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PETRONIUS

LEADER OF FASHION

TRANSLATION AND NOTES

BY

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INTRODUCTION

I. ORIGIN OF THIS TRANSLATION

BEFORE the War I had the good fortune to be teaching Latin and Greek in a College of one of the Universities which do not attract students from schools where the Classics are held in honour. Apart from a small number of honours students, it would be fair to say that the bulk of those who attended the classical lectures took Latin or Greek simply as one of the possible subjects for a pass degree, i. e. as a necessary evil, or at most as an aid to an honours course in one of the modern languages.

Some teachers might not agree with me that this was a case of good fortune. So far as I was concerned, however, the experience gave me entirely new conceptions (*a*) of the value and the attractiveness of classical culture, and (*b*) of the relative importance of various kinds of university work. Practically all the students who came to my classes had a very poor grounding in the subject and such knowledge as they had was the result of painful efforts at memorising. Few, if any, had any conception of the facts that the Greeks and the Romans were the first great nations of civilised Europe and that no one can adequately grasp the manifold problems of modern life unless

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he has at least a general knowledge of the ancient world. They had begun their education in that particular stratum of educated Britain in which a knowledge of Greece and Rome is regarded as "unpractical". What was the good—except for examination purposes—of learning a few Latin words and grammatical usages which they would forget the moment they had taken their pass degrees and would satirize for the rest of their lives?

The University-man of the Oxford or Cambridge type is accustomed, with more or less sincerity, to bewail the modern "democratic" contempt for the humanities, but does he realize that, outside the Universities and a few schools, the teaching of classics is quite justifiably attacked, since it is in many cases limited to a pitiful soulless modicum of grammar, and rarely includes any attempt to interest the student in the Ancient World as a storehouse of ideas, experiments and social discoveries?

It very soon became clear to me—and it was a lesson of importance—that my students must be taught quite differently from those who in Oxford and Cambridge are aiming at pure scholarship. The difference is not simply one of degree: it is a difference of kind. All the Latin and Greek, on the purely linguistic side, that my students could hope in the time at their disposal to assimilate and use, was just so much as would lead to a better understanding of their own language, i. e. to an appreciation of the reasons which underlie the many English words and terminations which were incorporated and adapted by our learned and accurate-minded

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forefathers out of their knowledge of Norman-French or Latin or Greek.

No one who studies the evil effects of the careless misuse of words can fail to realise in this connexion the importance of a properly designed training in Latin and Greek, since practically all terms which signify elaborate or complex ideas are of classical origin. The man who prides himself on sticking to "plain Anglo-Saxon" must also confine himself to a very limited range of ideas—a limitation which, to do him justice, he appears to accept with equanimity. In this connexion I often found myself wishing that the great classical savants of Oxford and Cambridge would deny themselves the glory of "research" and give themselves to a wider audience. Had they done this, the classics as part of an Englishman's education would not have sunk in popular esteem, and our hope of possessing an educated democracy would not have fallen so low. So far from encouraging University men to "research", no prospective teacher (so far as the classics are concerned) should be allowed to research until he has been tested by serving the community as a teacher. The students who came to my classes had clearly been taught by men and women who neither knew nor cared anything for the Ancient World.

The inferiority of their elementary grammar had its counterpart in the fact that they had never conceived Latin and Greek as the languages of "live" men to whom we owe in large measure our civilisation, our political and philosophical ideas, our conceptions of art, the beginnings of

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physical science. They were growing up into men and women such as we see in prominent positions everywhere who are blind to the fact that problems of labour, population, international relations, land-tenure, taxation, rich and poor, husband and wife, are not peculiar to our day, but were confronted by men of ability two thousand years ago. No wonder the Latin exercise appeared dull and unprofitable!

Clearly the aim of a teacher with students in this position must be different from that of a coach in Moderations or a Tripos lecturer. It was a surprising and most encouraging experience to see how such students brightened up, when they began to picture the Gracchi in something like the rôle of an advanced statesman or economist of to-day, to compare the imperial aspirations of Rome with the colonial expansion of Britain, to try to imagine how the ordinary householder in Ancient Italy really felt, when a Caesar dined with him in the course of a journey, to discover that Cicero's brother quarrelled with his wife. The difficulty, however, which always confronted the teacher as the work progressed was that so many of the Latin and Greek books which they had to prepare were utterly unsuitable as an illustration of what he wanted to teach. There are very few parts of the *Aeneid* which really interest an intelligent young student whose Latin is defective and whose chief real interest is some branch of social science. The *Georgics* are sheer boredom and Cicero's speeches do not ring true. The Roman who took to writing was singularly self-conscious and pedantic. It was only when we read some of Cicero's

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Letters or parts of Sallust's *Catiline* that interest really became keen, continuously.

A further difficulty that proved even more serious was the style of the notes in most of the editions we had to use. I realised for the first time how conventional in scope and wording most notes are, and how limited and even stereotyped is the vocabulary of translations. Philological and grammatical problems are uninspiring to the great bulk of those who study the classics in the newer universities, and it has always to be remembered that our philistine critic is right in saying that painfully acquired knowledge of such problems is gratefully forgotten when students cease to be *in statu pupillari*.

All this is no discovery. Every ordinary teacher knows the facts, even though he or she may despair of doing anything to change them. I quote my experience in order to show how I came to attempt a translation of *Petronius*, and to explain in some degree the eccentric method which I have employed. As I have said, the book was begun before the War: it was not a scholarly production that I had in mind, but rather a presentation of a "human" book in a style that would be intelligible, not to the highly qualified scholar, but to those who normally regard classics as drudgery and ancient literature as a storehouse of grammatical conundrums.

After more than five years in the army, I returned to civil life with an infinitely increased respect for the British rank and file and a strong desire to render more widely accessible, in a form that would not present insuperable technical difficulties, that knowledge of the ancient world

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which, as I thought, had proved so great an asset to hundreds of Oxford and Cambridge men who had to learn soldiering during the War. I think it would be fair to say that no kind of training produced a higher average of versatility in the citizen army than the old classical curriculum of the public school and the university. This fact—if it is a fact—I have not seen explicitly stated; but it is a very important one, a warning of the greatest significance to those who would “reform” the older universities in the supposed interests of utilitarianism. A knowledge of the ancient world, properly presented, is of incalculable value to a citizen of a modern democracy. Why limit it to the few who can take it in its academic form? It was this belief that led me, after demobilisation, to take up my Petronius MS. again and finish it, both as an essay in translation and non-academic annotation, and as a study of peculiar interest to modern students of social science. Those who know the original and are inclined to smile at this claim will find my elaboration of this thesis in the sequel. The whole work is offered with extreme diffidence: five years of foreign service were a serious interruption: such as it is, it may at least claim to be a genuine attempt to show that the ancient world even through the medium of an ancient author (represented with reasonable accuracy) can be absolutely intelligible to, and full of interest for, the non-classical reader of modern days. The extreme coarseness of parts of the original is the greatest misfortune: I trust the method which I have employed to avoid this side of the work or to keep it in the back-

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ground, may commend itself in the main, though I confess that it is not wholly satisfactory.

II. THE TITLE

THE work is called the "*Satyricon* (or *Satirae*) of Petronius", and is generally attributed to Gaius* Petronius, the "leader of fashion" at the court of the Emperor Nero, who reigned over the Roman Empire from 54 to 66 A. D., nearly nineteen centuries ago. "Satyricon" is a word of Greek adjectival form (used as a noun) and means "that which is miscellaneous", from *satyra*, a medley, originally a dish full of different kinds of fruit. It is exactly our English term "Miscellany", and is not to be confused in meaning with the related term "Satiric" in the modern sense of "railing" or "biting humour". The root idea is "well-filled" as applied to one who has eaten abundantly, and it is (see Lewis and Short's *Latin Dictionary*) connected with *satis* ("enough") which we have in "satisfy". The Greek termination *-icon* suggests a deliberate connexion in the author's mind with the Greek noun *saturos*, "an ape", applied in legend to half-human, half ape-like woodland beings with goats' feet, who were pictured as the incarnation of animal self-indulgence. Presuming that this latter word is of entirely separate origin, it is nevertheless hardly possible that the author of the "Miscellany" was not conscious of the double meaning—which would be appropriate enough to some parts of the work.

* Plutarch calls him Titus Petronius: the point is not important. The MSS. give "Petronius" simply.

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III. THE AUTHOR

IN spite of the great fame of the *Satyricon*, it is not certain who the author was, but no one who reads the account which Tacitus, the historian, gives (*Annals*, XVI, 18—19) of a certain Gaius Petronius will be in any doubt that the man so described was just the kind of man who by temperament and circumstances was qualified and likely to produce a work of the kind. This Petronius was one of many distinguished Romans who were forced to commit suicide by Nero. Nero could not bear to have about him men whom he suspected of being or feeling themselves superior to himself. Tacitus mentions his fate with those of three others, and proceeds to single him out for a special character-sketch of a kind which is, I believe, unique in Latin literature. It is a most curious and significant thing that Tacitus, having catalogued these four victims, should be sufficiently interested in one—Gaius Petronius—to recur to him and to devote a long passage to a searching analysis of his life and character. Tacitus is not prone to dissect with minute care the characters of any but soldiers, politicians and the like, and the solemn (rather wooden) pessimism which characterizes his writings renders this searching analysis the more surprising in the case of a social butterfly.

“As to Gaius Petronius”, he says, “a brief retrospect is appropriate. To him the day was the time for sleep, the night for duty and the pleasures of life. Fame came to others through toil, to him from indolence; yet he was accounted



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hero. He would hear no platitudes about immortality or maxims of philosophy, but only cheerful songs and light verse. Some slaves he rewarded: others he had flogged. He began dinner and took a nap, so that his compulsory death might seem to have been accidental. He did not follow the custom of forced suicides by flattering Nero or Tigellinus or any other great favorite by the terms of his will; but he catalogued the Emperor's vices under the names of his favorites denouncing all the new debaucheries, and he sent the document signed to Nero; he broke his signet ring lest it might be used to get others into trouble".

This vivid picture of the debonair death of this strange product of Roman decadence is surely unique in Latin literature. It is so far in advance in its general tone of any similar story in ancient or medieval literature that it has seized upon the imagination of many modern writers, and many will remember its reproduction in the pages of "Quo Vadis". Evidently Tacitus—with all his stern contempt for the degradation of Roman Society in the century that followed the end of the great epoch of the Republic—saw in Petronius something which set him apart from the ruck of those who, through choice or by compulsion, surrendered themselves to the ugly philanderings of the Imperial entourage. He turns aside from the grim recital of Rome's political and social degeneration to ponder on this singular picture of the strange Roman who could live in the limelight of Neronian excesses without losing his self-control, who joined in the Imperial pomp, but never lost his inde-

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pendence, and who died luxuriously and at leisure, without a tremor, in the fading fragrance of a sybarite's banquet, amid flowers and music. The remarkable touch, to a Roman mind, is that in his last moments he scorned to pave the way for a posthumous reputation by the conventional method of artificial philosophizing. He died as he had lived—cool, self-contained, and serenely contemptuous of the pompous vanities of the emperor he despised. He is the only Roman, being neither philosopher, statesman nor soldier, upon whom any serious Roman writer troubled to write an epitaph.

Obviously he was a prominent man in his day. The question is whether he is really the author of the *Satyricon*. Tacitus gives no hint and there is absolutely no direct evidence. The fact that Tacitus says nothing of the book is no proof. He often mentions prominent writers without any reference to their works, and generally speaking biography was not in classical days a finished art. On the other hand, it is beyond question that the book as we have it fits better into the atmosphere of the Neronian period than into any other period of Roman society. The language is that of the period, and the references to literature, art, society and administration all consort admirably with what we know from other sources of the strange life, lived by those who had gradually accustomed themselves to the domination of the Emperors and forgotten the old traditions of Republican society.

One is, therefore, strongly tempted by a sense of fitness to identify the author with the singular personage whose death Tacitus so vividly de-

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scribed, and it is so far a satisfactory identification that nothing in the book itself—in its contents or in its style—renders the identification improbable. A recent critic has said “in the writer of the book before us we recognise the easy power, the incisive and subtle irony, the artistic epicureanism of the connoisseur, and that originality and real scepticism, which alone could induce a man to meet his end in such a singular and unconventional manner”.

In the absence of contradictory evidence I therefore accept the identification of the author of the “Satire” with the active intelligent young man who having held important colonial office—for Bithynia was a serious command—and the highest office under the Emperor in Rome, had seen the futility of aiming at great achievements under the Imperial system and, without yielding up his independence of mind, decided to amuse himself by lording it over the Emperor’s artistic and literary amusements, waiting for the inevitable catastrophe. His real life was annihilated by the system; no alternative offered except that of the spectator—amused, tolerant, cynical.

There are a few references in the book as it has descended to us which indicate that the author must have been interested in, and had considerable direct knowledge of, the East. We have in one chapter (LXIII) a description of a Cappadocian slave such as an Asiatic governor must often have seen. In another chapter (CII) we find an exact account of the Ethiopians with their bow-legs and ankles bending outwards to the ground, their fuzzy hair and mutilated faces. In this connexion it is curious that we know of

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a certain Petronius who was governor of Egypt about 22 B. C., in which year he led a punitive expedition against the Ethiopian queen Candace and took a number of her chief towns. This Petronius was a friend of Herod, and sent corn to Judea during a period of acute food shortage. If, therefore, this Petronius brought home slaves from Ethiopia, it would be natural that a son or grandson of his would be accurately impressed by their physical peculiarities. And a son or grandson of his might well have been both the victim of Nero whom Tacitus describes and the author of the *Satyricon*. It is curious that in the same passage as that in which the Ethiopians are described the author also refers to the practice of circumcision among the Jews and the wearing of ear-rings by the Arabs.

As I have said there is no proof, but, where one has to decide a point like this, one is very strongly tempted to identify the author of this remarkable work with a brilliant personality who so greatly attracted the interest of the greatest historian of the period as to be honoured with a special and absolutely unique biography.

A further confirmation is the literary criticisms which abound. In the first five chapters we find a very appropriate and at the same time highly modern satire (but see VI Style, below) upon orators and teachers of rhetoric who have abandoned the simple vigour of the typically Roman eloquence in favour of the artificial ornate style which in the later years of the Republic came from Asia Minor. Such a criticism is natural in a writer who belongs to the first century after the fall of the Republic, when

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the ascetic tradition of statesmen like the younger Cato was still green in men's memory. Those men of old families who were not dazzled or frightened by the pomp of the new Empire naturally scorned the artificiality of rhetoricians who, not daring to tell the truth, relied on empty embellishment and un-Roman glitter. Still more to the point is the mockery which we find of an epic poet who almost certainly must be Lucan, the poet laureate of Nero's court, author of the *Pharsalia*, who no doubt was acclaimed by the emperor's friends as the super-Virgil. On this question I shall say more later on: it is sufficient here to include the point as one among the many uncontradicted indications which point to Nero's Petronius as the author of the *Satyricon*.

IV. THE BOOK: ITS NATURE AND CONTENTS

THE book itself has come down to us through a precarious tradition, full of vicissitudes. What we have appears to be a fragment containing parts of the 15th and 16th books of the original. This MS. was found in 1663 at a place called Trau^o in Dalmatia by a certain Pierre Petit, bound up together with the poems of three other writers—Catullus, Tibullus and Propertius. The scholar Petit published his text in Paris in 1664. Much excitement and controversy have arisen at various subsequent dates as a result of in-

^o S. Gaselee, *Codex Traguriensis* (1915). Prior to this discovery only fragments were known.

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genious forgeries by scholars who pretended to have found further MSS. But all these turned out to be faulty in execution, and qualified critics gradually forced the forgers to confess. There is an amusing story about a scholar who heard that in the vaults of an Italian cathedral there had been found the "whole remains of Petronius": he journeyed thither in hot haste and was introduced into the vault, only to find that the "remains" were not the literary remains of the novelist, but the mortal remains of an obscure saint of the same name. Prior to Petit's discovery in Dalmatia, only fragments had been extant, though some of the stories in the book had been current in medieval literature for centuries before, and there is evidence that there was in England about the 13th century a MS. of some kind. It is not appropriate to discuss the matter here; I have said enough to show how precarious has been the survival of the book, and how difficult it is to be sure on the one hand who the author was, and on the other hand to what extent we have the actual wording of the book as it was originally composed. It appears, however, that the Trau MS. (known as *Codex Traguriensis*) was at least 300 years old when it was discovered—a fact which would seem to place it beyond the risk of having been a forgery.

An interesting question which has not, in my opinion, been treated with proper care by the critics is as to whether the book is the sarcastic document which the Petronius described by Tacitus sent to Nero in his last moments. Since what we possess is only about one eighth of

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the original, the wiseacre has said—underlining the obvious—that in the hours at his disposal after he knew his time had come he could not have written so bulky a satire. But this absurd implication is unnecessary. When Petronius gave up the administrative career, we are told he became Nero's expert in luxury—"aping the vices of those around him". What more natural for a cynic of his type than to amuse his leisure for several years by compiling a mocking account of Nero's extravagances, by way of a quaint revenge on the tyrannical reprobate? Petronius knew what his ultimate fate was likely to be, and he may quite naturally have prepared his great skit long in advance and had it quite ready for the occasion. I hope (and see no difficulty in believing) that this is what really happened.

The fragments as we possess them consist of a collection of episodes and more-or-less connected stories, mingled with essays in literary criticism and fragments of poetry, ranging from couplets and short lyrics to quite lengthy poems—one of 395 lines in the heroic style of Virgil or Lucan. The whole story, as we have it, revolves round three young men, each called by a Latinised Greek name:—Encolpius, the narrator of the story, his friend Ascyltus, and their attendant Gito. They combine the profession of strolling scholars with the casual occupation of burglary and petty theft, and, being chronically out of funds, are continually on the look-out for hospitality. Their adventures fall into three main sections, occupying the 141 chapters of the book as we have it. The first section, consisting of 26 chapters, narrates how they enter upon a



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of the two parties in court next day, the opponents of our friends, in disgust, agree to an exchange, and all is well.

There follows a remarkable episode in which the partners happen to intrude upon a ceremony sacred to women. It is an extraordinarily interesting episode, since it mimics a very famous act of sacrilege by a prominent politician a hundred years before. Publius Clodius—a sort of Junker of the period—being enamoured of Caesar's wife, invaded in woman's attire a similar ceremony held in Caesar's house, when he was the chief priest of Rome. This sacrilege became a *cause célèbre* which those who wish may study in Cicero's letters.

Then comes the second and by far the most famous section of the novel—the Banquet of Trimalchio—which occupies chapters XXVI—LXXVIII. Trimalchio is an enormously wealthy freedman who is portrayed as typical of the class which came into being as a result of the system under which trade was forbidden to the Roman of good birth and position. He is vulgar and ostentatious, exceedingly acute in matters of business, fond of parading his absurdly inaccurate knowledge of literature and history, superstitious and yet with a respect for knowledge, quarrelsome in his cups, and yet on occasion kind to his slaves. He belongs to a type which, with proper allowances, one may compare with certain South African and American millionaires of the less attractive kinds, who reckon greatness by possessions and happiness in terms of cash. The enfranchised slave or freedman was in Roman society the counterpart, economically speaking,

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of the working man of to-day. Just as the true Roman did not trade, so there was little free labour. The parallel, therefore, in Rome of the modern "nouveau riche" was the wealthy freedman.

The signs of Trimalchio's wealth—his name itself is probably a hybrid word (Latinised Semitic) meaning "Thrice-blessed"—are numerous and entertaining. "He has a clock in his dining-hall with a trumpeter complete, so that he can tell at any moment how much older he's getting": he plays ball, and has special slaves to supply him with a fresh ball whenever one is dropped, and another upon whose head he dries his hands when he washes after the game. From the game to the house he goes in a scarlet dressing-gown, carried in a litter with a flute-player to lend distinction to the procession. His porter is kept busy shelling peas, but he shells them into a silver basin, and a speckled magpie welcomes the guests in the doorway from a cage of gold.

Trimalchio is too great a man to sit down at first with his guests who therefore ate the hors d'oeuvres without him—olives, dormice, sausages, Damascus plums, pomegranates. Later he arrived, saying "It is with reluctance that I have appeared so early in the banquet, but I feared my absence might diminish your enjoyment": he proceeded none the less to finish a game of draughts (using gold and silver coins for pieces).

The narrative is far too long and full of detail for any real description to be given here. But attention must be drawn to the guests, all of whom are worth study. As the dinner progresses,

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each one is called upon for a story, and these are some of the most interesting things in the book. Seleucus tells of a very abstemious man, a teetotaller and ascetic who died of starvation and the bad advice of his doctors—"Doctors", he says, "are useless, except to ease your mind". But he had a splendid funeral, though the widow *did* rather economise in tears. "After all", he says, "women as a sex are regular kites".

Then Ganymede bewails the fearful cost of living, in terms which might be repeated before a profiteering tribunal.

Another guest tells how he is educating his son first in the classics and then in law: he is to be by preference a barber or an auctioneer—or failing these high callings, a lawyer. "Education means wealth: expert knowledge is a permanent asset."

Trimalchio then tells the famous story of the inventor who made unbreakable glass and was executed by Tiberius, lest he should communicate the secret and bring down the value of gold. A little later Niceros, another guest, tells the most interesting bit of folk-lore which occurs anywhere in ancient literature—the very first example of the werewolf story which is so widespread in medieval Europe. Trimalchio counters this story by an almost equally amazing yarn of witches who stole an infant child from its cradle and substituted a straw doll—this being the earliest known example of the belief in changeling babies which survived so long even in Scotland.

Soon after the company is joined by a millionaire stone-mason and his wife who have been

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detained at a funeral, and who enter somewhat mellow, as is not uncommon in Lancashire after a funeral-wake. Except for some bad ham, they have had a really jolly funeral. At this point Trimalchio's wife enters: the description is extraordinarily skilful and vivid, which by itself should place Petronius among the great artists in his class. The detail is admirably done.

An extraordinary scene in which Trimalchio has his will read, describes his monument, and actually rehearses the lying-in-state, swathed in his cerecloth, concludes the long episode. A bath follows, and they are about to sit down to supper, when the crowing of a cock alarms Trimalchio, and in the confusion Encolpius, Ascyltus and Gito escape—and we are not surprised to hear that they are exhausted—mentally, physically, and gastronomically.

The third section of this strange medley finds Encolpius alone after a quarrel with Ascyltus. He falls in with the most picturesque character in the book—Eumolpus, a minor poet. If Trimalchio is a hit at Nero in his physical gluttony and social snobbishness, Eumolpus is a skit on his attempts at composing poetry. Encolpius has gone to visit a picture-gallery—the first description in the world of a picture-gallery is given—and there he meets the poet.

Encolpius and Eumolpus exchange vivid reminiscences and then revert to a discussion on the decay of art. not unlike the argument of Chapters I-IV. It is greed of gain, says Eumolpus, which has caused the degeneration of Art.

The poet then recites a poem of considerable length telling in admirable verse the story of

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the capture of Troy. It follows closely the narrative which we find in Virgil's *Aeneid*, Book II—the story of the Wooden Horse. This is one of the two long verse-passages in the book, the other being that which describes in 395 lines the beginnings of the Civil War which destroyed the Republic and left the House of Caesar lords in Rome.

The great literary problem of the "Satyricon", to my mind, is the spirit in which Petronius wrote this poem "The Capture of Troy" and the other great poem "The Civil War". The curious thing is that both are technically excellent in style, conception and matter: yet both are put into the mouth of Eumolpus, the down-at-heels minor poet who is a mere adventurer of an amusing, but far from admirable type. At the conclusion of his recitation he is stoned by other visitors in the picture-gallery; Encolpius begs him not to drop into verse again; later on in a shipwreck he is pictured in a most comic scene as being in travail with his other poem under a gangway and being dragged bellowing into safety.

Many have said that both poems are parodies on poems composed by Nero himself or his court-poet Lucan; to this the critics rightly reply that neither poem is in the least bit like a parody. Are we then to imagine that Petronius meant them to be taken as serious compositions? If so, why does he put them into the mouth of an absurd character like Eumolpus? On the other hand, it is Eumolpus, who talks so well about Art both in the passage we have quoted and later on in the narrative. It is a

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great puzzle, and must be left an open question. My impression is that it amused Petronius to write poetry just as it amused him to describe Trimalchio's dinner and to reproduce the literary criticism which was in vogue at the Imperial court. If the whole book is a skit on Nero and his circle, I can well imagine a cynic like Petronius delighting to annoy Nero and the laureate Lucan by putting into Eumolpus's mouth poetry quite as good as any that either could produce. I quite agree that the poems are not parodies, but very little knowledge of human nature is needed to imagine the irritation of the Emperor and his court at the thought that their old Expert in Art thought so little of their literary 'effusions that he casually threw off better work himself and attributed it to a comic character like Eumolpus. At all events this explanation covers all the ground and it fits in with one's conception of Petronius as a master of delicate irony. It conveys the horrible taunt that only his high position had saved the mighty Emperor and his laureate from the fate of Eumolpus, at whom visitors to the gallery flung stones as he finished his declamation. Even Encolpius has his fling at Eumolpus. "What do you take", he says, "for that disease of yours? I am not surprised that the public gives you a stony reception. In future I shall keep my pocket full of stones, and directly I see your eye in a fine frenzy rolling I will let some blood and cool your brain." Whether this be the correct interpretation of these curious poems, the fact remains that they are admirable in technique and in execution and a real contribution

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to the poetry of the early Imperial period (see Butler, *Post-Augustan Poetry*, 1909, Ch. V).

The next episode sees the two friends Encolpius and Gito united again and on a ship with Eumolpus. An exceedingly amusing event follows. They find to their horror that the owner of the ship is an old enemy of theirs from whom they had stolen a number of artistic treasures including some sacred Egyptian relics. They think over a number of devices for escaping detection, but all are discarded. Ultimately they get their heads shaved by Eumolpus' servant and try to pose as criminals undergoing condign punishment. But their enemies dream of their presence on board, and one of the passengers who had been sea-sick and seen them being shaved at night gives them away. It was a superstition in Rome that it was unlucky to cut nails or hair on a voyage, except as an offering to the gods when in imminent peril of a shipwreck. So enquiry is set on foot and the friends are ordered to be flogged for bringing ill-luck. The flogging results in their recognition and a terrible quarrel arises which would have ended perhaps in further punishment, but for a terrible storm. The shaving of the heads of the adventurers is made the occasion of a rather neat little poem on baldness.

Just prior to the storm, Eumolpus narrates to the ship's company the famous story of the "Matron of Ephesus"—one of the tales famous throughout the Middle Ages.

After the shipwreck the four men decide to make for the city of Crotona, and, hearing that in this city the great occupation is legacy-hunting, they decide that Eumolpus shall pose as a weal-



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power of picturing a man's personality with two or three vivid strokes. His irony is as free from bitterness as his pictures of sensualism are free from moral indignation. To say that he liked vice is as false as to say that he condemns it.

It is to be borne in mind that the period which he describes was one of complete scepticism in matters of ethics, philosophy and religion. The old Roman respect for the Gods of their fathers, for that "Gravity" and "Piety" which Cato and Virgil had eulogised, had given way to the decadent Greek spirit of indifference: Christianity had not yet obtained any hold, and there was absolutely no standard by which the ordinary man could, or cared to, judge in matters moral. No doubt there were, as there always are, quiet, sober-living people who were still true to the older traditions, but in a slave-owning state the middle-class, so-called, is small and powerless, when great wealth comes from successful warfare and successful trade. For all practical purposes the middle-class of the small towns consisted of enfranchised slaves, of whom Trimalchio is taken as a type. Rich though they were, and often powerful in the Imperial suite, they were not taken seriously by the genuine free-born Roman who was a class apart, naturally superior, and on a different plane of intellectual and moral development. It is the freedman class, consisting largely of enfranchised Greek and Asiatic slaves whose habits and peculiarities provide the material for Petronius' ironical descriptions. To wax indignant over their moral degradation or to deplore their lack of refinement would have seemed absurd

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to a man like Petronius whose highest thoughts would naturally consist of regrets for the old standards of the free Roman. You can imagine him speaking in the spirit of the aristocrats who went to the guillotine in the French Revolution, and saying "Coarse? Naturally, my dear fellow, but you can't expect anything else: look at them: they were all slaves to begin with: they have had no chance: why blame them? Be amused, if you like, but not angry: they mean well."

VI. STYLE

THE remarkable thing about the "Satyricon" is its admirable style. When Petronius makes his common characters speak, we get a splendid idea of the lingo or vernacular of the half-educated Roman, but his own style is the most perfect example of literary Latin of the Silver Age. But more than this, he is a real master of expression for all time, and we owe to him one of the most famous phrases in all literary criticism. Describing Horace, he speaks of his *curiosa felicitas*, a phrase which it is extraordinarily hard to reproduce in English except by a paraphrase (see Chapter CXVIII and note).

The outstanding characteristics of the language are sureness of touch and wealth of vocabulary. I imagine that Petronius wrote very fast and was rarely stopped by having to search for the exact term to express his ideas. It is not the ease of mere fluency, such as one recognises in the expert journalist; it is not the mere accuracy of the expert writing on a familiar subject. It is the ample vocabulary of the versatile man

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of affairs, conscious of power and scorning to write for effect. An acute observer with a retentive memory, he reproduced ideas exactly and without effort; his grasp of detail is reflected in perfection of phrase. It was as easy to him to be accurate in a pen-picture of Trimalchio's wife as to put into vivid language the complex conception of the epic poet's true function. He is equally familiar with the technique of the picture-gallery, the lore of the anthropologist, the lingo of the amateur economist, the argot of the thief.

There were doubtless among Nero's friends many capable critics; there were also of necessity many whose literary efforts were no better than the lip-service of the sycophant. The latter were no doubt, in the long run the more successful. This is no doubt why Petronius (like Mr. G. B. Shaw, though without his egoism) frequently puts into the mouths of people like Eumolpus quite sound maxims with which he himself must have agreed. It is, therefore, in my opinion beside the point to enquire how far in these passages he represents his own opinions. He has the great faculty of complete self-control, and would, I venture to think, have been greatly entertained by the fact that his modern editors trouble to ask how much is serious propaganda. "Do you suppose", he might have said, "that I should expound my serious views in a book like this, for the benefit of a circle like Nero's? Why, they all talk like that!" No doubt the criticisms in Chapters I—V, LXXXIV and CXVIII are such as he himself would have taken as the text for a serious essay: but

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in their context they are, I fancy, just a whimsical picture of the ideas which were tossed about in the Emperor's lounge.

VII. THE TRANSLATION

IT is very easy in translating a passage from a foreign language to give a verbally correct rendering which entirely misrepresents the atmosphere and meaning of the original. No man can be certain even in speaking to a friend in his own language, that he conveys exactly the meaning which he has in his own mind. A curious example of this is that since the War one can talk fairly safely to any man about battalions, a barrage, the R. A. M. C., whereas you may easily be misunderstood even by an ex-soldier, if you talk about a brigade or a corps or the C. G. S., except to somebody who knew something about staff work. Before the War practically nobody would have really understood the one set of terms or the other. Therefore in translating a foreign book on warfare you can now (as compared with in pre-war days), according to the readers for whom you are discoursing, use certain (but not all) technical modern terms with a fair probability of conveying the ideas you wish to convey, and, if you want to convey the right impression, you *must* do so. You must call things by the names your readers use, and vocabulary is relative not only to a period but to groups of people in the same period.

Now the ordinary translator of classical books has, I fancy, limited himself to a small fixed vocabulary, rather specialised and a little prim.

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I do not by this mean to express regret that he keeps close to the original—that is an essential, of course. I mean rather that he shuns the use of quite reputable terms which are in common use among adult educated people of his day and fails to realise that terminology changes with remarkable rapidity from one generation to another. Language proper does not, of course, change so fast as slang, but none the less it changes, and the grown-up cultured society of one decade not only has new terms, but also uses old terms in slightly different senses. Ideas on the other hand are wonderfully permanent, and after all, in translation, the purpose is to convey as nearly as possible to an audience of one's own race and period the ideas which the original author sought to convey to his own audience,—i. e. to the particular public which he sought to address. Archaism, except for the purposes of ritual language and professional technology, is a bar to intelligibility.

It is natural that these changes of idiom—I mean even the quite defensible legitimate changes—should come last to the teacher. In the first place he has studied language and has consciously formed a style of his own; he is less susceptible to, and justifiably more suspicious of, the whims of fashion. If he lives largely among pupils he is naturally and properly on his guard against that which savours of indiscipline in phrase and idiom. Hence it follows, for many reasons, that translations prepared by scholars tend to follow an idiom and to use a vocabulary which differ from those used by adult contemporaries; in consequence they are often repellent if not

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actually misleading. These and similar considerations make Petronius an extraordinarily interesting problem to the non-academic translator. Petronius, intensely cynical about the society of the new empire—its habits, its art, its literature—might well have relapsed into the pessimistic cynicism of Tacitus or poured out his contempt in moral indignation or conventional satire—in either case using the appropriate terminology. Instead, he adopted the attitude which one finds frequently in the disillusioned club-man, and he used the language which was appropriate to that attitude, and intelligible to those for whom he wrote. Possessing a complete mastery of the classic idiom in which Cicero and Virgil wrote, it amused him to exhibit equal facility in the current *argot*, in the plebeian vernacular, in the fashionable Graeco-Latin of contemporary society.

This medley of style I have sought to represent, confident in the internal evidence which is apparent everywhere that Petronius selects his idiom deliberately in every episode. This is obvious in the case of Trimalchio and his fellow-freedmen. Eumolpus is sometimes trivial, but occasionally (see chapters LXXXVIII and CXVIII) he speaks in the language of a capable critic, sincere and observant. In chapter XVII the pompous language of Quartilla is an admirable prelude to the preposterous episode which follows. In all this I have been guided partly by the belief—which I have tried to justify above (p. XVI)—that Petronius was throughout the book mocking Nero and his court and that it was his full intention, if anything untoward should happen to himself, that his readers should be those who

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lived the life he had lived himself, spoke the same language, and were familiar with the same types.

I have, therefore, tried to picture the literary ancestor of a cultured, highly educated man of the twentieth century in London seeking to describe a gross middle-class provincial profiteer, a third-rate poet, a mediocre "Raffles" as parodied by a cinematograph film, and characters like these. The English which such an author would use must bear to the idiom of Matthew Arnold the same kind of relation which the Latin of Petronius bore to that of Cicero. I have not sought indiscriminately to represent the Latin words by the exact meanings found in the dictionary, which gives mainly the words by which the scholar interprets the original vocabulary of an orthodox author. I have tried rather to use the equivalents which the intelligent cynic in the club would use to convey the same ideas to an audience analogous to that for which Petronius may be presumed to have written. I have in general avoided material anachronisms, but I have had no hesitation in making use of verbal anachronisms, to avoid which would be to abandon the hope of producing any real translation.

There is one further point of importance. Just as it is important to get the right atmosphere by selecting words and idioms which are appropriate to the context and to the audience, so it is vital to avoid lengthy paraphrases where the original uses single words. There is a tendency to admire Latin and even French on the alleged ground that they are terse and simple, and to



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translating, since the original was *not* written for children. That is why Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare are given to children, and the original to grown-up people: yet Lamb's Tales are not Shakespeare! Petronius would make a far better Latin translation of Anthony Hope's "Dolly Dialogues" than one could expect from Cicero, Tacitus, or even Juvenal. Petronius was, I think, the most sophisticated of all the Romans who wrote; the translator who seeks to simplify him is a literary prig.

A brief reference must be made to the translation of the verse passages. I do not hope that anyone will approve of these versions. But this is my case. If the work you are translating is all poetry, serious or satiric, you can fairly decide whether you will be content with prose or attempt the immensely more difficult medium of verse. But, when you are faced by a fantastic novel with verse interludes, I submit that it is no translation at all to give the whole thing in prose. It seems to me imperative to risk the reader's contempt by representing the changing forms of the original.

A further point is that one must assume Petronius to have had a definite idea in composing at least the two longer poems—"The Capture of Troy" (LXXXIX) and the "Civil War" (CXIX). My view being that these were in no sense parodies, but just playful "tours de force" designed to show Nero and his friends that he (Petronius) could turn off quite skilful poems and yet thought so little of them as to assign them to the seedy poetaster Eumolpus, I have tried to reproduce this idea

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in English blank verse. The translation will be found fairly close, and I have deliberately imitated brevity and obscurity, in the belief that they were part of the fun. In the case of the longer poem, the actual lines and half-lines almost conform to the original.

As regards the short poems I have allowed greater freedom, occasionally using rhyme, and adopting whatever metre seemed to go best with the original. In dealing with the precise metres I have tried to keep to orthodox verse; in other cases freer metres will be found (see poems in chapters V, LXXXIII, CXXVIII). I claim no more for them than that which (in my view) Petronius would have claimed for the originals, namely that they are cheerful (in intention at all events) and irresponsible; they are also more or less true to the originals. If anyone laughs with (or at) them, it is enough.

VIII. THE MORALS OF THE BOOK

IT is a great misfortune that the *Satyricon* with its wealth of interest, should contain so much that is alien to modern taste. One passage has been omitted altogether, and a number of other passages have, as in Mr. Heseltine's version in the Loeb Series, been left in the original Latin. In many other cases, where the sense allowed, the translation represents the original in a modified form. Such devices, unsatisfactory though they are, cannot reasonably be avoided, and it is hoped that the result will be excused on the score of public decency.

One need not be led into the extreme view

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that the Rome of Nero contained no decent people, but it is at the same time beyond doubt that the standard of morality was low, and that, in the absence of any general code of conduct, the general sense of propriety had fallen below that of the old Republic. The realisation of how low society can fall when the moral code under which it became strong and great is relaxed under the influence of widespread wealth is a warning of real solemnity to thinking people. Discipline—which being properly understood is that social confidence which comes from mutual reliance in times of stress—appears to be self-destructive in that the very achievement of its object removes the necessity for its existence, and—still more strange—it is always among those who impose and demand discipline that we find the protagonists in its dissolution.

After the Armistice a certain Corps Commander issued a Routine Order that all game-shooting was forbidden, since the civil authorities wanted a close season for game: yet he himself spent in game-shooting the afternoon of the very day on which the order reached the district where my unit was billeted. When external pressure ceases, discipline tends to relax, and by the reign of Nero, Rome's wars were all on distant frontiers.

Hence the inroads upon Roman morality of the degraded vices of the East. The unseemly mystic rites which are introduced in the *Quartilla* episode were of oriental origin. So was the vice of sexual inversion which is mentioned in the case of *Encolpius*, *Ascylltus*, and *Gito*, and is condemned so vigorously in the poem

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“The Civil War” (chapters CXIX, ll. 19 and foll.). Petronius had no illusions about these matters: he may have thought that it was too late to protest with hope of success, but there is no doubt as to his attitude towards them. The whole of the opening lines of the poem are conclusive on these points as showing the fatal effects upon Roman society of these imported novelties in vice.

One very subtle point which Petronius makes twice in the book is that to a person who is prone to one vice another vice is disgusting. Thus Tryphaena in Chapter CXIII is horrified by the story of the widow of Ephesus, and in chapter XXV Gito is actually described as a very modest youth (see chapter CXIII, note I). This is a very characteristic example of Petronius' insight into human character, which deserves comparison with passages in Mandeville's “Fable of the Bees”. Petronius pictures a society in which all knew the fatal results of indulgence, and, yet having no guiding star to steer by and no stimulus to urge a better course, were satisfied to go with the stream. The author of “The Glass of Fashion” could hardly put the case more conclusively, though he is at greater pains to point his morals.

IX. NERO AND TRIMALCHIO

IT has become a convention to deny that Petronius, in his picture of Trimalchio, is satirizing Nero. From this convention I find myself compelled to dissent. I would not argue that Trimalchio is simply invented to portray Nero, but

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I cannot conceive that some of the hits at Nero are accidental. One episode *must* have been introduced deliberately—the fall of the gymnast's boy (chapters LIII—LIV), i. e. if we assume that Suetonius correctly describes the fall of an acrobat playing the part of Icarus whose blood splashed upon Nero. Such a dramatic episode cannot have been forgotten and must have been in the mind of Petronius, when he described the fall of the acrobat's boy. Equally convincing to my mind is the continual reference to Trimalchio's love of verse-making and his excursions into mythology and literature generally. Nero's love of finery and ostentatious display cannot have been out of the mind of Trimalchio's creator who, by hypothesis, was perpetually being consulted as the "Arbiter of Elegance" by the Emperor and his satellites. At all events it is inconceivable that Nero and his friends would not have "put the cap on", convinced, as the Mr. Squeers fraternity were in the case of Dickens' *Nicholas Nickleby*, but with far more direct justification since Petronius was in any case their daily critic, that they were being pilloried. To my mind, if the author of the *Satyricon* was identical with Nero's *Arbiter*, it is unthinkable that he could have sketched Trimalchio without thinking of Nero; there are probably hits which we do not recognise at many of his boon companions in the persons of Habinnas and the others.

X. THE NOTES

THE purpose of the Notes is to enable non-classical readers to picture the various scenes

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and to give them some idea as to how far the habits and actions described are known to be characteristic of the age. In a school text-book the notes presuppose access to classical dictionaries; the notes in this book are intended to save the reader as far as possible from having to consult such works. Hence I have given fairly full accounts of the Roman house, the baths, clothing, meals, games, furniture; of state and municipal officials, slavery, religion; of historical and legendary figures (even the better-known). I hope these notes may help the ordinary reader to follow the descriptions without difficulty. Where references are given to learned works they are chiefly to recent accessible publications, especially the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, XIth Edition, which contains the only really authoritative and comprehensive survey that is in any sense up-to-date.

XI. THE TEXT

IT was originally intended to print the text opposite the translation, but this idea was abandoned. The Loeb edition has done this, as also (for the banquet of Trimalchio) the editions of Michael J. Ryan (1905) and Lowe (1905). I have, of course, used Bücheler's text mainly, and if anyone has the curiosity to check the translation he will have no difficulty in seeing where and why I have departed from it. References to Latin words and variant readings in the Notes, few as they are, should, perhaps, for this reason have been avoided; on the other hand they may be convenient and not without interest to those who know the original. Terms noted for their

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historical interest are, of course, necessarily mentioned.

In order to maintain continuity where the manuscripts are defective, I have ventured to incorporate a number of the interpolations which are given in De Guerle's edition. They are marked by square brackets. I make no attempt to justify them, except that they make the connexions a little easier. The lengthy passage in Chapter XI, for example, makes the story of the sea voyage in the third section of the book a little more interesting,—and it is an ingenious piece of “faking”.

XII. SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY

I. *The Text.* Students generally will use Blücher's text (Berlin 1862, 4th ed. 1904); they should consult specially the *Codex Trajuriensis* (1915) of S. Gaselee. The English translations of M. Heseltine (Loeb edition, complete, 1913, reprinted 1916 and 1919); M. J. Ryan (*Trimalchio's Banquet* only, 1905); W. D. Lowe (*Trimalchio's Banquet* only, 1905) all contain the Latin text as well as the English translation. Editions prior to the discovery of the Trau MS. may be disregarded (see list in Heseltine's edition, Introduction, p. XIX). Those who read German should study E. Friedländer's edition of *Trimalchio's Banquet* (1906). For the poem *The Civil War*, the authority is a monograph (with introduction, text, translation and notes) by Florence T. Baldwin (New York, 1911).

The scholar who cares about the history of the MSS. and is curious about the possibility



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1910). Among recent discussions the most interesting are Evan T. Sage, *Atticism in Petronius* (in Transactions of the American Philological Association, vol. XLVI, 1915); R. B. Steele, *Literary Adaptations and References in Petronius* (in *Classical Journal*, Chicago, Feb. 1920); C. W. Mendell, *Petronius and the Greek Romance* (in *Classical Philology*, Chicago, April 1917): and especially Lord Ernle, *Latin Prose Fiction* (in *The Edinburgh Review*, Jan. 1920).

PART I

CHAPTER I

THE DECAY OF ORATORY

SURELY this is exactly the kind of madness that obsesses our professional tub-thumpers? (1) They hold forth like this: "Behold the wounds I suffered for the freedom of the people; this eye I lost in your behalf: give me a guide to lead me to my offspring, for I am hamstrung (2), and my limbs support me not!"

Even these tags we could endure, if they paved the way for coming orators. But, as it is, the net result of all these high-flown themes and the empty thunder of their platitudes is that, when the pupils make their *début* in the Courts, they feel themselves translated into a foreign world. In my opinion, the reason why such brainless young cubs are turned out by our colleges is that they never come into touch with the facts of every-day life. Their normal diet is pirates with clanking chains stalking along the shore—tyrants drawing up decrees commanding sons to strike off their fathers' heads—oracular replies in time of plague bidding the people sacrifice three (or more) virgins—sticky rhetorical lolly-pops! (3); and their every word and gesture is, so to speak, smeared with poppy-juice and oil of sesame.

CHAPTER II

THE GROWTH OF ARTIFICIALITY

FELLOWS who feed on a diet of this sort have no more chance of learning sense than a kitchen-maid has of keeping clean. With all due respect, permit me to observe that you rhetoricians were the very first to drag eloquence in the dust. For by aid of flimsy, trifling devices you found you could raise a sort of laugh, and you ended in reducing true oratory to a nerveless, shattered wreck. Young orators were not machine-made in the old days when Sophocles and Euripides (1) quarried out the words their themes demanded. Professor Dryasdust (2) had not yet destroyed the soul of wit when Pindar and the nine lyric bards (3) were too modest to essay the strains that Homer sang. Nay, let me not call only poets to my aid; full well I know that neither Plato nor Demosthenes (4) was trained by rules like these. Lofty, and may I say "pure", eloquence is not florid or bombastic: it soars aloft in its own natural grace. In these latter days this same inflated, extravagant word-spinning of yours has made its way from Asia (5) to Athens, and, as though under some pestilent star, it has breathed upon the souls of our aspiring young men, and eloquence, its purity once contaminated, is paralysed and holds its peace. In a word, who since that day has reached the heights of Thucydides? Who those of Hyperides (6)? Nay, not even a single poem of a healthy complexion has seen the light; all, as

though fed on the same poor diet, have failed to reach the hoary years of honoured age. Painting, too, has had no other fate since blasphemous Egyptians compiled a text-book to this noble art.

CHAPTER III

AGAMEMNON'S DEFENCE OF THE RHETORICIANS

AGAMEMNON (1) would not allow me to hold forth longer in the porch than he had toiled in the school. "Young man", said he, "your views are not those of the man-in-the-street, and—what is even less common—you have a feeling for good-taste. Therefore I will not try to impose on you with the tricks of the trade. The fact is that the professors provide this stupid jargon because they find that in a madhouse they too must be mad. For, unless what they say tickles the juvenile palate, as Cicero (2) says, they will be left alone in the schools without a pupil. Just like the conventional toady who cadges dinners from rich men (3), their prime consideration is to find out what their audience really wants to hear; their one chance of earning their bread is to charm the ears of the public. Why, the professor of elocution is in the same position as a fisherman: if he doesn't bait his hook with the particular dainty which he knows will make the little fishes bite, he will hang about on the rock without any hope of sport.

CHAPTER IV

NO ROYAL ROAD TO ELOQUENCE

WHAT, then, is the trouble? It is the parents who deserve all the blame: they won't have their sons properly disciplined. For, in the first place, they sacrifice their all, aye and all they hope to have, to ambition. Secondly, in their haste to reach their goal, they direct their half-digested aspirations towards the law-courts, and, in the firm conviction that the mantle of the orator is the most effective garb of all, they dress up their sons in it as soon as they are barely weaned. If only they were content to let them climb the ladder rung by rung! Then young students would enrich their minds by solid reading, would learn discretion by the maxims of the wise, would carve out their technique with a keen-edged tool; they would listen long before attempting to copy, and would be convinced that nothing which satisfies the young is truly great. Then only would true eloquence enjoy her royal state. But now-a-days boys waste their time at school; in their youth they are a laughing-stock in the Courts, and, what is most shocking of all, the errors learned at school we refuse to admit when we grow old.

But I don't wish you to think I undervalue the unpretentious poems which Lucilius used to improvise (1); I myself will give you my opinions in metre.

CHAPTER V

THE POET'S ROAD TO GREATNESS

HE that would scale the sterner heights of Art,
 And bend his mind to higher things, must first
 By self-denial's law make clean his heart,
 Nor for the swaggering palace-grandeur thirst.
 Let him not, servile, cadge the great man's fare,
 Nor, friend of wastrels, quench the spirit's glow
 With wine, nor greet the jestings of the player
 With hired applause from out the deadheads' (1) row.

But whether he's nursed 'neath the fortress grim of the
 armed Tritonian maid (2),
 Or a Spartan settlement (3) nurtured him, or the home
 where the Sirens (4) played;
 His boyhood's years he must give to song, and quaff
 the Mæonian (5) spring
 With a generous heart; he must hurry along, just giving
 his steeds their fling,
 With Socrates' pupils, and unafraid he must learn from
 Demosthenes
 To wield the orator's giant blade; and—when he has
 learned all these—
 Then let the poets of Roman race throng round, and,
 their old Greek dress
 But lately abandoned (6), in native grace, lend him their
 own loveliness.
 Let the page have done with the dusty Court, let Fortune
 go her own way;
 Let the theme be banquets and fields hard fought, told
 bravely in warrior lay;
 Let Cicero's thunders try thy soul; be these thy
 strengthening.
 So in full stream high thoughts shall swell from the
 true Pierian (7) spring.

CHAPTER VI

I LOSE MY WAY

I WAS paying the closest attention to this effusion, and so I failed to observe that Ascyltus had slipped away. Moreover, as I was stalking about the gardens with my head swimming after this torrent of words, a great mob of students swarmed into the porch (1), apparently coming from an extempore address by some person or other who had taken up Agamemnon's discourse (2). So, while the young sparks were tearing his axioms to shreds and making hay of his literary style, I took the chance, made myself scarce, and proceeded hot-foot on the track of Ascyltus. But I never noticed my direction: also I had no notion which inn I was staying at. And so, go where I would, I found myself back again, until at last, fagged to death and wringing with sweat, I approached an old girl who was selling common vegetables.

CHAPTER VII

AND FALL INTO A TRAP

SAYS I to her: "Please, mother, you can't tell me where I live, I suppose?". She was immensely tickled by my naïve politeness, and replied: "Of course, I can"; whereupon she rose from her seat and proceeded to lead the way. I took her for a witch, when lo and behold! when we had reached an out-of-the-way corner, the obliging dame held up a patched old curtain and announced:



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strength, it would have gone hard with me.”

(At this point the two friends by forcible means effect their egress and resume the search for their bostelry. [The text here is uncertain].)

CHAPTER IX

THE TREACHERY OF ASCYLTUS

AS though in a fog, I caught sight of Gito standing on the edge of the Broadway, and I staggered up to where he stood.

(Later on the same evening)

While I was inquiring as to whether my little brother (1) had prepared us a meal, the boy collapsed on the sofa, and wiped away his streaming tears with his thumbs. I was distressed by my little friend's piteous plight, and asked him what had happened. Slowly and reluctantly, and only after I had backed my requests with angry threats, he confessed the trouble.

“That brother-in-arms, that comrade of yours”, he said, “a few minutes ago ran into my apartment and began to assault me shamefully. When I cried aloud for help, he drew his sword and shouted: ‘Very well then—if you are Lucretia (2), you have found your Tarquin’.”

When I heard this, I shook my fist in Ascyltus's face and cried: “What have you to say? You worse than harlot, you—whose very breath is an offence!”

Ascyltus pretended to be shocked: then he squared his fists with fresh courage and shouted at the top of his voice: “Hold your peace,

you scurvy gladiator, you who got the sack even from the arena (3). Hold your tongue, you midnight cut throat—you who, even in your palmiest days, never found favour with a decent woman—you who led me astray in a plantation (4) just as you are ruining this child here in the inn (5).”

CHAPTER X

THE QUARREL

“YOU sneaked away”, I retorted, “when I was talking with the professor.”

“Well, you stupid ass”, says he, “what was I to do, when I was perishing of hunger? Do you suppose I could stand listening to his theories, a sort of rubbish-heap of broken glass (1) and explanations of dreams (2)? You have sunk a good deal lower than I, upon my soul, when you praise a poet to get a dinner for nothing!”

The result was that our vulgar quarrel dissolved in laughter, and we turned to other matters in a better temper.

Later on, my thoughts harked back to my wrongs. “Ascyltus”, I said, “I realize that you and I can’t get on together. Very well, let us divide up our baggage and each try to keep the wolf from the door by his own earnings. You are a scholar, and so am I. And, as I don’t want to interfere with your takings, I will take up some different line. Otherwise we shall run up against each other every day in a thousand ways, and the whole town will ring with our disputings.”

Ascyltus raised no objection. "Right", says he. "But since in our capacity as men of learning we are bidden to a banquet to-day, let us not throw away the evening. To-morrow, however—since we've made up our minds—I will look out for a separate lodging and a new pal."

"It's dull work waiting", I rejoined; "why postpone our pleasures?"

It was my personal inclination which prompted this sudden dissolution of partnership; for days I had been itching to rid myself of his troublesome attentions, for I wanted to have Gito all to myself as of yore.

Ascyltus, furious at the insult, made no reply, but went out with a bang. His headlong departure boded ill: I knew his ungovernable temper and his equally ungovernable lust. So I went out after him, to see what he was up to, and to foil him if I could; but he gave me the slip and I looked about a long time in vain.

CHAPTER XI

ASCYLTUS AVENGES HIS DISMISSAL

I PEERED about from one end of the town to the other, and then I returned to my garret. At last I had Gito all to myself. The Gods themselves might have envied me, but in the middle of it all Ascyltus cautiously approached, forcibly broke the bolts, and found us larking together. Thereupon he made the whole room ring with his laughter and applause. He pulled

me over and stripped off the coverlet. "Aha, my pious brother!" he cried, "now I know what you were after, when you tried to get rid of me." * Nor did he confine himself to sarcastic taunts; he unfastened the strap from his knapsack and proceeded to slash at me with a will (1), gibing bitterly at me the while: "That's not the way to go shares with a mate."

[The unexpectedness of the onslaught (2) prevented my resenting his rudeness and his blows: therefore I turned the matter into a jest, and very wise I was. Otherwise it would have meant a regular set-to with my rival. My forced merriment calmed the storm: Ascyltus joined in my mirth.

"My dear Encolpius," quoth he, "you are so absorbed in your fun that you forget we're on our beam-ends! There's nothing left but a handful of coppers! In the dog-days the city is dry; the country will pay better: let us visit our friends."

