

boat; a whole fleet is needed. And thou, pale Tisiphone, take thy fill of wide destruction, and tear the bleeding wounds; the whole world is rent in pieces and drawn down to the Stygian shades.'

"She had scarcely ceased to speak when a cloud 122  
shook and was riven by a gleam of lightning, and flashed forth a moment's burst of flame. The father of darkness sank down, closed the chasm in earth's bosom, and grew white with terror at the stroke of his brother. Straightway the slaughter of men and the destruction to come were made plain by omens from on high. For Titan was disfigured and dabbled in blood, and veiled his face in darkness: thou hadst thought that even then he gazed on civil strife. In another quarter Cynthia darkened her full face, and denied her light to the crime. The mountain-tops slid down and the peaks broke in thunder, the wandering streams were dying, and no more ranged abroad between their familiar banks. The sky is loud with the clash of arms, the trumpet shakes to the stars and rouses the War God, and at once Aetna is the prey of unaccustomed fires, and casts her lightnings high into the air. The faces of the dead are seen visible among the tombs and the unburied bones, gibbering in dreadful menace. A blazing light girt with unknown stars leads the way for the flames of cities, and the sky rains down fresh showers of blood. In a little while God made these portents plain. For now Caesar shook off all his lingering, and, spurred by the passion of revenge, threw down his arms against Gaul and took them up against Rome.

"In the high Alps, where the rocks trodden by a Greek god<sup>1</sup> slope downward and allow men to ap-

<sup>1</sup> Hercules was said to have been the first to cross the Alps.

TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

est locus Herculeis aris sacer: hunc nive dura  
 claudit hiemps canoque ad sidera vertice tollit.  
 caelum illinc cecidisse putes: non solis adulti<sup>1</sup>  
 mansuescit radiis, non verni temporis aura,  
 sed glacie concreta rigent hiemisque pruinis: 150  
 totum ferre potest umeris minitantibus orbem.  
 Haec ubi calcavit Caesar iuga milite laeto  
 optavitque<sup>2</sup> locum, summo de vertice montis  
 Hesperiae campos late prospexit et ambas  
 intentans cum voce manus ad sidera dixit:  
 'Iuppiter omnipotens, et te,<sup>3</sup> Saturnia tellus,  
 armis laeta meis olimque onerata triumphis,  
 testor, ad has acies invitum accersere Martem,  
 LO invitas me ferre manus. Sed vulnere cogor,  
 pulsus ab urbe mea, dum Rhenum sanguine tinguo,  
 dum Gallos iterum Capitolia nostra petentes 161  
 Alpihus excludo, vincendo certior exsul.  
 Sanguine Germano sexagintaque triumphis  
 esse nocens coepi. Quanquam quos gloria terret,  
 aut qui sunt qui bella vident? Mercedibus emptae  
 ac viles operae, quorum est mea Roma noverca.  
 At<sup>4</sup> reor, haud impune, nec hanc sine vindice dextram  
 vinciet ignavus. Victores ite furentes,  
 ite mei comites, et causam dicite ferro.  
 Namque omnes unum crimen vocat, omnibus una 170  
 impendet clades. Reddenda est gratia vobis,  
 non solus vici. Quare, quia poena tropaeis  
 imminet et sordes meruit victoria nostra,

<sup>1</sup> adulti *cod. Messaniensis*: adusti *other MSS.*

<sup>2</sup> optavit *margin of L*: oravit.

<sup>3</sup> te *Buecheler*: tu *L*: eu *O*.

<sup>4</sup> at *Heinsius*: ut.

proach them, there is a place sacred to the altars of Hercules: the winter seals it with frozen snow, and heaves it up on its white top to the sky. It seems as though the sky had fallen away from there: the beams of the full sun do not soften the place, nor the breezes of the springtime, but the soil stands stiff with ice and winter's frost: its frowning shoulders could support the whole globe. When Caesar with his exultant army trod these heights and chose a place, he looked far over the fields of Hesperia from the high mountain-top, and lifted his voice and both hands to the stars and said: 'Jupiter, Lord of all, and thou land of Saturn, once proud of my victories and loaded with my triumphs, I call you to witness that I do not willingly summon the War God to these hosts, and that my hand is not raised willingly to strike. But I am driven on by wounds, by banishment from my own city, while I dye the Rhine with blood and cut off the Gauls from the Alps on their second march to our Capitol.<sup>1</sup> Victory makes my exile doubly sure. My rout of the Germans and my sixty triumphs were the beginning of my offences. Yet who is it that fears my fame, who are the men that watch me fight? Base hirelings bought at a price, to whom my native Rome is a stepmother. But I think that no coward shall bind my strong arm unhurt without a blow in return. Come, men, to victory while anger is hot, come, my comrades, and plead our cause with the sword. For we are all summoned under one charge, and the same doom hangs over us all. My thanks are your due, my victory is not mine alone. Wherefore, since punishment threatens our trophies, and disgrace is the meed

<sup>1</sup> The traditional date for the sack of Rome by the Gauls is 390 B. C.

TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

iudice Fortuna cadat alea. Sumite bellum  
et temptate manus. Certe mea causa peracta est:  
inter tot fortes armatus nescio vinci.'

Haec ubi personuit, de caelo Delphicus ales  
omina laeta dedit pepulitque meatibus auras.  
Nec non horrendi nemoris de parte sinistra  
insolitae voces flamma sonuere sequenti.

180

Ipsa nitor Phoebi vulgato laetior orbe  
crevit et aurato praecinxit fulgure vultus.

123 Fortior ominibus movit Mavortia signa  
Caesar et insolitos gressu prior occupat ausus.

Prima quidem glacies et cana vineta pruina  
non pugnavit humus mitique horrore quievit.  
Sed postquam turmae nimbos fregere ligatos  
et pavidus quadrupes undarum vincula rupit,  
incaluere nives. Mox flumina montibus altis  
undabant modo nata, sed haec quoque—iussa  
putares—

190

stabant, et vineta fluctus stupuere ruina,<sup>1</sup>  
et paulo ante lues iam concidenda iacebat.  
Tum vero male fida prius vestigia lusit  
decepsque pedes; pariter turmaeque virique  
armaeque congesta strue deplorata iacebant.  
Ecce etiam rigido concussae flamine nubes  
exonerabantur, nec rupti turbine venti  
derant aut tumida confractum grandine caelum.

LO Ipsae iam nubes ruptae super arma cadebant,  
et concreta gelu ponti velut unda ruebat.

