus<sup>2</sup> iacentis imposuit. Non recessit tamen miles, sed eadem exhortatione temptavit dare mulierculae cibum, donec ancilla vini certum habeo<sup>3</sup> odore corrupta primum ipsa porrexit ad humanitatem invitantis victam manum, deinde refecta potione et cibo expugnare dominae pertinaciam coepit et ' Quid proderit ' inquit ' hoc tibi, si soluta inedia fueris, si te vivam sepelieris, si antequam fata poscant, indemnatum spiritum effuderis?'

Id cinerem aut manes credis sentire sepultos?

Vis tu reviviscere? Vis discusso muliebri errore, quam diu licuerit, lucis commodis frui? Ipsum te iacentis corpus commonere<sup>4</sup> debet, ut vivas.' Nemo invitatus audit, cum cogitur [aut cibum sumere aut]<sup>5</sup> vivere. Itaque mulier aliquot dierum abstinentia sicca passa est frangi pertinaciam suam, nec minus avidè replevit se cibo quam ancilla, quae prior victa  
112 est. Ceterum scitis, quid plerumque soleat temptare humanam satietatem. Quibus blanditiis impetraverat miles, ut matrona vellet vivere, isdem etiam pudicitiam eius aggressus est. Nec deformis aut infacundus iuvenis castae videbatur, conciliante gratiam ancilla ac subinde dicente:

<sup>1</sup> raptosque *John of Salisbury*.

<sup>2</sup> corpus *Nodot*: pectus.

<sup>3</sup> certum habeo *John of Salisbury*: certum ab eo *B*, with certum altered to certo: certe ab eo *P*, δ: ab eo certo *R*. *The doubtful words are omitted by l and the Florilegia.*

<sup>4</sup> ammonere *B, R*. commovere other *MSS*.

## SATYRICON

her breast more violently than ever, wrenched out her hair, and laid it on the dead body. Still the soldier did not retire, but tried to give the poor woman food with similar encouragements, until the maid, who was—I'm sure of it—seduced by the smell of his wine, first gave in herself, and put out her hand at his kindly invitation, and then, refreshed with food and drink, proceeded to assail her mistress's obstinacy, and say, 'What will you gain by all this, if you faint away with hunger, if you bury yourself alive, if you breathe out your doomed soul before Fate calls for it? "Believest thou that the ashes or the spirit of the buried dead can feel thy woe?"<sup>1</sup> Will you not begin life afresh? Will you not shake off this womanish failing, and enjoy the blessings of the light so long as you are allowed? Your poor dead husband's body itself here ought to persuade you to keep alive.' People are always ready to listen when they are urged to [take a meal or to] keep alive. So the lady, being thirsty after several days' abstinence, allowed her resolution to be broken down, and filled herself with food as greedily as the maid who had been the first to yield.

"Well, you know which temptation generally assails a man on a full stomach. The soldier used the same insinuating phrases which had persuaded the lady to consent to live, to conduct an assault upon her virtue. Her modest eye saw in him a young man, handsome and eloquent. The maid begged her to be

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<sup>1</sup> Virgil, *Aeneid*, IV, 34, with *curare* altered to *sentire*.

<sup>5</sup> Deleted by Fraenkel.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

‘ Placitone etiam pugnabis amori ?

[Nec venit in mentem, quorum consederis arvis ? ]<sup>1</sup>

quid diutius moror ? ne hanc quidem partem [corporis]<sup>2</sup> mulier abstinuit, victorque miles utrumque persuasit. Iacuerunt ergo una non tantum illa nocte, qua nuptias fecerunt, sed postero etiam ac tertio die, praeclusis videlicet conditorii foribus, ut quisquis ex notis ignotisque ad monumentum venisset, putaret expirasse super corpus viri pudicissimam uxorem. Ceterum delectatus miles et forma mulieris et secreto, quicquid boni per facultates poterat, coemebat et prima statim nocte in monumentum ferebat. Itaque unius cruciarii parentes ut viderunt laxatam custodiam, detraxere nocte pendentem supremoque mandaverunt officio. At miles circumscriptus dum desidet, ut postero die vidit unam sine cadavere crucem, veritus supplicium, mulieri quid accidisset exponit: nec se exspectaturum iudicis sententiam, sed gladio ius dicturum ignaviae suae. Commodaret ergo illa perituro locum et fatale conditorium <unum><sup>3</sup> familiari ac viro faceret. Mulier non minus misericors quam pudica ‘ nec istud ’ inquit ‘ dii sinant, ut eodem tempore

<sup>1</sup> *Intruded from Virgil into the O-tradition and thence into the L-tradition; omitted by the Florilegia (which go back to λ independently of the rest of the L-tradition—see introduction, pp. xxiv-xxv) and deleted in cod. Lambeth.*

<sup>2</sup> *Fraenkel would add in before hanc; and with Jacobs would delete corporis. But Müller also wonders whether either change is needed.*

<sup>3</sup> *unum added by Müller in his 2nd edition.*

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<sup>1</sup> Virgil, *Aeneid*, IV, 38-39.

## SATYRICON

gracious, and then said, 'Wilt thou fight love even when love pleases thee? [Or dost thou never remember in whose lands thou art resting? '1] I need hide the fact no longer. The woman did not hold back even this part,<sup>2</sup> and the conquering hero won her over on both counts. So they passed not only their wedding night together, but the next and a third, of course shutting the door of the vault, so that any friend or stranger who came to the tomb would imagine that a most virtuous lady had breathed her last over her husband's body. Well, the soldier was delighted with the woman's beauty, and his stolen pleasure; he bought up all the fine things his means permitted, and carried them to the tomb the moment darkness fell. So the parents of one of the crucified, seeing that the watch was ill-kept, took their man down in the dark and administered the last rite to him. The soldier was eluded while he was off duty, and next day, seeing one of the crosses without its corpse, he was in terror of punishment, and explained to the lady what had happened. He declared that he would not wait for a court-martial, but would punish his own neglect with a thrust of his sword. So she had better get ready a place for a dying man, and make one gloomy vault for both her husband and her lover. The lady's heart was tender as well as pure. 'Heaven forbid,' she replied, 'that I should look at

<sup>2</sup> I feel that *corporis* is an addition (put before *partem* in the *L*-tradition, and after *partem* in the *O*-tradition) but the word may be Petronius's, whereby he may make Eumolpus use *abstineo* transitively and probably point at Tryphaena. The other matter in which the soldier won over the matron was accepting food and drink, Chapter 111.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

duorum mihi carissimorum hominum duo funera spectem. Malo mortuum impendere quam vivum occidere.' Secundum hanc orationem iubet ex arca corpus mariti sui tolli atque illi, quae vacabat, cruci affigi. Usus est miles ingenio prudentissimae feminae, posteroque die populus miratus est, qua ratione mortuus isset in crucem."

- 113 Risu excepere fabulam nautae, [et]<sup>1</sup> erubescere non mediocriter Tryphaena vultumque suum super cervicem Gitonis amabiliter ponente. At non Lichas risit, sed iratum commovens caput "Si iustus" inquit "imperator fuisset, debuit patris familiae corpus in monumentum referre, mulierem affigere cruci."

Non dubie redierat in animum Hedyle<sup>2</sup> expilatumque libidinosa migratione navigium. Sed nec foederis verba permittebant meminisse, nec hilaritas, quae occupaverat mentes, dabat iracundiae locum. Ceterum Tryphaena in gremio Gitonis posita modo implebat osculis pectus, interdum concinnabat spoliatum<sup>3</sup> crinibus vultum. | Ego maestus et impatiens foederis novi non cibum, non potionem capiebam, sed obliquis trucibusque oculis utrumque spectabam. Omnia me oscula vulnerabant, omnes blanditiae, quascunque mulier libidinosa fingebat. Nec tamen adhuc sciebam, utrum magis puero irascerer, quod amicam mihi auferret, an amicae, quod puerum corrumpere: utraque inimicissima oculis meis et captivitate praeterita tristiora. Accedebat huc,

<sup>1</sup> omitted in the *L*-tradition.

<sup>2</sup> Hedyle suggests *Buecheler*: hedile or edile.

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps spoliati.

## SATYRICON

the same moment on the dead bodies of two men whom I love. No, I would rather make a dead man useful, than send a live man to death.' After this speech she ordered her husband's body to be taken out of the coffin and fixed up on the empty cross. The soldier availed himself of this far-seeing woman's device, and the people wondered the next day by what means the dead man had ascended the cross."

The sailors received this tale with a laugh; Tryphaena blushed deeply, and laid her face caressingly on Giton's neck. But there was no laugh from Lichas; he shook his head angrily and said: "If the governor of the province had been a just man, he should have put the dead husband back in the tomb, and hung the woman on the cross."

No doubt he was thinking once more of Hedyle<sup>1</sup> and how his ship had been pillaged on her passionate elopement. But the terms of our treaty forbade us to bear grudges, and the joy which had filled our souls left no room for wrath. Tryphaena was now lying in Giton's lap, covering his breast with kisses one moment, and sometimes caressing his shaven head. I was gloomy and uneasy about our new terms, and did not touch food or drink, but kept shooting angry looks askance at them both. Every kiss was a wound to me, every pleasing wile that the wanton woman conjured up. I was not yet sure whether I was more angry with the boy for taking away my mistress, or with my mistress for leading the boy astray: both of them were hateful to my sight and more depressing than the bondage I had escaped.

<sup>1</sup> Presumably Lichas' wife. The incident was doubtless in a lost part of Petronius.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

quod neque Tryphaena me alloquebatur tanquam familiarem et aliquando gratum sibi amatorem, nec Giton me aut tralaticia propinatione dignum iudicabat, aut quod minimum est, sermone communi vocabat, credo, veritus, ne inter initia coeuntis gratiae recentem cicatricem rescinderet. Inundavere pectus lacrimae dolore paratae,<sup>1</sup> gemitusque suspirio tectus animam p̄aene submovit . . .

In partem voluptatis temptabat admitti, nec domini supercilium induebat, sed amici quaerebat obsequium . . .

“ Si quid ingenui sanguinis habes, non pluris illam facies, quam scortum.<sup>2</sup> Si vir fueris, non ibis ad spintriam ”<sup>3</sup> . . .

Me nihil magis pudebat<sup>4</sup> quam ne Eumolpus sensisset, quicquid illud fuerat, et homo dicacissimus carminibus vindicaret . . .

Iurat Eumolpus verbis conceptissimis . . .

114 Dum haec taliaque iactamus, inhorruit mare nubesque undique adductae obruere tenebris diem. Discurrunt nautae ad officia trepidantes velaque tempestati subducunt. Sed nec certos<sup>5</sup> fluctus ventus impulerat, nec quo destinaret cursum, gubernator sciebat. † Siciliam modo ventus dabat, saepissime

<sup>1</sup> Müller in his second edition conjectures *partae*.

<sup>2</sup> *scortum* Putsch: *sportam* l (*spurcam* in margin): *sportum* cod. Lambeth.

<sup>3</sup> *spurcam* in Tornaesius's edition, but also *spinthriam* in margin: *spuicam* l (*spingem* in margin): *spintam* cod. Lambeth.

<sup>4</sup> *pungebat* Buecheler: *urebat* Dousa.

<sup>5</sup> *certus* Jungermann: *cer<tus commo>tos* suggests Müller.



## SATYRICON

And besides all this, Tryphaena did not address me like a friend whom she was once pleased to have for a lover, and Giton did not think fit to drink my health in the ordinary way, and would not even so much as include me in general conversation. I suppose he was afraid of reopening a tender scar just as friendly feeling began to draw it together. My unhappiness moved me till tears overflowed my heart, and the groan I hid with a sigh almost stole my life away. . . .

He tried to gain admission to share their joys, not wearing the proud look of a master, but begging him to yield as a friend. . . .

<sup>1</sup>“ If you have a drop of honest blood in you you will think no more of her than of a whore. If you are going to be a man, you won't go to a pansy-boy.” . . .

Nothing shamed me more than the fear that Eumolpus might have got some idea of whatever was going on, and might employ his powers of speech in attacking me in verse. . . .

Eumolpus swore an oath in most formal language. . . .

While we talked over this matter and others, the sea rose, clouds gathered from every quarter, and overwhelmed the day in darkness. The sailors ran to their posts in terror, and furled the sails before the storm. But the wind did not drive the waves in any one direction, and the helmsman was at a loss which way to steer. One moment the wind † set towards Sicily, very often the north wind blew onto the Italian

<sup>1</sup> Codex *l* and (in margin) *cod.* Lambeth prefix: *ancilla Tryphaenae ad Encolpium* “handmaid of Tryphaena speaking to Encolpius.”

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

[in oram] Italici litoris † <sup>1</sup> aquilo possessor convertebat huc illuc obnoxiam ratem,<sup>2</sup> et quod omnibus procellis periculosius erat, tam spissae repente tenebrae lucem suppresserant, ut ne proram quidem totam gubernator videret. Itaque hercules postquam maris ira infesta<sup>3</sup> convaluit, Lichas trepidans ad me supinas porrigit manus et "tu" inquit "Encolpi, succurre periclitantibus et<sup>4</sup> vestem illam divinam sistrumque redde navigio. Per fidem, miserere, quemadmodum quidem soles."

Et illum quidem vociferantem in mare ventus excussit, repetitumque infesto gurgite procella circumegit atque hausit. Tryphaenam autem prope iam<sup>5</sup> fidelissimi rapuerunt servi, scaphaeque impositam cum maxima sarcinarum parte abduxere certissimae morti < . . . ><sup>6</sup>

Applicitus cum clamore flevi et "Hoc" inquam "a diis meruimus, ut nos sola morte coniungerent? Sed non crudelis fortuna concedit. Ecce iam ratem fluctus evertet, ecce iam amplexus amantium iratum dividet mare. Igitur, si vere Encolpion dilexisti, da oscula, dum licet, ultimum hoc gaudium fatis

<sup>1</sup> In his 1st edition Müller deleted Siciliam, marked ventus dabat as corrupt, added Siciliae after in oram (these two last words were added in Tornaesius's edition), and deleted huc illuc after convertebat; and suggests modo v<iol>ent<er nōt>us (so Jacobs for ventus) flabat. In his 2nd edition Müller conjectures modo <a> Sicilia ventus <Africus> flabat, saepissime [in oram] Italici . . .

<sup>2</sup> ratem Goldast: partem. In the margin of Tornaesius's edition is written proram.

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coast,†<sup>1</sup> mastered the ship which was at its mercy and twisted her in every direction; and what was more dangerous than any squall, such thick darkness had suddenly blotted out the light that the steersman could not even see the whole prow. Then for a wonder, as the hostile fury of the storm gathered, Lichas trembled and stretched out his hands to me imploringly, and said, "Help us in our peril, *you*, Encolpius; let the ship have the goddess's robe again and her holy rattle.<sup>2</sup> Be merciful, I implore you, as your way is."

But even as he shouted the wind blew him into the water, a squall whirled him round and round repeatedly in a fierce whirlpool, and sucked him down. Tryphaena's faithful slaves carried her off almost . . . , put her in the boat with most of her luggage, and so rescued her from certain death. . . .

I embraced Giton, and wept and cried aloud: "Did we deserve this from the gods, that they should unite us only when they slay? But cruel Fate does not grant us even this. Look! even now the waves will upset the boat; even now the angry sea will sunder a lover's embrace. So if you ever really loved Encolpius, kiss him while you may, and snatch this last joy

<sup>1</sup> The text is a muddle here.

<sup>2</sup> Sacred emblems of Isis which Encolpius had probably stolen.

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<sup>3</sup> *maris ira infesta suggested by Buecheler: There are other suggestions: manifesta.*

<sup>4</sup> *et Buecheler: id est rightly? = 'that is' = 'I mean.'*

<sup>5</sup> *after iam Buecheler suggests exanimatam or the like, rightly? Perhaps for iam we might read inanimam.*

<sup>6</sup> *lacuna indicated in Pithoeus's 2nd edition.*

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properantibus rape." Haec ut ego dixi, Giton vestem deposuit meaque tunica contactus exeruit ad osculum caput. Et ne sic cohaerentes malignior fluctus distraheret, utrumque zona circumvenienti praecinxit et " Si nihil aliud, certe diutius " inquit " iuncta nos mors <sup>1</sup> feret, vel si voluerit <mare> <sup>2</sup> misericors ad idem litus expellere, aut praeteriens aliquis tralaticia humanitate lapidabit, aut quod ultimum est iratis etiam fluctibus, imprudens harena componet." Patior ego vinculum extremum, et veluti lecto funebri aptatus exspecto mortem iam non molestam. Peragit interim tempestas mandata fatorum omnesque reliquias navis expugnat. Non arbor erat relicta, non gubernacula, non funis aut remus, sed quasi rudis atque infecta materies ibat cum fluctibus . . .

Procurrere piscatores parvulis expediti navigiis ad praedam rapiendam. Deinde ut aliquos viderunt, qui suas opes defenderent, mutaverunt crudelitatem in auxilium . . .

- 115 Audimus murmur insolitum et sub diaeta magistri quasi cupientis exire beluae gemitum. Persecuti igitur sonum invenimus Eumolpum sedentem membranaeque ingenti versus ingerentem. Mirati ergo, quod illi vacaret in vicinia mortis poema facere, extrahimus clamantem iubemusque bonam habere mentem. At ille interpellatus excanduit et " Sinite me " inquit " sententiam explere; laborat carmen in fine." Inicio ego phrenetico manum iubeoque

<sup>1</sup> iuncta nos mors *L*: iuncta nos sors *suggests Fraenkel*: iunctos nos mare *P. du Faur*.

<sup>2</sup> *added by Müller*.

## SATYRICON

as Fate swoops down upon you." As I spoke Giton took off his clothes, and I covered him with my shirt as he put up his head to be kissed. And that no envious wave should pull us apart as we clung to each other, he put on his belt—it went round us both—and tied it tight, saying, "Whatever happens to us, at least for a long while a common death will carry us along or if the sea has pity and will cast us up on the same shore, some one may come by and put stones over us out of ordinary human kindness, or the last work of the waves even in their wrath will be to cover us with the unconscious sand." I submitted thus to a final bond, and then waited, like a man dressed for his death-bed, for an end that had lost its bitterness. Meanwhile by Fate's decree the storm rose to its height, and took by violence all that was left of the ship. No mast, no helm, no rope or oar remained on her. She drifted on the waves like a rough and unshapen lump of wood. . . .

Some fishermen in handy little boats put out to seize their prey. When they saw some men alive and ready to fight for their belongings, they altered their savage plans and came to the rescue. . . .

We heard a strange noise, and a groaning like a wild beast wanting to get out, coming from under the master's cabin. So we followed the sound, and found Eumolpus sitting there inscribing verses on a great parchment. So we were surprised at his having time to write poetry with death close at hand, and we pulled him out, though he protested, and implored him to be sensible. But he was furious at our interruption, and cried: "Let me complete my thought; the poem halts at the close." I laid hands on the

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Gitona accedere et in terram trahere poetam mugientem . . .

Hoc opere tandem elaborato casam piscatoriam subimus maerentes, cibisque naufragio corruptis utcunque curati tristissimam exegimus noctem. Postero die, cum poneremus consilium,<sup>1</sup> cui nos regioni crederemus, repente video corpus humanum circumactum levi vertice ad litus deferri. Substiti ergo tristis coepique umentibus<sup>2</sup> oculis maris fidem inspicere et "Hunc forsitan" proclamo "in aliqua parte terrarum secura exspectat uxor, forsitan ignarus tempestatis filius aut pater;<sup>3</sup> utique reliquit aliquem, cui proficiscens osculum dedit. Haec sunt consilia mortalium, haec vota magnarum cogitationum.<sup>4</sup> En homo quemadmodum natat." Adhuc tanquam ignotum deflebam, cum inviolatum os fluctus convertit in terram, agnovique terribilem paulo ante et implacabilem Licham pedibus meis paene subiectum. Non tenui igitur diutius lacrimas, immo percussi semel iterumque manibus pectus et "Ubi nunc est" inquam "iracundia tua, ubi impotentia tua? nempe piscibus beluisque expositus es, et qui paulo ante iactabas vires imperii tui, de tam magna nave ne tabulam quidem naufragus habes. Ite nunc mortales, et magnis cogitationibus pectora implete. Ite cauti, et opes fraudibus captas per<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Fraenkel suggests* proponeremus consilia.

<sup>2</sup> humentibus (*with other readings*) in margin of *Tornaesius's* edition: urentibus *Lips*: viventibus.

<sup>3</sup> pater *Buecheler*, who also conjectured fratrem and put it in his text: patrem. *Fraenkel suggests* patrem<aut>.

## SATYRICON

maniac, and told Giton to help me to drag the bellowing bard ashore. . . .

When this business was at last completed, we came sadly to a fisherman's cottage, refreshed ourselves more or less with food spoilt by sea-water, and passed a very miserable night. Next morning, as we were trying to decide into what part of the country we should venture, I suddenly saw a man's body caught in a gentle eddy and carried ashore. I stopped gloomily, and, with moist eyes, proceeded to reflect upon the treachery of the sea. "Maybe," I cried, "there is a wife waiting cheerfully at home for this man in a far-off land, or a son or a father, maybe, who know nothing of this storm; he is sure to have left some one behind whom he kissed before he went. So much for mortal men's plans, and the prayers of high ambition. Look how the man floats." I was still crying over him as a perfect stranger, when a wave turned his face towards the shore without a mark upon it, and I recognized Lichas, but a while ago so fierce and so relentless, now thrown almost under my feet. Then I could restrain my tears no longer; I beat my breast again and again, and cried, "Where is your temper and your hot head now? Behold! you are a prey for fish and savage beasts. An hour ago you boasted the strength of your command, and you have not one plank of your great ship to save you. Now let mortal men go and fill their hearts with proud imaginations. Let misers make arrangements for a thousand years about the

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<sup>4</sup> *Fraenkel would delete magnarum cogitationum.*

<sup>5</sup> *Nisbet conjectures in.*

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

mille annos disponite. Nempe hic proxima luce patrimonii sui rationes inspexit, nempe diem etiam, quo venturus esset in patriam, animo suo fixit.<sup>1</sup> Dii deaeque, quam longe a destinatione sua iacet. Sed non sola mortalibus maria hanc fidem praestant. Illum bellantem arma decipiunt, illum diis vota reddentem penatium suorum ruina sepelit. Ille vehiculo lapsus properantem spiritum excussit, cibus avidum strangulavit, abstinentem frugalitas. Si bene calculum ponas, ubique naufragium est. At enim fluctibus obruto non contingit<sup>2</sup> sepultura. Tanquam intersit, periturum corpus quae ratio consumat, ignis an fluctus an mora.<sup>3</sup> Quicquid feceris, omnia haec eodem ventura sunt. Ferae tamen corpus lacerabunt. Tanquam melius ignis accipiat; immo hanc poenam gravissimam credimus, ubi servis irascimur. Quae ergo dementia est, omnia facere, ne quid de nobis relinquat sepultura? ” . . .

Et Licham quidem rogos inimicis collatus manibus adolebat. Eumolpus autem dum epigramma mortuo facit, oculos ad arcessendos sensus longius mittit . . .

116 Hoc peracto libenter officio destinatum carpimus iter ac momento temporis in montem sudantes descendimus, ex quo haud procul impositum arce sublimi oppidum cernimus. Nec quod esset, sciebamur errantes, donec a vilico quodam Crotona esse cognovimus, urbem antiquissimam et aliquando Italiae

<sup>1</sup> fixit *Oevering*: finxit.

<sup>2</sup> contingit *Goldast*: contigit. continget *Barth*.

<sup>3</sup> terra *Crusius*. *Buecheler* suggests *aura*.

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<sup>1</sup> Now Crotona, originally a Greek colony, in South Italy.



## SATYRICON

gains they win by fraud. Lo! this man but yesterday looked into the accounts of his family property, and even settled in his own mind the very day when he would come home again. Lord, Lord, how far he lies from his consummation! But it is not the waves of the sea alone that thus keep faith with mortal men. The warrior's weapons fail him; another pays his vows to Heaven, and his own house falls and buries him in the act. Another slips from his coach and dashes out his eager soul: the glutton chokes at dinner, the sparing man dies of want. Make a fair reckoning, and you find shipwreck everywhere. You tell me that for those the waters overwhelm there is no burial. As if it mattered how our perishable flesh comes to its end, by fire or water or the lapse of time! Whatever you may do, all these things achieve the same goal. But beasts will tear the body, you say, as though fire would give it a more kindly welcome! When we are angry with our slaves, we consider burning their heaviest punishment. Then what madness to take such trouble to prevent the grave from leaving aught of us behind! . . .

So Lichas was burned on a pyre built by his enemy's hands. Eumolpus proceeded to compose an epitaph on the dead man, and looked about in search of some far-fetched ideas. . . .

We gladly performed this last office, and then took up our proposed way, and in a short while came sweating to a mountain top, from which we saw, not far off, a town set on a high hill. We had lost ourselves, and did not know what it was, until we learned from a farm-bailiff that it was Croton,<sup>1</sup> a town of great age, and once the first city in Italy.

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primam. Cum deinde diligentius explorarem, qui homines inhabitarent nobile solum, quodve genus negotiationis praecipue probarent post attritas bellis frequentibus opes, "O mi" inquit "hospites, si negotiatores estis, mutate propositum aliudque vitae praesidium quaerite. Sin autem urbanioris notae homines sustinetis semper mentiri, recta ad lucrum curritis. In hac enim urbe non litterarum studia celebrantur, non eloquentia locum habet, non frugalitas sanctique mores laudibus<sup>1</sup> ad fructum perveniunt, sed quoscunque homines in hac urbe videritis, scitote in duas partes esse divisos. Nam aut captantur aut captant. In hac urbe nemo liberos tollit, quia quisquis suos heredes habet, non ad cenas,<sup>2</sup> non ad spectacula admittitur, sed omnibus prohibetur commodis, inter ignominiosos latitat. Qui vero nec uxorem<sup>3</sup> unquam duxerunt nec proximas necessitudines habent, ad summos honores perveniunt, [id est soli militares,]<sup>4</sup> soli fortissimi atque etiam innocentes habentur. Adibitis" inquit "oppidum tanquam in pestilentia campos, in quibus nihil aliud est nisi cadavera, quae lacerantur, aut corvi, qui lacerant" . . .

117 prudentior Eumolpus convertit ad novitatem rei mentem genusque id venationis<sup>5</sup> sibi non displicere confessus est. Iocari ego senem poetica levitate credebam, cum ille "Utinam quidem sufficeret lar-

<sup>1</sup> *P. George would delete* laudibus.

<sup>2</sup> *coenas Bongars: scenas.*

<sup>3</sup> *uxorem prefers Buecheler: uxores.*

<sup>4</sup> *Fraenkel deletes.*

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When we went on to inquire particularly what men lived on such honoured soil, and what kind of business pleased them best, now that their wealth had been brought low by so many wars, the man replied, " My friends, if you are business men, change your plans and look for some other safe way of life. But if you profess to be men of a superior stamp and thorough-paced liars, you are on the direct road to wealth. For in this city the pursuit of learning is not esteemed, eloquence has no place, economy and a pure life do not win their reward in honour: know that the whole of the men you see in this city are divided into two classes. They are either the prey of legacy-hunting or legacy-hunters themselves. In this city no one brings up children, because anyone who has heirs of his own stock is never admitted to dinner or the theatre; he is deprived of all advantages, and lies in obscurity among the base-born. But those who have never married, and have no near relations, reach the highest positions; they alone are considered gallant, or even good. Yes," he went on, " you will go into a town that is like a plague-stricken plain, where there is nothing but carcasses to be torn to pieces, and crows to tear them." . . .

Eumolpus was more cautious, and directed his attention to the novelty of the case, declaring that that kind of hunting did not make him uneasy. I thought the old man was joking with the light heart of a poet, but then he said, " I only wish I had a more

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<sup>5</sup> id venationis Müller (2nd edition): invitationis Nisbet: id invitationis Haase: dilationis Dousa: divinationis.

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gior scaena, id est<sup>1</sup> vestis humanior, instrumentum lautius,<sup>2</sup> quod praeberet mendacio fidem: non mehercules † penam †<sup>3</sup> istam differrem, sed continuo vos ad magnas opes ducerem. Atquin promitto, quicquid exigeret, dummodo placeret vestis, rapinae comes, et quicquid Lycurgi villa grassantibus prae-buisset. Nam nummos in praesentem usum deum matrem pro fide sua reddituram " < . . . > "<sup>4</sup>

" Quid ergo " inquit Eumolpus " cessamus mimum componere? Facite ergo me dominum, si negotiatio placet." Nemo ausus est artem damnare nihil auferentem. Itaque ut duraret inter omnes tutum mendacium, in verba Eumolpi [sacramentum]<sup>5</sup> iuravimus: uri, vinciri, verberari ferroque necari, et quicquid aliud Eumolpus iussisset. Tanquam legitimi gladiatores domino corpora animasque religiosissime addicimus. Post peractum sacramentum serviliter ficti<sup>6</sup> dominum consalutamus, elatumque ab Eumolpo filium pariter condiscimus, iuvenem ingentis eloquentiae et spei, ideoque de civitate sua miserrimum senem exisse, ne aut clientes sodalesque filii sui aut sepulcrum quotidie causam lacrimarum cerneret. Accessisse huic tristitiae proximum naufragium, quo amplius vices sestertium amiserit; nec

<sup>1</sup> *Fraenkel suggested deleting id est here as elsewhere; but it seems a favourite phrase with Petronius.*

<sup>2</sup> *lautius Gulielmius: latius.*

<sup>3</sup> *penam l: poenam cod. Lambeth.: spem Jacobs: scenam J. F. Gronov: operam Iunius: penuriam P. George: peram (= πείρα) Pithoeus: in his 1st edition Müller conjectures pugnam, in his 2nd, praedam.*

<sup>4</sup> *Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.*

<sup>5</sup> *Fraenkel deletes.*

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ample background, I mean a more gentlemanly dress, and finer ornaments, to lend colour to my strange tale; I declare I would not put off the business [?], I would bring you into great wealth in a moment. Anyhow, I promise to do whatever my fellow-robber demands, so long as my clothes were satisfactory, and whatever we found in Lycurgus's country-house when we broke in.<sup>1</sup> For I am sure that our mother of the gods for her honour's sake will pay up some coin to use for present needs." . . . "Well then," said Eumolpus, "Why shouldn't we make up a farce? Now appoint me your master, if you like the business." No one dared to grumble at this harmless device. So to keep the lie safe among us all, we took an oath to obey Eumolpus; to endure burning, bondage, flogging, death by the sword, or anything else that Eumolpus ordered. We pledged our bodies and souls to our master most solemnly, like regular gladiators. When the oath was over, we posed like slaves and saluted our master, and learned all together that Eumolpus had lost a son, a young man of great eloquence and promise, and that the poor old man had left his own country for this reason, to escape seeing his son's dependants and friends, or the tomb which was the source of his daily tears. His grief had been increased by a recent shipwreck, in which he lost over two million sesterces: it was not

<sup>1</sup> This adventure is missing. The mother of the gods is Cybele introduced from Asia to Rome and then worshipped as *Magna Mater*.

<sup>6</sup> *Fraenkel denied the correctness of fleti. cincti suggests Müller in his 2nd edition: vestiti Nisbet.*

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illum iactura moveri, sed destitutum ministerio non agnoscere dignitatem suam. Praeterea habere in Africa trecenties sestertium fundis nominibusque depositum; nam familiam quidem tam magnam per agros Numidiae esse sparsam, ut possit vel Carthaginem capere. Secundum hanc formulam imperamus Eumolpo, ut plurimum tussiat, ut sit [modo]<sup>1</sup> solutioris stomachi cibosque omnes palam damnet; loquatur aurum et argentum fundosque mendaces et perpetuam terrarum sterilitatem; sedeat praeterea quotidie ad rationes tabulasque testamenti omnibus <mensibus><sup>2</sup> renovet. Et ne quid scaenae deesset, quotiescunque aliquem nostrum vocare temptasset, alium pro alio vocaret, ut facile appareret dominum etiam eorum meminisse, qui praesentes non essent.

His ita ordinatis, "quod bene feliciterque eveniret"<sup>3</sup> precati deos viam ingredimur. Sed neque Giton sub insolito fasce durabat, et mercennarius Corax, detrectator ministerii, posita frequentius sarcina male dicebat properantibus affirmabatque se aut proiecturum sarcinas aut cum onere fugiturum. "Quid vos" inquit "iumentum me putatis esse aut lapidariam navem? Hominis operas locavi, non caballi. Nec minus liber sum quam vos, etiam si pauperem pater me reliquit." Nec contentus maledictis tollebat subinde altius pedem et strepitu obsceno simul atque odore viam implebat. Ridebat contumaciam Giton et singulos crepitus eius pari clamore prosequabatur . . .

<sup>1</sup> Deleted by Casaubon: <modo astrictioris>modo *Wehle*.

<sup>2</sup> Added by Buecheler.

<sup>3</sup> *Nisbet suggests deleting the clause quod . . . eveniret.*

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the loss that troubled him, but with no servant to wait upon him he could not recognize his own importance. Besides, he had thirty millions invested in Africa in estates and bonds; such a horde of his slaves was scattered over the fields of Numidia<sup>1</sup> that he could positively have taken Carthage. Under this scheme we asked Eumolpus to cough frequently, to complain about loose bowels, and to find fault openly with all his food; he must talk of gold and silver and his disappointing farms and the obstinate barrenness of the soil; further, he must sit over his accounts daily, and revise the sheets of his will every month. To make the setting quite complete, he was to use the wrong names whenever he tried to call one of us, so that it would clearly look as though our master had also in his mind some servants who were not present. This was all arranged; we offered a prayer to Heaven for a prosperous and happy issue, and started on our journey. But Giton was not used to a burden and could not bear it, and hiring Corax, a shirker of work, kept putting down his bundle and cursing our hurry, and declaring that he would either throw the baggage away or run off with his load. "You seem to think I am a beast of burden or a ship for carrying stones," he cried. "You paid for the services of a man, not a horse. I am just as free as you are, although my father did leave me a poor man." Not satisfied with curses, he kept lifting his leg up and filling the whole road with a disgusting noise and smell. Giton laughed at his impudence and matched every noise he made. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Numidia, in north Africa, corresponds with Algeria to-day.

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118 LO | " Multos, inquit Eumolpos, o<sup>1</sup> iuvenes, carmen decept. Nam ut quisque versum pedibus instruxit sensumque teneriorem<sup>2</sup> verborum ambitu intexuit, putavit se continuo in Heliconem venisse. Sic forensibus ministeriis exercitati frequenter ad carminis tranquillitatem tanquam ad portum feliciorem<sup>3</sup> refugerunt, credentes facilius poema extrui posse, quam controversiam sententiolis vibrantibus pictam. Ceterum [neque]<sup>4</sup> generosior spiritus sanitatem<sup>5</sup> amat, neque concipere<sup>6</sup> aut edere partum mens potest nisi ingenti flumine litterarum inundata. Refugiendum est ab omni verborum, ut ita dicam, vilitate et sumendae voces a plebe semotae,<sup>7</sup> ut fiat 'odi profanum vulgus et arceo.'<sup>8</sup> Praeterea curandum est, ne sententiae emineant extra corpus orationis expressae,<sup>9</sup> sed intexto vestibus colore niteant. Homerus testis et lyrici Romanusque Vergilius et Horatii curiosa felicitas. Ceteri enim aut non viderunt viam, qua iretur ad carmen, aut visam<sup>10</sup> timuerunt calcare. Ecce belli civilis ingens opus quisquis attigerit, nisi plenus litteris, sub onere labetur. Non enim res gestae versibus comprehen-

<sup>1</sup> *Buecheler deletes inquit Eumolpus O. Cod. l and cod. Lambeth. and the Florilegia omit inquit Eumolpus but codd. l and (in margin) Lambeth. have Eumolpus before multos. δ omitted o. The Florilegia have multos nimirum carmen, omitting inquit . . . iuvenes.*

<sup>2</sup> *teneriorem B: teretiore suggests Müller in his 2nd edition.*

<sup>3</sup> *feliciorem cod. Messanensis (now destroyed): faciliorem. Müller deletes.*

<sup>4</sup> *neque deleted on Fraenkel's suggestion.*

<sup>5</sup> *vanitatem cod. Messanensis. Sullivan suggests inanitatem.*

<sup>6</sup> *concipere l in margin: conspiciere l, cod. Lambeth.: conspici O.*      <sup>7</sup> *semotae I. B. Pius: summotae.*



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“ Yes, my young friends,” said Eumolpus, “ poetry has led many astray. As soon as a man has shaped his verse in feet and woven into it a more delicate meaning with an ingenious circumlocution, he thinks that forthwith he has scaled Helicon.<sup>1</sup> In this fashion people who are tired out with forensic oratory often take refuge in the calm of poetry as in some happier haven, supposing that a poem is easier to construct than a declamation adorned with quivering epigrams. But nobler souls love wholesomeness, and the mind cannot conceive or bring forth its fruit unless it is steeped in the vast flood of literature. One must flee away from all diction that is, so to speak, cheap, and choose words divorced from popular use, putting into practice, ‘ I hate the common herd and hold it afar.’<sup>2</sup> Besides, one must take care that the thoughts do not stand out from the body of the speech: they must shine with a brilliancy that is woven into the material. Homer proves this, and the lyric poets, and Roman Virgil, and the studied felicity of Horace. The others either did not see the path that leads to poetry, or saw it and were afraid to walk in it. For instance, anyone who attempts the vast theme of the civil war will sink under the burden unless he is full of literature. It is not a question

<sup>1</sup> Mount Helicon is Zagara, in Boeotia, sacred in ancient times to Apollo and the Muses.

<sup>2</sup> Horace, *Odes*, III, 1, 1.

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<sup>3</sup> *Perhaps we should delete ut . . . arceo, as Fraenkel has suggested.*

<sup>4</sup> *Fraenkel would delete expressae.*

<sup>5</sup> *visam N. Lefèvre: versu Anton: versum.*

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dendae sunt, quod longe melius historici faciunt, sed per ambages deorumque ministeria et fabulosum<sup>1</sup> sententiarum † tormentum †<sup>2</sup> praecipitandus est liber spiritus, ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat quam religiosae orationis sub testibus fides: tanquam si placet hic impetus, etiam si nondum recepit ultimam manum” . . .

119 “Orbem iam totum victor Romanus habebat, qua mare, qua terrae, qua sidus currit utrumque. Nec satiatus erat. Gravidis freta pulsa carinis iam peragebantur; si quis sinus abditus ultra, si qua foret tellus, quae fulvum mitteret aurum, hostis erat, fatisque in tristia bella paratis quaerebantur opes. Non vulgo nota placebant gaudia, non usu plebeio trita voluptas. Aes Ephyreiacum<sup>3</sup> laudabat miles in unda;<sup>4</sup> quaesitus tellure nitor certaverat ostro; 10 hinc Numidae † accusant †<sup>5</sup> illinc nova vellera Seres, atque Arabum populus sua despoliaverat arva.

<sup>1</sup> *Perhaps* fabulosarum.

<sup>2</sup> torrentem *Barth.* *Perhaps* tonitrum. *Fraenkel suggests* fragosum sententiarum torrentem.

<sup>3</sup> aes Ephyreiacum *Heinsius*: aes Ephyrae coctum *Müller*, 2nd edition: *perhaps* aes Pyrenaicum (Pirenaicum *Mössler*). *There are many other suggestions. The MSS vary* (aesyre cum *B*).

<sup>4</sup> ima *Goldast*.

<sup>5</sup> accusant *l*: accusatus *B*, *δ*: accusati *P*: crustas *Scaliger*. *Perhaps* ecce satūs. *Cf. Chapter 117 per agros Numidiae.*

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<sup>1</sup> This poem, very long as part of the present novel, very short as an epic, is a problem. See Additional Note. pp. 380-384, and W. H. Stubbe, *Die Verseinlagen im Petron.* Leipzig, 1933, (*Philol. suppl.* XXV, 2); and W. H. Friedrich, in *Hermes*, LXXIII, 1937, 393. Cf. Heseltine's remarks on p. xi.