Sheer necessity compelled me to assent and to choke back my tale of bitterness. So we piled the baggage on Gito's back, shook the dust of the town from our feet, and made tracks for the stately home of the knight Lycurgus. In days gone by Ascyltus had been a dear friend of his, and he welcomed us in style. A large house-party was staying there, which caused

* The reading is uncertain. The alleged compound *vesticontubernium* is rendered by Lewis and Short "bed-companionship", and would refer to the friendship of Gito and Encolpius. The sense, however, seems to be that Ascyltus realizes the reason for the dissolution of partnership.

things to be quite gay. Among the ladies in the house the *belle* was one Tryphæna. She had come with a sea-captain called Lichas, who held land near the coast. I can't say much for the food Lycurgus gave us, but words fail to describe the entertainment which the place afforded. I must tell you that the tender passion paired us off from the beginning. The lovely Tryphæna took my fancy, and she lent a ready ear to my vows. But I had barely broken the ice when Lichas, furious at being jilted, accused me of embezzling (3). She was, in fact, an old flame of his, and with a grim humour he demanded compensation for surrendering the lease. In his disappointment he called me to account. But I was over head and ears in love with Tryphæna, and wouldn't hear a word. This repulse made him angrier than ever; he dogged me about everywhere, and even burst into my room at night; but when I mocked his prayers, he had recourse to violence. At this I shouted for help so loudly that the household was roused, and by the kind office of Lycurgus I escaped his unwelcome attentions. Finally, when he saw that Lycurgus's house did not provide the opportunities he wanted, he tried to persuade me to accept his own hospitality; I declined the invitation, whereupon he enlisted the support of Tryphæna, who seconded the invitation the more gladly, because she foresaw she would have a freer hand there.

I followed the dictates of my heart, and accepted. But Lycurgus, who had renewed his old friendship with Ascyltus, would not let him depart. We therefore made a compromise, he

staying with Lycurgus while we went off with Lichas; moreover, we made a compact to share and share alike in any booty that either of us managed to pick up. The joy of Lichas when his invitation was accepted was extraordinary; he hastened our departure, bade adieu with alacrity, and we found ourselves at his house on the self-same day. On the journey Lichas made his dispositions carefully so that he sat next me, while Tryphæna sat with Gito. This strategic move was due to his intimate knowledge of Tryphæna's flirtatious habits. Nor did she disappoint him, for she promptly set Gito's heart on fire, as I had no difficulty in perceiving. Indeed, Lichas took the trouble to draw my attention to the fact, and saw that I had no doubt about it. Therefore I was the more ready to treat him nicely, and he was delighted beyond measure—being of course quite sure that my lady's ill-treatment of me would kindle my disgust, and that in my anger I should feel more kindly disposed to him. This is what actually happened at his house. Tryphæna was captivated by Gito; Gito was her devoted slave—two bitter pills for me to swallow at once. Meanwhile Lichas, eager to keep me happy, daily thought out new entertainments for me, while his amiable wife, Doris, vied with him in providing fresh attractions. So ingenious were they that I promptly banished Tryphæna from my affections. By a meaning glance I signified my passion to Doris, and the gentle coquetry of her eyes responded so clearly that before a word had passed we tacitly expressed the mutual beating of our hearts. The jealousy of Lichas, which I had good cause

to know, kept us from speaking openly, while affection told his wife her husband's attitude to me.

When we had our first chance of talking together, she told me her suspicions; I made no bones about it, and I described to her how straitly I had put him aside. But observe a woman's guile! "We must walk warily", said she; and in pursuance of her plan I made one concession and gained the other.

Meanwhile poor Gito needed some relaxation, and Tryphæna returned to me, but I snubbed her, and this changed her ardour into hatred. Thereupon she dogged my footsteps and discovered my double-dyed disloyalty. The husband's attitude to me she thought nothing of—it hadn't hurt her; but my *affaire* with Doris she could not endure, and she broke the news to Lichas, who in his jealousy forgot his passion and started out for revenge. Doris, however, received a hint from one of Tryphæna's maids to dodge the storm, and our clandestine joys were suspended.

When I heard the story, I cursed Tryphæna for her treachery and Lichas for his base ingratitude, and laid my plans for moving on. Luck was on my side, for on the day before a vessel consecrated to Isis (†), with a cargo of offerings, had run onto some neighbouring reefs. I therefore took counsel with Gito, who was nothing loth, because Tryphæna had first fooled him to the top of her bent and now appeared to be jilting him.

Early next morning, therefore, we made our way to the beach, and boarded the ship the more easily because we were known to the



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covered, because the ship had her stern away from the shore, and the captain had not yet returned to the ship. The fact of our departure was at last admitted, and Lichas, vastly annoyed, vented his wrath on Doris, whom he asserted to be the cause of our departure. I won't inflict upon you the story of the bad language and the thrashing he administered: I draw a veil over them one and all; it is enough to tell you that Tryphæna, the centre of the whole storm, urged Lichas to search for the truants at the house of Lycurgus, which was their most probable refuge, and she begged to be allowed to go with him, so as to give us a good dressing down for our wickedness. Next day they set off and arrived at the castle. We were not at home, because Lycurgus had taken us to a festival of Hercules which was being observed in a village not far away. When they heard this, they hurried off headlong to meet us, and we all met in the temple porch. When we caught sight of them, we were struck all of a heap. Lichas poured out bitter complaints in Lycurgus's ear; but Lycurgus received him with the coldest of frowns and an incredulous stare, and I was emboldened thereby to pitch a strong tale about his own villainy, first in the house of Lycurgus and then at his own home. Tryphæna put in her oar, but she also had the worst of it because I told the whole story to the company which had assembled at the sound of our altercation, and by way of corroboration I pointed to Gito and myself, and showed what a trying experience we had gone through.

The jeers of the mob left our enemies dumb-

founded, and they left the field with vengeance in their hearts. They saw beyond question that Lycurgus had been prejudiced in our favour, and resolved to wait for him at home and open his eyes. The performances ended too late for us to reach home that night; so Lycurgus took us to a place half way on the road, and next morning left us still fast asleep, and made for the castle (6) to begin his day's work. There he found Lichas and Tryphæna in wait for him; they used all their wiles upon him to induce him to hand us over. Lycurgus, a brute by nature and a monster of perfidy, pondered how he should entrap us, and begged Lichas to send for help, while he had us put under lock and key at his lodge. He went off to the lodge, and when we arrived gave us a welcome quite as warm as that of Lichas; with his hand on his heart he upbraided us for our dishonest attack on Lichas, and ordered us—with the exception of Ascyltus!—to be confined in our sleeping apartment. Even Ascyltus he refused to hear in our defence. Then he carried off Ascyltus to the castle, and handed us over to a guard till his return. On the way Ascyltus vainly sought to soften his heart: in vain he implored, in vain he cajoled, in vain he wept. Then it occurred to him that he might effect our escape. At all events he was sohipped by the obstinacy of Lycurgus that he would have nothing to do with him, and thus it was all the easier for him to carry out his design. When the household was enjoying its first sleep, Ascyltus shouldered our belongings, and, creeping out through a hole in the wall which he had noted beforehand, he reached the villa before daybreak.

Entering without opposition, he made his way to our room which our gaolers had carefully locked. But it was an easy matter to effect an entrance: the bolt was a wooden one, and an iron crowbar easily prized it open. The falling of the lock awoke us, for in spite of our hard luck we were snoring away. The gaolers were worn out with their night's vigil, and we alone were roused by the crash. Ascyltus entered, and in ten words described his labours on our behalf. We saw the game in a trice. While slipping into my clothes I conceived the idea of killing the guards and rifling the villa, and I broached it to Ascyltus. The latter part of the plan took his fancy, but he felt that our escape would be imperilled by bloodshed. Knowing every nook of the house, he led us to the store-room and unbarred the doors with his own hand. We picked out all the most valuable objects, and, as it was not yet dawn, we slipped away, avoided main thoroughfares, and kept on the move till we felt we were out of danger.

Then Ascyltus recovered his breath, and enlarged on the satisfaction it had given him to plunder the house of the skinflint Lycurgus. He had good reason to curse his stinginess; he wanted all his fun for nothing; the food was poor, the wine scarce; in fact, he was such a miser, that, though he was rolling in wealth, he refused even the necessaries of life.

Ascyltus proposed to enter Naples the same day. But I objected. "It's folly", I said, "to betake ourselves to the very spot where, in all likelihood, they will look for us first. Let's keep away, and take a short tour: we're all right for money".

This scheme was adopted, and we proceeded to a village which offered all the charms of unlimited chances of plunder, where quite a number of our good friends were spending their holidays. We had scarcely gone half-way when a thunder-shower came down in bucketfuls and drove us helter skelter to the nearest village. We entered the inn, where we noticed that many others had taken shelter. The place was so crowded that we were unobserved: thus we had a better chance of spying round for plunder, and Ascyltus, without anybody noticing, picked up a small bag in which he found gold pieces galore. This early stroke of luck put us in the highest spirits, but we were terrified lest search should be made, and so we secretly slipped out by a backdoor (7). There we came upon a groom harnessing his horses who, happening to have forgotten something, went to look for it in the house and left the horses. In his absence I loosened the harness and pulled off a magnificent riding-coat that was attached to the saddle (8): then we stole away past some outhouses into the adjoining wood. Feeling a good deal safer in the depths of the wood, we had a long discussion about finding a *cache* for the gold, lest we should be convicted of the theft or robbed in our turn. Finally we decided to sew it into the lining of a threadbare tunic, which I thereupon threw over my shoulders. Ascyltus was entrusted with the riding-coat, and we decided to make for the city by devious routes. But on the point of emerging from our hiding place we caught these ominous words: "They can't escape; they entered the copse. We'll separate so as to catch them the more easily."

We were terror-stricken at the words. Ascylltus and Gito made a bolt for the city through the brushwood, while I retraced my steps with such headlong speed that my precious tunic slipped from my shoulders unperceived, and it was not till I was too worn out to put one foot before the other that I sank down in the shade of a tree, and then for the first time noticed my loss.

Grief gave me new strength and I rose to my feet to search for the lost treasure. For hours I ran hither and thither in vain, until at last, fagged to death and sick at heart, I pushed my way into a glade where the trees were thicker than elsewhere: there I tarried for four hours until the awful loneliness got on my nerves and I looked about for a way out. As I was emerging I caught sight of a yokel. I had need of all my courage, and it did not fail me. I went up to him boldly and asked him the way to the town, grumbling over my weary wanderings in the forest. Taking compassion on my pitiful plight, for I was as pale as a ghost and covered with mud, he asked me whether I had seen anyone in the wood. "Not a soul", said I. Then he escorted me with all politeness to the high-road. There we met his two companions, who reported that they had scoured every track through the wood and found nothing but a cloak which they produced. I hadn't the face to claim it, as you may well imagine, though I knew its value well enough. Then I fell to bewailing my loss with more bitterness than ever, though I concealed it from the bumpkins; and owing to my growing weariness I walked more slowly than usual.

Naturally it was pretty late when I reached the town. When I limped into the inn I found Ascyltus more dead than alive, sprawling on a low pallet; I threw myself on another couch, too tired to utter a single word. He was dismayed at not seeing the cloak which he had left in my charge, and peremptorily demanded it from me. In a state of collapse I signified what had happened by a look; then as my strength gradually returned, I related the tragedy, Ascyltus thought I was playing with him, and, though he had proof enough in the piteous tears that poured down my cheeks, he was frankly unconvinced and felt sure that I was trying to swindle him. Gito, looking on, was as wretched as I was, and the boy's misery redoubled my despair. But I was tortured still more by the fact that justice was on our tracks: this I explained to Ascyltus, but he was buoyed up by his own successful escape, and made light of it. Besides he was dead certain we were out of danger: "Nobody knows us", said he; "nobody can identify us".

All the same we decided to feign sickness, so that we could stay in the bedroom a bit longer. However, our cash ran short before we had thought of moving: necessity knows no law, and we were forced to sell our ill-gotten gains.]

CHAPTER XII

THE ENCOUNTER IN THE MARKET-PLACE

THE dusk was coming on when we approached the market. We saw any quantity of goods

for sale, but of no great value—in fact, the sort of commodity which turns up with doubtful credentials and sells best in an uncertain light. We had brought with us our stolen riding-coat, and we proceeded to take this convenient opportunity of unwrapping it, just the outside edge and no more in a quiet corner, in the hope that its elaborate texture would attract a purchaser. In a few minutes a certain yokel, whom I knew only too well, approached me with a woman at his side, and began to inspect it with some attention. Ascyltus returned the compliment by staring fixedly at the shoulders of our rustic customer. Then suddenly he gasped and held his tongue. I, too, got a shock when I looked at the fellow, for I felt sure he was the man who had found the cloak (1) in the depths of the wood; beyond question he was the very man! But Ascyltus, not trusting his eyes and anxious to do nothing rash, before presenting himself as a purchaser, went close to him, drew back a fold from his shoulders and fingered it carefully.

CHAPTER XIII

WE BEHOLD OUR LOST TUNIC

AMAZING luck! The silly yokel had not even felt the lining, and with supreme indifference was offering it for sale like any ordinary beggar's pickings. Having satisfied himself that the money was intact and that the vendor was a fellow of



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With the exception, however, of a solitary copper which we had brought with us to buy chickpeas and lupine, we hadn't a cent on us. And so, being afraid of losing our plunder in the meanwhile, we decided to reduce the price of the riding-coat and make a small sacrifice for the bigger profit. No sooner had we therefore unrolled the garment than the veiled woman, who accompanied the yokel and had examined the cloth with considerable care, seized it by the border with both hands, and shouted at the top of her voice: "I've caught the robbers!" As a counter stroke we, in terror lest we should seem to be in a hole, laid hands on the dirty battered cloak and with equal indignation shouted that they had stolen *our* property. But the case was not on all fours, and the mob (2) who were attracted by the uproar very naturally laughed our claim to scorn, for the obvious reason that, while our opponents were claiming a valuable piece of stuff, we were fighting for a garment that was too far gone for patching. Finally, Ascyltus managed to stop their merriment, and when he got a hearing, he addressed them.

CHAPTER XV

WE SEE THAT EVERYBODY LIKES HIS OWN THINGS BEST

"LET them return our tunic, and we'll hand over their riding-coat."

The countryman and the lady were content

with the exchange, but the bystanders*, themselves a crew of nightbirds and eager to finger the plunder, insisted that both articles should be lodged in their keeping and that on the morrow the judge should hear the dispute. They argued that it was not merely a case of doubtful ownership, but a much more serious question, namely that suspicion clearly suggested stealing by both parties. It was agreed that a receiver (1) be appointed, and one of the dealers, a fellow with a bald head and a bulbous brow, who was wont to act as a sort of solicitor, had laid hands upon the riding-coat, undertaking to produce it next day. But it didn't take much brains to see that their sole object was to lay hands on it, and keep it hidden—the thieves!—in the sure belief that we shouldn't risk the charge of theft by putting in an appearance.

This suited us down to the ground. And so the upshot of the trouble was a relief to both parties. For the farmer-fellow in his rage at our insisting on the production of the ragged old tunic flung it in Ascyltus' face, threw up

* *Advocati iampaene nocturni*. Lewis and Short "summoned almost in the night-time (i. e. very early)": but who were they? who summoned them? and why refer to the time of day? We have been told it was dusk. Is it not possible that *advocati* signifies the bystanders who had constituted themselves arbiters of the dispute, and were themselves a pack of thieves? *Nocturni* (cf. "nightbirds") suggests this. *Iampaene* is obscure in any case. Bücheler prefers to read *poenae*, i. e. the officers who kept the peace of the market after nightfall. Possibly *quidam* should be read for *iam*.

26 PETROIUS, LEADER OF FASHION

his complaint against us, and demanded that we should deposit the great-coat—which was the real bone of contention. And so we recovered our booty, as we thought, and made a bolt for our lodging. There behind locked doors we roared with laughter over the smartness displayed by brokers and plaintiffs alike in-as-much-as with immense cunning they had merely handed us back our money.

That which I seek must not be lightly gained,
And victory bores, when once it is attained.

We had cut the stitches and were pulling out the gold pieces when we heard somebody inquiring from mine host what manner of men they were who had just entered the inn. We were, horrified, and when the visitor had gone, I went down to see what was the matter, and found it was a magistrate's clerk (2), whose duty it was to enter the names of strangers in the local records; he had seen two visitors enter the hotel whose names were not yet entered on his lists and had therefore called to inquire about their birth-place and their business. Boniface stated these facts in such a casual way as to rouse my suspicions that we were not out of the wood. To avoid arrest we decided to slip out and not to return till night; so we departed, leaving the preparations for supper in Gito's hands. Our intention being to avoid the main thoroughfares, we kept to the deserted parts of the town, and towards dark in a deserted street we chanced upon two cloaked ladies, very seemly to look upon; these ladies we followed slowly till they came to a chapel

which they entered. A curious hum, as of voices emerging from the depths of a cavern, fell upon our ears. Curiosity led us to enter the chapel, and there we saw a company of women, in Bacchanalian garb, each carrying a phallic emblem in her right hand. More we were not allowed to see: as soon as they saw us they raised a great cry which made the very dome vibrate. They tried to lay hands on us, but we fled headlong to our inn.

CHAPTER XVI

WE ARE VISITED BY A LADY

WE had barely done justice to the supper which Gito's kindness had made ready when the door echoed to a pretty peremptory knock. Pale to the lips, we cried out "Who's there?" "Open and see", said the voice.

The words were hardly out of our mouths when the bolts slipped back and fell away automatically: the door swung suddenly open and made way for the visitor. Behold a lady with veiled head, the very one, to wit, whom we had met with the country yokel a few hours before.

"I suppose", she said, "you thought you had scored off me? I am Quartilla's lady's-maid: it was her sacrifice that you just disturbed at the entrance of the grotto. Behold! she is on her way in person to this hostelry, and she begs she may be allowed to discourse with you. Pray be not alarmed: she does not blame you

for your mistake, nor does she demand redress. Nay, on the contrary, she wonders what god has sent such gallant gentlemen into her precincts."

CHAPTER XVII

ARRIVAL OF QUARTILLA

WE were still speechless, uttering no word, polite or otherwise, when the lady herself entered with a single maid in attendance. She seated herself on my couch and wept for some time; not even this performance drew any comment from us: we stood stock still watching her admirable pose of misery. At last the storm of ostentatious tears subsided (1); she unveiled her haughty countenance, and wrung her hands till the very joints cracked.

"Ah monstrous wickedness!", she cried (2); "where learned ye a villainy that shall surpass the wildest fiction? My heart bleeds for ye, upon my soul (3); for never man has seen the forbidden thing and lived. My realm, I assure ye, is full of guardian deities: there ye may likelier see a god than a mortal. Think not that I am come hither for vengeance; your youth moves me more than my own wrongs. For ye wist not, meseems, when you sinned the mortal sin. For myself I was troubled in my soul this night; I shivered with so deadly a chill that I dread an attack of tertian ague. And so I sought a medicine in my sleep, and I was bidden to seek ye out, and tell ye my poignant suffering, and so to ease my pain. But 'tis not for my own relief that I chiefly

seek; a greater sorrow eats away my heart-strings and brings me near to death. 'Tis lest, forsooth, in your youthful wildness ye tell abroad the things ye saw in the sanctuary of Priapus (4), and show forth to the vulgar the counsels of the gods. Therefore do I kneel and stretch out to ye my upturned hands; and I beg and beseech ye not to hold up our midnight rites to scorn and mockery, nor publicly degrade the secrets of the ages which scarcely a thousand human beings know (5)."

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW THE GREAT LADY WAS CALMED

WHEN this prayer was ended, her tears poured forth anew, her body was rent with bitter sobbing; she bowed her head and breast upon my couch. Distressed at once by pity and apprehension, I bade her be of good cheer and have no fear on either score.

"Neither of us", I said, "will tell your practices abroad, and, if the god prescribe some other cure to stay your fever, we will risk our lives to supplement the wisdom of providence."

This assurance made the lady more cheerful; she covered me with kisses, and, her tears turning to laughter, she gently* stroked my flowing curls.

"I make a truce with you", she said; "I

* Various readings are proposed. *Lenta manu*, softly or gently, seems preferable. *Dentata* (literally "toothed") conceivably suggests the English "combed my locks" (i. e. using her hand as a comb). Another suggestion is *tentata*.

withdraw my charges : had you refused the medicine which I seek, my servants were in readiness to avenge my wrongs and outraged majesty on the morrow.

'Tis shameful to be scorned : to tyrannize
 Is brutal: this I love—to go my way;
 Scorned, you will mend the quarrel, if you're wise:
 The man who kills not, he doth win the day!

Thereupon she clapped her hands and suddenly broke into such a shout of laughter that we trembled in our shoes. Likewise the two maids, the one who arrived first and the one who had attended her mistress.

CHAPTER XIX

SHE DEMANDS HER CURE BY FORCE OF ARMS

THE whole place rang with their stagey laughter, we in the meanwhile being at a loss to explain this sudden change of front, staring now at one another, now at the ladies.

Then quoth Quartilla: "I have given orders, therefore, that this day no living soul be admitted to the inn. I must go through the cure of my tertian ague with you undisturbed".

At this speech of Quartilla's Ascyltus for the moment was flabbergasted; I froze with a more than Arctic (1) chill, and hadn't a word to say. But when I calculated the odds, my fears were nipped in the bud. Three frail little women on one side: on the other we three, not giants perhaps, but at all events of the stronger sex:



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potent kind"; and without further warning she produced a goblet filled with a kind of tonic and with much playful chaff and badinage she induced me to drink up pretty nearly all the contents. In-as-much as Ascyltus had lately snubbed her, she poured the last drops of the mixture over his back before he noticed it. Ascyltus hearing our talk come to an end, cried out: "Look here, don't I deserve a drink?"

A laugh from me gave her away. She clapped her hand; "Oh yes, I did offer it, my young friend: but (turning to me) you drank the last drops yourself!" (3) "Am I to understand", asked Quartilla, "that Encolpius swallowed the whole draught?"

She sook with the prettiest laughter imaginable. Even Gito ended by joining in our merriment; at all events after the maiden flung her arms round his neck and gave him a shower of kisses, which he accepted with a good grace.

CHAPTER XXI

OUR PUNISHMENT AND THE ENSUING BANQUET

WE yearned to cry for help in our sorry plight, but there was no one at hand to save us. On the one hand Psyche pricked my cheeks with a hairpin (1) the moment I tried to call on my countrymen for aid; on the other side the young girl stifled poor Ascyltus with a sponge (2) soaked in the love-potion. To wind up with, there dashed upon us a loathsome varlet, in a rough frieze coat (3) of myrtle-brown tucked up to his

waist, who subjected us to the grossest indignities.

At last Quartilla, who carried a rod of office made of whalebone and had her skirt pinned up to her knees (4), signalled that our sorrows were at an end. We both swore a dreadful oath that our awful secret should perish with us. Then there entered a number of gymnasium-attendants (5), who anointed us with the regulation oil and rubbed us down.

This treatment dispelled our fatigue. We put on our wedding garments again and were conducted into a neighbouring chamber, where we found three couches richly dight and all the other paraphernalia of luxury in gorgeous display. We were bidden to take our places, and, after a delicious appetiser to begin with, we were literally drowned in real old Falernian (6). The courses came and went, and we began to grow drowsy. Whereupon Quartilla protested: "What", she cried, "have you the face to think of sleep when you know you ought to be celebrating the Priapus vigil!"

CHAPTER XXII

WE DOZE AND ARE ATTACKED BY BURGLARS

POOR Ascyltus was by now so worn out with his many hardships that he was dozing off. The young lady whom he had so basely snubbed then took her revenge by rubbing his face all over with burnt cork (1) and smearing his lips and neck with charred sticks (2), he blissfully unconscious the while. I, too, was in a state

of collapse after all my woes and had already indulged in a preliminary snooze. In fact, the whole household indoors and out was in a like case: some were lolling here and there at the feet of the banqueters, others were propped up against the walls, a few lay higgledy-piggledy in the very doorway, cheek by jowl. Even the lamps were running short of oil and burned with a flickering guttering light.

About this time two scoundrelly Syrians (3) slipped into the dining-hall to collar a bottle of wine; in their greed they went for each other all among the plate and smashed the bottle between them. The table was knocked over, silver and all, and a goblet was knocked down by accident and fell from a fair height right onto the head of the maid, who was lying like a log on the divan. She shrieked in pain, and her cry betrayed the thieves and woke some of the muddled revellers. The would-be thieves, seeing that they were caught, promptly sank down together beside a couch to avert suspicion, and set up a snore as though they had been slumbering for hours.

The chief butler (4) was likewise disturbed from his nap. He poured oil into the dying lamps and the slaves rubbed their eyes awhile and resumed their duties. Thereupon there entered a girl who played the cymbals (5), and the clash of metal drove sleep away.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE FUN GROWS FAST AND FURIOUS

ENTERS a low comedian, the last word in stale vulgarity (1), quite in keeping with our surroundings. This artist clapped his hands in time with his whining dirge, and this was the style of his effusion:

Hither, hither, gather round,
 Fellow-scoundrels all.
 Foot it briskly, lightly bound,
 Fair of form, on the ground!
 Veterans and youngsters, all
 Cunning-fingered, leap and fall,
 All ye who know the Delian wound (2).

The catch ended, he gave me a gruesome salute. Then he leapt upon my couch and with all his might strove to drag me out in spite of my struggles. He sat on my chest and vainly wrestled with me. Streams of hair-oil (3) poured down his brow and the powder (4) ran in ridges on his cheeks till his face resembled a stucco wall in a thunder-shower.

CHAPTER XXIV

ASCYLTUS AND GITO IN TROUBLE

“QUAESO”, inquam, “domina, certe embasi-coetan (1). iusseras dari.” Complosit illa tenerius

manus et "O" inquit "hominem acutum atque urbanitatis vernaculae fontem. Quid? tu non intellexeras cinaedum embasicoetan vocari?" Deinde ut contubernali meo melius succederet, "Per fidem" inquam "vestram, Ascyltos in hoc triclinio solus ferias (2) agit?" "Ita" inquit Quartilla "et Ascylto embasicoetas detur." Ab hac voce equum cinaedus mutavit transituque ad comitem meum facto clunibus eum basiisque distrivit. Stabat inter haec Giton et risu dissolvebat ilia 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."

CHAPTER XXV

A WEDDING IS ARRANGED

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 et quae non plus quam septem annos habere videbatur, [et] ea ipsa quae primum cum Quartilla in cellam venerat nostram. Plaudentibus ergo universis et postulantibus nuptias

[fecerunt] 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 inclinata sum, et subinde procedentibus annis maioribus me pueris applicui, donec ad hanc 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.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE CEREMONY

IAM Psyche puellae caput involverat flammeo (1), iam embasicoetas praeferebat facem, iam ebriae mulieres longum agmen plaudentes fecerant thalamumque incesta exornaverant veste, cum Quartilla quoque iocantium libidine (2) accensa et ipsa surrexit correptumque Gitona in cubiculum traxit.

Sine dubio non repugnauerat puer, ac ne puella quidem tristis expaverat nuptiarum nomen. Itaque cum inclusi iacerent, consedimus ante limen thalami, et in primis Quartilla per rimam improbe diductam applicuerat oculum curiosum lusumque puerilem libidinosa speculabatur diligentia. Me quoque ad idem spectaculum lenta

manu traxit, et quia considerantium cohaeserant vultus, quicquid a spectaculo vacabat, commovebat obiter labra et me tanquam furtivis subinde osculis verberabat



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CHAPTER XXVII

TRIMALCHIO PLAYS BALL

IN the meantime we, being ready dressed, began to lounge—or perhaps I should rather say, fool about—and mingle with groups of bystanders, when suddenly our eyes fell upon a bald-headed old fellow garbed in a reddish shirt playing ball (1) with a bevy of long-haired boys. It was not so much the boys that attracted our attention—though they were well worth looking at—but the old gentleman himself, taking exercise with his slippers (2) on, and throwing green balls about: the quaint thing was that, when once a ball was missed, he wouldn't stop to pick it up, but was always supplied with a new one by a slave who carried a bagful. Some other unusual features we noticed as well: he had two eunuchs stationed at different points of the ring of catchers, one holding a silver vessel, and the other keeping count of the balls, i. e. not of those which were caught and thrown from hand to hand, but of those which were missed.

While we were marvelling at these elaborate arrangements, Menelaus ran up and informed us that this was the gentleman, we were to dine with (3): “In point of fact”, says he: “This is the preliminary canter.”

The words were scarcely out of his lips when Trimalchio signified by snapping his fingers that the game was over. He then called for some water to wash his hands, and dried his fingers—he had scarcely troubled to moisten them—in the locks of one of the slaves.

CHAPTER XXVIII

TRIMALCHIO GOES IN PROCESSION
FROM THE BATH

IT would take too long to tell you everything in detail. In brief, then, picture us in the baths(1). After a moment or two in the hot room we came out into the cooling chamber. Trimalchio was already anointed with perfume, and was being rubbed down, not with common jack-towels, but with bathsheets of the softest wool. Meanwhile three ointment-quacks(2) were drinking Falernian(3) close to him; each was struggling to get the most wine, and the best part of it was spilled, whereupon Trimalchio remarked that they had drunk his health(4). Then he was wrapped up in a scarlet-coloured dressing-gown(5) and lifted into a litter(6), four flunkeys with decorations on their breasts preceding him, as well as a sort of bathchair(7) in which rode a favourite slave, a blear-eyed fellow(8)—past his best and uglier even than my lord Trimalchio himself. As the procession moved off, a flute-player with miniature pipes approached and discoursed music in his private ear all the way, for all the world as though he were imparting some dark secret.

We fell in behind, by this time in a state of bewilderment, and along with Agamemnon arrived at the portal. On one of the pillars we found a placard with the legend:

ANY SLAVE
LEAVING THE MANSION
WITHOUT HIS LORD'S PERMISSION
WILL RECEIVE
ONE HUNDRED LASHES.

In the doorway stood a janitor (9) in green livery with a girdle of cherry-colour, shelling peas in a silver basin. Above the door hung a golden cage from which a speckled magpie greeted the guests.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE GLORIES OF THE ENTRANCE HALL (1)

WHILE I was gazing round at all this splendour, I nearly fell on the back of my neck (2) and broke my legs. For there on the left hand as we went in, close to the porter's lodge, was a gigantic dog on a chain, painted on the wall, and over him in big capitals the words **BEWARE OF THE DOG!** Of course my companions were convulsed with laughter, but I pulled myself together at once and went on with my examination of the other frescoes (3). One panel represented a slavemarket, price-marks and all; another Trimalchio himself wearing his hair long, with a wand of Mercury in his hands, being led into Rome by Minerva; a third showed how Trimalchio had learned to add up accounts and afterwards had graduated as a bailiff. To each of these scenes the cunning artist had attached

a full description. Towards the end of the hall I saw Mercury conducting him by the chin like a teacher of swimming, and escorting him to an elevated judgment throne: there at his side stood the Goddess of Fortune with her great Horn of Plenty, and the Three Fates spinning the golden threads of Destiny. I observed too in the hall a band of runners at exercise with their trainer, and in one corner there stood a large cabinet where in a small shrine were silver images of the household god, a statue of Venus in marble, and a golden casket of considerable size, which they told me had the honour of containing my lord's first beard (4). I began thereupon to question the major-domo about the pictures in the middle. He told me briefly that they were scenes from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* and a picture of the gladiatorial show given by Laenas (5).

CHAPTER XXX

WE ENTER THE BANQUETING-HALL (1)

BUT we were not given time to satisfy our curiosity. We were already at the threshold of the dining-hall, at the entrance of which sat the steward busy with his ledgers. I was astonished beyond measure to see fastened to the doorposts of the hall the rods and axes (2) arranged at one end in such a way as to represent the brazen bows of a ship with the following inscription:

PRESENTED TO CAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO
 PRIEST OF AUGUSTUS
 BY HIS STEWARD CINNAMUS.

Beneath this same dedication there was a lamp with twin lights hanging from the ceiling, and there were two placards, one on either doorpost, of which one, if I remember rightly, bore the following legend:

On the 30th and 31st of December
our Gaius goes out to dinner (3).

The other placard was a calendar showing the phases of the moon and the seven planets, with the lucky and unlucky days distinguished by coloured studs.

We had fully examined all these objects of interest, and were on the point of entering the banqueting-hall when a slave, told off for this special duty, cried out "Right foot (4) first, gentlemen". I can assure you we all hesitated for a moment, fearing lest one of us should cross the threshold with the wrong foot. But just as we had like a squad of soldiers stepped off with the right foot, a slave, who had been stripped to receive a flogging, threw himself at our feet and implored us to beg him off. He told us that he had got into trouble for a very small delinquency, namely that in the baths the steward's clothes, worth barely a couple of shillings, had been stolen from him (5). So we drew back our right feet and appealed to the steward, who was counting out gold in the hall, to forego the beating. He looked up with extreme dignity.

"I don't mind the loss of the clothes", he assured us; "it is the carelessness of this rascally slave. The garments he has allowed some thief to steal were my dinner-suit, a birthday present from a client of mine: they were genuine

Tyrian cloth, but they had been to the laundry once (6). Well, it is a mere trifle! I leave him to you, gentlemen."

CHAPTER XXXI

WE ARE SERVED WITH THE HORS D'OEUVRES

OVERPOWERED by his lofty concession, we proceeded into the banqueting hall, and were there met by the identical slave for whom we had interceded. To our amazement he showered kisses upon us in gratitude for our kindness.

"You will not be long in discovering," he hinted, "who it was you befriended. The master's private cellar (1) is the slave's thank-offering."

At last we were allowed to take our places. Alexandrian slaves poured iced water on our hands; others attended to our feet (2), paring the nails with remarkable skill. Even during this delicate operation they were not silent, but they sang as they worked. I was curious to discover whether the whole staff was able to sing; so I asked for a drink. My behest was obeyed on the spot by a boy singing in a shrill treble. Whatever you asked for was brought to a vocal accompaniment. In fact it was more like a comic opera than a respectable citizen's dinner-party.

However, in due course the *hors d'oeuvres* were served, and very excellent they were. All were now reclining in their places, with the exception of Trimalchio, for whom, being an up-to-date host, a special place was reserved (3). The dinner-service included a miniature ass of Corinthian

bronze (4) laden with a double pannier containing olives, white on one tray and black on the other. The ass also carried two dishes (5) engraved on the rims with Trimalchio's name and the weight of the silver. There were also small iron frames shaped like bridges, upon which were served dormice (6) garnished with honey and poppy-seed. A gridiron of silver carried sausages steaming hot, and below were black plums from Damascus and sliced pomegranates from Carthage (7).

CHAPTER XXXII

TRIMALCHIO JOINS HIS GUESTS

WE were revelling in these delicacies when, behold! Trimalchio himself was borne into the hall with musical honours, and reposing upon tiny (1) cushions! The spectacle drew a laugh from the surprised guests—and not unnaturally. His close-cropped head stuck out from a cloak of bright scarlet; his neck was well wrapped up, and he had donned a linen cloth with a broad stripe and tassels dangling here and there. On the little finger of his left hand he wore a heavy gilt ring, but on the last joint of the next finger he had furthermore a smaller ring, which appeared to me to be of solid gold but as a matter of fact was picked out with brilliants made of steel. Also, to show that these did not exhaust his jewel-case, he had his right arm bare, encircled with an armlet of gold and an ivory circlet clasped by a gleaming metal plate.



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We took our spoons (4), which, by the way, weighed a good half-pound each—and broke the eggs, which were composed of a rich paste. For my own part I was on the point of throwing away my share, for it seemed to me that my egg already contained a chicken. But thereupon a guest who knew the ropes whispered to me: “What; there must be some rare dainty inside.” So I pursued my investigations among the shells, and finally found a plump little fig-pecker (5) hidden away in yolk seasoned with pepper.

CHAPTER XXXIV

TRIMALCHIO MAKES LIGHT OF A BREAKAGE AND MORALIZES ON HUMAN FRAILTY

AT this point Trimalchio at last finished his game. He had all the previous dishes set before him, and in a loud voice proclaimed that if any gentleman wished to have a second glass of mead he was at liberty to call for it. Then suddenly, at a loud crash from the orchestra, the waiters—their voices still raised in song—whisked away the *hors d'oeuvres*. But in the confusion one of the side-dishes chanced to be dropped, and a slave rescued it from the floor: Trimalchio saw the episode, had the boy's ears boxed, and bade him throw the dish down again. A litter-slave (1) appeared with a broom and swept up the silver dish along with its scattered contents. Enter next two long-haired Ethiopians carrying small skins—like those which are used when they sprinkle the sand in the amphitheatre—and poured wine over

our hands; for not a soul was offered anything so common as water (2).

Someone complimented our host on his super-excellent good taste. "Fair play", he returned, "is the War God's motto (3). That's why I ordered that each guest should have his own table. These frowsy slaves make the air so thick unless there's plenty of room for them to pass."

As he spoke, there appeared carefully sealed glass winejars (4) the necks of which were labelled

FALERNIAN

CONSUL OPIMIUS

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

As we read the inscriptions, Trimalchio clapped his hands and remarked "Alas, alas!, wine outlives poor miserable man! Let us then swim in it (5), for wine is life. I give you the real Opimian. It's a finer brand than I provided yesterday, for all that the company was a more distinguished lot than you."

Of course we drank our fill, and, as we were loudly applauding his splendid hospitality, a slave produced a silver skeleton with its joints and backbone so ingeniously constructed that it moved every way. He played with this toy on the table, making it assume the various attitudes which the mechanism allowed. Then he moralized:

Man's life is mean and miserably poor,

For when he goes below, he is no whit

More than this doll: so, while you live be sure

You get your full enjoyment out of it (6).

CHAPTER XXXV

THE EPICURE'S ZODIAC

OUR plaudits having died away, the second course was served. It was not as gorgeous as we expected, but so extraordinary that it attracted every eye. It was a big round tray with the signs of the Zodiac arranged round the edge, and over each sign the master-artist (1) had placed a dainty appropriate to the subject (2). Over Aries, the Ram, were butter-beans; over Taurus, the Bull, a Porterhouse steak; over the Twins, two kidneys and a pair of sweetbreads; over the Crab (Trimalchio's sign) (3), a festal garland; over Leo the Lion, a fig from his native Africa (4); over Virgo, the udder of a yearling sow; over Libra, the Scales, a balance with tarts in one pan and cheese-cakes in the other; over Scorpio, a salt-water fish; over Sagittarius, the Archer, a hare; over Capricorn, the Horned Goat, a lobster, claws and all; over Aquarius the Rainbringer, a goose; over the Fishes, a pair of mullets. The centre-piece was a little heap of grassy turf bearing a^h honey-comb. Bread was handed round in a miniature silver oven (5), to keep it hot, by an Egyptian boy, and even this fellow favoured us with a music-hall catch in an excruciating voice.



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of 'Carve' (8). Thus whenever my lord cries 'Carve', he gives him his name *and* his orders".

CHAPTER XXXVII

I AM INTRODUCED TO TRIMALCHIO'S WIFE

WHEN I could eat no more, I turned again to my neighbour with the object of picking up all I could, and probing his store of yarns. I inquired who the lady was who was bustling all round the hall.

"That is Trimalchio's lady", says he. "Fortunata is her name, and she measures her fortune by the cartload". "And before?", I asked, "what was she before?"

"With all respect to your feelings, she was the sort of person from whose hand you wouldn't have taken a piece of bread. Now—I can't tell you the why and the wherefore—she has soared among the gods (1) and is Trimalchio's guide, philosopher, and friend (2). In a word, if she told him that it was pitch-dark at midday (3), he would believe her. He himself has no idea of his possessions: he is a regular mine of wealth; but his lynx-eyed spouse keeps track of everything, even when you least expect it. She is a canny dame, sober-sided and saving (4), with the tongue of a shrew and the domestic virtues of a magpie (5). If she likes you, she likes you; if she doesn't, she doesn't. Trimalchio owns estates too wide for a kite (6) to fly over them, and a bank-account like a bottomless ocean (7). The silver plate in his doorkeeper's cupboard

exceeds what any other man possesses all told. His retinue of slaves! Great Scot (8), I don't suppose ten per cent of them know him by sight! I assure you, any one of these half-baked wretches he could squeeze through the eye of a needle (9).

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE RICH MAN AND THE BANKRUPT UNDERTAKER

“AND don't you suppose he buys anything from shops! He produces all he wants himself. Do you want wool, citrons, pepper, milk 'fresh from the hen'? (1) You can find it. For example, some time ago he found his flocks were producing a poor quality of wool; well, he bought special rams from Tarentum (2) to improve the breed. He wanted real Attic honey from his hives; so he had a consignment of bees from Athens, and obtained a better quality by cross-breeding with the natives. And, look here! Not three days ago he sent an order to India for some mushroom seed. Every single mule in his stables was foaled from a wild-ass (3). Look at these cushions: everyone stuffed with flock of purple or scarlet dye (4). He is the last word in luxury.

But don't imagine that his brother freedmen are mean fellows compared with him. They all ooze money (5). You see the fellow sitting last on the bottom divan (6); to-day he's worth a cool eight-hundred-thousand (7). He began in the gutter and earned his living by carrying timber on his back. There is a yarn—I can't

answer for it, but I've heard it—that he bonneted the familiar spirit of a hidden treasure, and so put his hand on the cash (8). I don't grudge anyone the favours of providence. He still smarts from the slap which ended his servile career (9), but he looks after Number One. So the other day he put up a board on his door with a notice:

GAIUS POMPEIUS DIOGENES

HAVING TAKEN A MANSION

THIS ATTIC IS TO LET FROM JULY 1st.

What do you think of the man sprawling in the freedman's seat? (10). He was a rich man once. Poor chap, you can't blame him. He had a six-figure fortune once, but he played the fool. I don't think he can call his very hair his own, and, by Jove, it was sheer bad luck! He is a thoroughly good fellow, but these confounded freedmen collared all he had. I tell you this: once the pot stops boiling, or the ship gets a bad list, your friends clear out. Fancy a respectable tradesman reduced to such a wretched plight! He was an undertaker (11), and kept a table fit for a king; boars roasted whole, elaborate pastry, game; he kept a staff of *chefs* and pastry-cooks. More wine was thrown away in his house than the ordinary man has in his whole cellar. Now he is merely the shadow (12) of a man. When the wolf was at the door, and he feared his duns suspected him of going bankrupt, he gave notice of an auction:

GAIUS JULIUS PROCULUS:
SALE OF SURPLUS STOCK."



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I have many feet to stand on, and I own property by land and sea; for the crab squares it with both elements. That was why I put no viand over that sign, for fear of upsetting my horoscope (9). Under Leo the Lion, are born men who devour their fellows and boss them (10). The Maiden presides over the birth of girls, cowards, and criminals; Libra over that of tradesmen generally, such as butchers and chemists; Scorpio over poisoners and garotters; the Archer over people who squint, who look earnestly at the cabbage and pocket the ham; Capricorn, the Horned Goat, over horny-headed sons of toil (11); Aquarius over innkeepers and people with water on the brain (12). The Fishes over speechmongers (13). So the globe turns round like a mill-wheel, always bringing trouble of some kind, so that men are always being born or dying. But as for the heap of turf you see in the centre with the honey-comb on the top, this too has a meaning like the rest. It represents Mother Earth, rounded like an egg, the heart of the universe, containing within it all manner of good things, like the honey-comb."

CHAPTER XL

WHEN THE BOAR WAS OPENED THE BIRDS BEGAN TO SING

"BRILLIANT!" we all cried with applause, and with uplifted hands we vowed that Hipparchus (1) and Aratus (2) could not hold a candle to our host.

Thereupon attendants appeared and laid co-

verings on the front of the couches embroidered with scenes showing nets and spears and all the paraphernalia of the chase. We were still wondering what new mystery to expect, when outside the hall a loud din arose, and, behold, Spartan dogs (3) began to leap hither and thither even around the very table. Behind them appeared a charger on which lay a wild boar of the very largest proportions with a freedman's cap (4) on its head; from its tusks hung two woven baskets of palm-leaves, one full of Syrian, the other of Theban, dates. Round the boar were small pastry pigs as though sucking, to show that the beast was a broodsow. These latter were mementoes (5) for the guests to take away. The duty of dismembering the boar was assigned not to our old friend Carve, who had dealt with the fowls, but to a huge fellow with a long beard, wearing leggings (6) and a closely knit hunting-cape (7); with a stout hunting-knife he struck a shrewd blow on the boar's flank, whereupon a covey of thrushes (8) flew out—only to be caught on the spot by fowlers (9) standing ready with reeds smeared with lime as they fluttered round the hall. Trimalchio bade each one receive a bird for himself, and added "Now let's see what delicate acorns our porker has been devouring from the woods." Boys at once approached the baskets which hung from the tusks and handed each guest his share of the two kinds of dates.

CHAPTER XLI

THE CAP OF FREEDOM:
TRIMALCHIO FREES A SLAVE

MEANWHILE I was in a brown-study, buried in my thoughts, and pondering as to the meaning of the cap of liberty (1) on the boar's head. After I had indulged in all sorts of absurd conjectures, I took my courage in both hands and asked my omniscient friend to expound the riddle. Says he: "Even your servant could tell you that; it's no mystery, but as clear as daylight! This boar escaped yesterday's banquet and was *set free* by the guests: thus he reappears to-day in the rôle of a *freedman*." Confound my stupidity! I vowed to ask no further questions, lest people should think I had never dined at a decent house before.

We were still talking when a comely youth, wearing a garland of vine-leaves and ivy, in the rôle of Bacchus posing now as Bromius, now as Lyaeus, now as the Evian god (2), went the round handing grapes from a basket, and singing one of Trimalchio's lyrics (3) in a piercing treble. Trimalchio turned at the sound. "Bacchus", he said, "I set you free!" The boy snatched the cap from the boar's head and donned it himself. Thereupon Trimalchio chimed in with another epigram: "Now you won't deny that the god of Freedom is my father." We applauded the pun, and warmly saluted the boy as he passed round.

After this course Trimalchio left the room.



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luck: a doctor's no use except to ease your mind. However, he had a really swell funeral (3)—his bier resplendent with gorgeous coverings. The mourners—the manumissions in his will were fairly numerous (4)—were beyond reproach, even though his widow did rather economize her tears. What if he had not left her so comfortably off, I wonder? After all, women as a sex are regular kites (5). It's no good doing them a kindness; you might as well throw it down a well. A worn-out passion is like an ulcer."

CHAPTER XLIII

A LONG LIFE AND A MERRY ONE

WE began to feel bored, and Phileros broke in.

"Let us think of the living. Your friend has had his deserts. He lived and died in the odour of respectability. What has he to complain of? He started with a copper, and he made his pile. He didn't mind picking a farthing out of a dunghill with his teeth. And so his hoard increased bit by bit like a honey-comb. I wager he left a round hundred-thousand, and every bit in hard cash. One thing, however, I will say frankly, for I've tasted dog's tongue (1): he was a truculent devil, too free with his tongue, pugnacity personified, not an ordinary human being. Now his brother *was* a good sort—loyal to his friends, open-handed, a lavish host. At the outset he struck a bad patch (2), but the first harvest put him on velvet (3); for he sold his wine at his own figure. And the thing that really kept him afloat (4) was that he dropped

in for a legacy out of which he netted more than his proper share. Thereupon the silly chump (5) who is dead lost his temper with his brother and handed over the money to some nobody or other (6).

If you want to exclude your kith and kin,
You've got a long way to go.

He made confidants of his slaves, and they ruined him. Believe everyone and you'll never get on, especially in business. However, he did pretty well out of it all his life, and it's a sound motto: "Better get the legacy, than be the rightful heir". Fortune was a mother to him: if he touched lead it turned to gold (7). But, of course, it's all plain sailing when the course is clear (8). And how long do you suppose he lasted? Seventy years odd! and he was as hard as nails, bore his years lightly, and hadn't a grey hair (9). I had known him for ages and ages. And up to the last he was an old rake: all fish came alike to his net. He had catholic tastes, and I don't blame him either. It's all over with him now."

CHAPTER XLIV

THE 'HUNGRY FORTIES' AND THE LAMENT OF GANYMEDE

WITH this Phileros gave way and Ganymede chimed in: "You fellows are talking of things which don't matter a scrap in heaven or earth, and no one seems to care about the ruinous rise in corn. I take my oath I couldn't find a bite

of bread to-day. And look how the drought continues! We've been on short commons for a whole year now. Devil take the commissioners (1); they're hand in glove with the bakers. "You help me, and I'll help you"; the unhappy public is between the upper and the nether millstone, while your lordly gluttons have one long beanfeast (2). Ah, for a week of those sturdy warriors whom I found here when I first arrived from Asia! That was real life! Those money-grubbing magistrates used to get a gruelling (3) as bad as if Jupiter himself had been annoyed with them. I recollect Safinius. He lived by the old arch (4), when I was a boy, and a peppery fellow (5) he was. The very pavement smoked when he walked. But he was as straight as a die, and never went back on a pal. You could play "Up Jenkins!" with him in the dark without a qualm (6). In the House he laid out opponents right and left: there was no finesse about him—he hit straight from the shoulder. When he argued a case in the Courts his voice resounded like a trumpet. He never mopped his brow, or hemmed and hawed. I think he had Asiatic blood (7) in his veins. How genially he returned a greeting! He knew us all by name, and addressed us like comrades. And so in those days corn was dirt cheap: for a penny you could buy a loaf bigger than you and a pall could eat; now they run smaller than bulls' eyes (8). Alas, alas! It gets worse every day; this place is growing downwards like a cow's tail. But why do we put up with a third-rate minister (9) who thinks more of a penny in his own pocket than our very existence?



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right—and only man is vile! There's a slump in our markets, but so there is abroad. We've no business to be down-hearted; the sun's the same distance away everywhere! If you emigrated, you'd be yarning dolefully about the pork-chops walking about in the streets at home. And, my dear chap, we are within three days of a really scrumptious festival. It won't be a common or garden sham-fight with slaves, I assure you; the bulk will be freedmen (2). Our friend Titus is a generous soul and knows his way about. He gets what he pays for. I know, because he's a great friend of mine; he's no muddler! We shall hear the clash of real steel—no quarter given; the blood will flow red in the arena, for all to see. And he can afford to pay, too. His father, dead now, poor fellow, left him thirty million. So 400,000 won't sink the ship, and he will get no end of kudos out of it (3). He's set up a stable (4) already; a female driver (5); and he's taken on Glyco's steward, who was caught red-handed with his master's wife. There will be a nice disturbance between injured husbands and cooing doves. But Glyco, a pitiful creature, handed his steward over to fight the wild beasts—which was merely giving himself away. You wouldn't blame the slave: he had no chance. It was that common hussy who deserved to be thrown to the bulls. However, if a man daren't whack his donkey, he always takes it out of the harness. Glyco was an ass to expect a silk purse from a sow's ear. Hermogenes could cut the claws of a hawk in full flight; snakes don't give birth to harmless ropes. Glyco, poor Glyco, fouled his own nest,

and he will bear the stigma as long as he lives; nothing but death will wipe it out. However, he made his bed and must lie upon it.

But I can catch a whiff of the spread Mammaea (6) is preparing for us; with eighteen pence each for me and mine (7). If he runs to this, he'll cut out Norbanus (8) altogether; and I give you my word he will win easily in a canter. And, after all, what do we owe to Norbanus? He showed us a set of twopence-ha'penny gladiators, already so broken down that they would have collapsed if you had whistled to them. I've seen a better lot fighting wild beasts before now. As for the horsemen he showed by candle-light (9), well, you would take them for scraggy old roosters. One was a lumbering old pack-horse, another went lame, a third was an animated corpse with his hocks cut. There was only one—a solitary Thracian (10)—with an ounce of devil, and he fought like a mere machine. In short, they all were whipped afterwards; the whole crowd loudly demanded "Give them a hiding for showing the white feather." "Well, anyhow", said he, "I have given you a good show." "Yes", said I, "and I am giving you a clap. Reckon it up: you've received more than you gave. We're all square, my friend".

CHAPTER XLVI

HE IS AN ADVOCATE OF EDUCATION

"HULLO, Agamemnon! I can hear you saying 'Confound that bore.' And all because you, who are a professional talker, refuse to open

your mouth. You are a cut above us; that's why you laugh at our humble talk. We know that much book-learning has made you mad. Well, well, perhaps I can induce you some day to visit my country-house, and see my humble abode. We'll just take pot-luck—a fowl for example, and some eggs. We shall have a good time, even if the wretched weather this year has turned everything upside down. There'll be enough to eat.

And my young hopeful is already treading in your footsteps. He can divide by four already; if he's spared, you will find him your devoted attendant. If he has a moment to spare, he glues his eyes to his book. He's a bright lad with his head screwed on the right way, though a perfect terror for pet birds (1). I slaughtered three goldfinches of his the other day and told him it was the cat. But he consoled himself with other pets, and now he has taken up painting. Moreover, he has begun to dip into Greek, and is pretty useful at his Latin, though his tutor is easy-going and casual in his methods: he comes asking for books, but he has no real love for work. And the other tutor (2) I have—well, he's not a very learned person, but he's conscientious, a fellow who imparts more than he knows himself.* And so in the holidays he comes home and is satisfied with whatever you give him. I've bought the boy some law-books (3), because I want him to get a smattering of legal knowledge for home consumption. It means

* Possibly another son is meant. The Latin bears either interpretation.



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the ideal host, and herein I am on the side of the doctors. If necessity should arise, you will find all ready without—water, etc., etc. Take my word for it, wine goes to the head and creates trouble in the whole body. I know lots of cases of men who have died from it through being too polite to own the truth.”

We were lost in gratitude at this proof of his thoughtfulness and hospitality—and forthwith concealed our amusement by diligent attention to our glasses!

We were still in blissful ignorance of the fact that we were only now in the thick of the fray, and that, as they say, we had still more ‘rivers to cross’ (2). For when, to the accompaniment of the band, they had cleared the tables, three white pigs were hauled into the room, adorned with muzzles and bells. The master of the ceremonies (3) first introduced them to us, being respectively two, three, and six years old. I was under the impression that we were in for an acrobat show (4), and that the pigs, as we are accustomed to see at street-corners, would perform tricks. But Trimalchio upset my calculations altogether by asking. “Which of these will you have added to the menu on the spot? At any country inn, they will serve up a turkey or a hash *à la* Pentheus (5) and similar tit-bits; but *my* cooks are quite accustomed to serving calves boiled whole.”

Thereupon he sent for the cook, and, without waiting for us to choose, bade him kill the six-year-old porker. Then he raised his voice and addressed the cook: “What section (6) do *you* belong to?”, says he.

The *chef* replied that he belonged to "Number Forty".

"Are you a new acquisition", replied Trimalchio, "or are you a home-grown product?"

"Neither", replied the cook, "I was part of Pansa's legacy to you."

"Is that so", says Trimalchio, "well, get a move on! If you don't hustle I'll have you degraded to the rank of messenger-boy" (7).

The cook, duly reminded of his lordship's magnificence, carried the pig off to the kitchen.

CHAPTER XLVIII

TRIMALCHIO IS PLEASED TO BE FACETIOUS

THIS done, Trimalchio turned to us with a genial smile. "If you don't care for this wine, I will change the brand: the proof of the wine is in the drinking. By the goodness of Providence I don't buy my wine. Mention any special bouquet you like; it grows in a country estate of mine—which I confess I have not yet seen. They tell me it adjoins my acres at Terracina and Tarentum (1). My present aim is to join Sicily on to my estates, so that, if it occurs to me to go to Africa, I need not cut adrift from my own territories.