200

Victa erat ingenti tellus nive victaque caeli  
sidera, victa suis haerentia flumina ripis;  
nondum Caesar erat, sed magnam nixus in hastam

<sup>1</sup> ruina *Reiske*: pruina.

of conquest, let Chance decide how our lot shall fall. Raise the standard and prove your strength. My pleading at least is accomplished; armed amid so many warriors I cannot know defeat.' As he spoke these words aloud, the Delphic bird<sup>1</sup> in the sky gave a happy omen, and beat the air as it flew. And from the left quarter of a gloomy grove strange voices sounded and fire flashed thereafter. Even Phoebus glowed with orb brighter than his wont, and set a burning halo of gold about his face.

“Heartened by these omens, Caesar advanced the standards of war, and marched first to open this strange tale of daring. At first indeed the ice and the ground fettered with white frost did not fight against them, and lay quiet in the kindly cold. But then the regiments broke the close-bound clouds, the trembling horses shattered the frozen bonds of the waters, and the snows melted. Soon new-born rivers rolled from the mountain heights, but they, too, stood still as if by some command, and the waves stopped short with ruining floods enchained, and the water that ran a moment before now halted, hard enough to cut. But then, treacherous before, it mocked their steps and failed their footing; horses and men and arms together fell heaped in misery and ruin. Lo! too, the clouds were shaken by a strong wind, and let fall their burden, and round the army were gusts of whirlwind and a sky broken by swollen hail. Now the clouds themselves burst and fell on the armed men, and a mass of ice showered upon them like a wave of the sea. Earth was overwhelmed in the deep snow, and the stars of heaven, and the rivers that clung to their banks. But Caesar was not yet overwhelmed; he

<sup>1</sup>The raven, consecrated to Apollo on account of its gift of prophecy.

## TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

horrida securis frangebat gressibus arva,  
 qualis Caucasea decurrens arduus arce  
 Amphitryoniades, aut torvo Iuppiter ore,  
 cum se verticibus magni demisit Olympi  
 et periturorum disiecit<sup>1</sup> tela Gigantum.

Dum Caesar tumidas iratus deprimit arces,  
 interea volucer motis conterrita pinnis 210

Fama volat summique petit iuga celsa Palati  
 atque hoc Romano tonitru ferit omnia signa:  
 iam classes fluitare mari totasque per Alpes  
 fervere Germano perfusas sanguine turmas.  
 Arma, cruor, caedes, incendia totaque bella  
 ante oculos volitant. Ergo pulsata tumultu  
 pectora perque duas scinduntur territa causas.  
 Huic fuga per terras, illi magis unda probatur  
 et patria pontus iam tutior. Est magis arma  
 qui temptare velit fatisque iubentibus uti. 220

Quantum quisque timet, tantum fugit. Ocior ipse  
 hos inter motus populus, miserabile visu,  
 quo mens icta iubet, deserta ducitur urbe.  
 Gaudet Roma fuga, debellatique Quirites  
 rumoris sonitu maerentia tecta relinquunt.  
 Ille manu pavida natos tenet, ille penates  
 occultat gremio deploratumque relinquit  
 limen et absentem votis interficit hostem.  
 Sunt qui coniugibus maerentia pectora iungant,  
 grandaevosque patres onerisque ignara iuventus 230  
 id pro quo metuit, tantum trahit. Omnia secum  
 hic vehit imprudens praedamque in proelia ducit:

<sup>1</sup> disiecit *Gulielmus*: deiecit.

leaned on his tall spear and crushed the rough ground with fearless tread, like the son of Amphitryon<sup>1</sup> hastening down from a high peak of Caucasus, or the fierce countenance of Jupiter, when he descended from the heights of great Olympus and scattered the arms of the doomed Giants.

“While Caesar treads down the swelling peaks in his wrath, Rumour flies swift in terror with beating wings, and seeks out the lofty top of the tall Palatine. Then she strikes all the images of the gods with her message of Roman thunder: how ships are now sweeping the sea, and the horsemen red with German blood pouring hotly over the range of the Alps. Battle, blood, slaughter, fire, and the whole picture of war flits before their eyes. Their hearts shake in confusion, and are fearfully divided between two counsels. One man chooses flight by land, another trusts rather to the water, and the open sea now safer than his own country. Some prefer to attempt a fight and turn Fate's decree to account. As deep as a man's fear is, so far he flies. In the turmoil the people themselves, a woeful sight, are led swiftly out of the deserted city, whither their stricken heart drives them. Rome is glad to flee, her true sons are cowed by war, and at a rumour's breath leave their houses to mourn. One holds his children with a shaking hand, one hides his household gods in his bosom, and weeping, leaves his door and calls down death on the unseen enemy. Some clasp their wives to them in tears, youths carry their aged sires, and, unused to burdens, take with them only what they dread to lose. The fool drags all his goods after him, and marches laden with booty to the battle; and

<sup>1</sup> Hercules : he came down to rescue Prometheus.

TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

ac velut ex alto cum magnus inhorruit auster  
 et pulsas evertit aquas, non arma ministris,  
 non regimen prodest, ligat alter pondera pinus,  
 alter tuta sinus tranquillaque litora quaerit:  
 hic dat vela fugae Fortunaque omnia credit.

Quid tam parva queror? Gemino cum consule Magnus,  
 ille tremor Ponti saevique repertor Hydaspis  
 et piratarum scopulus, modo quem ter ovantem 240  
 Iuppiter horruerat, quem fracto gurgite Pontus  
 et veneratus erat submissa Bosporos unda,  
 pro pudor, imperii deserto nomine fugit,  
 ut Fortuna levis Magni quoque terga videret.

124 Ergo tanta lues divum quoque numina vicit,<sup>1</sup>  
 consensitque fugae caeli timor. Ecce per orbem  
 mitis turba deum terras exosa furentes  
 deserit atque hominum damnatum avertitur agmen.  
 Pax prima ante alias niveos pulsata lacertos  
 abscondit galea victum caput atque relicto 250  
 orbe fugax Ditis petit implacabile regnum.  
 Huic comes it submissa Fides et crine soluto  
 Iustitia ac maerens lacera Concordia palla.  
 At contra, sedes Erebi qua rupta dehiscit,

<sup>1</sup> vicit *Hermann*: vidit.



all now is as when on high the rush of a strong south wind tumbles and drives the waters, and neither rigging nor helm avail the crews, and one girds together the heavy planks of pine, another heads for quiet inlets and a waveless shore: a third sets sail and flees, and trusts all to Chance. But why sorrow for these petty ills? Pompey the Great, who made Pontus tremble and explored fierce Hydaspes,<sup>1</sup> the rock that broke the pirates,<sup>2</sup> who of late, in his third triumph, shook the heart of Jupiter, to whom the troubled waters of Pontus and the conquered Sea of Bosphorus<sup>3</sup> bowed, flees shamefully with the two consuls<sup>4</sup> and lets his imperial title drop, that fickle Chance might see the back of great Pompey himself turned in flight.