<sup>2</sup> A great exaggeration, of course; but the Romans' power

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of recording real events in verse; historians can do that far better. The free spirit of genius must plunge headlong into allusions and divine interpositions, and rack [?] itself for great thoughts coloured by mythology, so that what results seems rather the prophecies of an inspired seer than the exactitude of a statement made on oath before witnesses: the following effusion will show what I mean, if it take your fancy, though it has not yet received my final touches. . . .

<sup>1</sup>“The conquering Roman now held the whole world,<sup>2</sup> sea and land and the course of sun and moon. But he was not satisfied. Now the waters were stirred and troubled by his loaded ships; if there were any hidden bay beyond, or any land that promised a yield of yellow gold, that place was Rome's enemy, fate stood ready for the sorrows of war, and the quest for wealth went on. There was no happiness in familiar joys, or in pleasures dulled by the common man's use. The soldier out at sea would praise the bronze of Corinth;<sup>3</sup> bright colours dug from earth rivalled the purple; from this side the African †<sup>4</sup> . . . ; † from that side the Chinaman had plundered his marvellous silks,<sup>5</sup> and the Arabian people had stripped their own fields bare.

was indeed supreme in all regions surrounding the Mediterranean sea.

<sup>3</sup> For Corinthian bronze, see note on Chapter 50. Ephyra was an ancient name of Corinth.

<sup>4</sup> The reading leaves it uncertain what the Numidians provided. Their agriculture was of some importance; and Numidian marble was admired.

<sup>5</sup> Chinese silk was now reaching the Roman Empire in some quantity. The Arabians sent frankincense above all.

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Ecce aliae clades et laesae vulnera pacis.  
 Quaeritur in silvis auro <sup>1</sup> fera, et ultimus Hammon  
 Afrorum excutitur, ne desit belua dente  
 ad mortes pretiosa; fames <sup>2</sup> premit advena classes,  
 tigris et aurata <sup>3</sup> gradiens vectatur in aula,  
 ut bibat humanum populo plaudente cruorem.  
 Heu, pudet effari perituraque prodere fata,  
 Persarum ritu male pubescentibus annis 20  
 surripuere viros exsectaque viscera ferro  
 in venerem fregere, atque ut fuga nobilis aevi  
 circumscripta mora properantes differat annos,  
 quaerit se natura nec invenit. Omnibus ergo  
 scorta placent fractique enervi corpore gressus  
 et laxi crines et tot nova nomina vestis,  
 quaeque virum quaerunt. Ecce Afris eruta terris  
 citrea mensa greges servorum ostrumque renidens  
 ponitur ac maculis imitatur vilium <sup>4</sup> aurum  
 quae sensum trahat. Hoc sterile ac male nobile  
 lignum 30  
 turba sepulta mero circum venit, omniaque orbis  
 praemia correptis <sup>5</sup> miles vagus esurit armis.  
 Ingeniosa gula est. Siculo scarus aequore mersus  
 ad mensam vivus perducitur, atque Lucrinis  
 eruta litoribus vendunt conchylia cenas,

<sup>1</sup> circo *Iunius*: Tauri *Busche*.

<sup>2</sup> fremens *Brouhier*. Perhaps canes; or chama et (*lynx*).

<sup>3</sup> aerata *Broukhusius*.

<sup>4</sup> vilium *J. F. Gronov*: vilibus.

<sup>5</sup> corruptis *Bourdelot*: contentis *Burman*.

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<sup>1</sup> Or Ammon a shrine of Jupiter at the oasis Siwah in Libya.

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“ Yet again more destruction, and peace hurt and bleeding. The wild animal is searched out in the woods at a great price, and men trouble Hammon<sup>1</sup> far away in Africa to supply the beast<sup>2</sup> whose tusks make him precious even to the deaths of men; strange ravening creatures freight the fleets, and the padding tiger is wheeled in a gilded palace to drink the blood of men while the crowd applauds.

“ I shrink from speaking plain and betraying our destiny of ruin; real men whose years of puberty have hardly begun are kidnapped, and the powers the knife has shown are forced in the Persian way to the service of lust, and in order that the passing of man's finest age may be hedged round with delay and hold back the hurrying years, Nature seeks for herself, and finds herself not. So all take their pleasure in harlotry, and the halting steps of a feeble body, and in flowing hair and numberless clothes of new names, everything that finds manhood missing.

“ Tables of citrus-wood—see!—are dug out of the soil of Africa and set up, the spots on them resembling gold which is cheaper than they, their polish reflecting hordes of slaves and purple clothes, to lure the senses. Round this barren and low-born wood there gathers a crowd drowned in drink, and the soldier of fortune having taken up his arms hungers for all the prizes of the world.

“ Gluttony is a fine art. The wrasse is brought alive to table in sea-water from Sicily, and the oysters torn from the banks of the Lucrine lake<sup>3</sup> make a dinner saleable, in order to renew men's hunger by

<sup>2</sup> The elephant, important for ivory.

<sup>3</sup> Lago Lucrino, a salt-water lake near Baia.

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ut renovent per damna famem. Iam Phasidos unda  
orbata est avibus, mutoque in litore tantum  
solae<sup>1</sup> desertis adspirant frondibus aurae.  
Nec minor in campo furor est, emptique Quirites  
ad praedam strepitumque lucri suffragia vertunt. 40  
Venalis populus, venalis curia patrum,  
est favor in pretio. Senibus quoque libera virtus  
exciderat, sparsisque opibus conversa potestas  
ipsaque maiestas auro corrupta iacebat.  
Pellitur a populo victus Cato; tristior ille est,  
qui vicit, fascisque pudet rapuisse Catoni.  
[Namque—hoc dedecoris populo morumque ruina—]<sup>2</sup>  
non homo pulsus erat, sed in uno victa potestas  
Romanumque decus. Quare tam perdita Roma  
ipsa sui merces erat et sine vindice praeda. 50  
Praeterea gemino deprensam gurgite plebem<sup>3</sup>  
faenoris ingluvies<sup>4</sup> ususque exederat aeris.  
Nulla est certa domus, nullum sine pignore corpus,  
sed veluti tabes tacitis concepta medullis  
intra membra furens curis latrantibus errat.  
Arma placent miseris, detritaque commoda luxu  
vulneribus reparantur. Inops audacia tuta est.  
Hoc mersam caeno Romam somnoque iacentem

<sup>1</sup> surdae ("voiceless") suggests Nisbet.

<sup>2</sup> Broukhusius deleted this line.

<sup>3</sup> plebem Burman: praedam.

<sup>4</sup> ingluvies Palmier: illuvies.

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<sup>1</sup> Pheasants; see note on chapter 93.

<sup>2</sup> *Quirites*: an old name for Roman citizens of Rome itself.  
See Fragment XXII.

<sup>3</sup> Marcus Porcius Cato the younger (95–46 B.C.) was the  
honest but obstinate defender of Republican Government as

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their extravagance. All the birds<sup>1</sup> are now gone from the waters of Phasis; the shore is quiet; only the empty air breathes on the lonely leaves.

“The same madness is in public life, the true-born Roman<sup>2</sup> is bought, and changes his vote for plunder and the cry of gain. The people are corrupt, the house of senators is corrupt, their support hangs on a price. The freedom and virtue of the old men had decayed, their power was swayed by largesse, even their dignity was stained by money and trodden in the dust.

“Cato<sup>3</sup> is beaten and driven out by the mob; his conqueror<sup>4</sup> is more unhappy than he, and is ashamed to have torn the rods of office from Cato. [For—and the shame of the nation and the fall of their character lay in this—] There was not only one man's defeat. In his person the power and glory of Rome was humbled. So Rome in her deep disgrace was herself price and prize, and despoiled herself without an avenger. Moreover greed for usury and the handling of money had caught the common people in a double whirlpool, and destroyed them. Not a house is safe, not a man but is mortgaged; the madness spreads through their limbs, and trouble bays and hounds them down like some disease sown in the dumb marrow. In despair they turn to violence, and bloodshed restores the good things lost by luxury. A beggar can risk everything in safety. Could the spell of healthful reason stir Rome from the

he knew it; he took his own life at Utica in N. Africa rather than submit to Julius Caesar in the Civil War. In Lucan's *Pharsalia* he is a great hero.

<sup>4</sup> Julius Caesar who became supreme.

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quae poterant artes sana ratione movere,  
ni furor et bellum ferroque excita<sup>1</sup> libido? 60

120 Tres tulerat Fortuna duces, quos obruit omnes  
armorum strue diversa feralis Enyo.

Crassum Parthus habet, Libyco iacet aequore  
Magnus,

Iulius ingratham perfudit sanguine Romam,  
et quasi non posset tot tellus ferre sepulcra,  
divisit cineres. Hos gloria reddit honores.

Est locus exciso penitus demersus hiatu  
Parthenopen inter magnaëque Dicarchidos arva,

Cocyti perfusus aqua; nam spiritus, extra  
qui furi effusus,<sup>2</sup> funesto spargitur aestu. 70

Non haec autumnno tellus viret aut alit herbas  
caespite laetus ager, non verno persona cantu

mollia discordi strepitu virgulta locuntur,  
sed chaos et nigro squalentia pumice saxa

gaudent ferali circum tumulata cupressu.

Has inter sedes Ditis pater extulit ora  
bustorum flammis et cana sparsa favilla,  
ac tali volucrem Fortunam voce lacessit:

<sup>1</sup> excita *Iunius*: accincta *Heinsius*: excisa, excissa.

<sup>2</sup> *Nisbet reasonably suggests expulsus.*

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<sup>1</sup> Gnaeus Pompeius Magnus (106–48 B.C.), Marcus Licinius Crassus (c. 115–53 B.C.) and Gaius Julius Caesar (102–44 B.C.).

<sup>2</sup> Ἐννώ, in Latin *Bellona*.

<sup>3</sup> Crassus in 55 B.C. received Syria as his province and was defeated by the Parthians at Carrhae in Mesopotamia in 53.

<sup>4</sup> After his defeat by Caesar at Pharsalus, Pompeius fled to Egypt and was there murdered on the orders of King Ptolemy XII, 48 B.C.

<sup>5</sup> Julius Caesar was murdered in Rome in 44 B.C.

<sup>6</sup> An old Greek name for the Greek city *Νεάπολις* ("New



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filth where she rolled in heavy sleep, or only madness and war and the lust wakened by the sword?

“ Fortune brought forth three generals,<sup>1</sup> and the goddess of War<sup>2</sup> and Death buried them all, each beneath a pile of arms. The Parthian has Crassus in keeping,<sup>3</sup> Pompey the Great lies by the Libyan water,<sup>4</sup> Julius stained ungrateful Rome<sup>5</sup> with his blood; as though the earth could not endure the burden of so many graves, she has separated their ashes. These are the wages paid by fame.

“ Between Parthenope<sup>6</sup> and the fields of the great town<sup>7</sup> of Dicarchis there lies a spot<sup>8</sup> plunged deep in a cloven chasm, wet with the water of Cocytus:<sup>9</sup> for the air that rushes furiously outward is laden with that baleful spray. The ground here is never green in autumn, the field does not prosper or nurture herbage on its turf, the soft thickets never ring nor are loud in springtime with the songs of rival birds, but chaos is there, and gloomy rocks of black pumicestone lie happy in the gloom of the cypresses that mound them about. From this place father Dis<sup>10</sup> lifted his head, lit with funeral flames and flecked with white ashes, and provoked winged Fortune with these words:

Town ”), Napoli, Naples, apparently founded on the site of an older city Parthenope.

<sup>7</sup> Puteoli, now Pozzuoli, called also, when it was a Greek city, Dicarchis or Dicaearchia from its reputed founder Dicaearchus.

<sup>8</sup> The Phlegraean Plain, now Solfatara between Pozzuoli and Naples.

<sup>9</sup> “ Wailing River ” one of the six rivers of the underworld in Greek mythology.

<sup>10</sup> The Greek god Pluto, ruler of the underworld.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

‘ Rerum humanarum divinarumque potestas,  
 Fors, cui nulla placet nimium secreta potestas,<sup>1</sup> 80  
 quae nova semper amas et mox possessa relinquis,  
 ecquid Romano sentis te pondere victam,  
 nec posse ulterius perituram extollere molem ?

Ipsa suas vires odit Romana iuventus  
 et quas struxit opes, male sustinet. Aspice late  
 luxuriam spoliolorum et censum in damna furentem.

Aedificant auro sedesque ad sidera mittunt,  
 expelluntur aquae saxis, mare nascitur arvis,  
 et permutata rerum statione rebellant.

En etiam mea regna petunt. Perfossa dehiscit 90  
 molibus insanis tellus, iam montibus haustis  
 antra gemunt, et dum vanos<sup>2</sup> lapis invenit usus,  
 inferni manes caelum sperare fatentur.

Quare age, Fors, muta pacatum in proelia vultum  
 Romanosque cie ac nostris da funera regnis.

Iam pridem nullo perfundimus ora cruore,  
 nec mea Tisiphone sitientes perluit artus,  
 ex quo Sullanus bibit ensis et horrida tellus  
 extulit in lucem nutritas sanguine fruges.’

121 Haec ubi dicta dedit, dextrae coniungere dextram  
 conatus rupto tellurem solvit hiatu. 101

Tunc Fortuna levi defudit pectore voces :

‘ O genitor, cui Cocyti penetralia parent,

<sup>1</sup> *The lost codex δ omitted this line; but it may be that it is line 79 instead which ought to be omitted or transposed.*

<sup>2</sup> *vanos Flor.: varios l and cd. Lambeth. (vanos in margin): varius Scaliger (Catalecta): vanus O.*

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<sup>1</sup> Of the three Furies in Greek mythology, Tisiphone was “Avenger of Murder,” Allecto and Megaera her sisters being the others.

## SATYRICON

“ ‘ Disposer of life in earth and heaven, Chance, always angry against power too firmly seated, everlasting lover of change and quick forsaker of thy conquests, dost not thou feel thy spirit crushed under the weight of Rome, and that thou canst not further raise up the mass that is doomed to fall? The youth of Rome contemns its own strength, and groans under the wealth its own hands have heaped up. See, everywhere they squander their spoils, and the mad use of wealth brings its own loss. They have buildings of gold and homes raised to the stars, they drive out the waters with their stone piers, the sea springs forth amid the fields: rebellious man turns creation’s order upside down. Aye, they grasp even at my kingdom. The earth is hewn through for their madmen’s foundations and gapes wide, now the mountains are hollowed out until the caves groan, and while men turn nature’s stone to their empty purposes, the ghosts of hell declare their hopes of winning heaven. Arise, then, Chance, change thy looks of peace to war, harry the Roman, and let my kingdom have the dead. It is long now since my lips were wet with blood, and never has my loved Tisiphone<sup>1</sup> bathed her thirsty limbs since the sword of Sulla<sup>2</sup> drank deep, and the earth stood thick with corn, and thrust up, into the light, grain fattened on blood.’

“ He spoke and ended, and strained to take her hand in his, till he broke and clove the earth asunder. Then Fortune poured forth words from her fickle heart: ‘ Father, whom the inmost places of Cocytus

<sup>1</sup> In 82 B.C., when supreme in Rome, Lucius Cornelius Sulla (138–78 B.C.) massacred the supporters of Marius.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

si modo vera mihi fas est impune profari,  
vota tibi cedent; nec enim minor ira rebellat  
pectore in hoc leviorque exurit flamma medullas.  
Omnia, quae tribui Romanis arcibus, odi  
muneribusque meis irascor. Destruet istas  
idem, qui posuit, moles deus. Et mihi cordi  
quippe cremare viros et sanguine pascere luxum. 110  
Cerno equidem gemina iam stratos morte Philippos  
Thessaliaeque rogos et funera gentis Hiberæ.  
[Iam fragor armorum trepidantes personat aures.]<sup>1</sup>  
Et Libyæ cerno tua, Nile, gementia claustra  
Actiacosque sinus et Apollinis arma timentes.  
Pande, age, terrarum sitientia regna tuarum  
atque animas accerse novas. Vix navita<sup>2</sup> Porthmeus  
sufficiet simulacra virum traducere cumba;  
classe opus est. Tuque ingenti satiare ruina,  
pallida Tisiphone, concisaque vulnera mande: 120  
ad Stygios manes laceratus ducitur orbis.’  
122 Vixdum finierat, cum fulgure rupta corusco  
intremuit nubes elisosque abscidit ignes.

<sup>1</sup> I think Müller was right in proposing in his 1st edition deletion of this line, which is transferred elsewhere by other scholars.

<sup>2</sup> tenvia Müller in his 2nd edition.

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<sup>1</sup> It is sometimes supposed that Petronius alludes to the Battle of Pharsalus where Pompeius was defeated by Caesar in 48 B.C. as well as the Battle of Philippi where Brutus and Cassius were defeated in 42 by Octavian (future emperor Augustus) and Antony. But the Battle of Philippi itself was a double battle.

<sup>2</sup> Pharsalus is in Thessaly.

<sup>3</sup> Spain, where Julius Caesar campaigned against the Pompeians in 49 and 45 B.C.

## SATYRICON

obey, thy prayer shall prosper, if at least I may foretell the truth without fear; for the anger that rises in my heart is stern as thine, and the flame that burns deep in my bones as fierce. I hate all the gifts I have made to towering Rome, and am angry at my own blessings. The god that raised up those high palaces shall destroy them too. It will be my delight also to burn the men and feed my lust with blood. Lo, already I see Philippi's field strewn with the dead of two battles,<sup>1</sup> and the blazing pyres of Thessaly<sup>2</sup> and the burial of the people of Iberia.<sup>3</sup> [Already the crash of arms rings in my trembling ears.] And in Libya I see the barriers of you, o Nile<sup>4</sup> groan, and the people in terror at the gulf of Actium and the army loved by Apollo.<sup>5</sup> Open, then, the thirsty realms of thy dominion, and summon fresh souls. The old sailor, the Ferryman,<sup>6</sup> will scarcely have strength to carry over the ghosts of the men in his boat; a whole fleet is needed. And thou, pale Tisiphone,<sup>7</sup> take thy fill of wide destruction, and tear the bleeding wounds; the whole world is rent in pieces and drawn down to the Stygian<sup>8</sup> shades.'

"She had scarcely ceased to speak when a cloud shook and was riven by a gleam of lightning, and flashed forth a moment's burst of flame. The father<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Because of Julius Caesar's campaigns in Egypt in 48-47 B.C.

<sup>2</sup> The emperor Augustus ascribed his victory over Antony and Cleopatra at Actium (La Punta in Albania) in 31 B.C. to Apollo.

<sup>3</sup> Charon who ferried dead souls across the River Styx in the underworld.

<sup>4</sup> See note on p. 304.

<sup>5</sup> See note 6.

<sup>6</sup> Pluto = Dis. See p. 303, n. 10.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

Subsedit pater umbrarum, gremioque reducto  
 telluris pavitans fraternos palluit ictus.  
 Continuo clades hominum venturaque damna  
 auspiciis patuere deum. Namque ore cruento  
 deformis Titan<sup>1</sup> vultum caligine textit:  
 civiles acies iam tum spectare<sup>2</sup> putares. 130  
 Parte alia plenos extinxit Cynthia vultus  
 et lucem sceleri subduxit. Rupta tonabant  
 verticibus lapsis montis iuga, nec vaga passim  
 flumina per notas ibant morientia ripas.  
 Armorum strepitu caelum furit et tuba Martem  
 sideribus tremefacta ciet, iamque Aetna voratur  
 ignibus insolitis et in aethera fulmina mittit.  
 Ecce inter tumulos atque ossa carentia<sup>3</sup> bustis  
 umbrarum facies diro stridore minantur.<sup>4</sup>  
 Fax stellis comitata novis incendia ducit,  
 sanguineoque recens descendit Iuppiter imbre. 140  
 Haec ostenta brevi solvit deus. Exiit omnes  
 quippe moras Caesar, vindictaeque actus amore  
 Gallica proiecit, civilia sustulit arma.  
 Alpibus aeriis, ubi Graio numine<sup>5</sup> pulsae  
 descendunt rupes et se patiuntur adiri,

<sup>1</sup> Titan *cd. Vat. lat. 1671*: titubans.

<sup>2</sup> spectare *Anton*: spirare (*spitare B before alteration*):  
 veritum spectare *Crusius*.

<sup>3</sup> carentia *B, R*: calentia *J. F. Gronov*: arentia.

<sup>4</sup> minantur *Goldast*: minatur.

<sup>5</sup> numine *Burman*: nomine.

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<sup>1</sup> Zeus, Latin Jupiter.

<sup>2</sup> The sun.

<sup>3</sup> The moon. Artemis = Diana was supposed to have been born on Mt. Cynthus in Delos island.

<sup>4</sup> By crossing in 49 B.C. the little river Rubicon, the bound-

## SATYRICON

of darkness sank down, closed the chasm in earth's bosom, and grew white with terror at the stroke of his brother.<sup>1</sup> Straightway the slaughter of men and the destruction to come were made plain by omens from on high. For Titan<sup>2</sup> was disfigured and dabbled in blood, and veiled his face in darkness: thou hadst thought that even then he gazed on civil strife. In another quarter Cynthia<sup>3</sup> darkened her full face, and denied her light to the crime. The mountain-tops slid down and the peaks broke in thunder, the wandering streams were dying, and no more ranged abroad between their familiar banks. The sky is loud with the clash of arms, the trumpet shakes to the stars and rouses the War God, and at once Aetna is the prey of unaccustomed fires, and casts her lightnings high into the air. The faces of the dead are seen visible among the tombs and the unburied bones, gibbering in dreadful menace. A blazing light girt with unknown stars leads the way for the flames of cities, and the sky rains down fresh showers of blood. In a little while God made these portents plain. For now Caesar shook off all his lingering, and, spurred by the passion of revenge, threw down his arms against Gaul and took them up against Rome.<sup>4</sup>

“ In the high Alps, where the rocks trodden by a Greek god<sup>5</sup> slope downward and allow men to approach them, there is a place sacred to the altars of

ary between Italy proper and Cisalpine Gaul (northern Italy). He had been campaigning in Gaul proper (France) and neighbouring lands since 59-58 B.C.

<sup>5</sup> Hercules (Heracles) was in mythology said to have been the first to cross the Alps, after killing Geryon in Spain. See also p. 454, n. 1.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

est locus Herculeis aris sacer: hunc nive dura  
 claudit hiemps canoque ad sidera vertice tollit.  
 Caelum illinc cecidisse <sup>1</sup> putes: non solis adulti <sup>2</sup>  
 mansuescit radiis, non verni temporis aura,  
 sed glacie concreta rigent <sup>3</sup> hiemisque pruinis: 150  
 totum ferre potest umeris minitantibus orbem.  
 Haec ubi calcavit Caesar iuga milite laeto  
 optavitque <sup>4</sup> locum, summo de vertice montis  
 Hesperiae campos late prospexit et ambas  
 intentans cum voce manus ad sidera dixit:  
 'Iuppiter omnipotens, et tu, <sup>5</sup> Saturnia tellus,  
 armis laeta meis olimque onerata <sup>6</sup> triumphis,  
 testor, ad has acies invitum accersere Martem,  
 LO invitans me ferre manus. Sed vulnere cogor,  
 pulsus ab urbe mea, dum Rhenum sanguine tingo,  
 dum Gallos iterum Capitolia nostra petentes 161  
 Alpius excludo, vir cendo certior exsul.  
 Sanguine Germano sexagintaque triumphis <sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> tetigisse Müller in his 2nd edition: illic sedisse J. F. Gronov.

<sup>2</sup> adulti Scaliger (*Catalecta*): adusti.

<sup>3</sup> rigent Lips, it seems: riget B, R: rigens.

<sup>4</sup> optavitque in margin of l (from *Sambucus*): oravitque.

<sup>5</sup> tu L: eu B: heu R, P, δ. Buecheler proposed te.

<sup>6</sup> ornata Wernsdorf. oneranda or ornanda Burman.

<sup>7</sup> Nisbet suggests tropaeis. Perhaps sescentis ("countless")  
 atque.

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<sup>1</sup> Italy, land of the west. Ἑσπερος was the planet Venus as the evening star.

<sup>2</sup> Again Italy, land of Saturnus, mythical king of Latium and the providing god of agriculture and civilization.

<sup>3</sup> Caesar would fall victim to accusations from political opponents if he were to be without official command. He wished to pass straight from his Gallic command to a consulship without having to obey the rule that he should canvass



## SATYRICON

Hercules: the winter seals it with frozen snow, and heaves it up on its white top to the sky. It seems as though the sky had fallen away from there: the beams of the full sun do not soften the air, nor the breezes of the springtime, but the soil stands stiff with ice and winter's frost: its frowning shoulders could support the whole globe. When Caesar with his exultant army trod these heights and chose a place, he looked far over the fields of Hesperia<sup>1</sup> from the high mountain-top, and lifted his voice and both hands to the stars and said: ' Jupiter, Lord of all, and thou land of Saturn,<sup>2</sup> once proud of my victories and loaded with my triumphs, I call you to witness that I do not willingly<sup>3</sup> summon the War God to these hosts, and that my hand is not raised willingly to strike. But I am driven on by injury, by banishment from my own city, while I dyed the Rhine<sup>4</sup> with blood and cut off the Gauls from the Alps on their second march to our Capitol.<sup>5</sup> Victory makes my exile doubly sure. My rout of the Germans and my sixty triumphs<sup>6</sup> were the beginning of my offences. Yet

for this in Rome as a private citizen. The senatorial government refused to grant his request.

<sup>4</sup> Caesar in 58 B.C. defeated the German King Ariovistus who had crossed the Rhine; and in 55, when the Usipetes and the Tencteri crossed the lower Rhine, Caesar massacred them, built a bridge across the river, and made a demonstration of force on the right bank.

<sup>5</sup> Caesar claims that his campaigns against the Gauls had prevented an inroad of Gauls such as had devastated even Rome itself in 390 or 387 B.C.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. note 4. After an important victory a Roman general could be granted a *triumphus*—a splendid entry into Rome. That Caesar should claim sixty "triumphs" is absurd, less so if the word here means simply victories. Cf. line 157.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

esse nocens coepi. Quanquam quos gloria terret,  
aut qui sunt qui bella vetent?<sup>1</sup> Mercedibus emptae  
ac viles operae, quorum est mea Roma noverca.

At<sup>2</sup> reor, haud impune, nec hanc sine vindice dextram  
vinciet ignavus. Victores ite furentes,<sup>3</sup>  
ite mei comites, et causam dicite ferro.

Namque omnes unum crimen vocat, omnibus una 170  
impendet clades. Reddenda est gratia vobis,

non solus vici. Quare, quia poena tropaeis  
imminet et sordes meruit victoria nostra,  
iudice Fortuna cadat alea. Sumite bellum  
et temptate manus. Certe mea causa peracta est:  
inter tot fortes armatus nescio vinci.'

Haec ubi personuit, de caelo Delphicus ales  
omina<sup>4</sup> laeta dedit pepulitque meatibus auras.

Nec non horrendi nemoris de parte sinistra  
insolitae voces flamma sonuere sequenti.

180

Ipsa nitor Phoebi vulgato laetior orbe  
crevit et aurato praecinxit fulgure vultus.

123 Fortior omnibus movit Mavortia signa

Caesar et insolitos gressu prior occupat ausus.

Prima quidem glacies et cana vincta pruina  
non pugnavit humus mitique horrore quievit.

Sed postquam turmae nimbos fregere ligatos  
et pavidus quadrupes undarum vincula rupit,  
incaluere nives. Mox flumina montibus altis

<sup>1</sup> vetent *Mössler*: vetant *J. F. Gronov*: iubent *Gulielmius*:  
oient *Reiske*: vident.

<sup>2</sup> at *ed. P.*: ut.

<sup>3</sup> furentes *A*: ferentes. *In the margin of Tornaesius's*  
*edition* frequentes.

<sup>4</sup> omina *A and l, Iunius*: omnia *O and ed. Lambeth*.

## SATYRICON

who is it that fears my fame, who are the men that forbid me make war? Base hirelings bought at a price, to whom my native Rome is a step-mother. But I think that no coward shall bind my strong arm unhurt without a blow in return. Come, men, to victory while anger is hot, come, my comrades, and plead our cause with the sword. For we are all summoned under one charge, and the same doom hangs over us all. My thanks are your due, my victory is not mine alone. Wherefore, since punishment threatens our trophies, and disgrace is the meed of conquest, let Chance decide how our lot shall fall. Raise the standard and prove your strength. My pleading at least is accomplished; armed amid so many warriors I cannot know defeat.' As he spoke these words aloud, the Delphic bird<sup>1</sup> in the sky gave a happy omen, and beat the air as it flew about. And from the left quarter of a gloomy grove strange voices sounded and fire flashed thereafter. Even Phoebus<sup>2</sup> glowed with orb brighter than his wont, and set a burning halo of gold about his face.

“ Heartened by these omens, Caesar advanced the standards of war, and marched first to open this strange tale of daring. At first indeed the ice and the ground fettered with white frost did not fight against them, and lay quiet in the kindly cold. But then the regiments broke the close-bound clouds, the trembling horses shattered the frozen bonds of the waters, and the snows melted. Soon new-born rivers

<sup>1</sup> The raven, supposed to have a gift of prophecy and therefore imagined to be the bird of Apollo, god of Prophecy.

<sup>2</sup> The sun.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

undabant modo nata, sed haec quoque—iussa  
putares—

190

stabant, et vincata fluctus stupuere ruina,<sup>1</sup>  
et paulo ante lues iam concidenda iacebat.  
Tum vero male fida prius vestigia lusit  
decepitque pedes; pariter turmaeque virique  
armaque congesta strue deplorata iacebant.  
Ecce etiam rigido concussae flamine nubes  
exonerabantur, nec rupti turbine venti  
derant aut tumida confractum grandine caelum.

*LO* Ipsae iam nubes ruptae super arma cadebant,  
et concreta gelu ponti velut unda ruebat. 200

Victa erat ingenti tellus nive victaque caeli  
sidera, victa suis haerentia flumina ripis;  
nondum Caesar erat, sed magnam nixus in hastam  
horrida securis frangebatur gressibus arva,  
qualis Caucasea decurrens arduus arce  
Amphitryoniades, aut torvo Iuppiter ore,  
cum se verticibus magni demisit Olympi  
et periturorum disiecit<sup>2</sup> tela Gigantum.

Dum Caesar tumidas iratus deprimit arces,  
interea volucer motis conterrita pinnis 210

Fama volat summique petit iuga celsa Palati  
atque hoc † Romano †<sup>3</sup> tonitru ferit omnia signa<sup>4</sup> †:  
iam classes fluitare mari totasque per Alpes

<sup>1</sup> ruina *Reiske*: pruina. *Perhaps* vincti . . . pruina.

<sup>2</sup> disiecit *Gulielmius*: deiecit. <sup>3</sup> rumoris *Helm.*

<sup>4</sup> *Corrupt?*

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<sup>1</sup> Hercules (Heracles) when he liberated Prometheus chained to the Caucasus by Zeus. Amphitryon of Tiryns was

## SATYRICON

rolled from the mountain heights, but they, too, stood still as if by some command, and the waves stopped numb with ruining floods enchained, and the water that ran a moment before now halted, hard enough to cut. But then, treacherous before, it mocked their steps and failed their footing; horses and men and arms together fell heaped in misery and ruin. Lo! too, the clouds were shaken by a freezing wind, and let fall their burden, and round the army were gusts of whirlwind and a sky broken by swollen hail. Now the clouds themselves burst and fell on the armed men, and a mass of ice showered upon them like a wave of the sea. Earth was overwhelmed in the deep snow, and the stars of heaven, and the rivers that clung to their banks. But Caesar was not yet overwhelmed; he leaned on his tall spear and crushed the rough ground with fearless tread, like the son of Amphitryon<sup>1</sup> hastening down from a high peak of Caucasus, or the fierce countenance of Jupiter, when he descended from the heights of great Olympus and scattered the arms of the doomed Giants.<sup>2</sup>

“ While Caesar treads down the swelling peaks in his wrath, Rumour flies swift in terror with beating wings, and seeks out the lofty top of the tall Palatine hill.<sup>3</sup> Then she strikes all the images of the gods with her message of Roman thunder: how ships are now sweeping the sea, and the horsemen red with

reputed father of Heracles by his wife Alceme who was visited by Zeus.

<sup>2</sup> The snake-legged giants born of Ge, Earth, tried to climb Mount Olympus, the seat of the gods. They were struck by Zeus's lightning and buried under Mount Aetna.

<sup>3</sup> At Rome. The readings in the next sentence are doubtful.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

fervere Germano perfusas sanguine turmas.  
Arma, cruor, caedes, incendia totaque bella  
ante oculos volitant. Ergo pulsata tumultu  
pectora perque duas scinduntur territa causas.  
Huic fuga per terras, illi magis unda probatur  
et patria pontus iam tutior. Est magis arma  
qui temptare velit fatisque iubentibus uti. 220  
[Quantum quisque timet, tantum fugit. Ocior ipse]<sup>1</sup>  
hos inter motus populus, miserabile visu,  
quo mens icta iubet, deserta ducitur urbe.  
Gaudet Roma fuga, debellatique Quirites  
rumoris sonitu maerentia tecta relinquunt.  
Ille manu pavida natos tenet, ille penates  
occultat gremio deploratumque relinquit  
limen et absentem votis interficit hostem.  
Sunt qui coniugibus maerentia pectora iungant,  
grandaevosque patres onerisque ignara iuventus 230  
id pro quo metuit, tantum trahit. Omnia secum  
hic vehit imprudens praedamque in proelia ducit:  
ac velut ex alto cum magnus inhorruit auster  
et pulsas evertit aquas, non arma ministris,  
non regimen prodest, ligat alter pondera pinus,  
alter tuta sinus<sup>2</sup> tranquillaque litora quaerit:  
hic dat vela fugae Fortunaequae omnia credit.  
Quid tam parva queror? Gemino cum consule  
Magnus,  
ille tremor Ponti saevique repertor Hydaspis

<sup>1</sup> Deleted by Mössler.

<sup>2</sup> sinus *Bursian*: sinu.

## SATYRICON

German<sup>1</sup> blood pouring hotly over the range of the Alps. Battle, blood, slaughter, fire, and the whole picture of war flits before their eyes. Thus hearts shake in confusion, and are fearfully divided between two counsels. One man chooses flight by land, another trusts rather to the water, and the open sea now safer than his own country. Some prefer to attempt a fight and turn Fate's decree to use; [each flies as far as his fear is deep;] in this turmoil<sup>2</sup> the people, a woeful sight, are led out of the deserted city, whither their stricken heart drives them. Rome is glad to flee, her true sons are cowed by war, and at a rumour's breath leave their houses to mourn. One holds his children with a shaking hand, one hides his household gods in his bosom, and weeping, leaves his door and calls down death on the unseen enemy. Some clasp their wives to them in tears, youths carry their aged sires, and, unused to burdens, take with them only what they dread to lose. The fool drags all his goods after him, and marches laden with booty to the battle: and all now is as when on high the rush of a strong south wind tumbles and drives the waters, and neither rigging nor helm avail the crews, and one girds together the heavy planks of pine, another heads for safe inlets and a waveless shore: he sets sail and flees, and trusts all to Chance. But why sorrow for these petty ills? Pompey the Great, who made Pontus<sup>3</sup> tremble and explored fierce

<sup>1</sup> The word has a double meaning here—(i) "German," as in line 163; and (ii) "germane"—that is, related—the blood of civil war.

<sup>2</sup> This part of the poem is like Lucan, *Pharsalia*, I, 490 ff.

<sup>3</sup> In 63 B.C. Pompeius brought the struggles with the great Mithridates VI of Pontus to a successful end for Rome.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

et piratarum scopulus, modo quem ter ovantem 240  
Iuppiter horruerat, quem fracto gurgite Pontus  
et veneratus erat submissa Bosphoros unda,  
pro pudor, imperii deserto nomine fugit,  
ut Fortuna levis Magni quoque terga videret.

124 Ergo tanta lues divum quoque numina vicit,<sup>1</sup>  
consensitque fugae caeli timor. Ecce per orbem  
mitis turba deum terras exosa furentes  
deserit atque hominum damnatum avertitur agmen.  
Pax prima ante alias niveos pulsata lacertos  
abscondit galea <sup>2</sup> victum caput atque relicto 250  
orbe fugax Ditis petit inplacabile regnum.  
Huic comes it submissa Fides et crine soluto  
Iustitia ac maerens lacera Concordia palla.  
At contra, sedes Erebi qua rupta dehiscit,  
emergit late Ditis chorus, horrida Erinys  
et Bellona minax facibusque armata Megaera  
Letumque <sup>3</sup> Insidiaeque et lurida Mortis imago.  
Quas inter Furor, abruptis ceu liber habenis,

<sup>1</sup> vicit *Jacobs, G. Hermann*: fundit *Bourdelot*: vidit.

<sup>2</sup> palla *Schrader, Jacobs*.

<sup>3</sup> *It is unnecessary to alter Letum to some other personification, as some scholars wish.*

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<sup>1</sup> The river Jhelum in north India. The Romans liked to represent their great achievements as rivalling greater ones. Alexander the Great had defeated the Indian Porus in 326 B.C. on the Hydaspes; and here Pompeius, who did not go farther than the Euphrates, is none the less represented as a Roman Alexander.

<sup>2</sup> In 67 B.C., with a great fleet and exceptional authority, Pompeius cleared the Mediterranean of powerful pirates centred round Crete and the coast of Cilicia in Asia Minor.

<sup>3</sup> Pompeius passed over these waters in 66 B.C. in his cam-



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Hydaspes,<sup>1</sup> the rock that broke the pirates,<sup>2</sup> who of late, in his three triumphs, shook the heart of Jupiter, to whom the troubled waters of Pontus and the conquered Sea of Bosphorus<sup>3</sup> bowed, flees shamefully with the two consuls<sup>4</sup> and lets his imperial title drop, that fickle Chance might see the back of great Pompey himself turned in flight.

“ Thus so great a calamity broke the power of the gods also, and dread in heaven swelled the rout. A host of gentle deities throughout the world abandon the frenzied earth in loathing, and turn aside from the doomed army of mankind.

“ Peace first of all, with her snow-white arms bruised, hides her vanquished head beneath her helmet, and leaves the world and turns in flight to the inexorable realm of Dis. At her side goes humble Faith and Justice with loosened hair, and Concord weeping with her cloak rent in pieces. But where the hall of Erebus is open and gapes wide, the dreadful company of Dis ranges forth, the grim Fury, and threatening Bellona, Megaera<sup>5</sup> whirling her torches, and Destruction, and Treachery, and the pale presence of Death. And among them Madness, like a steed loosed when the reins snap, flings up her

paign against Mithridates. His first triumphal entry into Rome was in 81 B.C. after he defeated the Marians in Africa; his second was on the last day of 71 after victory in Spain; and his third was in 61 as conqueror of Spain, Africa, and Asia.

<sup>1</sup> C. Claudius Marcellus and L. Cornelius Lentulus, 49 B.C.

<sup>2</sup> For Dis, see p. 303, n. 10. Erebus: god of darkness, son of Chaos; the darkness through which souls passed to Hades in the Underworld. Erinys: a Fury. Bellona: goddess of War, wife of Mars. Megaera: see p. 304, n. 1.

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sanguineum late tollit caput oraque mille  
vulneribus confossa cruenta casside velat; 260  
haeret detritus laevae Mavortius umbo  
innumerabilibus telis gravis, atque flagranti  
stipite dextra minax terris incendia portat.

Sentit terra deos mutataque sidera pondus  
quaesivere suum; namque<sup>1</sup> omnis regia caeli  
in partes diducta ruit. Primumque Dione  
Caesaris arma<sup>2</sup> sui ducit, comes additur illi  
Pallas et ingentem quatiens Mavortius hastam.  
Magnum<sup>3</sup> cum Phoebosor et Cyllenia proles  
excipit ac totis<sup>4</sup> similis Tiryntius actis. 270

Intremuere tubae ac scisso Discordia crine  
extulit ad superos Stygium caput. Huius in ore  
concretus sanguis, contusaque lumina flebant,  
stabant aerati<sup>5</sup> scabra rubigine dentes,  
tabo lingua fluens, obsessa draconibus ora,  
atque inter torto laceratam pectore vestem  
*LO* sanguineam tremula<sup>6</sup> quatiebat lampada dextra.  
Haec ut Cocyti tenebras et Tartara liquit,  
alta petit gradiens iuga nobilis Appennini,  
unde omnes terras atque omnia litora posset 280  
aspicere ac toto fluitantes orbe catervas,

<sup>1</sup> iamque suggests Nisbet.