However, tell us, Agamemnon, what was your subject in the schools to-day? I admit I am no lawyer, but I have picked up enough for my private purposes. And don't imagine that learning is a bore to me: I have two libraries (2)—one Greek, one Latin. Let us hear then, and

you love me, the theme of your oration."

Says Agamemnon: "A rich man and a poor man were at issue."

Trimalchio at once broke in: "What do you mean by a poor man?" (3)

"A fair hit, your worship", replied Agamemnon, who thereupon entered on some explanation which I need not repeat. When he had finished, Trimalchio cornered him with a dilemma: "If these are facts, there is nothing to decide: if not, there's no case."

This epigram, along with several more, we received with enthusiastic applause.

Then said Trimalchio: "My excellent Agamemnon, I'm sure you haven't forgotten the Twelve Labours of Hercules, and the yarn about Ulysses, how the Cyclops (4) squeezed out his thumb with a wedge? In my childhood I read all about it in Homer. With my very own eyes I saw the Sibyl suspended in a glass case at Cumae (5), and when the boys said: 'Sibyl, what is the matter?' she would always reply: 'I yearn to die' (6)".

CHAPTER XLIX

HOW WE WERE TAKEN IN BY THE CHEF

HE was still gassing away when a tray containing a big boar was put on the table. We began to express our amazement at this lightning cookery and to swear that the time had not been enough for cooking a common fowl, with the greater emphasis because the animal seemed



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CHAPTER L

THE ORIGIN OF "CORINTHIAN" WARE

AT this ingenious contrivance the waiters gave a cheer crying in chorus: "Bravo, master!" The cook, moreover, was rewarded with a drink and a silver crown, and further presented with a goblet on a Corinthian brass tray. Seeing that Agamemnon was looking intently at this goblet, Trimalchio remarked: "I have a monopoly in genuine Corinthian ware."

I supposed that with his usual conceit he was going to claim that all his vessels were imported from Corinth. But this time Trimalchio scored.

"Perhaps", he said, "you want to know why I have a corner in Corinthian plate?—the fact is that the dealer I buy from is called 'Corinth'. I ask you what can fairly be called 'Corinthian' unless you get it from 'Corinth'? Don't you suppose either that I'm no scholar. I know right well where the Corinthian ware first came from. When Troy was taken, that cunning scoundrel and prince of thieves, Hannibal, piled all the images of brass, gold, and silver into one great funeral pyre, and set fire to it (1). The product of that promiscuous conflagration was a bronze amalgam. This solid mass the smiths laid hold of, and out of it made cups and plates and statuettes. That's the meaning of 'Corinthian-made', consisting of neither metal wholly, but of both combined together. You will forgive my saying so; I prefer to drink out of glass vessels—at all events they don't taste the wine. If they

weren't so fragile, I would sooner have them than golden ones; as it is they have no value."

CHAPTER LI

CAESAR'S WAY WITH INVENTORS

"THERE was once a craftsman who made a glass cup that no one could break (1). He gained audience of Caesar along with his offering, and, pretending to hand it to Caesar, he let it fall on the marble floor. Caesar literally gasped with amazement. But the proud inventor picked up the goblet, which was merely dented like a vessel of bronze: then he took a hammer from his coat-pocket, and with the gentlest of taps easily got rid of the dinge. He naturally expected to be taken for Jupiter himself, especially when Caesar asked him: "I suppose no one else knows how to produce glass like this?"

Now for the sequel. The man said: "No, not a soul". Then said Caesar: "Off with his head—if this device came into general use, gold would be worth no more than potter's clay."

CHAPTER LII

TRIMALCHIO'S PLATE. HE DANCES, HEARS THE BAILIFF'S REPORT, AND GIVES HIS VIEWS ON THE STAGE

FOR my part, I am a connoisseur in silver. I possess a round hundred three-gallon beakers. The decorations are mythological. They show Cassandra (1) killing her sons, and the murdered

boys lie on the ground just as though they were still alive. Then I have a thousand cups which Mummius (2) left as a legacy to my late master: they show Daedalus shutting up Niobe in the Trojan horse (3). Some of my plate represents the conflicts of Hermeros and Petraites (4)—and all are solid and heavy. I assure you, I wouldn't sell my expert knowledge for untold wealth."

In the midst of his harangue, a boy dropped a tankard. Trimalchio turned towards him and remarked: "Go and hang yourself, good-for-nothing idiot that you are." The slave with trembling lips entreated mercy. "Well", said Trimalchio, "why plead with me, as though I were the hangman? I told you to do yourself the favour of not being such a fool." Thereupon we all joined in, and finally induced him to let the boy off.

Thus let off, the boy danced round the table, shouting: "Pour out the water, pour in the wine." We all received the jest (5) in a proper spirit, especially Agamemnon, who was an artist in securing dinner invitations. Trimalchio, however, was so exalted by our eulogy that he plied the bottle with increased geniality, and, being by this time three sheets in the wind, remarked: "No one has yet invited my Fortunata to give us a dance. I tell you, her high-kick is the last thing in dancing (6)".

Thereupon he himself threw his arm above his head and favoured us with a turn in the style of the actor Syrus (7), while the whole establishment shouted in concert: "Medea, Super-Medea". (8) He would soon have been out in the middle of the room, had not Fortunata whispered in his



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departments and the wills of some foresters which contained a flattering codicil disinheriting Trimalchio. Then a list of the bailiffs; then the divorce of a freed-woman, wife of a watchman, on the ground of adultery with a bath-man; the exile of a hall-porter to Baiæ; proceedings against a steward; and lastly the decision between some grooms of the bedchamber (2).

However, at last the acrobats (3) appeared. An absurd knock-about held up a ladder on end, and caused his boy to climb up the rungs to the top, and there to give us a dance and a song. Then he made him leap through blazing hoops, and pick up a big jug in his teeth. No one except Trimalchio was at all impressed by this turn: he complained that the world thought far too little of such skill; he himself found nothing in the world so entertaining as a knock-about show, or a tune on the cornet. All other stage-play, he said, was sheer waste of time.

“I bought a troupe of comedians once myself, but I wouldn't let them do anything but the real old farces of Atella (4), and ordered the conductor to stick to the old Latin lyrics.”

CHAPTER LIV

TRIMALCHIO IS HURT, BUT BECOMES MORE MAGNIFICENT THAN EVER

WHILE our good host was going full-steam ahead, the acrobat's boy slipped and fell right onto him (1). The slaves shouted with horror, and the guests joined in, not in anxiety for the wretched tumbler—they would have been quite

pleased to see his neck broken!—but because it would have been too tragic for the banquet to end prematurely in mourning for a comparative stranger. Trimalchio, poor wretch, groaned and groaned, and leaned over his arm as though it were seriously damaged. The doctors (2) raced to the spot, Fortunata arriving among the first, with her hair dishevelled, carrying her wine-cup (3) and shrieking that she was a poor, lorn, luckless widow.

All this time the youth who had been guilty of the fall had been prostrating himself at our feet imploring forgiveness. I had an uncomfortable suspicion that his prayers for mercy were the preliminary to some ingenious score at our expense, for I had not yet forgotten the episode of the cook who had overlooked the gutting of the pig. And so I gave myself up to a cautious investigation of the dining-hall, on the alert for some ingenious device appearing through the walls, especially when I noticed a slave being flogged for bandaging his master's damaged arm with white wool instead of purple (4). I was not so far wrong in my suspicions, because, instead of a sentence of punishment, we had a proclamation from Trimalchio conferring freedom on the lad, so that no one could say that his serene highness had been wounded by a slave!

CHAPTER LV

WE POSE AS CRITICS OF POETRY; TRIMALCHIO RECITES

WE all applauded this decision, and began to babble vaguely about the ups and downs of human

life. Thereupon Trimalchio remarked: "An episode like this calls for a fitting epigram", and, forthwith calling for his notebook, he dashed off the following, almost extempore:

The things that you never expect to obtain,
 A side-wind blows to your door: ✓
 On the knees of the gods are our joy and our pain;
 So, boy,—fill my tankard once more!

This brilliant effort turned our talk to poetry, and for some moments we gave the palm to the Thracian Mopsus. Finally Trimalchio intervened: "Tell me, Professor, how would you compare Cicero and Publilius? I think Cicero was the more eloquent, Publilius the more refined (1). Tell me anything finer than this:—

In luxury melts away the might of Mars!
 To please thy palate peacocks are consigned
 From Babylon, gorgeous in their plumage gay—
 The fatted peacocks (2) from their lazy pen.
 For thee the guinea-fowl (3) is doomed to die,
 For thee the capon (4) too; for thee the stork (5),
 The perfect type of motherhood, a guest
 Beloved by all, the slender-footed one,
 With castanet-like wings, that shuns the frost,
 Whose homeward flight is harbinger of spring—
 She builds her last nest in thy greedy pot.
 Why dost thou seek the pearl from India's sea?
 Forsooth that thy disloyal spouse may flaunt
 Her sea-born glories in a stranger's eyes?
 Aye, and the emerald green, rare glassy gem,
 Why dost thou love it? And the Punic stone (6)
 That flashes ruby flame, what is't to thee?
 Save that thou revel in its purity!
 Is it becoming that thy lady show
 Her graces boldly in diaphanous gauze?



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third said 'Old-man's-wit and bluster'-prize, a stale loaf soaked in new wine and a stick with an apple on it; a fourth 'Leeks and Spanish Onions'-prize, a whip and a poniard; a fifth 'Sparrows and a Fly-trap'-prize, a raisin and a pot of honey; 'Dinner-jackets and wigs'-prize, a chop and a notebook; 'A water-course and a footrule'-prize, a hare and a slipper; 'A lamprey and a letter'-prize, a lamb the prey of a wolf and a handful of 'peas'.

Our laughter was prolonged: there were dozens of similar jests which I don't remember now.

CHAPTER LVII

ASCYLTUS GETS INTO HOT WATER

ASCYLTUS, however, lost to all sense of propriety, held up his hands in derision of the whole business and roared till the tears ran down his cheeks. Finally one of Trimalchio's fellow-freedmen—the man whose place was next above mine—lost his temper and cried out: "What are you roaring at, you mutton-headed (1) fool? I suppose my lord's entertainment is not up to your level? No doubt you are a bigger swell than he is, and accustomed to more high-class dinners. May the genius of this house be good to me! If I had been next to him, I'd

* Where the above phrases are not literal translations, they are introduced with the apology that, since exact translations of puns are rarely possible, one must at least avoid the essential error of offering a translation which overlooks altogether the fact that the original was a play on words.

have stopped his baa-baa'ing in a brace of shakes. A pretty-looking peach he is to be mocking other men, a prowling night-bird from nowhere, not fit to kick. If I once make the magic circle round him (2), he won't know where to turn. Great heavens, I don't often get into a passion, but even a worm (3) will turn. Look at him laughing—what has he to laugh at? Was he born with a silver spoon in his mouth (4)? A Roman knight (5), are you? Well, my father was a king. Why did I become a slave then? (6) Why, because I wanted to be a slave: I preferred the prospect of being a citizen of Rome rather than a king with taxes to pay. And now, I hope, my manner of life has earned everyone's respect. I am a man among men; I wear no badge of servitude; I owe no man a penny piece; I've never had a writ served on me; in the market place no man says to me "Pay up". I've bought a parcel of land, and some bits of plate; I've a household of twenty and a watchdog: I bought my old lady's freedom so that no one else could lay a finger on her (7); I paid a thousand for my own freedom (8); I was elected a Commissioner for the Worship of Augustus (9) without an entrance-fee; I hope when I die I shall go to heaven without a blush.

But you are such a hustling fellow that you have no time to look about you. You can see the mote in your neighbour's eye, but not the beam in your own (10). No one calls us freedmen fools but you. Look at your master—a man older in years than you; he's satisfied with us. But you, you infant-in-arms, you

daren't say bo to a goose—you china dog! Nay, you're worse than that, you're a mere rain-sodden strap, softer if you like, but none the better for that. Worth more than I am, are you? Well, dine twice a day then; have two suppers. I think more of my good name than of my bank account. In a nutshell, has anyone sent me in his bill twice? Forty years long I was in bondage; yet no one knew whether I was bond or free. I came to this place as a little chap with long curls; the local hall (11) was not built then. 'I did my very best to please my master; a real gentleman he was too, and no mistake about it! You aren't fit to lick his boots (12). It's true I found people in the household who put snags in my way, but—thanks to the Good Angel of the house—I kept my head above water. It's a victory worth talking about! To be born free is no harder than rolling off a log (13). Well, what are you gaping at there, like a goat with an acre of clover in front of him? (14)'"

CHAPTER LVIII

GITO IN TROUBLE, TOO

AT this point, Gito, who was waiting on me, could restrain himself no longer, but burst into ribald laughter. The moment Ascyltus's opponent perceived his merriment, he turned the vials of his wrath upon the boy. "You are on the cackle, too, are you", says he, "you shock-headed turnip? Is it December; are these the Saturnalian revels? (1) When did *you* pay the



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stand stock-still, you scurry about like a mouse in a bucket. So you'll either keep a still tongue in your head or leave off annoying a better man than you who ignores your very existence—at least unless you think I'm impressed with your boxwood rings—stolen from your lady-love! Gods of the counting-house defend us (6). Come with me to the money-lenders and raise a loan; you'll soon see how they all trust my iron ring. Bah! A pretty sight a wolf that's been out in the rain! May I never make my pile and die so famous that people will swear by my bones if I don't condemn you to death (7) and dog you to the very gallows. And *he* cuts a pretty figure too, yon fellow who gave you your lessons—a muddler, not a master. *We* were taught very differently. Our master used to say: 'Everything in order? Straight home then! No loafing: don't be rude to gentlemen.' Add up all the philosophy shops; they don't amount to a row of beans. For myself—here I am, gentlemen—a self-made man! Thank Heaven for it."

CHAPTER LIX

PEACE BEING RESTORED, WE HAVE A RECITAL FROM HOMER

ASCYLTUS began to answer this outburst, but Trimalchio, in high good humour at his friend's tirade, said: "Come, come! No rows, if you please! It's better to keep the peace; and do you, Hermeros, let the boy down lightly. His blood is hot with youth: you should know better. In a slanging match the vanquished comes out

best. Besides you were once a cockerel yourself—cock-a-doodle-doo!—and had no more sense than he. So let's be sensible and get going again; let's watch the 'Scenes from Homer'.

Forthwith the reciters (1) appear, clashing spear on shield. Trimalchio squatted on his cushion, and, while the Homerists in the usual bombastic way declaimed the original Greek, he solemnly intoned a Latin version. After a time he proclaimed silence and asked us whether we recognized the scene.

"Diomedes and Ganymedes", he explained, "were two brothers (2), and they had a sister named Helen. Agamemnon carried her off and offered a hind to Diana in her place. So here Homer is narrating the struggle between the Trojans and the Parentines. Agamemnon, you must know, was the victor and gave his daughter Iphigenia in marriage to Achilles. This drove Ajax out of his mind, and the sequel he'll show you in a jiffy."

As Trimalchio concluded his explanation, the actors yelled in concert, and the slaves made a lane to admit the arrival, on a charger weighing two hundred pounds, of a calf, boiled whole, and wearing a helmet (3). Behind followed Ajax, slashing at the calf, with his drawn sword, as though he were raving mad. After an orgy of cutting and thrusting, he collected the pieces and handed round the dismembered calf among the astonished guests on the point of his sword.

CHAPTER LX

MORE ASTONISHING DEVICES.
TRIMALCHIO INTRODUCES HIS
PATRON SAINTS

WE had scarcely time to marvel at these ingenious *tours de force*, for on a sudden the panels in the ceiling (1) began to groan and the whole salon was a-quiver. I leapt to my feet in alarm, fearing that some acrobat was coming down through the roof. No whit less amazed, the other guests gazed with staring eyes to see what strange portent might be falling from the clouds. Lo and behold! the ceiling swings open, and down comes a huge round ring—obviously the hoop of a big cask. All round it were suspended (2) golden crowns and alabaster bowls of ointment. While we were being invited to accept these as souvenirs, I glanced at the table, and there all ready was set out a tray containing a variety of pastries and in the middle a pie-crust Priapus (3) holding in his capacious lap all sorts of apples and grapes in the conventional manner. With renewed eagerness we stretched out our hands towards this *pièce de résistance* (4), and suddenly a fresh series of tricks restored the general gaiety; for every cake and every apple, at the very lightest touch, emitted a cloud of yellow dust, and a tickling sensation irritated the palate. We were quite sure that the solemn appearance of the dish betokened some ritual significance (5); so we rose to our feet in a body and cried:



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though I fear I shall get laughed at by your learned friends yonder. Well, it's their trouble; I'll tell my yarn all the same: I shan't be a penny the worse. It's better to be laughed at than scorned." Thus spoke the hero (1), and began the following tale:

"When I was still in bondage, we were living in a narrow street; it was where Gavilla lives now. There, as Providence ordained, I fell in love with the wife of Terentius, landlord of the inn. You all know her—Melissa, the buxom little beauty from Tarentum. I take my oath there was nothing wrong; it was really her sweet nature that took my fancy. If I asked her a favour, she never refused; if she earned a penny, she gave me a half-penny. If I possessed anything, I put it into her care, and she never swindled me. Well, one day my lady's lord and master met his end on the farm. Thereupon I risked my neck (2) to get out and visit her by hook or by crook; as you know, real friends are proved in adversity."

CHAPTER LXII

NICEROS ON HIS ERRAND OF MERCY MEETS A WERWOLF

"BY good luck the boss had gone on some trifling business to Capua. I seized the opportunity to induce a guest of ours to take a stroll with me as far as the fifth milestone. A soldier he was, and as brave as Old Nick (1). It was about cock-crow that we took the road, and the moon was as bright as the sun at noon. We

came to the place where the tombs (2) are; my man begins to stroll among the headstones; I sit down humming a tune and counting the graves. Chancing to look round at my pall, I saw him stripping himself and throwing all his garments along the path. My heart rose in my mouth (3). I stood stock-still like a corpse. He went on to make the magic ring (4) round his clothes, and on a sudden he was changed into a wolf (5). Don't you think I'm joking: I wouldn't tell a lie about it for the wealth of a Croesus. Well, to go on with the story! No sooner had he become a wolf than he began to howl and made off to the woods. At first I didn't know where I stood. Then I moved forward to pick up his clothes: they were turned into stone! Talk of dying of fright! No one was ever nearer it than I. Nevertheless, I drew my blade and played havoc with shadows all the way till I came to the lady's abode. I entered white as a ghost. I was in a fainting condition; sweat was pouring all over me; my eyes were staring. I took ages to come round. My sweet Melissa was filled with amazement at finding me abroad so late, and she said:

'If you had arrived a minute ago, you would have been some use to us, for a wolf rushed into the yard, set about the sheep, and turned the whole place into a shambles. However, though he got away safely, he didn't have all the laugh on his side; one of the slaves let him have a spear right through his neck.'

The moment I heard this story, my eyes opened as wide as could be. As soon as it was dawn, I made for my lord's house like a whipped

publican (6), and when I got to the place where the clothes had been changed into stone there was nothing to see but blood-stains. At last I reached home, to find my soldier friend lying in his bed, bleeding like a stuck pig, and the physician mending his neck. Then I realized that the fellow was a werewolf, and afterwards I couldn't have tasted food in his company, not if you had killed me for it. You gentlemen must form your own opinions about it; for my own part, if I'm drawing the long bow, may the gods of this house take vengeance on me!"

CHAPTER LXIII

THE DEAD CHILD AND THE WITCH

WE were all transfixed with amazement. "I believe your story all right", said Trimalchio. "Look at how my hair's standing on end, for I know Niceros wouldn't make fools of us: he's a straight fellow and anything but a gas-bag. Now it's my turn to make your flesh creep with a donkey on the tiles (1). Years ago when I wore my hair in long curls—oh, yes, I was reared in the lap of luxury (2)—my master's favourite slave died; by Jove he was a jewel too, an Admirable Crichton, a boy in a thousand. His mother, poor little woman, was bemoaning his death, and most of us were in the depth of grief, when suddenly we heard the screeching of witches (3); it sounded like a hound chasing a hare. At that time we had a Cappadocian in the house, a great hulking fellow, who didn't know what fear was: he could stop the rush of



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burning double, and the whole dining-hall looked strange and altered. At this moment Trimalchio spoke to Plocamus.

“Look here, Plocamus”, says he, “no story from you? You don’t add to the gaiety of nations? And yet you used to be a genial soul, loving good yarns and trolling catches (2). Dear, dear! The glory is departed! (3)”

“Now-a-days”, replied Plocamus, “my four-in-hands (4) are gone for ever, since the day I got the gout. In the old days, when I was a gay young dog, I sang till I nearly died for my lungs. Talk of dancing! Talk of recitations! The badinage of the barber’s lounge! (5) I challenge you to name my equal, unless perhaps it were the Master, Apelles” (6). Whereupon he put his fingers to his lips, and emitted a ghastly whistle (7), which he afterwards averred to be *à la Grecque*.

Trimalchio, not to be outdone, gave us an imitation of a cornet. Then he turned to his favourite attendant, whom he called Croesus (8). This boy, a blear-eyed fellow with teeth as black as coal, was at the moment wrapping up in a green rug (9) a black pug-dog (10), a disgustingly fat beast; he placed half a loaf on the couch and was trying to cram it down the throat of the creature, which was on the verge of being sick. This put Trimalchio in mind of a neglected duty, and he sent for his ‘Tearer’ (11), ‘protector of hearth and home’. Forthwith there was led in a hound of gigantic size at the end of a chain; a kick from the janitor warned him to lie down, and he planted himself in front of the table. Then Trimalchio threw him a bit of white bread,

remarking "No one in the household is more devoted to me." The slave, annoyed by this high praise of Scylax, put his own dog on the floor and urged her to pick a quarrel with the other. Scylax, as is the nature of his kind, filled the apartment with his appalling bark, and almost tore Croesus's 'Little Jewel' in pieces. Nor was the dog-fight the end of the trouble: a lampstand collapsed over the table, smashed all the glass vessels, and covered some of the guests with drops of boiling oil. Trimalchio, determined to show that the damage done did not worry him, saluted the boy and bade him climb on his back. In a moment the lad was riding pick-a-back, while he slapped his charger with the flat of his hand, crying out amid shrieks of laughter: "Booby, booby, how many fingers do I hold up?" (12)

This for a while kept Trimalchio quiet. He bade them mix a huge jorum of wine and distribute it among the slaves who were in attendance at our feet, with the proviso that "if any of 'em won't take his drink, pour it on his head (13). There's a time for work, and a time for play."

CHAPTER LXV

HABINNAS ARRIVES, HAVING BEEN KEPT AT A FUNERAL

FOLLOWING upon this outburst of geniality came more delicacies, the mere thought of which, believe me, makes me ill. Every man of us received a whole capon instead of a thrush and

duck's eggs *en chapeau* (1). Trimalchio did his utmost to make us swallow them, assuring us they were 'filleted' chickens!

We were in the thick of it when a flunkey (2) knocked at the door and there entered a guest in the glory of snow-white robes, with a mob of friends, to join our revels. I was quite taken aback by his distinguished appearance, and I thought he was a metropolitan magistrate (3). And so I tried to stand in his honour and slid my slipperless feet to the floor. Agamemnon laughed aloud at my excitement. "Sit tight", he said, "you idiot. This is only Habinnas, of the Augustal college and—stone-chipper! Said to be a past-master in grave-stones."

Relieved by this remark, I leaned back again, and gazed with huge respect upon the entry of Habinnas. He, however, was already three sheets in the wind, and was holding on to his good lady's shoulders: he wore several garlands on his head and scent was pouring over his forehead into his eyes (4). He planted himself in the place of honour (5) and forthwith ordered wine and hot water. Trimalchio was charmed with his genial humour and himself called for an extra large goblet, and asked him how the world had been treating him.

"Well", replied he, "all we wanted was your noble self; I was here with you in spirit. And, by Jove, the thing was well done! Scissa was giving a nine-day mourning for an unfortunate slave of hers whom she had freed, when he was already dead. And, methinks, she'll have to pay up a pretty penny in duty on the transaction: 'tis said the slave was worth 50,000 (6)!



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more should we devour bears!" To wind up with, we had a soft cheese soaked in wine, a snail a-piece, portions of tripe, liver croquettes, eggs *en petit chapeau*, mustard, radishes, and forcemeat rissoles. Not a word, Palamedes (4)! Then savouries were handed round in a big bowl, of which some were vulgar enough to take three handfuls. For me, I allowed the gammon to go scot-free."

CHAPTER LXVII

AN EXHIBITION OF DOMESTIC BLISS

"BUT tell me, Gaius, I beg of you, why is Fortunata not dining with you?"

"That shows how little you know her", replied Trimalchio; "till the plate is all safely put away, and the scraps distributed to the slaves, she wouldn't touch even a drop of water."

"All right," said Habinnas; "unless she takes her place, I for one am off"; and he was beginning to rise, only Trimalchio gave a sign and all the slaves called out her name half-a-dozen times. Thereupon she made her appearance with her skirts tied up by a yellow sash, so that you could see her red petticoat and her spiral anklets (1) and her gold-embroidered white slippers. She wiped her fingers with her napkin, which she carried round her neck, bestowed herself on the couch where Habinnas' wife, Scintilla, was reclining, saluted that lady, who received her with applause, and said: "What a treat to see you, my dear!"

Subsequently they got on so well that she

unfastened her bracelets from her podgy arms and showed them to the admiring Scintilla. To wind up with she unclasped her anklets and took off her hair-net (2) of gold, which she said was pure gold. Trimalchio noticed this, and ordered all her jewelry to be handed to him.

“Just look”, he said, “at these feminine shackles; that’s the way we poor fools are robbed. They must weigh six-and-a-half pounds, all told. I myself, I admit, am wearing an armlet weighing a good ten pounds, made up of my one-tenth per cents to Mercury (3).”

Last of all, he proved his statement by calling for a balance and handing it round so that we could test the weight.

Scintilla was just as bad: she unfastened from her neck a little golden locket which she called her ‘Luck’. Next she produced a pair of earrings (4), which in return she handed to Fortunata to look at, remarking: “My husband is such a generous man, no one has a finer pair.”

“What?”, cried Habinnas, “It’s drained me dry to get you those wretched glass kickshaws. I tell you, if I had a daughter, I’d amputate her ears. If there were no women, everything would be dirt-cheap. Now-a-days it’s a case of hot water for other people and cold drinks for ourselves.”

At this, the good ladies, slightly muddled, burst out laughing together and exchanged kisses, one holding forth on her virtues as a housewife, the other magnifying the gallantries and the indifference of her husband. Amid their embraces, Habinnas unobserved got up, caught Fortunata by the heels and threw her along

the sofa. Little cries of horror escaped her as her ankles emerged from her skirt. Then she threw herself into Scintilla's bosom, and hid her blushes in her napkin.

CHAPTER LXVIII

DURING DESSERT, A SLAVE OF HABINNAS OBLIGES

AT this point we had a breather; then Trimalchio gave the signal for the second part of the banquet (1) to begin. The whole staff set to work, carrying off the tables we had used; and then appeared with new ones. They sprinkled the room with fine sand, coloured with saffron (2), cochineal, and—a thing that was entirely new to me—powdered mica. Thereupon Trimalchio, "For my part", says he, "I was fully satisfied with the menu so far as it has gone; but I see you have a second lot; if there are any tit-bits left bring them along."

Thereupon an Alexandrian-bred slave, who was in charge of the warm drinks, began to give some imitations of a nightingale, which performance Trimalchio from time to time interrupted with cries of "Try another!" Behold thereafter a new turn. All of a sudden a page-boy sitting at the feet of Habinnas—I believe on a signal from his master—in a piercing voice struck up the old strain 'And while he spake Aeneas cleft the main' (3). In all my life I never heard a more distressing sound. For, being a mere alien, his quantities were all mixed up, and he sandwiched in scraps from ancient farces of Atellane



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country (2). But not a word, my tongue; I'll give you some food instead."

The rascal of a slave, as though he had received the highest praise, produced an earthenware lamp from his tunic, and for over half-an-hour kept up an imitation of a cornet-player, while Habinnas, with his hand on his lower lip, hummed in concert. Finally he planted himself in the middle of the room and gave us two turns, first as a flute-player, with clattering reeds, and then as a mule-driver in full rig with a whip and great-coat. At the conclusion Habinnas called him, patted him on the back, and handed him a tankard. "Massa", he said, "you're coming along; you've earned a new pair of hobnailers (3)."

Our miseries might have gone on till now if the savouries (4) hadn't arrived, consisting of thrushes made of dough full of raisins and chestnuts. Behind them came quinces (5) bristling with thorns to look like hedgehogs. Even these we might have endured, if he hadn't produced a disgusting dish so loathsome that we would have died of hunger rather than eat it. When it was set before us, it looked like a plump goose garnished with fish and various sorts of game. Then quoth Trimalchio: "My good friends, every single thing you see here is made of one and the same ingredient (6)." Being a man of brains, I promptly spotted what it was, and, glancing round at Agamemnon, I said: "I shall be astonished if the whole dish isn't made of garbage—anyhow of mud. At the feast of the Saturnalia in Rome I saw a representation of the same kind of banquet."

CHAPTER LXX

THE SLAVES BECOME PROMINENT
AND JOIN THE BANQUETERS

I HADN'T quite finished my aside, when Trimalchio said: "May I wax great—in purse not in paunch—if my *chef* didn't make all these dainties out of hog's flesh. He's a treasure among cooks. Say the word, and he will make a fish out of a sow's udder, a pigeon out of the fat, a turtle-dove from a gammon, a fowl from a leg. That's why I with my ready wit gave him the ingenious nickname Daedalus (1); and because he's such a sharp fellow I brought him from Rome some carvers of best German steel (2)"; which thereupon had to be produced at once. He eyed them with admiration, and even gave us permission to try their edge on our chins!

All of a sudden two slaves 'burst in, having apparently quarrelled while drawing water at the cistern; at all events they still had water-jugs hanging round their necks. While Trimalchio was arbitrating (3) between the disputing parties, neither paid the least attention to his summing-up, but they smashed each other's water-jugs with their sticks.

We stared at the brawlers, aghast at this drunken insolence, when behold we saw that oysters and mussels were pouring out of their big jugs; a young slave gathered them up, and handed them round on a tray. These luxuries stirred the cunning cook to emulation: he produced snails in a silver chafing-dish, and as he served

them he lifted up his hoarse voice in a quavering chant.

I blush to relate the sequel; it was simply unheard-of extravagance. Long-haired boys appeared, and, having first decorated our knees and ankles with wreathes, proceeded to anoint the feet of the guests with oil from a silver ewer (4). Finally they poured the last of the oil into the decanters and the lamps!

By that time Fortunata was all agog to dance (5); already Scintilla felt more like clapping her hands than conversation. Thereupon Trimalchio turned to the slaves, and cried out: "Ho there, Philargyrus, and you too, Cario—though you do sport the wrong colours (6)—I pray you take your place at the board, and invite your good lady Menophila too." You can guess the rest! We were pretty well crowded out of our couches by the servants swarming over the whole dining-hall. Believe me, I actually saw the cook ensconced above me—the fellow who had made the goose out of a gammon of bacon—simply redolent of pickled onions and strong condiment. What made things worse was that he was not satisfied with reclining among us; the moment he arrived, he gave us an imitation of the tragedian Ephesus (7); next he challenged Trimalchio to take a bet against the green for the coming race-meeting (8).

CHAPTER LXXI

TRIMALCHIO PROVIDES FOR HIS OBSEQUIES

TRIMALCHIO was now on his mettle. "My good friends", quoth he, "even a slave is a



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THIS MONUMENT
DOES NOT FALL TO
MY HEIR.

Moreover, I shall make a point of providing in my will against insult being offered to my remains. I shall appoint one of my freedmen to keep an eye on my tomb and prevent the common herd from defiling it. You are to carve on the monument, also, ships (11) in full sail, and put me in effigy seated on the bench (12), in my robe of office with my five gold rings, paying out largess to the commons from a sack; because, if you remember, I gave them a big dinner, and eighteen-pence (13) a-piece all round. If you can manage it, show the banqueting-hall as well, and the people, too, having the time of their lives. On my right put the effigy of my beloved Fortunata holding a pigeon in her hand and leading her pet dog on a string: yes, and my little friend here as well, and large beakers of wine, corked and sealed to prevent the wine being spilled. Please carve also a broken urn, and a boy weeping over it. As a centre-piece carve a clock (14), so that anybody who wishes to see what time it is will have to read my name, willy nilly. As to the legend on the tomb, consider this draft and say whether you think it meets the case (15):

HERE LIES
GAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO
MAECENATIANUS

Elected to the Augustal College
in his absence. He might have
held every civil post (16) in Rome;

but he refused. A worthy citizen,
brave and true. A self-made man,
he died worth 30,000,000 sterling (17).
Yet he had no college training.

Farewell to him—and thee.

CHAPTER LXXII

WE FAIL TO AVOID A BATH

AS he reached the end, tears rained down his cheeks. In tears too was Fortunata; in tears Habinnas; last of all, the household to a man—as though they were standing by his bier, filled the air with their cries of grief. Nay, even I myself was on the point of tears, when Trimalchio cried: “Upon my soul, since we know we shall die, why shouldn’t we live while we can (1)? I want to see you enjoying yourselves. So let us have a plunge in the bath (2). Upon my honour, you won’t regret it; it’s as hot as a furnace.”

“Hear, hear!” rejoined Habinnas. “Turning one day into two, that’s just what I enjoy;” and, without putting on his shoes (3), he rose and began to follow Trimalchio, who cheered him heartily.

I turned to Ascylltus. “What think you?” I inquired. “For my part, if I set eyes on a bath, I shall faint away on the spot.”

“We’ll fall in with them,” he replied, “and while they go off to the bath, let us get away in the crowd.”

The idea appealed to both of us. Gito led us through the gallery until we came to the

door; there the chained-up watch-dog greeted us with such a savage barking that Ascylltus fell neck-and-crop into the fountain (4). Not a whit less startled—remember I had been terrified even by the painting of a dog (5)—and I was far from sober—I too was pulled into the self-same whirlpool in trying to help my struggling friend to shore. However, the steward came to the rescue; by his lucky arrival the dog was pacified, and we were dragged shivering to *terra firma*. As a matter of fact, Gito had already saved himself from the brute by his ready wit, for he flung to the barking monster all that he had received from us at dinner; the animal was distracted by the sight of food, and had moderated his fury.

But when, shivering and soaked to the skin, we urged the porter to open the door for us, he replied: “You are quite mistaken if you suppose you can go out the way you came in. No guest is ever allowed to go out by the same door; they enter by one and depart by another.”

CHAPTER LXXIII

THE BATH GIVES US NEW STRENGTH, AND WE BEGIN AGAIN

WHAT were we to do, poor devils, shut up as we were in that novel sort of labyrinth (1), especially as the idea of a bath had now grown large in our minds? And so of our own accord we asked him to guide us to the bath. There we threw off our clothes—which Gito proceeded to dry by the door—and entered the bath, which



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CHAPTER LXXIV

THE COCK CROWS AND IS COOKED.
TRIMALCHIO SPEAKS HIS MIND
TO FORTUNATA

HE was just saying this, when a cock crowed (1). Trimalchio was quite taken aback; he ordered a libation of wine under the table, and even had the lamp sprinkled. Nay more, he actually transferred his ring to his right hand with the remark: "It's not for nothing that yonder trumpeter has given the signal; it means either a house on fire, or else some neighbour giving up the ghost. Save us all! Anybody who brings me that devil's prophet shall have a little wreath (2)."

No sooner said than done; the cock was produced from close at hand, and Trimalchio ordered it to be killed and cooked in a saucepan. Thereupon that prince among cooks—the one who just before had created birds and fishes out of pork—cut it up and placed it in the pot. And Daedalus drew off the hot liquid (3), while Fortunata ground the pepper in a wooden mill.

We sampled the dainty, and then Trimalchio turned round to the assembled staff and cried out: "What! you haven't had dinner yet? Off you go, and let a new lot come on duty."

Behold then another squad of attendants: the departing slaves cried: "Farewell, O Gaius"; the incoming detachment cried: "O Gaius, hail, hail!"

At this point our merry-making received its

first bad check. A rather good-looking slave was among the new arrivals, and Trimalchio's welcome was at once protracted and affectionate. Thereupon Fortunata, asserting her rights as a wife, proceeded to give Trimalchio a piece of her tongue, calling him all sorts of bad names for letting himself go before company. She wound up her tirade by calling him a cur (4).

Trimalchio lost his temper at this stormy abuse, and threw his wine-glass in Fortunata's face. She screamed as though her eye had been cut out, and covered her face with trembling hands. Scintilla, too, was terrified, and threw her cloak around her poor shuddering friend. An obliging slave, too, applied a cold jug to her cheek, and over this Fortunata proceeded to lean with tears and groans. Thereupon Trimalchio retorted: "What's the matter? Forgotten her chorus-girl days (5), has she? *I* picked her out of *that* sink of iniquity and made a lady of her. But now she puts on side, like the frog in the fable: she's riding for a fall (6). She's a wooden dummy, not a woman. This child, now, first saw the light in a low-down shanty: *he* doesn't go dreaming of marble halls! Devil take me, if I don't teach that preaching virago (7) to know her place.

"And to think that I, worthless fool that I was, might have taken a cool million to my bosom. You know I'm not bragging, Sir. Agatha, coiffeur (8) to my lady next door, button-holed me one day and said: 'My dear boy, you mustn't let your race die out!'

"But—well I had the feelings of a gentleman! No philandering for me! So I lamed myself of

my own free will (9). All right, my lady: I'll teach you to dig me out with your claws (10). Meanwhile, I'll show you what you've done for yourself. Habinnas, I won't have you put her statue on my tomb: no curtain-lectures for me in the next world (11). Why, to show I can hit her back, I won't even have her kiss me when I'm dead."

CHAPTER LXXV

TRIMALCHIO'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

WHEN the storm had subsided, Habinnas began to soothe his rage. Says he: "We all go wrong sometimes, Trimalchio: we're only human beings, not angels (1)".

Scintilla—in floods of tears—chimed in chorus, calling him by his Christian name, and, adjuring him by all his gods, implored him to cool down.

Trimalchio at last melted into tears: "Habinnas", he said, "as you hope to retire on your earnings—if I've gone too far, spit in my face. I admit I kissed this worthy slave, but it was his canny mind, not his pretty face, that tempted me: the boy knows his arithmetic; reads at sight; he's earned his freedom out of his food-allowance (2); he's bought his own easy-chair (3) and two tankards. Doesn't he deserve to stand well in my eyes? But Fortunata says 'No.' Is that your notion, Madame Staggerfoot (4)? Save your breath to cool your porridge; I warn you—you kite; don't you get my monkey up, my precious one, else you'll get a piece of my mind. You know me: once I've made up my mind, I stick like a door-nail.



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single ship went to the bottom—that's solemn fact, no rotting; on a single day Neptune swallowed a cool 300 thousand. Was I downhearted (3) do you suppose? I give you my word, I laughed at my losses, as though they were a mere flea-bite. I built a new fleet, bigger, stronger, and laid down under happier omens; no one could say I had no pluck. I tell you, a big vessel means big strength. I loaded up a second time with wine, bacon, garden stuff, perfumery, and slaves (4).

“At this point Fortunata behaved like a brick (5): she sold off all her jewels and fine clothes, and handed me over a hundred in gold! This was the yeast that started the pie-crust rising. Profits are quick when the gods are kind. In a single voyage I netted a round million. Without a moment's delay I bought in all my old master's former estates. Next I build a mansion, and go in for cattle-dealing. Whatever I touched multiplied like a honeycomb. When at last I was rich enough to buy up the whole countryside, no more speculation for me! (6) I retired from business, and took to lending money to freedmen (7). In point of fact I was sick of business altogether—if it hadn't been for a certain fortune-teller (8) who happened to come to our town, a queer little Greek, called Serapa, who was hand-in-glove with Providence. He even told me things I had clean forgotten: he was on to every detail like a needle; my 'innards' were an open book to him. Why he could all but tell what I had had for dinner yesterday! You'd have thought he had been my companion from the cradle.”

CHAPTER LXXVII

TRIMALCHIO MODESTLY DESCRIBES
HIS MANSION

“TELL me, Habinnas—I think you were there, weren't you? You remember him saying: ‘You took your wife from the gutter. You've no luck with your friends. No one ever gives you a fair return for your trouble. You are a big landholder. You are nursing a serpent next your heart.’ Furthermore—I haven't dared to tell you this yet—I'm to live another thirty years, four months, and two days (1), and what's more I'm to come in for a legacy. All this my prophet tells me. If I'm lucky enough to join my estates to Apulia, I shall not have lived in vain.

“Meantime, under the patronage of Mercury (2), I built this humble abode. You all know it used to be a mere hut; now it's like a cathedral! Four dining-halls it has; twenty bedrooms, two separate marble porches; a whole suite (3) on the first floor: an apartment where I sleep myself; the boudoir of this rattlesnake here; a superb porter's lodge; why, there's room for a dozen house-parties! To put it in three words, when Scaurus was in the neighbourhood, he refused to put up anywhere else, and, mind you, his dad's got a shanty down by the shore (4).

“There are hundreds of other things which I'll show you in half-a-minute. Make no mistake; a penny earned is a pennyworth of credit; dollars make the man. Take yours truly, for instance—once a frog, to-day a prince! While

we're at it, Stichus, get out the shroud I'm going to be buried in; yes, and bring the ointment as well, and just a taste of that vintage which they're to wash me down with when I'm gone."

CHAPTER LXXVIII

TRIMALCHIO REHEARSES HIS LYING-IN-STATE

STICHUS put his best foot foremost, and brought into the dining-room both the white shroud and his official robe (1): Trimalchio made us feel it and see if it wasn't first-class wool. Then with a half smile: "Take care, Stichus", he said, "take care those garments aren't eaten by moths or mice; if they are, I'll roast you alive. I mean to go the grave in style, so that the whole place will call blessings on my head."

He then uncorked the phial of ointment (2) and smeared every one of us, saying: "I trust I shall like it as much dead as I do alive."

Then behold! he had the wine poured into a great big bowl and cried: "Now, let's pretend you are guests at my funeral feast!"

The whole business was getting absolutely sickening. Trimalchio, who was by now as drunk as an owl, actually called into the hall a fresh entertainment—a troupe of cornet-players. He propped himself on a pile of cushions, stretched himself full length along the couch, and said: "There; suppose I'm dead; say pretty things about me."

The cornets struck up a funeral march; one performer specially—the slave of the undertaker,



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PART III: THE SEQUEL

CHAPTER LXXIX

WE REACHED HOME WITH DIFFICULTY

WE had no torch to light our wandering footsteps, and, as it was now midnight and as silent as the grave, we had no hope of meeting anyone with a light. On the top of this we were far from sober, and our ignorance of the way was likely to interfere considerably with our progress. In fact, we had already tramped about for nearly an hour among rough flints and broken pottery (1), which jutted out and cut our feet to pieces, when our troubles were ended by Gito's foresight. For the sensible boy, the day before, being afraid of missing his way even in broad daylight, had chalked all the pillars and columns. These marks were visible in spite of the inky darkness, and their gleaming whiteness showed the way in our distress.

Our troubles were, however, by no means ended when we reached the inn. The old landlady had spent such a rowdy evening among her visitors that she would have slept on, even if the house had taken fire. Indeed, we might well have spent the night on the doorstep, but for the arrival of Trimalchio's courier (2)—no end of a swell, too, with his train of ten carriages.

He knocked vigorously for a minute or two, but then broke in the door, and let us in along with him. I was no sooner in my room than Gito simply fell into bed, and after the sumptuous repast I had enjoyed I was just in the mood for a snug repose.

Ah night of nights, ye gods and goddesses;
Ah cosy couch! in warm embrace we clung,
Inbreathing with our mutual gallantries
Each other's soul. Then fled those cares that wrung
Our mortal breast: till I
With joy was like to die.

But I was counting my chickens before they were hatched. *Nam cum solutus mero remissem 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 pertractavi 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, Ascyilton autem truci intuens vultu "quoniam" inquam "fidem scelere violasti et communem amicitiam, res tuas ocius tolle et alium locum, quem polluas, quaere."*

CHAPTER LXXX

MY QUARREL WITH ASCYLTUS AND
MY CRUEL DISAPPOINTMENT

HE accepted the situation. But after we had made a scrupulously fair division of the spoil, he said: "Come, let's divide up the boy now!" I supposed this was a parting jest. But he actually drew his murderous sword, saying: "You aren't going to enjoy this asset all by yourself. Though you do treat me like dirt, I swear I'll have my share, even if I hack it away by this sword." I promptly squared up to him, wrapped my cloak round my arm, and prepared for battle. The miserable boy plunged into the midst of this pitiful insanity; he covered our knees with kisses, and piteously implored us not to revive the fratricidal tragedy of Thebes (1) in our third-rate inn, not to stain an honorable friendship in one another's blood.

"If a crime must be committed", he wailed, "behold my naked throat. Unite your prowess here; here thrust your blades! 't Is mine to die: I broke the vows of friendship."

His prayers were too much for us: we sheathed our swords. Ascyltus made the first move: "I have a plan to end this quarrel", said he. "The boy shall go with whom he will; anyhow, he ought to be free to choose his own brother."

I was convinced that our long friendship had made us like father and son; so I hadn't a qualm. Nay, I snatched at the proposal with the greatest avidity, and left the verdict to the judge. He



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“Could not the earth open and swallow me up? Or the sea that loves to slay the innocent? Have I dodged the hangman (2) and cheated the arena and murdered my host only to find myself after all these crimes merely a beggar and an outcast, lying all alone in a doss-house in a wretched Greek town? Who thrust this loneliness upon me? A young scoundrel, soaked in every vice—deserving of transportation (3) on his own admission; owing freedom and status alike to his evil ways; an infamous hireling from his childhood; a lewd, perverted, unconscionable, little cad. And his partner in crime! an immoral little beast from the time he was put into trousers; led into perverted courses by his own mother, when he was still in the slave-barrack (4); a treacherous, disloyal, little wretch, false to his earliest friend, ready—the villain!—at the first chance to sell himself and run after a new protector like a street-walker. And at this very minute they are thick as thieves, probably convulsed with merriment at the thought of my loneliness. But they shall pay for it! Either I am a slave, and no man, or I will bury my injuries in their guilty blood!”

CHAPTER LXXXII

I BURN FOR VENGEANCE AND AM FOILED!

WITH these words I gird on my sword, and, lest my bodily weakness should impair my fighting vigour, I replenish my strength with an extra-big dinner. Soon afterwards I dash into the

street, and tear through all the colonnades like a madman. With staring eyes and looking like a dervish, I dash about with my mind teeming with murder and sudden death, and every minute put my hand to my sword-hilt, which I had specially consecrated, when suddenly a common soldier caught sight of me—he looked more like a pickpocket or a burglar: the fellow accosted me.

“Comrade”, said he, “what’s your regiment? What company?”

I lied roundly about company and regiment, which he retorted: “Well, I’m blest! In your battalion do the privates stroll about in the shoes (1) of his holiness the High-Priest?”

My face and my obvious nervousness gave me away, and he ordered me to lay down my arms and avoid trouble. There was I destitute, with my vengeance nipped in the bud. Slowly I slunk back to my lodging, and there as my courage dwindled away I began to give thanks to the truculent footpad!

He cannot drink, poor Tantalus (2), though in the stream
he stands;

Though torn with hunger, hanging fruits elude his eager
hands.

Such is the fate of millionaires who all the world possess
And yet with tongues all parched and dry consume
their—emptiness.

Put not your trust in man’s proposals: fate
has her measuring-rod.

CHAPTER LXXXIII

I VISIT A PICTURE-GALLERY

AS the hours sped I had much ado to repress my yearning for revenge, and I tossed restlessly throughout the midnight hours. In the grey of dawn, I sallied forth, in the hope of dispelling my misery and dulling the smart of my wrongs. I roamed about the colonnades, till I came to a most wonderful gallery, with all kinds of pictures. I saw, for example, some specimens of Zeuxis (1), the glories of which time had not yet dimmed; and with a kind of awe I fingered some of the early work of Protogenes, which was none the less a good second to Nature herself. Then, when I passed on to an Apelles, whom the Greeks call the 'Single-colour Painter', I transferred my adoration to him. The figures were finished off with such marvellous detail, fashioned to the very life, that you could scarcely believe they were not alive. On the left was an eagle soaring in the sky bearing on his pinions the boy of Ida (2): on the right the fair Hylas (3) repelling the too-forward nymph of the spring; there too was Apollo (4) cursing his murderous hands the while he decked his unstrung lyre with the flower new-sprung from Hyacinthus' blood.

There, as I thought, alone before the portraits of those storied lovers, I cried aloud: "Yes, even the Gods know the pangs of love. Jove in his heaven found no one worthy of his love; he came to search for it on earth, but left no



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CHAPTER LXXXIV

WE BEWAIL THE HARD FATE OF
SCHOLARSHIP

“THAT’S the plain truth: if a man frowns on all vice, and tries to tread the strait and narrow way, at the outset he becomes unpopular by his very eccentricity; for who can tolerate a man who stands aloof? In the next place, men whose sole joy is the accumulation of wealth, resent anything which the world esteems more honorable than their own ideal. And so they are always railing, with all their might, at men of letters, so that they, like other men, may appear to be the slaves of money”.

“Somehow or another”, I rejoined with a sigh, “brains and poverty are twin sisters.”

“With good cause”, quoth the sage, “you deplore the fate of letters.”

“That’s not what I’m sighing about”, I retorted. “I’ve something much more tragic to grieve over!”

And thereupon—so strong is man’s propensity to confide his private griefs to another’s ears—I poured forth my unhappy case, descanting especially upon the disloyalty of Ascyltus; and

these lines would make a nearer approach to the original:

If you run a fleet of merchantmen, the cash
comes rolling in:

The warrior gets his pickings by the way;

The man who wrongs a husband makes a fortune
by his sin;

But ragged poets to the Muse may pray—

Vainly pray!—

For the public scoffs at literature to-day.

amid my groans I cried: "Ah, would that the enemy of my simple joys were but a child in villainy: then he might yield to persuasion. But by now he is a hardened rogue, and wiler than the Scarlet Woman herself."

The old man thought me a much ill-used fellow. He proceeded to give me consolation, and, in order to assuage my grief, he narrated to me a tragedy from his own past *affaires*.

CHAPTER LXXXV

THE TRAGEDY OF A BANK-CLERK IN ASIA

"IN Asiam cum a quaestore (1) essem stipendio eductus, hospitium Pergami (2) 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. Quotiescunque enim in convivio de usu formosorum mentio facta est, 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

sollemnis ludum artaverat 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 sensiat, cras illi par columbarum donabo.' Audito voluptatis pretio puer stertere coepit. Itaque aggressus simulantem aliquot basiolis invasi. Contentus hoc principio bene mane surrexi electumque par columbarum attuli expectanti ac me voto exsolvi.

CHAPTER LXXXVI

THE STORY OF MY COURTSHIP

PROXIMA nocte cum idem liceret, mutavi optionem et 'si hunc' inquam 'tractavero improba manu, et ille non senserit, gallos gallinaceos (1) pugnacissimos duos donabo patienti.' Ad hoc votum ephebus ultro se admovit et, puto, vereri coepit, ne ego obdormiscerem. Indulsi ergo sollicito, totoque corpore citra summam voluptatem me ingurgitavi. Deinde ut dies venit, attuli gaudenti quicquid promiseram. Ut tertia nox licentiam dedit, consurrexi... ad aurem male dormientis 'dii' inquam 'immortales, si ego huic dormienti abstulero coitum plenum et optabilem, pro hac felicitate cras puero asturconem (2) Macedonicum optimum donabo, cum hac tamen exceptione, si ille non senserit.' Nunquam altiore somno ephebus obdormivit. Itaque primum im-



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tasset censum meum, "videris tamen" inquit "non ero 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 patientiam 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'"...

CHAPTER LXXXVIII

EUMOLPUS ON THE GREED OF GAIN

I WAS quite cheered up by this story, and proceeded to ask my learned friend about the ages of the paintings and some points I could not understand; I also wanted to know the reason for the decay of art in our day, and why the Fine Arts had gone by the board including painting, which had absolutely gone out of fashion.

To this he replied: "It is the greed of gain that has caused the arts to become *démodés*. In the good old days, when men loved the unvar-

nished truth, legitimate art flourished and men strove among themselves to prevent the coming generation from losing anything valuable (1). That was why Democritus (2) squeezed out the juice of every plant, and spent his days in the laboratory fearing that some virtue in stone or shrub might be lost to humanity. Then take Eudoxus (3): he waited on the top of a lofty mountain till his hair turned white, hoping to discover the movements of the stars and the celestial orbits; Chrysippus (4), too, in his rage for new discoveries, three times cleared his brain with a strong dose of hellebore. Now turn to the plastic art. Starvation carried off Lysippus (5) while he was slaving at the outline of a simple statue, and Myron (6), who could limn the souls of man and beast in bronze, died without an heir. But we are sodden with wine and harlotry; we are afraid to acknowledge the arts that we find ready to our hands; we confine ourselves to sneering at the works of the men of old, to learning and teaching their immorality.

“Where is philosophy? (7) Where is astronomy? Where the narrow way of wisdom? When did any of us go up to the temple and make a vow if haply he might have attained to eloquence—if haply he might find the spring of knowledge. Why, men have no thought even for a healthy mind or a healthy body (8), but, forthwith, no sooner they reach the temple precincts than one man promises a gift, if he has the luck to bury his wealthy neighbour; another cries: ‘Find me a treasure, and I will pay you a price’; a third: ‘I’ll pay you well if I live to reach my six figures’. Why, parliament itself, our guide

philosopher, and friend, is quite ready to vote a thousand pounds (9) sterling in the service of the Capitol, and, in case anyone should think it lacking in greed for cash, it decorates even the statue of Jove out of its private earnings (10).

“Don't you be astonished, then, if painting has gone out of fashion, now that gods and men alike conspire to glorify gold above any production of those infatuated little Greeks, Apelles, and Pheidias.” (11)

CHAPTER LXXXIX

THE OLD MAN RELATES THE SIEGE OF TROY (1)

“BUT I perceive that you are wrapped up in that picture which portrays the Capture of Troy. I will try to tell you the story in verse:

Ten summers now, 'mid changing hopes and fears,
The sad-eyed Trojans had been hard beset,
While Calchas vexed them sore with subtle guile.
At last the Delian (2) spoke; on Ida's (3) crags
They plied the axe and shaped the fallen trees
Into the semblance of a towering horse.

Within there yawns a cavern large enough
To hold an army. Here they hide the flower
Of all their host—their angry hearts inflamed
With ten years' hope deferred—concealed within
The sacred off'ring. Ah, my countrymen!
We thought their fleet was beaten, that our land
Once more was free. Thus said the inscription carved
Upon the monster; Sinon (4) thus declared,
That lying villain, mighty to destroy.

The gates flung wide, the people freed from war
Hasten to prayer, Their cheeks are wet with tears:



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He strikes the ground. And thus, her rites profaned,
Troy, doomed to perish, loses first her gods.