“So great a calamity broke the power of the gods 124 also, and dread in heaven swelled the rout. A host of gentle deities throughout the world abandon the frenzied earth in loathing, and turn aside from the doomed army of mankind.

“Peace first of all, with her snow-white arms bruised, hides her vanquished head beneath her helmet, and leaves the world and turns in flight to the inexorable realm of Dis. At her side goes humble Faith and Justice with loosened hair, and Concord weeping with her cloak rent in pieces. But where the hall of Erebus is open and gapes wide, the dreadful company of Dis

<sup>1</sup> Untrue, for he went no further than the Euphrates: the river Hydaspes is in India.

<sup>2</sup> He cleared the Mediterranean of Cilician pirates in forty days during the year 67 B.C.

<sup>3</sup> He passed over these waters in 66 B.C. in the course of his campaign against Mithridates.

<sup>4</sup> C. Claudius Marcellus and L. Cornelius Lentulus Crus, consuls, 49 B.C.

TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

emergit late Ditis chorus, horrida Erinys  
 et Bellona minax facibusque armata Megaera  
 Letumque Insidiaeque et lurida Mortis imago.  
 Quas inter Furor, abruptis ceu liber habenis,  
 sanguineum late tollit caput oraque mille  
 vulneribus confossa cruenta casside velat: 260  
 haeret detritus laevae Mavortius umbo  
 innumerabilibus telis gravis, atque flagranti  
 stipite dextra minax terris incendia portat.

Sentit terra deos mutataque sidera pondus  
 quaesivere suum; namque omnis regia caeli  
 in partes diducta ruit. Primumque Dione  
 Caesaris acta sui ducit, comes additur illi  
 Pallas et ingentem quatiens Mavortius hastam.  
 Magnum<sup>1</sup> cum Phoebosor et Cyllenia proles  
 excipit ac totis similis Tiryntius actis. 270

Intremuere tubae ac scisso Discordia crine  
 extulit ad superos Stygium caput. Huius in ore  
 concretus sanguis, contusaque lumina flebant,  
 stabant aerati<sup>2</sup> scabra rubigine dentes,  
 tabo lingua fluens, obsessa draconibus ora,  
 atque inter torto laceratam pectore vestem  
*LO* sanguineam tremula quatiebat lampada dextra.  
 Haec ut Cocyti tenebras et Tartara liquit,  
 alta petit gradiens iuga nobilis Appennini,

<sup>1</sup> *Magnum cod. Messaniensis; Magnaque other MSS.*

<sup>2</sup> *aerati L: irati O.*

ranges forth, the grim Fury, and threatening Bellona, Megaera whirling her torches, and Destruction, and Treachery, and the pale presence of Death. And among them Madness, like a steed loosed when the reins snap, flings up her bloody head and shields her face, scarred by a thousand wounds, with a blood-stained helm; her left hand grips her worn martial shield, heavy with countless spear-points, her right waves a blazing brand and carries fire through the world.

“Earth felt that the gods were there, the stars were shaken, and swung seeking their former poise; for the whole palace of the sky broke and tumbled to ruin. And first Dione<sup>1</sup> champions the deeds of Caesar, and Pallas joins her side, and the child of Mars,<sup>2</sup> who brandishes his tall spear. “The sister<sup>3</sup> of Phoebus and the son of Cyllene<sup>4</sup> and the hero of Tiryns,<sup>5</sup> like to him in all his deeds, receive Pompey the Great.

“The trumpets shook, and Discord with dishevelled hair raised her Stygian head to the upper sky. Blood had dried on her face, tears ran from her bruised eyes, her teeth were mailed with a scurf of rust, her tongue was dripping with foulness and her face beset with snakes, her clothes were torn before her writhen breasts, and she waved a red torch in her quivering hand. When she had left behind the darkness of Coeytus and Tartarus, she strode forward to the high ridges of

<sup>1</sup> Venus, though properly Dione is the mother of Venus. Caesar by convention was descended from her through Iulus and Aeneas.

<sup>2</sup> Romulus, as son of Mars.

<sup>3</sup> Diana.

<sup>4</sup> Mercury, son of Maia and Zeus, born on Mount Cyllene.

<sup>5</sup> Hercules, who lived at Tiryns while he served Eurystheus.

TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

unde omnes terras atque omnia litora posset 280  
 aspicere ac toto fluitantes orbe catervas,  
 atque has erumpit furibundo pectore voces:  
 'Sumite nunc gentes accensis mentibus arma,  
 sumite et in medias immittite lampadas urbes.  
 Vincetur, quicumque latet; non femina cesset,  
 non puer aut aevo iam desolata senectus;  
 ipsa tremat tellus lacerataque tecta rebellent.  
 Tu legem, Marcelle, tene. Tu concute plebem,  
 Curio. Tu fortem ne supprime, Lentule, Martem.  
 Quid porro tu, dive, tuis cunctaris in armis, 290  
 non frangis portas, non muris oppida solvis  
 thesaurosque rapis? Nescis tu, Magne, tueri  
 Romanas arces? Epidamni moenia quaere  
 Thessalicosque sinus humano sanguine tingue.'

Factum est in terris, quicquid Discordia iussit."

Cum haec Eumolpos ingenti volubilitate verborum effudisset, tandem Crotona intravimus. Ubi quidem parvo deversorio refecti, postero die amplioris fortunae domum quaerentes incidimus in turbam hereditetarum sciscitantium, quod genus hominum aut unde veniremus. Ex praescripto ergo consilii communis exaggerata

proud Apennine, to gaze down thence upon all the earth and all its shores, and the armies streaming over the whole globe; then these words were wrung from her angry soul: 'To arms now, ye peoples, while your spirit is hot, to arms, and set your torches to the heart of cities. He that would hide him shall be lost: let no women halt, nor children, nor the old who are now wasted with age; let the earth herself quake, and the shattered houses join the fight. Thou Marcellus,<sup>1</sup> hold fast the law. Thou, Curio,<sup>2</sup> make the rabble quail. Thou, Lentulus,<sup>1</sup> give brave Mars no check. And thou, divine Caesar, why art thou a laggard with thine arms? Crash down the gates, strip towns of their walls and seize their treasure. So Magnus knows not how to hold the hills of Rome? Let him take the bulwarks of Epidamnus<sup>3</sup> and dye the bays of Thessaly<sup>4</sup> with the blood of men.' Then all the commands of Discord were fulfilled upon the earth."