<sup>2</sup> arma Passerat: acta.

<sup>3</sup> Magnum Gevaerts: magnaque.

<sup>4</sup> tantis suggests Nisbet.

<sup>5</sup> aerati *cd.* Lambeth., and in margin of Tornaesius's edition  
and in Pitthoeus's editions: atrati Burman: irati.

<sup>6</sup> sanguinea tremulam suggests Sambucus.

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<sup>1</sup> Venus, though properly Dione is the mother of Venus.  
Caesar by convention was descended from her through Iulus  
and Aeneas.

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bloody head and shields her face, scarred by a thousand wounds, with a blood-stained helm; her left hand grips her worn martial shield, heavy with countless spear-points, her right waves a blazing brand and carries fire through the world.

“Earth felt the gods in action, the stars were shaken, and swung seeking their former poise; for the whole palace of the sky broke and tumbled to ruin. And first Dione<sup>1</sup> champions the arms of Caesar, and Pallas<sup>2</sup> joins her side, and the child of Mars,<sup>3</sup> who brandishes his tall spear. Phoebus, and his sister<sup>4</sup> with him, and the son of Cyllene<sup>5</sup> and the hero of Tiryns,<sup>6</sup> like to him in all his deeds, receive Pompey the Great.

“The trumpets quavered, and Discord with dishevelled hair raised her Stygian head to the upper sky. Blood had dried on her face, tears ran from her bruised eyes, her teeth were mailed with a scurf of rust, her tongue was dripping with foulness and her face beset with snakes, her clothes were torn before her writhen breasts, and she waved a blood-red torch in her quivering hand. When she had left behind the darkness of Cocytus and Tartarus,<sup>7</sup> she strode forward to the high ridges of proud Apennine, whence she could gaze down upon all the earth and all its shores, and the armies streaming over the whole

<sup>1</sup> Minerva, here as goddess of war.

<sup>2</sup> Romulus, a son of Mars.

<sup>3</sup> Apollo and Diana.

<sup>4</sup> Mercury, son of Maia and Zeus, born on Mount Cyllene in the Peloponnese.

<sup>5</sup> Hercules, who lived at Tiryns while he served Eurystheus.

<sup>6</sup> Cocytus was one of the mythical rivers in the underworld (Tartarus). See note on chapter 120, line 69.

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atque has erumpit furibundo pectore voces:  
' Sumite nunc gentes accensis mentibus arma,  
sumite et in medias immittite lampadas urbes.  
Vincetur, quicumque latet; non femina cesset,  
non puer aut aevo iam desolata senectus;  
ipsa tremat tellus lacerataque tecta rebellent.  
Tu legem, Marcelle, tene. Tu concute plebem,  
Curio. Tu fortem ne supprime, Lentule, Martem.  
Quid porro tu, dive, tuis cunctaris in armis, 290  
non frangis portas, non muris oppida solvis  
thesaurosque rapis? Nescis tu, Magne, tueri  
Romanas arces? <sup>1</sup> Epidamni moenia quaere  
Thessalicosque sinus humano <sup>2</sup> sanguine tinguere.'"  
[Factum est in terris, quicquid Discordia iussit.]

Cum haec Eumolpos ingenti volubilitate verborum <sup>3</sup>  
effudisset, tandem Crotona intravimus. Ubi quidem  
parvo deversorio recepti, <sup>4</sup> postero die amplioris for-  
tunae domum quaerentes incidimus in turbam here-  
dipetarum sciscitantium, quod genus hominum aut  
unde veniremus. Ex praescripto ergo consilii com-

<sup>1</sup> arces *Passerat*: acies.

<sup>2</sup> Romano *Cornelissen*: *The next line is probably spurious.*

<sup>3</sup> *Fraenkel* proposes *voce* for *volubilitate verborum* in view of *verborum volubilitate* two sentences later.

<sup>4</sup> *recepti Müller*: *refecti*. In his 2nd edition he also reads *parvo quidem for quidem parvo*.

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<sup>1</sup> One of the two consuls of 49 B.C. (see p. 319, n. 4). But it was his brother who was responsible for the Senate's decree in 49 that Julius Caesar must give up his command and his army and return to Rome as a private citizen.

<sup>2</sup> C. Scribonius Curio was a strong supporter of Caesar, acting as his agent in Rome.

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globe; then these words were wrung from her angry soul: 'To arms now, ye peoples, while your spirit is hot, to arms, and set your torches to the heart of cities. He that would hide him shall be lost: let no women halt, nor children, nor the old who are now wasted with age; let the earth herself quake, and the shattered houses join the fight. Thou, Marcellus,<sup>1</sup> hold fast the law. Thou, Curio,<sup>2</sup> make the rabble quail. Thou, Lentulus,<sup>3</sup> give brave Mars no check. And thou, divine Caesar, why art thou a laggard with thine arms? Crash down the gates, strip towns of their walls and seize their treasure. So Magnus<sup>4</sup> knows not how to hold the hills of Rome? Let him take the bulwarks of Epidamnus<sup>5</sup> and dye the bays of Thessaly<sup>6</sup> with the blood of men.' [Then all the commands of Discord were fulfilled upon the earth.]"<sup>7</sup>

Eumolpus poured out these lines with immense fluency, and at last we came into Croton. There indeed we were received in a little inn, but on the next day we went to look for a house of greater pretensions, and fell in with a crowd of fortune-hunters, who inquired what kind of men we were, and where we had come from. Then, as arranged by our com-

<sup>3</sup> The other consul of 49 B.C. (p. 319, n. 4).

<sup>4</sup> Pompeius Magnus was now in command against Caesar.

<sup>5</sup> Dyrrachium (Durazzo) by the Adriatic where Pompeius tried to establish himself after evacuating Italy in the face of Caesar.

<sup>6</sup> Where Pharsalus was, the scene of Pompeius' final defeat.

<sup>7</sup> This line is a summing up substitute for the rest of the civil war, and is probably an interpolation. No lacuna is indicated after the line.

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munis exaggerata verborum volubilitate, unde aut <sup>1</sup> qui essemus, haud dubie credentibus indicavimus.

L | Qui statim opes suas summo cum certamine in Eumolpum congesserunt. < . . . > <sup>2</sup>

Certatim omnes heredipetae <sup>3</sup> muneribus gratiam Eumolpi sollicitant . . .

125 dum haec magno tempore Crotone aguntur < . . . > <sup>4</sup> et Eumolpus felicitate plenus prioris fortunae esset oblitus statum <sup>5</sup> adeo, ut superbius <sup>6</sup> iactaret, neminem gratiae suae ibi posse resistere impuneque suos, si quid deliquissent in ea urbe, <sup>7</sup> beneficio amicorum laturos. Ceterum ego, etsi quotidie magis magisque superfluentibus bonis saginatum corpus impleveram putabamque a custodia mei removisse vultum <sup>8</sup> Fortunam, tamen saepius tam consuetudinem meam cogitabam quam causam, et "quid" aiebam "si callidus captator exploratorem in Africam miserit mendaciumque deprehenderit nostrum? Quid, si etiam mercennarius [Eumolpi] <sup>9</sup> praesenti felicitate lassus indicium ad amicos detulerit totamque fallaciam invidiosa <sup>10</sup> proditione detexerit? Nempe rursus fugiendum crit et tandem expugnata paupertas nova mendicitate revocanda. Dii deaeque, quam male est

<sup>1</sup> et *Strelitz*.

<sup>2</sup> *Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.*

<sup>3</sup> *heredipetae omitted by ed. Lambeth. and Pithoeus's editions.*

<sup>4</sup> *Buecheler deletes dum . . . aguntur.*

<sup>5</sup> *P. George would delete statum.*

<sup>6</sup> *superbius suggests Fraenkel: subinde Jacobs: suis.*

<sup>7</sup> *Müller deletes in ea urbe.*

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mon council, a torrent of ready words burst from us, and they gave easy credence to our account of ourselves or our country. They at once quarrelled fiercely in their eagerness to heap their own riches on Eumolpus. . . .<sup>1</sup>

The fortune-hunters all competed to win Eumolpus's favour with presents. . . .

This went on for a long while in Croton, . . . Eumolpus was flushed with success, and so far forgot the former state of his fortunes as to boast very arrogantly that no one there could cross his good pleasure, and that his own dependants would escape unpunished by the kindness of his friends if they committed any crime in that city. But though I had lined my stuffed body well every day with the ever-growing supply of good things, and believed that Fortune had turned away her face from keeping a watch on me, still I again and again thought over my past habits as much as the cause of it all, and kept saying to myself, "Supposing some cunning legacy-hunter sends a spy over to Africa and finds out our lies? Or supposing the servant grows weary of his present luck and gives his friends a hint, or betrays us out of spite, and exposes the whole plot? Of course we shall have to run away again; we must start afresh as beggars, and call back the poverty we have now at last driven out. Ah! gods and goddesses! the

<sup>1</sup> Buecheler proposed a lacuna here. But the preceding sentence and the next one seem to be alternative to each other.

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<sup>8</sup> After *vultum Fraenkel* suggests adding *meam*.

<sup>9</sup> Added in *l*.

<sup>10</sup> *Nisbet* suggests *insidiosa*.

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extra legem viventibus: quicquid meruerunt, semper exspectant" . . .

126 "Quia nosti venerem tuam, superbia <lucru>m<sup>1</sup> captas vendisque amplexus, non commodas. Quo enim spectant flexae pectine comae, quo facies medicamine attrita et oculorum quoque mollis petulantia, quo incessus arte<sup>2</sup> compositus et ne vestigia quidem pedum extra mensuram aberrantia, nisi quod formam prostituis, ut vendas?<sup>3</sup> Vides me: nec auguria novi nec mathematicorum caelum curare soleo, ex vultibus tamen hominum mores colligo, et cum spatiantem vidi, quid cogitet<sup>4</sup> scio. Sive ergo nobis<sup>5</sup> vendas quod peto, mercator paratus est, sive quod humanius est, commodas, effice ut beneficium debeam.<sup>6</sup> Nam quod servum te et humilem fateris, accendis desiderium aestuantis. Quaedam enim feminae sordibus calent, nec libidinem concitant, nisi aut servos viderint aut statores altius cinctos. Harena aliquas<sup>7</sup> accendit aut perfusus pulvere mulio aut histrio scaenae ostentatione traductus.<sup>8</sup> Ex hac nota domina est mea: usque ab orchestra quattuordecim transilit et in extrema plebe quaerit quod diligat."

Itaque oratione blandissima plenus "rogo"

<sup>1</sup> superbia <lucru>m is *Fraenkel's suggestion*: superbiam *L.*: superbia me *Heinsius*: *Nisbet suggests* iactas for captas.

<sup>2</sup> arte *Dousa*: delicate *Fraenkel*: scite *Heinsius*: astute *Jacobs*: tute.

<sup>3</sup> *Fraenkel would delete* ut vendas.

<sup>4</sup> cogitet *Burman*: cogites.

<sup>5</sup> *Fraenkel suggested deleting* nobis.

<sup>6</sup> *Anton suggested* debeamus, *Jungermann* debeat (*sc. Circe*).

<sup>7</sup> alias *Buecheler*.

<sup>8</sup> *Perhaps* traductas.



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outlaw has a hard life; he is always waiting to get what he deserves." . . .

<sup>1</sup>" Because you know your beauty, you haughtily hunt after gain, and do not bestow your embraces, but sell them. What is the object of your nicely combed hair, your face plastered with dyes, and the soft fondness even in your glance, and your walk arranged by art so that never a footstep strays from its place? It means of course that you offer your comeliness freely for sale. Look at me; I know nothing of omens, and I never attend to the astrologer's sky, but I read character in a man's face, and when I see him walk I know his thoughts. So if you will sell us what I want, there is a buyer ready: if you will be more gracious and bestow it upon us, let me be indebted to you for a favour. For when you admit that you are a slave of low degree, you fan the passion of a lady who burns for you. Some women kindle for vile fellows, and cannot rouse any desire unless they have a slave or a servant in short garments in their eye. Some burn for a gladiator, or a muleteer smothered in dust, or an actor disgraced by exhibiting himself on the stage. My mistress is of this class; she skips fourteen<sup>2</sup> rows away from the orchestra, and hunts for something to love among the low people at the back."

With my ears full of her winning words I then said,

<sup>1</sup> Codex *l* adds here *Chrysis ancilla Circes ad Pollienum* (for *Polyaenum*): "Chrysis, handmaid of Circe, speaking to Polyaenus"—that is Encolpius who assumed this name at Croton.

<sup>2</sup> By the *Lex Roscia* of 67 B.C. the fourteen rows just behind those allotted to Senators (the government-class) in the theatre were reserved for the Equites (Knights—the moneyed business class).

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inquam " numquid illa, quae me amat, tu es? " Multum risit ancilla post tam frigidum schema et " nolo " inquit " tibi tam valde placeas. Ego adhuc servo nunquam succubui, nec hoc dii sinant, ut amplexus meos in crucem mittam. Viderint matronae, quae flagellorum vestigia osculantur; ego etiam si ancilla sum, nunquam tamen nisi in equestribus sedeo." Mirari equidem tam discordem libidinem coepi atque inter monstra numerare, quod ancilla haberet matronae superbiam et matrona ancillae humilitatem.

LO | Procedentibus deinde longius iocis rogavi ancillam, ut in platanona perduceret dominam. Placuit puellae consilium. Itaque collegit altius tunicam flexitque se in eum daphnana, qui ambulationi adhaerebat.<sup>1</sup> Nec diu morata dominam<sup>2</sup> producit e latebris laterique meo applicat, mulierem omnibus simulacris emendatiorem. Nulla vox est quae formam eius possit comprehendere, nam quicquid dixero, minus erit. Crines ingenio suo flexi per totos se umeros effuderant, frons minima et quae radices capillorum retro flexerat, supercilia usque ad malarum scripturam<sup>3</sup> currentia et rursus confinio luminum<sup>4</sup> paene permixta, oculi clariores stellis extra<sup>5</sup> lunam fulgentibus, nares paululum inflexae et osculum quale

<sup>1</sup> adhaerebat Nisbet: haerebat.

<sup>2</sup> Fraenkel would delete dominam.

<sup>3</sup> suturam suggests Nisbet: curvaturam Fraenkel: purpuram Müller in his 2nd edition. There are other suggestions.

<sup>4</sup> Fraenkel suggested deleting luminum.

<sup>5</sup> Nisbet suggests citra; but cf. extra nubem at beginning of Chapter 127.

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<sup>1</sup> The castaways are posing as Eumolpus's slaves.

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"It is not you, I suppose, who love me so?" The handmaid laughed loudly at such a clumsy turn of speech, and said, "Pray do not be so conceited. I never yielded to a slave<sup>1</sup> yet, and God forbid that I should throw my arms round a gallows-bird. The married women may see to that, and kiss the scars of a flogging; I may be only a lady's maid, for all that I never sit down in any seats but the knights'." I proceeded to marvel at their contrary passions, and to count them as portents, the handmaid having the pride of a married lady, and the married lady the low tastes of a handmaid.

Then as our jokes proceeded further, I asked the maid to bring her mistress into the grove of plane-trees. The plan pleased the girl. So she gathered her skirts up high, and turned into the laurel grove which grew close to our path. She was not long away before she led the lady out of her hiding-place, and brought her to my side. The woman was more perfect than any artist's dream. There are no words that can include all her beauty, and whatever I write must fall short of her. Her hair grew in natural waves and flowed all over her shoulders, her forehead was small, and the roots of her hair curved back from it, her brows ran to the outline of her cheekbones and almost met again near her eyes, and those eyes were brighter than stars when there is no moon,<sup>2</sup> and her nose had a little curve, and her little

<sup>2</sup> *extra lunam*, "outside the moon" suggests simply "farther away than the moon." But compare *extra nubem* at the beginning of Chapter 127, where "outside any cloud" seems to mean "cloudless." If we accept *citra*, "this side of" as Nisbet suggests, in both places, the meaning is still "cloudless."

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Praxiteles habere Dianam<sup>1</sup> credit. Iam mentum, iam cervix, iam manus, iam pedum candor intra auri gracile vinculum positus: Parium marmor exstinxerat. Itaque tunc primum Dorida vetus amator contempsi . . .

Quid factum est, quod tu proiectis, Iuppiter, armis inter caelicolas fabula muta iaces?<sup>2</sup>

Nunc erat a torva submittere cornua fronte, nunc pluma canos dissimulare tuos.

Haec vera est Danae. Tempta modo tangere corpus,

iam tua flammifero membra calore fluent . . .

127 Delectata illa risit tam blandum, ut videretur mihi plenum os<sup>3</sup> extra nubem luna proferre. Mox digitis gubernantibus vocem "Si non fastidis" inquit "feminam ornatam et hoc primum anno virum expertam, concilio tibi, o iuvenis, sororem. Habes tu quidem et fratrem, neque enim me piguit inquirere, sed quid prohibet et sororem adoptare? Eodem gradu venio. Tu tantum dignare et meum osculum, cum libuerit, agnoscere." "Immo" inquam ego "per formam tuam te rogo, ne fastidias hominem

<sup>1</sup> *Jahn suggested Cnidiam and (less likely) Dionen, which is poetic, as Dionaeam also would be. Dionam Meyer.*

<sup>2</sup> *iaces Fraenkel: taces.*

<sup>3</sup> *For plenum os l'has caput.*

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<sup>1</sup> Diana was the Roman counterpart of the Greek goddess Artemis. The renowned sculptor Praxiteles of the fourth century B.C. made for the city Mantinea a group of Leto with Apollo and Artemis, a statue of Artemis Brauronia for Athens, and an Artemis for the city Ancyra. But since he also made a famous statue of Aphrodite (Venus) for the city Cnidus in

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mouth was the kind that Praxiteles dreamed Diana<sup>1</sup> had. And her chin and her neck, and her hands, and the gleam of her foot under a light band of gold! She had turned the marble of Paros<sup>2</sup> dull. So then at last I put my old passion for Doris to despoite. . . .

“What is come to pass, Jupiter,<sup>3</sup> that thou hast cast away thine armour, and now liest silent in heaven and become an idle tale? Now were a time for thee to let the horns sprout on thy lowering forehead, or hide thy white hair under a swan’s feathers. This is the true Danaë. Dare only to touch her body, and all thy limbs shall be loosened with fiery heat.” . . .

She was delighted, and smiled so sweetly that I thought a cloudless moon was showing me her face full. Then she said, letting her fingers guide her words, “If you do not despise a rich woman who has known a man first this very year, dear youth, I will give you a new sister.<sup>4</sup> True, you have a brother, too, for I made bold to inquire, but why should you not take to yourself a sister as well? I will come as the same kind of relation. Deign only to recognize my kiss also when it is your good pleasure.”

“I should rather implore you by your beauty,” I replied, “not to scorn to enrol a stranger among your

Caria in Asia Minor, Jahn suggested reading here *Cnidiam*, “the Cnidian goddess,” or else *Dionen*, Dione being in mythology the mother of Venus and also, but in poetry, Venus herself.

<sup>2</sup> The white marble of Paros island was famous.

<sup>3</sup> When Zeus (Jupiter) loved Europa, Leda, and Danaë, he appeared to them as a bull, a swan, and a shower of gold respectively.

<sup>4</sup> “sister,” as in the next sentence “brother,” means sexual lover.

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peregrinum inter cultores admittere. Invenies religiosum, si te adorari permiseris. Ac ne me iudices ad hoc templum [Amoris]<sup>1</sup> gratis accedere, dono tibi fratrem meum." "Quid? Tu"<sup>2</sup> inquit illa "donas mihi eum, sine quo non potes vivere, ex cuius osculo pendes, quem sic tu amas, quemadmodum ego te volo?" Haec ipsa cum diceret, tanta gratia conciliabat vocem loquentis, tam dulcis sonus pertemptatum mulcebat aëra, ut putares inter auras canere Sirenum concordiam. Itaque miranti [et]<sup>3</sup> toto mihi caelo clarius nescio quid relucente libuit deae nomen quaerere. "Ita" inquit "non dixit tibi ancilla mea me Circen vocari? Non sum quidem Solis progenies, nec mea mater, dum placet, labentis mundi cursum detinuit. Habebo tamen quod caelo impudem, si nos fata coniunxerint. Immo iam nescio quid tacitis cogitationibus deus agit. Nec sine causa Polyænon Circe amat: semper inter haec nomina magna fax surgit. Sume ergo amplexum, si placet. Neque est quod curiosum aliquem extimescas: longe ab hoc loco frater est." Dixit haec Circe, implicitumque me brachiis mollioribus pluma deduxit in terram vario gramine indutam.

<sup>1</sup> amoris *B, P, om. R, δ, L: Fraenkel deletes.*

<sup>2</sup> quid tu *Pithoeus's 2nd edition: quid ni.*

<sup>3</sup> *Probably to be deleted (Fraenkel).*

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<sup>1</sup> In Greek mythology, a sorceress, daughter of the sun (*Phoebēta Circe* in Chapter 134). As related in Book X of Homer's *Odyssey*, lines 230-240, she turned the bodies (not the minds) of Odysseus's companions into those of pigs for a time.

<sup>2</sup> *Encolpius* (see p. 277, n. 1). *Polyænon* occurs elsewhere

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worshippers. You will find me a true votary, if you allow me to kneel before you. And do not think that I would enter this shrine [of Love] without an offering; I will give you my own brother."

"What," she said, "you give me the one without whom you cannot live, on whose lips you hang, whom you love as I would have you love me?" Even as she spoke grace made her words so attractive, the sweet noise fell so softly upon the listening air, that one seemed to have the harmony of the Sirens ringing in the breeze. So as I marvelled, and all the light of the sky somehow fell brighter upon me, I was moved to ask my goddess her name. "Then my maid did not tell you that I am called Circe?"<sup>1</sup> she said. "I am not the Sun-child indeed, and my mother has never stayed the moving world in its course while she will. But I shall have a debt to pay to Heaven if fate brings you and me together. Surely now, the Gods with their quiet thoughts have some plan in the making. Circe does not love Polyænus<sup>2</sup> without good reason; when these two names meet, a great fire is always set ablaze. Then take me in your embrace if you like. You need have no fear of any spy; your brother is far away from here."

Circe was silent, folded me in two arms softer than a bird's wing, and drew me to the ground on a varied carpet of grass.

also as a proper name. The epithet *πολύαινος* ("much-praise") was given to Odysseus by the virgin-faced sweet-singing birds, the Sirens (Homer, *Odyssey*, XII, 184). It is found elsewhere in Homer, always as an epithet of Odysseus. Circe was imagined to dwell near the headland and town Circeii (Circello) in Latium, the Sirens along the south coast of Italy, especially near Naples.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

Idaeo quales fudit de vertice flores  
 terra parens, cum se concesso <sup>1</sup> iunxit amori  
 Iuppiter et toto concepit pectore flammās:  
 emicuere rosae violaeque et molle cyperon,  
 albaque de viridi riserunt lilia prato:  
 talis humus Venerem molles clamavit in herbas,  
 candidiorque dies secreto favit amori.

In hoc gramine pariter compositi mille osculis lusi-  
 mus, quaerentes voluptatem robustam . . .

128 L | "Quid est?" inquit "numquid te osculum meum  
 offendit? Numquid spiritus ieiunio marcens? <sup>2</sup>  
 Numquid alarum <sum> negligens [sudor puto]? <sup>3</sup> Si  
 haec non sunt, numquid Gitona times?" Perfusus  
 ego rubore manifesto etiam si quid habueram virium,  
 perdi, totoque corpore velut luxato <sup>4</sup> "quaeso"  
 inquam "regina, noli suggillare miserias. Veneficio  
 contactus sum" . . .

"Dic, Chrysis, sed verum: numquid indecens  
 sum? Numquid incompta? Numquid ab aliquo  
 naturali vitio formam meam excaeco? Noli decipere  
 dominam tuam. Nescio quid peccavimus." Rapuit  
 deinde tacenti speculum, et postquam omnes vultus  
 temptavit, quos solet inter amantes risus <sup>5</sup> fingere, <sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> concesso *Sambucus*: confesso.

<sup>2</sup> marcens *Buecheler*: marcet in margin of l: acet *Wou-  
 weren*: macet *Gruter*: macer.

<sup>3</sup> *Fraenkel* suggests adding sum and deleting sudor puto.  
 This seems simplest. But *Nisbet's* negligens odor might be  
 right. In his second edition *Müller* proposes negligens sudor?  
 si <ut> puto haec. *Lips* proposed sudor putet, *Burman*  
 sudorem puteo, *Anton* sudore puteo.

<sup>4</sup> luxato *Jungermann*: laxato.

<sup>5</sup> *Müller* conjectures lusus, *Buecheler* usus, *Dousa* nisus.

<sup>6</sup> fingere *Cuperus*: frangere.



## SATYRICON

“Such flowers as Earth, our mother, spread on Ida’s top when Jupiter embraced her<sup>1</sup> in lawful love, and all his heart was kindled with fire: roses glowed there, and violets, and the tender flowering rush; and white lilies laughed from the green meadow: such a soil summoned Venus to the soft plants, and the day grew brighter and looked kindly on their hidden pleasure.”

We lay together there on this grass and exchanged a thousand light kisses, but we looked for sterner pleasure. . . .

<sup>2</sup>“Tell me,” she cried, “do you find some offence in my kiss? In my breath that faints with hunger? Am I careless about my armpits?<sup>2</sup> If it is none of these, are you afraid of Giton?” I crimsoned with blushes under her eyes, and lost any strength I might have had before, and cried as though there were no whole part in my body, “Dear lady, have mercy, do not mock my grief. Some poison has infected me.” . . .

<sup>4</sup>“Speak to me, Chrysis, tell me true: am I ugly or untidy? Is there some natural blemish that darkens my beauty? Do not deceive your own mistress. I have sinned somehow or other.” She then snatched a mirror from the silent girl, and after trying every look that raises a smile to most lovers’ lips, she

<sup>1</sup> Juno (Greek, Hera) his sister. (See Homer, *Iliad*, XIV, 346 ff.) If *concesso* is right, it stresses that for gods sexual union of brother and sister was not incest.

<sup>2</sup> Codex *l* adds *Circe ad Polyænium*.

<sup>3</sup> [*sudor puto*] “sweat, I think,” is most likely a remark intruded by a scribe. Yet Anton’s suggestion *sudore puteo* is reasonable.

<sup>4</sup> *l* indicates Circe as the speaker.

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excussit vexatam solo vestem raptimque aedem  
Veneris intravit. Ego contra damnatus et quasi  
quodam visu in horrorem perductus interrogare  
animum meum coepi, an vera voluptate fraudatus  
essem.

LO | Nocte soporifera veluti cum somnia ludunt  
errantes oculos effossaque protulit aurum  
in lucem tellus: versat manus improba furtum  
thesaurosque rapit, sudor quoque perluit ora<sup>1</sup>  
et mentem timor altus habet, ne forte gravatum  
excutiat gremium secreti conscius auri:  
mox ubi fugerunt elusam gaudia mentem  
veraque forma redit, animus, quod perdidit, optat  
atque in praeterita se totus imagine versat . . .

L | "Itaque hoc nomine tibi gratias ago, quod me  
Socratica fide diligis. Non tam intactus Alcibiades  
in praeceptoris sui lecto iacuit" . . .

129 "Crede mihi, frater, non intellego me virum esse,  
non sentio. Funerata est illa pars corporis, qua  
quondam Achilles eram" . . .

Veritus puer, ne in secreto deprehensus daret ser-  
monibus locum, proripuit se et in partem aedium  
interiorem fugit . . .

LO | cubiculum autem meum Chrysis intravit codicil-

<sup>1</sup> *Buecheler deletes this line.*

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<sup>1</sup> Giton speaks to Encolpius—so Codex *l* indicates.

<sup>2</sup> Plato in his *Symposium*, 217-219, represents the young profligate politician and general Alcibiades (born c. 450 B.C.)

## SATYRICON

shook out the cloak the earth had stained, and hurried into the temple of Venus. But I was lost and horror-stricken as if I had seen a ghost, and proceeded to inquire of my heart whether I was cheated of my true delight.

As when dreams deceive our wandering eyes in the heavy slumber of night, and under the spade the earth yields gold to the light of day: our greedy hands finger the spoil and snatch at the treasure, sweat too runs down our face, and a deep fear grips our heart that maybe some one will shake out our laden bosom, where he knows the gold is hid: next, when these pleasures flee from the brain they mocked, and the true shape of things comes back, our mind is eager for what is lost, and moves with all its force among the shadows of the past. . . .

<sup>1</sup>“ So in his name I give you thanks for loving me as true as Socrates. Alcibiades<sup>2</sup> never lay so unspotted in his master’s bed.” . . .

<sup>3</sup>“ I tell you, brother, I do not realize that I am a man, I do not feel it. That part of my body where I was once an Achilles<sup>4</sup> is dead and buried.” . . .

The boy was afraid that he might give an opening for scandal if he were caught in a quiet place with me, and tore himself away and fled into an inner part of the house. . . .

Chrysis came into my bedroom and gave me a letter

as loved by the philosopher Socrates, his friend and teacher, in a completely “platonian” manner, in spite of every opportunity.

<sup>2</sup> Encolpius speaks to Giton, as Codex *I* indicates.

<sup>4</sup> That is, young and strong, like the famous Greek hero Achilles at Troy.

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losque mihi dominae suae reddidit, in quibus haec erant scripta: "Circe Polyaeno salutem. Si libidinosa essem, quererer decepta; nunc etiam languori tuo gratias ago. In umbra voluptatis diutius lusi. Quid tamen agas, quaero, et an tuis pedibus perveneris domum; negant enim medici sine nervis homines ambulare posse. Narrabo tibi, adulescens, paralytin cave. Nunquam ego aegrum<sup>1</sup> tam magno periculo vidi; medius fidius<sup>2</sup> iam peristi. Quod si idem frigus genua manusque temptaverit tuas, licet ad tubicines mittas. Quid ergo est? Etiam si gravem iniuriam accepi, homini tamen misero non invideo medicinam. Si vis sanus esse, Gitonem roga.<sup>3</sup> Recipies, inquam, nervos tuos, si triduo sine fratre dormieris. Nam quod ad me attinet, non timeo, ne quis inveniatur cui minus placeam. Nec speculum mihi nec fama mentitur. Vale, si potes."

Ut intellexit Chrysis perlegisse me totum convicium "Solent" inquit "haec fieri, et praecipue in hac civitate, in qua mulieres etiam lunam deducunt . . . itaque huius quoque rei cura agetur. Rescribe modo blandius dominae animumque eius candida humanitate restitue. Verum enim fatendum est: ex qua hora iniuriam accepit, apud se non est." Libenter quidem parvi ancillae verbaque codicillis talia  
130 imposui: "Polyaenos Circae salutem. Fateor me, domina, saepe peccasse; nam et homo sum et

<sup>1</sup> *Fuchs adds in after aegrum.*

<sup>2</sup> *P. Thomas would delete fidius.*

<sup>3</sup> *relega Delz.*

## SATYRICON

from her mistress, who wrote as follows: "Circe greets Polyænus. If I were a passionate woman, I should feel betrayed and hurt: as it is I can be thankful even for your coldness. I have amused myself long with the shadow of pleasure. But I should like to know how you are, and whether your feet carried you safely home; the doctors say that people who have lost their sinews cannot walk. I tell you what, young man, you must be aware of paralysis. I have never seen a sick person in such grave danger; I declare you are as good as dead. If the same mortal chill attacks your knees and hands, you may send for the funeral trumpeters. And what about me? Well, even if I have been deeply wounded, I do not grudge a poor man a cure. If you want to get well, ask Giton. I think you will recover your sinews if you sleep for three days without your brother. So far as I am concerned, I am sure that I can find a more responsive lover. My looking-glass and my reputation do not lie. Keep as well as you can."

When Chrysis saw that I had read through the whole of this complaint, she said: "These things often happen, especially in this town, where the women can even draw down the moon from the sky, . . . and so attention will be paid to this matter also. Only do write back sweetly to my mistress, and restore her spirits by your frank kindness. For I must tell you the truth: she has never been herself from the moment you insulted her."

I obeyed the girl with pleasure and wrote on a tablet as follows: "Polyænus greets Circe. Dear lady, I admit my many failings; for I am human, and

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adhuc iuvenis. Nunquam tamen ante hunc diem usque ad mortem deliqui. Habes confitentem reum: quicquid iusseris, merui. Proditionem feci, hominem occidi, templum violavi: in haec facinora quaere supplicium. Sive occidere placet,<sup>1</sup> ferro meo venio, sive verberibus contenta es, curro nudus ad dominam. Illud unum memento, non me sed instrumenta peccasse. Paratus miles arma non habui. Quis hoc turbaverit, nescio. Forsitan animus antecessit corporis moram, forsitan dum omnia concupisco voluptatem tempore consumpsi. Non invenio, quod feci. Paralyisin tamen cavere iubes: tanquam ea<sup>2</sup> maior fieri possit, quae abstulit mihi, per quod etiam te habere potui. Summa tamen excusationis meae haec est: placebo tibi, si me culpam emendare permiseris” . . .

L | Dimissa cum eiusmodi pollicitatione Chryside curavi diligentius noxiosissimum corpus, balneoque praeterito modica unctione usus, mox cibus validioribus pastus, id est bulbis cochlearumque sine iure cervicibus, hausi parcius merum. Hinc ante somnum levissima ambulatione compositus sine Gitone cubiculum intravi. Tanta erat placandi cura, ut timerem, 131 ne latus meum frater convelleret. Postero die, cum sine offensa corporis animique consurrexissem, in eundem platanona descendi, etiam si locum inauspicatum timebam, coepique inter arbores ducem itineris expectare Chrysidem. Nec diu spatiatum conserteram, ubi hesterno die fueram, cum illa intus

<sup>1</sup> *Buecheler adds cum before ferro.*

<sup>2</sup> *ea Buecheler: iam.*

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still young. But never before this day have I committed deadly sin. The culprit confesses to you; I have deserved whatever you may order. I have been a traitor, I have destroyed a man, and profaned a temple: demand my punishment for these crimes. If you decide on execution, I will come with my sword; if you let me off with a flogging, I will run naked to my lady. Remember that one thing—that not I but my tools went wrong. A soldier ready I was but had no weapons. Who upset me so I know not. Perhaps my will ran on while my body lagged behind, perhaps I wasted all my pleasure in delay by desiring too much. I cannot discover what I did. But you tell me to beware of paralysis: as if the disease could grow worse, which has taken away from me the means of making you my own. But my apology amounts to this—I will do your pleasure if you allow me to mend my fault.” . . .

Chrysis was sent off with this promise, and I paid great attention to my offending body, and after omitting my bath anointed myself in moderation, and then fed on strong foods, onions, I mean, and snails' necks without sauce, and drank sparingly of wine. I then settled myself with a gentle walk before bed, and went into my room without Giton. I was so anxious to please her that I was afraid my brother might take away my strength. Next day I got up sound in mind and body, and went down to the same grove of plane-trees, though I was rather afraid of the unlucky place, and proceeded to wait among the trees for Chrysis to lead me on my way.

After walking up and down a short while, I sat where I had been the day before, and Chrysis came

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venit<sup>1</sup> comitem aniculam trahens. Atque ut me consalutavit, "Quid est" inquit "fastose, ecquid bonam mentem habere coepisti?"

Illa de sinu licium protulit varii coloris filis intortum cervicemque vinxit meam. Mox turbatum sputo pulverem medio sustulit digito frontemque repugnantis signavit <. . .><sup>2</sup>

Hoc peracto carmine ter me iussit expuere terque lapillos conicere in sinum, quos ipsa praecantatos purpura involverat, admotisque manibus temptare coepit inguinum vires. Dicto citius nervi paruerunt imperio manusque aniculae ingenti motu repleverunt. At illa gaudio exsultans "Vides" inquit "Chrysis mea, vides, quod <aiunt><sup>3</sup> aliis leporem excitavi?" . . .

LO | Nobilis aestivas platanus diffuderat umbras  
et bacis redimita Daphne tremulaeque cupressus  
et circum tonsae trepidanti vertice pinus.  
Has inter ludebat aquis errantibus amnis  
spumeus et querulo vexabat rore lapillos.  
Dignus amore locus: testis silvester aëdon<sup>4</sup>  
atque urbana Procne, quae circum gramina fusae  
ac molles violas cantu sua furta<sup>5</sup> colebant . . .

<sup>1</sup> intus venit *Buecheler*: intervenit.

<sup>2</sup> lacuna indicated by *Boschius*.

<sup>3</sup> I accept *Nisbet's* addition of aiunt.

<sup>4</sup> silvester aedon *Pius*: silvesterisdon *B*: silvester iasdon  
*RP*: silvestris hirundo *l* and *cod. Lambeth*.

<sup>5</sup> furta *Buecheler*: rura *l*, *R*,  $\delta$ : iura *cod. Lambeth*. *The readings and meaning of the whole line are in dispute.*

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<sup>1</sup> *Proselenos* (see Chapter 132), a sorceress. Her Greek name means "before the moon," "older than the moon."

<sup>2</sup> *Laurel*, into which was changed *Daphne*, daughter of a river god.



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under the trees, bringing an old woman<sup>1</sup> with her. When she had greeted me, she said, "Well, disdainful lover, have you gone so far as to come to your senses?" Then the old woman took a twist of threads of different colours out of her dress, and tied it round my neck. Then she mixed some dust with spittle, and took it on her middle finger, and made a mark on my forehead despite my protest. . . .

After this chant she ordered me to spit three times and throw stones into my bosom three times, after she had said a spell over them and wrapped them in purple, and laid her hands on me and proceeded to try the force of her charm on the powers of my groin. Before you could say a word, my sinews obeyed her command and filled the old woman's hands with a huge upstir. Then she, triumphant with joy, "Do you see, my dear Chrysis?" she said,—"I have put up a hare for other people, as they say." . . .

The stately plane-tree, and Daphne<sup>2</sup> decked with berries, and the quivering cypresses, and the swaying tops of the shorn pines, cast a summer shade. Among them played the straying waters of a foamy river, lashing the pebbles with its chattering flow. The place was proper to love; so the nightingale of the woods bore witness, and Procne<sup>3</sup> from the town, as they hovered about the grasses and the tender violets, and pursued their stolen loves with a song. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Swallow, into which was changed Procne, daughter of Pandion a traditional King of Athens, and sister of Philomela, who was changed into a nightingale.

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Premebat illa resoluta marmoreis cervicibus aureum torum myrtoque florenti quietum <aera><sup>1</sup> verberabat.<sup>2</sup> Itaque ut me vidit, paululum erubuit, hesternae scilicet iniuriae memor;<sup>3</sup> deinde ut remotis omnibus secundum invitantem consedi, ramum super oculos meos posuit, et quasi pariete interiecto audacior facta "Quid est" inquit "paralytice? ecquid hodie totus venisti?" "Rogas" inquam ego "potius quam temptas?" Totoque corpore in amplexum eius immissus non praecantatis usque ad satietatem osculis fruor . . .

132 L | (Ipsa corporis pulchritudine me ad se vocante<sup>4</sup> trahebat ad venerem. Iam pluribus osculis collisa labra crepitabant, iam implicitae manus omne genus amoris invenerant, iam alligata mutuo ambitu corpora animarum quoque mixturam fecerant.) . . .

Manifestis matrona contumeliis verberata<sup>5</sup> tandem ad ultionem decurrit vocatque cubicularios et me iubet catomizari.<sup>6</sup> Nec contenta mulier tam gravi iniuria mea convocat omnes quasillarias familiaeque sordidissimam partem ac me conspui iubet. Oppono ego manus oculis meis, nullisque effusis precibus, quia sciebam quid meruissem, verberibus sputisque<sup>7</sup> extra ianua eiectus sum. Eicitur et Proselenos.

<sup>1</sup> aera added by Ernout.

<sup>2</sup> Müller suggests ventilabat.

<sup>3</sup> Müller deletes hesternae . . . memor.

<sup>4</sup> Fraenkel would delete ad se vocante.

<sup>5</sup> Buecheler conjectures exacerbata, Nisbet vexata.

<sup>6</sup> catomizari Saumaise: catorogare. There are various suggestions.

<sup>7</sup> Müller deletes verberibus sputisque. Buecheler adds <obrutus> after sputisque.