The full moon now shed forth her silver light,
The stars grew pale before her radiant beam,
And Priam's sons were sunk in sleep and wine.
The Greeks unloose the bars: the ambushed men
Leap forth; the warriors test their arms, as when
On some Thessalian slope a steed, set free,
Tosses his mane and gallops joyously;
They draw their blades, close up with shield on shield;
Then to the fight! One hacks defenceless men
Stupid with wine, whose sleep in death becomes
Eternal; others at the altars light
Their torches; thus the sacred Trojan fire
They call in aid who lay the Trojans low."

CHAPTER XC

I PLEDGE EUMOLPUS TO KEEP TO PROSE

SOME of the people who were strolling about in the galleries flung stones at Eumolpus as he declaimed his lines. But he was quite accustomed to having his talents greeted with this kind of applause; he just covered his head and ran outside the buildings. I was terrified, lest some one might greet me as a bard. So I followed the fugitive till I reached the sea-shore, and as soon as we were out of range and could venture to halt:

"Tell me," I asked, "what do you take for that disease of yours? You spent something less than a couple of hours in my company, and you talked more often like a poet than a mere man. I am not surprised that the public gives

you a stony reception. In future I shall have my pocket full of stones, and directly I see your eye in a fine frenzy rolling I will let some blood and cool your brain."

He turned towards me.

"My dear young friend," he said, "this is not the first occasion on which I have received a baptism of fire (1). I assure you I never enter the theatre with a view to an humble recitation, but I get a reception of this outlandish kind. However, as I don't want to quarrel with you too, I will swear off the poetic diet for the whole day."

"Well and good", said I. "You take the pledge for this day only not to make a beast of yourself, and we'll dine together."

Thereupon I gave the landlord instructions for a nice little dinner, and we hied to the baths.

CHAPTER XCI

I RE-CAPTURE GITO AND ESCAPE

IN the baths I caught sight of Gito holding towels and sponges (1) in his hand, leaning against the wall, and looking upset and miserable. You could see he was not happy in his duties. As if to let me judge by his looks, he turned to me with a woe-begone expression, and cried: "Have pity on me, my friend! Away from the clash of steel, I can speak freely. Save me from a brutal scoundrel; I beg pardon for deciding against you; punish me as severely as you like. I'm so wretched that it will be comfort enough to have fallen by your hand (2)".

I told him to stop crying for fear someone should overhear our plans; then I gave Eumolpus the slip—for he was reciting a poem in the baths—and dragged Gito out by a dark and dirty passage and fled like the wind to my lodging. I bolted the doors and flung my arms round him and stroked his tear-stained face. For a long time neither found his voice. For the child's bosom still heaved with one sob after another.

“Shame upon me”, I cried; “to think that I still care for you, basely deserted as I was—that, though the wound was deep, no scar remains: what excuse have you for flying to a stranger's arms? Did I deserve such treachery?”

As soon as he saw that I was not mortally offended, he put on a bolder front (3).

“I did not submit the case to any other judge” I proceeded. “However I make no complaint now. All is forgotten, provided your penitence is genuine.”

I poured out all this between sobs and tears. Thereupon he wiped his eyes with his mantle and replied: “Tell me now, Encolpius; I appeal to your recollection of what occurred. Did I desert you, or did you land me in a mess? I admit my wickedness, and I offer this excuse: I saw two men armed to the teeth, and took refuge with the stronger one (4)”.

I threw my arms round his neck and kissed the brow that held so much horse-sense. To make him realise that I was quite friendly again and that our friendship had truly risen afresh from its ashes, I gave him a good hug.



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respectful sympathy. He presented such an appearance of lusty manhood that his other qualities were merely adjuncts to his physical charms. The fine young giant! He could go on day in, day out. Naturally they all rushed to his aid; some aristocrat (1) from Rome, a regular dog, they told me, threw his own cloak over him as he rushed about and took him off to his house, determined, I suppose, to have all the fun to himself! As for me, I should never have recovered even my own clothes from the cloak-room attendant, if I hadn't produced someone who knew me (2). It's a far more paying game to please the sensual than the sensible."

While Eumolpus was holding forth in this wise, my spirits went up and down; rejoicing of course in my enemy's discomfiture, miserable at his good luck. All the same I pretended I didn't understand the story, and diverted our talk to the menu.

[I had barely finished my tale, when dinner was brought in. The food was frankly vulgar, but it was rich and nourishing. Eumolpus, who was a full-blown professor of starvation, simply wolfed his food. When he was well-lined, he proceeded to usurp the moralist's chair, and to pour out criticism of men who despise every-day knowledge and value things only in proportion to their rarity.]

CHAPTER XCIII

FOOD FROM AFAR

"WHAT we can have, we scorn: our taste is dulled and perverted, and we hanker after the forbidden fruit:

The Colchian pheasant sought by Phasis' banks (1),
 The Afric guinea-fowl (2), these please their taste,
 Because they're hard to get. The white-plumed goose,
 The wild-duck (3) gay of hue, with plumage fresh,
 Their flavour's common! From the farthest shores
 Bring them a tunny fish (4) and on the way
 Run on a sand-bank, they'll be pleased the more!
 Red mullets (5) cloy! The mistress supersedes
 The wife; the cinnamon (6) expels the rose.
 It's labelled 'From Ceylon'—it's all the rage!"

CHAPTER XCIV

THE BEAUTIFUL NATURE OF GITO

"SO much for your solemn pledge to keep off poetry to-day!", I grumbled. "Great heavens you might at least spare us: we never threw stones at you! If any of the fellows who are having a drink under this roof happens to sniff the mere name of a poet, he'll raise the whole neighbourhood, and we shall be buried in the same avalanche. Be merciful, and keep your mind on the picture-gallery or the baths."

Gito, who was the acme of good nature, protested against this outbreak of mine. He said I was quite wrong to pitch into a man who was many years my senior—I was forgetting my duty as a host, and by my rude manners spoiling a dinner which I had planned in such a friendly spirit. He said a good deal more in a modest respectful tone which vastly became his comely face.

Eumolpus was charmed. "Your mother's a very lucky woman," quoth he, "to have a son like you; go on and prosper. It's a rare thing

to find beauty and good-sense in combination. I can tell you every word you said was well-spent; you have gained an admirer. I will sing your praises in my poetry. Whether you bid me or not, I will be at your side to guide and protect you (1). Encolpius needn't worry: his affections lie elsewhere."

Eumolpus, like Ascyltus, had reason to bless that soldier who robbed me of my sword! Otherwise, the fury which had blazed out against Ascyltus I would have wreaked on his own head. This fact did not escape Gito. In consequence he left the room on pretence of fetching some water, and by wisely making himself scarce gave me time to get cool. My anger slowly abating, I said to Eumolpus: "Look here! I would rather have you even recite than talk of dreams like these. I'm a hot-tempered man, and you are a sensual beast. Call me a madman if you like—well then, beware of the lunatic—in other words, get out!"

Eumolpus was taken aback by this tirade. He didn't wait for an explanation of my fury, but bolted incontinently for the door, banged it in my face, and to my complete astonishment shut me up, seized the key, and rushed off in search of Gito.

Locked in, I made up my mind to hang myself. I had already tied my belt to the framework of the bed, which I propped up on end against the wall, and was putting my neck into the noose, when the bolts shot back and Eumolpus and Gito entered the room and dragged me back to life, as I was on the point of rounding the fatal corner (2). Gito was particularly furious; he



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this moonlight flitting? Upon my soul, you wanted to get away without paying for the room, and so you meant to slip out of the place after dark. I'll make you pay for this. For I'll teach you that this block of flats doesn't belong to a poor widow, but to Marcus Mannicius."

"What!" exclaimed Eumolpus, "do you dare to threaten us?"

With that he gave the fellow a smart slap in the face. Boniface replied by hurling at Eumolpus' head an earthenware jar that had earned a rest after serving many a guest (1), cut open the forehead of the shrieking poet, and bolted out of the room. Eumolpus, furious at the insult, seized an oak candlestick (2), pursued him as he fled, and avenged his broken forehead with a shower of blows. By this time the inn-servants and a body of drunken visitors came swarming up. Meanwhile I seized my chance of giving Eumolpus the sack (3)—locked him out, and, having got rid of the brawling fellow and his monstrous pretensions, I was thankful, as you may guess, to enjoy my own room and a night's rest.

Meanwhile, the kitchen-hands and the other tenants were hurling Eumolpus into the street, beating him unmercifully. One seized a spit, smoking beef and all, and thrust it into his face; another snatched a fork from the meat-rack (4) and assumed a posture of offence. An old haridan, blear-eyed, garbed in a filthy linen apron and perched on a pair of odd clogs (5), led the attack; she hauled out a hound of colossal size on the end of a chain, and set him on to Eumolpus. But the poet with the aid of his candle-stick hacked his path to safety.

CHAPTER XCVI

BUT HE MEETS A CLIENT

WE watched the whole episode through a chink in the door, which had been caused a little before when Eumolpus broke the handle, and I revelled in the drubbing he got. But Gito, still mindful of compassion, said we ought to open the door and rush to his rescue. My anger was still hot, and so I let out with my fist, and hit the soft-hearted fool on the head with the knuckles of my clenched fist. He burst out crying, and flung himself on the bed, I glued my eyes one after another to the chink in the door and gloated over the ill-treatment of Eumolpus as though I were eating my fill; I was full of joy that they were playing my game (1) when Bargates, the overseer of the tenement-house, disturbed at his supper, was borne by two chairmen into the thick of the fray; for he was a martyr to gout. He delivered in a truculent rasping voice a long harangue against drunkards and run-aways. Then he caught sight of Eumolpus: "Hullo, my prince of poets! Is it you? You blackguardly slaves, be off with you, quick, and stop your rioting! Eumolpus, my lady-love has been riding the high horse: write me a skit on her and make her behave herself."

CHAPTER XCVII

ASCYLTUS REAPPEARS
AND DEMANDS HIS SLAVE

WHILE Eumolpus was having a private talk with Bargates, there entered into the inn the town-crier, followed by a policeman (1) and a considerable company of onlookers; brandishing a torch that gave off more smoke than light, he read out the following proclamation:

LOST

A Few Hours Ago, at the Turkish Baths,

A YOUNG SLAVE

Age: about sixteen years

Description: curly-haired, goodlooking

Name: Gito

Reward: Anyone returning the said slave, or giving information as to his whereabouts, will receive

TEN POUNDS REWARD!

Quite close to the crier Ascyltus was standing dressed in a many-coloured robe and holding out the reward in a silver scale by way of guarantee. I commanded Gito to get under the bed quick as lightning and thrust his feet and hands through the lashings which held the mattress to the frame, in fact exactly as Ulysses in days gone by fastened himself to the Cyclops' ram (2). Thus spread-eagled under the mattress, he had a chance of escaping, when they thrust in their hands to feel for him. Gito obeyed with alacrity, and in a trice he thrust



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lord, thrust it under the bed, and even prodded every single cranny in the partition. Gito drew away from the blows, and breathed with the utmost caution even while the bristles whisked (1) along his face.

Finally they departed.

Eumolpus, however, now that the broken door afforded access to all and sundry, broke in a state of great excitement.

“I have won the £10”, he cried; “I’m going to run after the crier, and inform him that Gito is in your hands, and give you away as you richly deserve.”

Finding him resolute, I threw myself at his feet and implored him not to deal this final blow at one who was as good as dead. “You might well give way to your wrath”, I added, “if you could produce the truant. As it is, the child got away in the crowd, and I haven’t the least idea where he has gone. I implore you, Eumolpus, find the boy and then even hand him over to Ascyltus, if you will.”

I was on the point of making him believe the story when poor Gito, who had held his breath to the point of bursting, sneezed so loudly three times running that he shook the bedstead. Eumolpus swung round at this disturbance and cried: “How do you do, Gito?” Thereupon he removed the mattress and saw Ulyssus, who might have won compassion even from a thirsty Cyclops. He promptly confronted me, crying: “Well, you scoundrel! So you have the face to lie to me even when you’re caught red-handed. Why, if it hadn’t been that providence which orders the affairs of men has shaken a confession out of

yon trussed-up boy, I should have been swindled into wandering round all the eating-houses in town."

Gito, however, displayed more tact than I. First of all, he got some spider-webs, soaked them in oil, and closed up the gaping wound on Eumolpus' brow. Then he replaced his tattered garment with his own cloak. The man's fury being thus moderated, he saluted him affectionately as a final salve, saying: "My father, my dearest father, our lives are in your hands. You say you care for Gito; change your mind then, and seek our safety. Would that I only were swallowed up by the destroying flame and tossed by the stormy waters! For I alone am the centre of this evil coil: myself the cause. My death would satisfy our foes (2)".

[Eumolpus was much impressed by the prayers first of Encolpius and then of Gito, and moreover he was not unmindful of Gito's pretty ways.

"Fools that you are", he cried. "You are very decent fellows and you might pass a tranquil life; but you are always in trouble; and day after day you walk quite gratuitously into a fresh quandary."]

CHAPTER XCIX

WE GO A-SAILING

"FOR my own part", he pursued, "I have always behaved, wherever I've been, as though every day were my last and the sun would never rise again.

["In other words, I'm always calm. If you want to be like me, dismiss all care from your

minds. Ascyltus here is on your track: fly from him! I am off on a foreign trip: come with me. Perhaps by to-morrow night I shall be a passenger on ship-board; there everybody knows me, and we shall be welcomed with enthusiasm."

This suggestion struck me as sound and sensible; it promised relief from the persecution of Ascyltus, and held out prospects of an easier life. I was overcome by Eumolpus' good-nature, and cursed myself for my roughness to him a few hours before, and I began to lament my jealous rage which had led to all the bother.]

I burst into tears, and begged and implored him to shake hands: rivals in love couldn't help outbursts of jealousy; I would do my best not to cause him offence by word or by deed. If only, like the high-bred, noble soul he was, he would eradicate all soreness from his mind, and leave no scar!

"In wild and barbarous lands", I proceeded, "the snows linger long, but when the soil is tamed by the plough and cultivated (1), the hoar-frost melts away while you say the word. Likewise with passion in the human heart: with the natural man it is ever at the door, but it leaves the cultured soul untouched."

"To prove the truth of what you say", responded Eumolpus, "behold, I give you the kiss of peace. Now then, good luck be with us; pack up your traps and follow me, or, if you like it better, lead on."

The words were still on his lips when a knock thundered on the door, and we beheld on the threshold a sailor with a beard like a door-mat.

"Eumolpus", he growled, "you're wasting



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wrapped my head in my cape and began to feign sleep. But at the very instant, as though Fate was upsetting my equanimity, a voice coming across the after-deck set up a groaning: "And am I then rejected?", it said. It was a man's voice, a voice which I knew almost as well as my own, and it made my heart beat fast! But a little further off a woman in the same tone of bitter indignation burst out angrily: "O that some god would give me back my Gito: how thankfully would I welcome him from banishment!"

The shock of these unexpected voices turned us both pale as death. I, especially, as though in the grip of some horrid nightmare, slowly recovered the use of my tongue and with trembling fingers plucked the hem of Eumolpus' cloak, he being now half asleep.

"Good heavens, my father", I whispered, "tell me: whose in this ship? Who are on board?"

He was irritated at my disturbing him.

"Was this what you meant", he growled, "in choosing the quietest corner of the vessel's after-deck (1), not to let us have a wink of sleep? What in thunder does it matter, if I *do* tell you that a man called Lichas of Tarentum is the owner, and that he is carrying off Tryphæna, into exile (2) in that town?"

CHAPTER CI

WE ARE IN DESPAIR

THIS thunderbolt left me stunned. I shivered all over; I bared my neck and cried: "This

time, Fate, thou hast me at thy mercy!" Even Gito lay flat across my breast, struggling for breath. After a time we broke out into a sweat and recovered breath. I clasped Eumolpus by the knees and cried: "Have pity, Eumolpus, or we die! By our common happiness, lend now your hand (1). Death is upon us, and save for you, we greet it as a gift."

Poor Eumolpus, overwhelmed by this flood of passion, swore by all the gods and goddesses that he had no idea what was the matter. He had no underhand object in suggesting the voyage, but had induced us in all good faith and sincerity to become fellow-travellers on a sea-trip which he had planned long before.

"What treachery have you found?" he inquired. "What Hannibal (2) is sailing with us? Lichas of Tarentum is a pattern of honesty; he is the owner not only of this ship, which he sails himself, but also of half-a-dozen estates and a complete business-staff (3); he's full up now with cargo for a trading voyage. This is the Cyclops (4), the pirate-chief (5), to whom you owe your sail. Beside him there is only Tryphæna, the most beautiful woman on earth, who sails backwards and forwards for pleasure."

Gito broke in here: "These are the very people we have been trying to avoid", he explained; and he poured out to the startled Eumolpus the whole story of the quarrel and the impending danger.

Eumolpus was quite taken aback, and, having nothing to suggest, implored either of us to give his opinion. "I imagine", he said, "that we have blundered into the Cyclops' cave. Some escape

must be found—that is unless we sink the ship and free ourselves from danger at one fell swoop.”

“No, no”, said Gito, “you must induce the helmsman to run the ship into harbour—of course, you must make it worth his while—swearing that your brother can’t stand the sea and is on the point of death. You will easily cover your ruse, if you appear with a look of terror and tears running down your cheeks, and then he will be quite sympathetic and give you your way.”

Eumolpus averred that this was out of the question. “Big (6) ships like this one cannot enter any but sheltered harbours; besides you can’t pretend that your brother has got so low after a few hours’ sail! A third point is that no doubt Lichas, as a matter of decency, will insist on visiting the patient. It would suit us down to the ground, wouldn’t it, to go out of our way to fetch the captain to watch our escape! But even supposing you could have the ship put out of her course in mid-ocean and also prevent Lichas somehow from visiting the patients in their bunks, how could we ever slip out of the ship without being seen by the whole crew? Would you cover up your heads or go bare-headed (7)? If veiled, everyone would want to give the poor sufferers a hand; bare-headed, well you would merely hand yourselves over to justice.”

CHAPTER CII

COUNSELS OF DESPAIR

“HERE’S a better plan”, I rejoined. “We’ll take our lives in our hands, swarm down the



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to give you space for breathing and getting food. Then at night I will raise a shout that my two slaves, afraid of an extra severe punishment, have thrown themselves into the sea. Subsequently when we reach port, I will have you carted off the ship, as baggage, and no one will suspect."

"And so", I retorted, "you propose to tie us up like a lot of gold pieces (2), as though we were people whose insides never give them a pain?—as though we were fellows who never need to sneeze or snore? I admit this kind of trick served me well on one occasion (3). But suppose we manage to stand the confinement for one day; what's going to happen if we are becalmed, or meet a head wind? What are we going to do then? Clothes that are wrapped up too long get creased; if you tie up papers they get crumpled. We are both mere boys, who have so far escaped hardship; shall we endure ropes and packing like a pair of statues? (4)

"No, we have yet to discover the way to safety. Listen to my new idea! Eumolpus, being a literary gent, of course brought ink (5) with him. Very well, with its assistance we'll dye ourselves all over, from head to foot. Then in the role of Ethiopian slaves we'll attend you cheerfully without risk of the lash, and delude our enemies with our false complexions."

Gito sneered: "Why not circumcise us as well, so that they'll take us for Jews (6); pierce the lobes of our ears, and we'll look like Arabs (6); chalk our faces, and Gaul will greet us as her offspring (6)? As though the mere colour would

make a complete disguise!—as though a really complete make-up didn't require all sorts of corroborative detail! Just imagine an ink-blackened face keeping its colour for any length of time! The least sprinkle of water would cause a smear on our bodies; our clothes would get stuck with the ink; why it often congeals even when there's no gum in it. Do you suggest we can puff out our lips in a disgusting pout like the Ethiopians? (6)—frizz up our hair with curling-tongues? (7)—plough up our foreheads with scars (8)—make ourselves bow-legged?—cause our anklebones to touch the ground? (9)—adopt a heathenish style of beard? Artificial colour doesn't change the body: it only makes it dirty."

"I'll tell you the counsel of despair which occurs to me. Let's wrap our cloaks round our heads and take a header into the sea."

CHAPTER CIII

WE ARE DISGUISED AS SLAVES

"HEAVEN and earth forbid!" cried Eumolpus. "You mustn't shuffle off in a cowardly way like that! (1) You'd be far better to try this scheme of mine. My valet, as you saw by his razor (2), is a barber: let him, without delay, shave you both clean—not only your heads, but even your eyebrows (3). I'll follow it up by marking your polls with the proper sign so that people will think you've been branded as a punishment. This stamp will have the double effect of choking off awkward questions and concealing your faces beneath the dark shadow of disgrace (4).

This trick was promptly put into practice. We crossed cautiously to the rails and submitted ourselves bare-headed, eyebrows and all, to the barber's razor. Eumolpus then covered the brows of both of us with great big letters, and with an ungrudging hand traced the well-known badge of the run-away all over our faces.

It chanced that one of the passengers was leaning against the side, consigning his dinner to the deep by the light of the moon, and was horrified to discern our barber plying his trade at this preposterous hour; he cursed the evil omen, because it suggested the final offering of ship-wrecked sailors, and tumbled into his bunk (5). We took no notice of the sick fool's imprecation, resumed our melancholy job, retired to bed without a sound, and spent the remaining hours of the night in troubled slumber.

[Next day, directly Eumolpus heard that Tryphæna was up and dressed, he entered Lichas' cabin; there after a few remarks on the prosperous voyage which was promised by the calmness of the sky, Lichas turned to Tryphæna, and this was what he said:—]

CHAPTER CIV

WE ARE THE VICTIMS OF DREAMS

“IN the dead of night I dreamed that Priapus said to me: ‘Regarding the man Encolpius whom you want to lay hands on—I beg to inform you that I have lured him on to your ship!’”

Tryphaena shuddered: “You might think we'd shared the same cabin! For I dreamed that the



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CHAPTER CV

WE ARE DISCOVERED AND FORGIVEN

LICHAS went white with anxiety at this news. "What!", he bellowed; "you don't say that somebody aboard this ship has had a crop, and at midnight too? Haul the villains aft at once, so that I may know whose blood I must shed to purify the vessel!"

"I am the culprit", said Eumolpus. "Though I was to cross the sea in the same vessel with them I took no auspices; but, as they had long shaggy hair, not wanting to appear to turn the ship into a common gaol, I just ordered the villains to have their hair cropped (1). Also, I wanted to make quite sure that the marks of the letters should not be all concealed under the shadow of their hair, but should be plain for all to read. Among other sins, they spent my savings in the house of one of their lady friends; only the night before I dragged them out soaked in wine and perfume. I assure you they still reek of the remains of my fortune."

Lichas was satisfied, but, with a view to appeasing the ship's guardian angel, he decided all the same to give us forty stripes a-piece. This sentence was put into execution without loss of time; the angry sailors rushed up to us with a cat-o'-nine-tails, and did their best to soothe the deity with our humble blood. I swallowed three doses like a true-blue Spartan (2). But the first cut drew such a heart-rending yell from Gito that his familiar accents echoed in

Tryphæna's ear. Nor was her ladyship alone startled. All her maids at the sound of the well-known voice rushed pell-mell towards the victim. But Gito's beautiful figure had already disarmed the sailors, and had actually begun to make its silent appeal against their brutality; and then the maids cried out in chorus:

“Gito! It's Gito! Hold your cruel hands! It's Gito, my Lady; help! help!”

Tryphæna listened; and then, convinced by the evidence of her own ears, she swooped upon the boy with a rush.

Lichas, who had good reason to know me, ran forward as if he too had recognized a voice he knew. He had no need to scan my features or look at my hands; he just stared steadily at my body, put his hand out, and said “Encolpius, shake!” And, after this, will anyone be surprised that after twenty years' absence Ulysses' old nurse knew him at once by a scar (3), when this smart fellow, in spite of every line of form and feature being transmogrified, went straight to the run-away's one unmistakable feature.

Tryphæna wept copiously, quite taken in by the marks of punishment—for she quite thought that the branding on our foreheads was genuine; and proceeded sympathetically to inquire what slave-prison had laid us by the heel, and who had been heartless enough to lay such brutal hands on us, although as run-aways, she admitted, we had deserved some mark of disgrace for quarrelling with her kindness to us.

CHAPTER CVI

TRYPHÆNA ABETS LICHAS IN
HIS CRUELTY

HER dullness made Lichas furious. He leapt forward and said: "You stupid female! As though these letters were really branded into their skin with proper scars. I wish they had really had their foreheads disfigured with this legend: we should at least have some dregs of consolation. At it is, we have been swindled by a cunning mummery and taken in by an inscription in burnt cork." (1)

Tryphæna was determined to be merciful—she had not lost all her pleasure in Gito!—but Lichas had not forgotten his wife's disloyalty and the indignities which he had suffered in the Hercules portico. His face was convulsed with indignation and he cried: "You have realised, I suppose, my dear Tryphæna, that the immortal gods take care of human affairs. For they have lured these villains aboard our boat unawares, and by a pair of precisely similar dreams they warned us of what they had done. So you see it is out of the question to let off persons whom a god has delivered over to punishment. For my own part, I am not a brute, but I am afraid of suffering the very penalty I ought to impose."

This superstitious argument brought Tryphæna round, and she assured him that she had no desire to interfere with the punishment; nay, rather, she was prepared for a condign penalty. She professed herself quite as much wronged



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friendship. If, my dear sir, they had embezzled (2) your money—if they had basely betrayed the trust you reposed in them—even so you might well have been content with the punishment you see before you. Look, there on their brows you see the badge of slavery; behold them, free men though they are, with their faces branded voluntarily with the emblem of the deserter!”

At this point Lichas interrupted his appeal for mercy.

“Don’t confuse the issue”, he said. “Stick close to the facts. And, to begin with, if they came aboard deliberately, why have they cut all the hair off their heads? The man who disguises himself is out to deceive, not to make reparation. In the second place, if their plan was to win favour by means of your good offices, why did you take every possible step to stow your clients safely away? There’s no manner of doubt that the scoundrels did stumble into a trap, and that you have devised a trick to protect them from the fury of our wrath. As to your attempt to put us in the wrong by talking loud about ‘good family’, ‘birth’, and ‘men of honour’, be careful you don’t spoil your case by piling it on too thick. If a party has been injured, what is he to do when the accused runs his head into the noose? You tell me we used to be friends; well, so much the more do they deserve punishment. The man who wrongs a stranger is called a thief: he who robs his friends is only one degree better than a paricide.”

Eumolpus soon knocked the bottom out of this partisan speech. “I observe”, he argued,

“that the chief point against these unhappy youths is the fact that they had their hair cut at night. On this showing, it is claimed that their coming aboard was accidental, not deliberate. With your kind attention, I will frankly set forth the plain, simple fact. They intended, before they came aboard, to relieve their heads of a tiresome, unnecessary weight. The wind, however, sprang up earlier than they expected, and they had to postpone the carrying out of their plan. It never entered their heads that it mattered when they executed their intention, once having made up their minds: naturally they knew nothing about an omen or sailormen’s law.”

“Yes”, said Lichas, “but what was the point of shaving themselves clean to sue for pardon? Unless, perhaps, bald men (3) as a rule excite compassion more readily. But anyhow what’s the idea of getting at the facts through an interpreter? Tell me that, you thief! What salamander (4) has scorched away your eyebrows? To what deity have you vowed your hair? Answer me that, you poison-monger!”

CHAPTER CVIII

THE BATTLE AND THE TERMS OF PEACE

I HAD been struck dumb with the fear of imminent torture, and I hadn’t a word to say, the case being so clear against us: I was hopelessly upset with shame at my shorn head, my eyebrows being as bald as my forehead, with the result that any word or deed would have seemed indecent.

Worse still, however, when a damp sponge had washed away the tear-stains, and the ink spread over my face had blotted out every feature with a sort of sooty pall—indignation changed to open hostility (1). Eumolpus swore he would not allow anyone against the law of heaven and earth to defile free-born Romans, and backed up his protest against their savage threats with his fists. His intervention was supported by his hired man and also by one or two puny passengers, who acted rather as sympathizers in the case than actual helpers. I uttered no plea on my own behalf, but I shook my fist in Tryphæna's face and shouted in loud ringing tones that I would use my strength against her, unless she let Gito go scot-free—shameless baggage that she was, the only one on the whole ship who deserved the lash.

This rash declaration inflamed Lichas' wrath more and more; he was furious that I should disregard my own troubles, and fight so hard for another. Tryphæna was no less wild at my insult. All on board split up into two opposing factions. On our side the valet distributed his tools between us, himself armed to the teeth; on the other, Tryphæna's maids pulled up their sleeves and showed their claws. Not even the screaming maid-servants shunned the fray. The pilot alone stayed at his post, though with threats that he would leave his job, if the bedlam stirred up by the rascally scum were not stopped. The fury of the combatants was no whit cooled by this threat; for they were fighting for revenge, we for our very lives. There were many casualties—not fatal!—on either side; several,



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CHAPTER CIX

A TREATY IS ARRANGED

WHEN the lady poured out this appeal in an excited tone, the battle paused for a while; we held our hands, and hostilities were suspended. Our leader Eumolpus seized the moment of repentance, and, after giving Lichas a regular dressing-down, he sealed the articles of peace, the terms being as follows: (1)

“ Upon your solemn oath, you, Tryphæna, promise not to put in any further claim for damages against Gito, and, whatsoever wrong he has committed prior to this day, you pledge yourself not to take action or seek redress or in any other way whatsoever take proceeding against him; and you undertake not to exact from him, save with his full consent, any demonstration of affection, of whatsoever description, unless for each such demonstration you shall have first paid down to him in hard cash the sum of £ 3 sterling.”

“ Likewise, Lichas, upon your solemn oath, you agree not to persecute Encolpius—by the use either of improper language or of unseemly glance; nor will you seek him out by night: for every violation of this agreement you shall on each and every such occasion forfeit the sum of £ 6 in hard cash.”

On these terms we shook hands and laid down our arms, and, lest any lingering ill-feeling should survive in our minds after the oath, we wiped out past injuries with mutual kisses. Amid general congratulations our hatred died down, and the

arrival of breakfast, which the battle had postponed, united us all on terms of boisterous geniality. The whole ship rang with our choruses, and, as it happened that a sudden calm had left us motionless, some of us triumphantly caught fish with three-pronged spears (2), while others lured the struggling prey with succulent bait by hook and line.

Moreover, sea-birds perched on the yards, and these a cunning fowler touched with plaited rods (3); the birds became entangled in the withies which were smeared with bird-lime, and were so brought within our reach. The breeze tossed the floating feathers, and the down swirled in the eddies of the frothing foam.

By this time Lichas had begun to seek my good graces again; already Tryphæna was sprinkling Gito with the last drops from her wine-glass (4). Eumolpus, himself quite mellow, tried to crack cheap jokes about bald heads and branding-irons, but finally, getting tired of these vapid criticisms, he fell back on his favourite poetry and recited the following (5):

ODE TO A SHAVEN POLL

My solitary charm is gone—my hair!

My locks the cruel winter's frost has nipped,
My brows robbed of their shade are sad and bare,

My head's a wide expanse all smooth and stripped.
Ah, treacherous nature! all that makes life gay
Thou'rt first to give, and first to take away.

Poor little fellow, how pretty you were

With your sleek little locks of gold!

Apollo was never so passing fair,

And his sister was quite in the cold (6).

But now you're as smooth as a mushroom top (7)
 Or a bell—and you hide your pate .
 From the ribald maidens who seek to stop
 You, and jeer at your hairless state.
 But poor little fellow, to ease your grief,
 I can prove that you'll soon be dead:
 For you know, if it gives you the smallest relief,
 That you've lost a good part of your head!"

CHAPTER CX

WE DON WIGS: EUMOLPUS BEGINS
A STORY

HE was quite prepared to follow this up, I expect, with even more fatuous rhymes, when one of Tryphæna's maids led Gito down below, and adorned the boy's head with an elaborate vine-leaf transformation belonging to her mistress (1). She even produced a pair of eyebrows from a toilet-box, and, cunningly following the lines of his lost beauty, she gave him a life-like make-up. Tryphæna at once recognized the true Gito, and bursting into tears for the first time gave the boy a good hearty kiss. For my part, though I was delighted to see him restored to his old beauty, I was constrained to keep my face concealed, realizing that my disfigurement was no trifling deformity, in-as-much as not even Lichas would condescend to talk to me. But the very same maid found a cure for my melancholy by taking me aside and providing me with a no less becoming coiffure; in point of fact, my charms were rather enhanced, because mine was an auburn wig.

Eumolpus, though his poetry was forbidden,



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but neither parents nor relatives could prevail on her to withdraw; last of all the magistrates were snubbed and gave it up, and this astonishing pearl among women, amid the lamentations of every soul in Ephesus was already enduring the fifth day of her fast. By her side sat a faithful handmaiden shedding tear for tear with her failing mistress, and renewing the light that stood in the tomb as often as it showed signs of going out. Throughout the city from end to end the folk had but one subject of conversation; they all averred, high and low alike, that this was the one shining example of wifely virtue and affection in all their experience.

“This was the position when the provincial governor gave orders that some free-booters should be crucified quite near the little building in which the matron was bewailing her dead. So, on the next night the sentry, who was guarding the crosses to prevent anyone from carrying them off for burial, happening to notice a light burning with unexpected brilliance amid the tombs, and hearing the long-drawn sigh as of one mourning, with a weakness common to mankind, was full of curiosity as to who and what it might be. So he climbed down into the vault, and at the first shock was petrified at the spectacle of a lovely woman, as though he had seen a bogey or a vision of the underworld. Afterwards, observing the corpse laid-out and considering the lady's tears and the cheeks which her nails had torn, he arrived at a clear idea of the facts, namely that the lady's grief for her loss was too great to be borne. He therefore fetched his supper into the sepulchre

and proceeded to exhort the mourner not to persevere in her useless grief, nor rend her heart in twain with unavailing sobs. The same fate awaited all men, he said, the very same last home; and he dragged out all the conventional consolations which are supposed to heal the lacerated hearts of the bereaved. But the lady, upset by the sympathy of a stranger, only rent her bosom more fiercely, tore her hair and flung it over the corpse of the dead. The soldier, however, stuck to his point—and his consolations, trying to tempt the good lady with dainty morsels, until at last the maid, lured by the seductive odour of the wine, first held out her own hand in response to the soldier's courteous invitation.

“Revived by the liquid, she too began to lay siege to her mistress's fortress with food, crying: ‘What will it avail you, if you starve yourself to death; if you bury yourself alive—if, before your hour has struck, you give up the ghost before the judgment?’

‘Dost think the ashes, or the buried dead, can feel?’ (3)

Ah, please come back to life! Won't you give up your wifely folly and, while you may, enjoy the light of day? Surely the body of the dead should bid you live!

“No one turns a deaf ear when bidden to eat or go on living (4). And so the lady, famished with her few days' fasting, suffered her determination to be overborne, and refreshed herself with the food no less greedily than the maid who had given in first.”

CHAPTER CXII

HOW THE LADY FELL IN LOVE

“BUT everybody knows the temptation that comes to those who are well-lined. The very same blandishments with which he had lured the poor widow back to life he employed to win her affection. The stalwart youth was not lacking in comeliness in her modest eye, nor yet in persuasiveness, and the maid pleaded his suit and finally quoted

‘Surely thou wilt not fight
Against thy heart? Nay, dost thou not perceive
In whose fair lands thou art?’ (1)

“Why prolong the story? Not even this persuasion did the lady resist; the triumphant warrior made her eat—and love! So they spent the night together, nor that night only when they plighted their troth, but on the next night and the next. Of course they kept the door of the vault bolted and barred so that if any casual person, stranger or friend, came near the sepulchre, he would assume that the loyal spouse had fallen dead across her husband’s body. The soldier, charmed by the lady’s beauty and his delightful secret, purchased any little offering he could afford, and carried it to the tomb as soon as evening fell.

“The consequence was that the parents of one of the crucified robbers, seeing that the vigilance of the watch had been relaxed, took down the body by night and performed the last rites over



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It was obvious that his thoughts had recurred to Hedyle, the pillaged ship, and the shameless escape (2). But the terms of the agreement forbade him to mention them, and, besides, the general atmosphere of good-fellowship left no room for ill-temper. Tryphæna, moreover, lolling in Gito's arms, alternately covered his neck with kisses and stroked his poor shaven brow.

I was too gloomy and annoyed by the renewal of friendly relations to eat or drink: I glowered at them both sideways with angry eyes. Every kiss was a stab, and all the coaxing tricks which the abandoned woman devised. I couldn't yet decide whether I was more enraged with the boy for stealing my sweetheart, or with her for leading the boy astray. Both these thoughts were torture to me, far harder to bear than the captivity we had escaped. The climax of my misery was that Tryphæna, on the one hand, never addressed me like a friend and a lover of days gone by, while Gito neither deigned to vouchsafe me a casual toast (3) nor paid me the bare courtesy of exchanging a word. I suppose he was afraid, in the first stages of reviving good-feeling, of re-opening the old wound. And so tears of misery overflowed my breast, and a sob, which I hastily turned into a sigh, almost suffocated me.

[Depressed though I was, my auburn wig evidently enhanced my personal charms, for Lichas, like Tryphæna, in a fresh access of affection, began to make eyes at me, trying to lure me into the old relation.]

And he didn't assume the rôle of a master to a slave, but treated me just like an equal, and

kept up his vain attempts for quite a long time. [At last, receiving an uncompromising "No", he swung round and lost his temper, trying to extort consent by violence. At this stage Tryphæna unexpectedly came right in and saw his disgraceful behaviour. He was much upset, pulled himself together, and bolted. Thereupon Tryphæna, stirred by her rising passions, cried out: "What's the meaning of Lichas' rough behaviour?"

I was forced to explain. She, becoming still more amorous, and remembering our old intimacy, urged me to resume our friendship. But I was thoroughly fagged out, and spurned her coaxing. But she was not to be denied. She leapt upon me with a passionate embrace and held me so tightly that I uttered a sudden cry. Thereupon one of her maids rushed in and jumped to the natural conclusion that I was trying to extort the favour which I was really trying to avoid, leapt upon us, and pulled us apart. Tryphæna, savage at the way I had repulsed her lascivious advances, looked coldly upon me, and with renewed threats dashed off to Lichas to inflame his wrath against me, so that they could both wreak vengeance upon me.

You will recollect, however, that, in the days when I was on friendly terms with her mistress, I had been quite a hero to this maid, and so she was immensely pained at catching me with Tryphæna, and deep sobs rent her bosom, the cause of which I earnestly inquired. The girl hesitated and then burst out:] "If you have a drop of decent blood in your veins, you will treat her as a bad woman; if you're a real man you won't touch the vile creature."

These words gave me the most acute uneasiness. What chiefly horrified me was the thought that Eumolpus had possibly got wind of the whole business, and that this satirist would avenge my supposed wrongs in verse. [His pungent wit would assuredly have made me look ridiculous, and the very idea made me tremble. As I was pondering over ways and means of preventing it reaching Eumolpus' ears, behold the very man approached me, evidently not ignorant of what had happened; for Tryphæna had retailed the whole story to Gito, and had tried to get compensation for my callous repulse at my young friend's expense. This made Eumolpus white with rage, more especially because her unseemly behaviour was an open violation of the solemn covenant. When the old fellow saw me bewailing my hard lot, he bade me to tell him the story in detail. I thereupon, seeing that he already knew a good deal, gave him a frank account of Lichas' brutal assault and Tryphæna's disgraceful proceedings. Thereupon Eumolpus swore a solemn, formal oath, that he would set us right, and the gods were too just to allow all these evil deeds to go unpunished.]

CHAPTER CXIV

WE ARE TOSSED BY A STORM

EVEN while we were talking the matter over, the sea grew rough; clouds gathered all over the sky, and blotted out the day. The frightened sailors rushed to their posts, and shortened sail



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impending fates." As I spoke, Gito tore off his tunic, crept under my cloak, and held up his face for me to kiss; and, lest a more jealous wave should tear us asunder, he slipped his belt (3) round us both and tied us together.

"If it does nothing else", he ended, "it will force the sea to bear us together for a little longer. Nay, if it has any pity, and has the grace to fling us on the same shore, either some passer-by in common humanity will give us burial, or—a last chance—though the waves rage against us, the sand which knows nothing may cover us up together."

I submit to this last constraint, and, like one laid out on his death-bed, I await the end which now has no terrors for me. And all the time the tempest is obedient to the decrees of fate; it carries by storm all that remains of the ship: not a mast is left, the steering-gear is gone; not a rope, not an oar remains; but the ship like a hulk of clumsy untrimmed timber wallows in the waves. Fishermen dart from the shore, their little boats riding easily, bent on salvage; but, seeing people aboard prepared to defend their property, they change their cruel purpose and come to the rescue.

CHAPTER CXV

THE POET IN DISTRESS

SUDDENLY we hear a curious growling, away under the captain's cabin (1), as of a wild beast struggling to get free. Thereupon we rushed in the direction of the noise, and, behold, we

find Eumolpus piling up verses on a huge piece of parchment (2). Astounded that he had leisure on the very threshold of death for composing poetry, we dragged him out protesting, and urged him not to be a fool. But he went white with rage at the interruption.

“Permit me to complete my theme”, he shouted; “the poem is struggling on the verge of completion!”

I laid hands on the lunatic, and bade Gito lend a hand and help me drag the bellowing poet to land. When we had achieved our purpose with great labour, we crawled in a pitiful condition to a fisherman’s hut, and, having refreshed ourselves as best we could with some food that was sodden in sea-water, we passed the night in a condition of abject misery.

Next morning we were discussing our position, and considering what direction (3) we had best take, when suddenly I caught sight of a man’s body floating on a smooth breaker and drifting to the beach. I halted with a sigh, and began with swelling tears to ponder over the treachery of the sea.

“Perchance”, I remarked, “in some corner of the earth a wife awaits this man, unconscious of his fate; perchance a son or father, knowing nothing of the tempest. At all events he left some person behind, to whom he gave a parting kiss. Behold the vanity of mortal plans; behold the outcome of their vaulting hopes! Poor mortal, look how he drifts about!”

Till then I was mourning a stranger’s corpse. But suddenly the wave rolled landwards a face unmarked by the sea, and lo! I recognized

Lichas, a few hours ago so fierce and inexorable, tossed up almost at my feet. Then indeed I could restrain my tears no longer. Nay, I smote my breast time and again with my hands, and cried: "Where now is your angry heart? Where now your untamed spirit? Verily, you are a prey to fishes and wild beasts; but yesterday you were boasting of your high authority; to-day you are a ship-wrecked sailor; and of your lordly ship, not even one timber remains."

"Go then poor mortals! Fill your souls with soaring plans. Go, in the pride of your prudence, and lay out for a thousand years the wealth you stole by trickery! Verily, this man only yesterday counted up his wealth; verily he even fixed the very day when he would land at home again. Ye gods and goddesses, how far from his goal he lies! It is not only the sea's that play these tricks on men. One man is ruined in the pride of his arms; another while he is sacrificing to the gods is buried in the ruins of his home; another is flung headlong from his coach and breathes his last. Food chokes the greedy; moderation the abstemious. Add up the sum exactly and you find shipwreck everywhere.

But, you say, the man who is drowned at sea is deprived of burial. As though it mattered one whit what form of dissolution awaits the doomed body, whether fire, or the sea, or slow decay! Do what you will, all ways reach the same goal.

You tell me wild beasts will rend his limbs. As though the fire would treat them more kindly: nay we regard this very death as the most cruel punishment of all when we are enraged with our slaves. What folly it is, therefore, to take such



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you may be sure belong to one of two classes—legacy-leavers and legacy-hunters (2). In this city no man brings up sons, because anyone who has heirs is refused admission to banquets and public shows; he is deprived of all advantages, and has to herd with the lower classes. But those who have never married and possess no near relatives, these are the men who reach the top of the tree. That is to say, they alone hold military office; they alone are regarded as valiant or even honest. You are in fact”, he concluded, “approaching a city which resembles a plague-stricken area in which there is nothing but corpses which are mauled and the carrion that mauls them.”

CHAPTER CXVII

WE PREPARE FOR OUR VISIT TO THE CITY OF LEGACY-HUNTERS

EUMOLPUS, being more a man of the world, pondered over this strange social phenomenon, and confessed that this system of getting rich (1) did not displease him. I supposed the old gentleman was jesting with a poet's licence. But he retorted: “Not at all. I only wish I had a more elaborate stage (2), I mean a more respectable costume, a more prosperous-looking kit that would lend colour to the lie. By Jove! I wouldn't go on with that wallet of yours: I would guide you right away to a mine of gold. Nay, on my word of honour, I promise anything that my partner in crime might ask for—always providing the costume was pleasing—and any prize which Lycurgus' estate had put into our burglarious

way. For I undertake that the great Mother of the Gods (3), in her goodness, would reward us with money for our needs. Well then", proceeded Eumolpus, "why do we waste time? Let us learn our parts. I'll play the 'boss', if it suits you."

Neither of us ventured to oppose a scheme which demanded no payment from either of us. Therefore, in order that the deception might be carefully kept up by us all, we took the oath of allegiance to Eumolpus (4), swearing 'to be burned, bound, beaten, and beheaded, or anything else, at his pleasure'. In fact, we bound ourselves with all solemnity to Eumolpus, body and soul, just as real gladiators do to their owners. After the ceremony of taking the oath, we saluted our new master in our rôle of slaves. We furthermore both got the story pat how Eumolpus had recently lost his son, a young fellow of great eloquence and promise; how the poor old man had therefore left his native city, lest day by day he should be reduced to tears by the sight of his son's friends and dependents, and his tomb. On the top of this tragedy had come the recent shipwreck which had lost him more than a couple of million* (5): he was not disturbed by this loss, except that, being deprived also of his retinue, he could not maintain an appearance worthy of his station. Besides he still had a matter of thirty million (6) invested in African real estate and bonds (7); in fact, he had representatives scattered about his Numidian estates numerous enough to occupy Carthage.

* Sesterces, of course. In English money over £15,000.

To play up to this character, we told Eumolpus he must cough pretty often; he must have an over-loose inside and always curse his food in public; he must talk gold and silver, his supposed estates and the chronic barrenness of the soil; he must sit daily at his ledgers, and every month alter his testamentary dispositions. Finally, to make sure of playing his part down to the most trifling detail, whenever he tried to summon either of us, he must mix up our names, so as to give the impression that his lordship had in mind the slaves who were not in evidence.

The plot thus carefully thought out, we put up a prayer 'Success to us all!', and went on our way. But Gito wasn't strong enough to carry his unaccustomed burden, and the hired valet Corax, an unwilling servitor, was continually putting his load on the ground cursing the pace at which we went, and swearing that he would either throw away the baggage or desert with it.

"Do you take me", he protested, "for a beast of burden or a stone-barge? I signed on as a man, not as a packhorse. I was born a gentleman, like yourselves, even though my dad did leave me without a copper." And, not satisfied with cursing us, he raised one foot and filled the road with a coarse sound and a smell. Gito was vastly amused by his insolence, and greeted each new outburst with a similar sound.



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dared not tread it. Behold, a "Civil War" (4) is a mighty theme, and whoso essays it, if he be not ripe of scholarship, will faint under the burden. For not in a poem can we describe the deeds of men—the historians do this far better, nay, through dark ways and the service of the gods, through the tossing maelstrom of the imagination, must the free spirit be hurled, so that it may seem rather the prophesy of a soul inspired than the prosaic record of authenticated fact: for proof, see if this effort please you—though it lacks yet the finishing touch (5):

CHAPTER CXIX

THE TYRANNY OF ROME

(Eumolpus recites his Poem) (1)

THE whole earth now the victor Roman held—
 Where sea, where land, where either star (2) doth run—
 Not yet content! Her laden (3) ships o'ersailed
 The fretted wave; if hidden vale beyond,
 5 If soil there were, had yellow gold to send,
 'Twas hostile; and while fate prepared grim war
 Rome hunted riches. Common joys pleased not
 Nor well-worn pleasures staled by vulgar use.
 Ephyrian bronze (4) the sea-borne (5) soldier prized;
 10 Earth-quarried sheen (6) out-rivalled purple dye.
 Numidia sues (7); the Chinese sue for silk;
 Arabia's people plead their fields despoiled.
 Lo! death on death, and wounds of murdered peace!
 Gold buys the forest-lion; Hammon's scoured (8)—
 15 Far Afric's end—that no beast's fang be missed
 Of killing-value (9): dearth, brought home, kills men,
 While tigers stalk their gilded cage on board,
 Destined to drink men's blood 'mid cheers of men.

Ah, shame to tell, to publish, threatening (10) doom!
 20 By Persian rite (11) in ill-starred ripening years
 They seized on youths and cut their manhood out
 For passion's service, and that growth's fair course,
 Cut short, may hold in check the hurrying years—
 Nature doth seek herself in vain. Thus all
 25 Love vice—the nerveless frame, the shuffling gait,
 The flowing locks, the garb of fancy name—
 All snares for men! Lo, snatched from Afric lands,
 Stands, aping in its markings cheaper gold,
 The citrus board (12), reflecting troops of slaves
 30 And dyes, sense-tickling—dead ignoble board,
 Ringed by wine-sodden throngs: earth's every prize
 The vagrant soldier, sword-dishonoured, craves.

Gourmand the palate (13)! In Sicilian brine
 The wrasse (14) comes live to table; oysters too
 35 Dug from the Lucrine shores (15) to grace the feast,
 Stir hunger—at a price! Now Phasis' wave (16)
 Is robbed of birds: on her mute shores alone
 The lone breeze sighs to the deserted leaves.

Nor at the poll less vicious (17): citizens, bribed,
 40 For pay and jingling guineas sell their votes—
 A hireling vote, a hireling parliament!
 Favor means cash, the Elders (18) too had lost
 The old free spirit: scattered gold meant power;
 The Sovereign State (19), by gold corrupted, lay.
 45 Cato goes out rejected, yet more sad
 The victor, shamed to seize his rod of power (20),
 For—this the people's shame, their honour's doom—
 Not one man's beaten, but, in him, the might
 And majesty of Rome. Thus Rome, brought low,
 50 Herself was her own price—none left to save (21)!

Trapped by twin tides (22), the common herd as well
 Was cankered by foul usury and debt.
 No house secure, no person free from pledge,
 But plague, as 'twere, born deep inside the bones,
 55 Steals fierce within the limbs with grinding (23) pains.
 Stricken, they arm; the wealth greed lost, by blood

They would restore. The ruined plunger's safe (24).
 Rome in this mire submerged and sunk in sleep
 What arts by healing skill availed to wake
 60 Save it were war and frenzy's lust of steel (25)?

CHAPTER CXX

HOW THE GODS SENT CIVIL WAR (1)

THREE leaders Fate had borne. All three in blood
 On various fields the Fatal Fury crushed.
 Parthia holds Crassus, Pompey Libya's strand,
 Julius poured forth his blood on thankless Rome;
 65 As though Earth could not bear so many tombs
 She spread their ashes. Fame these honours pays.
 There is a place deep down in quarried chasm
 Between Parthenope and Dicarchis' lands
 Damp with Cocytus' spray (2): thence spreads a breath
 70 Of fatal vapour pouring forth aloft.
 Its soil's not rich in autumn (3) nor does grass
 Grow in lush turf, nor tunefully in spring
 Do thickets soft discourse with diverse voice.
 But chaos and rough rocks of pumice black
 75 Revel in gloomy cypress, piled around.
 In this haunt Father Dis (4) doth raise his head,
 'Mid flame of pyres and strewn with hoar-grey ash.
 And fickle Chance (5) he goads with taunts like these:
 " Ah, mistress of things human and divine,
 80 Chance, who wouldst have no power too free from care,
 Who lovest change and leavest soon what's gained,
 Dost feel Rome's heavy hand upon thee, that
 No higher canst thou raise her to her fall?
 Rome's lusty youth mocks her own strength: the wealth
 85 She piled she scarce can hold: behold abroad
 The lust of booty, greed gone ruin-mad,
 In gold they build (6), star-high their houses rise,
 The waves are barred by stones (7); sea's born on land;
 A rebel race, they change the scheme of things.



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CHAPTER CXXII

THE HEAVENS RESPOND TO FORTUNE
CAESAR GOES TO WAR

SCARCE had she spoke when, rent with lightning flash,
 The cloud shook, and cut short the darting fire.
 Sank back the Lord of Shades: in earth's embrace
 125 Hidden, he shuns in dread his brother's bolts (1).
 Forthwith the blood of men and gathering doom
 Heaven's signs proclaimed. For lo! with bloodstained face
 Unsightly, Titan (2) veiled himself in gloom:
 Thou'ldst think e'en then thou gazed on civil strife.
 130 There too did Cynthia (3) her full orb put out
 And hide her light from crime. The mountains, rent
 With reeking summits, thundered; dying streams
 Astray left their familiar banks (4); the sky
 With clash of arms is mad: the quivering horn
 135 Cries 'Havoc' (5) in the stars. Etna's devoured
 By strange new flames and skyward shoots her bolts (6).
 Lo, 'mid the tombs and bones that lack their pyres,
 Shade-phantoms threaten with unholy screech.
 A torch (7), girt with strange meteors, trails its flame;
 140 Jove falls in living rain of blood (8). In brief
 These signs the god gave. Caesar, verily,
 Brooked not delay, and driven by vengeance' lust
 Let Gaul go hang (9), and plunged in Civil War.

On Alpine heights where, trod by Grecian god (10),
 145 The rocks slope down and let themselves be scaled,
 There stands a fane of Hercules: hard snow
 In winter piles its white roof heaven-high.
 Thou'ldst think high heaven fell there: the noon sun's rays
 Melt it no whit, nor springtime's zephyr-breath.
 150 In frozen mass bound fast and wintry ice,
 Its beetling shoulders heaven's whole weight could bear. (11)
 When Caesar trod this height, with eager troops,

And chose his camp, high on the towering crest,
 Hesperia's plains (12) he scanned afar, and stretched
 155 Both hands to heaven and prayed: "Ah, mighty Jove (13)
 And thou, O Saturn's Land (14), proud of my sword,
 Of old o'erweighted by my victories (15),
 Witness that Mars compels me to this war,
 My hands compelled!—By dastard blow constrained (16),
 160 Exiled from Rome, while staining red the Rhine—
 Barring the Alps while Gauls once more would scale
 Our Capitol (17): my deeds make exile sure!
 For Germans slain and sixty (18) triumphs won
 I'm found a traitor. Yet my fame alarms—
 165 Whom? who looks out for battles? Hireling gangs,
 Bought loafers, stepsons of the Rome I love (19).
 Methinks not scatheless with impunity
 Shall cowards bind this hand. To victory
 Surge on, my comrades. Plead the cause with steel,
 170 One charge 'gainst all—o'er all of us the same
 Death threatens. Thanks I owe you. Not alone
 I conquered (20). Therefore, since death overhangs
 Our trophies and our deeds have won disgrace,
 Let Fortune judge the hazard (21). On to war
 175 And try your hands. I swear my cause is won:
 'Mid all your trusty swords I cannot fail."
 His words rang forth: on high the Delphic bird (22)
 Gave omens glad and flying beat the air.
 Yea, from the left hand of the awful grove
 180 Strange voices echoed loud with answering flame.
 E'en Phoebus' self, his disc revealed, enhanced
 His brilliance, girt his face in golden sheen.