Eumolpus poured out these lines with immense fluency, and at last we came into Croton. There we refreshed ourselves in a little inn, but on the next day we went to look for a house of greater pretensions, and fell in with a crowd of fortune-hunters, who inquired what kind of men we were, and where we had come from. Then, as arranged by our common council,

<sup>1</sup> See note on c. 123. The law was the *Senatus consultum* of 49 B.C. ordering Caesar to give up his army.

<sup>2</sup> C. Scribonius Curio, a supporter of Caesar, who was defeated and killed by Juba in Africa, 49 B.C.

<sup>3</sup> Dyrrhachium in Epirus, where Pompey entrenched himself on the outbreak of war.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. note on c. 121.

## TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

verborum volubilitate, unde aut qui essemus, haud  
**L** dubie credentibus indicavimus. | Qui statim opes suas  
 summo cum certamine in Eumolpum congesserunt.

Certatim omnes heredipetae muneribus gratiam  
 Eumolpi sollicitant . . .

125 dum haec magno tempore Crotone aguntur . . .

et Eumolpus felicitate plenus prioris fortunae esset  
 oblitus statim adeo, ut suis iactaret, neminem gratiae  
 suae ibi posse resistere impuneque suos, si quid deli-  
 quissent in ea urbe, beneficio amicorum laturos.  
 Ceterum ego, etsi quotidie magis magisque super-  
 fluentibus bonis saginatum corpus impleveram puta-  
 bamque a custodia mei removisse vultum Fortunam,  
 tamen saepius tam consuetudinem meam cogitabam  
 quam causam, et "quid" aiebam "si callidus captator  
 exploratorem in Africam miserit mendaciumque de-  
 prehenderit nostrum? Quid, si etiam mercennarius  
 [Eumolpi] praesenti felicitate lassus indicium ad ami-  
 cos detulerit totamque fallaciam invidiosa proditione  
 detexerit? Nempe rursus fugiendum erit et tandem  
 expugnata paupertas nova mendicitate revocanda.  
 Dii deaque, quam male est extra legem viventibus:  
 quicquid meruerunt, semper exspectant." . . .

126 "Quia nosti venerem tuam, superbiam captas vendis-  
 que amplexus, non commodas. Quo enim spectant  
 flexae pectine comae, quo facies medicamine attrita  
 et oculorum quoque mollis petulantia, quo incessus  
 arte<sup>1</sup> compositus et ne vestigia quidem pedum extra  
 mensuram aberrantia, nisi quod formam prostituis, ut

<sup>1</sup>arte *Dousa*: tute.

## SATYRICON

a torrent of ready words burst from us, and they gave easy credence to our account of ourselves and our country. They at once quarrelled fiercely in their eagerness to heap their own riches on Eumolpus.

The fortune-hunters all competed to win Eumolpus's favour with presents. . . .

This went on for a long while in Croton, . . . . 125  
 Eumolpus was flushed with success, and so far forgot the former state of his fortunes as to boast to his intimates that no one there could cross his good pleasure, and that his own dependants would escape unpunished by the kindness of his friends if they committed any crime in that city. But though I had lined my belly well every day with the ever-growing supply of good things, and believed that Fortune had turned away her face from keeping a watch on me, still I often thought over my old life and my history, and kept saying to myself, "Supposing some cunning legacy-hunter sends a spy over to Africa and finds out our lies? Or supposing the servant grows weary of his present luck and gives his friends a hint, or betrays us out of spite, and exposes the whole plot? Of course we shall have to run away again; we must start afresh as beggars, and call back the poverty we have now at last driven out. Ah! gods and goddesses! the outlaw has a hard life; he is always waiting to get what he deserves." . . .

"Because you know your beauty you are haughty, 126  
 and do not bestow your embraces, but sell them. What is the object of your nicely combed hair, your face plastered with dyes, and the soft fondness even in your glance, and your walk arranged by art so that never a footstep strays from its place? It means of

## TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

vendas? Vides me: nec auguria novi nec mathematicorum caelum curare soleo, ex vultibus tamen hominum mores colligo, et cum spatiantem vidi, quid cogitet<sup>1</sup> scio. Sive ergo nobis vendis quod peto, mercator paratus est, sive quod humanius est, commodas, effice ut beneficium debeamus. Nam quod servum te et humilem fateris, accendis desiderium aestuantis. Quaedam enim feminae sordibus calent, nec libidinem concitant, nisi aut servos viderint aut statores altius cinctos. Harena alias accendit aut perfusus pulvere mulio aut histrio scaenae ostentatione traductus. Ex hac nota domina est mea: usque ab orchestra quattuordecim transilit et in extrema plebe quaerit quod diligit."

Itaque oratione blandissima plenus "rogo" inquam "numquid illa, quae me amat, tu es?" Multum risit ancilla post tam frigidum schema et "nolo" inquit "tibi tam valde placeas. Ego adhuc servo nunquam succubui, nec hoc dii sinant, ut amplexus meos in crucem mittam. Viderint matronae, quae flagellorum vestigia osculantur; ego etiam si ancilla sum, nunquam tamen nisi in equestribus sedeo." Mirari equidem tam discordem libidinem coepi atque inter monstra numerare, quod ancilla haberet matronae superbiam et matrona ancillae humilitatem.

LO | Procedentibus deinde longius iocis rogavi ancillam, ut in platanona perduceret dominam. Placuit puellae consilium. Itaque collegit altius tunicam flexitque se

<sup>1</sup> cogitet *Burmann*: cogites.



course that you offer your comeliness freely for sale. Look at me; I know nothing of omens, and I never attend to the astrologer's sky, but I read character in a man's face, and when I see him walk I know his thoughts. † So if you will sell us what I want, there is a buyer ready: if you will be more gracious and bestow it upon us, let us be indebted to you for a favour. For when you admit that you are a slave of low degree, you fan the passion of a lady who burns for you. Some women kindle for vile fellows, and cannot rouse any desire unless they have a slave or a servant in short garments in their eye. Some burn for a gladiator, or a muleteer smothered in dust, or an actor disgraced by exhibiting himself on the stage. My mistress is of this class; she skips fourteen rows away from the orchestra, and hunts for a lover among the low people at the back."

With my ears full of her winning words I then said, "It is not you, I suppose, who love me so?" The girl laughed loudly at such a clumsy turn of speech, and said, "Pray do not be so conceited. I never yielded to a slave yet, and God forbid that I should throw my arms round a gallows-bird. The married women may see to that, and kiss the scars of a flogging; I may be only a lady's maid, for all that I never sit down in any seats but the knights'." I began to marvel at their contrary passions, and to count them as portents, the maid having the pride of a married lady, and the married lady the low tastes of a wench.