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She was stretched out there with her marble neck pressed on a golden bed, vigorously fanning the still air with a spray of myrtle in flower. So when she saw me she blushed a little, of course remembering my rudeness the day before; then, when they had all left us, she asked me to sit by her, and I did; she laid the sprig of myrtle over my eyes, and then growing bolder, as if she had put a wall between us, "Well, poor paralytic," she said, "have you come here to-day a whole man?" "Do not ask me," I replied, "try me." I threw myself eagerly into her arms, and enjoyed her kisses unchecked by any magic until I was tired. . . .

(The mere loveliness of his<sup>1</sup> body called to me and drew us into love. There was the sound of a rain of kisses as our lips met, our hands were clasped and discovered all the ways of love, then our bodies were held and bound by our embrace until even our souls were made as one soul.) . . .

My open taunts lashed the lady; at last she ran to avenge herself, and called her chamber grooms, and ordered me to be hoisted on their shoulders for flogging. Not content with this black insult, the woman called up all her low spinsters, and the very dregs of her slaves, and invited them to spit upon me. I put my hands to my eyes and never poured forth any appeal, for I knew my deserts, and was beaten and spat upon and thrown out of doors. Proselenos

<sup>1</sup> Not "her" because Codex *I* prefixes to this sentence *Encolpius de Endymione puero*, "Encolpius speaking about a boy Endymion." This indicates that this passage is intruded here out of its proper place because what precedes and what comes after it concern the love-affair of Encolpius and Circe.

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Chrysis vapulat, totaque familia tristis inter se mussat  
quaeritque, quis dominae hilaritatem confuderit . . .

Itaque pensatis vicibus animosior verberum notas  
arte contexi, ne aut Eumolpus contumelia mea hila-  
*LO* rior fieret aut fristior Giton. | Quod solum igitur salvo  
pudore poteram, contingere<sup>1</sup> languorem simulavi,  
conditusque lectulo totum ignem furoris in eam  
converti, quae mihi omnium malorum causa fuerat:

ter corripui terribilem manu bipennem,  
ter languidior coliculi repente thyrso  
ferrum timui, quod trepido male dabat usum.  
Nec iam poteram, quod modo conficere libebat;  
namque illa metu frigidior rigente bruma  
confugerat in viscera mille operata rugis.  
Ita non potui supplicio caput aperire,  
sed furciferæ mortifero timore lusus  
ad verba, magis quae poterant nocere, fugi.

Erectus igitur in cubitum hac fere oratione contu-  
macem vexavi: " Quid dicis " inquam " omnium  
hominum deorumque pudor? Nam ne nominare  
quidem te inter res serias fas est. Hoc de te merui,  
*L* ut me in caelo positum ad inferos traheres? | Ut  
traduceres annos primo florentes vigore senectaeque  
ultima mihi lassitudinem imponeres? Rogo te,  
mihi apodixin <non><sup>2</sup> defunctoriam redde." Haec  
ut iratus effudi,

<sup>1</sup> *Palmier deletes contingere.*

<sup>2</sup> *non added by Müller in his second edition.*

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was thrown out too, Chrysis was flogged, and all the slaves muttered gloomily to themselves, and asked who had upset their mistress's spirits. . . . So after considering my position I took courage, and carefully hid the marks of the lash for fear Eumolpus should exult or Giton be depressed at my disgrace. Therefore as the only way to hide my shame, I began to pretend that sickness was affecting me; and having got in bed, turned the whole fire of my madness against that which had been the cause of all my misfortunes, and "Thrice I seized in hand the dreaded axe, thrice, fainter than a little cabbage stalk, I feared the steel, that served me ill in my panic. So what I would like to have done, just before, by now I could not do. For that thing, colder from fear than freezing mid-winter, had retracted into my flesh covered with a thousand wrinkles. So I couldn't uncover its head for execution. But, mere baffled plaything of the deadly fear of that rascal, I fled for refuge in words which could hurt more."

Then raising myself on my elbow, in this or like manner I reproached the sullen impotent: "What have you to say, thou shame of heaven and man, that canst not be seriously mentioned? Have I deserved from you, that when I was in heaven you dragged me down to hell? To have a scandal fixt on the very prime and vigour of my years, and to be reduced to the weakness of extreme old age? I beseech you sir, give no mere perfunctory show of your quality," but though I upbraided it thus,<sup>1</sup> it stayed there turned

<sup>1</sup> What follows is from Virgil, *Aeneid*, VI, 469 (the whole line); *Eclogue*, V, 16 (*lenta salix*); *Aeneid*, IX, 436 (*lassove papavera collo*).

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LO | illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat,  
nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur  
quam lentae salices lassove papavera collo.

Nec minus ego tam foeda obiurgatione finita paenitentiam agere sermonis mei coepi secretoque rubore perfundi, quod oblitus verecundiae meae cum ea parte corporis verba contulcrim, quam ne ad cognitionem quidem admittere severioris notae homines solerent. Mox perfricata diutius fronte " Quid autem ego " inquam " mali feci, si dolorem meum naturali convicio exoneravi? Aut quid est quod in corpore humano ventri male dicere solemus aut gulae capiti-que etiam, cum saepius dolet? Quid? Non et I. Vlixes cum corde litigat suo, | et quidam tragici oculos suos tanquam audientes castigant? Podagrisci pedibus suis male dicunt, chiragrisci manibus, lippi oculis, et qui offenderunt saepe digitos, quicquid doloris habent, in pedes deferunt:

LO | Quid me constricta spectatis fronte Catones  
damnatisque novae simplicitatis opus?  
Sermonis puri non tristis gratia ridet,  
quodque facit populus, candida lingua refert.  
Nam quis concubitus, Veneris quis gaudia nescit?  
Quis vetat <sup>1</sup> in tepido membra calere toro?  
Ipse pater veri doctos <sup>2</sup> Epicurus amare <sup>3</sup>  
iussit, et hoc vitam dixit habere τέλος " . . .

<sup>1</sup> vetat *Dousa*: petat and petit.

<sup>2</sup> doctos *W. Canter*: doctus.

<sup>3</sup> amare *W. Canter*: in arte and in arce.

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<sup>1</sup> In the line τέτλαθι δή, κραδιή, και κύντερον άλλο ποί' έτλης. Homer, *Odyssey*, XX, 18.

## SATYRICON

away with eyes fixed on the ground and at this unfinished speech its looks were no more stirred than pliant willows are or poppies on their tired stalky necks.

Nor less after this disgraceful objurgation did I repent of what I had said, and with a secret blush proceeded to think how unaccountable it was, that forgetting all shame, I should argue with that part of me that all men of severer brand reckon not worth their thoughts.

Then, after rubbing my forehead for a long while, I said, "But what harm have I done if I have relieved my sorrow with some free abuse? And then there is the fact that of our bodily members we often damn our guts, our throats, even our heads, when they often ache. Did not Ulysses argue with his own heart,<sup>1</sup> while some tragedians curse their eyes as if they could hear? Gouty people damn their feet, people with chalk-stones their hands, blear-eyed people their eyes, and men who have often hurt their toes put down all their ills to their poor feet:

"Why do ye, Cato's<sup>2</sup> disciples, look at me with wrinkled foreheads, and condemn a work of fresh simplicity? A cheerful kindness laughs through my pure speech, and my clean mouth reports whatever the people do. All men born know of mating and the joys of love; all men are free to let their limbs glow in a warm bed. Epicurus himself,<sup>3</sup> the true father of truth, bade wise men be lovers, and said that therein lay the goal of life." . . .

<sup>1</sup> This would be Marcus Porcius Cato the Elder (234-149 B.C.), a man of austere severity, not he of Chapter 119.

<sup>2</sup> See note on page 249.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

*L* | "Nihil est hominum inepta persuasione falsius nec ficta severitate ineptius" . . .  
 133 *LO* | Hac declamatione finita Gitona voco et "Narra mihi" inquam "frater, sed tua fide: ea nocte, qua te mihi Ascylos subduxit, usque in iniuriam vigilavit, an contentus fuit vidua pudicaque nocte?" Tetigit puer oculos suos conceptissimisque iuravit verbis sibi ab Ascylo nullam vim factam . . .

Positoque in limine genu sic deprecatus sum numen aversum: <sup>1</sup>

"Nympharum Bacchique comes, quem pulchra Dione divitibus silvis numen dedit, inclita paret cui Lesbos viridisque Thasos, quem Lydus adorat † semper flavius †<sup>2</sup> templumque suis<sup>3</sup> imponit Hypaepis:

huc ades o<sup>4</sup> Bacchi tutor Dryadumque voluptas, et timidas admitte preces. Non sanguine tristi perfusus venio, non templis impius hostis admovi dextram, sed inops et rebus egenis attritus facinus non toto corpore feci.

Quisquis peccat inops, minor est reus. Hac prece quaeso,  
 exonera mentem culpaque ignosce minori,  
 et quandoque mihi fortunae arriserit hora,  
 non sine honore tuum patiar decus. Ibit ad aras,

<sup>1</sup> numen aversum is someone's conjecture recorded by *Burman*: numina versu.

<sup>2</sup> semper flavius *B*: semperfluvius *R*: septifluus most other *MSS.*: vestifluus *Turnebus*: sertifluus *Reiske*: semper ovans *Buecheler* which *Heseltine* translated.

<sup>3</sup> suis *Iunius*: tuis.

<sup>4</sup> o *Scaliger* (*Catalecta*): et.



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There is nothing more insincere than people's silly persuasions, or more silly than their sham morality. . . .

When my speech was over, I called Giton, and said, "Now tell me, brother, but on your honour. That night when Ascyrtos took you away from me, did he keep awake until he had wronged you, or was he satisfied with spending the night decently alone?" The boy touched his eyes and swore a most precise oath that Ascyrtos had used no force to him. . . .

I kneeled down on the threshold and thus entreated the god whose face was turned away:

"Comrade<sup>1</sup> of the Nymphs<sup>2</sup> and Bacchus, whom lovely Dione<sup>3</sup> set as god over the wide forests, whom famous Lesbos and green Thasos<sup>4</sup> obey, whom the Lydian worships † in perpetual celebration, † whose temple he has set in his own city of Hypaepa:<sup>5</sup> come hither, o guardian of Bacchus and the Dryads'<sup>6</sup> delight, and hear my humble prayer. I come not to thee stained with dark blood, I have not laid hands on a temple like a wicked enemy, but when I was poor and worn with want I sinned, yet not with my whole body. There is less guilt in a poor man's sin. This is my prayer; take the load from my mind, forgive a light offence; and whenever fortune's season smiles upon me, I will not leave thy glory without

<sup>1</sup> Priapus, god of procreation.

<sup>2</sup> Half-goddesses of various outdoor places—woods, trees, mountains, and waters, fresh and salt.

<sup>3</sup> Venus.

<sup>4</sup> Islands in the northern Aegean Sea.

<sup>5</sup> A small town in Lydia in Asia Minor, at the foot of Mt. Tmolus.

<sup>6</sup> Wood-nymphs.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

*B(O)* sancte, tuas hircus, pecoris pater, ibit ad aras <sup>1</sup>  
*LO* corniger et querulae fetus <sup>2</sup> suis, hostia lactens.  
 Spumabit pateris hornus liquor, et ter ovantem  
 circa delubrum gressum feret ebria pubes " . . .

Dum haec ago curaque sollerti deposito meo caveo,  
 intravit delubrum anus laceratis crinibus nigraque  
 veste deformis, extraque vestibulum me iniecta manu  
 duxit . . .

134 *L* " Quae striges comederunt nervos tuos, aut quod  
 purgamentum [in] <sup>3</sup> nocte calcasti in trivio aut  
 cadaver? Ne <sup>4</sup> a puero quidem te vindicasti, sed  
 mollis, debilis, lassus tanquam caballus in clivo, et  
 operam et sudorem perdidisti. Nec contentus ipse  
 peccare, mihi deos iratos excitasti " <sup>5</sup> . . .

*LO* | Ac me iterum in cellam sacerdotis nihil recu-  
 santem perduxit impulitque super lectum et harundi-  
 nem ab ostio rapuit iterumque nihil respondentem  
 mulcavit. Ac nisi primo ictu harundo quassata  
 impetum verberantis minuisset, forsitan etiam  
 brachia mea caputque fregisset. Ingemui ego utique  
 propter mascarpionem, lacrimisque ubertim mananti-  
 bus obscuratum dextra caput super pulvinum  
 inclinavi. Nec minus illa fletu confusa altera parte  
 lectuli sedit aetatisque longae moram tremulis voci-  
 bus coepit accusare, donec intervenit sacerdos. < . . . > <sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Only *B* has this line.

<sup>2</sup> fetus *Iunius*: festus.

<sup>3</sup> Deleted by Goldast.

<sup>4</sup> ne *Buecheler*: nec.

<sup>5</sup> excitasti *Wouweren*: extricasti.

<sup>6</sup> Lacuna indicated by *Buecheler*.

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<sup>1</sup> Proselenos.

<sup>2</sup> Codex *l* and (in margin) codex Lambethanus here indicate that the speaker is the old woman Proselenos addressing Encolpius.

## SATYRICON

worship. A goat shall walk to thine altars, most holy one, yes, a horned goat that is father of the flock, shall walk to thine altars and the young of a squealing sow, a tender sacrifice. The new wine of the year shall foam in the bowls, and the young men full of wine shall trace their joyous steps three times round thy sanctuary." . . .

As I was doing this and making clever plans to guard my trust, the old woman<sup>1</sup> in ugly black clothes, with her hair down, came into the shrine, laid hands on me, and drew me out through the porch. . . .

<sup>2</sup> "What screech-owls have eaten your nerve away, what foul thing or corpse have you trodden on at a cross-road in the dark? Never even in boyhood could you hold your own, but you were weakly, feeble, tired, and like a cab-horse on a hill you wasted your efforts and your sweat. And not content with failing yourself, you have roused the gods to wrath against me." . . .

And she took me unresisting into the priestess's room again, and pushed me over the bed, and took a cane off the door and beat me again when I remained unresponsive. And if the cane had not broken at the first stroke and lessened the force of the blow, I dare say she would have broken my head and my arm outright. Anyhow I groaned at her "hand-grasping," and wept abundantly, and covered my head with my right arm, and leaned against the pillow. She was upset, and cried too, and sat on another piece of the bed, and began to curse the delays of old age in a quavering voice, when the priestess<sup>3</sup> came in. . . .

<sup>3</sup> Oenothea, a priestess of Priapus; see below. Her name means "wine-goddess."

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

“ Quid vos ” inquit “ in cellam meam tanquam  
O ante recens bustum venistis? | Utique die feriarum,  
quo etiam lugentes rident.” < . . . ><sup>1</sup>

LO | “ O ” inquit “ Oenothea, hunc adulescentem  
quem vides: malo astro natus est; nam neque puero

L neque puellae bona sua vendere potest. | Nunquam tu  
hominem tam infelicem vidisti: lorum in aqua, non

LO inguina habet. | Ad summam, qualem putas esse, qui  
L de Circes toro sine voluptate surrexit? ” | His auditis

Oenothea inter utrumque consedit motoque diutius  
capite “ Istum ” inquit “ morbum sola sum quae  
emendare scio. Et ne putetis perplexe agere, rogo  
ut adulescentulus mecum nocte dormiat < . . . ><sup>2</sup>  
nisi illud tam rigidum reddidero quam cornu:

LO | Quicquid in orbe vides, paret mihi. Florida tellus,  
cum volo, siccatis arescit languida sucis,  
cum volo, fundit opes, scopulique atque horrida  
saxa

Niliacis iaculantur aquas. Mihi pontus inertes  
submittit fluctus, zephyrique tacentia ponunt  
ante meos sua flabra pedes. Mihi flumina parent  
Hyrcaenaeque tigres et iussi stare dracones.<sup>3</sup>

Quid leviora loquor? Lunae descendit imago  
carminibus deducta meis, trepidusque furentes  
flectere Phoebus equos revoluto cogitur orbe.

[Tantum dicta valent. Taurorum flamma quiescit

<sup>1</sup> Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.

<sup>2</sup> Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.

<sup>3</sup> dracones O; leones L.

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<sup>1</sup> Here codex Lambethanus in margin has *Proselenos ad Enotheam sacerdotem Priapi de Encolpio*. “*Proselenos speaking to Oenothea, priestess of Priapus, about Encolpius.*”

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“ Why have you come into my room as if you were visiting a fresh-made grave ? ” she said. “ Especially on a holiday, when even mourners smile. ” . . .

“ Ah,<sup>1</sup> Oenothea, ” said the woman, “ this young man was born under a bad star; he cannot sell his treasure to boys or girls either. You never beheld such an unlucky creature: he is a piece of wash-leather; he has no genitals. Just to show you, what do you think of a man who can come away from Circe without a spark of pleasure ? ” When Oenothea heard this she sat down between us, shook her head for some time, and then said, “ I am the only woman alive who knows how to cure that disease. And, lest you think I’m twisting, I ask that the young man sleep a night with me . . . if I don’t make that thing stiffer than horn :

“ Whatever thou seest in the world is obedient to me. The flowery earth, when I will, faints and withers as its juices dry, and, when I will, pours forth its riches, while rocks and rough crags spurt waters wide as the Nile. The great sea lays its waves lifeless before me, and the winds lower their blasts in silence at my feet. The rivers obey me, and Hyrcanian<sup>2</sup> tigers, and serpents, whom I bid rise upright. But I will not tell you of small things; the shape of the moon is drawn down to me by my spells, and Phoebus<sup>3</sup> trembles and must turn his fiery steeds as I compel him back in his course. [So<sup>4</sup> great is the power of words. The flaming spirit of bulls is

Codex *l* gives the same except that it has *Oenothean* and omits *de Encolpio*.

<sup>2</sup> The Hyrcani dwelt round the southern part of the Caspian Sea.

<sup>3</sup> The sun.

<sup>4</sup> The following lines seem not to belong here.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

virgineis exstincta sacris, Phoebeia Circe  
 carminibus magicis socios mutavit Vlixis,  
 Proteus esse solet quicquid libet. His ego callens  
 artibus Idaeos frutices in gurgite sistam  
 et rursus fluvios in summo vertice ponam.”<sup>1</sup>

135 Inhorruī ego tam fabulosa pollicitatione conter-  
 ritus, anumque inspicere diligentius coepi <. . .><sup>2</sup>  
 “Ergo” exclamat Oenothea “imperio parete”  
 <. . .><sup>3</sup> detersisque curiose manibus inclinavit se in  
 lectulum ac me semel iterumque basiavit . . .

L | Oenothea mensam veterem posuit in medio altari,  
 quam vivis implevit carbonibus, et camellam etiam<sup>4</sup>  
 vetustate ruptam pice temperata refecit. Tum  
 clavum, qui detrahentem secutus cum camella lignea  
 LO fuerat, fumoso parieti reddidit. | Mox incincta quad-  
 rato pallio cucumam ingentem foco apposuit, simul-  
 que pannum de carnario detulit furca, in quo faba  
 L erat ad usum reposita | et sincipitis vetustissima par-  
 LO tricula mille plagis dolata. | Ut solvit ergo licio pan-  
 num, partem leguminis super mensam effudit iussit-  
 que me diligenter purgare. Servio ego imperio  
 granaque sordidissimis putaminibus vestita curiosa  
 manu segrego. At illa inertiam meam accusans † im-  
 proba tollit,<sup>5</sup> dentibusque folliculos pariter spoliat  
 atque in terram veluti muscarum imagines despuit . . .

<sup>1</sup> *The last six lines were deleted by Wehle.*

<sup>2</sup> *Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.*

<sup>3</sup> *Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.*

<sup>4</sup> *etiam deleted by Jahn. In his 2nd edition Müller reads [et] iam.*

<sup>5</sup> *apparently corrupt. ipsa fabas tollit suggests Buecheler: [accusans] improbens <fabas> tollit Fraenkel: impigre fabas Müller in edition 2.*

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quenched and calmed by a maiden's rites, and Circe, the child of Phoebus, transfigured Ulysses's crew with magic songs,<sup>1</sup> and Proteus<sup>2</sup> can take what form he will. And I, who am cunning in these arts, can plant the bushes on Mount Ida in the sea, or set rivers back on lofty peaks."]

I shrank in horror from her promised miracles, and proceeded to look at the old woman more carefully. . . . "Now," cried Oenothea, "obey my orders!" . . . and she wiped her hands carefully, leaned over the bed, and kissed me once, twice. . . .

Oenothea put up an old table in the middle of the altar, and covered it with live coals, and repaired a wine-cup that had cracked from age with warm pitch. Then she drove in once more on the smoky wall a nail which had come away with the wooden wine-cup when she took it down. Then she put on a square cloak, and laid an enormous cooking-pot on the hearth, and at the same time took off the meat-hooks with a fork a bag which had in it some beans put by for use, and some very mouldy pieces of a pig's head smashed into a thousand fragments. After unfastening the string of the bag she poured out some of the beans on the table, and told me to shell them carefully. I obeyed orders, and my careful fingers parted the kernels from their dirty covering of shell. But she, † the rascal, reproved me for lack of skill, snatched them up, tore off the shells with her teeth in a moment, and spat them on to the ground like the empty husks of flies. . . .

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 332-333.

<sup>2</sup> A sea-god who could change his shape.

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Mirabar equidem paupertatis ingenium singularumque rerum quasdam artes:

Non Indum fulgebat ebur, quod inhaeserat auro,  
nec iam calcato radiabat marmore terra  
muneribus delusa suis, sed crate saligna  
impositum Cereris vacuae nemus et nova terrae

< . . . ><sup>1</sup>

pocula, quae facili vilis rota finxerat actu. 5

Hinc mollis tiliae lacus<sup>2</sup> et de caudice lento  
vimineae lances maculataque testa Lyaeo.

At paries circa palea satiatus inani  
fortuitoque luto clavos<sup>3</sup> numerabat agrestes,  
et viridi iunco gracilis pendebat harundo. 10

Praeterea quae fumoso suspensa tigillo  
conservabat opes humilis casa, mitia sorba  
inter odoratas pendebant texta coronas

< . . . ><sup>4</sup>

et thymbrae veteres et passis uva racemis:  
qualis in Actaea quondam fuit hospita terra, 15  
digna sacris Hecale,<sup>5</sup> quam Musa loquentibus  
annis

† Bachineas veteres mirando †<sup>6</sup> tradidit aevo . . .

<sup>1</sup> *Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.*

<sup>2</sup> mollis tiliae (*Pithoeus*) lacus (*Scaliger*): molli stillae latus. *I had thought of mellis stillati, deleting hinc.*

<sup>3</sup> clavos *Sambucus*: clavus. *There are other suggestions.*

<sup>4</sup> *Lacuna indicated by Iunius.*

<sup>5</sup> Hecale *Iunius*: Hecates.

<sup>6</sup> *Among other suggestions, Battiadae vatis P. Daniel:*



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I marvelled at the resources of poverty, and the art displayed in each particular. "No Indian ivory set in gold shone here, the earth did not gleam with marble now trodden upon and mocked for the gifts she gave, but the grove of Ceres<sup>1</sup> on her holiday was set round with hurdles of willow twigs and fresh cups of clay shaped by a quick turn of the lowly wheel. There was a basin of soft lime-wood, and wicker-work plates of pliant bark, and a jar dyed with the juice of Bacchus.<sup>2</sup> And the wall round was stuffed with light chaff and ready-to-hand clay; on it hung rows of rude nails and slim stalks of green rushes. Besides this, the little cottage roofed with smoky beams preserved their goods, the mellow service-berries hung entwined in fragrant wreaths, and dried savory and bunches of raisins; such a hostess was here as was once on Athenian<sup>3</sup> soil—Hecale worthy of worship of whom the Muse † testified for all ages to adore her, in the years when the poet of Cyrene sang." †<sup>4</sup> . .

<sup>1</sup> Goddess of agriculture, in particular of corn and of fruits.

<sup>2</sup> Lyæus, the Releaser, a name of Bacchus; here wine.

<sup>3</sup> *Actæa terra* = *Attica terra*.

<sup>4</sup> Hecale was a poor old woman who, in legend, entertained King Theseus of Athens hospitably. The great poet Callimachus (died about 240 B.C.), a native of Cyrene in north Africa (founded it was said by one Aristoteles of Thera called Battus), wrote a famous but lost epic poem about her. The Latin text is corrupt here.

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*mirandam someone recorded by Goldast. Buecheler, retaining the indicated lacunae, suggests re-ordering these 17 lines thus: 1, 2, 3, 4, 10, 8, 9, 6, 7, 5, 13, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17. The L-tradition omitted line 12 but I added it in margin as if to put it between 10 and 11. Müller keeps the traditional order but interchanges 13 and 14, again on a suggestion of Buecheler.*

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

136 Dum illa carnis etiam paululum delibat < . . . ><sup>1</sup>  
 et dum coaequale natalium suorum sinciput in car-  
 narium furca reponit, fracta est putris sella, quae  
 staturae altitudinem adiecerat, anumque pondere  
 suo deiectam super foculum mittit. Frangitur ergo  
 cervix cucumulae ignemque modo convalescentem  
 L restinguit. | Vexat cubitum ipsa stipite ardenti |  
 LO faciemque totam excitato cinere perfundit. Con-  
 surrexi equidem turbatus anumque non sine risu  
 erexi < . . . ><sup>2</sup>

L | Statimque, ne res aliqua sacrificium moraretur, ad  
 reficiendum ignem in viciniam cucurrit<sup>3</sup> < . . . ><sup>4</sup>

O | Itaque ad casae ostiolum processi < . . . ><sup>5</sup>

LO|L | cum ecce tres anseres sacri<sup>6</sup> | qui ut puto medio  
 LO die solebant ab anu diaria exigere, | impetum in  
 me faciunt foedoque ac veluti rabioso stridore  
 circumstantur trepidantem. Atque alius tunicam  
 meam lacerat, alius vincula calceamentorum resolvit  
 ac trahit; unus etiam, dux ac magister saevitiae,  
 non dubitavit crus meum serrato vexare morsu.  
 Oblitus itaque nugarum pedem mensulae extorsi  
 coepique pugnacissimum animal armata elidere  
 manu. Nec satiatus defunctorio ictu, morte me  
 anseris vindicavi:

Tales Herculea Stymphalidas arte coactas  
 ad caelum fugisse reor, caenoque<sup>7</sup> fluentes

<sup>1</sup> Lacuna here?      <sup>2</sup> Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.

<sup>3</sup> cucurrit Schoppius: cucurri.

<sup>4</sup> Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.

<sup>5</sup> Lacuna indicated by Buecheler. See him and Müller on this sentence.

<sup>6</sup> In his 2nd edition Müller deletes sacri.

<sup>7</sup> caenoque Krohn: peneque or the like. sanieque P. Daniel. There are other guesses.

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While she<sup>1</sup> was having a small mouthful of meat as well, . . . and was replacing the pig's head, which must have been born on her own birthday, on the jack with her fork, the rotten stool which she was using to increase her height broke, and the old woman's weight sent her down on to the hearth. So the neck of the pot broke and put out the fire, which was just getting up. A glowing brand touched her elbow, and her whole face was covered with the ashes she scattered. I jumped up in confusion and put the old woman straight, not without a laugh. . . . She<sup>2</sup> ran off to her neighbours to see to reviving the fire, to prevent anything keeping the ceremony back. . . . So I went to the door of the house, . . . when all at once three sacred geese, who I suppose generally demanded their daily food from the old woman at mid-day, made a rush at me, and stood round me while I trembled, cackling horribly like mad things. One tore my clothes, another untied the strings of my sandals and tugged them off; the third, the ringleader and chief of the brutes, lost no time in attacking my leg with his jagged bill. Forgetting all mere trifles, I wrenched off a leg of the little table and proceeded to hammer the ferocious creature with this weapon in my hand. One simple blow did not content me. I avenged my honour by the death of the goose.

"Even so I suppose the birds of Stymphalus<sup>3</sup> fled into the sky when the power of Hercules compelled

<sup>1</sup> Proselenos.

<sup>2</sup> Oenothea.

<sup>3</sup> Heracles successfully dealt with some horrid birds of prey, which inhabited a mountain lake in the Stymphalian district of Arcadia, by banging on metal pots—according to one version.

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Harpyias, cum Phineo maduere veneno  
fallaces epulae. Tremuit perterritus aether  
planctibus insolitis, confusaque regia caeli . . .

L | Iam reliqui revolutam<sup>1</sup> passimque per totum effusam pavementum collegerant fabam, orbatique, ut existimo, duce redierant in templum, cum ego praeda simul [atque] ac<sup>2</sup> vindicta gaudens post lectum occisum anserem mitto vulnusque cruris haud altum aceto diluo. Deinde convicium verens abeundi formavi consilium, collectoque cultu meo ire extra casam coepi. Necdum superaveram<sup>3</sup> cellulae limen, cum animadverto Oenotheam cum testo ignis pleno venientem. Reduxi igitur gradum proiectaque veste, tanquam exspectarem morantem, in aditu steti. Collocavit illa ignem cassis<sup>4</sup> harundinibus collectum, ingestisque super pluribus lignis excusare coepit moram, quod amica se non dimisisset nisi tribus potionibus e lege siccatis. "Quid" porro "tu" inquit "me absente fecisti, aut ubi est faba?" Ego, qui putaveram me rem laude etiam dignam fecisse, ordine illi totum proelium exposui, et ne diutius tristis esset, iacturae pensionem anserem obtuli. Quem |  
LO anus ut vidit, tam magnum † aequae †<sup>5</sup> clamorem

<sup>1</sup> evolutam Müller in his 2nd edition: resolutam Jungermann: devolutam suggests Buecheler.

<sup>2</sup> [atque] ac Thielmann: atque hac. Buecheler suggests deleting hac. Perhaps aequae ac.

<sup>3</sup> superaveram Turnebus: liberaveram l.

<sup>4</sup> quassis l perhaps rightly.

<sup>5</sup> aequaeque Cornelissen, rightly? ea quoque suggests Fraenkel. Possibly aequae is an alternative for tam magnum.

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<sup>1</sup> The Harpyiae ("Aρνυιαι "snatchers") were mythical dirty creatures, birds with the faces of women which, according

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them, and the Harpies<sup>1</sup> dripping filth when the tantalizing food of Phineus ran with poison. The air above trembled and shook with unwonted lamentation, and the palace of heaven was in an uproar." . . .

The remaining geese had now picked up the beans, which were spilt and scattered all over the floor, and having lost their leader had gone back, I think, to the temple. Then I came in, proud of my prize and my victory, threw the dead goose behind the bed, and bathed the wound on my leg, which was not deep, with vinegar. Then, being afraid of a scolding, I made a plan for getting away, put my things together, and started to leave the house. I had not yet got outside the room, when I saw Oenothea coming with a jar full of live coals. So I drew back and threw off my coat, and stood in the entrance as if I were waiting for her slow return. She made up a fire raised out of some dead reeds, and after heaping on a quantity of wood, proceeded to apologize for her delay, saying that her friend would not let her go until the customary three glasses had been emptied. "What did you do while I was away?" she went on, "and where are the beans?" Thinking that I had done something which deserved even a word of praise, I described the whole of my fight in detail, and to put an end to her depression I produced the goose as a set-off to her losses. When the old woman saw the bird, she raised such a great shriek that you would

to a legend, infested the dinner-table of Phineus, King of Salmydessus in Thrace (because he had blinded his sons), and stole or befouled his food whenever he sat down to eat, until Zetes and Calais, two of the Argonauts, drove them away for ever.

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sustulit, ut putares iterum anseres limen intrasse. Confusus itaque et novitate facinoris attonitus quaerebam, quid excanduisset, aut quare anseris  
 137 potius quam mei misereretur. At illa complosis manibus "Scelerate" inquit "etiam<sup>1</sup> loqueris? Nescis quam magnum flagitium admiseris: occidisti Priapi delicias, anserem omnibus matronis acceptissimum. Itaque ne te putes nihil egisse, si magistratus hoc scierint, ibis in crucem. Polluisti sanguine domicilium meum ante hunc diem inviolatum, fecistique ut me, quisquis voluerit inimicus, sacerdotio pellat." . . .

L | "Rogo" inquam "noli clamare: ego tibi pro anserem struthocamelum reddam" . . .

Dum haec me stupente in lectulo sedet anserisque fatum complorat, interim Proselenos cum impensa sacrificii venit, visoque anserem occiso sciscitata causam [tristitiae]<sup>2</sup> et ipsa flere vehementius coepit meique misereri, tanquam patrem meum, non publicum anserem, occidissem. Itaque taedio fatigatus "rogo" inquam "expiare manus pretio liceat<sup>3</sup> (. . .)<sup>4</sup> si vos provocassem, etiam si homicidium fecissem. Ecce duos aureos pono, unde possitis et deos et anseres emere." Quos ut vidit Oenothra, "ignosce" inquit "adulescens, sollicita sum tua causa. Amoris est hoc argumentum, non malignitatis. Itaque dabimus operam, ne quis hoc sciat. Tu modo deos roga, ut illi facto tuo ignoscant."

<sup>1</sup> etiam *Dousa*: et.

<sup>2</sup> Deleted by *Müller*, rightly.

<sup>3</sup> liceat *Dousa*: licet.

<sup>4</sup> Lacuna indicated by *Buecheler*.

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have thought that the geese had come back into the room again. I was astonished and shocked to find so strange a crime at my door, and I asked her why she had flared up, and why she should be more sorry for the goose than for me. But she beat her hands together and said, "You villain, you dare to speak? Do you not know what a dreadful sin you have committed? You have killed the darling of Priapus, the goose beloved of all married women. And do not suppose that it is not serious: if any magistrate finds out, on the cross you go. My house was spotless until to-day, and you have defiled it with blood, and you have given any enemy of mine who likes the power to turn me out of my priesthood." . . .

"Not such a noise, please," I said; "I will give you an ostrich to replace the goose." . . .

*I was amazed, and the woman sat on the bed and wept over the death of the goose, until Proselenos came in with materials for the sacrifice, and seeing that the goose was dead, inquired why this was so. When she found out she began to weep loudly, too, and to compassionate me as if I had killed my own father instead of a common goose. So I grew tired and disgusted, and said, "Please let me cleanse my hands by paying; . . . it would be another thing if I had insulted you or even done a murder. Look, I will put down two gold pieces. You can buy both gods and geese for that." When Oenothea saw the money, she said, "Forgive me, young man, I am troubled on your account. I am showing my love and not my ill-will. So we will do our best to keep this secret. But pray the gods to pardon what you have done."*

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LO | Quisquis habet nummos, secura navigat <sup>1</sup> aura  
 fortunamque suo temperat <sup>2</sup> arbitrio.  
 Uxorem ducat Danaen ipsumque licebit  
 Acrisium iubeat credere quod Danaen.  
 Carmina componat, declamet, concrepet omnes  
 et peragat causas sitque Catone prior.  
 Iurisconsultus " parret, non parret " <sup>3</sup> habeto  
 atque esto quicquid Servius et Labeo.  
 Multa loquor: quod vis, nummis praesentibus opta,  
 et veniet. Clausum possidet arca Iovem <sup>4</sup> . . .

L | Infra manus meas camellam vini posuit, et cum  
 digitos pariter extensos porris apioque lustrasset,  
 abellanas nuces cum precatione mersit in vinum. Et  
 sive in summum redierant, sive subsederant, ex hoc <sup>5</sup>  
 coniecturam ducebat. <sup>6</sup> Nec me fallebat inanes  
 scilicet ac sine medulla ventosas <sup>7</sup> nuces in summo  
 umore consistere, graves autem et plenas <sup>8</sup> integro  
 fructu ad ima deferri . . .

Recluso pectore extraxit fartissimum <sup>9</sup> iecur et  
 inde mihi futura praedixit.

Immo, ne quod vestigium sceleris superesset,

<sup>1</sup> navigat *Vincentius*: naviget.

<sup>2</sup> temperat *B*: temperet.

<sup>3</sup> parret non parret *B*: paret non paret.

<sup>4</sup> *The O-tradition ends with Iovem.*

<sup>5</sup> hoc *Goldast*: hac.

<sup>6</sup> coniecturam ducebat *Dousa*: coniectum dicebat *Wou-  
 weren*: coniectura dicebat.

<sup>7</sup> *Müller deleted inanes . . . medulla in his 1st edition.  
 In his 2nd he deletes ac sine medulla ventosas instead.*

<sup>8</sup> *Müller deletes et plenas.*



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“Whoever has money sails in a fair wind, and directs his fortune at his own pleasure. Let him take Danaë to wife, and he can tell Acrisius himself to believe what he told Danaë.<sup>1</sup> Let him write poetry, make speeches, snap his fingers at the world, win his cases and outdo Cato.<sup>2</sup> A lawyer, let him have his ‘Proven’ and his ‘Not proven,’ and be all that Servius and Labeo<sup>3</sup> were. I have said enough: with money about you, wish for what you like and it will come. You safe has Jupiter shut up in it.” . . .

She stood a jar of wine under my hands, and made me stretch all my fingers out, and rubbed them with leeks and celery, and threw filberts into the wine with a prayer. She drew her conclusions from them according as they rose to the top or sank. I noticed that the nuts which were empty and had no kernel, but were filled with air, stayed on the surface, while the heavy ones, which were ripe and full, were carried to the bottom. . . .

She cut the goose open, drew out a very fat liver, and foretold the future to me from it. Further, to remove all traces of my crime, she ran the goose right

<sup>1</sup> Acrisius a traditional King of Argos was warned that he would be killed by a son of his daughter Danaë whom he therefore shut up in a tower of bronze. But, after Zeus in the form of a shower of gold visited her, she bore Perseus, who later killed Acrisius unintentionally.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the Younger (cf. Chapters 119 and 132).

<sup>3</sup> Servius Sulpicius Rufus, a famous lawyer of the first century B.C. (c. 106-43) and Q. Antistius Labeo, another eminent lawyer 54 B.C.-A.D. 17.

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<sup>9</sup> *fartissimum Heinsius: sordidissimum Cuper: fortissimum.*

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totum anserem laceratum verubus confixit epulasque etiam lautas paulo ante, ut ipsa dicebat, perituro paravit. < . . . ><sup>1</sup>

Volabant inter haec potiones meracae . . .

138 Profert Oenothera scorteum fascinum, quod ut oleo et minuto pipere atque urticae trito circumdedit semine, paulatim coepit inserere ano meo. < . . . ><sup>2</sup>

Hoc crudelissima anus spargit subinde umore femina mea . . .

Nasturcii sucum cum habrotono miscet perfusisque inguinibus meis viridis urticae fascem comprehendit omniaque infra umbilicum coepit lenta manu cedere . . .

Aniculae quamvis solutae mero ac libidine essent, eandem viam tentant et per aliquot vicos secutae fugientem "Prende furem" clamant. Evasi tamen omnibus digitis inter praecipitem decursum cruentatis . . .

"Chrysis, quae priorem fortunam tuam oderat, hanc vel cum periculo capitis persequi destinat" . . .

"Quid huic formae aut Ariadne habuit aut Leda simile? Quid contra hanc Helene, quid Venus posset? Ipse Paris, dearum litigantium<sup>3</sup> iudex, si hanc in comparatione vidisset tam petulantibus oculis, et Helenen huic<sup>4</sup> donasset et deas. Saltem si permit-

<sup>1</sup> *Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.*

<sup>2</sup> *Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.*

<sup>3</sup> litigantium *Dousa*: licitantium *Lips*: lividantium *Gruter*: libidinantium.

<sup>4</sup> *Fraenkel would delete huic.*

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<sup>1</sup> Apparently *Proselenos*.

<sup>2</sup> In legend, Ariadne, daughter of King Minos of Crete, rescued Theseus of Athens from the labyrinth, went away with

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through with a spit, and made quite a fine meal for me, though I had been at death's door a moment ago, as she told me. . . .

Cups of neat wine went swiftly round with it. . . .

Oenothra, drawing out a leathern prick, dipped it in a medley of oil, small pepper, and the bruised seed of nettles, and proceeded by degrees to direct its passage through my hinder parts. . . . With this mixture the old woman<sup>1</sup> barbarously sprinkled my thighs; . . . and with the juice of cresses and southern-wood washing my loins, she took a bunch of green nettles and began to strike gently all the vale below my navel. . . .

Though the poor old things were silly with drink and passion they tried to take the same road, and pursued me through several streets, crying "Stop thief!" But I escaped, with all my toes running blood in my headlong flight. . . .