CHAPTER CXXIII

BY signs encouraged, Caesar, ordering on
 His standards, heads the daring enterprise.
 185 At first the ice and earth in white frost bound
 Resisted not, but gently quivering lay;
 But when the squadrons broke the close-packed drifts (1),

And frightened steeds trod through the rivers' crust,
 The snow grew warm. Then streams from mountain tops
 190 Poured new-born; but e'en these—as at command—
 Stood still, held fast amazed in frozen fall—
 Now flowing free, now hard for axe to cut.
 Treacherous before, yet more it mocked their steps,
 Nor foothold offered; horse and foot alike
 195 And arms lay heaped in helpless disarray.
 Lo, too, the clouds by ice-wind buffeted
 Were lightened of their load; the whirlwind gale
 Failed not; with hail the tortured sky was thick.
 The clouds themselves in torrents drowned their arms
 200 And like a sea-wave poured the icy rain.
 Vanquished wide earth in snow, vanquished the stars,
 Vanquished the rivers frozen to their banks:
 But not yet Caesar! Mighty spear to aid,
 He crunched the rough ground with unwavering stride
 205 As leaping down the crag of Caucasus
 Amphitryon's son (2) did, or grim-visaged Jove
 When down the vast Olympian steeps he plunged (3)
 And brought to naught the ill-fated Giants' arms.

While Caesar's wrath lays low the hummocks rough (4),
 210 Swift Rumour meantime plies her wings in dread
 And seeks tall Palatine's exalted crests,
 Smiting the temples with this Roman bolt (5):
 "Fleets scour the sea", it cried, "through all the Alps
 Swarm squadrons reeking hot with German blood (6)."
 215 Arms, blood, destruction, fire—all shapes of war,
 Flit in their eyes (7). So panic-stricken souls
 Are torn in terror; 'twixt two means of flight.
 By land one chooses, one prefers the wave—
 Safer than home the sea (8)! One here and there
 220 Would fain resist, confronting fate's decree.
 Whose fear is great, flees fast. More swift themselves (9)
 'Mid these alarms the people, tragic sight,
 As panic bids, the empty city leave.
 In flight Rome glories, and the Romans, quelled.



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Her left hand clutches tight Mars' battered shield
 Heavy with countless darts; with blazing torch
 Her right hand threatens earth with fiery doom.
 Earth feels their godhead: the deserted stars
 265 The burden miss (4); for all the realm of sky
 Is rent in twain. And first Dione (5) aids
 Her Caesar's prowess—comrades at her side
 Pallas and Romulus shaking his huge spear.
 Pompey, Apollo (6) with his sister aids,
 270 Cyllene's son and Tiryns' like-famed lord.
 Crash trumpets, Discord (7) with her tresses torn
 Raises aloft her Stygian head, her face
 Clotted with blood, tears in her bruised eyes:
 Stood out her fangs encrusted red with rust;
 275 Tongue dripping filth, cheeks crawling thick with snakes,
 Her breast convulsed, her robe to ribbons torn,
 A bloody torch she waved in quivering hand.
 Cocytus' shades and Tartarus she left
 Striding the high tops of famed Apennine,
 280 Whence she could see all lands and every shore,
 And squadrons wheeling over all the earth.
 And this the cry she flung from frenzied heart:
 "Take arms, ye peoples, now with brains afire,
 Take brands and fling them in the hearts of towns.
 285 Who hides shall die; no woman shall go safe,
 Nor boy, nor helpless age unchampioned;
 Though earth's self quake and shattered homes resist.
 Marcellus, guard thy law! Stir, Curio,
 The mob! Check thou not, Lentulus, brave Mars (8).
 290 Why dost thou stay thine arms, thou Goddess-born (9)?
 Why not break cities' gates, breach wide their walls
 And loot their treasures? Canst not, Great One (10), save
 Rome's towers? Go, seek ye Epidamnus' (11) walls,
 And stain Thessalian seas with blood of men (12).
 295 O'er earth 'twas done, whatever Discord bade (13).

When Eumolpus had come to the end of this
 amazing torrent (14) of words we at last made

our entry into Croton. We rested first in an humble lodging, and, while searching on the next day for a house of a more dignified character, we fell in with a crowd of legacy-hunters, who insisted on learning what manner of men we were, and whence we came. Thereupon, sticking close to the lesson we had taught one another, and elaborating it with a flow of words, we explained where we came from and who we were—they obviously swallowing the whole story. As soon as they had taken it, in they vied with one another in focussing all their resources upon Eumolpus. There is tremendous rivalry among the cadgers to win the favour of Eumolpus with presents.

CHAPTER CXXV

I BEGIN TO DREAD DISCOVERY, AND HAVE AN ADVENTURE

THINGS went on like this in Croton for some little time. Eumolpus lived on the fat of the land, and would have so entirely forgotten his former state as to brag to his friends that not a soul in Croton would refuse him a favor. "If any of you gets into trouble here", he was fond of saying, "I have friends at court who will see you through all right."

For my own part, however, although every day more and more I fattened (1) myself with dainty fare to bursting point, and felt certain Fortune had ceased to keep an eye on me, all the same amid our luxurious surroundings there recurred from time to time the thought of its origin.

"What would become of us", quoth I, "if

one of these cadgers had the sense to send a spy to Africa and found out our deception? Suppose Eumolpus' hired varlet got bored with his round of pleasure, gave the hint to his pals, and was mean enough to expose the whole plant (2)? I guess we shall have to cut and run over again; after all the trouble we have taken to drive away poverty we shall wear the rags again and beg our bread. Ye gods and goddesses, the adventurer's life is not a happy one! He is always expecting to get his deserts." (3)

[Thus pondering, one day I fell into a deep depression. Hoping to cheer myself up with a breath of fresh air, I had barely entered the promenade when a rather comely slave-girl came up to me, and greeted me as Polyænus—the name I bore in my new rôle; she announced that her mistress begged the favor of a talk with me.

"You are mistaken", I said nervously, "I'm only a poor foreign slave, unworthy of so great a privilege."]

CHAPTER CXXVI

THE MAID AND THE MISTRESS

"NO", she replied, "you are the man I was told to bring. You know your own handsome figure (1), and so you put on side and sell your kisses (2) instead of granting them as a favor. Look at your curls so beautifully combed, your well-rouged cheeks (3), the coy glances of your eyes! What about your affected mincing walk (4), every step strictly according to the book? Obviously you're out for business, and at your own price too! Look at me: I'm no crystal-gazer nor



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in a neighbouring grove of planes. The girl agreed: she drew her skirts about her ankles, and darted into a bank of laurels which bordered on the path. After a few moments' delay she escorted her mistress from the shadow of the trees and led her to my side. She was a lady of surpassing charms, beyond all dreams. No words can set forth her beauty; whatever I say will limp behind the truth. Her glorious curls fell like a cloud over her shoulders in studied disorder; her brow was low (8), and above it the hair waved smoothly back upon her head; her eyebrows curved even to the contour of her cheeks, and almost met again between the eyes; the eyes gleamed brighter than stars when the moon has set (9); her nose slightly retroussé (10); her lips such as Praxiteles gave to Diana. Now her chin, now her neck, now her hands, now the whiteness of her feet set in a tiny ring of gold, threw into the shade the gleam of Parian marble. Then for the first time I forgot my Doris, the dream of my earliest love.

Why, Jove, hast thou thine armour thrown away?

Why dumb among the gods—a 'silent play'?

'Tis time that awful brow its horns had shed;

'Tis time bird's plumes disguised that old grey head!

Here's Danae herself: touch her, be brave!

Now shall thy limbs flow warm with passion's wave. (11)

CHAPTER CXXVII

CIRCE MAKES LOVE TO ME

THE maiden was charmed, and laughed so delightfully that her face shone like the full moon coming from behind a cloud. Then with

fingers beating time to her words (1), "if you won't be bored by a real lady", she said, "who has become a woman barely a twelvemonth (2), allow me, young sir, to provide you with a sister. You have, of course, a brother (3) of your own: in fact, I ventured to find this out; but why not adopt a sister as well? I come in on the same terms. I only ask that you won't refuse my kiss when the whim takes me." "Nay, nay", I rejoined, "by your lovely face I entreat you be not too proud to admit an humble stranger as one of your admirers. You will find me a strict disciple if you let me kneel before you. And—I shouldn't like you to think that I enter this temple of love with empty hands—I present my brother to you."

"What!" she cried, "you give my your dear brother, the very breath of your life, on whose very lips you hang, whom you love as I love you?"

As these words fell from her lips, so tuneful the list of her voice, so soft the notes that soothed the quivering air, that the breezes seemed to whisper a Siren melody. (4)

I stood breathless, while the whole sky seemed to glow with a strange limpid light. Then I dared to ask the name of the goddess.

"So my maid", she replied, "did not tell you that my name is Circe? (5) Not she, indeed, that was daughter of the sun; nor did my mother at her will stay the universe in its orbit. And yet, if Fate joins us two together, I shall have something to thank heaven for. Nay, already the god stirs strange thoughts in my soul. 'Tis not for nothing that Circe yearns for Polyænus; for between them that bear these names (6) a

great flame always burns. Take me, then, in your arms, if you will. No eavesdropper need you fear; your friend is far away."

So Circe spoke, and wound me in her arms softer than swan's-down, and drew me downwards to the flowery lawn.

Such flowers as Mother Earth of yore
Poured forth on Ida's height,
When Jove had hardly won her o'er
Her ardent troth to plight;
Red roses glow; the violets blush;
Soft rushes fringe the stream;
And smiling from the meadow lush
The snow-white lilies gleam.
Such radiant splendour clothed the ground
And summoned Venus nigh,
So that our stolen love was crowned
Beneath a cloudless sky.

There on the greensward we lay side by side, kissing a thousand times, seeking love's guerdon.

CHAPTER CXXVIII BUT TRAGEDY FOLLOWS

"WHAT'S this?", she cried. "Does my kiss offend you? Do you find me starved and spiritless? Am I not sweet and fragrant to your sense? No? Well, perchance you are nervous about Gito?"

I was one mass of blushes, and a sort of paralysis left me a crushed and helpless mass of misery. "Have pity, O Queen", I implored; "do not beat me black and blue. I am bewitched."

"Chrysis, tell me the truth. Am I uncomely? Am I untidy? Have I some natural deformity



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random, but I said nothing about my bad luck, because I was awfully afraid of making him jealous. In order to prevent any suspicion, I drew him to my side and tried to demonstrate my affection for him; but though I panted and perspired my efforts were futile. He jumped up in wrath, cursing my impotent attempts and my altered affections, and protesting he had for some time observed that I was wasting my strength and my affections elsewhere.

“Far from it”, I cried. “My dear brother, my love to you is as true as ever: the fact is that my youthful passion is giving way to reason.”]

“I quite understand”, he sneered; “I am immensely obliged to you for playing the role of Socrates. (3) But I’ll wager Alcibiades never found him letting reason kill pleasure.”

CHAPTER CXXIX

AN EXCHANGE OF LETTERS

I stuck to my point. “I have no consciousness of being a man at all: no sensation even! I have lost the strength which once made me an Achilles.” Gito realized that I was all unstrung, and, being afraid that people would talk if he were found alone with me, he rushed out of the room and hurried away to an inner chamber of the house. He had scarcely departed when Chrysis opened the door, bringing me a note (1) from her mistress, couched in the following terms:

“Circe to Polyænus, greeting!

If I were a bad woman, I should be furious at being let down. As it is, I am eternally grateful

for your exhibition of feebleness—the anticipation of pleasure lasted all the longer. But I *do* want to know what became of you, and whether you managed to crawl home by yourself; for doctors assure me that men can't walk about when they are unstrung. I warn you, my young friend, beware of the palsy. I never saw a patient in such a dangerous state; in fact you're as good as dead already! If the same numbness has attacked your arms and legs you may as well send for the undertaker's flute-players (2). What is it to me? Well, grossly insulted as I was, I don't grudge physic to a broken man. If you want to get well, consult Gito. Send him away for a couple of nights, and you'll recover your vigour. For my part I'm quite sure I shall not be so uninspiring to my next lover. My mirror doesn't lie, nor my reputation either. Get well, if you can!"

When Chrysis saw that I read this sarcastic effusion right through, she remarked: "It's nothing out of the ordinary! Specially in a town like this where women even play tricks with the moon. You can easily make peace. Just write a polite note to my mistress, and make a frank apology, and salve her wounded pride. It's only fair to admit that, since you insulted her, she has not been herself at all."

I took the hint with alacrity and composed the following reply.

CHAPTER CXXX

I MAKE HUMBLE APOLOGY

"Polyænus to Circe, greeting!

I confess, dear lady, my many sins: I am only a man, and a mere boy yet. Nevertheless, never

up to this very day have I committed the unpardonable sin. The accused pleads guilty: punish me as you will, I deserve it all. I have played the traitor, I am a murderer, I have robbed a temple (1); devise a penalty to fit these crimes. Bid me to die—my sword is ready. Or bid me be flogged, I run naked to your whip. But bear one fact in mind; the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak. I was ready for the fray; but I had no sword. What upset me, I can't imagine. Possibly imagination outstripped the laggard body: perchance, in the ardour of my passion, I dried up the springs of pleasure. I haven't a notion what actually occurred. You urge me to beware of the palsy! As though any stroke could be more fatal than that which robbed me of your proffered charms. But the sum of my plea is this: give me a chance of repairing my fault; I will make full amends."

I sent off Chrysis with this pledge, and gave myself up to getting my troublesome body into condition. I refrained from having a bath and only anointed myself in moderation; then I partook of good strengthening food, consisting of onions and the necks of snails without sauce, washed down with a very little wine (2). Then before going to sleep I took a gentle stroll to settle things and went to bed by myself. I was so determined to make my peace that I was afraid of having Gito near me.

CHAPTER CXXXI

I SALLY FORTH IN HIGH HOPE

NEXT morning I got up thoroughly rested in mind and body, and walked down to the same



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A noble plane spread leafy shade
 Against the summer glare,
 And Daphne (3) too made cool the 'glade
 With berries in her hair,
 And all around the trim pines swayed
 Their high tops in the air;
 A stream with vagrant ripples played
 And splashed the pebbles there.

Place made for Love! The nightingale—
 A woodland witness she—
 And Procne (4) from the city's pale,
 Played on the grassy lea,
 And there amid the violets frail
 In tuneful revelry
 They practiced in this peaceful vale,
 Their wonted minstrelsy.

Premebat illa resoluta marmoreis cervicibus
 aureum torum myrtoque florenti quietum . . . ver-
 berabat. Itaque ut me vidit, paululum erubuit,
 hesternae scilicet iniuriae memor; deinde ut
 remotis omnibus secundum invitantem consedi,
 ramum super oculos meos posuit, et quasi pariete
 interiecto audacior facta "Quid est" inquit "pa-
 ralytice? ecquid hodie totus venisti?" "Rogas"
 inquam ego "potius quam temptas?" Totoque
 corpore in amplexum eius immissus non prae-
 cantatis usque ad satietatem osculis fruor . . .

CHAPTER CXXXII

BUT THE TRAGEDY IS REPEATED

IPSA corporis pulchritudine me ad se vocante 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 . . .

(The MS. breaks off here, but the sequel is obvious.)

The lady at last was lashed to fury by this flagrant affront, and all her thoughts turned to vengeance. She summoned her chamber-slaves (1) and bade them give me a thorough good hiding. Then she decides that this severe punishment was altogether too good for me; so she sends for all her sewing-girls and the very scum of all her household drudges, and bade them spit in my face. I put my hands before my eyes, but I uttered no prayer for mercy. because I knew what I had deserved, but, after I had been almost blinded with blows and other indignities, I was thrown out of the gate. The witch Proselenus is likewise ejected: Chrysis is soundly whipped, while the whole household is plunged in gloom, grumbling under their breaths and wondering who had upset their mistress's cheerful temper. (2)

Thus we were all square, and my courage revived. I did my best to cover up the signs of my whipping, fearing that humiliation would fill Eumolpus with mirth and Gito with misery. The only device by which I could hope to hide my disgrace was to feign illness. So I tucked

myself up in bed and concentrated the fire of my wrath upon the source of all my troubles (3).

Having come to the end of my vulgar tirade, I began to feel ashamed of myself: in fact I was covered with blushes at the thought that I had so far lost my selfrespect as to bandy words with a part of the body which respectable people decline even to recognize. For some time I wiped my brow: then I concluded: "Well, anyhow, what harm have I done if I have unburdened my soul: my fury was quite natural. Don't we swear at our digestions, our greedy appetites, or our heads, if they're always giving us trouble? Why, Ulysses himself joined issue with his heart. Some of the greatest tragedians criticize their eyes as if they had ears to hear. Gouty old gentlemen curse their feet, rheumatic people abuse their finger-joints; short-sighted people their eyes; when we have damaged our fingers we take it out of our feet.

Why, Cato, with forehead so wrinkled, revile

The ingenuous work of to-day?

Its pure Roman style has a genial smile;

What the world does, I candidly say!

What man is ascetic, who's celibate now?

Who to live like a monk would compel us?

The sage Epicurus bids learned men bow

Before love, for he calls it life's *telos*. (4)

There is nothing more dishonest than hypocritical advice: nothing more hypocritical than sham morality.



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Have I robbed the sacred temples; yet in abject
want I stand!

I'm not wholly vile, Priapus; contrite prayers my
bosom thrill;

He's the lesser sinner surely who has sinned against
his will!

Oh forgive my venial error: 'tis for mercy that I sue,
And when fortune smiles upon me I will pay thee
honour due.

I will sacrifice a he-goat, I will offer thee a ram,
And a sucking kid I'll slaughter, and a newly
weaned lamb.

In thy bowls new wine shall bubble and around
thy sacred shrine,

Thrice the tipsy choir shall circle honouring thy
power divine.

As I chanted my prayer with my eyes gazing
fixedly on my offering, there entered the chapel
the old beldam Proselenus, with dishevelled hair
and wearing a hideous black cloak. She laid her
hand upon my shoulder and led me outside the
forecourt.

CHAPTER CXXXIV

THE PRIESTESS SETS TO WORK

“WHAT vampires” (1), she hissed, “have sucked
away thy strength? Hast thou trodden by night
on foul ordure or on a corpse in a place where
three roads meet? Thou art cold even to Gito;
thou art weak, feeble, helpless, even as a horse
on a steep hill; thou hast wasted thy toil and
the sweat of thy brow. Nor art thou content
with thine own ill-doing: thou hast roused the
gods to anger against me. But thou shalt pay
for it!”

Thus speaking, she led me unresisting back into the chamber of the high priest. Then she flung me upon a couch, produced a cudgel from behind the door and began to flog me. I dared not protest, and, unless the cudgel had broken at the first stroke and reduced the weight of the blows, she might easily have broken my arms or my skull. As it was, her violent onset made me howl with pain; tears coursed over my cheeks, and I buried my head in the cushions with my hand held up to ward off the blows. The old witch also burst into tears, seated herself at the other end of the bed, and gave herself up to a sobbing lament that her life was so long and weary. At last the priestess interrupted us:

“What are you doing in this chamber of mine, behaving as though it were a newly-occupied vault? And on a feast-day as well, when even mourners rejoice!”

“Alas, Oenothea”, she returned, “pity the poor youth you see before you. He was born under an unlucky star; he is a bankrupt in the market of love. You have never set eyes on such a miserable wretch; he’s nothing but a bit of sodden leather. To put it in a nutshell, what do you think of a man who remains cold to the charms of Circe?”

When Oenothea heard this, she sat down between us, shook her head slowly and after a while remarked: “I am the only person who knows how to cure that disease of yours, and, lest you should think I am speaking in riddles, I invite the young gentleman to trust himself to me. I wager I’ll make him as sound as a bell.

There is naught you can see but's obedient to me
 In the whole of the globe's great sphere.

If I will there is dearth o'er the fertile earth,
 The grass goes yellow and sere.

If I will, there are crops, and the grim crag-tops
 Will produce me a Nile complete.

The ocean waves are my prostrate slaves,
 And the zephyrs hush at my feet.

Me rivers obey: I have only to say
 'Stand fast' and the snake is still.

Hyrkania's savagest tigresses

Bow down when they know my will.

To these trifles an end! I can make descend

By my chanting the moon to the ground;

And the sun hurry back on his usual track

With his furious steeds wheeled round.

The bull's rage fell at the virgin's spell,

So Circe her magic blends

'Gainst the warrior throng, and her witch-made song

Makes swine of Ulysses' friends.

As Proteus (2) escapes in his myriad shapes,

So I with my magic skill

Cause streams in their course to return to their source,

And rivers to climb uphill."

CHAPTER CXXXV

OENOTHEA'S SORCERY

I SHUDDERED in horror at this catalogue of superhuman powers, and gazed at the old woman more intently than before. "Very well then", exclaimed Oenothea, "you must obey me!" Washing her hands with scrupulous care, Oenothea leaned over the couch and kissed me once and again. Then she set an old-fashioned table in the midst of the altar and covered it with



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Hung clust'ring there 'mid scent-giving festoons,
 And savory old and raisin bunches spread.
 Like Attic (7) hostess long ago was she
 Worthy of Hecale (8) whom for age-long fame (9)
 The Muse let Battus' son (8) immortalise.

CHAPTER CXXXVI

MY BATTLE WITH THE SACRED GEESE

THE good dame bit off a morsel of the meat and ate it. While she was putting the bone back into the meat-rack on the end of a fork— I wager it wasn't a day younger than she was!— the rotten old stool on which she was standing to increase her height gave way, and threw the old dame with a crash on to the hearth. The result was that she broke the spout of the kettle, and put out the fire, which had just begun to show signs of life. She singed her elbow with the smouldering log and covered her face all over with the scattered ashes. I rose in alarm, and, unable to help laughing, picked her up, and immediately, lest the solemn rite should be unduly delayed, she ran off to a neighbour's to fetch some fuel to start the fire again. I strolled to the cottage-door, and without warning I was attacked by three sacred geese, which, I suppose, were in the habit of coming to the old lady regularly at midday to be fed. I stood in alarm while they circled round me quacking hoarsely with a noise that suggested madness. One tore my cloak; another loosened the lace of my sandle and made off with it; the third, which was the ringleader of their ferocious com-

pany, made a determined attack on my calf with its saw-like beak. I threw all scruples to the winds, dragged off one of the table-legs, and proceeded to batter the savage beast with might and main. Not satisfied with a casual whack or two, I made the goose answer with its life. (1)

Such the Stymphalian Kites (2) that Hercules Skyward, methinks, by guile in terror drove;
The Harpies (3) too whose venom did pollute
False Phineus' board. Their awful wings disturbed
The startled air; the heavenly palace quaked.

Meanwhile the two survivors had gobbled up the beans which had been scattered and overturned all over the floor, and, finding themselves bereaved, I suppose, of their captain, had waddled back to the sacred precinct. Rejoicing at once in my booty and in my vengeance, I threw the dead goose behind the bed, and washed the wound in my leg—which was a mere scratch—with vinegar. Then, fearing that I should get into hot water, I made up my mind to slip away quickly, made myself respectable, and proceeded to walk outside the cottage. But I hadn't crossed the doorstep when I espied Oenothea returning with a bucket full of live coals. So I retraced my steps, threw off my tunic, and lolled in the doorway as though I were getting tired of awaiting her return.

She raked together some broken chips and built up the fire upon them, putting a number of logs on the top. Then she apologized for her prolonged absence, explaining that her gossip had declined to let her go until she had drained dry the three orthodox toasts. (4) "Whatever have

you been doing in my absence?", she proceeded. "And where's the beans?"

I felt that my achievements were well worthy of praise, and so I gave her a detailed account of the battle. Finally, to cut short her disappointment about the beans, I produced the goose as a compensation for the loss. As soon as she saw the goose, she set up such a shriek of despair that you might have thought the geese were attacking the cottage over again. And so, in utter amazement and surprise at her extraordinary behaviour, I inquired what had made her so wild, and why she was apparently more upset on the goose's account than on mine.

CHAPTER CXXXVII

THE GRAVITY OF KILLING A GOOSE

THEREUPON she wrung her hands together and yelled: "You villain, you; how dare you open your mouth? You have killed Priapus' pet goose (1) — the one that all our matrons love best! Don't flatter yourself that it's a trifling matter: if the magistrates hear of it, you will hang! You have defiled my little cabin with blood, my poor cabin which never had a stain on its character before this day: thanks to you, anyone who wants to do me an ill turn can drive me from my sacred office."

"Don't weep", I implored, "I will give you an ostrich (2) instead of the goose."

To my complete amazement she sat on the couch and went on bewailing the fate of the goose. Shortly after, Proselenus came in upon



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ing an invocation she plunged some filberts (6) into the wine. The result of the enquiry depended on whether they rose to the top or sank to the bottom. I observed that some of the nuts being empty and hollow without kernels of course floated on the top, while those which were heavy and full of fresh fruit drifted to the bottom. [Then, turning towards the dead goose,] she made a slit in its breast and pulled out its well-fattened liver (7), from which she proceeded to tell my fortune. Not yet satisfied, and to prevent any trace of the crime remaining, she carved up the bird, stuck the portions on spits and cooked a noble repast, as she said, for the doomed victim. In the meanwhile cups of unmixed wine (8) went round and round, [while the two old ladies cheerfully consumed the goose which had caused all the disturbance. When the last tit-bit had vanished, Oenothra, who by this time was quite merry, turned upon me and said: "Now the mystic rites must begin, which will make you a man again."]

CHAPTER CXXXVIII

THE CURE IS TOO VIOLENT

PROFERT Oenothra scortum fascinum (1), quod ut oleo et minuto pipere atque urticae trito circumdedit semine, paulatim coepit inserere ano meo . . .

Hoc crudelissima anus spargit subinde umore femina mea . . .

Nasturcii (2) sucum cum habrotono miscet perfusisque inguinibus meis viridis urticae fascem comprehendit omniaque infra umbilicum coepit lenta manu caedere . . .

[Stung all over by the nettles] I took to flight, but the old hags in spite of their excitement, which was due partly to wine and partly to lust, followed in breathless pursuit, dogging my steps, and, having followed me the length of several streets, they started shrieking "Stop thief!" However, I showed them a clean pair of heels, in spite of tearing my feet to bits in my headlong course.

[Although I was absolutely worn out when at last I staggered home, and fell into bed, I couldn't get a wink of sleep. I went over and over all the miseries which had befallen me. I came to the conclusion that I was the unluckiest fellow alive, and cried out: "Cruel Fate, thou art ever against me! Was it necessary to call in the tortures of love to complete the tale of my punishment? Woe is me! Fate and Love are in league to ruin me. Even cruel Love has never spared me: whether I love or am loved, I am kept on the rack. For behold, Chrysis, who loves me to distraction, continues to persecute me. The very coquette who, when she courted me on her mistress's behalf, spurned and despised me as a slave because I was dressed in the garb of servitude—she, I say,] that Chrysis, who then mocked at my low estate, insists on pestering me now at the risk of her neck; [and she vows she will never desert me, now that she has once confessed the depth of her infatuation. But Circe is my only love! I laugh at all the rest.] By my faith, what beauty can excel hers? What charm had Ariadne (3) or Leda (4) to compare with her? Where would Helen (5) be beside her? Where Venus herself? Paris himself,

who judged between the goddesses, had he caught sight of Circe with her love-lit eyes, would have given up his Helen—aye, and have thrown in the three goddesses (6). Ah, if only I might snatch a kiss from her, and press her heavenly, nay ambrosial, bosom perchance my spirit might revive which now, I verily believe, is paralysed by magic. Her cruelty has not cooled my ardour. She had me flogged, but I've forgotten it. Expelled from her house; it is nothing to me. Only may I win her favor back!"

CHAPTER CXXXIX

CHRYSIS RETURNS

[THOUGHTS like this, mingled with the picture of lovely Circe, as I tossed to and fro on my uneasy couch, tortured my mind, as with the very image of my passion. So hopeless had my courting proved till now. Disappointment burned within me, and at last my endurance gave way, and I cursed my evil star for the poison that infected me. At length I pulled myself together and sought consolation among the heroes of old who in their day had known the implacable wrath of heaven. Then I burst forth:]

“Not me alone doth Fate refuse to spare;
 Once Hercules driven o'er th' Inachian (1) shore
 Felt heaven's weight; of old Laomedon (2) bore
 The greedy vengeance of a heavenly pair.
 Juno plagued Pelias (3); blindly Telephus (4)
 Drew blade; Ulysses dreaded Neptune's home;
 Me too o'er land, o'er Nereus' (5) waste of foam,
 Priapus harries, god of Lampsacus (6).”



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moned all my ingenuity to calm Chrysis down. I feigned an ardent love; I whispered soothingly; in a word I piled it on so cunningly that she believed I was badly hit. I explained what a risk we both ran in case we were found together in my room, telling her that Eumolpus always punished the smallest offence. When she heard all this, she ran out hastily, all the more quickly because she saw Gito returning, having left my room just before her arrival.

She had barely gone out when] one of the newly acquired slaves suddenly ran up and announced that the master was simply furious with me because I had taken two days' French leave: therefore I should be wise to get ready some adequate excuse, because it was hardly possible he could cool down his blazing anger without using the whip.

[At this alarming report I turned with a countenance of abject misery and distress to Gito: he was too sorry to make any comment on the visit of Chrysis. He confined his remarks to Eumolpus, and recommended that I should take the whole business as a jest and refuse to be serious. I took the hint, and went to him in such a cheerful spirit that he welcomed me not like a tyrant, but rather like a boon-companion. He chaffed me about my prosperous *affaires de cœur*; extolled my handsome graceful figure as being ideal in the eyes of a lady. Then he added: "A little bird has told me that the belle of the town is over head and ears in love with you. As things go, that may well stand us in good stead when the time comes. So stick to your lover's rôle: I will play up to my character."]

CHAPTER CXL

THE EPISODE OF PHILOMELA
AND HER CHILDREN

QUAE multas saepe hereditates officio aetatis extorserat, tum anus et floris extincti, filium filiamque ingerebat orbis senibus, et per hanc successionem artem suam perseverabat extendere. Ea ergo ad Eumolpum 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 hereditas iuvenibus dari. Nec aliter fecit ac dixerat, filiamque speciosissimam cum fratre ephebo in cubiculo reliquit simulavitque se in templum ire ad vota nuncupanda. Eumolpus, qui tam frugi erat ut illi etiam ego puer viderer, non distulit puellam invitare ad pigiciaca¹ 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 commendatam bonitatem, Coraci autem imperavit, ut lectum, in quo ipse iacebat, subiret positisque in pavimento manibus dominum lumbis suis commoveret. Ille lente parebat imperio puellaque artificium pari motu remunerabat. Cum ergo res ad effectum spectaret, clara Eumolpus voce exhortabatur Coraca, ut spissaret officium. Sic inter mercen-

narium amicumque 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 gratiosiore esse quam Protesilaum (1) aut quemquam alium antiquorum.” Haec locutus sustuli tunicam Eumolpoque me totum approbavi. At ille primo exhorruit, deinde ut plurimum crederet, utraque manu deorum beneficia tractat...

[This amazing good fortune put us in the highest spirits. We laughed heartily at Philomela’s canny ways and her children’s professional skill, both of which were doomed to disappointment in our case; for it was only in the hope of a bequest that she had given us access to her son and daughter.

Events led me to dilate upon this unsavoury method of swindling old men, and, seizing the opportunity of discoursing about the state of our fortunes, I warned Eumolpus that men who dig a pit fall into it themselves.

“Everything we do”, I asserted, “should be in accordance with the dictates of reason.] Socrates, whom gods and men acknowledge as the wisest man that ever lived, used to boast, that he had never even peeped into an inn, or risked mixing in any miscellaneous mob. There is no



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they cut up my body into pieces, and consume them in the presence of the whole city. Let them not shrink unnecessarily from this provision: among certain tribes we know that there is preserved to this day the custom by which the dead are devoured by their nearest of kin; so much so that sick men are perpetually criticized on the ground that they are making their flesh uneatable. Therefore I urge my dear friends not to shirk my last wishes: as gladly as they consign my soul to perdition, so gladly may they consume my body."

While he was reading out the preamble, several of his more intimate friends entered the bed-chamber, and, observing that he had his will in his hand, begged him earnestly to let them hear its contents. He nodded briefly and read it through from first to last. But, when they realized the eccentric proviso which made obligatory the devouring of the remains, they were vastly depressed. However, the rumours of Eumolpus' fabulous wealth dazzled their eyes and minds, and they were so nervous in his presence that they dared not complain against this amazing condition. In fact one of them, Gorgias by name, announced his readiness to abide by it. To this Eumolpus replied:

"I have no fear that *your* belly will revolt; it will do anything you like if, in return for one hour's nausea, you guarantee an ample compensation in luxuries to come. Just close your eyes, and pretend it is not human entrails that you are putting away but a big pile of dollars. Besides, I will think out appetizing trimmings to take away the taste. No meat goes well by itself: it requires a good

cook to disguise its natural crudeness and make it appetizing. If you want examples in support of my idea, let me remind you of the Saguntines (1) who, when they were hard pressed by Hannibal, ate human flesh, and they had no legacy in view! The men of Petelia (2) in the last stages of famine did the same, and *they* had no idea of any reward for eating up their comrades save that of avoiding starvation. When Numantia was captured by Scipio, they found mothers holding in their hands the half-devoured remains of their own children. (3) [In conclusion, since a loathing for human flesh is merely the product of imagination, I'm sure you'll overcome your reluctance whole-heartedly in view of the huge bequests which I have made."

These gruesome suggestions Eumolpus threw off with so much indifference that the "trappers" henceforth began to doubt his promises. Forthwith they kept a closer watch on everything we said and did; their suspicions grew with each discovery, and they came to the conclusion that we were rogues and vagabonds. In consequence all those who had shown us specially generous hospitality decided to attack us and punish us as we deserved.

Chrysis, however, being aware of the whole plot, informed me of her fellow-townsmen's plan. As soon as I heard of it, I was so terrified that, there and then, I cleared out with Gito, leaving Eumolpus to dree his own weird. A few days later the news reached me that the Crotonians, furious at the old villain's effrontery in living day after day at the public expense, put him to death according to the custom of Massilia.

In case you don't understand, I may tell you

that, whenever the people of Massilia were threatened with shortage of food, one of the poorest used to volunteer as a scapegoat. He had first to be maintained for a whole year on elegant fare at the public cost. At the end of that time he was decorated with sacred boughs and vestments, led round through the whole city amid universal prayers that the evils of the whole people might fall upon his head, and finally he was hurled down from the top of a cliff.]



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expected to find mentioned here in connexion with creative work, he being the prototype of serious tragic writers.

(2) Literally "the teacher in the study". *Umbraticus*, an adjective formed from *umbra* (shade), is used for anything which is done in the privacy of a man's house, studious, contemplative; cf. Quint. 1.2.18 "solitaria et velut umbratica vita"; Plin. Ep. 9.2.3 "litterae umbraticae". Cicero (*de Or.* 1.34.157, *Or.* 19.64) uses the parallel term *umbratilis* of the rhetoric of the schools. Generally speaking *umbra* (shade) is used in metaphor for the unreal as opposed to the practical.

(3) I. e. they attempted a more modest style. The Nine Lyric bards were presumably Alcaeus, Sappho, Anacreon, Alcmaeon, Stesichorus, Arion, Ibycus, Simonides, Bacchylides, Pindar, the great Theban lyric poet (ca. 522—442), is mentioned separately by Petronius. The above-mentioned are the best known "nine", other than Pindar. A convenient summary of their work will be found in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Ed. XI, Vol. 12, p. 510.

(4) Plato, the 4th century Athenian philosopher, the first great Idealist, whose most famous works are the *Republic* and the *Apology of Socrates*. Demosthenes is the Athenian statesman and orator who induced his countrymen to fight against Philip of Macedon in the last struggle for the ideal of Greek liberty.

(5) The Asiatic style of oratory was turgid and bombastic. Cicero, who like most young Romans was sent to Athens to complete his education, during one period was infected by it, but it was generally held by the Romans in contempt. A sojourn in Athens was to a young Roman what a year in Paris was to a young Englishman in (say) 1850. It was supposed to broaden his mind, and give him elasticity.

(6) Thucydides, the chief exponent of Attic prose, was the author of the first great critical history, the *Peloponnesian War*, in which he told the story of the growth and collapse of the Athenian Empire. Among the most striking features of his writings are the eloquent speeches which he puts into the mouth of Pericles, in which he sets forth the ideals of Athenian Imperialism.

Hypereides, a famous 4th century Athenian counsel, is frequently cited by Roman writers on rhetoric (cf. Cic. *de Or.*, 1.13.58 and 3.7.28; *Or.* 26, 90 and 31.110; Quint. 10.1.77).

CHAPTER III

(1) Agamemnon subsequently takes Encolpius and Ascyltus as his pupils to Trimalchio's dinner-party (see ch. XXVI *ad fin.*).

(2) See Cic. *Pro Caelio*. 17.41.

(3) The professional "diner-out" is a common subject with Roman playwrights and satirists. He is generally called a "parasite" from the Greek word meaning "one who dines at another's expense". So Plaut. *Capt.* 1.1.9 speaks of those who "like mice eat up other men's food"; cf. Hor. *Ep.* II. 1.173, Juv. I. 139.

CHAPTER IV

(1) *Schedius* is a Greek adjective meaning "extemporaneous". *Schedia* (sc. *ratis*) is a raft (Dig. XIV. 1.1.6); *schedium* (sc. *carmen*) an improvised poem. Lucilius (148—103 B. C.) was a Campanian from Suessa Aurunca, father of Roman satire, who presumably had the reputation of throwing off sarcastic epigrams in verse. He wrote Satires in 30 books of which only fragments survive. Horace who greatly admired him says he was too rapid in composition—"two hundred verses an hour while the author stands on one foot"; he refers to the "muddy" stream of his lines.

CHAPTER V

(1) The *plausores* were men hired to provide applause in the theatre, the equivalent of the French *claqueurs*. Cf. Hor. *Ep.* II. 2.130. The metre of the first 8 lines is the ordinary iambic hexameter, but with the spondee instead of the final iambus. The remainder of the poem is in ordinary Virgilian hexameters. Hence the change in the metre and style of the translation. The English rhymed couplet may be allowed to represent the more precise lyric part; the freer metre of the remainder, the looser hexameter.

(2) I. e. at Athens. Athena, the patron goddess of Athens, is called the "Tritonian" goddess from a lake and river in North Africa near the Lesser Syrtis, where she was born, according to the Gracco-Egyptian myth.

(3) The reference does not appear to be specific. The Spartans (or Lacedemonians) were constitutionally averse to settling abroad, and the reference may be simply to Laconia itself. We know, however, that one colony, Tarentum, was founded by Spartans about the end of the 8th century B. C., and the connexion with "the shore where the Sirens played" (see next note) affords ground for supposing that this may be the town in question.

(4) The Sirens, in Greek myth., were birds with the faces of women who by their sweet singing lured sailors to destruction on the coast of Southern Italy. Virgil (*Aen.* v. 864) speaks of the "Scopuli Sirenum", rocky islands off the S. W. Campanian coastline, where the helmsman Palinurus was lost. Odysseus stopped the ears of his sailors with wax, and tied himself to the rudder, lest the Siren song should bring them to grief. The modern use of the term for a peculiarly strident steam whistle, to notify workmen that the time for toil has arrived, is thus ironical. At all times imaginative sea-folk have attributed wrecks to superhuman agency.

(5) Maeonia is an ancient name for Lydia in Western Asia Minor. Homer was claimed as a native: hence the adjective is equivalent to "Homeric" (cf. Horace, *Odes* 1.6.2). Ovid and Silius Italicus and even Virgil, following the old tradition which assigned to Etruscan civilization an Asiatic origin, use the epithet in connexion with Etruria: cf. "Maeonius lacus" for Lake Trasimene (*Sil.* 15.36).

(6) The early Latin poets imitated and even translated Greek models. Poetry, except in a very elementary stage, was not a form of expression natural to the Roman genius. It is not very clear in what sense Petronius regards Imperial poetry as free from Greek influence. Virgil followed Homer and Theocritus. Lucan invented no new form. For the whole question of later Roman poetry, see H. E. Butler, *Post-Augustan Poetry* (1909).

(7) Pieria, a poetical name of Thessaly. Mt. Pierus



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is so prominent a feature in the story of Encolpius (see The Introduction).

(2) Lucretia, daughter of Spurius Lucretius Tricipitinus and wife of Lucius Tarquinius Collatinus, committed suicide after being dishonoured by Sextus Tarquinius, son of Tarquinius Superbus, last of the Etruscan dynasty which ruled in Rome prior to the Republic. She thus became the type of womanly virtue: according to the legend it was this tragedy which roused the Romans to expel the tyrants *circa* 509 B. C. (see *Ency. Brit.*, ed. XI, s. v. *Rome*, section *Ancient History*).

(3) This is doubtless the general sense, but the text is defective. To be a gladiator at all was a disgrace: to be expelled was *a fortiori* to be quite beyond the pale (for the gladiatorial games generally, see ch. XLV, n. 2).

(4) A *viridarium* (literally a "greenery") was any green pleasance with grass, shrubs or trees, an ornamental garden, such as the Romans loved (cf. Cic. *ad Att.* 2.3.2). They had a passion for landscape gardening, and revelled in parterres and arbors, and even in shrubs tortured into the semblance of animals: this branch of art was called *Topiaria* (Cic. *ad Frat.* 3.1.2.5).

(5) The Roman name for a roadside inn (*diversorium* or *devorsorium*) means by derivation a place to which one "turns off" from one's road, i. e. to spend the night; hence guests were *devorsores*. The inn of Greece and Rome never played an important part in social life, for the reason that people of any consequence usually arranged to put up at the houses of friends. A more general term was *caupona* which implied primarily the provision of food, and hence was generally used for a small eating-house: a *popina* was a place for eating and drinking solely. It appears that these hostelries were the resorts of thieves, murderers, drunkards, and prostitutes, and that the landlords (*caupo*) as a class were deservedly looked upon as scoundrels. A typical story is told by Cicero (*De Invent.* 2.4.14).

CHAPTER X

(1) Glass, as Trimalchio reluctantly admits (ch. L *ad fin.*), was cheap and common. Hence "broken glass"

implies utterly useless rubbish. Pliny (*Nat. Hist.* 36 § 191) tells a story of how glass was accidentally discovered by seafarers who, in the absence of stones, propped up their saucepans on lumps of nitre from their cargo: the nitre amalgamated with the sand, and formed a sort of vitreous compound. However this may be, the district (Syria) to which the story is assigned was a great centre for the ancient glass-trade. Glass was very common in Rome (Lucretius mentions it first apparently), and Cicero says it came from Egypt with paper and linen. Subsequently poets frequently refer to it as a common object, and we know from Pliny that its manufacture was widespread in Italy and the West. Alexander Severus taxed the glass-makers along with manufacturers of other common products, and we know that it was used for windows, sham jewelry, intaglios and vessels of all sorts: also as a covering for floors and walls.

(2) The interpretation of dreams was a regular part of ancient magic lore (cf. Cic. *Div.* 1.20.39; 1.58.132).

CHAPTER XI

(1) Literally "in no perfunctory style". *Perfunclorie* is a late Latin word, implying the doing of some duty merely to get it over. The word *perfungor* in classical Latin simply implies the completion of a set task. It frequently happens that English incorporates words at the cost of pruning away their more dignified classical meanings.

(2) From this point to the end of the chapter, the story is an interpolation.

(3) *Repetundae res*, literally properly wrongly acquired and therefore "recoverable" by the real owner. The term was specially applied to the extortions of provincial governors such as Gaius Verres. To the Roman, the conquered province was nothing more than a source for plunder: taxes were imposed, and these were farmed out to financial corporations who worked hand in hand with the governor and his civil service. So flagrant was the abuse that in 149 B. C. the first standing law court (*quaestio de repetundis*) was specially established by the *Lex Calpurnia*.

(4) Isis, the Egyptian goddess. The worship of Isis was imported officially by the Romans about 80 B. C. when Sulla established a college of priests in her honour. It was accompanied by coarse ritual and the immoral orgies which disfigured all the imported cults of Rome. Her *sistrum* (Greek for "rattle") was a mystical instrument of music apparently like a modern child's rattle with objects which clinked when it was shaken. The mysticism and the indiscipline of the Isiac worship were a reaction against the rigours of the old Roman religion, such as seem to occur automatically when a nation has struggled to greatness and is losing its ideals. The Roman consuls several times destroyed the altars of the cult, but in vain.

(5) The words *castellum* and *villa* in this spurious passage are not worth pressing very closely. A *castellum* is really a term in military construction (a fort or keep), or in engineering (the distributing centre of a town's water-supply). It is always used metaphorically for a "strong tower" of defence. Here it is presumably Lichas' chief residence, which may be supposed to have been defensible. *Villa* is a small country house or lodge.

(6) Literally "through a false door": the phrase is used metaphorically for "secretly" (cf. Cic. *Verr.* 2.2.20.50; *Red. in Sen.* 6.14).

(7) *Epbippium* is a Latinized Greek word for the equivalent of the modern saddle. It was a sort of cushion on a frame and had no stirrups: a saddle cloth was placed beneath it. For *pallium* which is here loosely translated "riding-coat" see ch. XII, n. 1.

CHAPTER XII

(1) The words *pallium* and *tunica* cannot be satisfactorily translated, as the garments are not now-a-days in use. The *Pallium* was the outer garment, a plain piece of cloth of rectangular shape, roughly square, made of woven wool, flax or cotton, dyed or plain. It was slung over the left shoulder and gathered up with a brooch on the right, the rest hanging loose. The *tunica* was a close-fitting undergarment. Hence Plautus in *Trinummus* (5.2.30) says "tunica propior pallio". Servius in a note on Verg. *Aen.* i. 648 speaks of a combination



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Rome was allowed two lictors. As a symbol of the magistrate's authority lictors carried *fasces*, i. e. bundles of rods. Strictly municipal "mayors" as we may call them were called by other names, e. g. *duumviri*, but (cf. ch. LXV) at Cumae the term *praetor* was adopted: so at Capua (Cic. *Agr.* 2.34.93), and no doubt elsewhere.

CHAPTER XVII

(1) *tam ambitiosus detumuit imber*. *Ambitiosus* (whence the English "ambitious") is an interesting word. *Ambitio*, the noun, means "a going round about": hence "indirect", "not straightforward": thus it is applied technically to canvassing for votes, and finally to corrupt practices and self-seeking of any kind. Here the adjective denotes that Quartilla's outburst of misery was deliberately calculated to produce an effect. *Detumuit imber* is a metaphor from the bursting of a rain-cloud: another reading is *detonuit*, of a cloud from which a thunder-clap bursts forth.

(2) The pompous style of Quartilla's remarks is, of course, deliberate: it is intended to suggest still further the great solemnity of the cult which Encolpius has outraged. She aims at reducing him to a state of abject terror.

(3) The Latin phrase (*medius fidius*) is a conventional form of asseveration. *Fidius* is an epithet of Jupiter, who as such is identified by Ovid (*Fasti*, VI. 213) with the primitive Italian (Sabine) deity Sancus (see *Ency. Brit.*, XI. Ed., s. v. *Semo Sancus*). It is short for "May the God of Faithfulness preserve me!" Sancus had a temple in Rome on the Quirinal: a gate in the neighbourhood was called *Porta Sanqualis*.

(4) Priapus was the deity of sexual indulgence. The secret rite with which he was worshipped by women are described by Juvenal in his sixth satire.

(5) The whole question of secret rites, known by the generic (though comparatively late) name of "Mysteries" (derived from an old Greek word for shutting the eyes), is as interesting as it is difficult. From the earliest times and most primitive cults to the most advanced religions, including organizations such as Freemasonry, mankind has revelled in the invention and development of mystical

rites and usages, limited to an initiated few. Such practices are the expression of a universal tendency to recognize the existence of natural forces which transcend the limits of human reason. This anti-scientific tendency, which belongs to practically all stages of intellectual development and is far from uncommon even in the ostensibly rational arena of the so-called exact sciences, has a very practical significance, inasmuch as initiation confers upon the fortunate neophyte a new status in the social structure. The initiated are moreover bound together by a tie which is universally regarded as a stronger guarantee of fidelity than a sense of honour, though its sanctity is supplemented in many cases by terrible threats of punishment.

Among the more elevated of the ancient mysteries were those celebrated at Eleusis by the people of Attica in honour of Demeter, goddess of fertility (see Farnell, *Cults of the Gr. States*, III, 126—198). Others are the famous Orphic Mysteries, the terrible orgies which came from the East, the Bacchanalian festivals (for which the reader may study Prof. Gilbert Murray's translation of Euripides' play, the *Bacchae*). In Rome the most famous were those of the "Good Goddess" (Bona Dea). Curiously enough, mysteries were largely in the hands of women; the greatest excitement was caused in Rome when the profligate Clodius (whom Petronius probably had in mind in this story) intruded, in the guise of a woman, upon the festival of the Bona Dea, which was being celebrated by women in the house of Julius Caesar, then chief pontiff (cf. Cic. *ad Att.* I. 13. 3). No doubt this was due to the fact that it was especially the phenomena of sexual reproduction and sexual excess or perversion which lent themselves to secret and mystical symbolism.

CHAPTER XIX.

(1) Literally "colder than a Gallic winter". As Gaul was to Italy, so is the Arctic circle to the British Isles.

CHAPTER XX.

(1) *Lodicula* is the diminutive of *lodix* a blanket. *Pavimentum* (Eng. "pavement") goes back to the period

of beaten mud floors (*pavire*, beat): afterwards applied to floorings of any kind (marble, mosaic, etc.).

(2) Literally "border", "braid", "flounce". Lewis and Short suggest "bandage" or "girth", but "lace" may pass as more intelligible. The *instita* was (L. and S.) "laid in separate plaits". A Roman lady wore a broad band or fillet, a sort of streamer with large folds which fell from the *tunica* (see ch. XII, n. 1) to the ankles. Hence Ovid (*Am.* II. 600) uses *nulla instita* where we should say "no lady". Later (ch. XCVII) Petronius uses it of the lashings upon which a mattress rested.

(3) The reading is not certain, but the sense is fairly clear. Possibly she said chaffingly: "I did put it near you, young man; you don't say you have finished it all?"

CHAPTER XXI

(1) Literally "hair needle". Of the pins with which Roman ladies completed their coiffure, there are examples in the Social Antiquities Room of the British Museum.

(2) The Latin word here is *penicillum*, literally "a little tail", a term used for a painter's brush (e. g. Cic. *ad Fam.* IX. 22.2). Pliny uses it as a metaphorical term for painting as a whole (35.9.36); Cicero for literary style (*ad Q. Fratr.* II. 15.2); others as a roll of lint, and an eye-salve.

(3) The Latin *gausapa* (*gausape*, *gausapum*) was a stout cloth with the nap extra thick on one side. It was used for removing crumbs etc. from the dinner-table (Hor. *Sat.* II. 8.11) and as a cover for the valuable highly-polished tables in which the Romans delighted (Mart. XIV. 138). It was also used for warm-clothing (Mart. XIV. 145 and 147) about the time of the two Plinys, and perhaps as early as the time of Augustus (Ovid *A. A.* II. 300). No doubt it was to the Roman what Scotch plaids or Donegal frieze are to the modern Englishman.

(4) The term (*succinctus*) "girt-up", is regularly applied to soldiers ready for action. The opposite *discinctus* is synonymous with unreadiness and inertia.

(5) The *gymnasium* or *palaestra* was an important Roman



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across the inner section) and beaten together in time with a tune or dance. They were used mainly by female performers, as we see from extant artistic monuments. For the various kinds see Daremberg-Saglio, under *Cymbalum*.

CHAPTER XXIII

(1) The word *insulsus* ("without salt", i. e. "pointless", "destitute of humour") is admirably adapted to describing the pointless rubbish of the music-hall comedian. The word *sal* ("salt") is the regular term for wit; cf. *sal Atticum* "Athenian humour".

(2) This is a lyric in praise of the oriental custom (imitated in the West) of turning boys into eunuchs. This custom is severely condemned in Eumolpus' epic (ch. CXIX, line 19). It is clear that the degenerate Romans of the Empire were only too ready to succumb to the Oriental habit (see e. g. Juv. VI. 366). The "Delian wound" refers to the reputation of Delos as the home of sexual perversion of all kinds. The Delians specialized in the rearing of chickens and capons, the latter being of course young cocks which have been castrated (root *cap.* cut; see Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*)

(3) The word is *acacia*, a Greek word for a tree and also the oil thence derived. It is described by Dioscorides (I. 133) as an astringent thorn producing a white gum (perhaps gum-arabic).

(4) *Creta* was a sort of chalk or white clay (called "Cretan" after the island); which was put to many uses in antiquity, e. g. for cleansing garments (e. g. *creta fullonia*: cf. Plin. *H. N.* XVII. 46; Plaut. *Aul.* 4.9.6), for marking a goal for a race, for making china, for cosmetic purposes, for theatrical make-up as here (cf. Hor. *Epod.* XII. 10; Mart. VI. 93.9) etc. In the last case it had the defect of all dry cosmetics, being not impervious to water.

CHAPTER XXIV

(1) *Embasticoetas* a Greek word, is here used in a double sense, for one who enters a couch already occupied (the assailant of Encolpius) and for some kind of vessel.

The point probably lies in the indecent shape of the vessel, or may be understood in some such sense as the above. The word occurs in Athenaeus 469 A. (XI. 5): see Forcellini, s. v.; Pauly-Wissowa (s. v.) translates "sleeping-draft".

(2) Roman holidays (*feriae*, connected etymologically with *festus*, our "feast day") were either fixed (*stativae*), settled for each new year (*conceptivae*), or specially appointed for a given purpose (*imperativae*). *Feriae* is used generally for leisure; cf. the proverb "*feriis caret necessitas*", "necessity knows no holidays". Perhaps the most famous of the second group were the *Feriae Latinae*, an ancient (pre-Roman) Latin festival which Tarquinius Superbus adapted as a joint celebration of the Union of Rome and the Latins of Alba. Magistrates used to use their power to fix its date as a political weapon by which inconvenient business might be postponed, inasmuch as on festive days public and private business was suspended. Thus in 56 B. C. C. Cornelius Lentulus Marcellinus, as consul, foiled Clodius to Cicero's great gratification (*Ad Quint. frat.* II. 6).

CHAPTER XXVI.

(1) The bridal-veil was of yellow (hence called *flammeum*, sc. *velum*, flame-coloured) as were also the bridal shoes. It should be remembered that in primitive society and especially in southern countries, where maturity is reached earlier, marriage took place at a very tender age. It is noticeable that Encolpius is represented as genuinely shocked at Quartilla's proposal; such are the amazing vagaries of the moral sense. A man who could describe Gito as an extremely modest youth is a typical Petronian paradox. According to English law the marriage of a girl of twelve is valid; the code Napoléon, as amended in 1907, insists that she must be fifteen. Having regard to modern knowledge, English law is not entitled to be greatly horrified at such a story as this. In India girls of seven years old were considered marriageable (see Arrian, *Ind.* IX) but it should be noticed that much of what has been taken for child-marriage is only betrothal, while consummation is not permitted till quite late in youth (cf. Indian Census Report, 1901, 430—433).