Then as our jokes proceeded further, I asked the maid to bring her mistress into the grove of plane-trees. The plan pleased the girl. So she gathered her skirts up higher, and turned into the laurel grove

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in eum daphnona, qui ambulationi haerebat. Nec diu morata dominam producit e latebris laterique meo applicat, mulierem omnibus simulacris emendatiorem. Nulla vox est quae formam eius possit comprehendere, nam quicquid dixerō, minus erit. Crines ingenio suo flexi per totos se umeros effuderant, frons minima et quae radices capillorum retro flexerat, supercilia usque ad malarum scripturam currentia et rursus confinio luminum paene permixta, oculi clariores stellis extra lunam fulgentibus, nares paululum inflexae et osculum quale Praxiteles habere Dianam credidit. Iam mentum, iam cervix, iam manus, iam pedum candor intra auri gracile vinculum positus: Parium marmor exstinxerat. Itaque tunc primum Dorida vetus amator contempsit . . .

Quid factum est, quod tu proiectis, Iuppiter, armis  
inter caelicolas fabula muta taces?

Nunc erat a torva submittere cornua fronte,  
nunc pluma canos dissimulare tuos.

Haec vera est Danae. Tempta modo tangere corpus,  
iam tua flammifero membra calore fluent . . .

127 Delectata illa risit tam blandum, ut videretur mihi  
plenum os extra nubem luna proferre. Mox digitis  
gubernantibus vocem "Si non fastidis" inquit "femi-

which grew close to our path. She was not long away before she led the lady out of her hiding-place, and brought her to my side. The woman was more perfect than any artist's dream. There are no words that can include all her beauty, and whatever I write must fall short of her. Her hair grew in natural waves and flowed all over her shoulders, her forehead was small, and the roots of her hair brushed back from it, her brows ran to the edge of her cheekbones and almost met again close beside her eyes, and those eyes were brighter than stars far from the moon, and her nose had a little curve, and her mouth was the kind that Praxiteles<sup>1</sup> dreamed Diana had. And her chin and her neck, and her hands, and the gleam of her foot under a light band of gold! She had turned the marble of Paros dull. So then at last I put my old passion for Doris to despoite. . . .

"What is come to pass, Jupiter,<sup>2</sup> that thou hast cast away thine armour, and now art silent in heaven and become an idle tale? Now were a time for thee to let the horns sprout on thy lowering forehead, or hide thy white hair under a swan's feathers. This is the true Danae. Dare only to touch her body, and all thy limbs shall be loosened with fiery heat." . . .

She was happy, and smiled so sweetly that I thought the full moon had shown me her face from behind a cloud. Then she said, letting the words escape through her fingers, "If you do not despise a rich 127

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated 4th century sculptor made for Mantinea a group (not extant) of Leto with Apollo and Artemis, a statue of Artemis Brauronia for Athens, and an Artemis for Anticyra.

<sup>2</sup> Jupiter, when he loved Europa, Leda, and Danae, appeared to them as a bull, a swan, and a shower of gold respectively.

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nam ornatam et hoc primum anno virum expertam, concilio tibi, o iuvenis, sororem. Habes tu quidem et fratrem, neque enim me piguit inquirere, sed quid prohibet et sororem adoptare? Eodem gradu venio. Tu tantum dignare et meum osculum, cum libuerit, agnoscere." "Immo" inquam ego "per formam tuam te rogo, ne fastidias hominem peregrinum inter cultores admittere. Invenies religiosum, si te adorari permiseris. Ac ne me iudices ad hoc templum Amoris gratis accedere, dono tibi fratrem meum." "Quid? tu"<sup>1</sup> inquit illa "donas mihi eum, sine quo non potes vivere, ex cuius osculo pendes, quem sic tu amas, quemadmodum ego te volo?" Haec ipsa cum diceret, tanta gratia conciliabat vocem loquentis, tam dulcis sonus pertemptatum mulcebat aëra, ut putares inter auras canere Sirenum concordiam. Itaque miranti [et] toto mihi caelo clarius nescio quid relucente libuit deae nomen quaerere. "Ita" inquit "non dixit tibi ancilla mea me Circen vocari? Non sum quidem Solis progenies, nec mea mater, dum placet, labentis mundi cursum detinuit. Habebo tamen quod caelo imputem, si nos fata coniunxerint. Immo iam nescio quid tacitis cogitationibus deus agit. Nec sine causa Polyænon Circe amat: semper inter haec nomina magna fax surgit. Sume ergo amplexum, si placet. Neque est

<sup>1</sup> quid tu *Pithoeus*: quidni.

woman who has known a man first this very year, dear youth, I will give you a new sister. True, you have a brother, too, for I made bold to inquire, but why should you not take to yourself a sister as well? I will come as the same kind of relation. Deign only to recognize my kiss also when it is your good pleasure."

"I should rather implore you by your beauty," I replied, "not to scorn to enrol a stranger among your worshippers. You will find me a true votary, if you allow me to kneel before you. And do not think that I would enter this shrine of Love without an offering; I will give you my own brother."

"What," she said, "you give me the one without whom you cannot live, on whose lips you hang, whom you love as I would have you love me?" Even as she spoke grace made her words so attractive, the sweet noise fell so softly upon the listening air, that you seemed to have the harmony of the Sirens ringing in the breeze. So as I marvelled, and all the light of the sky somehow fell brighter upon me, I was moved to ask my goddess her name. "Then my maid did not tell you that I am called Circe?" she said. "I am not the Sun-child indeed, and my mother has never stayed the moving world in its course while she will. But I shall have a debt to pay to Heaven if fate brings you and me together. Surely now, the Gods with their quiet thoughts have some plan in the making. Circe does not love Polyænus<sup>1</sup> without good reason; when these two names meet, a great fire is always set ablaze. Then take me in your embrace if you like.

<sup>1</sup> Polyænus is the name assumed by Encolpius at Croton. Circe in the *Odyssey* (Book X) is daughter of the Sun. Cf. c. 134: *Phoebeia Circe*.

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quod curiosum aliquem extimescas: longe ab hoc loco frater est." Dixit haec Circe, implicitumque me brachii mollioribus pluma deduxit in terram vario gramine indutam.

Idaeo quales fudit de vertice flores  
terra parens, cum se concesso<sup>1</sup> iunxit amori  
Iuppiter et toto concepit pectore flammam:  
emicuere rosae violaeque et molle cyperon,  
albaeque de viridi riserunt lilia prato:  
talis humus Venerem molles clamavit in herbas,  
candidiorque dies secreto favit amori.