"Chrysis, who despised your lot before, means to follow you now even at peril of her life." . . .

"Ariadne and Leda<sup>2</sup> had no beauty like hers. Helen and Venus would be nothing beside her. And Paris himself, who decided the quarrel of the goddesses,<sup>3</sup> would have made over Helen besides the goddesses too to her, if his eager gaze had seen her to compare with them. If only I were allowed a kiss, or

him, was deserted by him and became the bride of the god Dionysus, Leda was mother of Helen, Castor, and Pollux, by the god Zeus.

<sup>3</sup> Paris judged the claims of Hera, Aphrodite, and Athena to the golden apple ascribed "To the fairest," which Eris threw among the guests at the wedding of Peleus and Thetis, and awarded it to Aphrodite after she had promised him the most beautiful woman in the world—Helen.

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teretur osculum capere, si illud caeleste ac divinum pectus amplecti forsitan rediret hoc corpus ad vires et resipiscerent partes veneficio, credo, sopitae. Nec me contumeliae lassant: quod verberatus sum, nescio; quod eiectus sum, lusum puto. Modo redire in gratiam liceat" . . .

139 Torum frequenti tractatione<sup>1</sup> vexavi, amoris mei quasi quandam imaginem . . .

" Non solum me numen et implacabile fatum persequitur. Prius Inachia Tiryntius ora exagitatus onus caeli tulit, ante profanam Laomedon gemini satiavit numinis iram, Inunem Pelias sensit, tulit inscius arma Telephus et regnum Neptuni pavit<sup>2</sup> Vlixes. Me quoque per terras, per cani Nereos aequor Hellespontiaci sequitur gravis ira Priapi" . . .

Quaerere a Gitone meo coepi, num aliquis me quaesisset. " Nemo " inquit " hodie. Sed hesterno die mulier quaedam haud inculta ianuam intravit, cumque diu mecum esset locuta et me accersito sermone lassasset, ultimo coepit dicere, te noxam meruisse daturumque serviles poenas, si laesus in querella perseverasset" . . .

<sup>1</sup> iactatione *Jungermann*.

<sup>2</sup> pavit *Pithoeus's 2nd edition*: cavit.

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<sup>1</sup> Heracles = Hercules, hated by Hera, wife of Zeus. Inachian means Greek, from Inachus, traditionally the first King of Argos.

<sup>2</sup> Strong Heracles relieved, for a little, Atlas, who carried the world on his shoulders.

<sup>3</sup> He refused to pay the gods Apollo and Poseidon (Neptune) for building the walls of Troy.

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could put my arms round the breast that is heaven's own self, maybe my body would come back to its strength, and the parts of me that were drowed with poison, I believe, might be themselves again. No insult turns me back; I forget my floggings, and I think it fine sport to have been flung out of doors. Only let her be kind to me again." . . .

I plagued the bed again and again with my writhing, as if I sought for a sort of ghost of my love. . . .

"I am not the only one whom God and an inexorable doom pursues. Before me the son<sup>1</sup> of Tiryns was driven from the Inachian shore and bore the burden of heaven,<sup>2</sup> and Laomedon before me satisfied the ominous wrath of two gods.<sup>3</sup> Pelias<sup>4</sup> felt Juno's power, Telephus<sup>5</sup> fought in ignorance, and Ulysses was in awe of Neptune's kingdom.<sup>6</sup> And me too the heavy wrath of Hellespontine Priapus follows over the earth and over the waters of hoary Nereus."<sup>7</sup> . . .

I proceeded to inquire of Giton whether anyone had asked for me. "No one to-day," he said, "but yesterday a rather pretty woman came in at the door, and talked to me for a long while, till I was tired of her forced conversation, and then proceeded to say that you deserved to be hurt and would have the tortures of a slave, if your adversary persisted with his complaint." . . .

<sup>4</sup> Pelias, King of Iolcus, offended Hera (Juno) by killing, at her altar, his mother's step-mother.

<sup>5</sup> The allusion is unknown. Telephus was a traditional King of Mysia in Asia Minor. He fought with Greeks driven ashore on the way to Troy, where he was wounded by Achilles.

<sup>6</sup> Odysseus' sea-wanderings as told in Homer's *Odyssey* were caused by the anger of Posidon (Neptune).

<sup>7</sup> Nereus was a sea-god.

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Nondum querellam<sup>1</sup> finieram, cum Chrysis inter-  
venit amplexuque effusissimo me invasit et "Teneo  
te" inquit "qualem speraveram: tu desiderium  
meum, tu voluptas mea, nunquam finies hunc ignem,  
nisi sanguine exstinxeris" . . .

Unus ex noviciis servulis subito accurrit et mihi  
dominum iratissimum esse affirmavit, quod biduo iam  
officio defuissem. Recte ergo me facturum, si excusa-  
tionem aliquam idoneam praeparassem. Vix enim  
posse fieri, ut rabies irascentis sine verbera consi-  
deret . . .

140 Matrona inter primas honesta, Philomela nomine,  
quae multas saepe hereditates officio aetatis extorse-  
rat, tum anus et floris extincti, filium filiamque inge-  
rebat orbis senibus, et per hanc successionem artem  
suam perseverabat extendere. Ea ergo ad Eumol-  
pum venit et commendare liberos suos eius prudentiae  
bonitatisque . . . credere se et vota sua. Illum esse  
solum in toto orbe terrarum, qui praeceptis etiam  
salubribus instruere iuvenes quotidie posset. Ad  
summam, relinquere se pueros in domo Eumolpi, ut  
illum loquentem audirent . . . quae sola posset here-  
ditas iuvenibus dari. Nec aliter fecit ac dixerat,  
filiamque speciosissimam cum fratre ephebo in cubi-  
culo reliquit simulavitque se in templum ire ad vota  
nuncupanda. Eumolpus, qui tam frugi erat ut illi  
etiam ego puer viderer, non distulit puellam invitare

<sup>1</sup> *Fruenkel suggested deleting querellam.*

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<sup>1</sup> Eumolpus. Encolpius and Giton at Croton are still the  
pretended attendants on Eumolpus.

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I had not finished grumbling, when Chrysis came in, ran up and warmly embraced me, and said, "Now I have you as I hoped; you are my desire, my pleasure, you will never put out this flame unless you quench it in my blood." . . .

One of the new slaves suddenly ran up and said that my master<sup>1</sup> was furious with me because I had now been away from work two days; the best thing I could do would be to get ready some suitable excuse. For it was hardly possible that his savage wrath would abate without a flogging for me. . . .

A very venerable matron, her name Philomela, who by the well-managed virtues of her younger age had often extorted legacies, now grown old, and past her blooming years, had a mind to thrust her son and daughter upon childless old men, and hoped by this succession to continue the use of her art. Accordingly she came to Eumolpus, and addressing herself to him, . . . commends her children to his conduct, affirming, that she committed herself and all her hopes to his wisdom and goodness; that he was the only person in the world who could instruct the young people with wholesome principles day by day. In short, that she would leave her children there in the house of Eumolpus, to hear his discourse, which was the only portion she could give them. Nor was she worse than her word; and leaving in the chamber a lovely daughter, with her brother, already a young man, she went out under pretence of paying heaven public thanks in the temple for the favours she had received. Eumolpus, who was so temperate that he thought even me a boy, did not hesitate to invite the

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ad † pigiciaca<sup>1</sup> † sacra. Sed et podagricum se esse lumborumque solutorum omnibus dixerat, et si non servasset integram simulationem, periclitabatur totam paene tragoediam evertere. Itaque ut constaret mendacio fides, puellam quidem exoravit, ut sederet super<sup>2</sup> commendatam bonitatem, Coraci autem imperavit, ut lectum, in quo ipse iacebat, subiret positisque in pavimento manibus dominum lumbis suis commoveret. Ille lente<sup>3</sup> parebat imperio puellaeque<sup>4</sup> artificium pari motu remunerabat. Cum ergo res ad effectum spectaret, clara Eumolpus voce exhortabatur Coraca, ut spissaret officium. Sic inter mercennarium amicamque positus senex veluti oscillatione ludebat. Hoc semel iterumque ingenti risu, etiam suo, Eumolpus fecerat. Itaque ego quoque, ne desidia consuetudinem perderem, dum frater sororis suae automata per clostellum miratur, accessi temptaturus, an pateretur iniuriam. Nec se reiciebat a blanditiis doctissimus puer, sed me numen inimicum ibi quoque invenit . . .

“Dii maiores sunt, qui me restituerunt in integrum. Mercurius enim, qui animas ducere et reducere solet, suis beneficiis reddidit mihi, quod manus irata praeciderat, ut scias me gratiosorem esse quam Protesilaum aut quemquam alium antiquorum.”

<sup>1</sup> *physica or Aphrodisiaca suggests Buecheler: in his 2nd edition Müller accepts Aphrodisiaca. Isiaca Valesius: πρυγιαιακὰ in margin of l.*

<sup>2</sup> *super Buecheler: supra.*

<sup>3</sup> *lente Schoppius: lento.*

<sup>4</sup> *puellaeque Cuperus.*

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<sup>1</sup> Protesilaus, leader of the Thessalians in the war against Troy, was the first man to be killed there. He was allowed



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girl to a lesson in † rump-ritual? †. Well he always gave himself out to everyone as a victim of gout and relaxed loins, and if he could not keep up all his pretence he ran the risk of upsetting the applegart. So to secure faith in his deception, he begged the girl to sit on top of the recommended "goodness," but ordered Corax to get into the bed in which he himself was lying, and, putting his hands on the floor, to stir up his master with his buttocks. He obeyed this order in slow motion, and presented the girl's artistry with a similar movement. So, when the business looked like approaching completion, Eumolpus in loud tones urged Corax to pile on the job faster. In this way Eumolpus, the older man, placed between the servant and the girl-friend, sported in a sort of swinging to and fro between one and the other. This Eumolpus did not only once but again amid huge laughter including his own. So I also, so as not to lose practice through slackness, while her brother was watching his sister's robots through the key-hole, came up to try whether he would submit to an assault by me. The clever clever boy was not deaf to my flatteries, but very adverse fortune still attended me. . . .

"But there are greater gods, who have restored me to my strength. For Mercury, that conveys and reconveys our soul, by his favours has restored to me what his anger had taken away. So you may know me to be more in favour than Protesilaus<sup>1</sup> or any other of the ancient heroes." With these words I

by Hermes (Roman counterpart: Mercurius), who was a guide of souls on the way to Hades, to revisit the earth once after his death because of his widow's plea.

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Haec locutus sustuli tunicam Eumolpoque me totum approbavi. At ille primo exhorruit, deinde ut plurimum crederet, utraque manu deorum beneficia tractat . . .

“Socrates, deorum hominumque < . . . > <sup>1</sup> gloriari solebat, quod nunquam neque in tabernam con-spexerat nec ullius turbae frequentioris concilio oculos suos crediderat. Adeo nihil est commodius quam semper cum sapientia loqui.” < . . . > <sup>2</sup>

“Omnia” inquam “ista vera sunt; nec ulli enim celerius homines incidere debent in malam fortunam, quam qui alienum concupiscunt. Unde plani autem, unde levatores viverent, nisi aut locellos aut sonantes aere sacellos pro hamis in turbam mitterent? Sicut muta animalia cibo inescantur, sic homines non caperentur nisi spei <sup>3</sup> aliquid morderent” . . .

141 “Ex Africa navis, ut promiseras, cum pecunia tua et familia non venit. Captatores iam exhausti liberalitatem imminuerunt. Itaque aut fallor, aut fortuna communis coepit redire ad paenitentiam suam” <sup>4</sup> . . .

“Omnes, qui in testamento meo legata habent, praeter libertos <sup>5</sup> meos hac condicione percipient, quae dedi, si corpus meum in partes conciderint et astante populo comederint” . . .

“Apud quasdam gentes scimus adhuc legem servari, ut a propinquis suis consumantur defuncti, adeo quidem, ut obiurgentur aegri frequenter, quod carnem suam faciant peiorem. His admoneo amicos

<sup>1</sup> *L* indicates a gap here. *Rutgers* suggests adding *iudicio sapientissimus*. *Scaliger* thought that a Greek word was needed.

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lifted my tunic and offered my whole self for the approbation of Eumolpus. At first he was terrified, then so as to believe as far as possible he felt with both hands the favour of the gods. . . .

"Socrates, the friend of God and man, used to boast that he had never peeped into a shop, or allowed his eyes to rest on any large crowd. So nothing is more blessed than always to converse with wisdom." . . .

"All that is very true," I said, "and no one deserves to fall into misery sooner than the covetous. But how would cheats or pickpockets live, if they did not expose little boxes or purses jingling with money, like hooks, to collect a crowd? Just as dumb creatures are snared by food, human beings would not be caught unless they had a nibble of hope." . . .

"The ship from Africa with your money and slaves that you promised does not arrive. The fortune-hunters are tired out, and their generosity is shrinking. So that unless I am mistaken, our usual luck is on its way back to its repentance." . . .

"All those who come into money under my will, except my own freedmen will get what I have left them on one condition, that they cut my body in pieces and eat it up in sight of the crowd." . . .

"We know that in some countries a law is still observed, that dead people shall be eaten by their relations, and the result is that sick people are often blamed for spoiling their own flesh. So I warn my

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<sup>2</sup> *Lacuna indicated by Buecheler.*      <sup>3</sup> *spei Buecheler: spe.*

<sup>4</sup> *tuam suggests Buecheler.*

<sup>5</sup> *liberos cod. Lambeth., Tornaesius, Pithoeus.*

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meos, ne recusent quae iubeo, sed quibus animis devoverint spiritum meum, eisdem etiam corpus consumant" . . .

Excaecabat pecuniae ingens fama<sup>1</sup> oculos animosque miserorum.

Gorgia paratus erat exsequi . . .

"De stomachi tui recusatione non habeo quod timeam. Sequetur imperium, si promiseris illi pro unius horae fastidio multorum bonorum pensationem. Operi modo oculos et finge te non humana viscera sed centies sestertium comesse. Accedit huc, quod aliqua inveniemus blandimenta, quibus saporem mutemus. Neque enim ulla caro per se placet, sed arte quadam corrumpitur<sup>2</sup> et stomacho conciliatur averso. Quod si exemplis quoque vis probari consilium, Saguntini obsessi<sup>3</sup> ab Hannibale humanas edere carnes, nec hereditatem exspectabant. Petelini<sup>4</sup> idem fecerunt in ultima fame, nec quicquam aliud in hac epulatione captabant, nisi tantum ne esurirent. Cum esset Numantia a Scipione capta, inventae sunt matres, quae liberorum suorum tenerent semesa in sinu corpora" . . .

<sup>1</sup> *fames Boschius.*

<sup>2</sup> *Fraenkel suggests conditur or convertitur, Müller (in his 1st edition) commendatur.*

<sup>3</sup> *obsessi Rittershusius: oppressi.*

<sup>4</sup> *Petelini Puteanus: Petavii.*

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friends not to disobey my orders, but to eat my body as heartily as they damned my soul." . . .

His great reputation for wealth dulled the eyes and brains of the fools. Gorgias was ready to manage the funeral. . . .

"I am not at all afraid of your stomach turning. You will get it under control if you promise to repay it for one unpleasant hour with heaps of good things. Just shut your eyes and dream you are eating up a solid million instead of human flesh. Besides, we shall find some kind of sauce which will change the taste. For no flesh at all is pleasant in itself, it has to be artificially disguised and reconciled to the unwilling digestion. But if you also wish the plan to be supported by precedents, the people of Saguntum,<sup>1</sup> when Hannibal besieged them, ate human flesh without any legacy in prospect. The people of Petelia<sup>2</sup> did likewise in the extremities of famine, and gained nothing by the diet, except of course that they were no longer hungry. And when Numantia was stormed by Scipio,<sup>3</sup> some mothers were found holding the half-eaten bodies of their children in their bosoms." . . .

<sup>1</sup> Saguntum (Murviedro) in Spain was besieged by the Carthaginian Hannibal and taken in 219 B.C. after an eight months' siege. This led to the outbreak of war between Rome and Carthage.

<sup>2</sup> A town in the territory of the Bruttii in south Italy. It was subdued by Rome during the third century B.C.

<sup>3</sup> Numantia (Garray) in Spain was taken in 133 B.C. after a fifteen months' blockade by Lucius Cornelius Scipio Aemilianus, who thereby established in Spain the supremacy of Rome.

## ADDITIONAL NOTE

### *The poem on the civil war in Petronius 119-124*

The question of a connection between this poem and the extant poem of Lucan may be set out as follows.

Both Petronius and Lucan died through the enmity of Nero, and both by the same cause and in effect at the same time. Petronius was accused of friendship with Flavius Scaevinus a member of Piso's ill-fated plot against Nero in A.D. 65, and because of this took his own life in 66. Marcus Annaeus Lucanus, born in A.D. 39, was involved in the same conspiracy and because of this had killed himself in A.D. 65.

Petronius in the *Satyricon*, chapter 118, makes the old poet Eumolpus utter in prose a severe warning to would-be poets, especially if they feel an urge to compose such an *ingens opus* ('a huge work') as a *bellum civile*. Such a subject in epic poetry, says Eumolpus, demands a rich knowledge of literature; mere recording of events should not be attempted in verse because historians do that better (in prose); in an historical epic poem such as one on civil war there should be mythology and interpositions by the gods, and the poet should sound like an inspired prophet rather than an utterer of facts as if on oath. Then Petronius makes Eumolpus recite a miniature epic (lacking, says E., the final touches) in hexameters on the civil strife between Pompeius (and his sur-

## SATYRICON

vivors) and Caesar, B.C. 49-45. Lucan at his death left unfinished an incomparably larger epic in ten books of hexameters on the same struggle.

Petronius's poem has no title, but we may conclude from chapter 118 that it can be called *Bellum Civile*. Lucan's poem has the title *Bellum Civile* in the best MSS, the title *Pharsalia* (from Pharsalus, scene of the final defeat of Pompeius by Caesar) in others.

Petronius's novel must have been finished, or left unfinished, before A.D. 66 or early in that year. Lucan had completed (and perhaps published) three books in A.D. 61, five years before Petronius's death, covering thus far the same events as Petronius does in his poem as a whole. Lucan's poem, so far as it goes in the ten books, has more than 8000 lines, the war as far as the evacuation of Italy by Pompeius being contained in the first two books (695 + 736 = 1431 lines): Book I: Evils of War. Causes of the Civil War. Roman luxury (lines 158-182 only, on the latter). Characters of Caesar and Pompeius. Caesar invades Italy. Fear at Rome. Pompeius flees. Book II: Alarm at Rome. Earlier turmoil of Marius and Sulla. Brutus and Cato. Caesar occupies all Italy which Pompeius successfully leaves. Book III: Caesar enters Rome. Goes to Massilia. Pompeius collects men from Greece and Asia (762 lines). Book IV: Caesar in Spain. Curio's fate in Africa. Book V: Caesar returns to Rome. His dictatorship. Caesar and the country Epirus. Pompeius's wife Cornelia. Book VI: Operations at Dyrrachium, etc. Both armies go to Thessaly. Book VII: Battle of Pharsalus. Victory of Caesar. Book VIII: Flight of Pompeius by way of W. Asia

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

Minor to Egypt where he is murdered. Book IX: Cato in N. Africa. Caesar reaches Egypt. Book X: Caesar in Alexandria. Lucan's epic, concerned with recent history, is written on historical lines, a sort of chronicle in verse; and has no superstructure of participating gods, herein disobeying, as none had before, one of the "laws" or customs of Latin historical epic poetry established by Ennius from the model of Homer in Greek. In Lucan, all is on an inflated scale of rhetorical art with every power and weakness of rhetoric.

Petronius's poem as we have it contains less than 300 lines: 1-44 Luxury of omnipotent Rome. 45-60 Cato is rejected. Madness of Rome. 61-66 Three great generals, Crassus, Pompeius, Caesar. 67-101 The god Dis stirs up Fortuna to harry Rome. 102-121 Fortuna replies and foresees the Battle of Pharsalus (48 B.C.), the Battles of Philippi (42 B.C.) and Civil War in Spain (49 and 45 B.C.), and Egypt (48-47 B.C.), and the Battle of Actium (31 B.C.); and slaughter. 122-141 Turmoil in heaven and earth. 141-176 Caesar crosses the Alps from Gaul, addresses Jupiter, justifies his act, and appeals to his soldiers. 177-208 Further turmoil in earth and sky as Caesar advances. 209-237 Rumour, panic and chaos at Rome. 238-244 Worse still—Pompeius, once conqueror in Asia, retreats. 245-263 The gentle deities, including Peace, seek the underworld; and the warlike ones, including Death and Madness, come out. 264-270 Some gods take sides. 271-287 Discord, all hideous comes from below and standing on the Apennine Mountains, stirs up peoples to war; 288-294 in particular Marcellus, Curio, Lentulus, and



## SATYRICON

Caesar. Pompeius must leave Italy. [295 Discord's commands are obeyed.]

Petronius's poem is not a connected narrative. The first 60 lines (about one-fifth of the whole poem) consist of moralising on the degeneracy of Rome, the rest being largely a series of comments, in part jumbled, and imaginary turmoil of gods and men, there being really only two real scenes—Caesar's crossing of the Alps and the resulting panic in Rome. Petronius takes the war's events hardly as far as the evacuation of Italy by Pompeius, mention of later events being merely forecasts. There are passages which have a likeness to Lucan, for example the panic of Rome which like the first advance of Caesar as a rebel comes in Lucan in that part of his poem which he had completed in A.D. 61. But this can lead to no conclusions. Petronius's poem seems to present a programme as much as one or more parodies; it is not very good either in itself or in consistent parody and is no model even for a miniature epic. But it may possibly include (i) parody of a widespread idea of anti-imperial epic, favoured perhaps by the so-called Stoic opposition to the Emperors, and "in the air" so to speak, during Petronius's lifetime, with Lucan in fact working on such an epic; what we have after all in Petronius is an effusion from the mouth of the rhetor and inferior poet Eumolpus, himself ready to burst into poetry at any time; (ii) parody of several features of rhetorical poetry such as messengers' speeches in tragedies, and imaginary actions of gods.

It is highly probable that Petronius knew Lucan as a friend and knew that Lucan was composing an

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

epic on the last days of the free Roman republic—  
“*Ecce belli civilis ingens opus*” says Eumolpus, the  
word *ecce*, “look now”, suggesting a definite ex-  
ample; Petronius may well have read Lucan’s first  
three books completed in A.D. 61, or heard recitations  
from them, and may have disapproved in part; for  
Lucan’s epic is (i) a record of events (and of people’s  
feelings) in verse and (ii) lacks the divine activities of  
deities; and both (i) (the method) and (ii) (the lack)  
are criticised in chapter 118 of Petronius, and their  
contraries are illustrated in Petronius’s poem itself.  
We might conclude that Petronius not only thought  
that Lucan would turn out to be ‘prosy’ but also  
disapproves of Eumolpus’s kind of poetry here as he  
does elsewhere in the *Satyricon*. I feel that Petronius  
criticises Lucan at work but parodies what is largely  
others’ poetry. He probably did not know all that  
Lucan had written by the year 65. Certain it is  
that Petronius’s poem is not a comment on a com-  
pleted work of Lucan.

## FRAGMENTS

## FRAGMENTA

### I

*Servius ad Vergili Aen. III 57: auri sacra fames]* sacra id est execrabilis. Tractus est autem sermo ex more Gallorum. Nam Massilienses quotiens pestilentia laborabant, unus se ex pauperibus offerebat alendus anno integro publicis <sumptibus><sup>1</sup> et purioribus cibus. Hic postea ornatus verbenis et vestibus sacris circumducebatur per totam civitatem cum exsecrationibus, ut in ipsum reciderent mala totius civitatis, et sic proiciebatur. Hoc autem in Petronio lectum est

### II

*Servius ad Vergili Aen. XII 159 de feminino nominum in TOR exeuntium genere: Si autem a verbo non venerint, communia sunt. Nam similiter et masculina et femininia in TOR exeunt, ut hic et haec senator, hic et haec balneator, licet Petronius usurpaverit "balneatricem" dicens*

<sup>1</sup> sumptibus *added by Buecheler.*

## FRAGMENTS

### I

*Servius on Virgil, Aeneid III, 57:* "The sacred hunger for gold." "Sacred" means "accursed." This expression is derived from a Gallic custom. For whenever the people of Massilia were burdened with pestilence, one of the poor would volunteer to be fed for an entire year out of public funds on food of special purity. After this period he would be decked with sacred herbs and sacred robes, and would be led through the whole state while people cursed him, in order that the sufferings of the whole state might fall upon him; and so he was cast out. This account has been given in Petronius.<sup>1</sup>

### II

*Servius on Virgil, Aeneid XII, 159, on the feminine gender of nouns ending in -tor:* But if they are not derived from a verb they are common in gender. For in these cases both the masculine and the feminine end alike in -tor, for example, senator, a male or female senator, balneator, a male or female bath attendant, though Petronius makes an exception in speaking of a "bath-woman" (*balneatricem*).

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps in the story Encolpius was at Massilia. Cf. *Fragm. IV.*

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

### III

*Pseudacro ad Horati epod. 5, 48: Canidia rodens pollicem] habitum et motum Canidiae expressit furentis. Petronius ut monstraret furentem, "pollice" ait "usque ad periculum roso"*

### IV

*Sidonius Apollinaris, Carmen XXIII:*

quid vos eloquii canam Latini,	145
Arpinas, Patavine, Mantuane?—	
Et te Massiliensium per hortos	155
sacri stipitis, Arbitr, colonum	
Hellespontiaco parem Priapo?	

### V

*Priscianus institutionum VIII 16 p. 381 et XI 29 p. 567 Hertzii inter exempla quibus deponentium verborum participia praeteriti temporis passivam significationem habere declarat: Petronius "animam nostro amplexam pectore"*

### V<sup>b</sup>

*Boethius in Porphyrium a Victorino translatum dialogo II extremo p. 45 exemplarium Basiliensium: Ego faciam, inquit, libentissime. Sed quoniam iam matutinus, ut ait Petronius, sol tectis arrisit, surgamus, et si quid est illud, diligentiore postea consideratione tractabitur*

## FRAGMENTS

### III

*Pseud-Acro on Horace, Epodes 5, 48*: "Canidia<sup>1</sup> biting her thumb": He expressed the appearance and movements of Canidia in a rage. Petronius, wishing to portray a furious person, says "*his thumb bitten to the quick.*"

### IV

*Sidonius Apollinaris, Carmen XXIII, 145, 155*: Why should I hymn you, tuneful Latin writers, thou of Arpinum, thou of Patavium, thou of Mantua?<sup>2</sup> And thou, Arbiter, who in the gardens of the men of Massilia findest a home on the hallowed tree-trunk as the peer of Hellespontine Priapus?

### V

*Priscian Institutiones VIII, 16 and XI, 29 (pp. 381, 567 ed. Hertz)* among the examples by which he shows that the past participles of deponent verbs have a passive meaning: Petronius, "*the soul locked (amplexam) in our bosoms.*"

### Vb

*Boethius on Victorinus's translation of Porphyry, Dialogue II (p. 45 ed. Basle)*: I shall be very glad to do it, he said. But since *the morning sun*, in Petronius's words, *has now smiled upon the roofs*, let us get up, and if there is any other point, it shall be treated later with more careful attention.

<sup>1</sup> A sorceress.

<sup>2</sup> The writers are Cicero, Livy, Virgil. Cf. *Fragm. I.*

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

### VI\*

*Fulgentius mythologiarum I p. 12 Helm:* Nescis . . . quantum saturam matronae formident. Licet mulierum verbialibus undis et causidici cedant nec grammatici muttiant, rhetor taceat et clamorem praeco compescat, sola est quae modum imponit furentibus, licet Petroniana subet <sup>1</sup> Albuca

### VII\*

*Fulgentius mythologiarum III 8 p. 73 ubi sucum myrrhae valde fervidum esse dixit:* Unde et Petronius Arbiter ad libidinis concitamentum myrrhinum se poculum bibisse refert

### VIII\*

*Fulgentius in expositione Virgilianae continentiae p. 98:* Tricerberi enim fabulam iam superius exposuimus in modum iurgii forensisque litigii positam. Unde et Petronius in Euscion ait "Cerberus forensis erat causidicus" <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> subet *Buecheler*: subit.

<sup>2</sup> *Buecheler* suggests deleting *causidicus*.

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<sup>1</sup> Codex Par. 7975 of the eleventh century by guesswork attributes this fragment to Book XIV of Petronius and to a context in Chapter 20 where Quartilla says, "Did Encolpius drink up the whole of our loving cup?" The incident naturally does not occur anywhere because nowhere does Petronius speak of himself. But at least the words *myrrhinum poculum* can be genuine. The expression would mean not a cup of myrrh, but a "myrrhine cup," that is, one made either of best agate or of fluor-spar. In Book XXXVII, 18-22 of his



## FRAGMENTS

### VI

*Fulgentius Mythologiae I* (p. 12 ed. Helm): You do not know . . . how women dread satire. Lawyers may retreat and scholars may not utter a syllable before the flood of a woman's words, the rhetorician may be dumb and the herald may stop his cries; satire alone can put a limit to their madness, though it be Petronius's *Albucia* who is in heat.

### VII

*Fulgentius Mythologiae III*, 8 (p. 73). (where he remarked that essence of myrrh is very strong): Hence too Petronius Arbiter says that he drank a myrrhine cup<sup>1</sup> in order to excite his passion.

### VIII

*Fulgentius in his Treatise on the Contents of Virgil's works* (p. 98): For we have already explained above the application of the myth of Cerberus<sup>2</sup> with Three Heads to quarrels and litigation in the courts. Hence too Petronius says against *Euscios*, "The barrister was a Cerberus of the courts." C.f. *Fragm. XI* and p. 81.

*Natural History*, Pliny describes the costly "myrrhina," the description on 21 and 22 suiting fluor-spar, one of its merits being its smell, probably caused by hot resin in which the fluor-spar was soaked to prevent it from falling to pieces when it was worked. In 20 Pliny says that Titus Petronius, when he was about to die, broke, to spite Nero, a myrrhine dipper which Petronius had bought for 300,000 sesterces, so that he thus far disinherited Nero's table. See also p. xxxvii.

<sup>2</sup> This monster guarding the gates of Hades had, according to one myth, a hundred heads.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

### IX\*

*Fulgentius in expositione sermonum antiquorum 42 p. 122:* Ferculum dicitur missum carniū. Unde et Petronius Arbiter ait " postquam ferculum allatum est "

### X\*

*Fulgentius ibidem 46 p. 123:* Valgia vero sunt labello-  
rum obtortiones in supinatione factae. Sicut et Petronius ait " obtorto valgiter labello "

### XI\*

*Fulgentius ibidem 52 p. 124:* Alucinare dicitur vana somniari, tractum ab alucitis, quos nos conopes dicimus. Sicut Petronius Arbiter ait " nam contubernalem <sup>1</sup> alucitae molestabant "

### XII\*

*Fulgentius ibidem 60 p. 126:* Manubies dicuntur ornamenta regum. Unde et Petronius Arbiter ait " tot regum manubies penes fugitivum repertae "

### XIII\*

*Fulgentius ibidem 61 p. 126:* Aumatium dicitur locum secretum publicum sicut in theatris aut in circo.

<sup>1</sup> contubernalem *Buecheler*: contum vernali me the better MSS. *There are various conjectures.*

## FRAGMENTS

### IX

*Fulgentius in his Explanation of Old Words, 42 (p. 122): Ferculum means a dish of flesh. Hence too Petronius Arbiter says, "After the dish of flesh (ferculum) was brought in."*<sup>1</sup>

### X

*Fulgentius ibid. 46 (p. 123): Valgia really means the twisting of the lips which occurs in vomiting. As Petronius also says, "With lips twisted as in a vomit (valgiter)."*

### XI

*Fulgentius ibid. 52 (p. 124): Alucinare means to dream nonsense, and is derived from alucitae, which we call conopes (mosquitoes). As Petronius Arbiter says, "For the mosquitoes (alucitae) were troubling my companion."*

### XII

*Fulgentius ibid. 60 (p. 126): Manubies is a term used for the ornaments of kings. Hence Petronius Arbiter also says, "So many kingly ornaments (manubies, manubiae) found in the possession of a runaway."*

### XIII

*Fulgentius ibid. 61 (p. 126): Aumatium means a private place in a public spot such as theatres or the*

<sup>1</sup> Probably a dish of food in one of the courses of Trimalchio's dinner.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

Unde et Petronius Arbiter ait "in aumatium memet ipsum conieci"

### XIV

*Isidorus originum V 26, 7*: Dolus est mentis calliditas ab eo quod deludat: aliud enim agit, aliud simulat. Petronius aliter existimat dicens "quid est, iudices, dolus? Nimirum ubi aliquid factum est quod legi dolet. Habetis dolum: accipite nunc malum"

### XV

*Glossarium S. Dionysii*: Petaurus genus ludi. Petronius "petauroque iubente modo superior"<sup>1</sup>

### XVI

Petronius "satis constaret eos nisi inclinatos non solere transire cryptam Neapolitanam" *ex glossario S. Dionysii*

### XVII\*<sup>2</sup>

*In alio glossario*:

Suppes suppumpis, hoc est supinis pedibus.  
Tullia, media vel regia.

<sup>1</sup> *Housman adds* <modo inferior>, of a see-saw.

<sup>2</sup> Wrongly attributed to Petronius by Pithoeus through misunderstanding a marginal note of Scaliger.

## FRAGMENTS

circus. Hence Petronius Arbiter also says, " *I hurled myself into the privy-place (aumatium).*"

### XIV

*Isidorus Origines V, 26, 7: Dolus*<sup>1</sup> is mental cunning and is derived from the fact that the mind "deludes": for it does one thing and pretends another. Petronius takes a different view when he says, " *What is a device (dolus), gentlemen? It occurs of course whenever anything offensive to (dolet) the law is done. You understand what a device is; now take a bad device . . .*". Cf. *Fragm. VIII.*

### XV

*Glossary of St. Dionysius: The spring-board is a kind of game. Petronius, "Now lifted high at the will of the spring-board."* See Chapters 53-54.

### XVI

*From the Glossary of St. Dionysius: Petronius, "It was quite certainly their usual plan to go through the Grotto of Naples only with backs bent double."*

### XVII

*Another Glossary:*

*Suppes suppumpis, that is with feet bent backwards.  
Tullia, mediator (?) or princess.*

<sup>1</sup> *Dolus* originally meant a *device* without moral connotation; hence the legal term for *fraud* was *dolus malus*, and the use of *dolus* alone in a bad sense is later.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

### XVIII\*<sup>1</sup>

*Nicolaus Perottus Cornu copiae p. 200, 26 editionis Aldinae anni 1513*: Cosmus etiam excellens unguentarius fuit, a quo unguenta dicta sunt Cosmiana. Idem [*Iuvenalis* 8, 86] "et Cosmi toto mergatur aheno." Petronius "affer nobis, inquit, alabastrum Cosmiani"

### XIX

*Terentianus Maurus de metris (in Keilii Grammaticis VI p. 399)*:

Horatium videmus  
versus tenoris huius  
nusquam locasse iuges,  
at Arbitrarius disertus  
libris suis frequentat. 2490  
Agnoscere haec potestis,  
cantare quae solemus:  
"Memphitides puellae  
sacris deum paratae."  
"Tinctus colore noctis 2495  
manu puer loquaci"

*Marius Victorinus III 17 (in Keilii grammaticis VI p. 138)*: Huius tenoris ac formae quosdam versus poetas lyricos carminibus suis indidisse cognovimus, ut et apud Arbitrum invenimus, cuius exemplum

item "Memphitides puellae  
sacris deum paratae."  
"Tinctus colore noctis"  
"Aegyptias choreas"

## FRAGMENTS

### XVIII

*Nicolaus Perottus in the Cornucopia* (p. 200, 26 in the Aldine Edition of 1513): Cosmus too was a superb perfumer, and ointments are called Cosmian after him. The same writer (Juvenal 8, 86) says, "and let him be plunged deep in a bronze vase of Cosmus." Petronius, "*Bring us, he said, an alabaster box of Cosmus ointment.*"

### XIX

*Terentianus Maurus on Metre* (Keil, *Grammatici*, VI, 399):

We see that Horace nowhere employed verse of this<sup>1</sup> rhythm continuously, but the learned Arbiter uses it often in his works. You can recognize these lines, which we are used to sing: "*The maidens of Memphis, made ready for the rites of the Gods.*" "*The boy coloured deep as the night with speaking gestures.*"

*Marius Victorinus III*, 17 (Keil, *Grammatici*, VI, 138):

We know that the lyric poets inserted some lines of this rhythm and form in their works, as we find too in Arbiter, for example: "*The maidens of Memphis,*<sup>2</sup> *made ready for the rites of the Gods,*" and again "*Coloured deep as the night.*" "*<Dancing> Egyptian Dances.*"

<sup>1</sup> "Anacreontic," used by Maurus here.

<sup>2</sup> A famous Egyptian city south of Cairo.

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<sup>1</sup> Not by Petronius.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

### XX

*Terentianus Maurus de metris (in Keilii Grammaticis VI 409):*

Nunc divisio, quam loquemur, edet metrum, quo memorant Anacreonta dulces composuisse cantilenas.	2850
Hoc Petronius invenitur usus, Musis cum lyricum refert eundem consonantia verba cantitasse, et plures alii. Sed iste versus quali compositus tome sit, edam.	2855
“ Iuverunt segetes meum laborem.”	
“ Iuverunt ” caput est id hexametri . . .	2858
quod restat “ segetes meum laborem,”	2861
tale est ceu “ triplici vides ut ortu Triviae rotetur ignis volucrique Phoebus axe rapidum pererret orbem ”	2865

### XXI

*Diomedes in arte III p. 518 Keilii: Et illud hinc est  
comma quod Arbitr fecit tale*

“ Anus recocta vino  
tremantibus labellis ”

---

<sup>1</sup> Greek lyric poet of the sixth century B.C., born in Teos.

<sup>2</sup> I.e. as the new, the full, or the waning moon. Phoebus is the sun, Trivia the moon whose goddess Diana or Hecate was often worshipped where three roads meet.

<sup>3</sup> Proselenos? Or Oenothea? See pp. 342, 353 ff.



## FRAGMENTS

### XX

*Terentianus Maurus on Metre (Keil, VI, 409):*

Now the analysis, which we will explain, will give us the metre in which they say that Anacreon<sup>1</sup> wrote his sweet old songs. We find that Petronius, as well as many others, used this metre, when he says that this same lyric poet sang in words harmonious to the Muses. But I will explain with what kind of caesura this verse is written. In the line "*Iuverunt segetes meum laborem*" ("*The cornfields have lightened my labour*"), the word "*iuverunt*" is the beginning of a hexameter: the remaining words "*segetes meum laborem*" are in the same metre as

*" triplici vides ut ortu  
volucrique Phoebus axe  
Triviae rotetur ignis  
rapidum pererret orbem "*

*(" You see how the fire of Trivia spins round from her threefold rising,<sup>2</sup> and Phoebus on his winged wheel traverses the hurrying globe.")*

### XXI

*Diomede on Grammar III (Keil p. 518):* Hence arises the caesura which Arbiter employed thus:

*" Anus recocta vino  
tremantibus labellis "*

*(" An old woman<sup>3</sup> soaked in wine, with trembling lips ")*

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

### XXII

*Servius in artem Donati p. 432, 22 Keilii:* Item Quirites dicit numero tantum plurali. Sed legimus apud Horatium hunc Quiritem, ut sit nominativus hic Quiris. Item idem Horatius "quis te Quiritem?" cuius nominativus erit hic Quirites, ut dicit Petronius

*Pompeius in commento artis Donati p. 167, 9 K:* Nemo dicit "hic Quirites" sed "hi Quirites," licet legerimus hoc. Legite in Petronio, et invenietis de nominativo singulari hoc factum. Et ait Petronius "hic Quirites"

### XXIII

*Grammaticus de dubiis nominibus p. 578, 23 K:* Fretum generis neutri et pluraliter freta, ut Petronius "freta Nereidum"

### XXIV\*

*Hieronymus in epistula ad Demetriadem CXXX 19 p. 995 Vallarsii:* Cincinnatulos pueros et calamistratos et peregrini muris olentes pelliculas, de quibus illud Arbitri est

"Non bene olet qui bene semper olet,"

quasi quasdam pestes et venena pudicitiae virgo devitet

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<sup>1</sup> Sea-nymphs, the fifty daughters of Nereus.