(2) The wedding-songs (*epitbalaria*) of Rome were not limited by present-day notions of good taste. The same is true of many famous English poems on the same subject, e. g. those of the poet Donne. Delicacy in this connexion is relatively modern.

(3) It is not clear what "the third day" means, but we may conveniently assume that it was the day next but one after the trying experience at Quartilla's house. In calculations of this kind the Romans counted in the days from and to which the period extended. The friends had had but one clear day to recover.

(4) In what the "freedom" of the dinner consisted is a matter of dispute. The Latin word *liber* has many shades of meaning, technical and otherwise (see L. and S.). Ambassadors at Rome were assigned *liberae aedes* during their stay (Livy XXX. 17), i. e. at no cost to themselves; Plautus (*Poen.* I. 1.49) speaks of *liber locus*, a place free from intruders; Livy speaks of *liberum faenus*, unlimited interest (XXXV. 7). It would be reasonable for Encolpius to feel regret that his physical collapse rendered him unfit for a banquet which was likely to have any one of these three excellent characteristics. The accepted alternatives, however, are:—(I) a dinner at which there would be no *magister* (president or chairman) to regulate the guests' behaviour, (II) a dinner at which the slaves would be allowed to join the free guests (but how could Encolpius foresee the slave invasion which he criticises so vigorously in ch. LXX?), (III) a dinner such as was provided for gladiators who were to fight in the arena on the ensuing day, i. e. one at which the company would be select. The word "but" seems to show that Encolpius would have been sorry to miss the dinner; hence its "freeness" is a pleasing feature, and is probably to be explained as "unrestrained", without responsibility (cf. *libera legatio*). Encolpius and Ascyltus were present on the introduction of Agamemnon, the professor of rhetoric (chh. I—III).

(5) No doubt Encolpius had reason to expect that the approaching orgy would be exhausting. Later he speaks of "being only half way up the hill of luxury" (ch. XLVII).

(6) The Latin emphatically says *one slave*, instead of



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of the *gnomon* type, but in course of time it became inaccurate (Pliny, *N. H.* XXXVI. 73). Many remains of private *horologia* have been discovered (see the Classical Dictionaries) and there are frequent references in literature (Cic. *ad Fam.* XVI. 18.3; Digest 33.7.12.23). Portable watches which were held in such a way that the sun sent a small spot of light upon hour-lines, have also been found. On the whole subject see Ardaillon's admirable article in *Dar.-Sag.*

Slaves were kept by rich men to call out the hours (Juvenal X. 216; Martial VIII. 67; Prop. IV. 4.63; Suet. *Dom.* 16): thus Trimalchio has his *bucinator*, *bucina* being a horn with spiral twists imitated from a shell (*concha*), employed (e. g.) for sounding the watches in the Roman camp (Class. Dict. s. v.; K. Schlesinger in *Ency. Brit.* s. v. *Buccina*; Daremberg-Saglio *Dict. des Antiq.*). The word is connected with *bucca*, the cheek (inflated).

(8) For the Roman dining room see ch. XXX, n. 1.

(9) For the baths see ch. XXVIII, n. 1.

CHAPTER XXVII

(1) Exercise with balls was common in Greece and Rome from remote antiquity, not only in the form of actual games but as a means to physical health and grace of motion. The balls were stuffed with hair and bound together by pieces of cloth sewn lightly together, and perhaps generally brightly coloured (cf. Ovid, *Metam.* X. 262; so here *prasina*, leek-green, one of the colours worn by one of the teams of charioteers—see ch. LXIV, nn. 4 and 9,—and a favourite of the emperors Gaius and Nero). Five kinds of balls are mentioned ranging from the air-blown bladder-like *follis* down to quite small tight *pila*. Apparently the ball was caught or struck by the hand solely, no racquet being recorded till late Byzantine times. Ball-games were played between either sides or individuals, Trimalchio's being of the latter class. An attendant acted as scorer and counted the dropped balls against the players (see the Classical Dictionaries, espec. Daremberg-Saglio s. v. *pila*).

(2) Slippers or sandals were by etiquette forbidden

except in the house or at the baths. Trimalchio, being at the baths, was naturally wearing his. To wear slippers was by the older school regarded as a sign of effeminacy and a truckling to Greek fashion. So Cicero complains that Verres and later Antony sinned in this respect (*Verr.* II. 5.33; *Phil.* II. 30); the eccentric emperor Gaius is blamed in Suet. *Cal.* 52 (see also Aul. Gell. XIII. 21). Guests used to bring *soleae* to put on at supper. A sort of half-shoe, the *crepida*, was adopted by the Romans from Greece along with the *pallium* (see ch. XII, n. 1) in place of the old *toga* and the *calceus* (boot).

(3) The phrase strictly is "you are to place your elbow"; the Romans reclined on couches round the dinner table, resting on their left sides, and leaving the right arms free to deal with the food. See further below ch. XXX, n. 1.

CHAPTER XXVIII

(1) The Greeks and the Romans of the later Republic and especially of the Empire revelled in baths. Public baths (*thermae*) and private baths (*balnea*) were to be found everywhere, and were fitted out with great elaboration. The habit of bathing is mentioned by Homer (cf. the story of Nausicaa and Odysseus, *Od.* VI. 58 *seq.*, 210 *seq.*), and even in the ancient palace at Cnossus in Crete remains of bathing apparatus are found. Examples of pumps, piping, bronze taps, bricks for hot-air chambers, strigils (scrapers) for removing oil and other impurities are to be seen in the Room of Greek and Roman Life in the British Museum; remains of bath buildings are to be found all over the area covered by the Roman empire (e. g. at Bath). Those acquainted with the arrangements of a modern Turkish bath will have no difficulty in picturing the Roman bath, except that the latter included in addition a gymnasium, perfumery stalls and other accessories. Both hot air and water were used, and swimming or plunge baths were provided. As in modern establishments there was a hot room (*caldarium* or *sudatorium*), a "tepid" room, and a cold room. The oiling-down afterwards was a precaution against catching cold after the pores of the skin had been opened. Elaborate articles will be found in the

classical dictionaries, and in the *Ency. Brit.* See further in chh. LXXII, XCI. For the Pompeian baths see Mau's *Pompeii*.

(2) These were slaves who professed medical skill, a kind of *massageurs*, whose treatment consisted of friction and anointing (Pliny, *H. N.* XXIX. 1.2).

(3) On Falernian wine see ch. XXI, n. 6.

(4) When healths were drunk, some of the wine was poured under the table as a sort of offering to the gods to invite their good offices in connexion with the toast.

(5) The word is *gausapa* (see ch. XXI, n. 3).

(6) The litter or palanquin came to Athens as afterwards to Rome from the East. It was a luxurious mode of conveyance in which the occupant reclined full length as in a bed, and must be distinguished from the sedan-chair which apparently did not reach Rome till the time of Claudius. At first such luxuries were permitted only to invalids and women, but they became more common after Rome came into touch with the East through the victories over Antiochus the Great in the early 2nd century B. C. They were roofed in, and provided with curtains or windows made of talc or mica (cf. Juv. III. 242, IV. 21). The litter was carried by slaves who placed the poles on their shoulders: their number varied from two to eight, and they were specially selected for size, strength and appearance (Liburnian, Cappadocian and Celtic slaves were most common). Julius Caesar legislated against the growth of the litter-habit, and by Claudius the right to use a litter was given only to special favourites. Later both private and public litters became as common as the modern cab, and there was a gild or union of hackney litter carriers. Trimalchio's magnificence was further shown by his having liveried couriers to precede him. The decorations (*pbalerae*) were metal discs. Such decorations were used as trappings for horses, elephants and other animals by the Ancients generally, and also on helmets and breastplates. They were made of various metals, and were sometimes adorned with jewels and elaborate designs. They were given by the Romans as military ornaments to both horse and foot. Such ornaments, of which the Gorgon's head is



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(cf. preceding note). The door proper was the *Janua* or *Fores*. Probably behind this was some kind of passage which opened into the *Atrium*, the main court or quadrangle which was the central feature of the building. This court, which appears to be identical with the *cavum aedium* ("well, or hollow, of the house") of Vitruvius, the chief authority on Roman architecture, was roofed in except for an opening in the centre through which rain-water fell into a central cistern and so into a well underground. It was originally the common room of the house where were the family hearth, the Household Gods (Lares and Penates), the money-chest or safe. Meals were taken there, and the mistress and her servants did their work. Later the atrium became only the official reception chamber, and separate rooms were built round it and above it on all sides including dining-rooms, bedrooms, kitchens, and store-rooms. At all times the nuptial-couch was kept there, symbolizing the family. Necessary expansion led to the introduction of a second courtyard, called the *peristylum*, which absorbed part of the original garden; it was open to the sky, and round it were built other private rooms for sleeping and for meals. It was supported by columns and was often decorated with shrubs and trees.

Such was the Roman house in general. Among famous remains are those of the Villa Ercolanese (see plan s. v. *Herculaneum* in *Ency. Brit.* XIth Ed.), of the Houses of the Vettii, Pansa, the Faun at Pompeii, of the House of Livia in Rome. The houses of Silchester, 10 miles S. of Reading, the most complete Roman settlement ever laid bare, are of a different type; they are held to betray Celtic origin modified but slightly by the Roman architect (see Prof. Haverfield's article *Britain* in *Ency. Brit.* IV. 588). On the Pompeian house see Mau's *Pompeii*, Eng. trans. Kelsey, Part II, ch. XXXIII, containing admirable illustrations.

(2) The Latin word rather suggests the atmosphere in which slang expressions like this flourish. When the original Latin is clearly whimsical or pseudo-serious, it is clearly necessary to represent this in the translation; the accepted jargon of the club or the mess is obviously appropriate.

(3) The pictures represent the career of Trimalchio. He begins as a slave in the open market: then Minerva, goddess of handicrafts, takes him in hand, and he carries the wand of Mercury, the patron of trade; he learns to be a rich man's steward; Mercury leads him to his seat of honour as a Priest of the Augustal College, where the goddess of Prosperity stands by his side. The Fates spin golden threads symbolizing his good luck, not the brown threads of disaster (so Seneca, in *Apoc.* 4, describes the Fates spinning golden threads for Nero). The household gods, who in Trimalchio's case would naturally include Venus (ch. LXXV end), were, as in some Pompeian houses, kept in a miniature shrine. (On Pompeian wall-painting see Mau's *Pompeii*, trans. Kelsey, ch. LIV, LV.)

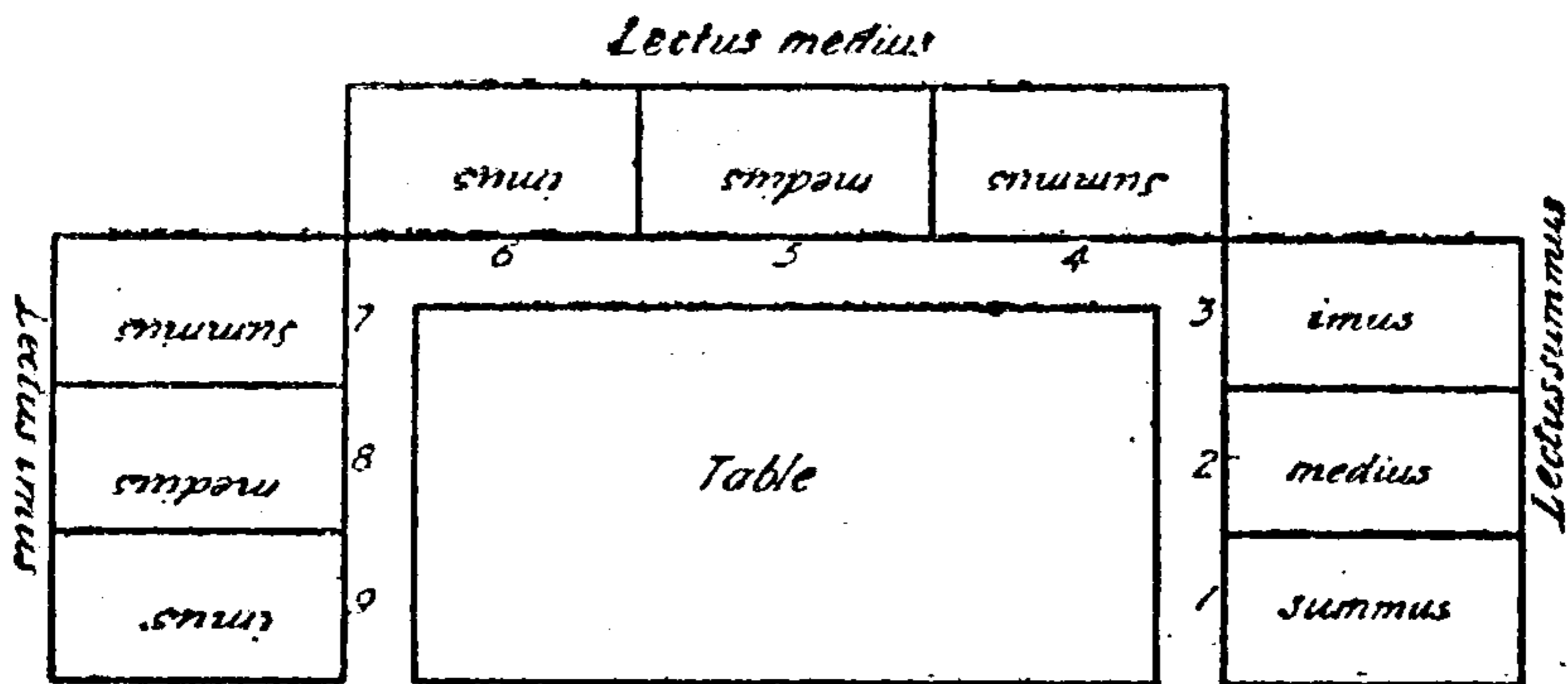
(4) In early days the Roman wore beards. Later shaving became fashionable (after 300 B. C. when the first barber came from Sicily) and this lasted till the time of Hadrian (cf. the busts of the emperors in the British Museum). The wearing of elaborately trimmed beards was regarded by Cicero (cf. *ad Att.* I. 14) as effeminate. The cutting of the beard for the first time was symbolical of manhood and was simultaneous generally with the assumption of the adult costume (*toga virilis*) (Suet. *Calig.* 10). Nero dedicated the harvest of his first shave to Jupiter and kept it in a box of gold studded with pearls (cf. also the young slave in ch. LXXIII). This passage seems to corroborate the view that Trimalchio is, at all events partially, intended as a caricature of Nero (see the Introduction).

(5) Laenas was the name of a famous plebeian family of the gens Popillius. They were distinguished for their haughty and cruel character. There is no means of discovering which is meant here, and it is immaterial. There may be a sarcastic reference here to Trimalchio's lack of artistic sense in juxtaposing a gladiatorial scene with scenes from the Homeric Epics.

CHAPTER XXX

(1) It will be convenient at this stage to give an idea of the Roman dining-hall, denoted generally throughout the novel as the *triclinium*, a word of Greek origin signifying the arrangement of places on three sides of

a square, and adapted for the official banqueting hall of a wealthy man. The Roman equivalent in the general sense in *cenaculum*, from *cena*, dinner or supper. As explained above (ch. XXVII, n. 3) each guest lay sideways upon his left elbow and took his food up with his right hand. The guest on his right lay between his body and legs and the table, with his head so far away as not to come into contact with the active arm of the first. Thus the second lay "below" the first, the third "below" the second. Each side (couch, *lectus*) of the triclinium contained three places. On the same system of description the middle couch was "lower" than the one on its left, and "higher" than the one on its right. Hence the nomenclature of couches and seats was as below:



The chief guests at this particular orgy may be supposed to have been arranged:—(1) Trimalchio, (2) Ascyllus, (3) Hermeros, (4) Encolpius, (5) Agamemnon, (6) Habinnas, (7) Scintilla and Fortunata, (8) Proculus, (9) Diogenes. How the other guests were crowded in we do not know. There must have been room for more than the conventional nine guests. The place of honour was No. 6, reserved for Habinnas (ch. LXV) in this case, the host normally reclining at No. 7, next to his chief guest (cf. Sallust in Servius on Vergil, *Aen.* I. 698; and Horace, *Sat.* II. 8.20—23). Trimalchio, however, preferred No. 1. The couches were covered with cloths and cushions. The slaves brought the dishes to the free end of the table, and there also the carver would stand when on duty. When the guest was weary of eating he would lean back from the table, and when all were so doing additional guests could make use of the couches.



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in many symbolic connexions: a boy till he reached official maturity wore such a small globe containing an amulet. Colour-symbolism is universal (cf. Martial XII. 34.5; Pliny, *H. N.* VII. 40.41. 131; the *niger lapis*, the stone of mourning in Rome, Paul. ex Fest., p. 177 Müll.). Pliny, *Ep.* VI. 11.3 says "O happy day, worthy to be marked with the whitest of stones!". The advantage of having the first move at chess is symbolised in the fact that first player always takes the white men.

(4) The Romans regarded it as ill-omened to cross a threshold or begin a journey with the left foot first. The Greeks regarded an omen on the right as favorable, and the Latin word for "left" (*sinister*) has been adopted in English for ill-omened. On the other hand the Romans who looked to the south when taking omens regarded the left (the rising-sun) as the lucky quarter (cf. Cic. *Div.* II. 39.82).

(5) The stealing of clothes at the baths was a common offence, although an official was provided to prevent such pilfering. Ascylltus suffered in this way through the defection of Gito (ch. XCII), while Eumolpus recovered his by presenting his tally.

(6) Tyrian purple was the famous dye in antiquity. It has been re-discovered but is not so splendid as the ancients found it. Strictly, purple costumes were not suitable for slaves: they were peculiar to the great (e. g. the Imperial purple, "born in the purple": cf. Juv. I. 27, who blames the slave-born Crispinus for wearing Tyrian cloaks). The magnificence of the steward who apes Trimalchio is equally great whether the above translation is preferred, or the view that the garments had been only once dipped in the precious dye. The twice-dyed garment is the apex of splendour. The idea of a slave having a client, when in the strict sense it was only after he had been manumitted that he himself would attain to that relative dignity, suggests the old adage, "Great fleas have little fleas, etc."

CHAPTER XXXI

(1) The fact that hosts did not always give their guests what they had themselves is shown by Juvenal, *Sat.* V. 24 seq. and Plin. *Ep.* II. 6.

(2) Guests removed their boots (*calcei*) on entering a house to dine, and put on slippers (cf. ch. XXVII, n. 2), which in turn were removed before reclining on the dining-couch. "To ask for one's slippers" was the signal of departure. Attention to the naked feet of guests was a common courtesy in early days, based perhaps on sound sanitary reasons.

(3) See ch. XXX, n. 1.

(4) Corinthian bronze, known as "liver-coloured", was the most highly esteemed of all copper amalgams in ancient times. It is alleged that it had a curious odour (so Martial IX. 59.11), for which reason Trimalchio prefers glass (ch. L). His jest on the name of his bronze-worker Corinthus has reference, no doubt, to the fact that Corinthian ware was largely imitated. Pliny, who is the chief ancient authority on bronze-work, quotes (XXXIV. 7) and rightly rejects the story that this particular alloy was accidentally invented when Mummius destroyed part of Corinth by fire in 146: the great day of Corinthian bronze-ware was already over. Trimalchio's version of this legend (ch. L) has at least the merit of projecting it into the reasonable antiquity of the sack of Troy.

(5) The Latin term (*lanx*) is a general one for largish dishes, nearly flat, with a well in the centre, something between a soup plate and a meat plate perhaps; as a rule the term is confined to metal plates, generally silver or gold (Pliny, *H. N.* XXXIII, 145; Hor. *Sat.* II. 4.40). Trimalchio's anxiety that the guests should not fail to realize his wealth is shown on several occasions (ch. LXVII).

(6) The dormouse was a favourite dainty, and in spite of laws passed against its use as food, Epicurus actually kept special "dormouseries" (*gliraria*) in which the animals were reared. Acorn-bearing trees were provided to give them nuts and they were specially fattened in jars (Pliny *H. N.* VIII. 57.82.223; Mart. III. 58.36, XIII. 59).

(7) The so-called "Syrian" plums; from "Damascus" comes the English "damson". "Pomegranate" is derived directly from the Roman words meaning "Punic grain"; though the Romans obtained the fruit from Carthage, the authorities hold that the fruit came originally from

Persia (see art. *Pomegranate* in *Ency. Brit.*). In the East it was a common decoration for sacred buildings. The two fruits (black and red) would suggest that the sausages were being cooked on live coals on the gridiron. Itinerant sausage-sellers with portable ovens were common in Rome (Juv. X. 355; Martial I. 41.9).

CHAPTER XXXII

(1) Or "on cushions piled up like a fortification" (Bücheler's text). Trimalchio is wearing his favourite red colour, and his attire is at once effeminate and out of keeping with his rank as a freedman. The "broad stripe" on the *tunica* was limited to those of senatorial rank and the Emperor's family: sons of Equites preparing for an official career were also allowed to wear it, though in Republican times, equites themselves had been permitted only a narrow stripe. On the other hand he did not (as in the case of his proposed statue, ch. LXXI) violate etiquette so far as to wear rings of red gold which were the privilege of the equites, while his shaven head was a mark of recent manumission. Possibly the broad stripe was permitted to members and ex-members of the Augustal priesthood; possibly Petronius simply desired to make Trimalchio more ridiculous with a reference to Nero (see Introduction). Tassels, originally the loose ends of the cloth tied together, were worn by Julius Caesar (Suet. *Jul.* 45), but were usually confined to female costume. His silver toothpick (below) is another mark of extravagance.

CHAPTER XXXIII

(1) For the history of games analogous to chess and draughts see the classical dictionaries. The fullest account of ancient draughts is contained in a poem *Panegyricus in Pisonem* (ll. 190 seqq.) addressed to the poet Calpurnius Piso who lived under Claudius and Nero (H. E. Butler *Post-Augustan Poetry*, 1909, pp. 157—9), and was a recognised "master". Terebinth-wood was specially used as veneer.

(2) Literally, "used all sorts of weaver's words", analogous to our "Billingsgate". Another reading is suggested, "swept off his opponent's men".



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(examples have been found at Pompeii), used both for decorative purposes and for storing wine, fruit, oil, honey etc. The type is differentiated by the fact that it has two vertical handles on opposite sides of the neck. The storage *amphorae* were generally narrow and tall, tapering to a point so that they would stand firmly in a socket or a hole in the ground. A Pompeian wall-painting shows two boys filling such vessels from a wine-cart. The opening was tightly corked and sealed either with gypsum or pitch. Glass jars were labelled according to the age of the wine with little tickets tied round the neck; on earthenware the year was painted. A good deal of sediment collected and this was sometimes strained off by holding a cloth over the mouth (cf. ch. LXXIII)—a process which was supposed by connoisseurs to spoil the flavour, but was welcomed by toppers who desired to keep sober enough to protract their potations as long as possible.

Lucius Opimius held office in B. C. 121 (which would make the wine at least 170 years old) and Falernian (see ch. XXI, n. 6) did not keep well after its twentieth year. Trimalchio had little regard for the truth, or his friends' knowledge of wine, or else he had been swindled. Conceivably "Opimian" was merely a conventional term for "Fine Old Tawny".

(5) The meaning is not clear. The Latin contains a hybrid (*tengomenas*), half Latin, half Greek, and Mr. Ryan suggests that it is intended as an uneducated man's attempt to quote Greek, as though a parvenu tradesman should say "Il faut drinker", like the butcher who said he never lost his silk hat, because he always had its *entrails* put in it. The word and the context seem to imply something like "no-heelers!"

(6) Trimalchio's skeleton is a clever *memento mori*. His view is that of the Epicure—“Live while you live, the Epicure will say, and give to pleasure every fleeting day”, or of the Preacher in the Old Testament, “let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die”. One may compare the sword of Damocles. The Egyptians at feasts (see Herodotus II. 78) had a wooden figure carried round on a bier, while a servant recited a motto such as one often sees in country churchyards.

CHAPTER XXXV

(1) Wealthy Romans kept a special chef, who was sometimes also the carver, to arrange dishes in the most artistic way, and to devise dishes of striking appearance. This zodiac dish was a *tour de force* which an American hostess might well imitate. According to a New York correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph", in August 1913, a dance was given at "a garage with its shooting and bowling galleries and rows of Aunt Sallys... With the ices the chef took in a huge cake with sixteen lighted candles. It was cut, and from it sprung a tiger, which crouched and then leaped towards the hostess, whose health was drunk with enthusiasm" (*Pall Mall Gazette* version).

(2) The propriety of the various objects to the signs of the Zodiac depends on puns and other similarities. For the ingenious "butter-beans" in connexion with the Ram, I am indebted to Mr. R. F. Cholmeley, Headmaster of Owen's School, Islington. The others are sufficiently literal to be attributed to Petronius alone.

(3) As Trimalchio explains (ch. XXXIX), the Crab was in the ascendant at his nativity. He is a great believer in celestial signs (cf. ch. XXXVI).

(4) Lions and figs were both obtained from Africa. The Grand Marshall of the Kitchen is content here with a very flimsy symbolization. Others suggest that the sun enters the sign of Leo in summer when figs are ripe.

(5) The oven was generally a vessel of earthenware or iron (Trimalchio, of course, used silver) with holes in it, used for baking bread, coals being placed all round it. The word (*clibanus*), of Greek origin, gives rise to a term for men in mail-armour. Perhaps the Greeks took the word from the Persian (see Smith's *Class. Dict.* I. 384a).

CHAPTER XXXVI

(1) There is a doubt about the reading here. Bücheler prefers this as the order or rule (*ius*) of the dinner, which would dispose of the idea that the dinner was free from

all restraint (see ch. XXVI, n. 4). Others prefer the reading which is translated in the text (*in.*, i. e. *initium, cenae*). It may be a marginal note, or a statement by Trimalchio that the guests were not to think anything of the *bors d'oeuvres*.

(2) Pegasus, the mythical winged horse, offspring of Poseidon, the sea-god and Medusa, the Gorgon with snaky locks (described in Kingsley's *Heroes*). It sprang from the blood of Medusa when Perseus smote off her head. It rose to heaven and became the steed of Zeus which carried his thunder. It is also described as the charger of the Dawn. The name is derived from the Greek word for "spring" or "source", Pegasus having been born near the mythical source of Ocean, regarded by the Greeks as a river which flowed round the earth. Bellerophon was allowed to ride Pegasus when he fought against the Chimaera. Whether the above translation is correct, or we should assume that wing-like objects were added to the hare, is immaterial.

(3) Marsyas, a mythical being, either one of the Satyrs, the coarse, sensual, wine-loving attendants of Dionysus (Bacchus), or else a peasant. He belongs to the Graeco-Asiatic myths, and is described as a Phrygian. The most interesting legend about him is his musical contest with Apollo; he played on a flute which Athena had thrown away, and Apollo on the lyre. Apollo won with difficulty, and afterwards tied Marsyas to a tree and flayed him alive. He is specially connected with the Asiatic nature-goddess Cybele, Silenus being a similar creature connected with Dionysus. Marsyas figures are very common and there was a statue in his honour in the Roman Forum, which became the natural resort of courtesans. He is the personification of the lower side of the reproductive forces.

(4) The Romans were specially keen on sharp sauces. This particular one was made of the blood and entrails of fish and highly seasoned (see Seneca, *Ep.* 95).

(5) The word is *euripus*, a term which came into general use for an open canal or stream. Originally it was the name of the strait between Euboea and Greece proper, through which the tides flow backwards and forwards.



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reason (cf. "helter-skelter", "chock-a-block", "thick and thin", "kith and kin").

(5) Literally "a magpie on the couch", i. e. a chatterer. No doubt we have here the prototype of Mrs. Caudle and her "Curtain-lectures"—that form of domestic nagging which, as someone coldly remarks, "consists in the reiteration of unpleasant truths". The Latin *pica* is the origin of the English "pie" and is probably onomatopoeic: the syllable *mag* is short for Marguerite, cf. Jackdaw, Jenny-wren.

(6) The kite to the Romans was the type not only of voracity, but also of unlimited flying power: so Persius (IV. 26) speaks of an estate too wide for a kite to fly over it (cf. Juv. IX. 55).

(7) Literally "coins of coins", as we say "a month of Sundays". Friedländer refers to the Jewish expression "God of Gods", and Sophocles has phrases like "Evils of Evils" (*O. C.* 1237). It is a natural form of superlative (cf. "King of Kings", "a man among men", "one in a thousand"). Students may compare Florus, IV. 12.13 and II. 6.35 (Friedländer).

(8) The Latin is simply the Greek βαβαί, a meaningless exclamation equivalent to the English "Bah!", expressing contempt for the world at large; Mr. Podsnap's wave of the arm is analogous.

(9) A proverb, literally "into the leaf of the *ruta*", *ruta* being a bitter herb. Perhaps a better equivalent would be "could knock into a cocked hat". Cf. Martial XI. 31. For the size of Trimalchio's staff of slaves (*familia*, divided into *urbana*, town house, and *rustica*, country house) see the steward's report in ch. LIII.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

(1) Suggesting that the most unheard-of delicacy is a commonplace in Trimalchio's establishment. Pliny speaks of hen's milk as a great rarity (*N. H. praef.*, 23), while Strabo says that Samos could produce "even bird's milk". The English "pigeon's milk" may be compared.

(2) Tarentum (S. E. Italy) was famous for its wool, as also for its honey, its olives, its wine, its shell-fish

and its horses. For the wool see Columella, VII. 2 sqq; Strabo VI. p. 284; Martial XIII. 125; Pliny XXIX. 2.9. The honey of Hymettus in Attica was equally celebrated (Hor. *Od.* II. 6). Mushrooms were regarded as a special dainty in Rome (Juv. XIV. 8; Mart. XIII. 48.1): it is said Claudius was poisoned by mushrooms (Tac. *Ann.* XII. 67, Furneaux's Ed.).

(3) The vigour of the wild-ass is attested by the use of the Latin term *onager* for a horizontal one-armed ballista or catapult (Smith's *Class. Dict.* II. 856*b*). Pliny (*H. N.* VIII. 44.69, 174) specially commends the offspring of the mare and the wild-ass. Virgil (*Georgics* III. 409) calls the *onager* "timid"; Martial (XIII. 100) calls it "beautiful".

(4) Trimalchio's vulgar love of rich colour and wasteful extravagance is again satirized; there could be no practical or artistic value in using (for pillows or cushions) richly coloured stuffing which would never be seen.

(5) The epithet means literally full of sap or juice; hence "vigorous", "strong". It is the opposite of weazened.

(6) See ch. XXX, n. 1.

(7) The Latin omits the actual word for the coin, just as in English the context shows what unit of value is to be understood. The Roman coin is the *sesterce*, a word originally meaning $2\frac{1}{2}$ of anything, but especially $2\frac{1}{2}$ denarii, for which the symbol was originally IIS (two units and S = $\frac{1}{2}$), afterwards written HS. Sums not exceeding 1000 sesterces were expressed quite simply as so many sesterces: large sums were based upon the unit of 1000 sesterces, equivalent roughly to £ 8. 400,000 sesterces was the minimum for a man of equestrian rank.

(8) This refers to the belief that hidden treasure was guarded by a bogey (*Incubo*, lit. "incubus", one who lies upon something), who wore a cap (*pilleus*). Anyone who could remove the cap compelled the spirit to show him the treasure. The cap was tight-fitting and sometimes made of felt, worn by free-born citizens who, having fallen into slavery, recovered their freedom (Servius on *Aeneid* VIII. 564); soldiers off duty wore a similar

leather cap (cf. "forage cap"). The wearing of head-gear other than helmets was not common among the upper classes of Greece, or of Rome till Imperial times: the lower classes who were in the course of their ordinary duties much exposed to sun and rain always wore some sort of cap, and later on the use became general. Horace speaks of a guest wearing his cap on the way to a dinner (*Ep.* I. 13.15). For the cap cf. ch. XL (describing the boar, which had "escaped" from the dinner on the previous evening).

(9) A technical term; when a master gave a slave his freedom he gave him a final blow or slap as part of the ceremonial. The remark appears to suggest the rapidity with which this freedman had made his fortune: or perhaps the servile character of his mind.

(10) The freedman's seat was apparently in old days a fixed place on one of the divans. As so many freedmen were present, the retention of the term is doubtless a hit at the growth of the power enjoyed by freedmen under Claudius and Nero: they would be frequent guests at important banquets.

(11) A characteristic touch. To a Roman of any social position, the trade of undertaking was anything but "respectable" (Seneca, *de Benefic.* VI. 38). They took their name from Libitina, goddess of tombs and corpses generally, i. e. of the more unpleasant sides of death. In her temple the paraphernalia of funerals could be hired or bought, and registers were kept.

(12) The Latin word is "phantasy", i. e. appearance, unreality. Whether it refers to the past magnificence of Proculus and should be interpreted "more than man (i. e. fairy prince, knight of romance)", or as above, is not clear.

CHAPTER XXXIX

(1) The Latin says "you must make the wine sweet", i. e. by pleasing conversation. "You must talk up to the level of the wine".

(2) Apparently a proverb, implying it is as natural for men to talk and drink as for fishes to swim.

(3) A quotation from Vergil, *Aen.* II. 44: "you ought



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They were accepted text books in Rome. Cicero translated the former.

(3) Spartan (Laconian) hounds were specially used for hunting big game. Horace (*Epodes* VI. 5) and the Scholiast on Vergil, *Georgics*, III. 405 both refer to them.

(4) See above ch. XXXVIII, n. 8.

(5) A Roman custom, apparently, though the mementoes have a Greek name (*ἀποφύρητα*, things to be taken away). The classical example in literature is Martial's *Epigrams*. Bk. XIV, containing 223 couplets, each to accompany a present. The custom was specially observed at the Saturnalia in December, and is the ancestor of the modern system of Christmas presents and Christmas trees. (See further ch. LX).

(6) Leggings became necessary for those who led an active life as soon as the long toga gave way to the pallium (ch. XII, n. 1). They were something like the modern puttees; though at first frowned upon as being symptomatic of luxury, they gradually became general. Exquisites wore white leggings which they kept white with a sort of pipe-clay (Cic. *ad Att.* II. 3). Such protection was specially used by soldiers and hunters.

(7) The Latin word is interesting historically. *Polymita* comes from a Greek word meaning "of many threads": it was specially applied to damask (cf. Aesch., *Suppl.* 432), a woven cloth of Oriental origin. The head-dress or cape was a kind of exaggerated turban presumably. Skeat very naturally suggests a connexion with *mitre*.

(8) Cf. "Sing a song of six-pence... Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie." American love of novelty has led to the repetition of such a device at a Vanderbilt wedding, and Mrs. Harry Thaw replaced birds by young girls. These examples together with that quoted in ch. XXXV, n. 1, suggest a fruitful theme in the comparison of Roman and American millionaire humour.

(9) The Latin for "fowler" is literally "bird-catcher". The Romans delighted in small birds as delicacies and rich men kept special slaves to catch them, using all the ordinary apparatus now in vogue. We know from Horace (*Sat.* II. 3.227) that there was a regular trade in such delicacies, carried on in the "Tuscan" Street in Rome.

CHAPTER XLI

(1) For the explanation see ch. XXXVIII, n. 8.

(2) The Greek god of revelry, of wine, of the grape and all associated ideas was Dionysus, whom the Romans called Bacchus, and identified with the old Italian deity Liber. The Greeks called him the "Bromian" from a word signifying noisy revelry (alluding to the excited orgies which characterized his worship), the "Lyaeon" from a word signifying "he who sets us free from restraint" (or "from the ill-effects of his own gift", Farnell, *Cults of the Greek States*, V. 120), the "Evian" from the cry "evoi" with which his worshippers saluted him. The pun works in and out. The slave was called Dionysus: hence to make him free (*liber*) is a pun on the Latin name for the god (*Liber*). Again, to have the god *Liber* as one's father implied free-birth: in setting free a slave called after Dionysus, a sort of patron-saint of Trimalchio, he was freeing his patron deity—a great achievement. On the epithets see Farnell, *Cults of the Greek States* (V. ch. 34); Sandys' edition of Euripides, *Bacchae*.

(3) Those who do not regard Trimalchio as a type of Nero will agree that Nero's tendency to write verse may well be in Petronius' mind here.

CHAPTER XLII

(1) The "fuller" is the prototype of the laundress, and the result of his ministrations was similar. There being no soap till Pliny's time when soap came to Rome from Gaul, the woollen clothes of the Romans naturally suffered in the wash, it being necessary to card them at the end of the process with a sort of comb to freshen the nap after its immersion; hence the reference to the opening of the pores.

(2) Those who had attended a funeral used to go through a formal purification (called *suffitio*): they were sprinkled with water and had to step over a fire (so Festus, p. 3 Müller).

(3) Extravagance on funerals has always been common. It is interesting to notice that both the XII Tables and

the legislation of Sulla contained provisions which limited such expenditure.

(4) It was a common thing to free slaves by will (cf. Trimalchio, ch. LXXI), and the bier was carried by manumitted slaves wearing the freedman's cap.

(5) Trimalchio calls his wife a kite in ch. LXXV. The extravagance of women, which, in all ages has naturally (?) shocked men, was the subject of legislation. The Oppian Law (215 B. C.) was an example: it was passed when Rome was in a state of extreme distress after the disaster at Cannae. See Dill, *Roman Society in the Days of Nero*.

CHAPTER XLIII

(1) Implying candour, the telling of unpleasant truths, with reference to the snarl of a dog. So "canine eloquence" (Appius in Sall. *Hist.*, Frag. 2.37 Dietsch; Quint. XII. 9.9); "canine words" (Ovid. *Ib.* 230). A similar idea is shown in the Greek name "Cynic", which originally means "dog-like", i. e. given to snarling.

(2) Literally "plucked an owl", a bird of ill-omen (Horace, *Odes* III. 27). Others call *parra* a magpie.

(3) Literally "mended his ribs". As in English the Latin word "rib" is used both for a man's ribs and for a ship's side (Pers. VI 31): the metaphor may come from either use—probably the latter in reference to wine. The merchant may, like Trimalchio, have brought his wine by sea.

(4) Literally "raised his chin" as of one swimming: cf. the English "keeping up one's pecker".

(5) Literally "block" (of wood); cf. Cic., *in Pis.* 9.19 (combined with *truncus*). We have the equivalent in "blockhead". "Chump" likewise means a cut tree-trunk.

(6) Literally "son of earth", one who could not say who his parents were, a foundling: hence one who had simply grown up like a vegetable; cf. Tertullian, *Apol. v. Gent.* X. A very common phrase for a nobody; Cic. *ad Att.* I. 13.4 speaks of his disinclination to entrust an important letter to a casual courier—*terrae filius*. We



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remisse and respecting only their own private gains..." (Cunningham's *Growth of English Industry* IL 94—5). So even magistrates used to buy up corn through "bodgers" (agents) and, having saved their own supplies, keep up the price and sell at the latest possible moment at an enhanced rate (Holinshed, *Elizabethan England*, chapter "Of Fairs and Markets"). I am indebted for the references to Mr. T. Gregory of the London School of Economics.

(2) Literally *Saturnalia*, the December feast in which the Romans honoured Saturn, the deity of the cornlands. Apart from the unsuitability of date, the best translation would be "harvest festival".

(3) The text is hopeless. There seems to be some reference to Sicily which was one of the chief sources of the Roman corn-supply; but one can only guess what the original idea was.

(4) Juvenal speaks of "old arches" near the Gate called Capena in the eastern part of Rome, now Porta S. Sebastiano. But Phileros does not necessarily refer to Rome.

(5) Cf. the English slang phrase "hot stuff".

(6) The meaning is that he told the truth even when it was too dark for his opponent to see whether he had guessed right. The game is the modern Italian *morra*, the equivalent of our "How many fingers do I hold up?". "Up Jenkins" in the dark provides a similar opportunity for honesty. Cicero has the same proverb in *de Officiis* III. 19.77. The game was used, like our tossing for first innings, to decide who should be chosen for any purpose. A vase-painting in Baumeister's *Denkmäler*, 997, shows two women playing the game, which was both Greek and Roman.

(7) For the Asiatic style of oratory see chh. I—IV.

(8) The translation, though literal, is rather deceptive. It means, of course, small loaves such as have been found in the excavations of Pompeian shops (Mau, *Pompeii*, Eng. trans. Kelsey, 1908).

(9) Literally one "worth three Caunian figs", Caunus being an old town in Caria, famous for its figs.

(10) Another reading has "they all smiled like gods (angels) though they were like mice" (cf. "drowned rats").

CHAPTER XLV

(1) One who deals in rags used for various purposes, e. g. to prevent helmets and saddles from galling, to protect earth works. Makers of patchwork for clothes are called generally *centonarii*. A large rag was also used a temporary door cf. ch. IV. On rag-dealers see Marquardt, *Privatleben* II. 585.

(2) Gladiators were mainly slaves. We know from Juvenal that spendthrift youths of good family used to sell themselves to the owners of gladiatorial schools. The remains of stocks in such a building at Pompeii show how degraded was the status of the gladiator. The craving for sensation which led the Romans to watch Christians eaten by lions in the amphitheatre and actually to have a criminal crucified on the stage in the role of the brigand Laureolus (Mart., *de Spect.*, 7) explains the attractiveness of a show in which freedmen fought instead of trained (and no doubt mechanical) gladiators. Wounded gladiators were either killed in the open arena (as here) or dragged off to a room called the *spoliarium*. (For the whole subject see Dill's *Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius*, pp. 234 sqq.).

(3) The names of many men who gave specially fine shows are recorded.

(4) Literally "has several carriage-horses (or cobs)". Bücheler reading *manios* for *mannos* explains "men who are boorish or stupid", i. e. attendants (?).

(5) That women should take part in the contests of the amphitheatre was to the moralists the last word in their degradation. Augustus had limited them to those seats which were furthest from the arena, but Domitian actually compelled both men and women to fight, and under Nero many took part in the contests voluntarily.

(6) Mammaea is really a woman's name (cf. Alexander Severus' mother). But it may have been a man's name too, or it may be a feminine nickname for some well-known sybarite (*mamma* means breast), just as Cicero (*ad Att.* I. 12) calls C. Antonius "Teucris" (the Trojan lady).

(7) Possibly a banquet to the Augustal board, when the guests were given this sum.

(8) For Norbanus see ch. XLVI.

(9) The meaning and the text are uncertain. Friedländer thinks the sense is:—"he killed horseman who looked no bigger than those in the pictures on lamp shades".

(10) The Thracian gladiators were a special class who used a short dagger-like weapon, and a small shield, square or round.

CHAPTER XLVI

(1) The keeping of pet-birds was a great hobby with the Romans. Catullus has a pretty elegy on the death of his lady's sparrow (Cat. III. 4); Fortunata's pet is a dove (ch. LXXI). For pet dogs see chh. LXIV, LXXI.

(2) It is not quite clear whether Echion has two sons, or two tutors for one son. Education was always begun by private tutors, before boys were sent to school. In order that Greek might be learned, a Greek slave-tutor (*paedagogus*) was employed: Quintilian (*Inst. Or.* I. 1.12) protests against children learning Greek before Latin, and there is no doubt that the Romans had a ridiculous zeal for everything Greek. It should be noted that girls had the same education as boys. (See A. S. Wilkins, *Roman Education*, 1905; also ch. XCIV. n. 1).

(3) Literally "red-letter books". The title of a law was called its "rubric", because it was written in red (*ruber*).

(4) The order is instructive. Barber's shops were regular resorts of gilded youth (Becker's *Gallus*, Scene VI and Excursus I, Scene VIII). Cicero specially despises the "petty pleaders" (*causidici*) as compared with "orators" proper (*de Or.* I. 46.202): for these pleaders see Juvenal VII. 106 foll. Petronius is here laughing indulgently at freedmen who, unlike the "upper ten", thought so much about ways of earning a living.

(5) Probably not the Phileros of ch. XLIII, though it seems odd that no reference should be made to the presence of two guests with the same name.



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who summoned people before the magistrates. They had a special *decuria*, which Trimalchio jestingly refers to here, suggesting that he too had a corps of special messengers.

CHAPTER XLVIII

(1) Trimalchio either is weak in geography, or is boasting more than usual. Terracina is in Latium, Tarentum in the extreme South of Italy. His wine-growing estate would thus be about 200 miles in length. The addition of Sicily would be a natural ambition.

(2) The possession of a library was a *sine qua non* to a respectable Roman, whether he used it or not, just as everybody was assumed to know Greek. Seneca is delightful at the expense of those who revel in the backs and titles of their books and make an ornament of their shelves. Lucian wrote a special satire on the same habit "To the Ignoramus who buys many Books". It should be remembered that the "book" was a roll (*volumen*) of parchment, and contained much less than a printed book. For the private library discovered at Pompeii (see Mau, *Pompeii*, trans. Kelsey, 2nd edn., 1902).

(3) Trimalchio poses as a judge and demands a definition.

(4) Hercules (Greek Heracles) was driven mad by his chief foe Hera, and slew his children. For this he was compelled to serve Eurystheus, king of Mycenae, who imposed upon him the famous twelve "labours" (for a list see *Class. Dict., Ency. Brit.*). Trimalchio is not blest with a good memory. Homer knows nothing of a definite number of "labours", which is probably an Oriental story based on the Babylonian story of Gilgilis the sun-god, twelve being the number of the zodiacal signs. But "Homer" may well stand for Greek mythology as a whole. For the story of the Cyclops see Homer, *Odyssey*.

(5) The Cumaean Sibyl was one of the ten women prophets or witches of ancient legend. She wrote her prophecies on leaves which she afterwards allowed the wind to scatter unheeded. The fact that Trimalchio says he saw the Sibyl "at Cumae" is regarded as sufficient evidence that the story of the dinner is not

placed there: perhaps the phrase "at Cumae" is an interpolation. The point of the story is that the Sibyl, though immortal, withered and shrank until she could be kept in a jar or bottle, and yearned for death: similarly Tithonus withered away and became a grasshopper (see James in *Class. Rev.*, 1892, p. 74). The idea is common in Teutonic folk-tales which tell of many women who, having obtained the gift of immortality, fade away and yearn for death (see Frazer's *Pausanias*, Vol. V, bk. X, ch. 13, pp. 286, 288, 292).

(6) The answer and question are in Greek, and some translators prefer to reproduce them in French. It seems to me rather a violent measure in this case, though admirable in dealing with the occasional Greek phrases in Cicero's letters. The close juxtaposition of Cumae makes French rather a shock.

CHAPTER XLIX

(1) All sorts of sausages were beloved by the Greek and Roman epicure. Those specified here are *botuli*, prepared with the blood still in the meat, and *tomacula*, made of liver, brain etc. Juvenal (X. 355) speaks of "sacred sausages made from a white pig" as an offering. The best sausages came from Gaul, not as now-a-days from Germany! See Becker's *Gallus*, Excursus I, Scene IX.

CHAPTER L

(1) Cf. the legend about the accidental discovery of glass (ch. X, n. 1). There was a similar legend that bronze was discovered when Corinth was destroyed in 146. Needless to say Hannibal was not the destroyer of Corinth or Troy; he *did* conquer Saguntum, however, and the inhabitants sacrificed their possessions to prevent his acquiring them. (See ch. XXXI, n. 4 on Corinthian bronze.)

CHAPTER LI

(1) The story is told by Dion Cassius (I. 57.21). The Caesar in question was Tiberius with whose grim quality of mind it is entirely compatible.

CHAPTER LII

(1) Obviously another error. Trimalchio confuses the Trojan prophetess with Medea who slew her sons Mermerus and Pheres at Corinth when she learned that Jason was intending to desert her in favor of the daughter of the Theban King Creon.

(2) Mummius is a correction of the text due to Bücheler: it involves Trimalchio in another historical blunder, since Mummius who captured Corinth in 146 B. C. could not have left a legacy to Maecenas who was born more than 70 years later.

(3) Petronius here surpasses himself: the mythology is hopelessly entangled and recalls the glorious confusion of Barry Pain's Charles Marius in the *Canadian Canoe*. He confuses the Trojan Horse with the Bull of Phalaris, Niobe with Pasiphae perhaps, etc. Trimalchio was a gold-mine to dealers in antiques.

(4) Two gladiators: cf. ch. LXXI. The Romans looked upon famous gladiators with the admiration aroused in some quarters by prominent actors, footballers and aeronauts to-day, and frequent references are found to their prowess in the form of *graffiti* on the walls of Pompeii, etc.

(5) The point of the jest is not obvious. Probably some words have dropped out, and "Pour out" etc. belongs really to Trimalchio.

(6) The term refers to a specially unseemly dance belonging to the coarser Greek comedy, and not permitted in respectable circles off the stage. Cicero applies the term to the trochaic metre because of its jerky rhythm.

(7) Presumably not Publilius Syrus the dramatist discussed in ch. LV.

(8) Bücheler and Friedländer are not agreed as to this. Bücheler sees a reference to Medea (cf. Theoc. II. 16): Friedländer regards it as a refrain from a contemporary Greek farce.

CHAPTER LIII

(1) Or "the estate near Pompeii".

(2) All the terms in this statement are borrowed from



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purpose. See Marguardt, *Privatleben*, 772 sqq.; Reinach's article *Medicus* in *Dar-Sag.*, 1904).

(3) Whether Fortunata was carrying her glass absent-mindedly or with some definite purpose is not clear. Mr. Lowe dismisses the idea that it contained water with which to bathe the injured arm, on the ground that such a purpose would detract from the ridiculous appearance of the scene. Certainly we are not told of any water at the banquet at all.

(4) Cf. the stuffing of the cushions in ch. XXXVIII.

CHAPTER LV

(1) The Latin word is one of the hardest in the language, because its significance is ill-defined. It may include morality, ordinary decency etc. etc. On the translation of the verse passages see the Introduction. Publilius (or Publius) Syrus was a writer of mimes and proverbial sayings (*sententiae*). Originally he was a Syrian slave (? of Antioch) who made himself famous by defeating all opponents at the great games of 45 B. C. (Macr. II. 7. 6—11). He also wrote 1000 lines of pithy moral sayings which were used as a school text book. Whether the lines here quoted are really his work, or an imitation, or a deliberate parody, cannot be decided, but it is difficult to follow Friedländer in his view that "it is incredible that an author like Petronius should have inserted such a long extract from another writer which does not in the least contribute to the characteristics of his Trimalchio". It is not in point of fact clear (I) whether Petronius agrees with Trimalchio's estimate (Simcox appears to think so, *Hist. Lat. Lit.* II. 98) or is laughing at it; (II) whether the poem is ascribed by Trimalchio in error (cf. his mistakes in geography, history and mythology), being really a well-known poem of the time, perhaps by Nero. Tastes differ and we cannot base any argument on what a modern critic thinks of the quoted passage. Possibly Petronius was laughing at Cicero, in some connexion which cannot be traced.

(2) See chh. XXXIII and XXXVI. The fattening of birds for the table was common in antiquity as now-a-days. The first Roman who went in for it on a

large scale was M. Aufidius Lurco, author of the singular bribery law which absolved a corrupt candidate if he promised a bribe, but did not pay. He made a large income from peacock-fattening (Pliny, *H. N.* X. 20). Babylon became an unimportant city after the time of Alexander the Great, and especially after the foundation of Seleucia by Seleucus Nicator. It was, however, associated with luxury, and was famous for its rich embroidered cloths.

(3) Literally "the bird of Numidia" (see Columella, *de Re Rustica* VIII. 2), so called from the fact that it came thence to Europe.

(4) See ch. XXIII, n. 2.

(5) On the stork as a delicacy see Hor. *Sat.* II. 2.49. Porphyry states that the practice of eating young storks was introduced by a certain Rufus, and that the storks had their revenge in his being defeated in a candidature for the praetorship (Wickham, *ad. loc.*).

(6) Pliny (*H. N.* XXXVII. 92) speaks of the Carthaginian (Punic) carbuncle so-called from its likeness to a blazing fire (cf. "carbon").

CHAPTER LVI

(1) Martial XIII. 87 has the same idea when he makes the "purple-fish" (*murex*) protest against its double use as a source of pigment and an edible.

(2) The universal idea that there can be no rose without a thorn. The gods are too jealous to allow complete happiness to any human being.

(3) The word (*pittacia*) means a page torn from a note-book, a sort of label or voucher: the same word is used for the labels on wine-bottles.

(4) The phrases denoting the prizes depend for their point upon superficial similarities of sound and idea. Translation in the strict sense is manifestly impossible. The associations of ideas are deliberately weak in the original, and the excuse for the phrases chosen to reproduce them is that any version is better than a literal one which neither makes sense nor conveys the idea of the egregious puns. As an example I venture to instance

the association of the hare with a "canal", where the point is that the root *can* is also the root of *canis*, a dog; hence there is an equally gross pun in "water-course". So the Latin word for "Lamprey" is *muraena*, which Trimalchio represents by a mouse and a frog (*mus, rana*); "lamb-prey" is an equally exalted form of wit, though it is not a literal translation. Naturally the "laughter was prolonged", and Petronius characteristically distinguishes the educated scoundrel Ascyltus who laughs at Trimalchio from the ponderous freedman who laughs with him.

CHAPTER LVII

(1) Literally "wether", i. e. stupid, thickhead: hence "baa-baaing" or "bleating" below.

(2) Cf. the case of Popilius Laenas who, being sent to extort compliance from Antiochus the Great of Syria and finding him inclined to dally with the matter, described a circle round him in the sand, and forbade him to cross it till he had answered. See ch. LXII, n. 4.

(3) Literally "in soft flesh worms are born", meaning that if you provide the conditions, you must expect the result.

(4) Literally "did your father buy you with a piece of plate?"

(5) Judging by Ascyltus' rings which he afterwards mocks in ch. LVIII as being made of wood.

(6) By becoming a slave a foreigner could hope for manumission and ultimately citizenship. Roman taxation after the period of the great wars fell wholly on subject peoples: this was one of the chief inducements to becoming a citizen.

(7) There was no legal marriage between slaves, but merely a sort of informal cohabitation: slaves paid a fee for the privilege of this kind of semi-marriage.

(8) 1000 sesterces (less than £ 10) was a small sum to pay. Petronius is mocking Trimalchio as usual.

(9) These "commissioners" were municipal officials whose duty it was to superintend the worship of Augustus. Unlike the corresponding officials in Rome (*sodales*



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(5) The solution of this riddle is variously given. Bücheler answers "The foot, the eye, and the hair"; Friedländer quotes a solution by E. Schwarz which involves the art of weaving, the warp and the weft. Neither is satisfactory. Possibly the point is obscure. Riddles were a favourite amusement at Greek banquets: Theodectes of Phaselis and Aristonymus were famous for them. Prizes were given to the solvers and the unsuccessful were compelled to drink in one breath a fixed quantity of wine (cf. the Oxford "sconce"). Aulus Gellius (XVIII. 2) represents Romans trying to solve riddles, but the scene is at Athens, and it would seem that such trifling was not popular in Rome.