In hoc gramine pariter compositi mille osculis lusimus, quaerentes voluptatem robustam . . .

128L | "Quid est?" inquit "numquid te osculum meum offendit? Numquid spiritus ieiunio marcens?<sup>2</sup> Numquid alarum negligens sudor? Aut<sup>3</sup> si haec non sunt, numquid Gitona times?" Perfusus ego rubore manifesto etiam si quid habueram virium, perdidit, totoque corpore velut luxato<sup>4</sup> "quaeso" inquam "regina, noli suggillare miserias. Veneficio contactus sum" . . .

Dic, Chrysis, sed verum: numquid indecens sum? Numquid incompta? Numquid ab aliquo naturali vitio formam meam excaeco? Noli decipere dominam tuam. Nescio quid peccavimus." Rapuit deinde tacenti speculum, et postquam omnes vultus temptavit, quos solet inter amantes risus fingere, excussit vexatam solo vestem raptimque aedem Veneris intravit. Ego contra damnatus et quasi quodam visu in horrorem perductus interrogare animum meum coepi, an vera voluptate fraudatus essem.

<sup>1</sup> concesso *Sambucus*: confesso.

<sup>2</sup> marcens *Buecheler*: macer.

<sup>3</sup> Aut *Buecheler*: ~~et~~.

<sup>4</sup> luxato *Jungermann*: laxato.

You need have no fear of any spy; your brother is far away from here."

Circe was silent, folded me in two arms softer than a bird's wing, and drew me to the ground on a carpet of coloured flowers.

"Such flowers as Earth, our mother, spread on Ida's top when Jupiter embraced her and she yielded her love, and all his heart was kindled with fire: roses glowed there, and violets, and the tender flowering rush; and white lilies laughed from the green grass: such a soil summoned Venus to the soft grasses, and the day grew brighter and looked kindly on their hidden pleasure."

We lay together there among the flowers and exchanged a thousand light kisses, but we looked for sterner play. . . .

"Tell me," she cried, "do you find no joy in my lips? Nor in the breath that faints with hunger? Nor in my body wet with heat? If it is none of these, are you afraid of Giton?" I crimsoned with blushes under her eyes, and lost any strength I might have had before, and cried as though there were no whole part in my body, "Dear lady, have mercy, do not mock my grief. Some poison has infected me." . . .

"Speak to me, Chrysis, tell me true: am I ugly or untidy? Is there some natural blemish that darkens my beauty? Do not deceive your own mistress. I know not how, but I have sinned." She then snatched a glass from the silent girl, and after trying every look that raises a smile to most lovers' lips, she shook out the cloak the earth had stained, and hurried into the temple of Venus. But I was lost and horror-stricken as if I had seen a ghost, and began to inquire of my heart whether I was cheated of my true delight.

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*LO* | Nocte soporifera veluti cum somnia ludunt  
errantes oculos effossaque protulit aurum  
in lucem tellus: versat manus improba furtum  
thesaurosque rapit, sudor quoque perluit ora  
et mentem timor altus habet, ne forte gravatum  
excutiat gremium secreti conscius auri:  
mox ubi fugerunt elusam gaudia mentem  
veraque forma redit, animus, quod perdidit, optat  
atque in praeterita se totus imagine versat . . .

*L* | "Itaque hoc nomine tibi gratias ago, quod me  
Socratica fide diligis. Non tam intactus Alcibiades  
in praeceptoris sui lecto iacuit" . . .

129 "Crede mihi, frater, non intellego me virum esse,  
non sentio. Funerata est illa pars corporis, qua quon-  
dam Achilles eram" . . .

Veritus puer, ne in secreto deprehensus daret ser-  
monibus locum, proripuit se et in partem aedium in-  
teriores fugit . . .

*LO* | cubiculum autem meum Chrysis intravit codicil-  
losque mihi dominae suae reddidit, in quibus haec  
erant scripta: "Circe Polyaeo salutem. Si libidinosa  
essem, quererem decepta; nunc etiam languori tuo  
gratias ago. In umbra voluptatis diutius lusi. Quid  
tamen agas, quaero, et an tuis pedibus perveneris  
domum; negant enim medici sine nervis homines  
ambulare posse. Narrabo tibi, adolescens, paralyisin  
cave. Nunquam ego aegrum tam magno periculo vidi;  
medius fidius iam peristi. Quod si idem frigus genua  
manusque temptaverit tuas, licet ad tubicines mittas.



As when dreams deceive our wandering eyes in the heavy slumber of night, and under the spade the earth yields gold to the light of day: our greedy hands finger the spoil and snatch at the treasure, sweat too runs down our face, and a deep fear grips our heart that maybe some one will shake out our laden bosom, where he knows the gold is hid: soon, when these pleasures flee from the brain they mocked, and the true shape of things comes back, our mind is eager for what is lost, and moves with all its force among the shadows of the past. . . .

"So in his name I give you thanks for loving me as true as Socrates. Alcibiades never lay so unspotted in his master's bed." . . .

"I tell you, brother, I do not realize that I am a man, I do not feel it. That part of my body where I was once an Achilles is dead and buried." . . . 129

The boy was afraid that he might give an opening for scandal if he were caught in a quiet place with me, and tore himself away and fled into an inner part of the house. . . .

Chrysis came into my room and gave me a letter from her mistress, who wrote as follows: "Circe greets Polyænus. If I were a passionate woman, I should feel betrayed and hurt: as it is I can be thankful even for your coldness. I have amused myself too long with the shadow of pleasure. But I should like to know how you are, and whether your feet carried you safely home; the doctors say that people who have lost their sinews cannot walk. I tell you what, young man, you must beware of paralysis. I have never seen a sick person in such grave danger; I declare you are as good as dead. If the same mortal chill attacks your knees and hands, you may send for

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Quid ergo est? Etiam si gravem iniuriam accepi, homini tamen misero non invideo medicinam. Si vis sanus esse, Gitonem roga. Recipies, inquam, nervos tuos, si triduo sine fratre dormieris. Nam quod ad me attinet, non timeo, ne quis inveniatur cui minus placeam. Nec speculum mihi nec fama mentitur. Vale, si potes."