<sup>2</sup> The words occur in Martial (II, xii, 4) who may have quoted Petronius. But they may have been a common saying.

## FRAGMENTS

### XXII

*Servius on the Grammar of Donatus (Keil p. 432, 22):* Again, he uses "Quirites" ("Roman citizens") only in the plural number. But we read in Horace the accusative "hunc Quiritem" ("this Roman citizen") making the nominative "hic Quiris." Again, the same Horace says "Quis te Quiritem?" and there the nominative will be "hic Quirites," as Petronius says.

*Pompeius in his Commentary on the Grammar of Donatus (Keil p. 167, 9):* No one says "this Roman citizen," but "these Roman citizens," although we find the former in books. Read Petronius, and you will find this use of the nominative singular. And Petronius says "Hic Quirites" ("this Roman citizen").

### XXIII

*A Grammarian on Nouns of uncertain gender (Keil p. 578, 23):* Fretum ("a strait") is of the neuter gender, and its plural is freta, as Petronius says "Freta Nereidum" ("The straits of the Nereids").<sup>1</sup>

### XXIV

*Hieronymus in a Letter to Demetriades CXXX, 19 (Vallarsius p. 995):* Boys with hair curled and crimped and skins smelling like foreign rats, about whom Arbiter wrote the words, "To smell good always is not to smell good,"<sup>2</sup> showing how the virgin may avoid certain plagues and poisons of modesty.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

### XXV\*

*Fulgentius mythologiarum II 6 p. 45 Helm de Prometheus: Quamvis Nicagoras . . . quod vulturi iecur praebeat, livoris quasi pingat imaginem. Unde et Petronius Arbiter ait*

“ qui vultur iecur intimum pererrat  
pectusque eruit <sup>1</sup> intimasque fibras,  
non est quem lepidi <sup>2</sup> vocant poetae,  
sed cordis <mala> <sup>3</sup> livor atque luxus ”

<sup>1</sup> pectusque eruit *suggests Nisbet: et querit pectus.*

<sup>2</sup> lepidi *Pithoeus: trepidi or timidi Scaliger: tepidi.*

<sup>3</sup> *Added in cod. Mediolan. ann. 1498.*

## FRAGMENTS

### XXV

*Fulgentius Mythologiae II, 6 (p. 45, on Prometheus):* Although Nicagoras . . . represents his yielding his liver to a vulture, as an allegorical picture of envy. Hence too Petronius Arbiter says: "*The vulture which explores our inmost liver, and drags out our heart and inmost nerves, is not the bird of whom our dainty poets talk, but those evils of the soul, envy and wantonness.*"



## POEMS

## INTRODUCTION

Of the poems which follow, 1-17 are found in the cod. Vossianus L. Q. 86, a MS. of the ninth century. They follow a number of epigrams attributed to Seneca and are not attributed by the MS. to Petronius. But 3, 1 and 13, 6-9 are quoted by Fulgentius (*Myth.* I, 1, p. 17, 3; III, 9, p. 74) as from Petronius, while the general resemblance to Petronius led Scaliger to attribute the remainder to the same author. Though absolute proof of the correctness of this attribution is lacking, most readers will feel little doubt that Scaliger was right.

18-29<sup>1</sup> were contained in a MS. once at Beauvais and now lost. The contents of this codex Bellovacensis were published by Claude Binet in 1579. The last two poems were not, according to Binet, given to Petronius by the MS., and I have included them with some hesitation. But as Binet saw, the resemblance to the style and tone of Petronius is considerable, and they are therefore given here. The six poems which followed in this MS. are given by Baehrens (*P.L.M.* iv. 103-8) to Petronius. But they have no particular affinity with the work of Petronius, and as they have inserted among them in Binet's book a

<sup>1</sup> No. 20 is also contained in cod. Paris. 10318 (*Salmasianus*), cod. Vossianus *L.Q.* 86, cod. Paris. 8071 (*Thua-neus*).



## POEMS

number of poems which are admittedly by Luxorius (see Baehrens, *op. cit.* App. Crit. on *P.L.M.* iv. 104), they are not included here.

The remaining two poems are found in cod. Vossianus L.F. 111, a MS. of the ninth century. They are attributed to Petronius by the MS., and follow two poems found in the MSS. of the novel (c. 14 and c. 83). Their general resemblance would betray their authorship.

H. E. Butler.

For a discussion of these MSS. see Baehrens, *Poetae Latini Minores*, vol. iv, pp. 11, 13, and 19. Also p. 36 ff. Cf. also Adalaide Wegner, "The Sources of the Petronius Poems in the *Catalecta* of Scaliger," in *T.A.P.A.*, LXIV, 1933, p. lxxvii. It is likely that certain Petronian and other poems were in the presumed archetype of the *Satyricon*-tradition (see p. xix).

### SIGLA <sup>1</sup>

Cod. Voss. L.Q. 86 = *V*.

Cod. Bellovacensis (now lost) = *W*.

Cod. Voss. L.F. 111 = *E*.

<sup>1</sup> At the head of any poem, B. followed by a number indicates the position in Buecheler's *Petronius*.

## POEMATA

74 *Poet. Lat. Min.* iv, ed. Baehrens. B. XXXV.

- 1 Inveniet quod quisque velit: non omnibus unum est  
quod placet: hic spinas colligit, ille rosas.

75 *P.L.M.* B. XXXVIII.

- 2 Iam nunc algentes autumnus fecerat<sup>1</sup> umbras  
atque hiemem tepidis spectabat Phoebus habenis,  
iam platanus iactare comas, iam coeperat uvas  
adnumerare suas defecto palmite vitis:  
ante oculos stabat quidquid promiserat annus.

76 *P.L.M. Fragment XXVII Müller.* B. XXXVII.

- 3 Primus in orbe deos fecit timor, ardua caelo  
fulmina cum caderent discussaque moenia flammis  
atque ictus flagraret Athos; mox Phoebus ab ortu<sup>2</sup>  
lustrata devectus<sup>3</sup> humo, Lunaeque senectus  
et reparatus honos; hinc signa effusa per orbem  
et permutatis disiunctus mensibus annus.  
Profecit<sup>4</sup> vitium iamque<sup>5</sup> error iussit inanis  
agricolas primos Cereri dare messis honores,

<sup>1</sup> algentes . . . fecerat *Baehrens*: ardentis . . . fregerat *V.*

<sup>2</sup> ab ortu *Butler*: ad ortus *V.*

<sup>3</sup> devectus *Heinsius*: deiectus *V.*

<sup>4</sup> profecit *anon.*: proiecit *V.*

## POEMS

Every man shall find his own desire; there is no one thing which pleases all: one man gathers thorns and another roses.

Now autumn had brought its chill shades, and Phoebus<sup>1</sup> was looking winterwards with cooler reins. Now the plane-tree had begun to shed down her leaves, now the young shoots had withered on the vine, and she had begun to number her grapes: the whole promise of the year was standing before our eyes.

It was fear first created gods in the world, when the lightning fell from high heaven, and the ramparts of the world were rent with flame, and Athos was smitten and blazed. Next 'twas Phoebus sank to earth, after he had traversed earth from his rising; the Moon grew old and once more renewed her glory; next the starry signs were spread through the firmament, and the year divided into changing seasons. The folly spread, and soon vain superstition bade the labourer yield to Ceres the harvest's chosen firstfruits, and

<sup>1</sup> The sun.

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<sup>5</sup> iamque *Buecheler*: atque V.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

palmitibus plenis Bacchum vincere, Palemque  
pastorum gaudere manu; † nutat obrutus †<sup>1</sup> omnis  
Neptunus demersus aqua; Pallasque<sup>2</sup> tabernas  
vindicat; et voti reus et qui vendidit orbem,<sup>3</sup>  
iam sibi quisque deos avido certamine fingit.

77 P.L.M. B. XXXIII.

- 4 Nolo ego semper idem capiti suffundere costum  
nec noto<sup>4</sup> stomachum conciliare mero.  
Taurus amat gramen mutata carpere valle  
et fera mutatis sustinet ora cibis.  
Ipsa dies ideo nos grato perluit haustu,  
quod permutatis hora recurrit equis.

78 P.L.M. B. XXXIV.

- 5 Uxor legitimus<sup>5</sup> debet quasi census amari.  
Nec censum vellem semper amare meum.

79 P.L.M.

- 6 Linque tuas sedes alienaque litora quaere,  
o<sup>6</sup> iuvenis: maior rerum tibi nascitur ordo.  
Ne succumbe malis: te noverit ultimus Hister,  
te Boreas gelidus securaque regna Canopi,  
quique renascentem Phoebum cernuntque cadentem:  
maior in externas fit qui<sup>7</sup> descendit harenas.

<sup>1</sup> nutat obrutus *corrupt.* Perhaps nautae obvenit omni  
Neptunus or nautae obvenit omnis Neptuno.

<sup>2</sup> Pallasque *Scaliger*: pallidasque V.

<sup>3</sup> orbem *perhaps corrupt*: orbam *Barth*: urbem *Pithoeus*  
2nd ed.

<sup>4</sup> noto *Palmier*: toto V.

<sup>5</sup> legis onus *Baehrens*: inus V.

## POEMS

garland Bacchus with the fruitful vine-branch, and made Pales<sup>1</sup> to rejoice in the shepherd's work; Neptune . . . wholly plunged beneath the waters of the world, Pallas watches over shops, and the man who wins his prayer or has betrayed the world for gold now strives greedily to create gods of his own.

I would not always steep my head with the same sweet nard, nor strive to win my stomach with familiar wine. The bull loves to enjoy his pasture by a change of valley, and the wild beast maintains his zest by change of food. Even to be bathed in the light of day is pleasant only because the night-hour races with altered steeds.

A wife should be loved like a fortune got legally. But I would not wish to love even my fortune for ever.

Leave thine home, O youth, and seek out alien shores: a larger range of life is ordained for thee. Yield not to misfortune; the far-off Danube shall know thee, the cold North-wind, and the untroubled kingdoms of Canopus,<sup>2</sup> and the men who gaze on the new birth of Phoebus or upon his setting: he that disembarks on distant sands, becomes thereby the greater man.

<sup>1</sup> Goddess of cattle and of shepherds.

<sup>2</sup> Egypt, from Canopus on the coast by the western mouth of the Nile.

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<sup>6</sup> o added by Scaliger, omitted by V.

<sup>7</sup> fit qui Baehrens: itacui V.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

80 *P.L.M.* B. XXXVI.

- 7 Nam nihil est, quod non mortalibus afferat usum:  
rebus in adversis quae iacuerunt iuvant.  
Sic rate demersa fulvum deponderat aurum,  
remorum levitas naufraga membra vehit.  
Cum sonuere tubae, iugulo stat divite ferrum  
barbaricum: tenuis praebia pannus habet.<sup>1</sup>

81 *P.L.M.* B. L.

- 8 Parvula securo tegitur mihi culmine sedes  
uvaque plena mero fecunda pendet ab ulmo.  
Dant rami cerasos, dant mala rubentia silvae,  
Palladiumque nemus pingui se vertice frangit.  
Iam qua diductos potat levis area fontes,  
Corycium mihi surgit olus malvaeque supinae  
et non sollicitos missura papavera somnos.  
Praeterea sive alitibus contexere fraudem  
seu magis imbelles libuit circumdare cervos  
aut tereti lino pavidum subducere piscem,  
hos tantum noverere dolos mea sordida rura.  
I nunc et vitae fugientis tempora vende  
divitibus cenis. Me si manet exitus idem,  
his precor inveniat consumptaque tempora poscat.

82 *P.L.M.* B. XXXII.

- 9 Non satis est quod nos mergit<sup>2</sup> furiosa iuventus  
transversosque rapit fama sepulta probris?

<sup>1</sup> barbaricum *Baehrens*, tenuis *Butler*, praebia *Baehrens*:  
barbara contempnit praelia *V*, retaining which hebes for  
habet *Scaliger*, raraque contemptus proelia pannus habet  
*Reiske*.

<sup>2</sup> mergis *V* corr. *Buecheler*.

## POEMS

For there is naught that may not serve the need of mortal men, and in adversity despised things help us. So when a ship sinks, yellow gold weighs down its possessor, while a flimsy oar bears up the shipwrecked body. When the trumpets sound, the savage's knife stands drawn at the rich man's throat; the poor man's rags wear the amulet of safety.

My little house is covered by a roof that fears no harm, and the grape swollen with wine hangs from the fruitful elm. The boughs yield cherries, the orchards ruddy apples, and the trees sacred to Pallas<sup>1</sup> break under the wealth of their branches. And now where the light soil drinks from the runnels of the spring, Corycian kale<sup>2</sup> springs up for me and creeping mallows, and the poppy with promise of untroubled sleep. Moreover, if my pleasure is to lay snares for birds, or if I choose rather to entrap the timid deer, or draw out the quivering fish on slender line, so much deceit is all that is known to my humble fields. Go, then, and barter the hours of flying life for rich banquets. My prayer is that since at the last the same end waits for me, it may find me here, here call me to account for the time that I have spent.

Is it not enough that mad youth engulfs us, and our good name is sunk in reproach and sweeps us

<sup>1</sup> The olive, which she (= Athena) gave to Athens. By this gift, which the Gods considered more useful than the horse given by Poseidon, she became the presiding deity of the city.

<sup>2</sup> Corycus (Khorgos) in Asia Minor was famous for saffron, but the poet here alludes to the happy simple old man of Corycus described by Virgil, *Georgics*, IV, 116-138.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

En <sup>1</sup> etiam famuli cognataque faece caterva <sup>2</sup>  
inter conrasas <sup>3</sup> luxuriantur opes.  
Vilis servus habet regni bona, cellaque capti  
deridet Vestam Romuleamque casam.  
Idcirco virtus medio iacet obruta caeno,  
nequitiae classes candida vela ferunt.

83 *P.L.M.* B. XXXIX.

- 10 Sic et membra solent auras includere ventris,<sup>4</sup>  
quae penitus mersae cum rursus abire laborant,  
verberibus rimantur iter; nec desinit ante  
frigidus, adstrictis <sup>5</sup> qui regnat in ossibus, horror  
quam tepidus laxo manavit corpore sudor.

84 *P.L.M.*

- 11 O litus vita mihi dulcius, o mare! felix  
cui licet ad terras ire subinde meas!  
O formosa dies! hoc quondam rure solebam  
Naiadas <sup>6</sup> alterna sollicitare manu!  
Hic fontis lacus est, illic sinus egerit algas:  
haec statio est tacitis fida <sup>7</sup> cupidinibus.  
Pervixi; neque enim fortuna malignior unquam  
eripiet nobis quod prior hora <sup>8</sup> dedit.

85 *P.L.M.* B. XL.

- 12 Haec ait et tremulo deduxit vertice canos  
consecuitque genas; oculis nec defuit imber,

<sup>1</sup> en *L. Müller*: an *V.*

<sup>2</sup> *caterva Baehrens*: sepulti *V.*

<sup>3</sup> inter conrasas *Baehrens*: intesta merassas *V.*

<sup>4</sup> ventis *V.*, *corr. Riese.*

<sup>5</sup> et frigidus strictis *V.*, *corr. Reiske.*



## POEMS

astray? Behold! even bondmen and the rabble that is kindred to the mire wanton amid our gathered hoards! The low slave enjoys the treasure of a kingdom, and the captive's room shames Vesta<sup>1</sup> and the cottage of Romulus. So goodness lies obscured in the deep mud, and the fleet of the unrighteous carries snowy sails.

So, too, the body will shut in the belly's wind, which, when it labours to come forth again from its deep dungeon, prises forth a way by sharp blows: and there is no end to the cold shiver which rules the cramped frame, till a warm sweat bedews and loosens the body.

O sea-shore and sea more sweet to me than life! Happy am I who may come at once to the lands I love. O beauteous day! In this country long ago I used to rouse the Naiads<sup>2</sup> with my hands' alternate stroke. Here is the fountain's pool, there a bay washes up its sea-weeds: here is a sure haven for unspoken pleasures. I have had life in full; for never can harder fortune take away what was given us in time overpast.

With these words he tore the white hair from his trembling head, and rent his cheeks; his eyes filled

<sup>1</sup> Goddess of the hearth.

<sup>2</sup> Nymphs of fresh waters.

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<sup>6</sup> Naiadas *Lindenbrog*: Iliadas V alterna . . . manu B: amatas . . . manus V.

<sup>7</sup> fida *Pithoeus*: victa V.

<sup>8</sup> prior hora *Scaliger*: priora V.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

sed qualis rapitur per vallis improbus amnis,  
 cum gelidae periere nives et languidus auster  
 non patitur glaciem resoluta vivere terra,  
 gurgite sic pleno facies manavit et alto  
 insonuit gemitu turbato murmure pectus.

86 *P.L.M. Fragment XXVIII Müller.* B. XXVIII.

- 13 Nam citius flammam mortales ore<sup>1</sup> tenebunt  
 quam secreta tegant. Quicquid dimittis in aula,  
 effluit et subitis rumoribus oppida pulsant.  
 Nec satis est vulgasse fidem. Cumulatius exit  
 prodicionis opus famamque onerare laborat.  
 Sic commissa verens avidus reserare<sup>2</sup> minister  
 fodit humum regisque latentes prodidit aures.  
 Concepit nam terra sonos calamique loquentes  
 incinuere Midam,<sup>3</sup> qualem narraverat<sup>4</sup> index.

87 *P.L.M.*

- 14 Illic alternis depugnat pontus et aer,  
       hic rivo tenui pervia ridet humus.  
 Illic demersas<sup>5</sup> complorat navita puppes,  
       hic pastor miti perluit amne pecus.  
 Illic immanes mors obdita<sup>6</sup> solvit hiatus,  
       hic gaudet curva falce recisa Ceres.

<sup>1</sup> ore *Scaliger*: ora.

<sup>2</sup> verens *reserare Fulgentius*: ferens . . . seruare *V.*

<sup>3</sup> incinuere *Saumaise*: invenere *Fulgentius*: inuenerem *V.*  
 Midam *Fulgentius*: idem *V.*

<sup>4</sup> conceperat *Fulgentius*: conspexerat *Muncker*.

<sup>5</sup> demersas *Baehrens*: divisas *V.*

<sup>6</sup> obdita *Baehrens*: oblita *V.*

## POEMS

with tears, and as the impetuous river sweeps down the valleys when the cold snow has perished, and the gentle south-wind will not suffer the ice to live on the thawed out earth, so was his face wet with a full stream, and his heart rang with the troubled murmur of deep groaning.

For sooner will men hold fire in their mouths than keep a secret. Whatever you let escape you in your hall flows forth and beats at city walls in sudden rumours. Nor is it enough to have made promised secrecy common knowledge. The work of betrayal issues forth with increase, and strives to add weight to the report. So was it that the greedy slave, who feared to unlock his knowledge, dug in the ground and betrayed the secret of the king's hidden ears. For the earth brought forth sounds, and the whispering reeds sang how Midas was even such an one as the tell-tale had revealed.<sup>1</sup>

There sea and sky struggle and buffet each other, here the tiny stream runs through smooth and smiling country. There the sailor laments for his sunken ship, here the shepherd dips his flock in the gentle river. There death confronts and chokes the vast gape of greed, here the corn delights to be cut down by the curved sickle. There, with water everywhere,

<sup>1</sup> Midas, a traditional King of Phrygia, judged Pan to be a better musician than Apollo, who turned Midas' ears into a donkey's. Midas hid them under his hat, but the servant who cut his hair discovered and spread abroad Midas' secret.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

Illic inter aquas urit sitis arida fauces,  
hic data periuro <sup>1</sup> basia multa viro.  
Naviget et fluctus lasset mendicus Vlixes,  
in terris vivet candida Penelope.

88 *P.L.M.* B. LII.

- 15 Qui nolit properare <sup>2</sup> mori nec cogere fata  
mollia praecipiti rumpere fila manu,  
hactenus irarum mare noverit. Ecce refuso  
gurgite securos obluit unda pedes.  
Ecce inter virides iactatur mytilus algas  
et rauco trahitur lubrica concha sinu.  
Ecce recurrentes qua versat fluctus arenas,  
discolor attrita calculus exit humo.  
Haec quisquis calcare potest, in litore tuto  
ludat et hoc solum iudicet esse mare.

89 *P.L.M.* B. XXXI.

- 16 Non est forma satis nec quae vult bella videri <sup>3</sup>  
debet vulgari more placere sibi.  
Dicta, sales, lusus, sermonis gratia, risus  
vincunt naturae candidioris opus.  
Condit enim formam quicquid consumitur artis,  
et nisi velle subest, <sup>4</sup> gratia nuda perit.

90 *P.L.M. Fragment XXVI Müller.* B. XXVI.

- 17 Sic contra rerum naturae munera notae <sup>5</sup>  
corvus maturis frugibus ova refert.

<sup>1</sup> data *Wernsdorf*: da *V*: periuro *probably corrupt*: *perhaps* quaeque suo *Butler*.

<sup>2</sup> nolit *Oudendorp*: moluit *V*: properare *Tollius*: propare *V*.

## POEMS

dry thirst burns the throat, here kisses are given in plenty to faithless man. Let Ulysses go sail and weary the waters in beggar's rags: the chaste Penelope<sup>1</sup> will be living on land.

The man that would not haste to die, nor force the Fates to snap the tender threads with impetuous hand, should know only this much of the sea's anger. Lo! where the tide flows back, and the wave bathes his feet without peril! Lo! where the mussel is thrown up among the green sea-weed, and hoarsely the whorl of the slippery shell is rolled along! Lo! where the wave turns the sands to rush back in the eddy, there pebbles of many a hue appear on the wave-worn floor. Let the man who may have these things under his feet, play safely on the shore, and count this alone to be the sea.

Outward beauty is not enough, and the woman who would appear fair must not be content with any common manner. Words, wit, play, sweet talk, and laughter surpass the work of too simple nature. For all expense of art seasons beauty, and bare loveliness is wasted all in vain, if it have not the will to please.

So, contrary to the known operations of nature, the raven lays her eggs when the crops are ripe. So the

<sup>1</sup> Odysseus' (Ulysses') faithful wife.

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<sup>2</sup> *The first couplet is to be found in Fulgentius, Myth, I, 12, p. 44.*

<sup>4</sup> *velle subest probably corrupt: sal suberit Baehrens.*

<sup>5</sup> *nota Binet.*

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

Sic format lingua fetum cum protulit ursa  
et piscis nullo iunctus amore parit.

Sic Phoebea chelys partu <sup>1</sup> resoluta favente <sup>2</sup>  
Lucina <sup>3</sup> tepidis naribus ova fovet.

Sic sine concubitu textis apis excita ceris  
fervet et audaci milite castra replet.

Non uno contenta valet natura tenore,  
sed permutatas gaudet habere vices.

### 91 *P.L.M.* B. XLI.

18 Indica purpureo genuit me litore tellus,  
candidus accenso qua redivit orbe dies.

Hic ego divinos inter generatus honores  
mutavi Latio barbara verba sono.

Iam dimitte tuos, Pæan o Delphice, cycnos:  
dignior hæc vox est, quæ tua templa colat.

### 92 *P.L.M.* B. XLII.

19 Naufragus eiecta nudus rate quaerit eodem  
percussus telo, cui sua fata fleat. <sup>4</sup>

Grandine qui segetes et totum perdidit annum,  
in simili deflet tristia fata sinu.

Funera conciliant miseros, orbique parentes  
coniungunt gemitus et facit hora pares.

Nos quoque confusis feriemus sidera verbis;  
fama est coniunctas <sup>5</sup> fortius ire preces.

<sup>1</sup> partu *Müller* (2nd edition). In his 1st edition he suggests  
nixu: nutu *Butler*: vinclo *Binet*: victo *W*.

<sup>2</sup> favente *Müller* (2nd edition): parentis.

<sup>3</sup> Lucina *Müller* (2nd edition): Lucinae.

<sup>4</sup> fleat *Jacobs*: legat *W*.

<sup>5</sup> fama est coniunctas *Butler*: et fama est constans *W*.

## POEMS

she-bear shapes her cubs with her tongue when she has brought them forth, and the fish is ignorant of love's embrace, yet brings forth young. So the tortoise, sacred to Phoebus, heats with her warm nostrils the eggs delivered in laying by the favour of Lucina.<sup>1</sup> So the bee, begotten without wedlock from the woven cells, throbs with life and fills her camp with bold soldiery. The strength of nature lies not in holding on one even way, but she loves to change the fashion of her laws.

My <sup>2</sup> birthplace was India's glowing shore, where the day returns in brilliance with fiery orb. Here I was born amid the worship of the gods, and exchanged my barbaric speech for the Latin tongue. O healer <sup>3</sup> of Delphi, now dismiss thy swans; here is a voice more worthy to dwell within thy temple.

The sailor, naked from the shipwreck, seeks out a comrade stricken by the same blow to whom he may bewail his fate. The farmer who has lost his crops and the whole year's fruits in the hail, weeps his sad lot on a bosom wounded like his own. Death draws the unhappy together; bereaved parents utter their groans with one voice, and the moment makes them equal. We too will strike the stars with words in unison; the saying is that prayers travel more valiantly when united.

<sup>1</sup> Goddess of "bringing to light"; of childbirth. The point here is obscure.

<sup>2</sup> A parrot is speaking.

<sup>3</sup> Apollo.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

93 *P.L.M.* B. XLIII.

- 20 Aurea mala mihi, dulcis mea Martia, mittis,  
mittis et hirsutae munera castanaeae.  
Omnia grata putem, sed si magis ipsa venire  
ornares donum, pulcra puella, tuum.  
Tu licet apportes stringentia mala palatum,  
tristia mandenti est melleus ore sapor.  
At si dissimulas, multum mihi cara, venire,  
oscula cum pomis mitte; vorabo libens.

94 *P.L.M.* B. XLIV.

- 21 Si Phoebi soror es, mando tibi, Delia, causam,  
scilicet ut fratri quae peto verba feras:  
“ Marmore Sicanio struxi tibi, Delphice, templum  
et levibus calamis candida verba dedi.  
Nunc si nos audis atque es divinus, Apollo,  
dic mihi, qui nummos non habet, unde petat.”

95 *P.L.M.* B. XLV.

- 22 Omnia quae miseras possunt finire querellas,  
in promptu voluit candidus esse deus.  
Vile holus et duris haerentia mora rubetis  
pungentis<sup>1</sup> stomachi composuere famem.  
Flumine vicino stultus sitit, et riget<sup>2</sup> euro  
cum calidus tepido consonat igne focus.<sup>3</sup>  
Lex armata sedet circum fera limina nuptae:  
nil metuit licito fusa puella toro.  
Quod satiare potest dives natura ministrat;  
quod docet infrenis<sup>4</sup> gloria fine caret.

<sup>1</sup> pungentis *Dousa*: pugnantis *W.*

<sup>2</sup> et riget *Binet*: effugit *W.*

<sup>3</sup> focus *Buecheler*: rokus *W.*

<sup>4</sup> infrenis *Binet*: inferius *W.*



## POEMS

You send me golden apples, my sweet Martia, and you send me the fruit of the shaggy chestnut. Believe me, I would love them all; but should you choose rather to come in person, lovely girl, you would beautify your gift. Come, if you will, and lay sour apples to my tongue, the sharp flavour will be like honey as I bite. But if you feign you will not come, dearest, send kisses with the fruit; then gladly will I devour them.

If you are sister to Phoebus, Delia,<sup>1</sup> I entrust my petition to you, that you may carry to your brother the words of my prayer. "God of Delphi, I have built for you a temple of Sicilian marble, and have given you fair words of song from a slender pipe of reed. Now if you hear us, Apollo, and are indeed divine, tell me where a man who has no money is to seek it."

Honest Heaven ordained that all things which can end our wretched complaints should be ready to hand. Common green herbs and the berries that grow on rough brambles allay the gnawing hunger of the belly. A fool is he who goes thirsty with a river close by, and shivers in the east wind while a blazing fire roars on the warm hearth. The law sits armed by the threshold of a wanton bride; the girl who lies on a lawful bed knows no fear. The wealth of nature gives us enough for our fill: that which unbridled vanity teaches us to pursue has no end to it.

<sup>1</sup> "Of Delos," that is Artemis = Diana, sister of Phoebus, here Apollo. Both were imagined as born on the island Delos.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

96 *P.L.M.* B. XLVI.

- 23 Militis in galea nidum fecere columbae:  
apparet Marti quam sit amica Venus.

97 *P.L.M.* B. XLVII.

- 24 Iudaeus licet et porcinum numen adoret  
et caeli summas advocet auriculas,  
ni tamen et ferro succiderit inguinis oram  
et nisi nodatum solverit arte caput,  
exemptus populo sacra <sup>1</sup> migrabit ab urbe  
et non ieiuna sabbata lege premet.<sup>2</sup>

98 *P.L.M.*

- 25 Una est nobilitas argumentumque coloris  
ingenui timidas non habuisse manus.

99 *P.L.M.* B. XLVIII.

- 26 Lecto compositus vix prima silentia noctis  
carpebam et somno lumina victa dabam,  
cum me saevus Amor prensat <sup>3</sup> sursumque capillis  
excitat et lacerum pervigilare iubet.  
“ Tu famulus meus,” inquit, “ ames cum mille puellas,  
solus, io, solus, dure, iacere potes? ”  
Exsilio et pedibus nudis tunicaque soluta  
omne iter ingredior,<sup>4</sup> nullum iter expedio.  
Nunc propero, nunc ire piget, rursumque redire  
paenitet, et pudor est stare via media.  
Ecce tacent voces hominum strepitusque viarum  
et volucrum cantus fidaque turba canum;

<sup>1</sup> sacra *Baehrens*: graia *W.*

<sup>2</sup> premet *W.*, perhaps corrupt: tremet *Buecheler.*

<sup>3</sup> prensat *Oudendorp*: prensum *W.*

<sup>4</sup> ingredior *Riese*: impedio *W.*

## POEMS

Doves have made a nest in the soldier's helmet:  
see how Venus loveth Mars.<sup>1</sup>

The Jew may worship his pig-god<sup>2</sup> and clamour in  
the ears of high heaven, but unless he also cuts back  
with a knife the region of his groin, and unless he  
unlooses by art the knotted head, he shall go forth  
from the holy city cast forth from the people, and  
transgress the sabbath by breaking the law of fasting.

This is the one nobility and proof of honourable  
strain, that a man's hands have shown no fear.

At rest in bed, I had scarce begun to enjoy the first  
silence of night, and to give up my conquered eyes  
to sleep, when fierce Love took hold of me and drew  
me up by the hair, and tore me, bidding me watch  
till day. "Ah, my slave," he said, "thou lover of  
a thousand girls, canst thou lie alone here, alone oh  
hard of heart?" I leaped up, and with bare feet and  
disordered raiment started on every path and found  
a way by none. Now I run, now to move is weariness:  
I repent of turning back, and am ashamed to halt in  
the midst of the road. Lo, the voices of men and the  
roar of the streets, the singing of birds and the faith-  
ful company of watchdogs are all silent. I alone of

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the story, told by Homer, of the love-  
affair of the deities Aphrodite (who was wife of Hephaetus) =  
Venus and Ares = Mars.

<sup>2</sup> It was believed that the abstention of the Jews from  
eating pork must be due to a belief that the pig has some  
sacred character.

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

solus ego ex cunctis paveo somnumque torumque,  
et sequor imperium, magne Cupido, tuum.

100 *P.L.M.* B. XLIX.

- 27 Sit nox illa diu nobis dilecta, Nealce,  
    quae te prima meo pectore composuit:  
sit torus et lecti genius secretaque lampas,<sup>1</sup>  
    quis tenera in nostrum veneris arbitrium.  
Ergo age duremus, quamvis adoleverit aetas,  
    utamurque annis quos mora parva teret.  
Fas et iura sinunt veteres extendere amores;  
    fac cito quod coeptum est, non cito desinere.

101 *P.L.M.*

- 28 Foeda est in coitu et brevis voluptas  
et taedet Veneris statim peractae.  
Non ergo ut pecudes libidinosae  
caeci protinus irruamus illuc  
(nam languescit amor peritque flamma);  
sed sic sic sine fine feriat  
et tecum iaceamus osculantes.  
Hic nullus labor est ruborque nullus:  
hoc iuvat, iuvat et diu iuvabit;  
hoc non deficit incipitque semper.

102 *P.L.M.*

- 29 Accusare et amare tempore uno  
ipsi vix fuit Herculi ferendum.

120 *P.L.M. Fragment XXIX Müller.* B. XXIX.

- 30 Fallunt nos oculi vagique sensus  
oppressa ratione mentiuntur.

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all men dread both sleep and my bed, and follow thy  
command, great Lord of desire.

Long may that night be dear to us, Nealce, that  
first laid you to rest upon my heart. Dear be the  
bed and the genius of the couch, and the secret lamp  
that all saw you come gently to do our pleasure.  
Come, then, let us endure though we have grown  
older, and employ the years which a brief delay will  
blot out. It is lawful and right to prolong an old  
love: grant that what we began in haste may not  
hastily be ended.

The pleasure of the act of love is gross and brief,  
and love once consummated brings loathing after it.  
Let us then not rush blindly thither straightway like  
lustful beasts, for love sickens and the flame dies  
down; but even so, even so, let us keep eternal holi-  
day, and lie with thy lips to mine. No toil is here  
and no shame: in this, delight has been, and is, and  
long shall be; in this there is no diminution, but a  
beginning everlastingly.

To love and accuse at one time were a labour  
Hercules himself could scarce have borne.

Our eyes deceive us, and our wandering senses  
weigh down our reason and tell us falsehoods. For

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<sup>1</sup> *lampas Buecheler: longa W.*

## PETRONIUS ARBITER

Nam turris prope quae quadrata surgit,  
detrītis procul angulis rotatur.  
Hyblaeum refugit satur liquorem  
et naris casiam frequenter odit.  
Hoc illo magis aut minus placere  
non posset nisi lite destinata  
pugnarent dubio tenore sensus.

121 *P.L.M. Fragment XXX Müller. B. XXX.*

- 31 Somnia quae mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris,  
non delubra deum nec ab aethere numina mittunt,  
sed sibi quisque facit. Nam cum prostrata sopore  
urget membra quies et mens sine pondere ludit,  
quidquid luce fuit tenebris agit. Oppida bello  
qui quatit et flammis miserandas eruit urbes,  
tela videt versasque acies et funera regum  
atque exundantes profuso sanguine campos.  
Qui causas orare solent, legesque forumque  
et pavidi cernunt inclusum chorte<sup>1</sup> tribunal.  
Condit avarus opes defossumque invenit aurum.  
Venator saltus canibus quatit. Eripit undis  
aut premit eversam periturus navita puppem.  
Scribit amatori meretrix, dat adultera munus:  
et canis in somnis leporis vestigia lustrat.  
In noctis spatium miserorum vulnera durant.

<sup>1</sup> chorte *Mommsen*: corde *E.*

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the tower which stands almost four-square has its corners blunted at a distance and becomes rounded. The full stomach turns from the honey of Hybla,<sup>1</sup> and the nose often hates the scent of cinnamon. One thing could not please us more or less than another, unless the senses strove in set conflict with wavering balance.

It is not the shrines of the gods, nor the powers of the air, that send the dreams which mock the mind with flitting shadows; each man makes dreams for himself. For when rest lies about the limbs subdued by sleep, and the mind plays with no weight upon it, it pursues in the darkness whatever was its task by daylight. The man who makes towns tremble in war, and overwhelms unhappy cities in flame, sees arms, and routed hosts, and the deaths of kings, and plains streaming with outpoured blood. They whose life is to plead cases have statutes and the courts before their eyes, and look with terror upon the judgment-seat surrounded by a throng. The miser hides his gains and discovers buried treasure. The hunter beats the woods with his dogs. The sailor snatches his shipwrecked bark from the waves, or grips it in death-agony. The prostitute writes to her lover, the adulteress yields herself: and the dog follows the tracks of the hare as he sleeps. The wounds of the unhappy endure into the night-season.

<sup>1</sup> A flowery hill with town on the southern slopes of Mt. Aetna in Sicily.

Note on Chapter 35 of Petronius *super scorpionem* . . . *super aquarium* (see pp. 62-63).

For this part of Petronius the *L* tradition is available as well as *H*, but *L* does not give 1 and 2.

1. *scorpionem H only*: Scheffer proposed *scorpionem* <*scorpionem*>, Gaselee *scorpionem* <*locustam*> approved by K. Rose † and J. Sullivan: *scorpionem σκορπίον Studer*.

Then:

2. *pisciculum marinum H only*: Jacobs deletes *marinum* as a gloss, Gaselee both words; Rose and Sullivan approve Gaselee. For both 1 and 2 there are other proposals.

Then:

3. (both *H* and *L* being available) *super sagittarium oclopetam H*: *super sagittarium odopetam l*: *super sagittarium odepotam cd. Vat. Lat. 11428 and cd. Lambeth*. There were other readings and there are various conjectures. *oculata* Rose and Sullivan which I accept; it was probably the fish now known as the oblade: *oclopectam Heraeus*.

Then:

4. *super capri cornua l* (*capricornum Scaliger in margin of l*): *super capricornum in quo cornua erant H*, of which in . . . *erant* look like a gloss on something: Gaselee suggested *super capricornum* <*capri cornua*>. Rose and Sullivan propose *super capricornum* <*caprum et cornutam*> 'a boar-fish and a horned fish'.

Then:

5. *locustam marinam L*: *locusta marina H*. Here *mari-na(m)* might be a late gloss on *locustam* because for the Romans of Petronius's times the crustacean would not need the epithet. Gaselee suggested deleting both words here and Rose and Sullivan approve Gaselee.



SENECAE  
ΑΠΟΚΟΛΟΚΥΝΤΩΣΙΣ DIVI CLAUDII

## INTRODUCTION

As a literary form, this piece belongs to the class called *Satura Menippea*, satiric medley in prose and verse. It is ascribed to Seneca by ancient tradition; it is impossible to prove that it is his, and impossible to prove that it is not. Of the MSS. (see below) which provide us with a Latin text, the best—Codex Sangallensis 569—gives the title as Ἀποθέωσις *Annaei Senecae per saturam*. Of the two next best codices, Codex Valentianensis 411 gives the title as *Ludus de Morte Claudii*, Codex Londiniensis suppl. 11983 as *Ludus de Morte Claudii Caesaris*. Of the later inferior manuscripts, many have *Ludus* simply, or *Ludus de morte Claudii*; several give the title as *de obitu Claudii*, several as *Satira de Claudio*. There are some other titles. But one MS., Codex Vat. lat. 4498 (of the end of the fifteenth century) has *Senecae Ἀποκολοκύντωσις* which depends on the statement made by Dio Cassius of the third century A.D. (Epit. LX, 35) that Seneca composed what he called ἀποκολοκύντωσις as if for ἀποθανάτισις. The real title might be Ἀποκολοκένωσις or Ἀπορραφανίδωσις with gross undertones. But we can accept the title Ἀποκολοκύντωσις and treat *Ludus de Morte Claudii* as the alternative.

H. MacL. Currie, "The purpose of the Apocolocyntosis," in *L'Antiquité Classique*, XXXI, 1962, 91-97, feels reasonably that the work is indeed by

## INTRODUCTION

Seneca who wished to get his own back, so to speak, on Claudius. E. Cizek, "L'Apocoloquintose," in *Acta Antiqua Philippopolitana*, 295, 303, suggests that the literary efforts of Agrippina are attacked. Note also that it is she who was priestess in charge of the cult of the deified Claudius. Cf. Currie in *Rhein. Mus.*, CV, 1962, 187-188. C. F. Russo, *Divi Claudii Ἀποκολοκύντωσης* edition 4, 1964, pp. 7 ff., especially 8, 14-19, 131-132.

### THE TEXT OF SENECA'S APOCOLOCYNTOSIS

From one lost archetype which we may call [a] is derived all the material of the *Apocolocyntosis* given by extant manuscripts. Of the three best manuscripts, Codex Sangallensis 569 (of which the leaves containing this work appear to belong to the tenth century) called S seems to be a copy of the archetype; whereas Codex Valentianensis (Valenciennensis) 411, formerly 393, of the late ninth or early tenth century, and called V, and Codex Londiniensis suppl. 11983, of the end of the eleventh or the beginning of the twelfth century, and called L, appear both to be derived from a lost intermediary (which we may call [β]) between them and [a]. The relevant material in all other extant MSS. is not only derived from one or other of the best three, S, V, L, but is also inferior. Cf. Russo's 4th edition, pp. 19-33, 133-34.