(6) Mercury was the god of thieves and tradesmen (cf. ch. XXIX).

(7) Literally "turn my toga upside down"; a Roman magistrate did this, as British judges put on a black cap, when sentencing a man to death.

CHAPTER LIX

(1) "Rhapsodists" (those who "sewed" or "strung" poems together) were professional reciters of Homer and other epics. Originally it was to such performers that the poems owed their preservation. Juvenal also refers to them (*Sat.* XI. 179).

(2) Petronius here lets his imagination run riot and Trimalchio makes every conceivable mistake. Castor and Pollux, Helen's brothers, turn into Diomedes and Ganymede—Paris into Agamemnon; the rape of Helen is mixed up with Agamemnon's proposed sacrifice of Iphigenia to Artemis at Aulis; "Parentines" is hopeless unless, having made Paris Agamemnon, he also makes Paris the Greek leader, and christens the Greeks "Parentines" (copying the sound from Tarentines); Achilles took to himself not Iphigenia but Chryseis, while Ajax went mad when Odysseus won the arms of Achilles. It is excellent fooling and leads up to another *tour de force* in the wild attack made on the calf by the pseudo-Ajax, representing the madness of Ajax.

(3) Cf. the roast pig which wore the cap of freedom.

CHAPTER LX

(1) Ceilings were sometimes divided into several panels sunk into the structure, and resembling lakes (whence the name *lacunar*). Moveable panels are referred to by Suetonius in his biography of Nero (ch. 31), by Seneca in his epistles, and by Valerius Maximus.

(2) Golden wreaths instead of the ordinary garlands of leaves or flowers worn by drinkers to keep the brow cool.

(3) The god of reproduction, vegetation and sex.

(4) The Latin is *pompa*, a word of Greek origin, referring to that which is in the nature of a pageant or elaborate spectacle. The term was originally applied to a sacred embassy sent to consult an oracle. Such embassies were very magnificent, and the word has ultimately withered away till it connotes merely magnificence and nothing else (Eng. "pomp").

(5) Saffron was regularly used in Roman ritual, like the later incense. Cf. the "fragrant fires" of Ovid, *Fasti*. I. 75.

(6) Every household in Rome had its patron deities. Strictly they fell into two classes—the Lares and the Penates. These are frequently confounded but they were separate in origin. The Lar was primarily the god of the arable land which surrounded the homestead and would stand at the boundary of the land: later it was introduced into the house, and was no longer one, but many. The Penates were primarily deities of the food-store or cupboard. Both sets of deities were produced and worshipped on special occasions, a marriage or a death, the assumption by a son of the *toga virilis*, etc. The amulet was a ball-like object hung on a child's neck to avert the evil eye and hung round the neck of the household god when the boy became adult. (For the niche or cupboard in which these deities were kept, see ch. XXIX, n. 1).

CHAPTER LXI

(1) A regular tag, which occurs in Lucilius (in Nonius 158.9) and Vergil (*Aen.* II. 790).

(2) Literally "I struggled by shield and greave", i. e. I did all in my power.

CHAPTER LXII

(1) Literally "as Orcus" (Hades).

(2) Tombs were placed along the roads in the environs of Roman towns. The most famous are those which line the Appian Way near Rome. Subsequently Trimalchio gives direction for the frontage of his own tomb. See ch. LXXI, n. 9.

(3) The Latin idiom is curious, "in the nose".

(4) See above ch. LVII, n. 2. The purpose was to guard his clothes till his return: it had the effect of turning them into stone! To micturate in a circle round anything put a kind of temporary tabu on it.

(5) The belief that human beings could be changed into animals, and especially into wolves was universal in early Europe. The Greek term *λυκανθρώποι* gives the general term "lycanthropy", used by anthropologists; the German has *Wäbrwolf*: French *loup-garou*. The great classical example is that of Lycaon who was changed into a wolf for offering Zeus a dish of human flesh to see whether he was really a god. Herodotus (IV. 105) says that the Sarmatian tribe of the Neuri used to change periodically into wolves: Pliny (*H. N.* VIII. 22) quotes from the Greek historian Euanthes the Arcadian tradition about a person who swam across a lake, was changed into a wolf for nine years, and was then restored to human form, if he had killed no man, receiving back the lost nine years. Pliny adds a comment on the astonishing credulity of the Greeks. Virgil (*Eclogues* VIII. 97) refers to the same belief. Wolf-superstition is in fact almost universal: even Apollo had a wolf-form, while the Romans had their Lupercalia, i. e. Wolf-festival. Whether the whole idea is due to the harm caused by packs of wolves which hunted in early Europe or to wolf-totem clans which wore skins as a uniform is not clear. (See N. W. Thomas in *Ency. Brit.*, XIth ed., s. v. *Werwolf*.)

(6) The true significance is lost: there seems no special



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“doll” (*vavato*) is said to be an onomatopoeic term for an infant, and to be still in use in Sicily and Southern Italy.

(7) The Latin word means “knowing-more-than-is-right”, equivalent to our “wise women”. This is the only passage in which it occurs in literature.

CHAPTER LXIV

(1) The equivalent of “touching wood”, or “crossing the fingers.”

(2) Strictly the ordinary dialogue and the lyrics, as in the modern comic opera.

(3) Literally either “the dried figs of Caria” or “the rich sauces”, meaning of course the richer delicacies of life are all gone. You have sobered down; as Tacitus says of Agricola, “mitigavit ratio et aetas”.

(4) “My chariots”, speaking metaphorically. The Roman chariot-and-four (*quadriga*) was a highly decorated car and was chiefly used by a general celebrating his official “triumph”: it was often adopted as an emblem of victory to adorn a triumphal arch or even a private house (Juv. VIII. 3). Such vehicles were, however, also used in the chariot races in the circus. Originally the two-horsed car (*biga*) and the *quadriga* were used: later drivers managed somehow to drive a team of six and even more horses. Apparently the two middle ones were harnessed to the yoke, the remainder being trace-horses. The charioteers were generally slaves or men of low class: betting ran high and the sport was rendered excessively dangerous by the necessity of negotiating sharp turns at full speed. Both Gaius and Nero, however, tried their hands, and after their example gentleman-drivers were not uncommon. An interesting monument is that of Diocles who claimed to have beaten Scorpis, who had won 2048 races, Musclosus winner of 3559, and Epaphroditus winner of 1467; he himself at the age of 42 had won 4462.

(5) As in later days, the barber’s shop was a regular unofficial club-room where the wits would foregather to talk.

(6) Apelles was a famous tragic actor in the principate of Gaius (Suet., *Cal.*, XXXIII).

(7) Literally. But perhaps the word "whistled" is metaphorical, referring to his squeaky voice.

(8) So-called after the Lydian King Croesus, the type of wealth in all ages. Trimalchio has a slave called Dionysus to show he is lord of revelry: to have a slave called Croesus likewise indicates his unheard-of wealth, as though a parvenu should call his butler Rothschild. This is the favourite of ch. XXVIII.

(9) So important did the races in the circus become that the companies (*factiones*) which in Imperial times provided chariots horses and drivers had not only special colours, but separate followings to one or other of which all interested in the races gave their support. At first there were two, the Red and the White; then the Blue and the Green were added (cf. Juvenal, XI. 196). The extravagant Domitian created two more, the Purple and the Gold. Incredible rivalry existed, and, especially when the headquarters of Empire were transferred to Constantinople, wild riots used to occur regularly. Gibbon tells of an occasion when 30,000 persons were killed. Trimalchio's colour is red, but his slaves do not all follow his "fancy" (cf. chh. XXXVIII, LXX).

(10) The Romans were fond of pet dogs (cf. ch. LXXI) and the word is even applied to men and women as a term of endearment.

(11) The Latin name is *Scylax*, which is derived from the Greek word for "tear" or "rend". Martial (I. 109.4) tells of a petdog called *Issa*, which was more precious than Indian gems (pearls); so Croesus's dog is called *Margarita*, i. e. Pearl.

(12) Cf. the game of *morra* referred to in ch. XLIV, n. 6. Apparently this was a game played by children in which each in turn was blindfolded and tried to guess how many fingers were held up.

(13) The temptation to compel all to share the potations of the least abstemious is well-attested at all times. The banqueting hall at Haddon in Derbyshire has an iron collar affixed to one of the walls which could be pad-

locked round the neck of any guest who sought to take his pleasure soberly.

CHAPTER LXV

(1) Literally wearing the tight-fitting cap worn by freedmen, hunters and soldiers in undress uniform. Cf. the boar in ch. XL.

(2) The lictor of the *sevir* Habinnas.

(3) Literally *praetor*, the magistrate who was specially concerned with the judicature in Rome. The title was naturally imitated in the municipal towns, e. g. at Capua (Cic., *de leg. Agr.* II. 34.93) where Cicero notes it as a case of remarkable local conceit.

(4) Roman funerals began with solemn regret and ended, like many an Irish wake, in revelry.

(5) The praetor's couch, i. e. the place of honour, lowest in the middle divan (see ch. XXX, n. 1).

(6) For the 5 % tax on manumissions see ch. LVIII, n. 2. She would have to pay some £ 20.

CHAPTER LXVI

(1) The meaning of this is very doubtful and perhaps the reading is defective. On the ground that a glass of wine used to be taken before each course it is suggested (by Mr. Lowe) that cups of wine were placed round the dish. But it is surely unnatural to describe such an arrangement as "encircled or crowned with a wine-cup". It would rather seem that some vessel was placed on the pig's muzzle, like the cup on the boar in a previous chapter. Some prefer "encircled by sausages" (reading *botulo*).

(2) Strictly the entrails of fowls cooked (see references in Forcellini).

(3) Evidently the controversy as to the best digestive bread had already begun. Pliny (*H. N.*, XXII. 25.68) refers to the same point. The special feature is perhaps the absence of alum which indirectly (though not as generally supposed directly) whitens bread, and makes it possible to use otherwise useless qualities of flour.



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and then with quaint honesty admits to wearing a single armlet weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds more than his wife's total paraphernalia. His mind is turned from criticizing women by the chance of illustrating his own wealth once more.

The "tenths-of-1 % due to Mercury" refer to the very small share of profits which the grateful but economical merchant paid to his patron saint. Friedländer is at pains to defend Trimalchio from the charge of pilfering his own contributions to make a bracelet. Surely Petronius is whimsically describing his hero as doing honour to his patron saint by actually wearing his humble thank-offering. As profits were reckoned by the month, a "tithe" of 1000 would presuppose a large monthly revenue, if it provided a ten-pound armlet.

(4) I. e. pearl ear-rings which jingled like castanets (so Pliny, *H. N.* IX. 35.56.114).

CHAPTER LXVIII

(1) Literally the "second tables", i. e. the solid part of the dinner was over and dessert was to begin.

(2) As we have seen above, this device was used to keep the air fresh in the theatre (ch. XXXIV, n. 2).

(3) The first line of *Aeneid*, V, opening up the appalling vista of a recitation of nearly 900 lines! For the Atellan farces see above' ch. LIII and n. 4.

(4) The theory that Venus squinted is mentioned in Ovid, *Ars Amat.*, II. 659. It refers to the sidelong, suggestive glance for which the modern and bolder equivalent is the so-called "glad" eye.

CHAPTER LXIX

(1) The brand (*stigma*) was a regular punishment for slaves. It was a mark burned or tattooed into the flesh as a sign of disgrace (cf. chh. CIII, CVII): thus F was a mark for a runaway. In the Vulgate version of *Galatians* VI. 17 it is the term applied to marks symbolic of the sufferings of Christ, and the term "stigmatization" is technically used of any marks or wounds which suggest those made on Christ's body at His crucifixion. Through-

out the middle ages it was a common belief that such marks appeared miraculously on the bodies of both men and women. (For the slave stigma see Pliny, *H. N.*, XVIII. 3; Varr., *R. R.*, I. 18: the practice was forbidden by Constantine.)

(2) A rich man who had estates in the country would relegate a disobedient slave from his town house to the country as a punishment. In the big estates slaves worked in chaingangs under the lash.

(3) These were a specially sturdy kind of footgear equipped with nails: they were specially worn by soldiers. Hence the diminutive (*Caligula*) was used by the German legions as a pet name for the child Gaius (afterwards the third emperor of Rome), son of Germanicus, who was born in camp.

(4) Strictly that which comes "on the top" of the dinner proper.

(5) Quinces were called Cydonian apples, Cydonia being the ancient equivalent of Canea in Crete.

(6) We may suppose that this was merely a culinary masterpiece not intended for actual consumption. Similarly Martial (XI. 31) records a meal with many dishes composed of nothing but gourds. The cunning transformations of vegetarian restaurants may well be compared.

CHAPTER LXX

(1) The allusion is to the famous legendary artificer Daedalus, founder of handicrafts. He is variously described as of a noble Athenian family and of Crete. He is alleged to have been expelled from Athens for murdering his sister's son who excelled him in skill, and to have settled in Crete where he made the wooden cow for Pasiphae and the labyrinth at Cnossus. He invented wings for himself and Icarus, his son, and flew safely (while Icarus was killed) to the Aegean. Later he was in Sicily and Sardinia (where the *nuraghi* are attributed to him). His name seems to stand for a hypothetical early period in art and craft, and in general signifies skill both artistic and mechanical.

(2) *Noricum*, an ancient district lying N. E. of Italy,

and always associated specially with iron and steel. It was one of the districts from which come the iron swords with long grips, characteristic of the big-boned men of the Iron Age who swept upon the Bronze Age men of the Mediterranean basin. The great discoveries in the Hallstatt cemetery are of prime importance for their civilization. See the article *Hallstatt* in *Ency. Brit.* XIth ed. and authorities there quoted, also *Arms and Armour, ibid.*

(3) Observe the formal phrases: Trimalchio would naturally pose as a judge and carry through the farce with keen relish.

(4) The practice of cleansing the feet and the hands of guests has already been noticed. Whereas wine was used for the hands in a previous chapter, we here find oil used for the feet. Such anointing is mentioned in the New Testament and in Oriental works generally. It is very odd that Encolpius should be horrified at this particular extravagance, just as his reference to Gito as a shy boy surprises us in ch. XXV.

(5) Implying that the wine was going to the ladies' heads. Cicero, in *Pro Murena*, says that, as a rule, nobody dances in public if he is sober.

(6) On these colours see above ch. LXIV, n. 9. Notice that Trimalchio not only permits his slaves to join him at dessert but allows them to belong to a different faction and challenge him to a bet before all his guests. We gather that Petronius used to accompany Nero in visits to all sorts of orgies in Rome, and he is no doubt recalling here some of the sights which had amused him on such occasions.

(7) The tragedian Ephesus is not otherwise known to us. He was probably a contemporary Greek actor.

(8) Cf. ch. LXIV, n. 9.

CHAPTER LXXI

(1) Trimalchio's half-patronising tone is an admirable touch considering his own comparatively recent emancipation. Petronius may well be laughing at Pecksniffian theorists of the day who posed as anti-slavery advocates.



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long by 300 deep. The most famous sepulchral monument of antiquity is that of Mausolus at Halicarnassus built by his wife Artemisia. The remains are in the British Museum, and consist of a colossal chariot group.

(10) Perhaps rather "at the beginning of the will" not on the monument.

(11) Referring to his career as a ship-owner, and in general to his prosperity. A ship in full sail is a common metaphor for unimpeded progress—cf. "plain sailing", "my ship coming home".

(12) His judicial honours also are to be commemorated. Trimalchio is very proud of having been a "Justice of the Peace".

(13) "Two denarii", the *denarius* of the Imperial period being roughly a franc (at par).

(14) Not, as some suggest, to show his wealth, but to keep his memory green by causing passers-by to acquire the habit of looking at the tomb regularly.

(15) A freedman usually bore as a cognomen the adjective formed from his patron's name. Perhaps we are to gather that Trimalchio was really a freedman of the great Maecenas, statesman and patron of letters under Augustus: at all events it is not impossible. But the problem does not really matter: Trimalchio realises the value of a good name and so combines Caesar and Pompey with the equally famous Maecenas.

(16) Municipal servants were, like other professional persons and artisans, organized in guilds ("decuries") with special functions. Trimalchio says he could have served in any public department, but he was too busy or too rich to trouble with such things.

(17) About a quarter of a million in English money.

CHAPTER LXXII

(1) "'Live while you live', the Epicure will say". So Trimalchio in his extempore rhyme in ch. XXXIV (end).

(2) On Roman baths see ch. XXVIII, n. 1. The gourmet found the bath useful in the course of a protracted orgy (Juvenal speaks of such a man "carrying

a half-digested peacock to the bath") as an aid to digestion: a bath assisted in enabling a diner to throw off the fumes of wine, and so to resume operations with better hope of staying the full course (below, ch. LXXIII).

(3) It will be remembered that, upon taking their places on the couches, the guests removed their slippers.

(4) The Latin word strictly means "fish-pond" but is used for any artificial reservoir. In this case it means an ornamental miniature lake such as are common in all periods of landscape gardening. Encolpius quaintly exaggerates the peril.

(5) See ch. XXIX.

CHAPTER LXXIII

(1) The term "labyrinth" cannot be explained with certainty. It has been taken as the corruption of an Egyptian word for a building at the entrance of a reservoir: as an adjective from a proper name Labaris (a monarch whose real name is uncertain): as an older form of the word *λαῦρα*, a passage: as derived from an ancient word for the double-headed axe (*λάβρος*) which is the sacred symbol of Zeus in Crete. The Palace of Cnossus would then be, or contain, the Cretan "labyrinth" (*Journ. Hell. Stud.*, XXI, 109.268). It was applied to an underground building like a mine. The most famous are the Egyptian labyrinth in the Fayyum (Hdt. II. 148; Pliny, *H. N.* XXXVI. 13.19), probably connected with the ancient Egyptian kings; the Cretan labyrinth attributed to Daedalus; the Samian; the tomb at Clusium in Etruria ascribed to Lars Porsenna. The modern term as applied to a maze (like that at Hampton Court) is, of course, derived directly from the ancient, retaining, however, only the least important part of the old connotation.

(2) We read in Suetonius' life of Nero (XXX) of an artist of this name who sang to a cithara accompaniment, and received high honours from Nero. It is almost a convention that every rational person sings in his bath.

(3) On the ceremonial character of the first shave see note on ch. XXIX.

(4) The term in the Latin is a kind of adverb implying a desire not to draw ill-luck upon oneself. Such superstitious devices are widespread, and remain common long after all real belief in their efficacy has vanished. Thus people cross themselves to scare the devil, throw salt over their left shoulders, turn their chairs round three times. Such devices come under the term "magic".

CHAPTER LXXIV

(1) The sudden crowing of a cock is often treated as an omen. Petronius may have heard of the story of Peter in the New Testament, but the idea is exemplified in Cicero's speech against Piso (ch. XXVII). The changing of the ring from one hand to the other is analogous to the transference of coins at the sound of the cuckoo (cf. also Pliny, *H. N.*, XXVIII. 6.15.57). Petronius is, as we have seen, a keen observer of such little superstitions, and in his gentle satire upon Trimalchio, he may well be laughing at the oddities of well-known persons of his day. Nero was a prey to superstitions of every kind and sought the aid of Chaldaean astrologers at every turn especially towards the end of his murderous reign (see Dill, *Roman Society from Nero*, *Index* s. v. "Superstition").

(2) Originally a little present made to a successful athlete or actor; later a money prize or tip was substituted, the old name being retained. It is from this word that the English "corollary" comes, i. e. a decorative addition to a main argument.

(3) The Latin phrase is far from clear: strictly it means "drew (or drank off) a very hot draught (or drink)". The term *potio* ("potion") strictly—and apparently always—means some kind of drink (e. g. a love-potion, physic, a magic draught): but why should the cook, engaged in preparing a fowl, be described as having or preparing a drink? The word translated "boiling" may perhaps provide the key, inasmuch as it is used for a "hot" sauce. Hence possibly Daedalus was composing a highly spiced gravy or soup (I cannot think that it means simply hot water for boiling the fowl): besides Fortunata is busy with pepper! The hand-



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(7) Literally "that heavy-booted Cassandra". The heavy-boot is the soldier's footgear; a woman who made or wore such a boot would be an unwomanly person (hence "virago"). Cassandra was the Trojan prophetess who gloomily foretold the fall of Troy (hence "preachifying").

(8) A slave who was specially kept by the rich lady, or perhaps did a trade in cosmetics in a small shop on the estate. There were shops in the front wall of some Pompeian houses. Necessarily such slaves would be very much in their mistresses' secrets. Oddly enough clandestine correspondence is often carried on through the medium of barbers now-a-days.

(9) Literally "I ran an adze into my leg", i. e. lamed myself for life, by being faithful to Fortunata.

(10) I. e. "When I'm dead, you will want me to live again to give you a chance of inducing me to reinstate you in my will".

(11) Literally "no law-suits for me". The nearest relative used to kiss the dying person to catch his last breath and prevent it from dispersing. Whether Fortunata would have felt disgraced or wronged by the loss of this privilege is doubtful, but the pompous tone of Trimalchio is another touch of Petronian insight.

CHAPTER LXXV

(1) The affront which Trimalchio had put upon his wife occurs to no one. The husband is Olympian: it is Fortunata who has erred and must be pardoned.

(2) Slaves were allowed so much food per day, or a sum of money instead.

(3) I. e. a chair with a curved back for lounging.

(4) The Latin word implies that Scintilla "propped her feet", either because she wished to increase her height (i. e. morally), or because she was at this time unable to stand through the blow or the wine she had imbibed. "Staggerfoot" would give the one idea: perhaps "Straightlace" (cf. "Blue-stocking") the other.

(5) The Latin word means "snorer", and is taken by the commentators as meaning lazy—one who snores

all day long. But it seems evident that he is alluding to the fact that Fortunata is still as we say "snuffling" or sobbing intermittently.

(6) I. e. the slave is only the master's instrument.

CHAPTER LXXVI

(1) Augustus or Tiberius. It was a form of snobbery to make the princeps (Emperor) one of one's heirs, as suggesting patriotism and a sort of personal connexion. It was a kind of voluntary legacy duty, perhaps intended to induce the Emperor to allow the remaining dispensations to hold good.

(2) Literally "the broad stripe income". The senatorial order, which was the highest in the state, had as its distinguishing badge the broad purple stripe across the toga: the second order, the Knights (the capitalist class), wore a narrow stripe. The indispensable prerequisite for acquiring senatorial dignity was the possession of 400,000 sesterces (£ 3,000 odd). The old senatorial families had fallen on evil days, ruined by internal decay, and the new forces to which the Empire gave scope. Their members often became bankrupt and "new" men were introduced by various emperors (see Dill, *Roman Society from Nero*, ch. I).

(3) Or technically "did I go bankrupt?".

(4) I. e. produce which was specially characteristic of the district of Campania in which Trimalchio must be supposed to have lived. There was a slave-market at Puteoli (mod. Pozzuoli near Naples). Dr. Ashby (*Ency. Brit.*, XIth ed., s. v. *Campania*) notices that the loose black soil of Campania was easier to work than the Roman soil and gave three or four crops a year. Spelt, wheat, and millet, fruit and vegetables are mentioned; roses were used for perfume at Capua, where the industry centred in a square called Seplasia, whence the term *Sepladium*, which Trimalchio here uses. Though Campania was of all parts of Italy well provided with fine roads, it is interesting to notice the evidence of a highly profitable coasting trade with the Tiber. Both Puteoli and Neapolis were important ports.

(5) "Did the pious thing"; the Latin word from which "pious" comes covers all the duties which a child and a wife owe to the paterfamilias, the citizen to the state, man generally to the gods. "Dutiful" is a fairly near equivalent, but modern ethics does not contemplate precisely the same virtue.

(6) Literally "hands off the paper". Trimalchio knew when to stop.

(7) I. e. enabling other freedmen to capitalise their ventures. All sorts of attempts were made to regulate interest in Rome: it seems that at one time all usury was illegal, but, probably from the time of Sulla, 12 per cent per ann. became the recognised rate. In the case of bottomry where the lender took the risk, larger sums could be demanded while vessels were on the high seas. Justinian limited it, however, to the usual 12 per cent. The unhappy provincials were however shamelessly sweated by the capitalists, aided often by the military forces of the governor: thus Brutus, the Tyrannicide, exacted 48 per cent from the people of Salamis in Cyprus. The usurer was not, however, greatly respected in Rome itself. (On banking and money-lending see Warde Fowler, *Social Life at Rome*, pp. 80 sqq.)

(8) The Latin word is *mathematicus*, strictly "pundit", "knowledge-purveyor". Rome was inundated with "wise men" from the East, Chaldaean and Greek astrologers etc. They were frequently expelled (e. g. as far back as B. C. 139, and by Claudius, Vitellius, and Vespasian), but never effectively. Augustus burned their books, but many of the Emperors and leading Romans had private soothsayers who were not only a social, but also a political, danger. In Tacitus (*Annals*, XVI. 14) we read of a Greek mystery-monger (Pammenes) whose activities were the ruin of Ostorius Scapula and Publius Anteius (cf. *ib.* II. 27.2). The astonishing fact is, that just as modern physical scientists sometimes succumb to pseudo-supernatural tricks which a Maskelyne can detect and reproduce, so even the sanest of the Emperors and Tacitus himself accepted some magicians as genuine. Mayor's note on Juvenal XIV. 248, contains a list of authorities. To judge by the examples of his divination, Serapa was



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into side-streets they would find a less perfect surface made up of flints and pebbles in a kind of clay or mud. At Pompeii we know that the roadway was interrupted by sets of stepping stones to enable pedestrians to cross in time of flood, but the conditions described here are much worse.

(2) The *tabellarius* was a private messenger or courier. No public delivery of letters, etc., was established in Rome, and as we see from Cicero's *Letters* it was often difficult to ensure safe delivery. Cicero tells us that couriers frequently "lightened" their burdens by perusing them (*ad Att.* I. 13). The financial companies and governors of provinces had their special messengers who often carried private letters as well, especially abroad. Trimalchio's courier, no doubt, required a train of ten waggons owing to the enormous demands of his commissariat department.

CHAPTER LXXX

(1) Referring to the duel of the brothers Polyneices and Eteocles, sons of the King of Thebes; Polyneices attacked Thebes and met his brother on the walls; in the ensuing duel both were slain. The grandiloquent style of the whole passage is worth noticing.

(2) Strictly "the counter plies its mobile task on the board". I do not feel sure of the exact nuance of this line. The word for "counter" (*calculus*), means (I) a small pebble, (II) a draughtsman or counter, (III) a stone used on a calculating board, (IV) a stone used in voting. I have preferred to emphasize the idea of mobility or change, and ventured to use the knight in chess by reason of its zigzag motion. It may be noted that Cic. *Lael.* (XVI. 58) has the phrase "to reckon up friendship by counters" (*ad calculos*) as in (III) above.

(3) The idea of the second verse is slightly different. Friends are here compared with actors who appear so impressive on the stage and so commonplace when they leave the stage-door. The Latin word translated "troupe" is strictly "herd", a term used also for the followers of a philosopher. The Roman mime was an indigenous farcical drama, which sought to raise a laugh by the

reproduction and burlesquing of stock characters. It was highly popular under the Empire, and it was actually a common thing to satirize the Emperors themselves, though punishment generally followed.

CHAPTER LXXXI

(1) Menelaus is the assistant partner, or servant, of Agamemnon. There is some doubt as to his function at the rhetoric school. Probably he was a sort of usher, though some have argued that he was only a cloak-room attendant.

(2) All this is, of course, a satire on melodrama, even on tragedy. I once saw a whole theatre rise to cheer an actor in the role of a tinman who cried in stentorian tones "I may be a burglar, but I will never take a 'uman life". Here Encolpius recounts with evident pride his career of villainy, and protests that his struggles have deserved a better fate. On Encolpius' evil deeds see ch. IX; the loss of the bulk of the narrative prevents one doing more than frankly to acquit Encolpius of any exaggeration in his list of great deeds.

(3) Exile was in Republican times a punishment which the Romans were very reluctant to inflict, in-as-much as absolute loss of citizen rights and expulsion from the city was equivalent almost to death. Ovid and Cicero alike describe the deprivation as the most terrible of all punishments. Under the Empire "deportation" and "relegation" were common punishments for gross ill-doing, and several ladies of the royal house were so punished for moral depravity. Ascyltus had sold his honour for hire and thus had gradually gained his freedom, i. e. he had become "free" (*liber*). The term "free" includes the man who is "free-born" (*ingenuus*) and the man who is made free ("freedman", *libertinus*). The children of a freedman were regarded as "free-born".

(4) The slave-barrack, or compound, was one of the horrors of Roman slavery. It was usually an underground building where the slaves were herded together when not at work on the estate. Immorality of all kinds was the natural result. See Columella I. 6.3; Pliny, *H. N.*, XVIII. 21; Juv. XIV. 24, XI. 80, VIII. 180.

CHAPTER LXXXII

(1) The term (*phaecasion*) is a technical one for the white shoes worn by Greek priests etc. Cf. Sen. *Ben.* VII. 21.1. Juvenal (III. 218) speaks of certain deities as wearing such footgear. They were worn by Fortunata (ch. LXVII).

(2) Tantalus was the unfortunate Phrygian king who, for failing to keep the counsels of the gods, was condemned to stand in running water beneath a hanging fruit tree: the water was up to his lips but if he stooped to drink the river sank proportionately: if he reached for the fruit the branches swung upwards. He is the type of the man who starves amid plenty. Hence the English verb "tantalise", and the term "tantalus" for a case in which spirits are kept in such a way that the bottles are visible but inaccessible without a key.

CHAPTER LXXXIII

(1) Zeuxis, a Greek painter (ca. 420—390 B. C.) who seems to have settled at Ephesus. Many famous pictures are attributed to him, and he is specially praised for his attention to detail. The story is told that his picture of a bunch of grapes was so natural that birds flew round and tried to peck the fruit. With this realistic tendency he is said to have combined the idealism of his predecessors.

Protogenes, also a Greek painter (end of 4th cent. B. C.), lived at Rhodes, and was by reason of his minute accuracy in line and colour a rival of Apelles, whose only criticism was that he lacked "charm". There is a quaint story that when Demetrius Poliorcetes was besieging Rhodes, Protogenes went on painting though his garden was in the centre of the enemy's lines: Demetrius is said to have modified his siege-plans so as to avoid damaging Protogenes' picture "Ialysus". Several of his pictures perished in Rome by fire, and he also decorated public buildings in Athens. Apelles, the greatest probably, of Greek painters, lived during the reigns of Philip and Alexander whose portraits he painted. Pliny says that he used a special glaze which caused his work to last. Nothing survives which really enables us to judge of



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Hyacinthus, the spirit of vegetation, and so is naturally represented as passing away at the end of the summer. The myth is told in later literature, but there are references in Aeschylus (*Persae*, 1054) and Aristophanes (*Plutus*, 1127).

(4) Apollo fell in love with the young Spartan Hyacinthus, but killed him accidentally with a quoit, said to have been deflected by the jealousy of Zephyrus, the West Wind. From his blood there grew the so-called Hyacinth flower marked with the letters AI, AI (Greek for "alas"), really a kind of iris or Larkspur. Hence "the sanguine flower inscribed with woe" (Milton). The festival which this story is supposed to explain was a Spartan summer festival in gratitude for vegetation, and it may be that the immigrant Dorians incorporated a pre-Laconian deity of the under-world with their own Apollo, god of light and warmth (*Ency. Brit.*, IXth ed., s. v. *Hyacinthus*; cf. preceding note). The lyre is, of course, Apollo's own instrument.

(5) Lycurgus, the more or less legendary law-giver of Sparta, was famed for the rigour of his laws; there is no need to doubt that he existed, but there is the strongest reason for refusing to credit him with the whole of the Spartan constitution. This constitution was narrow, and resisted all change in spite of changing circumstances: its very vitality destroyed Sparta. His name is thus quite properly used as synonymous with rigidity: Cicero, in one of his amusing self-revelations, says that as regards the case of Clodius' sacrilege he was "a very Lycurgus" at the beginning, but "is getting less severe every day". There is no special ground for calling Lycurgus positively cruel, according to ancient standards.

(6) This is the first appearance of the minor poet Eumolpus, who is the moving spirit of the remaining portion of the story, and is perhaps the best piece of characterization in the book.

(7) Crowns or wreaths of all kinds were used as special marks of favor and in religious connexions. Several kinds were given for distinguished military services. The laurel-crown is the one specially assigned to poets: hence the modern term poet *laureate*. Eumolpus

sadly recognises that such crowns do not always go to the most deserving in a degenerate age.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

(1) The Quaestor of a province was the financial officer of the governor (consul or praetor). He acted as paymaster to the forces, and head of the commissariat; collected the revenues; in the governor's absence acted as his deputy. He had his own staff of clerks. Office in the provinces meant a lucrative post, as the provincials were treated simply as a source of wealth, and the governor, playing into the hands of the tax-collectors (mainly companies which bought the right to collect and raised what they could), was glad to make it worth a young quaestor's while to be silent about irregularities. Tacitus says that the Agricola, when quaestor in Asia, had a splendid chance of becoming rich, because the governor "would gladly have purchased mutual suppression of guilt".

(2) Pergamum was one of the richest and most artistic of all the cities of Asia Minor. A special school of artists was associated with it, and it was a great centre of trade. The kings were friendly to Rome, because in the break-up of the Macedonian Empire they were in danger of being squeezed between Macedonia and the Seleucid Kings of Syria. Attalus bequeathed the city to Rome in 133.

CHAPTER LXXXVI

(1) Cockfighting was an ancient oriental sport. As regards Europe the story goes that Themistocles when leading a force against the Persians saw two cocks fighting, and encouraged his men by showing how fiercely they fought: subsequently cockfighting was an annual celebration of victory, and gradually became a popular amusement. At Rome it was long despised as a Greek sport, but by the 1st cent. A. D. it had become so popular that Columella speaks of men wasting all their time at the cockpit.

(2) This hybrid needs explanation. The Latin *asturco* strictly means an Asturian (Spanish) steed, renowned for its

easy graceful motion (cf. Martial XIV. 199; Sil. III. 336): the term is widened to include any horse with similar qualities. The English "barb" originally denotes an Arab horse (being short for Barbary). Hence "Macedonian barb" is something like "Macedonian-Spanish-steed".

CHAPTER LXXXVIII

(1) It should be noticed that Eumolpus is speaking of the ancient world as a whole. Rome itself was very slow to take up art at all, and though literature may be said to have passed its zenith by the time of Nero the arts generally were at least as prosperous as in what Eumolpus, in the true spirit of the "minor" poets, calls the "good old days".

(2) Democritus of Abdera, commonly known as the "Laughing Philosopher", is said to have been born about 460 B. C. and to have lived rather more than 100 years. He was a great traveller, with a passion for accurate knowledge. He held with Leucippus the famous Atomic Theory of existence, which he was perhaps the first to formulate, and is therefore to be regarded as one of the pioneers of physical science. His voluminous works are said to have included treatises on mathematics, astronomy, medicine, natural science generally, mechanics: he is also credited with inventing the arch. It is said that he blinded himself to secure greater mental concentration, and that he died in poverty.

(3) Eudoxus, the astronomer of Cnidus (ca. 366 B. C.), whose fame is out of all proportion to the extant evidence of his achievement. He is said to have studied and written in Egypt under the tuition of the priests. His work is known from the *Phaenomena* of Aratus. There are many stories illustrating the earnestness of his work, but I do not find authority for the mountain story here recorded. Strabo says that his observatory at Cnidus was existing in his own day.

(4) Chrysippus (280—206 B. C.), a Stoic philosopher, the third leader of the school, and spoken of as the most important member of it. Hellebore was a plant (of which the best species grew in the island of Anticyra) much used by the ancients as a cure for epilepsy,



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of the ultimate or universal principles which underlie all particular sciences.

(8) Cf. the phrase "mens sana in corpore sano" (Juv. X. 356).

(9) The word "pound" comes from the adverbial use of an ablative (modal) of an old word *pondus*, weight, which was used with numerals for sums of money or measures of weight; a fragment of the XII Tables speaks of fetters "XV pondo", of 15 pounds weight.

(10) The word (*peculium*) is the regular term for the savings which custom allowed slaves to put away with a view to purchasing their freedom, or for the personal property or paraphernalia of anyone who was under the legal authority of the head of his house. It goes back to the time when value was reckoned in heads of cattle, and both "peculiar" and "pecuniary" are thence derived along different lines. It is, therefore, a quaint term to apply to the Senate. The temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill was the centre of Roman political and religious activity. Both the Emperors and the Senate worshipped in the Capitoline Temple prior to any great enterprise: in the event of success splendid gifts were dedicated to Jupiter—chiefly, of course, of gold.

(11) For Apelles see above ch. LXXXIII, n. 1. Pheidias was the great 5th century Athenian sculptor, the friend of Pericles and architect of the Parthenon. His great work was the famous statue of Zeus. He represents the high-water mark of Greek Art.

CHAPTER LXXXIX

(1) On this and other poems see the Introduction. The poem is a paraphrase (in iambic lines of six feet each) of the first part of Virgil's *Aeneid*, Book II (ll. 13—267). Had I not regarded the poem as a mere *tour de force*, i. e. as a skit upon contemporary poetasters, I should not have ventured to attempt a metrical translation. I agree with Prof. Butler that the poem is, all the same, not technically a parody; not, at all events, in the modern sense.

(2) I. e. Apollo, whose prophet was Calchas. He was bitterly hostile to the Trojans, because Laomedon

refused to pay him and Poseidon (Neptune) for building the walls of the city.

(3) Ida, the hill near Troy.

(4) Petronius does not explain Sinon. In the *Aeneid* Sinon allows himself to be captured and induces the Trojans to bring the Horse within their walls.

(5) Tenedos, a small island off the Trojan coast.

(6) The group of statuary—often copied—recalls the scene.

CHAPTER XC

(1) Literally "I have taken the auspices", i. e. begun upon an enterprise. It is difficult to say exactly what whimsical meaning Eumolpus intended. Similarly the epithet describing his reception is strictly "alien, from abroad, extraordinary". No doubt he refers to the seriousness of his mission, which has to be begun with the taking of auspices, and the fact that he is welcomed like a stranger.

CHAPTER XCI

(1) A strigil was really a far more Spartan instrument than a sponge, though its function was analogous. It was a curved metal scraper with a fairly sharp edge, and, except for extreme cases must surely have been—to judge from extant specimens—unnecessarily drastic in its action.

(2) Or (reading *supplicium* for *solacium*): "I have been punished enough, in losing your goodwill".

(3) There is probably a lacuna here.

(4) "And when there are two crowds?" "Shout with the larger", said Mr. Pickwick.

CHAPTER XCII

(1) Strictly a Roman Knight, i. e. a member of the second order of Roman society.

(2) I. e. a voucher, a person who made himself

responsible for Eumolpus. The danger of theft at the baths has already been noticed (ch. XXX).

CHAPTER XCIII

(1) Phasis the name of a river and a town in the district of Colchis, near the S. E. corner of the Euxine Sea. The district was fertile and had considerable trade, though it was always taken as connoting extreme remoteness. The word "pheasant" is derived from Phasis, it being a legend that the Argonauts, when they returned from Colchis with the Golden Fleece, introduced the bird to Europe. See the New Eng. Dict. (which quotes an adjective "phasianic" as used in the *Pall Mall* in 1884) s. v. *Pheasant*; also Littré, s. v. *Faisan*, and Forcellini who quotes references. There is a pleasant note in Rogers' ed. of Aristoph. *Birds*, introd. pp. LII—LVIII.

(2) See Varro, *R. R.*, III. 9.16. The bird is described simply as the "African bird" here, and as the "Numidian bird" in ch. LV.

(3) The wild-duck is the *anas*. Ovid refers to it in *Metam.* XI. 773; and Cicero (*N. D.* II. 48.124) speaks of its eggs as being hatched by ordinary hens. Varro, *R. R.* III. 11 gives careful directions as to breeding.

(4) Strictly *scarus*, said to be a kind of wrasse, but the wrasse family has not preserved the term in its ichthyological classification. It is a fish that loves warm water: hence I have used a more familiar dainty for the translation.

(5) The mullet was a regular Roman dainty: rich men even kept them in ponds and occasionally fed them with disobedient slaves who were thrown in alive. Milo wrote from Massilia that his exile was rendered pleasant by the excellent mullets.

(6) Strictly the *cinnamon*, a plant with an aromatic sweet-smelling bark. Plautus in the same passage uses rose and cinnamon as terms of endearment, Moses in Exodus XXX. 23 is bidden to use it, and the plant is mentioned in Hdt. III. 111. It belongs to the order of the laurels, and the herb came to Europe through the Arabians from Ceylon.



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with the word *novare* ("to renew"), since that which is shaved is in a sense "renewed".

(4) Strictly the term means "hired man", i. e. a person who voluntarily took service, not a slave. On this point the same man (whose name is Corax, "Raven") insists emphatically in ch. CXVII "I am as free as you, if my father *did* leave me a beggar" (see also ch. CIII). Cicero (*de Off.* I. 13) applauds the idea of treating slaves as though they were hired men—i. e. make them work, but treat them fairly—and (*pro Cluent.* LIX 163) speaks of Ennius, a hired man of Oppianicus. Seneca, *Benef.* III. 22.1, says that Chrysippus preferred to regard a slave as a permanent hired servant.

CHAPTER XCV

(1) The sense is perhaps not certain. Literally the translation seems to be "a jar made free by (or for) the potations of customers". Perhaps it is better to read *ebrius*, drunken, referring to the innkeeper himself.

(2) The candlesticks which have been discovered, e. g. at Pompeii and Herculaneum, are mostly of bronze: we hear of still more valuable examples, but for ordinary purposes they were made of wood (*Cic. ad Frat.* III. 7). Candlesticks and lampstands either stood on the ground like the modern standard lamp or were portable and stood upon a table.

(3) The *vindicta* was strictly the ceremonial rod with which a master touched his slave on giving him his freedom. It is by analogy used for any act of dismissal or self-protection.

(4) The *carnarium* was either a larder (or store-cupboard) or in poorer houses simply a framework of wood from which joints hung till required. The fork was a long implement such as butchers still use for unhooking the meat and bringing it into reach (cf. chh. CXXXV and CXXXVI).

(5) Literally wooden slippers or shoes.

CHAPTER XCVI

(1) A difficult phrase: "I was recommending (approving) their advocacy". Cicero uses the word *advocatio* for the

whole body of lawyers on one side: hence my version. Apparently the phrase is taken from the courts. Another reading omits the words "velut . . . reflebam" and reads "commodabam" for "commendabam", i. e. "I was giving suitable support to the punishment of Eumolpus".

CHAPTER XCVII

(1) One of the public slaves to whom allusion has been made elsewhere. They formed a kind of very inferior municipal service. Heralds or criers (*praecones*) were likewise low-grade public servants—apparently freedmen as a rule—who acted as the mouthpiece of magistrates, imperial and municipal. The position was lucrative, no doubt—especially as they also acted as auctioneers—but it precluded subsequent election to municipal office (by a *Lex Julia*, cf. *Cic. ad Fam.*, VII. 18.2).

(2) Gito was, in other words, to place himself between the bedding and the cross-straps upon which it rested. For the reference to Odysseus (Ulysses) and the ram see Homer, *Odyssey*, IX. 426 sqq.: Odysseus and his followers first blinded the Cyclops and then escaped from the cavern by clinging each one to the belly of one of his rams.

(3) *Oppessulatus* is a rare post-classical word derived from *ob* and *pessulus* a bolt. Cf. *App. M. I.* p. 112.11; *Amm.* 31.13.15, in both cases with *ianua*.

(4) I. e. pretending to assume that Gito was still with Ascylltus.

CHAPTER XCVIII

(1) The Latin is *barundo* a reed of cane. The sense, however, postulates a technical use which is provided by Plautus, *Stich.*, 2.2.23, where *barundo* is conjoined with *scopa*, a "besom" made of twigs. *Scinipbes* or *cinifes*, literally a stinging-insect (Gr. *συνίπες* or *κνίπες*) in the ecclesiastical writers, is presumably used by analogy for the bristle or twig of a similar implement.

Gito managed not to sneeze or wince. De Guerle's French version prefers the literal translation *punaises* (bed-bugs).

(2) The author's knowledge of contemporary colloqui-

alisms and his capacity to adapt his words to the characters forbid the supposition that this high-flown apostrophe from the lips of a sixteen-year-old slave is an accidental incongruity. Turgid utterances by burglars and stable-boys are not unknown at the crises of modern melodramas.

CHAPTER XCIX

(1) *Nitere* to shine, be sleek, is analogous, when used of scenery, to our "smiling" landscape. It implies artifice and cultivation. Similarly the sophistication of culture leads to the use of *nitidus* for the smart man-about-town, the "polished" product.

(2) *Prōpudium* is a doubtful reading (Bücheler). The word is familiar in Plautus and Cicero for a shameful (derived from *pudor*) action or person: but the connexion with a signal equivalent to "all aboard", or "flying the Blue Peter", is obscure. L. and S. suggest it is a vulgar form of *propediem* (*prope diem*) "quick march". *Properandum* "we must hurry", is the reading of Tornaesius. The sense is obvious.

(3) These stars were presumably the Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux, the special patrons of seafarers (Hor., *Od.*, I. 3.2; Hygin, *Poet. Astron.*, II. 22). They were the sons of Leda and Tyndareus (or Zeus) and brothers of Helen. They are specially renowned for their physical prowess (Castor as a horseman, Pollux as a boxer) and for their brotherly affection, and were ultimately rewarded by being placed among the stars as Gemini, the Twins; Poseidon was said to have given them power over wind and wave. Oddly enough they were specially honoured at Sparta where their symbols accompanied the kings in war, though the Spartans were peculiarly averse from overseas enterprise.

CHAPTER C

(1) *Constratum puppis* is the raised planking which made a sort of deck or bridge over the stern. Such a deck implies, of course, a cabin below. Apparently the two parties are to be pictured as rolled up in rugs at opposite sides of this deck, unless perhaps Lichas and



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nibal shepherds of early imagination, represented generally as inhabiting Sicily: their passions are stirred by the woodland nymphs and hence they came into conflict with more human heroes (cf. the story of Acis, Polyphemus and Galatea). They represent on the one hand the crude force of nature (so the Hesiodic list, Brontes, Steropes, Arges, i. e. thunder, lightning and "electric" fire); on the other hand they are the primitive artificers. Hence the use of the term, "Cyclopean" for the most ancient architecture of the Mediterranean area. The general sense of the term thus points to the old belief that such remains were the work of an early race powerful physically but at an early stage of intellectual development. The term connotes architecturally the rough, unshaped stones which retain their position by sheer weight without aid of mortar or rivet. The Cyclopes work in the subterranean forges of volcanic Sicily, and are, as it were, first cousins of the Titans. (A very full article in *Dar.-Sag.* by L. de Ronchaud contains all references and gives illustrations.)

(5) The term is "archpirate" (Forcellini, *capitano di corsari*), which occurs also in Cic. *Off.* II. 11. It is Greek in origin; a "pirate" is literally one who "makes attempts", i. e. an adventurer, and especially by sea (though Shakespeare speaks of "land-rats" as "pirates"). It is curious that the word "pirate" (which even in Greek is late, and apparently confined to Polybius, Strabo and Plutarch) should have so limited its meaning. Piracy was at all times a serious problem to the ancient navigator, and on several occasions (e. g. by Pompey the Great in 67 B. C.) attempts to root out the robbers were made on a large scale. Though Pompey had ample powers and succeeded not only in breaking up the piratical strongholds, but also in settling the offenders in towns, we see that it was an easy matter for Sextus Pompeius to take up privateering during the early years of Augustus. Tacitus (*Agricola* VII) refers to Otho's fleet acting in 69 A. D. on a sort of roving semi-piratical commission against Vitellius in the Gulf of Genoa, and actually seizing by force some estates owned by Agricola's mother who lost her life during the raid.

(6) The exact sense is doubtful: "curved" harbours

is the strict translation, but whether the "curve" is to be understood vertically (i. e. deep) or horizontally in the sense of a narrow harbour as opposed to an open roadstead, I do not feel sure. The point is sound in either case: perhaps the text is corrupt.

(7) Romans of good position regarded as effeminate the wearing of headgear other than helmets. Only those who were ill would consent to go "covered", except when hunting or under specially exposed conditions. Cicero (*de Sen. X ad fin.*) says in compliment to Massinissa "nullo imbre, nullo frigore adduci ut capite operto sit". Hence, presumably, the wearing of headgear (or rather perhaps the wrapping of the cloak round the head) by Encolpius and Gito would at once suggest illness and invite sympathetic attention.

CHAPTER CII

(1) The Latin term *scapha* is originally Greek (literally "dug-out"); it meant originally a boat made of a hollowed-out tree-trunk. Here it means a small boat fastened by a cable to the stern of a sailing-ship, as in Plautus, *Rudens*, prol. 75, where two ladies in terror leap from a wrecked ship into a dinghy (so I. 2.74 "I see two unhappy women sitting by themselves in a dinghy"). In Hor. *Od.* III. 29.62, we read of the sensible merchant who, being wrecked, does not waste time bemoaning his losses, but with the aid of his "two-oared skiff" (gig or dinghy) makes for the shore. Cicero *ad. Att.* X. 10.5 has *lintriculum* ("little wherry") in the same sense. The term is also used for a fishing boat (*piscatoria*) in Just. II. 13.9.

(2) The Latin *solidus* (i. e. *nummus*, coin) is the equivalent of *aureus*, a gold coin worth about 25 denarii, i. e. roughly an English sovereign. The same term was used for Constantine's chief coin.

(3) The reference is presumably to an episode in one of the lost books. It has no obvious connexion with any of the extant fragments.

(4) Lewis and Short say that this refers to the immobility and taciturnity of statues: it has probably a

more explicit reference to the methods adopted in transporting large statues.

(5) The term *atramentum* is properly applied to any black liquid (Cic., *N. D.*, II. 50.127, so describes the substance, *Sepia*, exuded by the cuttle-fish, and used as writing-ink). It is applied to fluid used by painters, of which the chief ingredient was soot. Apelles, we read, washed his pictures with a pigment of this kind, which not only toned the colours, but is said to have made a more durable surface. The most common use of the term is for writing-ink, composed of soot and gum (*ferrumen*) in the proportion of three to one. It was viscous in quality, and though it lasted well it could be rubbed out with a sponge. Inkbottles of various kinds have been found: Eumolpus, as a poet, who might need to record an inspiration at any moment, presumably carried one fastened to his girdle—a plan adopted by Eastern scribes. The word “ink” comes from Lat. *encaustum*, the purple fluid used by the later Emperors: the term is of Greek origin meaning “burned in”, i. e. encaustic. Prof. Flinders Petrie has discovered an ink-written papyrus which he dates 2500 B. C.

(6) Gito very sensibly ridicules the idea that a Roman or a Greek would be taken for an Ethiopian simply because he blackened his body. Ethiopian slaves would be quite familiar to a Roman merchant; the black skin is but one of many differences between the negro and the European: the same is true of circumcision in the case of Jews, the wearing of ear-rings in the case of Arabs, the light complexion of the Gauls. Thus the author of the *Moretum* (? Virgil, who is said to have translated it from a poem by his Greek teacher Parthenius) describes an Ethiopian woman as “of African race, whose whole appearance bears witness to her native land, with curly hair, thick-lipped, and dark of hue”; he also refers to their large feet. This passage is quite possibly in Petronius’s mind when he makes Gito illustrate the difficulty of the proposed disguise. It is at least a coincidence that the Roman general who defeated Queen Candace in 23 B. C. and pursued her troops as far as Napata was a certain C. Petronius, perhaps the father or the grandfather of the Petronius who wrote the *Satyricon*.



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often bears scars on the side of the forehead, generally as a result of duels, but sometimes, it is said, self-inflicted.

(9) Almost all the negro peoples are characterized by small calves and large ankle-bones and heels. They have a rolling-gait and walk on the outside of the foot so that the bones are pressed towards the ground. This is one of the respects in which they are nearer to the anthropoid apes.

CHAPTER CIII

(1) It is not a little curious that Petronius should have put such a sentiment into the lips of a man like Eumolpus. He may have been mocking the Stoics, to whom suicide was not necessarily a sin. Cato's suicide after Utica is called by Horace "a noble death", and very generally (e. g. by Seneca and Pliny) the question was regarded as one for personal decision under particular circumstances. Hopeless and prolonged illness or any conditions which finally prevented a man from the exercise of his best capacity were to the moralists adequate ground for suicide (Sen., *Ep.*, LVIII. 36): mere headstrong self-murder was culpable. In a period like that of Nero's later years even the philosopher might well conclude that life was too degraded to be worth continuance (cf. Marcus Aurelius, *Med.*, X. 8). To find Eumolpus categorically condemning suicide as cowardly is very striking. (For authorities on the subject and instances see Mayor's, *Pliny*, III. p. 114; students should also read Lucian's *de Morte Peregrini* wherein the author tells the story of the self-immolation of one whom he regarded as an impostor.)

(2) On the razor see ch. XCIV, n. 3.

(3) The shaving of the eyebrows was a mark of disgrace inflicted on a disobedient slave. So Cicero (*pro. Rosc. Com.* VII. 20) says that the head of Fannius Chaerea, "smacks of evil-doing and cries aloud his cunning" because the eyebrows as well as the head are shaved.

(4) The brand (*nota, stigma*), like other forms of permanent mutilation, has a long history as a device to prevent an evil-doer from living down a "previous con-

viction". In Rome runaway slaves and those detected in thieving were branded on the forehead with the letter F (Greek Φ), i. e. *fugitivus, fur*. Such slaves were technically known as *notati, inscripti, litterati*. The punishment was made illegal by Constantine on Christian grounds—which, however, did not hinder its resumption in more enlightened days.

(5) This refers to the fact that sailors, when a wreck seemed inevitable, used to make an offering to the sea-gods of hair and beard (see Sommer in Pauly-Wissowa, s. v. *Haaropfer*). Hence to shave on a ship unnecessarily was to invite a storm gratuitously. Similar dedications (*anathemata*) took place if a sailor was saved from a storm (e. g. Juv. XII. 81).

CHAPTER CIV

(1) The reading is not certain, but Bücheler's proposal makes excellent sense. The "Neptune" would be a statue or a painting. Baiae, 10 miles W. of Naples on the Gulf of Puteoli, was a famous resort of wealthy nobles in the days of the later Republic. There are many remains of villas and public buildings. A lady of Tryphaena's type would naturally be quite familiar with the luxurious life of the Roman Brighton.

(2) This reference to Epicurus is obscure: and the ensuing poem is included by Bücheler as no. XXX of the Fragments. I see no strong reason for not admitting it here, as it does more or less fit in with the introductory words. Considering the many cases in which Petronius allows his characters to make mistakes, it is immaterial whether the views expressed are in fact strictly Epicurean. Epicurus was largely indebted for his philosophy to the atomism of Democritus; as a rationalist, who forbade his pupils to search for mystical explanations of phenomena where physical ones could be imagined, he naturally regarded dreams as being physical in origin. Here Eumolpus quotes a view which likewise denies to dreams any transcendental significance. The dreams of Lichas and Tryphaena merely represented their waking desires, as evidenced by the conversation over-night.