Ut intellexit Chrysis perlegisse me totum convicium, "Solent" inquit "haec fieri, et praecipue in hac civitate, in qua mulieres etiam lunam deducunt . . . itaque huius quoque rei cura agetur. Rescribe modo blandius dominae animumque eius candida humanitate restitue. Verum enim fatendum est: ex qua hora iniuriam accepit, apud se non est." Libenter quidem parvi ancillae verbaque codicillis talia imposui: "Polyaenos Circae salutem. Fateor me, domina, saepe peccasse; nam et homo sum et adhuc iuvenis. Nunquam tamen ante hunc diem usque ad mortem deliqui. Habes confidentem reum: quicquid iusseris, merui. Proditionem feci, hominem occidi, templum violavi: in haec facinora quaere supplicium. Sive occidere placet, ferro meo venio, sive verberibus contenta es, curro nudus ad dominam. Illud unum memento, non me sed instrumenta peccasse. Paratus miles arma non habui. Quis hoc turbaverit, nescio. Forsitan animus antecessit corporis moram, forsitan dum omnia concupisco, voluptatem tempore consumpsi. Non invenio, quod feci. Paralysis tamen cavere iubet: tanquam ea<sup>1</sup> maior fieri

<sup>1</sup> ea *Buecheler*: iam.

the funeral trumpeters. And what about me? Well, even if I have been deeply wounded, I do not grudge a poor man a cure. If you want to get well, ask Giton. I think you will recover your sinews if you sleep for three days without your brother. So far as I am concerned, I am not afraid of finding anyone who dislikes me more. My looking-glass and my reputation do not lie. Keep as well as you can."

When Chrysis saw that I had read through the whole of this complaint, she said: "These things often happen, especially in this town, where the women can even draw down the moon from the sky, and so attention will be paid to this matter also. Only do write back more gently to my mistress, and restore her spirits by your frank kindness. For I must tell you the truth: she has never been herself from the moment you insulted her."

I obeyed the girl with pleasure and wrote on a tablet as follows: "Polyaenus greets Circe. Dear lady, I admit my many failings; for I am human, and still young. But never before this day have I committed deadly sin. The culprit confesses to you; I have deserved whatever you may order. I have been a traitor, I have destroyed a man, and profaned a temple: demand my punishment for these crimes. If you decide on execution, I will come with my sword; if you let me off with a flogging, I will run naked to my lady. *Illud unum memento, non me sed instrumenta peccasse. Paratus miles arma non habui.* Who upset me so I know not. Perhaps my will ran on while my body lagged behind, perhaps I wasted all my pleasure in delay by desiring too much. I cannot discover what I did. But you tell me to beware of paralysis: as if the disease could grow

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possit, quae abstulit mihi, per quod etiam te habere potui. Summa tamen excusationis meae haec est: placebo tibi, si me culpam emendare permiseris" . . .

L | Dimissa cum eiusmodi pollicitatione Chryside curavi diligentius noxiosissimum corpus, balneoque praeterito modica unctione usus, mox cibus validioribus pastus, id est bulbis cochlearumque sine iure cervicibus, hausi parcus merum. Hinc ante somnum levisima ambulatione compositus sine Gitone cubiculum intravi. Tanta erat placandi cura, ut timerem, ne  
 131 latus meum frater convelleret. Postero die, cum sine offensa corporis animique consurrexissem, in eundem platanona descendi, etiam si locum inauspicatum timebam, coepique inter arbores ducem itineris expectare Chrysidem. Nec diu spatiatum consederam, ubi hesternodie fueram, cum illa intus venit<sup>1</sup> comitem aniculam trahens. Atque ut me consalutavit, "Quid est" inquit "fastose, eequid bonam mentem habere coepisti?"

Illa de sinu licium protulit varii coloris filis intortum cervicemque vinxit meam. Mox turbatum sputo pulverem medio sustulit digito frontemque repugnantis signavit . . .

Hoc peracto carmine ter me iussit expuere terque lapillos conicere in sinum, quos ipsa praecantatos purpura involverat, admotisque manibus temptare coepit inguinum vires. Dicto citius nervi paruerunt imperio manusque aniculae ingenti motu repleverunt. At illa

<sup>1</sup> intus venit *Buecheler*: intervenit.

worse, which has taken away from me the means of making you my own. But my apology amounts to this—I will do your pleasure if you allow me to mend my fault.” . . .

Chrysis was sent off with this promise, and I paid great attention to my offending body, and after leaving my bath anointed myself in moderation, and then fed on strong foods, onions, I mean, and snails' heads without sauce, and drank sparingly of wine. I then settled myself with a gentle walk before bed, and went into my room without Giton. I was so anxious to please her that I was afraid my brother might take away my strength. Next day I got up sound in mind and body, and went down to the same grove of plane-trees, though I was rather afraid of the unlucky place, and began to wait among the trees for Chrysis to lead me on my way. 131

After walking up and down a short while, I sat where I had been the day before, and Chrysis came under the trees, bringing an old woman with her. When she had greeted me, she said, “Well, disdainful lover, have you begun to come to your senses?” Then the old woman took a twist of threads of different colours out of her dress, and tied it round my neck. Then she mixed some dust with spittle, and took it on her middle finger, and made a mark on my forehead despite my protest. . . .

After this she ordered me in a rhyme to spit three times and throw stones into my bosom three times, after she had said a spell over them and wrapped them in purple, and laid her hands on me and began to try the force of her charm. . . . *Dicto citius nervi paruerunt imperio manusque aniculae ingenti motu reple-*

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gaudio exsultans "Vides" inquit "Chrysis mea, vides, quod aliis leporem excitavi?" . . .

LO | Nobilis aestivas platanus diffuderat umbras  
et bacis redimita Daphne tremulaeque cupressus  
et circum tonsae trepidanti vertice pinus.

Has inter ludebat aquis errantibus amnis  
spumeus et querulo vexabat rore lapillos.

Dignus amore locus : testis silvestris aedon  
atque urbana Procne, quae circum gramina fusae  
ac molles violas cantu sua furta<sup>1</sup> colebant . . .

Premebat illa resoluta marmoreis cervicibus aureum  
torum myrtoque florenti quietum . . . verberabat.

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 "paralytice? ecquid hodie totus venisti?" "Rogas" inquam ego "potius quam temptas?"

Totoque corpore in amplexum eius immissus non praecantatis usque ad satietatem osculis fruor . . .

132L | Ipsa corporis pulchritudine me ad se vocante tra-

hebat ad venerem. Iam pluribus osculis collisa labra  
crepitabant, iam implicitae manus omne genus amoris

invenerant, iam alligata mutuo ambitu corpora ani-  
marum quoque mixturam fecerant . . .

Manifestis matrona contumeliis verberata tandem ad  
ultionem decurrit vocatque cubicularios et me iubet

catomidiari.<sup>2</sup> Nec contenta mulier tam gravi iniuria

<sup>1</sup> furta *Buecheler*: sura or rura.  
<sup>2</sup> catomidiari *Salmasius*: catarogare.

verunt. At illa gaudio exsultans "Vides" inquit "Chrysis mea, vides, quod aliis leporem excitavi?" . . .