### BIBLIOGRAPHY

Since the *Editio princeps Lucii Annaei Senecae in morte Claudii Caesaris Ludus*, C. Sylvanus Germanicus,

## SENECA

Rome, 1513, there have been published many other editions and also many translations. The following are specially noteworthy:

*Divi Claudii 'Αποκολοκύντῳσις. Eine Satire des Annaeus Seneca*, F. Buecheler, *Symbola Philologorum Bonnensium*. Leipzig, 1864-1867, pp. 31-89.

*Petronii Saturae et liber Priapeorum*, ed. F. Buecheler, Berlin, 1862, was supplemented (as recorded above in the bibliography for Petronius) in its 2nd edition, 1871, by material from other writers, including the "Satura" of Seneca (*Senecae 'Αποκολοκύντῳσις Divi Claudii*); edition 3, 1882; edition 4, 1904; edition 5, revision by W. Heraeus, 1912; and edition 6, revision and augmentation by W. Heraeus, 1922.

*L. Annaei Senecae Divi Claudii Apotheosis . . .*, ed. O. Rossbach, Bonn, 1926.

*Sénèque, L'Apocoloquintose du divin Claude*, R. W. Waltz, text and French translation and notes. Budé, Paris, 1934.

*Seneca, Apokolokyntosis (Inzuccatura) del divo Claudio*. Text and Italian translation A. Rostagni, Turin, 1944.

*Senecae Apokolokyntosis*. Text, critical notes, and Italian translation. A Ronconi, Milan, 1947.

*L. Annaei Senecae Divi Claudii 'Αποκολοκύντῳσις*, C. F. Russo. *Biblioteca di Studi Superiori III. Filologia Latina*. "La Nuova Italia" Editrice, Florence (1st edition 1948), 4th edition 1964. Introduction, text, and critical notes,

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Italian translation, and copious commentary, bibliography, and (1964) appendix. This work contains much information.

A new text by P. Eden is expected.

The English translation (with accompanying largely plain text) by W. H. D. Rouse in the Loeb Classical Library (with Heseltine's *Petronius*) was published in 1913; and R. Graves appended a translation to his *Claudius the God*, London 1935. *The Satire of Seneca on the Apotheosis of Claudius . . .* A. P. Ball, New York, 1902, has introduction, notes, and translation.<sup>1</sup> Cf. also *Senecas Apocolocyntosis . . . Einführung, Analyse, und Untersuchungen*. O. Weinreich, Berlin, 1923 (with German translation).

*Bibliographical surveys*: M. Coffey, *Seneca, Apocol.* 1922-1958, in *Lustrum* VI, 1961, 239-271. This survey succeeds that of Münscher in *Bursians Jahresbericht* 1922, 148-154. C. F. Russo's 4th edition (see above), pp. 34-40, 134.

<sup>1</sup> In W. B. Sedgwick, *The Cena Trimalchionis of Petronius together with Seneca's Apocolocyntosis*, Oxford 1925, edition 2 (a revision) 1950 (see p. xxx) the notes on the Seneca are limited in scope. Sedgwick advises for various allusions to read also some account of Claudius. That advice indeed is good.

## SENECAE

### APOCOLOCYNTOSIS DIVI CLAUDII

- 1 Quid actum sit in caelo ante diem III idus Octobris anno novo, initio saeculi felicissimi, volo memoriae tradere. Nihil nec offensae nec gratiae dabitur. Haec ita vera si quis quaesiverit unde sciam, primum, si noluero, non respondebo. Quis coacturus est? Ego scio me liberum factum, ex quo suum diem obiit ille, qui<sup>1</sup> verum proverbium fecerat, aut regem aut fatuum nasci oportere. Si libuerit respondere, dicam quod mihi in buccam venerit. Quis unquam ab historico iuratores exegit? Tamen si necesse fuerit auctorem producere, quaerito ab eo qui Drusillam euntem in caelum vidit: idem Claudium vidisse se dicet iter facientem "non passibus aequis." Velit nolit, necesse est illi omnia videre, quae in caelo aguntur: Appiae viae curator est, qua scis et divum Augustum et Tiberium Caesarem ad deos isse.

<sup>1</sup> After qui *Mommsen suggested adding bis.*

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<sup>1</sup> On 13 October A.D. 54 Claudius died, and the Senate decided that for his merits he should be added to the gods with the title "*divus Claudius*," as we might say "the (late lamented) deified Claudius." He had reigned since A.D. 41.

<sup>2</sup> Not Livia Drusilla, wife of Emperor Augustus (30 B.C.-

## SENECA

### THE PUMPKINIFICATION OF CLAUDIUS

I wish to place on record the proceedings in heaven October 13 last,<sup>1</sup> of the new year which begins this auspicious age. It shall be done without malice or favour. Ask if you like the source of my knowledge of these events which are so true; to begin with, I am not bound to please you with my answer. Who will compel me? I know the same day made me free, which was the last day for him who made the proverb true—One must be born either a Pharaoh or a fool. If I choose to answer, I will say whatever trips off my tongue. Who has ever made the historian produce witness to swear for him? But if an authority must be produced, ask of the man who saw Drusilla<sup>2</sup> translated to heaven: the same man will aver he saw Claudius on the road, dot and carry one.<sup>3</sup> Will he nill he, all that happens in heaven he needs must see. He is custodian of the Appian Way; by that route, you know, both Tiberius and Augustus went up to the

Virg.  
Aen. ii,  
724

A.D. 14) but Julia Drusilla, sister of Emperor Gaius Caligula (A.D. 37-41). When she died in A.D. 38, Gaius insisted on her deification. In support of its accomplishment one Livius Geminius swore that he saw her going up to heaven.

<sup>3</sup> The Latin means walking "with his steps not equal" as did little Iulus when in escaping from Troy he followed his father (Virgil, *Aeneid*, II, 724). But here the sting lies in the fact that Claudius was lame in his right foot.

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Hunc si interrogaveris, soli narrabit: coram pluribus nunquam verbum faciet. Nam ex quo in senatu iuravit se Drusillam vidisse caelum ascendentem et illi pro tam bono nuntio nemo credidit, quod viderit,<sup>1</sup> verbis conceptis affirmavit se non indicaturum, etiam si in medio foro hominem occisum vidisset. Ab hoc ego quae tum audivi, certa clara affero, ita illum salvum et felicem habeam.

- 2 Iam Phoebus brevior via contraxerat arcum<sup>2</sup> lucis, et obscuri crescebant tempora somni, iamque suum victrix augebat Cynthia regnum, et deformis hiemps gratos carpebat<sup>3</sup> honores divitis autumnus, iussoque<sup>4</sup> senescere Baccho carpebat raras serus vindemitor uvas.

Puto magis intellegi, si dixerō: mensis erat October, dies III idus Octobris. Horam non possum certam tibi dicere, facilius inter philosophos quam inter horologia conveniet, tamen inter sextam et septimam erat. Nimis rustice! Adquiescunt<sup>5</sup> omnes poetae, non contenti ortus et occasus describere ut etiam

<sup>1</sup> Gruter advised deleting *quod or quid viderit* because inferior tradition omits the words. Gertz reads *quod viderat*.

<sup>2</sup> arcum P. Eden: orbem Fromond: ortum.

<sup>3</sup> Because of *carpebat* again two lines below several alterations have been suggested. turpabat Haupt.

<sup>4</sup> visoque inferior tradition.

<sup>5</sup> This sentence has been variously altered by scholars.

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<sup>1</sup> Emperor Augustus, not Emperor Tiberius, was added to the gods as *divus*. Since both died in Campania, Augustus at Nola, Tiberius at Misenum, both were brought to Rome by the Appian Way.



## APOCOLOCYNTOSIS

gods.<sup>1</sup> Question him, he will tell you the tale when you are alone; before company he is dumb. You see he swore in the Senate that he beheld Drusilla mounting heavenwards, and all he got for his good news was that everybody gave him the lie: since when he solemnly swears he will never bear witness again to what he has seen, not even if he had seen a man murdered in open market. What he told me I report plain and clear, as I hope for his health and happiness.

Now had the sun with shorter course drawn in his orbit's light,  
And by equivalent degrees grew the dark hours of night:

Victorious Cynthia <sup>2</sup> now held sway over a wider space,

Grim winter drove rich autumn out, and now usurped his place;

And now the fiat had gone forth that Bacchus <sup>3</sup> should grow old,

The few last clusters of the vine were gathered ere the cold:

I shall make myself better understood, if I say the month was October, the day was the thirteenth. What hour it was I cannot certainly tell you; philosophers will agree more often than clocks; but it was between midday and one after noon. Very yokel-like! All the poets are in agreement, not content to describe sunrise and sunset, and now they even dis-

<sup>2</sup> The moon. See note on Petronius 122.

<sup>3</sup> The grapes on the vines.

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medium diem inquietent, tu sic transibis horam tam bonam?

Iam medium curru Phoebus diviserat orbem  
et propior nocti fessas quatiebat habenas  
obliquo flexam deducens tramite lucem:

3 Claudius animam agere coepit nec invenire exitum poterat. Tum Mercurius, qui semper ingenio eius delectatus esset, unam e tribus Parcibus seducit et ait: "Quid, femina crudelissima, hominem miserum torqueri pateris? Nec unquam tam diu cruciatus cesset?"<sup>1</sup> Annus sexagesimus [et]<sup>2</sup> quartus est, ex quo cum anima luctatur. Quid huic et rei publicae invides? Patere mathematicos aliquando verum dicere, qui illum, ex quo princeps factus est, omnibus annis, omnibus mensibus efferunt. Et tamen non est mirum si errant et horam eius nemo novit; nemo enim unquam illum natum putavit. Fac quod faciendum est:

'Dede neci, melior vacua sine regnet in aula.'

Sed Clotho "ego mehercules" inquit "pusillum temporis adicere illi volebam, dum hos pauculos, qui

<sup>1</sup> cesset Iunius: exiet Haase: quiescet Birt: esset.

<sup>2</sup> Omitted by inferior tradition, rightly?

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<sup>1</sup> God of cleverness and eloquence, so this remark is ironical. Equated with the Greek god Hermes, he was guide or escort of dead souls on the way to Hades.

<sup>2</sup> Clotho (Κλωθώ) "Spinner," Lachesis (Λάχαισις) "she who allots" and Atropos ("Ἀτροπος) "Inflexible," "Not to be turned."

## APOCOLOCYNTOSIS

turb the midday siesta. Will you thus neglect so good an hour?

Now the sun's chariot had gone by the middle of his way;  
Half wearily he shook the reins nearer to night than day,  
And led the light along the slope that down before him lay.

Claudius began to breathe his last, and could not make an end of the matter. Then Mercury,<sup>1</sup> who had always been much pleased with his wit, drew aside one of the three Fates,<sup>2</sup> and said: "Cruel beldame, why do you let the poor wretch be tormented? After all this torture cannot he have a rest? Four and sixty years it is now since he began to pant for breath. What grudge is this you bear against him and the whole empire? Do let the astrologers tell the truth for once; since he became emperor, they have never let a year pass, never a month, without laying him out for his burial. Yet it is no wonder if they are wrong, and no one knows his hour. Nobody ever believed he was really quite born."<sup>3</sup> Do what has to be done: 'Kill him, and let a better man rule in his empty court.'"<sup>4</sup>

Virg.  
Georg.  
iv, 90

Clotho<sup>5</sup> replied: "Upon my word, I did wish to give him another hour or two, until he should make Roman citizens of the half dozen who are still out-

<sup>3</sup> A proverb for a nobody, as Petron. 58 *qui te natum non putat*.

<sup>4</sup> Virgil's advice to beekeepers—if a hive has two kings (queens), kill the worse one.

<sup>5</sup> See above on the Fates.

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supersunt, civitate donaret (constituerat enim omnes Graecos, Gallos, Hispanos, Britannos togatos videre), sed quoniam placet aliquos peregrinos in semen relinqui et tu ita iubes fieri, fiat." Aperit tum capsulam et tres fusos profert: unus erat Augurini, alter Babae,<sup>1</sup> tertius Claudii. "Hos" inquit "tres uno anno exiguis intervallis temporum divisos mori iubebo, nec<sup>2</sup> illum incomitatum dimittam. Non oportet enim eum, qui modo se tot milia hominum sequentia videbat, tot praecedentia, tot circumfusa, subito solum destitui. Contentus erit his interim convictoribus."

- 4 Haec ait et turpi convolvens stamina fuso  
abrupit stolidae regalia tempora vitae.  
At Lachesis redimita comas, ornata capillos,  
Pieria crinem lauro frontemque coronans,  
candida de niveo subtemina vellere sumit  
felici moderanda manu, quae ducta colorem  
assumpsero novum. Mirantur pensa sorores:

<sup>1</sup> Babae Muret: badae.

<sup>2</sup> ne Wehle.

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<sup>1</sup> As Roman citizens, even though they were dwellers in the Roman provinces—that is, lands governed by Rome, but outside Italy. Even before Claudius's reign, natives of Gallia Narbonensis (Southern France), of Spain, and of Africa had been admitted even to the Roman Senate and magistracies. He extended the privilege to the whole Gallic tribe the Aedui. In A.D. 43 began the conquest of Britain.

<sup>2</sup> Augurinus (if indeed a real person is meant) is otherwise unknown. Baba: Seneca, *Epist.*, XV, 9. The name seems

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siders. (He made up his mind, you know, to see the whole world in the toga,<sup>1</sup> Greeks, Gauls, Spaniards, Britons, and all.) But since it is your pleasure to leave a few foreigners for seed, and since you command me, so be it." Then she opened her box and brought out three spindles. One was for Augurinus, one for Baba,<sup>2</sup> one for Claudius. "These three," she says, "I will cause to die within one year and at no great distance apart, and I will not dismiss *him* unattended. Think of all the thousands of men he was lately wont to see following after him, thousands going before, thousands all crowding about him; and it would never do to leave him alone on a sudden. These boon companions will satisfy him for the nonce."

This said, she twists the thread around his ugly spindle once,  
Snaps off the last bit of the life of that Imperial dunce.  
But Lachesis,<sup>3</sup> her hair adorned, her tresses neatly bound.  
Pierian laurel on her locks, her brows with garlands crowned,  
Plucks me from out the snowy wool new threads as white as snow,  
Which handled with a happy touch change colour as they go,  
Not common wool, but golden work; the Sisters wondering gaze,

*to indicate the type of utter fools. The alphabetic order of the names (A, B, C) may have satiric significance.*

<sup>3</sup> See above on the Fates.

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mutatur vilis pretioso lana metallo,  
aurea formoso descendunt saecula filo.  
Nec modus est illis, felicia vellera ducunt  
et gaudent implere manus, sunt dulcia pensa.  
Sponte sua festinat opus nulloque labore  
mollia contorto descendunt stamina fuso.  
Vincunt Tithoni, vincunt et Nestoris annos.  
Phoebus adest cantuque iuvat gaudetque futuris,  
et laetus nunc plectra movet, nunc pensa  
ministrat.  
Detinet intentas cantus<sup>1</sup> fallitque laborem.  
Dumque nimis citharam fraternaue carmina  
laudant,  
plus solito nevere manus, humanaque fata  
laudatum transcendit opus. "Ne demite, Parcae"  
Phoebus ait "vincat mortalis tempora vitae  
ille, mihi similis vultu similisque decore  
nec cantu nec voce minor. Felicia lassis  
saecula praestabit legumque silentia rumpet.  
Qualis discutiens fugientia Lucifer astra

<sup>1</sup> cantus *Gertz*: cantu *codd.*, *Eden*

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<sup>1</sup> In legend, Tithonus, son of Laomedon King of Troy (see above) reached a great old age; Nestor, wise and eloquent Greek hero in the Trojan war, lived for three generations.

<sup>2</sup> Nero (Emperor 54-68) was fond of playing music, and singing in public.

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As age by age the pretty thread runs down the golden  
days.  
World without end they spin away, the happy fleeces  
pull;  
What joy they take to fill their hands with that de-  
lightful wool!  
With speed the task performs itself: no toil the  
spinners know:  
Down drops the soft and silken thread as round the  
spindles go;  
Fewer than these are Tithon's years, not Nestor's  
life<sup>1</sup> so long.  
Phoebus is present: glad he is to sing a merry song;  
Now helps the work, now full of joy upon the harp  
doth play;  
The Sisters listen to the song that charms their toil  
away.  
They praise their brother's harp and song, and still  
the spindles run,  
Till with good work beyond our span the busy hands  
have spun.  
Then Phoebus says, "O sister Fates! I pray take  
none away,  
But suffer this one life to be longer than mortal  
day.  
Like me in face and lovely grace, my peer in voice and  
song,"<sup>2</sup>  
He'll bid the laws at length speak out that have been  
dumb so long,  
Will give unto the weary world years prosperous and  
bright.  
Like as the daystar from on high scatters the stars of  
night,

## SENECA

aut qualis surgit redeuntibus Hesperus astris,  
qualis cum primum tenebris Aurora solutis  
induxit rubicunda diem, Sol aspicit orbem  
lucidus, et primos a carcere concitat axes:  
talis Caesar adest, talem iam Roma Neronem  
aspiciet. Flagrat nitidus fulgore remisso  
vultus, et adfuso cervix formosa capillo.”

Haec Apollo. At Lachesis, quae et ipsa homini formosissimo faveret, fecit illud <sup>1</sup> plena manu, et Neroni multos annos de suo donat. Claudium autem iubent omnes

*χαίροντας, εὐφημοῦντας ἐκπέμπειν δόμων.*

Et ille quidem animam ebulliit, et ex eo desiit vivere videri. Exspiravit autem dum comoedos audit, ut scias me non sine causa illos timere. Ultima vox eius haec inter homines audita est, cum maiorem sonitum emisisset illa parte, qua facilius loquebatur: “vae me, puto, concacavi me.” Quod an fecerit, nescio: omnia certe concacavit.

<sup>1</sup> illico *Gertz*: filum *Wehle*.

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<sup>1</sup> The planet Venus as the evening star.

<sup>2</sup> A fragment from the lost *Cresphontes* of Euripides (Nauck, 452), which Seneca perverts from its meaning that one need not grieve over the dead because they have left life's miseries.



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As, when the stars return again, clear Hesper <sup>1</sup> brings  
his light,  
Or as the ruddy dawn drives out the dark, and brings  
the day,  
As the bright sun looks on the world, and speeds along  
its way  
His rising car from morning's gates: so Caesar doth  
arise,  
So Nero shows his face to Rome before the people's  
eyes;  
His bright and shining countenance illumines all the  
air,  
While down upon his graceful neck fall rippling waves  
of hair."

Thus Apollo. But Lachesis, quite as ready to cast a favourable eye on a handsome man, spins away by the handful, and bestows years and years upon Nero out of her own pocket. As for Claudius, they tell everybody

to speed him from the house  
With cries of joy and solemn litany.<sup>2</sup>

At once he bubbled up the ghost, and there was an end to that shadow of a life. He was listening to a troupe of comedians when he died, so you see I have reason to fear those gentry. The last words he was heard to speak in this world were these. When he had made a great noise with that end of him which talked easiest, he cried out, "Oh dear, oh dear! I think I have made a mess of myself." Whether he did or no, I cannot say, but certain it is he always did make a mess of everything.

5 Quae in terris postea sint acta, supervacuum est referre. Scitis enim optime, nec periculum est ne excidant memoriae quae gaudium publicum impreserit: nemo felicitatis suae obliviscitur. In caelo quae acta sint, audite: fides penes auctorem erit. Nuntiatur Iovi venisse quendam bonae staturae, bene canum; nescio quid illum minari, assidue enim caput movere; pedem dextrum trahere. Quaesisse se, cuius nationis esset: respondisse nescio<sup>1</sup> quid perturbato sono et voce confusa; non intellegere se linguam eius, nec Graecum esse nec Romanum nec ullius gentis notae. Tum Iuppiter Herculem, qui totum orbem terrarum pererraverat et nosse videbatur omnes nationes, iubet ire et<sup>2</sup> explorare, quorum hominum esset. Tum Hercules primo aspectu sane perturbatus est, ut qui etiam non omnia<sup>3</sup> monstra timuerit.<sup>4</sup> Ut vidit novi generis faciem, insolitum incessum, vocem nullius terrestris animalis sed qualis esse marinis beluis solet, raucam et implicatam, putavit sibi tertium decimum laborem venisse. Diligentius intuenti visus est quasi homo. Accessit itaque et quod facillimum fuit Graeculo, ait:

*τίς πόθεν εἰς ἀνδρῶν, πόθι τοι πόλις ἡδὲ τοκῆς;*

<sup>1</sup> se nescio *S.*: illum nescio *inferior MSS.*: sibi nescio *Gertz.*

<sup>2</sup> *V and L omit et.*

<sup>3</sup> non enormia *Gertz.*

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What happened next on earth it is mere waste of time to tell, for you know it all well enough, and there is no fear of your ever forgetting the impression which that public rejoicing made on your memory. No one forgets his own happiness. What happened in heaven you shall hear: for proof please apply to my informant. Word comes to Jupiter that a stranger had arrived, a man well set up, pretty grey; he seemed to be threatening something, for he wagged his head ceaselessly; he dragged the right foot. They asked him what nation he was of; he answered something in a confused mumbling voice: his language they did not understand. He was no Greek and no Roman, nor of any known race. On this Jupiter bids Hercules go and find out what country he comes from; you see Hercules had travelled over the whole world, and might be expected to know all the nations in it. Then Hercules, the first glimpse he got, was really much taken aback, being aware that he hadn't yet even by then seen all the monsters in the world that he might be afraid of; when he saw this new kind of object, with its extraordinary gait, and the voice of no terrestrial beast, but such as you might hear in the leviathans of the deep, hoarse and inarticulate, he thought his thirteenth labour had come upon him. When he looked closer, the thing seemed to be a kind of man. Up he goes, then, and says what your Greek finds readiest to his tongue:

“ Who art thou, and what thy people? Who thy parents, where thy home? ” od. i, 170

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<sup>4</sup> *One inferior MS. has domuerit.*

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Claudius gaudet esse illic philologos homines, sperat futurum aliquem historiis suis locum. Itaque et ipse Homericō versu Caesarem se esse significans ait:

Ἰλιόθεν με φέρων ἄνεμος Κικόνεσσι πέλασσειν.

Erat autem sequens versus verior, aequē Homericus:

ἔνθα δ' ἐγὼ πόλιν ἔπραθον, ὤλεσα δ' αὐτούς.

- 6 Et imposuerat Herculi minime vafro,<sup>1</sup> nisi fuisset illic Febris, quae fano suo relicto sola cum illo venerat: ceteros omnes deos Romae reliquerat. "Iste" inquit "mera mendacia narrat. Ego tibi dico, quae cum illo tot annis vixi: Luguduni natus est, Marci<sup>2</sup> municipem vides. Quod tibi narro, ad sextum decimum lapidem natus est a Vienna, Gallus germanus. Itaque quod Gallum facere oportebat, Romam cepit. Hunc ego tibi recipio Luguduni natum, ubi Licinus<sup>3</sup> multis annis regnavit. Tu autem, qui plura loca

<sup>1</sup> For Herculi *Iunius* reads homini. For vafro (so *Iunius* again) *MSS.* have fabro.

<sup>2</sup> *Munatii Rhenanus*: Planci *J. F. Gronov.*

<sup>3</sup> *Licinus inferior tradition*: *Licinius S, V, L.*

<sup>1</sup> Claudius had written a history of the Etruscans in 20 books, in Greek; a history of the Carthaginians in 8 books, in Greek; a history of the Roman state since 31 B.C. in 41 books; his own biography, in 8 books; and a defence of Cicero. He was fond of speaking Greek and of quoting Homer: *Suetonius, Claudius*, 41, 42.

<sup>2</sup> Ilion: Troy. The Cicones dwelt in Thrace near the river Hebrus (Maritza).

<sup>3</sup> Febris had several shrines in Rome.

<sup>4</sup> *Marcus* would be Marcus Antonius under whose auspices

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Claudius was delighted to find literary men up there, and began to hope there might be some corner for his own historical works.<sup>1</sup> So he caps him with another Homeric verse, explaining that he was Caesar:

“ Breezes wafted me from Ilion unto the Ciconian land.”<sup>2</sup> Od. ix, 39

But the next verse was more true, and no less Homeric:

“ Thither come, I sacked a city, slew the people every one.”

He would have taken in poor simple Hercules, but that Our Lady of Malaria was there, who left her temple<sup>3</sup> and came alone with him: all the other gods he had left at Rome. Quoth she, “ The fellow’s tale is nothing but lies. I have lived with him all these years, and I tell you, he was born at Lyon. You behold a fellow-burgess of Marcus.<sup>4</sup> As I say, he was born at the sixteenth milestone from Vienne,<sup>5</sup> a native Gaul. So of course he took Rome, as a good Gaul ought to do.<sup>6</sup> I pledge you my word that in Lyon he was born, where Licinus<sup>7</sup> was king so many years. But you that have trudged over more roads than any

Lugdunum became a Roman “ colony ” or city-settlement. If we read *Munatii* with Rhenanus, or *Planci* with Gronov, this is L. Munatius Plancus, founder in 43 B.C. of the colony.

<sup>5</sup> The old capital of the Allobroges and a Roman colony, in Gallia Narbonensis.

<sup>6</sup> Gauls irrupted into Italy and captured Rome in 390 or 387 B.C.

<sup>7</sup> A Gaul and a freedman made by Augustus procurator of Gallia Lugdunensis where he governed badly.

## SENECA

calcasti quam ullus mulio perpetuarius, Lugudunenses scire debes, et<sup>1</sup> multa milia inter Xanthum et Rhodanum interesse." Excandescit hoc loco Claudius et quanto potest murmure irascitur. Quid diceret,<sup>2</sup> nemo intellegebat, ille autem Febrim duci iubebat, illo gestu solutæ manus et ad hoc unum satis firmæ, quo decollare homines solebat, iusserat  
7 illi collum præcidi. Putares omnes illius esse libertos: adeo illum nemo curabat.

Tum Hercules "audi me" inquit "tu desine fatuari. Venisti huc, ubi mures ferrum rodunt. Citius mihi verum, ne tibi alogias excutiam." Et quo terribilior esset, tragicus fit et ait:

"exprope<sup>3</sup> propere, sede<sup>4</sup> qua genitus cluas,  
hoc ne peremptus stipite ad terram accidas;  
hæc clava reges sæpe mactavit feros.  
Quid nunc profatu vocis incerto sonas?  
Quæ patria, quæ gens mobile eduxit caput?  
Edissere. Equidem regna tergemini petens<sup>5</sup>  
longinqua regis, unde ab Hesperio mari

<sup>1</sup> *Buecheler omits et with some MSS. and would delete lugudunenses.*

<sup>2</sup> *quid dicebat V.: quod dicebat L.: quidquid dicebat Roszbach.*

<sup>3</sup> *exprime S, V.*

<sup>4</sup> *sede Rhenanus: sed.*

<sup>5</sup> *potens S, V.*

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<sup>1</sup> There were two rivers Xanthus in Asia Minor—one in the Troad (the one mentioned here?) and one in Lycia.

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muleteer that is always on hire, you must have come across the people of Lyon, and you must know that it is a far cry from the Xanthus<sup>1</sup> to the Rhône." At this point Claudius flared up, and expressed his wrath with as big a growl as he could manage. What he said nobody understood; as a matter of fact, he was ordering my lady of Fever to be taken away, and making that sign with his trembling hand (which was always steady enough for that, if for nothing else) by which he used to decapitate men. He had ordered her head to be chopped off. For all the notice the others took of him, they might have been his own freedmen.

Then Hercules said, " You just listen to me, and stop playing the fool. You have come to the place where the mice nibble iron.<sup>2</sup> Out with the truth, and look sharp, or I'll knock your quips and quiddities out of you." Then to make himself all the more awful, he strikes an attitude and proceeds in his most tragic vein:

" Declare with speed what spot you claim by birth,  
Or with this club fall stricken to the earth!  
This club hath oftentimes slaughtered haughty  
kings!  
Why mumble unintelligible things?  
What land, what tribe produced that shaking  
head?  
Declare it! On my journey when I sped  
Far to the Kingdom of the triple King,  
And from the Main Hesperian did bring

<sup>2</sup> A proverb, apparently implying fairyland, the land of Nowhere. Cf. Herondas (Herodes), III, 76.

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Inachiam ad urbem nobile advexi pecus,  
vidi duobus imminens fluviis iugum,  
quod Phoebus ortu semper obverso videt,  
ubi Rhodanus ingens amne praerapido fluit,  
Ararque dubitans, quo suos cursus agat,  
tacitus quietis adluit ripas vadis.  
Estne illa tellus spiritus altrix tui? ”

Haec satis animose et fortiter, nihilo minus mentis suae non est et timet *μωροῦ πληγῆν*. Claudius ut vidit virum valentem, oblitus nugarum intellexit neminem Romae sibi parem fuisse, illic non habere se idem gratiae: gallum in suo sterquilino plurimum posse. Itaque quantum intellegi potuit, haec visus est dicere: “ Ego te, fortissime deorum Hercule, speravi mihi adfuturum apud alios, et si qui a me notorem petisset, te fui nominaturus, qui me optime nosti. Nam si memoria repetis, ego eram qui tibi<sup>1</sup> ante templum tuum ius dicebam totis diebus mense Iulio et Augusto. Tu scis, quantum illic miseriarum tulerim,<sup>2</sup> cum causidicos audirem diem et noctem, in quos<sup>3</sup> si incidisses, valde fortis licet tibi videaris,

<sup>1</sup> Tiburi *Buecheler* (cf. *Suetonius, Aug.*, 72.).

<sup>2</sup> tulerim *Haase*: tetulerim *Heraeus*: <te>cum tulerim *Roszbach*: <e>go tulerim *Mariotti*: contulerim *S, V, L*: per-tulerim *inferior tradition*.

<sup>3</sup> quod *S, V, L*.

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<sup>1</sup> For his tenth Labour, Heracles brought back to Argos, of which in legend Inachus was the first King, the oxen of three-bodied Geryon in Spain by the Hesperian—the Western—ocean, that is the Atlantic.

<sup>2</sup> Colline de Fourvière on which Lyon was built.



## APOCOLOCYNTOSIS

The goodly cattle to the Argive town,<sup>1</sup>  
There I beheld a mountain <sup>2</sup> looking down  
Upon two rivers: <sup>3</sup> this the Sun espies  
Right opposite each day he doth arise.  
Hence, mighty Rhône, thy rapid torrents flow,  
And Arar, much in doubt which way to go,  
Ripples along the banks with shallow roll.  
Say, is this land the nurse that bred thy soul? ”

These lines he delivered with much spirit and a bold front. All the same, he was not quite master of his wits, and had some fear of a blow from the fool.<sup>4</sup> Claudius, seeing a mighty man before him, saw things looked serious and understood that here he had not quite the same pre-eminence as at Rome, where no one was his equal: the Gallic cock <sup>5</sup> was worth most on his own dunghill. So this is what he was thought to say, as far as could be made out: “ I did hope, Hercules, bravest of all the gods, that you would take my part with the rest, and if I should need a voucher, I meant to name you who know me so well. Do but call it to mind, how it was I used to sit <sup>6</sup> in judgment before your temple whole days together during July and August. You know what miseries I endured there, in hearing the lawyers plead day and night. If you had fallen among these, you may think yourself very brave, but you would have found

<sup>1</sup> The Rhône and the Saône (Arar).

<sup>2</sup> A parody of the phrase, θεοῦ πληγῆ, god's blow, or as in Apostolius viii, 89, c, θεοῦ δὲ πληγὴν οὐχ ὑπερπηδᾶ βροτός (from Menander): no mortal can escape god's blow.

<sup>3</sup> *Gallus* means both Gaul and cock; the proverb plays on his birthland.

<sup>4</sup> Claudius was fond of presiding over judicial cases.

## SENECA

maluisses cloacas Augeae purgare: multo plus ego  
 8 stercoris exhausti. Sed quoniam volo" . . . " Non  
 mirum quod in curiam impetum fecisti: nihil tibi  
 clausi est. Modo dic nobis, qualem deum istum fieri  
 velis. Ἐπικούρειος θεὸς non potest esse: οὔτε αὐτὸς  
 πρᾶγμα ἔχει τι οὔτε ἄλλοις παρέχει. Stoicus? Quo-  
 modo potest 'rotundus' esse, ut ait Varro, 'sine  
 capite, sine praeputio'? Est aliquid in illo Stoici dei,  
 iam video: nec cor nec caput habet. Si mehercules  
 a Saturno petisset hoc beneficium, cuius mensem  
 toto anno celebravit, Saturnalicus<sup>1</sup> princeps, non  
 tulisset illud, nedum<sup>2</sup> ab Iove, quem<sup>3</sup> quantum qui-  
 dem in illo fuit, damnavit incesti. Silanum enim  
 generum suum occidit propterea quod<sup>4</sup> sororem  
 suam, festivissimam omnium puellarum, quam omnes  
 Venerem vocarent, maluit Iunonem vocare.  
 'Quare' inquis<sup>5</sup> 'quaero enim, sororem suam?'

<sup>1</sup> Saturnalitiis Iunius: -cius Buecheler: saturnalia eius.  
*Lips deletes.*

<sup>2</sup> illud, nedum *J. F. Gronov*: illum deum.

<sup>3</sup> ab Iove quem *J. F. Gronov*: ab iove qui *V, L*: ab iovem  
 qui *S*.

<sup>4</sup> propterea quod *or* propter quod *Buecheler*: propter quid  
*Lips (rightly?)*: there are other suggestions.

<sup>5</sup> inquis *Lips*: inquit *Rutgers*: inquit.

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<sup>1</sup> Compare Diogenes Laertius x, 139: τὸ μακάριον καὶ  
 ἀφθαρτον οὔτε αὐτὸ πρᾶγμα τι ἔχει οὔτε ἄλλω παρέχει: "The  
 Blessed and Incorruptible neither itself has trouble nor causes  
 trouble to another."

<sup>2</sup> Author of *Saturae Menippeae* (now lost), which no doubt  
 burlesqued the Stoic "perfect man," *totus teres atque rotundus*.  
 In Stoic pantheism also this universe is round and identified  
 with god.

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it worse than the sewers of Augeas: I drained out more filth than you did. But since I want . . .”

*(Some pages have fallen out, in which Hercules must have been persuaded. The gods are now discussing what Hercules tells them and one of them is speaking to Hercules.)*

“No wonder you have forced your way into the Senate House: no bars or bolts can hold against you. Only do say what species of god you want the fellow to be made. An Epicurean god he cannot be: for they have no troubles and cause none.<sup>1</sup> A Stoic, then? How can he be globular, as Varro<sup>2</sup> says, without a head or any foreskin? There *is* in him something of the Stoic god, as I can see now: he has neither heart nor head. Upon my word, if he had asked this boon from Saturn, he would not have got it, though he kept up Saturn's feast all the year round, a truly Saturnalian prince. A likely thing he will get it from Jove, whom he condemned for incest as far as in him lay:<sup>3</sup> for he killed his son-in-law Silanus, because Silanus had a sister, a most charming girl, called Venus by all the world, and he preferred to call her Juno. Why, you say, I want to know why, his own sister? Read your books, stupid: you may

<sup>3</sup> Because Juno was sister and consort of Jupiter (compare Petronius, 127, pp. 334-5). Claudius did *not* “kill” Lucius Iunius Silanus Torquatus, who was *not* Claudius's son-in-law but only betrothed to Claudius's daughter (by his notorious wife Valeria Messalina) Octavia. Silanus in A.D. 48 was accused (at the instigation of Agrippina who wanted Octavia to marry her son Nero) of incest with his sister Iunia Calpurnia, and took his own life on the day in A.D. 49 when Claudius married Agrippina, daughter of Claudius's brother and therefore Claudius's niece. Cf. Chapter 10.

## SENECA

Stulte, stude: Athenis dimidium licet, Alexandriae totum. 'Quia Romae' inquis<sup>1</sup> 'mures molas lingunt.' Hic nobis curva corrigit? quid in cubiculo suo faciat, nescio,<sup>2</sup> et iam 'caeli scrutatur plagas'? Deus fieri vult: parum est quod templum in Britannia habet, quod hunc barbari colunt et ut deum orant *μωροῦ εὐιλιάτου τυχεῖν?*<sup>3</sup>

9 Tandem<sup>4</sup> Iovi venit in mentem, privatis intra curiam morantibus <senatoribus non licere><sup>5</sup> sententiam dicere nec disputare. "Ego" inquit "p. c. interrogare vobis permiseram, vos mera mapalia fecistis. Volo ut servetis disciplinam curiae. Hic qualiscunque est, quid de nobis existimabit?"<sup>6</sup> Illo dimisso primus interrogatur sententiam Ianus pater. Is designatus erat in kal. Iulias postmeri-

<sup>1</sup> inquis *S, V*: inquit *inferior tradition*.

<sup>2</sup> For corrigit *Sonntag* proposes corrigit: for faciet *Maehly* proposes fiat, *Wachsmuth* faciant. For nescio *Buecheler* and others read nescit.

<sup>3</sup> So *Lindemann* and *Schneidewin*. But *Waltz* with some reason reads *τύχην*: ΤΟΥΤΥΧΗΝ *cod. S*, for which ΤΟΥΧΗΝ *cod. V*.

<sup>4</sup> tantum *S, V*.

<sup>5</sup> senatoribus non licere *added by Buecheler*. nec sententiam dicere licere *Waltz*. There are other suggestions.

<sup>6</sup> existimabit *inferior tradition*: existimavit.

<sup>1</sup> Marriage with a half-sister was allowed in ancient Athens; the ruling Greek Ptolemies of Egypt married their sisters.

<sup>2</sup> A proverb of unknown meaning. It may imply ironically that people like choice things in Rome as everywhere else; or that a mill where mice find only meal to lick is in good condition.

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps alluding to the mock marriage (to avert a prophecy) of Gaius Silius to Claudius's wife Messalina (see p. 476 below) or to the marriage of Claudius to Agrippina.

## APOCOLOCYNTOSIS

go halfway at Athens, the whole way at Alexandria.<sup>1</sup> Because the mice lick meal<sup>2</sup> at Rome, you say. Does this creature mend our crooked ways? What goes on in his own closet I know not;<sup>3</sup> and now "he searches the regions of the sky,"<sup>4</sup> wants to be a god. Is it not enough that he has a temple in Britain,<sup>5</sup> that savages worship him and pray to him as a god, so that they may find a fool<sup>6</sup> to have mercy upon them?"

At last it came into Jove's head, that while strangers were staying around in the House it was not lawful for senators to speak or debate. "My lords,"<sup>7</sup> said he, "I gave you leave to ask questions, and you have made a regular farmyard<sup>8</sup> of the place. Be so good as to keep the rules of the House. What will this person think of us, whoever he is?" So Claudius was led out, and the first to be asked his opinion was Father Janus: he had been made consul elect for the afternoon of the next first of July,<sup>9</sup> being

<sup>1</sup> This comes from the lost play *Iphigenia* of Ennius, the full line as quoted being *Quod est ante pedes nemo spectat, caeli scrutantur plagas*. "No-one looks at what is before his feet—they all search the regions of the sky." (*Remains of Old Latin*, I, pp. 310–311, L.C.L.)

<sup>2</sup> At Camulodunum, Colchester, after it had been made a Roman colony (city-settlement) in A.D. 48–49.

<sup>3</sup> Again *μωροῦ* for *θεοῦ* as in Chapter 6.

<sup>4</sup> *p.c.* stands for *patres conscripti* "fathers" (that is senators) "on the register."

<sup>5</sup> Cf. Petronius, Chapter 58 at the end.

<sup>6</sup> Probably there are two allusions here: (i) shortening of a consul's term of office, so as to give more candidates a chance of the honour; (ii) the normal Roman habit of doing public work in the morning and relaxing in the afternoon, so that a consul for an afternoon would be idle. In the Roman senate the consuls designate gave their opinion first. So here among the gods.