CHAPTER CV

(1) This passage presents difficulties. Bücheler reads "nec in eodem futurus navigio": others "necnon in...". The difficulty of "necnon" is that it is equivalent to a strong affirmative, and that, therefore, the following "sed" (adversative) is obscure (though not impossible). Eumolpus is trying to explain how he came to violate sailors' custom by having his slaves shaved on board without the excuse of a threatened wreck, and so to bring an evil omen upon the passengers, including, of course, himself. He says "I didn't want to make the ship look like a prison by having about me two frowsy-headed slaves. Why then did I risk shaving them on board? Well, I did risk it (i. e. took no auspices), although I was to travel in the same ship. It would have been very wrong on my part to let them have their hair so long that you others wouldn't have seen their marks of disgrace". He then tries to win sympathy by saying how he has been swindled by the two slaves. I do not see now Mr. Heseltine (Loeb edn.) justifies his translation "I was not doing anything unlucky" (? *mibi* "to my disadvantage"). The *Thesaurus Linguae Latinae*, vol. 2, col. 1546, l. 42, compares this use of *auspiciū facere* with that in Horace, *Ep.* I. 1.86, "if excessive greed sets him on to it", both being under the sub-heading for *auspiciū* used without special significance of good or bad. Apparently the excuse was for all practical purposes accepted; but, on the off chance that the ships' guardian angel might not be satisfied and to appease the ignorant sailors, the supposed slaves were to be flogged—a natural precaution too trifling to be worth discussing between the captain and Eumolpus.

(2) In Sparta, capacity to endure physical pain was a prime virtue. The courage of boys entering upon manhood was tested by a flogging so severe as sometimes to cause death. Physical training was imposed upon men and women alike, and every step was taken which was thought likely to maintain the breed. Hence the term "Spartan" for any system which excludes physical comfort. For the same reason the Spartans proper (Spartiates) were rigorously limited in choice of wives: hence *nobilitas*, privilege of breed.



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vis as though poisoned by aconite (Pliny X. 67.86.188). The word *exussit*, literally "burnt out", implies that its action is analogous to that of fire: it is quite commonly used metaphorically (of grief, pain, etc.) and there is no need to change to *excussit*.

CHAPTER CVIII

(1) The precise meaning is not clear. Perhaps it means that the partisans of either side grew hotter when Encolpius' face assumed a mottled and more wretched appearance.

(2) See ch. XCIV (last paragraph).

(3) The terms here used are those strictly appropriate to warfare proper. The *caduceator* was the herald bearing the symbol of peace, namely an olive branch, entwined with garlands, afterwards with serpents. The term is really applied not to Roman heralds but to Greeks, the word *caduceum* being a Romanized form of the Greek *καρυκείον*.

(4) The special deity to whom a vessel was dedicated was represented by a figure or emblem. As the olive branch was the symbol of Mercury, and Mercury was the god of merchants (see ch. LXVII, n. 3), presumably Lichas had a symbol of this deity as an ornament at the bow or the stern of his vessel. Cf. above ch. CV.

(5) Referring to the story of the Trojan Paris who robbed Menelaus of his wife Helen and so brought about the Trojan War. The idea that a ship was rendered accursed in the sight of heaven by the presence of a passenger stained by crime is common in antiquity (cf. the story of Jonah).

(6) Medea, fleeing from Colchis with Jason in the Argo, is related to have slain her brother Absyrtus and thrown him overboard so as to delay her pursuers. Subsequently she slew her children by Jason when he deserted her.

CHAPTER CIX

(1) Petronius, in a whimsical spirit, sets forth the agreement in solemn legal phraseology, such as was used in treaties between one state and another. The penalties

or fines imposed (100 and 200 denarii) are high, and are expressed in the spirit of the dean of a certain college who once put up a notice that members of the college might ride a bicycle round the quadrangle on a payment of (?) £ 3.

(2) The word is *fuscina* (which is allied to *furca*, a fork with a long handle): it is applied to Neptune's trident, and to the tridents of Nereus and the Tritons. Perhaps primarily regarded as the goad with which Neptune urged on his horses, it was naturally associated with sea-gods in connexion with the spearing of fish. There are many references in classical authors to the sport of angling (e. g. in Greek, the 21st Idyll of Theocritus, Plutarch's story of the match between Antony and Cleopatra, the treatise *Haliutica* by Oppian, ca. 169 A. D.; in Latin, Ovid's fragmentary *Haliuticon*, Martial's Epigram *ad Piscatorem*, Pliny's *Natural History* Bk. IX, Ausonius's *Mosella*): a convenient summary is contained in Mr. Hugh Sheringham's art. *Angling* in the *Ency. Brit.* Ed. XI. The use of hook and line is referred to as early as Homer who, in *Odyssey* XII. 251, uses it as an illustration to explain how Scylla seized and bore away the companions of Odysseus. I do not know what sort of fish it would be possible to spear from the deck of a seagoing cargo-boat, nor is there apparently any other use of the term *fuscina* in this exact connexion.

(3) The catching of small birds (*aucupium*) was recognized in Rome both as a sport and as a trade. All sorts of snares were used, but the favourite device was the one mentioned here. It seems (Martial IX. 55) that the instrument was a reed so jointed that it could be shortened and lengthened at will ("crescente arundine"): the extreme portions were smeared with lime ("pinguis et implicitas virga teneret aves"). Cf. ch. XL above, where, as seems to have been most commonly the case, the birds caught are thrushes: here of course they were sea-birds. The vivid description of the feathers is an excellent example of Petronius's admirable sense of detail.

(4) This was evidently a definite mark of affection; as it is the obvious meaning of the Latin it need not be otherwise understood. De Guerle takes from Gaius

Fortunatus the story of the lady sitting at table with three lovers who gave a kiss to one, a garland to another, and to the third the remainder of her own glass of wine as signifying her preference for him. Ovid, *Ars Am.*, I. 575, recommends the lover to be the first to take and drain the wine-cup put down by the object of his affections. After drinking a toast a guest would throw the remainder of his wine under the table as a libation to heaven to prevent ill-luck. This survives in the habit of upturning a drinking vessel ostensibly to show that the toast has been worthily honoured.

(5) Another of Petronius's admirable bits of light verse. The first six lines in the original are very properly in elegiac verse: then when the burlesque elegy is over, he turns to a lyric metre as he leads up to the epigram. The irritation implied in Encolpius's comment that the poem is "inept" is life-like.

(6) Apollo and Diana are the favourite types of lightness and beauty. Conceivably, since they represent the sun and the moon, they were suggested to Petronius by the picture of the bald round heads of Encolpius and Gito.

(7) Strictly "the round garden-tuber which owes its birth to water" (the wave). The *tuber* is a sort of mushroom: *tuber terrae*, truffles (Juv. XIV. 7), or mole-hill, a term of abuse.

CHAPTER CX

(1) An entertaining passage from De Guerle's *Eloge de Perruques*, is quoted by the author of the note in De Guerle's *Petronius*. The Latin word *corymbion* means literally "shaped like ivy-leaves", apparently a technical term for a particular kind of wig which covered the whole head. Enquiry has failed to discover any similar term in the technology of the modern perruquier: most of the terms in use (of which there is a surprising number) signify only supplementary adornment which in Gito's case would hardly have rendered him less ridiculous. The term exists nowhere else in extant Latin or Greek. References to wigs will be found in Becker's *Gallus*, Excursus II, Scene 8. Ovid, *Ars. Am.* III. 165,



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Conceivably Petronius meant the words to go with the other part of the sentence, and so to imply that Greek women *did* watch their husbands' corpses at all events for a short time. But order of words, facts, and the story are against this view.

(3) This line is taken from Virgil, *Aeneid*, IV. 34, from the passage in which Anna is appealing to her sister Dido.

(4) A generalization which has of late led the Home Office astray in dealing with a somewhat different problem.

CHAPTER CXII

(1) From Virgil, *Aeneid*, IV. 38 (see ch. CXI, n. 3).

(2) In ancient and medieval times a criminal was in most countries forbidden proper burial. This was, of course, regarded as a great addition to the actual punishment. The most famous example of the horror with which the ancients viewed the loss of burial is the way in which Antigone, in Sophocles' play, gave up her own life rather than allow her brother Polynices to lack burial.

CHAPTER CXIII

(1) The way in which Eumolpus's story is received is another remarkable example of Petronius's insight. Lichas, a married man who allows himself every license, is deeply pained by any breach of wifely decorum. Tryphaena, whose moral character is of the lowest, feels bound to be horrified at any lapse of a kind slightly different from her own. A London constable informed me recently that no one was more disgusted with the law-breaking suffragists than Tryphaena's successors.

(2) Hedyle, apparently, is the wife of Lichas. Nodot's spurious fragment apparently overlooked this name, as he called Lichas's wife Doris (ch. XI). We have no clue either to Hedyle or to the plunder of the ship.

(3) *Tralaticius* is that which is handed down, customary. Hence "formal", that which does not imply any special desire to please or honour.

CHAPTER CXIV

(1) Cf. Ovid, *Tristia*, I. 2.31. The exact wording of the next sentence is doubtful. The wind that bore the ship towards Sicily must have been from the North (perhaps N. E.), and it is just possible that a North (North-West) wind would drive them towards the S. Italian coast. Strictly, however, *Aquilo* is "north-one-third-east" between *septentrio* and *vulturnus*. As the ship was undoubtedly somewhere off the Italian coast north of Rhegium, we need not trouble as to the exact wording.

(2) The text is defective. Bücheler printed "postquam manifesta convaluit" in his 1895 edition. The sense perhaps is "after the wrath of the sea gathered" ("maris ira infesta convaluit"). As regards "Hercules", Bücheler says "latere periculi vocabulum puto".

(3) *Zona* a Greek word for any encircling cord or belt for which the Latin generic term is *cingulum*: hence by analogy for the imaginary lines ("zones") which encircle the earth. Such girdles were obviously required to keep in place the loose-fitting garments of Greeks and Romans.

CHAPTER CXV

(1) *Diaeta* is the term used. Strictly it is a Greek word meaning "manner of life" from which the English word "diet" comes. It is used by Pliny especially for any small apartment for sleeping or eating (see Forcellini, *s. v.*). In Greek the same derived sense is found; cf. Arist. *Nic. Eth.* I. 6.3.

(2) *Membrana*, strictly the skin which covers the limbs (*membra*), hence the skin of animals cleaned and worked into a glossy surface for writing or painting. It is often called *Pergamena*, whence comes the English word "parchment" through the French *parcbemin*. According to Pliny, *N. H.*, XIII. § 70, quoting the authority of Varro, it is stated that this parchment was invented by King Eumenes II (197—159 B. C.) of Pergamum when the Egyptian King Ptolemy Epiphanes, jealous of libraries other than his own, stopped the supply of material upon which writing was possible, i. e. of papyrus. The story (which occurs also in Jerome where the Pergamene king

is Attalus) is refuted by the fact that both the Persians and the Jews used parchment (cf. Hdt. v. 58), though Rawlinson (on Hdt.) agrees that parchment was not "much used, even by the Greeks till the time of Eumenes". Sir Edward Maunde Thompson's article (s. v.) in the *Ency. Brit.*, XIth ed., should be consulted: he points out that Egyptian parchment goes back more than 1000 years before Eumenes.

(3) The word *regio*, direction, is a good example of the way in which an original root-meaning perseveres. The root *reg-*, which appears in *rex* (a ruler, king), *regimen*, a guiding line, *regere* the function of the English "ruler", in both senses, etc., is likewise in *regio*. When Horace says in *Ep.* I. 1.59 "rex eris, si recte facies" he is making the same point in a characteristic epigram.

(4) This apostrophe of Eumolpus is curiously modern. He mocks at the most serious views of his time as regards the importance of proper burial, and is in this respect, I believe, unique in ancient literature. It represents the scepticism sometimes bitter, sometimes merely careless, of the club-man.

CHAPTER CXVI

(1) Croton or Crotona, originally an Achaean colony, was celebrated in early times as the home of the athlete Milo and the philosopher Pythagoras. Once a powerful place, it suffered a good deal from attacks by Sicilian raiders and others. The Romans held it from 287 B. C., and after a brief revolt during the Punic Wars it was made a colony of Rome in 194. It had a moderate harbour—the only one on the coast of Italy from Tarentum to Rhegium. It was a trading centre of some importance, but has no other history.

(2) Literally "those who are hunted (for legacies: i. e. rich childless persons) and those who do the hunting". This is a typically hard passage to translate. It is a crisp epigrammatic phrase in the original, and a cumbrous translation is no translation at all. Moreover, the same word must be repeated ("rich men and legacy-hunters" would not do), and the word "legacy" must be used,



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debtors. So Juvenal (*Sat.* VII. 110) has "who comes with a big ledger *in dubium nomen*" i. e. to sue "for a doubtful debt" (i. e. a debt which is not admitted).

CHAPTER CXVIII

(1) Helicon, the mountain in Boeotia sacred to Apollo and the Muses. To the Greek imagination, as to the Jews and most primitive nations, high ground, by reason of its purer air and freedom from clouds, was naturally associated with poetic thought. The necessity to climb out of the ruck and the languor of valleys is metaphorically expressed in modern phrases like "high thinking", "lofty ideas", "soaring fancies".

(2) A quotation from Horace *Odes* III. 1, a poem in praise of the simple life. The phrase is in imitation of the priestly warning that the uninitiated must keep away from the sacred rites or mysteries: just as unconfirmed members of a congregation depart when the Holy Communion is celebrated.

(3) *Curiosa felicitas Horatii*. One of the most famous phrases in Latin, and indeed in all, literary criticism. Every scholar knows and appreciates its meaning, but no one would claim to have found a perfect English translation. *Curiosa* describes that which is the product of care (careful, studied): *felicitas* is reproduced in the English phrase "felicity of expression", which really means the *untaught* knack of saying the right thing in the right way. The two ideas are, therefore, essentially antithetic. Unluckily "felicity" alone in English means "good fortune" and is not limited to choice of language, unless we add "of expression", which entirely spoils the succinctness of the original. The "unpremeditated art" of Shelley's skylark is a similar epigrammatic oxymoron (contradiction in terms) and perhaps Petronius' reverse idea could best be reproduced by "artistic simplicity". But the further trouble is that *felicitas* implies both aptness *and* lack of preparation—the latter of which alone gives point to the antithetic adjective *curiosa*. I fear there is no compendious English equivalent: but an imperfect attempt which shows respect to the supreme succinctness of the original is preferable

to the vile French paraphrase "si heureux dans le choix de ses expressions".

(4) I. e. an epic with a Civil War for its theme. Eumolpus goes on to say that such a poem cannot rely on a mere catalogue of facts. These are the material of the historian. The poet who deals with a national epic must trace the inner divine meaning of the struggle and see the issues, not in the atmosphere of the lawcourt where statements are verified by evidence, but in their larger importance as the expression of the fates of the gods. The poet must be like the priestess of Delphi, who, as in a trance, sees visions and dreams dreams.

A most difficult phrase is *fabulosum sententiarum tormentum*. *Tormentum* is anything which twists and strains, such as the rack, a catapult: exactly what form of torture or trial Petronius means I do not know. The idea is clearly "il faut souffrir pour être belle": the metaphor may be that of the catapult (which suits the verb "to be hurled") or it may be that of a torturing machine which by mauling the body sets the spirit free. That which is "fabulous" is the realm of the imagination.

This exalted strain comes oddly after the concluding sentences of Chapter CXVII.

(5) "The last hand" (literally), a characteristically vivid phrase.

CHAPTER CXIX

(1) As regards this poem, see the Introduction. Students who wish to pursue the subject and to study it in detail will read "The Bellum Civile of Petronius" by Florence Theodora Baldwin, Ph. D., published by the Columbia University Press (New York, 1911),—a most painstaking and detailed study containing text, translation and elaborate notes.

(2) "Either star" is the literal translation. Some say "sun and moon", others "the rising sun and the setting sun", others simply "East and West". It is quite immaterial and it seems to me best to translate literally: the point is an obvious parallel to the saying that the sun is always shining on some part of the British Empire.

(3) Either with soldiers or with cargo. The metaphor of a ship being pregnant suits either.

(4) The true reading is uncertain. "Ephyrian bronze" is quite satisfactory, since it emphasizes the degradation of the Roman soldier who prostitutes his once-honourable calling to the greed of the sophisticated curio-stealer. Ephyra is the oldest-known name of Corinth, the great mercantile, industrial and colonizing city of the Greek isthmus. Pottery and bronze-work were her great industries. As we noticed in Chap. L, Corinthian bronze was greatly prized by connoisseurs in Rome. The Roman merchant-classes were, even in the 2nd century, jealous of Corinth's trade, and the destruction of this city, with that of Carthage, in 146 was an interesting example of the political influence of the trading interest. In that year the Roman general Lucius Mummius looted the whole city and conveyed vast treasures to Rome where, however, with remarkable self-restraint he placed them at the disposal of the public authority for the city's glorification. Julius Caesar re-peopled the site, and the city, thanks to its situation, recovered its former prosperity.

(5) An attempt to extract the meaning of *in undis*, which is obscure and may be a wrong reading.

(6) The word is *nitor*, brightness. The fact that it is drawn from the soil is against the possibility that it signifies some bright dye which rivals *ostrum*, the Tyrian shell-fish purple. It is reasonable to conclude that Petronius meant gems.

(7) A difficult and uncertain line: the original either does not say what it was that the Romans took from Numidia, or represents both the Numidians and the Seres (Chinese) as claiming for *nova vellera* (silk)—which is possible.

The commentators seek to emend, but without striking success: perhaps this was a passage to which Eumolpus would have liked to put the "final polish" or "finishing touch". The Numidian claim would naturally be not for silk but for their marble which the Romans prized. *Nova vellera* presumably refers to silk (cf. Virgil, *Georgics*, II. 121, describing the fine silk which the Chinese were thought to comb from leaves), which was beloved by



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(11) The mutilation of boys that they might serve as eunuchs was a common practice in the East,—Persia, China, India—, where many such persons rose, from being merely the custodians of the women's apartments, to being the trusted advisers of their patrons. Herodotus says that in Persia they were renowned for fidelity, and several (e. g. Justinian's general Narses) became famous in war and statecraft.

Mutilation for sexual purposes was, even recently practised to supply the harems of Islam, and,—lest Europe should claim superiority to Asia—, it is to be remembered that the boy singers in the papal choir up to the time of Leo XIII were subjected to the same process to preserve their soprano voices (E. B. Tylor, in *Ency. Brit.* XI Ed. s. v. *Eunuch*).

(12) The citrus, a species of cypress, was much sought after on the Atlas mountains, for the manufacture of tables. The roots were cross-cut in such a way as to display the markings, which were wonderfully beautiful. The Roman millionaire specialised in such tables. Pliny (*H. N.* XIII, 91—99) refers to examples bought by Cicero and Asinius Pollio for sums representing over £4000 and £8000 respectively. The markings were known as "tiger", "panther", and "peacock".

(13) With this passage the reader should compare the similar ideas of Chap. XCIII.

(14) The *scarus*, said to be a species of wrasse, was a fish much valued by Roman epicures (though Martial, XIII. 84, says it was good for the digestion but of inferior flavour). Horace refers to it in *Satire* II. 2.22 in a passage which may well have been in Petronius' mind when he wrote these lines. See also Horace, *Epodes*, II. 50, where it occurs in a list with Lucrine oysters. Pliny says the *scarus* abounded in the Carpathian Sea. It is interesting to note how old is the practice of bringing fish alive in their native water so that they can be served fresh (see Martial, XIII. 79, on live mullets; and Seneca, *Nat. Quaest.*, III. 17, who is greatly incensed at this luxury).

(15) The Lucrine Lake was near Baiae in Campania, separated from the sea by a narrow strip of land where

the railway now runs. Its oyster-beds were then, as now, famous, having been founded, according to tradition by a certain Sergius Orata about 100 B. C. Cicero had a famous villa on the lake-shore and there were many other similar residences. The Lucrine Lake and Baiae are synonymous with luxury to all the Roman moralists. Eumolpus points out that the very cost of the oysters is a stimulus to the palate.

(16) Phasis, a stream (mod. Rion) which enters the Euxine on the East in Colchis. From the adjective *phasianus*, applied to a local bird, comes the English word "pheasant", called *phasianus colchicus* (the Colchian bird from Phasis) by the learned. The bird is alleged to have been brought to Europe by the Argonauts, and may have been brought to England by the Romans. I am told that remains have undoubtedly been found in the excavated ruins of Silchester. As early as 1059 one "phasian bird" was the equivalent of two partridges.

(17) "At the poll" is a legitimate version of the original, "in the Campus" (i. e. Martius), the scene of Roman elections. Eumolpus "rubs it in" (as we say) by calling the Romans by their old proud name, *Quirites*, which I translate "citizens" as being, perhaps, the nearest intelligible equivalent to an English reader. It is the most honourable name by which a Roman civil audience could be addressed: hence the irony of associating with it the adjective "bribed". "Jingling coin" recalls "The jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honour feels". The use of the word "vote" in the third line is an attempt to render the Roman *populus* which is here deliberately used to signify the sovereign people, i. e. those who had the privilege of voting. Lower down the general mob of the inhabitants is separately criticized.

(18) I. e. the senators, decadent successors of the old Patres Conscripti, the Fathers of Rome, to whom corruption was unthinkable. The old free spirit, *libera virtus*, is the traditional honour which truckled to no human power.

(19) Literally *majestas* (majesty). This vague but rather gorgeous term expressed sovereignty—the personified might of Rome—and in its corruption the whole people was brought low. By a natural transference, *majestas* came

to mean the crime of treason—a blow at the seat of power.

The reference to scattering wealth as a means to office refers to the various doles which statesman of all parties were prone to give to the hungry people to secure their votes. Everybody in turn was accused of this vice, and it is to be remembered that, whenever a legislator says he is seeking to ameliorate the lot of the poor and thus to relieve the state of the dangers which lurk in a permanent pauper class, some of his opponents will stir up opposition by calling his concessions “a dole” or “largesse”. This attitude was specially common in Rome among those whose selfishness had specially contributed to the economic rottenness of society.

(20) This Cato is Marcus Porcius Cato, the Younger, the accepted personification in the last days of the Republic of the old Roman conservatism, and in later days exalted into a Latter-day Saint of the Republican system and its austere virtues. He maintained, we are told, the old simplicity of living, and in politics stood out against the spread of democracy, and the growing independence of the great military leaders—the last real champion of senatorial rule. To judge from contemporary records he was an honest believer in a regime which nothing could have restored to power, if only because of the decay of the class which represented it. Politically he was apparently rather stupid—a little like that Lord Brougham who, when the Reform Bill was passed in the British Parliament in 1832, cut off his pig-tail (he being probably the last to adhere to that curious fashion) remarking “Ichabod, for the glory is departed”. Thus when Caesar finally attacked Rome, he decided not to have his hair cut again—as a symbol that he was mourning for Rome. Petronius refers to his defeats for the praetorship (B. C. 55)—he was elected in 54—and for the consulship (B. C. 51). The “rods” were the consular *fascēs*, the symbol of the highest office.

(21) Literally, “a prey without a protector” since she was herself the robber and the spoil.

(22) What the two dangers are supposed to be is not clear. It may be the collapse of the senate and the degradation of the voters; or luxury and avarice; or



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house by eulogising the leader who made their rule possible. I fancy it is probably true that Caesar was in a real sense a national hero and that even political opponents reluctantly admired him if only for his brilliantly versatile genius and his dashing gallantry. It may be hard on Pompey, but, whatever one's political views of Caesar's career, the fact remains that nobody would think of Rome as ungrateful to Pompey, while Caesar's murder (in spite of Shakespeare's inept portraiture) savours of parricide.

(2) Parthenope, the old Greek name for Naples: Dicarchis (Dicaearchis) for Puteoli (now Pozzuoli). The Greeks when they came to the neighbourhood of Cumae founded various settlements including Palaeopolis (Old City) and Parthenope (after a siren of that name "She of the maiden-face"); afterwards new arrivals changed Parthenope to Neapolis (New City: Naples) which with Pozzuoli had permanent existence while the Old City fell foul of Rome and disappeared.

The awful spot in question was between Vesuvius and Lake Avernus. It is a favorite theme in Roman poetry. The chasm is the one by which Aeneas entered the lower world (Virgil, *Aen.*, VI. 236. foll.). The area is volcanic; hence the "breath" which killed vegetation, and was said to prevent birds from flying over it (Avernus is said to be derived from the Greek *Aornus*, "birdless"). It was surrounded by dense woods, and was probably exceedingly gloomy. Augustus's admiral Agrippa made Avernus a naval harbour by joining it with the Lucrine Lake (chap. CXIX, n. 15) whence he pierced a canal to the sea.

Cocytus, a legendary river of the underworld, derived from the Greek word for "wailing".

(3) Literally "earth is not green in Autumn", a phrase which has struck critics as absurd, since Autumn is not the time for greenery. But Autumn is literally the period of "increase", and the word used for "is green" can equally well mean "is rich", "is fruitful". It is awkward, but there is no necessity to suspect an error in the text. (For *viret*, if a change is thought necessary, *viget* "is vigorous" might be read.)

(4) Dis, a contracted form of Dives ("the rich"), the

Latin equivalent for the Greek Pluto, lord of the underworld. His old name was Hades and as such he was god of death (in which capacity the Romans called him Orcus), but his connexion with Persephone and the Eleusinian Mysteries caused him to become associated with the fruits of the earth and thus to appear as the giver of wealth (whence his Greek name Pluto and the Roman Dives or Dis). In this passage, though he has the flattering name, his attributes (flame and cinders) and his general attitude reflect the original Hades-Orcus. The cautious sycophancy which gave the God they feared most the most flattering title may be compared with Anglo-Saxon politeness to "the Good Folk"—the fairies who were given to stealing and other annoying tricks. The most flagrantly cynical example, however, is that the Greeks worshipped the Furies as Eumenides, "The Benevolent". Religion is prone to systematic "eye-wash", where orthodox supplications are profitless. It must have startled the Gods occasionally.

(5) In this line, "Chance" represents Fortuna whom Dis two lines below calls Fors. The two are the same and indeed the goddess frequently bears both names simultaneously—Fors Fortuna. As such she had a temple across the Tiber from Rome, built by the Etruscan king Servius Tullius. She is Chance, not in the gambler's sense, but the Goddess of Change, the ups and downs of life.

The God of the underworld taunts her with the audacity of Rome. Surely it is her turn to be brought low? He points to the fact that the Romans are defying nature by their lofty buildings (like the Tower of Babel!), that they build piers to curb the sea, and channels to admit the sea where nature left dry land. Then he points to their quarries which have gone so deep into the hills that the underworld is almost exposed and the dead are beginning to defy him in the hope that their prison will be opened up.

(6) Possibly a reference to Nero's "Golden House"; not necessarily, however, since, for example, Horace (*Odes* II. 18) says he does not irritate the gods by (among other things) building in gold, and other earlier writers allude to the same luxurious construction.

(7) Another commonly quoted outrage upon the Gods. It may refer to the building of the harbours at Ostia, the opening up of Lake Avernus and the Lucrine Lake (above, note 2), or other similar works. It is curious that so many writers should have pretended to fear that the Gods would resent works of public utility like these; yet, we must remember, the orthodox in modern times are prone to condemn innovations on the ground that they are "tempting providence". Tacitus talks of Nero's designers in the same strain (*Ann.* XV. 42).

(8) Tisiphone is the grimmest of the three sister-furies, the others being Allecto and Megaera.

(9) The stock example to a Roman of ordinary human bloodthirstiness was the reign of terror instituted by Sulla when he finally beat the party originally led by Marius, and settled himself to the vain reconstruction which ended with his brief dictatorship.

(10) "How that red rain hath made the harvest grow".

CHAPTER CXXI

(1) The picture is ludicrous: Dis, apparently forgetting that he is only, as it were, showing his head through a trap-door, endeavours to move his arm and shake Fortune's hand. In so doing—the realism is most honest!—he did serious damage to his own "head-cover"! Fortune's "light-hearted" reply is surely half-comic.

(2) This god was Mars, whose off-spring were Romulus and Remus. The anthropomorphic idea of the god giving and taking away, coupled with the admission that such a principle is intelligible, is exemplified in the story that Poseidon built the walls of Troy and in revenge for not being paid the price pulled them down again.

(3) "Twice" refers to the battle of Pharsalus (48) where Caesar beat Pompey and the battle of Philippi (42) where Octavian beat Brutus and Cassius. They are quite separate places, but being both in the province of Macedonia and only 150 miles (or so) apart may well coalesce in poetry. It is a little curious that Virgil (*Georg.* I. 490) has the same confusion. Thessaly, Macedonia and Thrace seem to have puzzled Roman poets,



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or the sun's father. Sometimes he is Apollo's father; Apollo's sister Diana (Artemis) is, among other things, "Titania" (Titan-born).

(3) Cynthia is the moon, so-called from the fact that she and Apollo were born on Mt. Cynthus in Delos.

(4) Commentators find a difficulty here. But surely if a stream is forced out of its normal channel it must break up into wandering trickles which ultimately dry up. The text *vaga passim* (straying everywhere) seems to me to be the most natural description of a stream which no longer runs in its accustomed course.

(5) Literally "stirs Mars" (war). "Cry havoc and let loose the dogs of war" immediately recurs to the memory, as a close parallel.

(6) Etna's eruptions naturally played a great part in Roman storm-imagery. Virgil has two well-known descriptions, in *Aen.* III. 571 foll. and *Georg.* I. 471 foll. In the former Etna "throws up balls of flame" and "belches forth rocks and her vitals wrenched loose" and "shoots aloft molten rocks". Petronius (as often in such cases) is less verbose. One critic calls this very simple phrase "a daring expression"—surely a misnomer. To describe a volcano in action, it is modest.

(7) A meteor, comet, or shooting-star is a regular feature in these displays.

(8) There is a word in the original here which I cannot translate with confidence—*recens*, which means "fresh", "new", "recent". *Sol recens* is perhaps a near equivalent, "the new-risen sun"; or again *recens animus* is used for a mind that is not tired,—active, vigorous. In one of these I believe the explanation lies and I see no reason for substituting *rubens* (red) simply because it suits a rain of blood and Claudian has the two words together (*in Eutrop.* I. 4). Perhaps in ordinary conversation *recens* was a regular epithet of rain that fell in a good heavy deluge after drought. The metaphor of Jove (high heaven) "falling in rain" is, of course, common.

(9) Literally "threw away Gallic affairs"—as we say colloquially, he "dropped" them, *i. e.* as too trivial for the moment.

(10) This refers to the so-called Graian Alps (*Alpes Graiae*) which lie S. of Mt. Blanc between the Pennine Alps and the Cottian Alps. The legends of Hercules described him crossing the Alps on his return from the killing of Geryon (at which time he founded Alesia and Nemausus and became the father of the Gauls) and as being the first to make the crossing (see Nepos, *Hann.* III. 4). Since the adjective *Graius* is normally one of the many ethnographic descriptions of the Greeks, the story (which this passage copies) goes that it was from the pioneer feat of the Greek Hercules that this sector of the Alps became known as Graian, i. e. Greek. Silius Italicus describes as "Herculean" the hills of the Maritime Alps near the modern Monaco; and the very name Monaco is derived from *Monoecus* (Greek for "him who dwells alone"), an epithet of Hercules, who had a temple there, originally founded by the Phoenicians and taken over by the Greeks. *Monoeci Portus* or *Herculis Portus* was the Roman name. Experts destroy the myth by assuring us that the name Graian is a Celtic name, having nothing to do with the Greeks.

(11) Comparing Hercules' temple with Atlas.

(12) Hesperia ("the Western Land"), i. e. Italy.

(13) The interested student will read Caesar's own report of his speeches (e. g. the address at Ravenna, *Bell. Civ.* I. 7; and the later speeches at Pharsalus, *Bell. Civ.*, III. 85 and III. 90) and Lucan's versions I. 195 foll. and 299 foll. He insists that the quarrel is not sought by him, and the mere fact that he was the invader is no proof to the careful student that the war was not really forced on him by the political jobbery of Pompey and the discredited senate. Unquestionably Pompey and many senators not only wished his ruin, but were prepared to adopt any devious method of bringing it about. But it is enough to allude to the point and leave students to read the histories. H. Stuart Jones' article *Caesar* in the *Ency. Brit.* XIth Ed., is probably the best introduction to the subject.

(14) The period of Saturn's legendary reign in Italy is traditionally the ideal period of peace and plenty. Rhetorically, therefore, a reluctant invader could not use

a more appropriate phrase to express the pathos of subjecting it to the horrors of war.

(15) Caesar refers, of course, to his ten years of victory in Gaul, Britain and the Rhinelands. (The pedantic student must notice that in this case *triumphis* is used simply for victories, not for the official celebrations of victory to which the term is technically applies.)

(16) The "blow" was the decision of the Senate that Caesar (whose term of command was coming to an end) must disband his troops before he could stand for the consulship—for which he must stand in Rome in person. This would have meant that he would in the interval be alone among his foes in a private capacity, subject to impeachment and of course to ordinary murder. It was a case of "heads we win, tails you lose", and it is conceivable that Caesar was more annoyed by the unsportsmanlike character of this absurdly obvious device than by the Senate's political hostility. It was what we call "hitting below the belt" (hence the propriety of *vulnus*).

(17) Refers, of course, to the Gallic invasion of 390 B. C. when Rome was sacked. Strictly the Gauls were not now attacking Rome, but the Gallic bogey had never ceased to alarm the Romans. Caesar could rightly claim that his brilliant wars against the Gauls had made his enemies so jealous that there was no room for them and him in Rome.

(18) The exact number need not be pressed. Doubtless in Caesar's "War Diary" he could point to at least eight or ten successful actions a year.

(19) Here Caesar refers to the hired gangs of ruffians whom politicians of the type of Clodius and Milo enlisted to protect themselves and to harass opponents. Several attempts had been made to suppress these false sons of Rome who are here so admirably called merely her stepsons. Caesar means that the old free independent voters were not the persons who dreaded his coming. One critic very oddly describes this remark as "inappropriate in the mouth of the democratic Caesar": is it implied that a democrat must, as such, respect, or rely on, bribed support?



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and Alcmena) when he set free Prometheus from his bondage in the Caucasus.

(3) Refers to the myth of the earth-born Giants' hopeless attempt to attack Heaven, which was foiled by the prowess of love.

(4) The story passes to the panic in Rome when Caesar's advance was reported. The actual phrase is ambiguous. If it refers to the passage immediately preceding, *tumidae arces* must be the lumpy obstacles presented by the wintry mountains. If it assumes an interval and refer to Caesar's first captures of the Northern cities, *tumidae arces* 'would' mean "proud citadels". The former is more natural in the context; the latter more normal in wording.

(5) A difficult line since *omnia signa* (unusually) would appear to refer to the gods' statues or temples. Perhaps it is possible to take it as referring to the standards of the senatorial troops, and to translate "(Rumour) strikes' all the armies with this Roman thunderbolt" (the shock of Caesar's invasion).

(6) Rumour naturally exaggerates. Caesar had practically no fleet and only nine legions, while Pompey had all the fleets, ten legions in Italy and as many again in other parts of the Empire. The fact that Caesar had the boundless confidence of his troops, while nobody on the Senatorial side was really trusted, does not detract from the numerical inferiority of Caesar (see Mommsen's *History of Rome*, Vol. 5).

(7) The Romans, of course, knowing how the Senate had trifled with Caesar during two years of dishonest diplomacy, dreaded a repetition of the Sullan terror. It was only after Caesar showed a quite remarkable forbearance that this feeling disappeared.

(8) The point here is that the Romans had never really conquered a natural dislike of the sea.

(9) A critic calls this "a miserable line". It seems to me to be admirably epigrammatic. You could tell the degree of terror in each man's mind by the rate of his flight, i. e. no one tried to put on a show of courage, everybody made a display of his cowardice.

(10) Compare Mr. Kipling's typically inelegant, though similar, gibe at the embusqués of the South African War—"When you've finished killing Krüger with your *moutbs*".

(11) A rather difficult line, translatable only if the words *grandaevos patres* are taken as accusative and nominative respectively and *trabunt* is supplied from *trabit* in the next line. If, as the critics say, the poet is here thinking mainly of the story of how Aeneas tried to save his wife, his father and his little son from Troy, these are precisely the *dramatis personae* he would have in mind. Men in their prime drag along the aged, while the small boy drags simply the toys he is afraid to lose. The above accounts for all the words of the text and makes good sense. The remark of one critic—"certainly not genuine. It breaks the thought... it is utterly flat", etc.—strikes me as being hasty.

(12) The poet with dramatic ingenuity breaks off in his catalogue of the ordinary citizen's panic, and piles his scorn on Pompey—who loved to be called "The Great", supported by the two consuls, the great officers of state, abandoning the city and all it meant in wealth and prestige, before a blow had been struck. So ironic is the picture that I risk the contemptuous idiom which concludes the chapter—since without it one would scarcely do justice to the undignified exit of Pompey, as described.

(13) Hydaspes, where Alexander defeated the Indian Porus, was far beyond anything which Pompey discovered; but it vaguely and yet justly points the sarcasm that Pompey who had faced the unknown dangers of the Far East should be so quick to flee. Pontus, of course, refers to Pompey's victories over Mithradates VI of that country. Prior to these exploits he had temporarily crushed (67 B.C.) the pirates who infested the mediterranean. His three triumphs were for victories in Spain, Pontus and Africa.

(14) Some hold that this Pontus should have a small p, in which case it would be the ordinary word for the sea generally. But surely a particular sea is necessary along with the specific mention of Bosphorus, and Pontus is quite normal for the Euxine Sea.

CHAPTER CXXIV

(1) Compare "Why do the nations rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?"

(2) On the ground that "vizored helm" is unsuitable for Peace, some would substitute *palla*, cloak, for *galea*, helmet. I do not see that the conception of Peace precludes her wearing the ordinary equipment of a deity. Peace, Faith, Justice, Concord, are vaguely defined personifications—almost but not quite abstractions.

(3) For Erinys, Bellona, Megaera see Chap. CXX, n. 8. This passage is quite conventional: it suggests the poem of Mr. Robert Montgomery which Macaulay so fiercely assailed.

(4) A quaintly materialistic touch. The exchange of deities leaves the earth overweighted and the stars unusually light.

(5) Dione in Homer is mother of Aphrodite (Venus) who, through her son Aeneas and her grandson Iulus, was the ancestress of the Julian house. Hence Virg. *Ecl.* IX. 47 calls Caesar "Dionaeon". Dione is often identified with Venus. Romulus, founder of Rome, and Minerva (Pallas), goddess of military technique, naturally aid Caesar.

(6) Why Apollo (Phoebus) and Diana, with Mercury (born on Mt. Cyllene in Arcadia) and Hercules (born at Tiryns) should help Pompey is not clear. I must apologize for the curt phrase "Tiryns' like-famed lord": it seems essential to imitate the brevity of the list of Pompey's champions. Two lines exactly are allotted in the original. Hercules is like Pompey in that he was famed for clearing out pests (e. g. Cacus) while Pompey rooted out the pirates. The original is "like in all his deeds", which is, perhaps, fairly represented by "like-famed".

(7) This picture of Discord, though rather abundant, is conventional in terms. In Virgil's parallel catalogue of evil spirits she likewise appears last (*Aen.* VI. 280), but there she is simply "mad with snaky locks intertwined in blood-stained fillets".



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up to a certain standard, could conceivably have written these words inadvertently. Apart from all collateral evidence as to the purpose of the poem, the bathos of this remark must be taken as deliberate—in which case the whole poem *must* have been conceived in a humorous spirit, even though it be neither in itself contemptible, nor a parody of a particular poem by Nero, Lucan, or other writer.

CHAPTER CXXV

(1) The word is technical for the kind of special feeding which, e. g., produces *pâté de foie gras*, or renders certain game easier for the sportsman to approach and kill in quantities deserving of paragraphs in the press. It is the kind of generous feeding which certain sportsmen give to chosen animals, not so much from ingrained kindness of heart as from the ulterior desire of rendering them more satisfactory for the chase.

(2) The choice of language in this sentence (which pictures one thorough-paced villain speaking of a lesser scoundrel with righteous contempt of his possible treachery) is, to me, one of the many proofs that Petronius was in a real sense an observer of life.

(3) This moral reflexion has its parallels in other Latin philosophers. Seneca says "Conscience provides the punishment for whosoever is expecting it; whoever deserves it, expects it". It is the usual truism, "Conscience makes cowards of us all". Even among the most irregular, the belief in the universality of causation argues an ingrained sense of proportion—to which the law is singularly blind. I believe that Sir Edward Carson's astonishment at not being put into goal by Mr. Asquith, almost paralysed his moral sense!

CHAPTER CXXVI

(1) The Latin is a characteristic term "your Venus", the term being used for that which excites the sensual feeling.

(2) References to the trade of prostitution are common, cf. Ovid, *Amores* X. 13, Propertius I. 2.

(3) The use of paint for cosmetic purposes is thought to have come to ancient Greece from the East. There are many references in post-Homeric literature which show that this aid to attractiveness was used both by women and by men in Athens and other cities. The Romans, we are told, being more permanently prosperous, "bettered the instruction"; Ovid claims (*Ars Amat.* III. 206) to have written a special poem on it, though the extant fragment of *Medicamina faciei* is of doubtful authenticity. The use of cosmetics by men is indicated by Cicero in his speech against Piso (*in Pis.* XI. 25) where he speaks of his opponent's cheeks as whitened (or perhaps rouged).

(4) Compare the description in Eumolpus' poem, Chap. CXIX, line 25, of the unnatural gait of the male paramour.

(5) The word is *stator*, a term applied to an orderly or one who runs messages. It is technically applied to the escort of the provincial governors of Republican days and to the special attendants detailed to the personal service of the Emperor from Augustus' time onward. In the latter case they were an organised force, established in companies. The sexual attractiveness of inadequate clothing and *per contra* of uniformed servants is uncomfortably familiar to Highlanders abroad and to chauffeurs and policeman at home.

(6) This refers to the custom which was introduced by the Roscian Law of 67 B. C. to meet the growing social prestige of the financial class known as the Equites. Finance was forbidden to (and in early days despised by) the Senatorial class who originally monopolized both social and political preeminence. With the growing trade of Rome the power of finance became great not only economically compared with that of the Senatorial families (who as landed gentry gradually became poor and heavily indebted to money lenders), but also as an inevitable result socially and politically. This fact was socially recognised by their being allotted the fourteen rows in the Theatre immediately behind the Senators, as it was already recognized politically by their being given a definite share in the administration of justice—in which they were necessarily interested very closely. Hence to go behind "the fourteen rows" was to seek one's amu-

sement among the rank and file, even as though in an English theatre an aristocratic lady were to seek her friends in the pit or in the gallery.

(7) This is a curiously modern comment on society. The maid is much more on her dignity than the mistress. She "keeps herself *to herself*"! Mr. Weller's association with the élite of the servants' hall in Bath taught him the same thing. To those who adorn high society the temptation to be "daring" or unconventional is naturally greater than it is to those whose social status demands unflagging assertion.

(8) To the Romans a great charm. Horace praises Lycoris for this, and Martial tells how ladies wore ribbons to create the same effect.

(9) Or perhaps, "stars that outshine the moon".

(10) Literally "nostrils slightly curved", the exact meaning of which is uncertain.

(11) He pictures himself as a hardened lover whose senses 'are normally *blasés*, even as Jove might be supposed to be after his many adventures. The original is light verse in three couplets. Rhyme seems the only way to represent the atmosphere of the original, as well as the actual form. There is, of course, no rhyming in the original.

CHAPTER CXXVII

(1) The practice, characteristic of actors, of gesticulating with the hands to emphasize and illustrate their words. (The word rendered "beating time" is *gubernare* the original meaning of which is "to steer" a boat.) Suetonius says Tiberius used to wave his hands gently when speaking. Quintilian tells us of the finger-play of orators, and Tibullus has the phrase "after the fingers had talked along with (i. e. accompanied) the voice".

(2) Horace has the similar description, "puellae iam virum expertae" (*Odes* III. 14).

(3) The usual euphemism for Gito.

(4) The song of the Sirens is from Homer's day the synonym for music which lures one away from even the



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CHAPTER CXXIX

(1) The Latin word *codicilli*, which has an interesting development. Originally it meant a piece of split wood, a billet. Thence it becomes a small note (originally of course on wood). Finally it is applied to a short note or addendum to a will. Hence our word "codicil". It is a curious instance of a technical term coming into existence by accident.

(2) This refers to the funeral custom by which the body was escorted to the last rites by musicians—young people by flute-players, older persons by the trumpet and the horn. In ancient Rome the number of musicians had to be restricted by law. One of the Twelve Tables set the maximum at ten (Ovid. *Fasti* VI. 561 foll., ed. Hallam).

CHAPTER CXXX

(1) Polyænus (*Encolpius*), in expressing his sense of wrong-doing, magnifies it whimsically. There is a curious similarity in the poet's appeal "To Anthea".

(2) The Romans seem to have studied with care the question of diet in this connexion. Pliny attempts a scientific explanation of the virtues of onions, etc., especially *Megarian* onions. But Ovid throws doubt upon their efficacy (*Ars Amat.* II. 415 foll.). As regards the moderate use of wine see Martial, *Epig.* I. 107 and Ovid, *Remedia Amoris*, V. 803.

CHAPTER CXXXI

(1) The middle finger to the Romans had an evil association; hence it is called *infamis*, *impudicus* (see Persius, *Sat.* II. 5. 33, where a similar kind of witchcraft is described).

Spitting as a form of magic or witchcraft is not uncommon in primitive society. The Masai peoples especially attach importance to its beneficent effects. They spit upon a new-born child, they spit when meeting or saying good-bye and when making a contract. The custom of spitting thrice is quoted by Tibullus "Ter cane, ter dictis despue carminibus".

(2) This incantation, printed by Bücheler as no. LXXXI in his collection of *Priapea*, seems to fit in here as well as any other invocation. The succeeding line of the text assumes that such an invocation was uttered by the witch. Priapus is, of course, the god of sexual intercourse, his characteristics being essentially obscene.

(3) Daphne is the laurel. The story is that Daphne, the daughter of the river-god Peneus, was turned into a laurel.

(4) Procne (or Progne) is the swallow. The story is that Procne, daughter of Pandion, king of Athens, was turned into a swallow.

CHAPTER CXXXII

(1) *Quasillariae*, a word perhaps not found elsewhere in extant literature. It means "spinning-wenches" from *quasillum*, a small basket used for wool etc. Cicero (*Pbil.* III. 4.10) speaks of gold hanging among the wool-baskets; compare Cato (*de Re Rust.* 133). The word is the diminutive of *qualum*, a wicker hamper, which is fairly common.

(2) Whipping was the ordinary punishment for slaves.

(3) There follows here a tirade which is so entirely foreign to modern ideas (as well as being devoid of antiquarian interest) that it is omitted. The important thing is that Petronius on resuming is quite clear on this point.

(4) *Telos*. This word is retained untranslated because it stands so in the Latin. It is a Greek term, technical in philosophy, to express the ultimate significance or purpose of anything. It appears in the English word "teleology" which is the technical term for theological theorizing about eternity, the end of man. In ordinary Greek *telos* simply means "end", "purpose". In the first line of the poem, Cato is, as usual, taken as the type of the old ascetic or puritan; compare the reference in Chap. CXIX (towards the end) where Cato is the incarnation of the old Roman virtues. Petronius says it is pure hypocrisy to pretend that these virtues are any longer prevalent; society has changed and a new era has begun.

CHAPTER CXXXIII

(1) Priapus is generally described as the offspring of Dionysus and Aphrodite, whereas Dione is the mother of Aphrodite. Whatever may have been Dione's connexion with him, he is represented as the god of reproduction and fertility generally. He is thus one of the nature gods and may be compared with Adonis, Attis, Dionysus (Bacchus) and Cybele. With the sophistication of society, all such deities tend to become coarser.

(2) Hypaepa is the Graecized name of a small town in Lydia—according to Lewis and Short the modern Beréki. Lydia was one of the most prominent centres of nature-worship; phallic remains are plentiful and it is clear that early society was distinctively primitive in the Asiatic style.

CHAPTER CXXXIV

(1) Literally "screech-owls". According to ancient belief these foul birds sucked away children's blood by night.

(2) Proteus, one of the sea-deities in the service of Neptune, herdsman of the sea-cows. He had the power of changing himself at will into any form he liked, to enable him to escape.

CHAPTER CXXXV

(1) Several rare words occur in this passage, which is among the few accounts we possess of a really humble household. *Camella* (dimin. of *camera*) is a bowl, and *cucuma* is a cooking utensil (kettle or saucepan).

(2) I incline to think that scholars might with advantage study the following poem with care. It is textually imperfect and does not seem to be in keeping with the previous account of the priestess. But it is simple and attractive. I have tried to translate it literally, as all the versions I have seen are frankly paraphrases.

(3) It is hard to say how far the description of the mud-floor which begins in the second line is intended to



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CHAPTER CXXXVI

(1) The vivid gaiety of this description seems to me to confirm the view that Petronius really stands alone among Latin writers. Every Roman would naturally think of the Sacred Geese of the Capitol who by their quacking roused the garrison and saved it from the surprise attack of the Gauls. Some might be annoyed at the jest, but it is obviously without malice and it is really humorous in a broad pantomime style.

Geese were sacred to Juno, the Goddess who presided over every aspect of female life, especially child-birth, and it is curious that Petronius makes Oenothra describe the sacred geese as specially sacred to matrons (Chap. CXXXVII) though she specially connects them there with Priapus, the lower sex-deity.

It would be interesting to know whether there had been a recent scandal in connexion with Juno's sacred geese, e. g. whether Nero had treated them with disrespect. I incline to suspect this.

(2) These were carrion birds of great size which infested Lake Stymphalus in Arcadia. The inhabitants in despair begged Hercules to help them. On the advice of Athena he frightened them away by banging on metal vessels. Most of Hercules' feats were achieved by brute force: here Petronius—perhaps half-consciously—reminds us that he used brains.

(3) The story of Phineus and the Harpies or Harpyes (the name comes from the Greek word meaning "snatchers") is variously told. The gist of it is as follows. Phineus was King of Salmydessus in Thrace. His first wife had two sons, who were later accused by his second wife of treating her improperly. Phineus punished them brutally (the methods are various given), and in consequence the Harpies—foul carrion birds of gigantic size—made a practice of swooping on his banquets and fouling, or flying off with, the food. Two of the Argonauts (equipped with wings) set upon them and got rid of them in a great air-fight; but again the story is differently told and the detail is immaterial.

(4) Another example of the mystic symbolism of the

number three. The witch in the Circe episode made Polyænus spit three times (Chap. CXXXI); the choir of drunkards three times circles round the altar (Chap. CXXXIII). As regards the three drinks we find corroboration in Ausonius (*Id.* II).

" Drink thrice, or three times thrice,
So runs the mystic Law ".

CHAPTER CXXXVII.

(1) See Chap. CXXXVI, note 1.

(2) Literally, "a bird-camel" from the Greek words which make up the whole name. In Latin, only Pliny and Petronius appear to use the word.

(3) The word here used generally means "the cost"; but here it is used of that which has to be employed for any purpose, that which is used up in a process.

(4) The reference to Danae and Acrisius is peculiarly happy in this connexion. Acrisius was a legendary king of Argos. The oracle said that his daughter Danae would have a son who would destroy him; so Danae was shut up in a cellar (or a brazen tower) to prevent her marrying. Acrisius is, therefore, an excellent example of a difficult prospective father-in-law. The rest of the legend is that Zeus descended to Danae in golden rain, the result being Perseus who, of course, proved the oracle true.

(5) The Cato family produced a number of orators of moderate ability, the best known being Cato the Censor and Cato of Utica. Servius is perhaps Servius Pola, a great enemy of Cicero who calls him "a base and violent fellow", but far more probably Servius Sulpicius (d. about 43 B. C.), the contemporary and friend of Cicero, and a famous jurist. Labeo may be either his pupil Antistius Labeo, who caused his slave to kill him when the Republicans lost the day at Pharsalus, or his more famous son of the same name, who was eminent under Augustus, towards whom he showed considerable independence. His latter Labeo was a voluminous legal author, and is said to be referred to 541 times in the great *Digest*. Horace (*Sat.* I. 3.82)

describes a Labeo as mad; possibly this refers to this Labeo because he refused promotion from Augustus.

(6) Literally "nuts of Abella". Abella (mod. Avella) was a village in Campania, famous for nuts.

(7) This refers to the ordinary proceedings of Augurs who, in order to test the omens, pulled out the entrails of the offering and, according to the condition of the organs, foretold failure or success. Her subsequent treatment of the bird may well be a satire on the comfortable banquets which the sacrificial animals provided for the priestly mess.

(8) Among the Romans no reasonable drinker drank neat wine: more than half water was the usual proportion. (The text here and in Chapter CXXXVIII is very imperfect.)

CHAPTER CXXXVIII

(1) Phallus, an object shaped like the male member, whence the technical term "phallic worship", the cult of procreation.

(2) Watercress is *nasturtium*, said to come from two words "nose" and "torture", that which "tickles the nose" painfully. "Aromatic gum" is *abrotonum* (Southernwood) which Horace (*Ep.* II. 1.114) says should not be given as a medicine to a patient and Lucretius (IX. 921) describes as harmful (when burnt) to snakes.

(3) Ariadne is famous as the victim of Theseus' faithlessness. She fell in love with him when he went to deal with the Minotaur in Crete and went away with him to Naxos where she was deserted. There are also stories of her being taken to wife by Dionysus. She is one of the conventional beauties of Greek legend.

(4) Leda charmed Zeus who visited her in the form of a swan. She laid two eggs; from one were born Castor and Helen, from the other Pollux and Clytemnestra.

(5) Helen was the beauty who was stolen from her husband Menelaus by Paris, and to become the *casus belli* between Troy and the Greeks.

(6) The famous judgment of Paris between Hera (Juno), Athena and Aphrodite (Venus) is here quoted.



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socalled since Lampsacus on the Hellespont was a seat of the Priapus cult (so Virg. *Georg.* IV. 111).

CHAPTER CXL

(1) Protesilaus, the first Greek to land at Troy, killed by Hector. So great was his wife's affection that she persuaded heaven to restore him to her for three days, but she died in his arms.

CHAPTER CXLI

(1) This refers to the capture in 219 B. C. of Saguntum (the town which at the time marked the limit of Rome's Spanish sphere as against the Carthaginians) by Hannibal. The siege lasted eight months and lost Hannibal invaluable time, at the beginning of the 2nd Punic War.

(2) Petelia. It is not certain what town is really referred to. Some prefer to read Perusia, because Octavian (Augustus) there besieged L. Antonius who defended it to the last gasp, the inhabitants feeding themselves on human flesh. Moreover in Ausonius (*Ep.* XXII. 42) the people of Perusia and Saguntum are likewise talked of as twin examples of starvation (cf. Lucan I. 41).

(3) Numantia (Spain) was captured by Scipio in 133 B. C.