## SENECA

dianus consul, homo quantumvis vafer,<sup>1</sup> qui semper videt ἄμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω. Is multa diserte, quod<sup>2</sup> in foro vivebat,<sup>3</sup> dixit, quae notarius persequi non potuit, et ideo non refero, ne aliis verbis ponam, quae ab illo dicta sunt. Multa dixit de magnitudine deorum: non debere hunc vulgo dari honorem. "Olim" inquit "magna res erat deum fieri: iam Fabam<sup>4</sup> mimum fecistis.<sup>5</sup> Itaque ne videar in personam, non in rem dicere sententiam, censeo ne quis post hunc diem deus fiat ex his, qui ἀρούρης καρπὸν ἔδουσιν, aut ex his, quos alit ζείδωρος ἄρουρα. Qui contra hoc senatus consultum deus factus,<sup>6</sup> dictus pictusve<sup>7</sup> erit, eum dedi Larvis et proximo munere inter novos auctoratos ferulis vapulare placet." Proximus interrogatur sententiam Diespiter<sup>8</sup> Vicae Potae filius, et ipse designatus consul, nummulariolus: hoc quaestu se sustinebat, vendere civitatulas solebat. Ad hunc belle accessit Hercules et auriculam illi tetigit. Censet itaque in haec verba:

<sup>1</sup> quantumvis vafer *Rhenanus*: quantum visus fert *Ronconi*: quantum via sua fert.

<sup>2</sup> quom *Haupt*: cum *Waltz*.

<sup>3</sup> vivebat *Buecheler*: vivat.

<sup>4</sup> fabam *Buecheler*: Φάσμα *W. S. Watt*: famam or fama.

<sup>5</sup> fecistis *Scheffer*: fecisti.

<sup>6</sup> fictus *Heinsius*.

<sup>7</sup> fictusve *Iunius*, *deleting* dictus.

<sup>8</sup> Dis pater or *Dispiter Schenkl*.

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<sup>1</sup> Homer, *Iliad*, III, 109, where the expression is applied to the long life of Priam, King of Troy; here the allusion is to Janus's double face.

<sup>2</sup> Where there was a temple of Janus containing a statue of *Janus Bifrons*, "Janus with two foreheads."

<sup>3</sup> *Fabam* is *Buecheler's* reading for *famam* (*cod. S*), or *fama*

## APOCOLOCYNTOSIS

as shrewd a man as you could find on a summer's day : for he could see, as they say, before and behind.<sup>1</sup> He made an eloquent harangue, because his life was passed in the forum,<sup>2</sup> but a harangue too fast for the notary to take down. That is why I give no full report of it, for I don't want to change the words he used. He said a great deal of the majesty of the gods, and how the honour ought not to be given away to every Tom, Dick, or Harry. "Once," said he, "it was a great thing to become a god; now you have made it a 'Bean' farce.<sup>3</sup> Therefore, that you may not think I am speaking against one person instead of the general custom, I propose that from this day forward the godhead be given to none of those who eat the fruits of the earth, or whom mother earth doth nourish.<sup>4</sup> Whosoever is made, said, or portrayed to be god, so as to contravene this decree of The Senate, I vote he be delivered over to the bogies, and at the next public show be flogged<sup>5</sup> with a rod among the new gladiators." The next to be asked was Diespiter, son of Vica Pota,<sup>6</sup> he also being consul elect, and a moneylender; by this trade he made a living, used to sell rights of citizenship in a small way. Hercules trips up to him daintily, and tweaks him by the ear.<sup>7</sup> So he uttered his opinion in these

(*cod. V*), because in Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, I, 16, 13, we have *fabam mimum* as something absurd for ἀνοθέωσις. Cf. P. Eden, in *Hermes* 92, 1964, 251 ff.; W. S. Watt in *Hermes* 83, 1955, 496 ff.

<sup>4</sup> Mankind is meant. Homer, *Iliad*, VI, 142; VIII, 486; *Odyssey*, VII, 332; Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 237.

<sup>5</sup> Part of the training.

<sup>6</sup> Diespiter, father of light, son of "Victress and Possessor."

<sup>7</sup> To signify that he was to be his witness.

## SENECA

“ Cum divus Claudius et divum Augustum sanguine contingat nec minus divam Augustam aviam suam, quam ipse deam esse iussit, longeque omnes mortales sapientia antecellat, sitque e re publica esse aliquem qui cum Romulo possit ‘ferventia rapa vorare,’ censeo uti divus Claudius ex hac die deus sit, ita uti ante eum qui <sup>1</sup>optimo iure factus sit, eamque rem ad metamorphosis Ovidi adiciendam.” Variæ erant sententiæ, et videbatur Claudius sententiâ <sup>2</sup>vincere. Hercules enim, qui videret ferrum suum in igne esse, modo huc modo illuc cursabat et aiebat: “Noli mihi invidere, mea res agitur: deinde tu si quid volueris, in vicem faciam; manus manum lavat.”

10 Tunc divus Augustus surrexit sententiæ suæ loco dicendæ, et summa facundia disseruit: “Ego” inquit “p. c. vos testes habeo, ex quo deus factus sum, nullum me verbum fecisse: semper meum negotium ago. Sed <sup>3</sup>non possum amplius dissimulare, et dolorem, quem graviorem pudor facit, continere. In hoc terra marique pacem peperit? Ideo civilia bella compescui? Ideo legibus urbem fundavi,

<sup>1</sup> qui *Maehly*: quis.

<sup>2</sup> von *Leutsch* would delete sententiâ.

<sup>3</sup> sed *inferior tradition*: et.

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<sup>1</sup> Antonia, mother of Claudius, was niece of the Emperor Augustus; Drusus, father of Claudius, was son of Livia and step-son of Augustus; *diva Augusta* is Livia, wife of Augustus. Claudius secured divine honours for her.

<sup>2</sup> A quotation from an unknown poet. Claudius was fond of eating.

<sup>3</sup> Where occur the apotheosis of Romulus, the mythical founder of Rome (Ovid, *Metamorph.*, XIV, 815 ff.), and of



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words: "Inasmuch as the blessed Claudius is akin to the blessed Augustus, and also to the blessed Augusta,<sup>1</sup> his grandmother, whom he ordered to be made a goddess, and whereas he far surpasses all mortal men in wisdom, and seeing that it is for the public good that there be some one able to join Romulus in devouring boiled turnips,<sup>2</sup> I propose that from this day forth blessed Claudius be a god, to enjoy that honour with all its appurtenances in as full a degree as any other before him, and that a note to that effect be added to Ovid's *Metamorphoses*."<sup>3</sup> The meeting was divided, and it looked as though Claudius was to win the day. For Hercules saw his iron was in the fire, trotted here and trotted there, saying, "Don't deny me; I make a point of the matter. I'll do as much for you again, when you like; you roll my log, and I'll roll yours: one hand washes another."<sup>4</sup>

Then arose the blessed Augustus, when his turn came, and spoke with much eloquence.<sup>5</sup> "I call you to witness, my lords and gentlemen," said he, "that since the day I was made a god I have never uttered one word. I always mind my own business. But now I can keep on the mask no longer, nor conceal the sorrow which shame makes all the greater. Is it for this I have made peace by land and sea? For this have I calmed intestine wars? For this, laid a firm foundation of law for Rome, adorned it with build-

Julius Caesar (XV, 745, cf. XV, 870—the coming apotheosis of Augustus).<sup>4</sup> Petronius, c. 45.

<sup>5</sup> The speech seems to contain a parody of the Emperor Augustus's style and sayings. Cf. *Res Gestae Divi Augusti*, L.C.L.

## SENECA

operibus ornavi, ut—quid dicam p. c. non invenio: omnia infra indignationem verba sunt. Confugiendum est itaque ad Messalae Corvini, disertissimi viri, illam sententiam ‘pudet imperii.’ Hic, p.c., qui vobis non posse videtur muscam excitare, tam facile homines occidebat, quam canis excidit.<sup>1</sup> Sed quid ego de tot ac talibus viris dicam? Non vacat deflere publicas clades intuenti domestica mala. Itaque illa omittam, haec referam; nam etiam si soror mea<sup>2</sup> Graece<sup>3</sup> nescit, ego scio: ἔγγιον γόνυ κνήμης. Iste quem videtis, per tot annos sub meo nomine latens, hanc mihi gratiam rettulit, ut duas Iulias proneptes meas occideret, alteram ferro, alteram fame; unum abnepotem L. Silanum, videris, Iuppiter, an in causa mala, certe in tua, si aequus futurus es. Dic mihi, dive Claudii, quare quemquam ex his, quos quasque occidisti, antequam de causa cognosceres, antequam audires, damnasti? Hoc ubi fieri solet? In caelo

<sup>1</sup> excidit *V*: adsidit *S* (*rightly?*): exsidit *L*.

<sup>2</sup> soror mea *Buecheler*: psora mea *Birt*: sura mea *suggests Russo*: sormea or formea. *P. Eden suggests σφύρον meum.*

<sup>3</sup> *Some inferior tradition omits Graece rightly?*

<sup>1</sup> M. Valerius Messala Corvinus, appointed praefectus urbi, resigned within a week.

<sup>2</sup> That is, a double “one”, the worst throw in dice-playing. If we read *adsidit* the meaning is quite different “as easily as a dog sits” (to urinate). Augustus was a “plain” speaker.

<sup>3</sup> A proverb, like “Charity begins at home.” The reading of the passage is uncertain; *soror mea* is only a conjecture, and it is hard to see why his sister should be mentioned.

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ings, and all that—my lords, words fail me; there are none can rise to the height of my indignation. So I must borrow that saying of the eloquent Messala Corvinus, I am ashamed of my authority.<sup>1</sup> This man, my lords, who seems to you as if he could not hurt a fly, used to chop off heads as readily as the dog's throw comes tumbling out.<sup>2</sup> But why should I speak of all those men, and such men? There is no time to lament for public disasters, when one has so many private sorrows to think of. I leave that, therefore, and say only this; for even if my sister knows no Greek, I do: The knee is nearer than the shin.<sup>3</sup> This man you see, who for so many years has been masquerading under my name, has done me the favour of murdering two Julias,<sup>4</sup> great-granddaughters of mine, one by cold steel and one by starvation; and one great-great-grandson, L. Silanus<sup>5</sup>—see, Jupiter, whether he had a case against him (at least it is your own if you will be fair). Come tell me, blessed Claudius, why of all those you killed, both men and women, without a hearing, why you did not hear their side of the case first, before putting them to death? Where do we find that custom? It is not done in

<sup>1</sup> Claudius's full title was Tiberius Claudius Caesar Augustus Germanicus. The two great-grand-daughters of Augustus here mentioned were Julia Livia, a daughter of Claudius's brother the famous Germanicus (the other son of Nero Claudius Drusus) and Julia, daughter of Drusus Caesar (not Emperor) and Livia, sister of Germanicus. Drusus Caesar was a nephew of Nero Claudius Drusus, father of Germanicus. Both Julias were victims of Messalina's jealousy. The first mentioned was exiled for alleged adultery with Seneca and allowed to starve; the second was executed.

<sup>2</sup> See above, Chapter 8.

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11 non fit. Ecce Iuppiter, qui tot annos regnat, uni  
Volcano crus fregit, quem

ῥῆψε ποδὸς τεταγὼν ἀπὸ βηλοῦ θεσπεσίῳ,

et iratus fuit uxori et suspendit illam: numquid occidit? Tu Messalinam, cuius aequae avunculus maior eram quam tuus, occidisti. 'Nescio' inquis. Di tibi male faciant: adeo istuc turpius est, quod nescisti, quam quod occidisti. C. Caesarem non desiit mortuum persequi. Occiderat ille socerum: hic et generum. Gaius Crassi filium vetuit Magnum vocari: hic nomen illi reddidit, caput tulit. Occidit in una domo Crassum, Magnum, Scriboniam, † Tristionias, Assarionem, †<sup>1</sup> nobiles tamen, Crassum vero tam fatuum, ut etiam regnare posset. Hunc nunc

<sup>1</sup> *Buecheler, following Birt, conjectures tris homines assarios.*

<sup>1</sup> Zeus (Jupiter) once strung up his own wife Hera (Juno); and any gods whom he caught trying to free her he hurled from heaven to earth (Homer, *Iliad*, XV, 17-24). He threw out his son Hephaestus (Roman counterpart: Vulcanus) by the foot so that, after plunging all day, he fell at sunset on Lemnos island and was thus lamed for everlasting life (*Iliad*, I, 590-594).

<sup>2</sup> Messalina was in fact great-grand-daughter of Octavia, sister of Emperor Augustus, whereas Claudius was grandson of Octavia; so Augustus was *avunculus maior* ("greater uncle"), that is, great-grand-mother's brother, to Messalina, but *avunculus magnus* ("great uncle") that is grandmother's brother to Claudius. It is impossible to be confident about the lurid details of Messalina's intrigues, shamelessness and sudden fall. But it appears that she was in the end done to death, without trial, by the agency of the powerful freedman Narcissus who said he acted by Claudius's orders. See p. 476.

<sup>3</sup> Gaius Caligula, emperor A.D. 37-41.

<sup>4</sup> Gaius Caligula condemned to death Marcus Iunius Silanus

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heaven. Look at Jupiter: all these years he has been king, and never did more than once to break Vulcan's leg,

'Whom seizing by the foot he cast from the threshold of the sky,' Iliad I. 591

and once he fell in a rage with his wife and strung her up:<sup>1</sup> did he do any killing? You killed Messalina,<sup>2</sup> whose great-uncle I was no less than yours. 'I don't know,' did you say? Curse you! that is just it: not to know was worse than to kill. Caligula<sup>3</sup> he went on persecuting even when he was dead. Caligula murdered his father-in-law, Claudius his son-in-law to boot.<sup>4</sup> Caligula would not have Crassus' son called Great; Claudius gave him his name back, and took away his head. In one family he destroyed Crassus, Magnus, Scribonia, † the Tristionias, Assario, † noble though they were;<sup>5</sup> Crassus indeed such a fool that he might have been emperor. Is this he you want

(not the father of L. Silanus of Chapters 8 and 10), father of Gaius' first wife. Claudius caused the death of his "father-in-law" Appius Silanus (cf. below, p. 468, n. 2) and of one of his (Claudius's) sons-in-law (cf. Chapters 8 and 10). Appius was the third husband of Domitia Lepida, mother of Messalina.

<sup>5</sup> Marcus Licinius Crassus Frugi was the father of Cnaeus Pompeius Magnus, son-in-law of Claudius (to whom Crassus was therefore joint father-in-law), whose daughter Antonia Pompeius married. Scribonia was Pompeius's mother. We do not know the reasons for their deaths. The reading *Tristionias* cannot be right; nor does *Assario* occur as a name. Many conjectures have been made. The whole corruption may hide simply one name, *Aristionem*. The words *nobiles tamen* might refer to the two preceding names only, in which case *Aristionem* alone would not do; but apparently they refer to all the names here given.

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deum facere vultis? Videte corpus eius dis iratis natum. Ad summam, tria verba cito dicat, et servum me ducat. Hunc deum quis colet? Quis credet? Dum tales deos facitis, nemo vos deos esse credet. Summa rei, p. c., si honeste <me><sup>1</sup> inter vos gessi, si nulli clarius<sup>2</sup> respondi, vindicate iniurias meas. Ego pro sententia mea hoc censeo:" atque ita ex tabella recitavit: "quando quidem divus Claudius occidit socerum suum Appium Silanum, generos duos Magnum Pompeium et L. Silanum, socerum filiae suae Crassum Frugi, hominem tam similem sibi quam ovo ovum, Scriboniam socrum filiae suae, uxorem suam Messalinam et ceteros quorum numerus iniri non potuit, placet mihi in eum severe animadverti, nec illi rerum iudicandarum vacationem dari, eumque quam primum exportari, et caelo intra triginta dies excedere, Olympo intra diem tertium."

Pedibus in hanc sententiam itum est. Nec mora, Cyllenius illum collo obtorto trahit ad inferos, [a caelo]<sup>3</sup>

" <illuc><sup>4</sup> unde negant redire quemquam."

12 Dum descendunt per viam sacram, interrogat Mercurius, quid sibi velit ille concursus hominum, num

<sup>1</sup> added by Haase.

<sup>2</sup> clarius *S*: darus *V*: durus *L*: durius *Rhenanus*.

<sup>3</sup> a caelo is rightly deleted by Muret, though other suggestions have been made.

<sup>4</sup> added by Muret.

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<sup>1</sup> Some such words as *aio esse meum* "I say he is mine."

<sup>2</sup> For all these see above. C. Appius Iunius Silanus was not really father-in-law of Claudius; but Appius had married

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now to make a god? Look at his body, born under the wrath of heaven! In fine, let him say the three words<sup>1</sup> quickly, and he may have me for a slave. God! who will worship this god, who will believe in him? While you make gods of such as he, no one will believe you to be gods. To be brief, my lords: if I have lived honourably among you, if I have never replied too plainly to any, avenge my wrongs. This is my motion": then he read out his amendment, which he had committed to writing: "Insamuch as the blessed Claudius murdered his father-in-law Appius Silanus, his two sons-in-law, Pompeius Magnus and L. Silanus, Crassus Frugi his daughter's father-in-law, as like him as two eggs in a basket, Scribonia his daughter's mother-in-law, his wife Messalina,<sup>2</sup> and others too numerous to mention; I propose that strong measures be taken against him, that he be allowed no delay of process, that immediate sentence of banishment be passed on him, that he be deported from heaven within thirty days, and from Olympus within thirty hours."

The house divided and approved this motion. Not a moment was lost: Mercury<sup>3</sup> screwed his neck and haled him to the lower regions, "to that bourne from which they say no traveller returns."<sup>4</sup> As they passed downwards along the Sacred Way, Mercury asked what was that great concourse of men? could

Domitia Lepida, mother of Messalina, wife of Claudius. In A.D. 42 when Appius rejected Messalina's lustful advances she duped Claudius into executing him.

<sup>3</sup> Called Cyllenius because he was supposed to have been born on Mount Cyllene, in Arcadia in the Peloponnese. His Greek counterpart Hermes was escort to dead souls on their way.

<sup>4</sup> Catullus 3.12.

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Claudii funus esset. Et erat omnium formosissimum et impensa cura, plane ut scires deum efferri: tubicinum,<sup>1</sup> cornicinum, omnis generis aenatorum<sup>2</sup> tanta turba, tantus concentus,<sup>3</sup> ut etiam Claudius audire posset. Omnes laeti, hilares: populus Romanus ambulabat tanquam liber. Agatho et pauci causidici plorabant, sed plane ex animo. Iurisconsulti e tenebris procedebant, pallidi, graciles, vix animam habentes, tanquam qui tum maxime reviviscerent. Ex his unus cum vidisset capita conferentes et fortunas suas deplorantes causidicos, accedit et ait: "dicebam vobis: non semper Saturnalia erunt."

Claudius ut vidit funus suum, intellexit se mortuum esse. Ingenti enim *μεγάλῳ χορικῶ* nenia cantabatur anapaestis:<sup>4</sup>

"Fundite fletus, edite planctus,  
resonet tristi clamore forum:  
cecidit pulchre cordatus homo,  
quo non alius fuit in toto  
fortior orbe.

5

Ille citato vincere cursu  
poterat celeres, ille rebelles

<sup>1</sup> tibicinum *V, L* ("tootling of pipers").

<sup>2</sup> aenatorum *Buecheler*: aeneatorum *Rhenanus*: senatorum (sonatorum *inferior tradition*).

<sup>3</sup> *Lips* suggested *conventus*, which may be right.

<sup>4</sup> *Heraeus* would delete *anapaestis*. The following arrangement in *anapaestic tetrapodies* follows the *MSS*. But the older



## APOCOLOCYNTOSIS

it be Claudius' funeral? It was certainly the most gorgeous spectacle, got up regardless of expense, clear it was that a god was being borne to the grave: blaring of trumpeters, roaring of horn-players, an immense brass band of all sorts, so great a crowd, so great a concerted din that even Claudius could hear it. Joy and rejoicing on every side, the Roman people walking about like free men. Agatho<sup>1</sup> and a few pettifoggers were weeping for grief, and for once in a way they meant it. The Barristers were crawling out of their dark corners, pale and thin, with hardly a breath in their bodies, as though just coming to life again. One of them when he saw the pettifoggers putting their heads together, and lamenting their sad lot, up comes he and says: "Did not I tell you the Saturnalia could not last for ever?"

When Claudius saw his own funeral train, he understood that he was dead. For they were chanting his dirge in anapaests, with much mopping and mouthing:

" Pour forth your laments, your sorrow declare,  
Let the sounds of grief rise loud in the square:  
For he that is dead had a wit most keen,  
Was bravest of all that on earth have been.  
Racehorses are nothing to his swift feet:

<sup>1</sup> Unknown.

---

*editors may have been right in treating the poem as a series of dipodies:*

Fundite fletus,  
edite planctus,

*and so on.*

## SENECA

fundere Parthos levibusque sequi  
 Persida telis, certa que manu  
 tendere nervum, qui praecipites           10  
 vulnere parvo figeret hostes,  
 pictaque Medi terga fugacis.  
 Ille Britannos ultra noti  
 litora ponti  
 et caeruleos scuta Brigantas           15  
 dare Romuleis colla catenis  
 iussit et ipsum nova Romanae  
 iura securis tremere Oceanum.  
 Deflete virum, quo non alius  
 potuit citius discere causas,           20  
 una tantum parte audita,  
 saepe et neutra.<sup>1</sup> Quis nunc iudex  
 toto lites audiet anno?  
 Tibi iam cedit sede relicta,  
 qui dat populo iura silenti,           25  
 Cretaea tenens oppida centum.  
 Caedite maestis pectora palmis,  
 o causidici, venale genus.  
 Vosque poetae lugete novi,

<sup>1</sup> saepe et neutra *ed. princ.*: saepe neutra.

---

<sup>1</sup> The Romans and the Parthians of Iran (Persians and Medes are older names for them) recurrently quarrelled over the control of Armenia. The allusion here would be to the appeal of the Parthians in A.D. 49 to the Romans to have a hand in deciding the Kingship of Parthia itself. Claudius reminded the envoys of the supremacy of Rome. The achievements of the Romans against the Parthians during the reign of Claudius (who had no personal part in them) were none

## APOCOLOCYNTOSIS

Rebellious Parthians <sup>1</sup> he did defeat;  
Swift after the Persians his light shafts go:  
For he well knew how to fit arrow to bow.  
Swiftly the striped barbarians fled:  
With one little wound he shot them dead.  
And the Britons beyond the sea-shores which one  
sees,  
Blue-shielded Brigantians too, all these  
He chained by the neck as the Roman's slaves.  
He spake, and the Ocean with trembling waves  
Accepted the axe of the Roman law.<sup>2</sup>  
O weep for the man! This world never saw  
One quicker a troublesome suit to decide,  
When only one part of the case had been tried  
(He could do it indeed and not hear either side).  
Who'll now sit in judgment the whole year round?  
Now he <sup>3</sup> that is judge of the shades underground,  
Once ruler of fivescore cities in Crete,  
Must yield to his better and take a back seat.  
Mourn, mourn, pettifoggers, ye venal crew,  
And you, newer poets, woe, woe is to you!

too successful. The capable King Vologeses of Parthia (A.D. 51-78) established his brother Tiridates as King of Armenia in 54.

<sup>2</sup> After the invasion of Britain in A.D. 43 the Roman power had, before the death of Claudius in 54, spread over southern England and Wales; and the Brigantes between the Trent and the Tyne were under Queen Cartimandua were becoming a threat but were not yet even in clear conflict with Rome. But the Romans had, through Cartimandua's treachery, at last captured the great southern Briton Caractacus who was displayed in Rome (and "pardoned") by Claudius. The "Ocean" is the Atlantic.

<sup>3</sup> Minos, in Greek tradition the powerful king of Crete, was after his death made one of the three judges in the world below.

## SENECA

vosque in primis qui concusso      30  
magna parastis lucra fritillo."

13 Delectabatur laudibus suis Claudius, et cupiebat diutius spectare. Inicit illi manum Talthybius deorum [nuntius]<sup>1</sup> et trahit capite obvoluto, ne quis eum possit agnoscere, per campum Martium, et inter Tiberim et viam tectam descendit ad inferos. Antecesserat iam compendiaria Narcissus libertus ad patronum excipiendum, et venienti nitidus, ut erat a balineo, occurrit et ait: "Quid di ad homines?" "Celerius" inquit Mercurius "et venire nos nuntia." Dicto citius Narcissus evolat. Omnia proclivia sunt, facile descenditur. Itaque quamvis podagricus esset, momento temporis pervenit ad ianuam Ditis, ubi iacebat Cerberus vel ut ait Horatius "belua centiceps." Pusillum perturbatur—subalbam canem in deliciis habere adsueverat—ut illum vidit canem nigrum, villosum, sane non quem velis tibi in tenebris occurrere, et magna voce "Claudius" inquit "veniet." Cum plausu procedunt cantantes: *εὐρήκαμεν, συγχαίρωμεν.*<sup>2</sup> Hic erat C. Silius<sup>3</sup> consul

<sup>1</sup> Deleted by Camden.

<sup>2</sup> Buecheler reads *συγχαίρωμεν*, the actual word of the cry.

<sup>3</sup> C. Silius Muret: consilius V, L: .c. consilius S.

<sup>1</sup> Claudius was fond of playing with dice.

<sup>2</sup> Agamemnon's herald in the Trojan war. Here Mercury is meant.

<sup>3</sup> The "Via Tecta" "Covered Way" was at the northern limit of the Campus Martius at Rome.

<sup>4</sup> The powerful freedman Narcissus, Claudius's secretary, died shortly after Claudius.

## APOCOLOCYNTOSIS

And you above all, who get rich quick  
By the rattle of dice and the three card trick."<sup>1</sup>

Claudius was charmed to hear his own praises sung, and would have stayed longer to see the show. But the Talthybius<sup>2</sup> of the gods laid a hand on him, and led him across the Campus Martius, first wrapping his head up close that no one might know him, until betwixt Tiber and the Subway<sup>3</sup> he went down to the lower regions. His freedman Narcissus<sup>4</sup> had gone down before him by a short cut, ready to welcome his master. Out he comes to meet him, smooth and shining (he had just left the bath), and says he: "What make the gods among mortals?" "Look alive," says Mercury, "go and tell them we are coming." Away he flew, quicker than tongue can tell. It is easy going by that road, all down hill. So although he had a touch of the gout, in a trice he arrived at Dis's door. There lay Cerberus,<sup>5</sup> or, as Horace puts it, the hundred-headed monster. Narcissus was a trifle perturbed (it was an off-white bitch<sup>6</sup> he used to keep for a pet) when he spied this black shag-haired hound, not at all the kind of thing you could wish to meet you in the dark. In a loud voice he cried, "Claudius is coming!" All marched before him with clapping of hands and singing, "The lost is found, O let us rejoice together!"<sup>7</sup> Here were found C. Silius consul elect, Juncus the ex-

Odes ii,  
13, 35

<sup>5</sup> On Dis, see above. Cerberus is the three-headed dog which guarded the gates of Hades.

<sup>6</sup> B. J. Harrison thinks this refers to Claudius.

<sup>7</sup> With a slight change, this is a cry used in the worship of Isis and Osiris.

## SENECA

designatus, Iuncus<sup>1</sup> praetorius, Sex. Traulus,<sup>2</sup> M. Helvius, Trogus, Cotta, Vettius<sup>3</sup> Valens, Fabius equites R. quos Narcissus duci iusserat. Medius erat in hac cantantium turba Mnester pantomimus, quem Claudius decoris causa minorem fecerat. Ad Messalinam—cito rumor percrebuit Claudium venisse—convolant: primi omnium liberti Polybius, Myron, Arpocras, Amphaeus, Pheronactus,<sup>4</sup> quos Claudius omnes, necubi imparatus esset, praemiserat. Deinde praefecti duo Iustus Catonius et Rufrius Pollio.<sup>5</sup> Deinde amici Saturninus Lusius et Pedit Pompeius et Lupus et Celer Asinius consulares. Novissime fratris filia, sororis filia, generi, soceri, socrus, omnes plane

<sup>1</sup> Iuncus *Sonntag*: iunius. *Cp. Tac., Ann., xi, 35.*

<sup>2</sup> Traulus *Lips*: trallus.

<sup>3</sup> Vectius *Lips*: tectius *S*: tectus *V*.

<sup>4</sup> Arpocras *Buecheler*: Harpocras *ed. princ.*: arporas. Pheronactus *Buecheler*: pheronattus *V.*: pherona otus *S*.

<sup>5</sup> Rufrius Pollio *suggested by Reimar. There are other suggestions.* rufius pomfilius *S*: rufius pompei filius *V*.

---

<sup>1</sup> All these were lovers and accomplices of Messalina. C. Silius, the most notorious of them, was consul designate in A.D. 47. If the fantastic story is to be believed, Claudius allowed a mock marriage of his wife Messalina with Silius, to ward off some diviners' forecast of evil for "Messalina's husband." Claudius's freedmen, especially Narcissus, took action and brought about the fall and death of Silius and Messalina in 48. Of the other persons mentioned by Seneca here, Iuncus Vergilianus was a senator; Sextus Montanus Traulus was a Roman knight and a lover of Messalina for a few hours only. Marcus Helvius is otherwise unknown.

## APOCOLOCYNTOSIS

praetor, Sextus Traulus, M. Helvius, Trognus, Cotta, Vettius Valens, Fabius, Roman Knights whom Narcissus had ordered for execution.<sup>1</sup> In the midst of this chanting company was Mnester<sup>2</sup> the mime, whom Claudius for good form's sake had made shorter by a head. The news was soon blown about that Claudius had come: to Messalina they throng: first his freedmen, Polybius, Myron, Arpocras, Amphaeus, Pheronactus,<sup>3</sup> all sent before him by Claudius that he might not be unattended anywhere; next two prefects,<sup>4</sup> Justus Catonius and Rufrius Pollio; then his friends, Saturninus Lusius and Pedo Pompeius and Lupus and Celer Asinius,<sup>5</sup> these of consular rank; last came his brother's daughter, his sister's daughter,<sup>6</sup> sons-in-law,<sup>7</sup> fathers- and mothers-

Trogus was Saufeius Trognus (we have no details); and Cotta is otherwise unknown. Vettius Valens was a medical doctor; and Fabius is otherwise unknown.

<sup>2</sup> A dancer; one of Messalina's lovers and helpers. He was executed.

<sup>3</sup> Polybius helped Claudius in his studies and did other secretarial work. He was a lover of Messalina but was accused by her and executed in A.D. 47. Arpocras or Harpocras is known to have been honoured by Claudius. But Myron, Amphaeus, and Pheronactus (if these names are right) are otherwise unknown.

<sup>4</sup> Of the imperial guard, Catonius in A.D. 43, Rufrius in 41.

<sup>5</sup> Pedo Pompeius is otherwise unknown. Lusius Saturninus and Cornelius Lupus were victims of the intrigues of P. Suillius; Sextus Asinius Celer was consul in 38. The cause of his death is unknown.

<sup>6</sup> Julia, daughter of Germanicus and Julia, daughter of Livia and Drusus. Cf. Chapter 10.

<sup>7</sup> Lucius Silanus and Pompeius Magnus: see above, Chapters 8, 10, 11.

## SENECA

consanguinei. Et agmine facto Claudio occurrunt. Quos cum vidisset Claudius, exclamat: "πάντα φίλων πλήρη! quomodo huc venistis vos?" Tum Pedo Pompeius: "Quid dicis, homo crudelissime? Quaeris, quomodo? Quis enim nos alius huc misit quam tu, omnium amicorum interfector? In ius eamus, ego tibi hic sellas<sup>1</sup> ostendam."

- 14 Ducit illum ad tribunal Aeaci: is lege Cornelia quae de sicariis lata est, quaerebat. Postulat, nomen eius recipiat; edit subscriptionem: occisos senatores XXXV, equites R. CCXXI, ceteros<sup>2</sup> ὅσα ψάμαθός τε κόνις τε. <sup>3</sup>Advocatum non invenit. Tandem procedit P. Petronius, vetus convictor eius, homo Claudiana lingua disertus, et postulat advocacionem. Non datur. Accusat Pedo Pompeius magnis clamoribus. Incipit patronus<sup>4</sup> velle respondere. Aeacus, homo iustissimus, vetat, et illum altera tantum parte audita condemnat et ait: αἴκε πάθοι τά τ' ἔρεξε δίκη κ' ἰθὺία γένοιτο. Ingens silentium factum est.

<sup>1</sup> stellas *S, V, L*: stelas or sitellas *Iunius*.

<sup>2</sup> XXXV (*Buecheler*) equites romanos CCXXI, ceteros *Rhenanus*: XXX equites RU (romanos *V cod. L*) ceteros CCXXI *S, V, L*.

<sup>3</sup> *Gertz adds ille, Wachsmuth iste.*

<sup>4</sup> P. Petronius *ed. princ.*: petronius *inferior tradition.*

<sup>1</sup> Appius Silanus; Crassus Frugi; Domitia Lepida; Scribonia; See above, Chapter II. Seneca here uses the words *socer* "father-in-law" and *socrus* "mother-in-law" in the sense of son-in-law's or daughter-in-law's parents. Crassus was *consocer*, joint father-in-law, with Claudius.

<sup>2</sup> Mythical King of Aegina, after death made one of the three judges in the world below.

<sup>3</sup> Passed by Sulla in 81 B.C. establishing a standing criminal court to try cases of assassination and poisoning.



## APOCOLOCYNTOSIS

in-law,<sup>1</sup> the whole family in fact. In a body they came to meet Claudius; and when Claudius saw them, he exclaimed, "Friends everywhere, on my word! How came you all here?" To this Pedo Pompeius answered, "What, cruel man? You ask how came we here? Who but you sent us here, you, the murderer of all the friends that ever you had? To court with you! I'll show you where their lordships sit."

Pedo brings him before the judgment seat of Aeacus,<sup>2</sup> who was holding court under the Lex Cornelia<sup>3</sup> to try cases of murder and assassination. Pedo requests the judge to take the prisoner's name, and produces a summons with this charge: Senators killed, 35; Roman knights, 221; others as the sands and dust for multitude. Claudius finds no counsel. Il. ix, 385 At length out steps P. Petronius,<sup>4</sup> an old chum of his, a finished scholar in the Claudian tongue, and claims a remand. Not granted. Pedo Pompeius prosecutes amid loud applause. The speaker<sup>5</sup> for the defence tries to reply; but Aeacus, who is the soul of justice, will not have it. Aeacus hears the case against Claudius, refuses to hear the other side and passes sentence against him, quoting the line:

"As he did, so be he done by, this is justice undefiled."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This Petronius is known also from Tacitus, *Annals*, III, 49; VI, 45. He was *consul suffectus* in A.D. 19 and later proconsul. The point about Claudian tongue is obscure, but clearly this Petronius spoke like Claudius whose speech sounded thick. <sup>5</sup> Petronius.

<sup>6</sup> A proverbial line. The MSS. are a muddle here, and I accept as Rouse did *πάθει τά τ' ἔπειθε* of Curio and Schneidewin.

## SENECA

Stupebant omnes novitate rei attoniti, negabant hoc unquam factum. Claudio magis iniquum videbatur quam novum. De genere poenae diu disputatum est, quid illum pati oporteret. Erant qui dicerent, Sisyphum <sup>1</sup> <satis> diu <sup>2</sup> laturam fecisse,<sup>3</sup> Tantalum siti periturum nisi illi succurreretur, aliquando Ixionis miseri rotam sufflaminandam. Non placuit ulli ex veteribus <sup>4</sup> missionem dari, ne vel Claudius unquam simile speraret. Placuit novam poenam constitui debere, excogitandum illi laborem irritum et alicuius cupiditatis speciem <sup>5</sup> sine effectu.<sup>6</sup> Tum Aeacus iubet illum alea ludere pertuso fritillo. Et iam coeperat fugientes semper tesseras quaerere et nihil proficere.

Nam quotiens missurus erat resonante fritillo,  
 utraque subducto fugiebat tessera fundo.  
 Cumque recollectos auderet mittere talos,  
 fusuro <sup>7</sup> similis semper semperque petenti,  
 decepere fidem: refugit digitosque per ipsos

<sup>1</sup> Sisyphum *Buecheler*: sium or the like.

<sup>2</sup> <satis>diu *Buecheler*: <nimum>diu *Gertz*: <iam> diu *Waltz, Rossbach*: diu, or the like, *MSS.*: si nimium diu *Ball*.

<sup>3</sup> fecisse *Buecheler*: fecissent.

<sup>4</sup> veteribus *S*: veteris *V*: veternis *L*: veteranis *Rhenanus* (*rightly?*).

<sup>5</sup> speciem *Scheffer*: spes *S, V, L*: spem or species inferior tradition.

<sup>6</sup> sine fine et effectu is the accepted reading here: sine effectū *S*: sine fine effectus *V, L*: This suggests that fine comes from sine.

<sup>7</sup> fusuro *Buecheler*: lusuro.

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<sup>1</sup> In Greek mythology, in the lower world Sisyphus a robber-prince was condemned to roll up a hill a stone which

## APOCOLOCYNTOSIS

A great silence fell. Not a soul but was stupefied at this new way of managing matters; they said there had never been anything like it before. It was no new thing to Claudius, yet he thought it unfair. There was a long discussion as to the punishment he ought to endure. Some said that Sisyphus had done his job of porterage long enough; Tantalus would be dying of thirst, if he were not relieved; the drag must be put at last on wretched Ixion's wheel.<sup>1</sup> But it was determined not to discharge any of the old stagers, lest Claudius also should dare to hope for any such relief. It was agreed that some new punishment must be devised: they must devise some new task, something with no effect, to suggest some craving without result. Then Aeacus decreed he should rattle dice for ever in a box with holes in the bottom. At once the poor wretch proceeded to his fruitless task of hunting for the dice, which for ever slipped away—

“ For when he rattled with the box, and thought he now had got 'em.

Both little cubes would vanish thro' the perforated bottom.

Then he would pick 'em up again, and once more set a-trying:

The dice but served him the same trick: away they went a-flying.

always rolled down again; Tantalus, a Phrygian, who betrayed secrets of the gods, was condemned to stand chin-deep in water, unable to reach fruit to satisfy his hunger and thirst; Ixion, a King in Thessaly, attempted an indecent approach to Hera (Juno) and was in condemnation tied to an ever-turning wheel.

## SENECA

fallax adsiduo dilabitur alea furto.

Sic cum iam summi tanguntur culmina montis,  
irrita Sisyphio volvuntur pondera collo.

Apparuit subito C. Caesar et petere illum in servitutum coepit;<sup>1</sup> producit<sup>2</sup> testes, qui illum<sup>3</sup> viderant ab illo flagris, ferulis, colaphis vapulantem. Adiudicatur C. Caesari; Caesar illum Aeaco donat. Is Menandro liberto suo tradidit, ut a cognitionibus esset.

<sup>1</sup> coepit *S*: caepit *V*: cepit *L*. After coepit an inferior tradition adds et.

<sup>2</sup> producit *V, L*: producere *S*.

<sup>3</sup> *Buecheler* deletes illum. *Machly* suggests olim.

## APOCOLOCYNTOSIS

So still he tries, and still he fails; still searching  
    long he lingers;  
And every time the tricky things go slipping thro'  
    his fingers.  
Just so when Sisyphus the hill-top touches with  
    his boulder,  
He finds the labour all in vain—it rolls down off his  
    shoulder.”

All on a sudden who should turn up but Caligula? <sup>1</sup>  
He proceeds to claim the man for a slave: brings  
witnesses, who said they had seen Claudius being  
flogged, caned, fisticuffed by him. He is handed  
over to Caligula, and Caligula makes him a present  
to Aeacus. Aeacus delivers him to his freedman  
Menander, to be his law-clerk.

<sup>1</sup> The emperor Gaius, Claudius's nephew and predecessor, afflicted him with many insults but did also make him consul. Seneca, in having Claudius condemned to useless attempts to play dice, a punishment mild in comparison with others, may be admitting that some of the *Apocolocyntosis* is unfair. In spite of all his faults, Claudius did some good things for the Roman Empire, and is not unfairly summed up by Dio Cassius when he indicates that Claudius was not a bad man, but he was in the power of women and of “slaves”, that is freedmen.



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