The stately plane-tree, and Daphne decked with berries, and the quivering cypresses, and the swaying tops of the shorn pines, cast a summer shade. Among them played the straying waters of a foamy river, lashing the pebbles with its chattering flow. The place was proper to love; so the nightingale of the woods bore witness, and Procne from the town, as they hovered about the grasses and the tender violets, and pursued their stolen loves with a song. . . .

She was stretched out there with her marble neck pressed on a golden bed, brushing her placid face with a spray of myrtle in flower. So when she saw me she blushed a little, of course remembering my rudeness the day before; then, when they had all left us, she asked me to sit by her, and I did; she laid the sprig of myrtle over my eyes, and then growing bolder, as if she had put a wall between us, "Well, poor paralytic," she said, "have you come here to-day a whole man?" "Do not ask me," I replied, "try me." I threw myself eagerly into her arms, and enjoyed her kisses unchecked by any magic until I was tired. . . .

The loveliness of her body called to me and drew us together. There was the sound of a rain of kisses as our lips met, our hands were clasped and discovered all the ways of love, then our bodies were held and bound by our embrace until even our souls were made as one soul. . . .

My open taunts stung the lady, and at last she ran to avenge herself, and called her chamber grooms, and ordered me to be hoisted for flogging. Not content with this black insult, the woman called up all her low

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mea convocat omnes quasillarias familiaeque sordidissimam partem ac me conspui iubet. Oppono ego manus oculis meis, nullisque effusis precibus, quia sciebam quid meruissem, verberibus sputisque<sup>1</sup> . . . extra ianuam eiectus sum. Eicitur et Proselenos, Chrysis vapulat, totaque familia tristis inter se mussat quaeritque, quis dominae hilaritatem confuderit . . .

Itaque pensatis vicibus animosior verberum notas arte contexi, ne aut Eumolpus contumelia mea hilarior  
*LO* fieret aut tristior Giton. | Quod solum igitur salvo pudore poteram, contingere languorem simulavi, conditusque lectulo totum ignem furoris in eam converti, quae mihi omnium malorum causa fuerat :

ter corripui terribilem manu bipennem,

ter languidior coliculi repente thyrso  
ferrum timui, quod trepido male dabat usum.

Nec iam poteram, quod modo conficere libebat ;  
namque illa metu frigidior rigente bruma  
confugerat in viscera mille operata rugis.

Ita non potui supplicio caput aperire,  
sed furciferæ mortifero timore lusus  
ad verba, magis quae poterant nocere, fugi.

Erectus igitur in cubitum hac fere oratione contumacem vexavi: "Quid dicis" inquam "omnium hominum deorumque pudor? Nam ne nominare quidem te inter res serias fas est. Hoc de te merui, ut me in  
*L* caelo positum ad inferos traheres? | Ut traduceres annos primo florentes vigore senectaeque ultimae mihi lassitudinem imponeres? Rogo te, mihi apodixin defunctoriam redde." Haec ut iratus effudi,

<sup>1</sup> *Buecheler would insert obrutus.*



spinsters, and the very dregs of her slaves, and invited them to spit upon me. I put my hands to my eyes and never poured forth any appeal, for I knew my deserts, and was beaten and spat upon and thrown out of doors. Proselenos was thrown out too, Chrysis was flogged, and all the slaves muttered gloomily to themselves, and asked who had upset their mistress's spirits. . . . So after considering my position I took courage, and carefully hid the marks of the lash for fear Eumolpus should exult or Giton be depressed at my disgrace. | *Quod solum igitur salvo pudore poteram, contingere languorem simulavi, conditusque lectulo totum ignem furoris in eam converti, quae mihi omnium malorum causa fuerat:*

ter corripui terribilem manu bipennem,  
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 confugerat in viscera mille operta rugis.  
 Ita non potui supplicio caput aperire,  
 sed furciferæ mortifero timore lusus  
 ad verba, magis quae poterant nocere, fugi.

Erectus igitur in cubitum hac fere oratione contumacem vexavi: "Quid dicis" inquam "omnium hominum deorumque pudor? Nam ne nominare quidem te inter res serias fas est. Hoc de te merui, ut me in caelo positum ad inferos traheres? | Ut traduceres *L* annos primo florentes vigore senectaeque ultimae mihi lassitudinem imponeres? Rogo te, mihi apodixin defunctoriam redde." Haec ut iratus effudi,

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LO | illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat,  
nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur  
quam lentae salices lassove papavera collo.

Nec minus ego tam foeda obiurgatione finita paenitentiam agere sermonis mei coepi secretoque rubore perfundi, quod oblitus verecundiae meae cum ea parte corporis verba contulerim, quam ne ad cognitionem quidem admittere severioris notae homines solerent. Mox perfricata diutius fronte "Quid autem ego" inquam "mali feci, si dolorem meum naturali convicio exoneravi? Aut quid est quod in corpore humano ventri male dicere solemus aut gulae capitique etiam, cum saepius dolet? Quid? Non et Vlixes cum corde L litigat suo, | et quidam tragici oculos suos tanquam audientes castigant? Podagrivi pedibus suis male dicunt, chiragrivi manibus, lippi oculis, et qui offenderunt saepe digitos, quicquid doloris habent, in pedes deferunt:

LO | Quid me constricta spectatis fronte Catones  
damnatisque novae simplicitatis opus?  
Sermonis puri non tristis gratia ridet,  
quodque facit populus, candida lingua refert.  
Nam quis concubitus, Veneris quis gaudia nescit?  
Quis vetat<sup>1</sup> in tepido membra calere toro?  
Ipse pater veri doctos Epicurus amare<sup>2</sup>  
iussit, et hoc vitam dixit habere τέλος" . . .

L | "Nihil est hominum inepta persuasione falsius nec ficta severitate ineptius" . . .

.33LO | Hac declamatione finita Gitona voco et "Narra mihi" inquam "frater, sed tua fide: ea nocte, qua te mihi Ascyrtos subduxit, usque in iniuriam vigilavit,

<sup>1</sup>vetat *Dousa*: petat.

<sup>2</sup>doctos — — amare *Dousa*: doctus — — in arte.

illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat, LO  
 nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur  
 quam lentae salices lassove papavera collo.

Nec minus ego tam foeda obiurgatione finita paenitentiam agere sermonis mei coepi secretoque rubore perfundi, quod oblitus verecundiae meae cum ea parte corporis verba contulerim, quam ne ad cognitionem quidem admittere severioris notae homines solerent.

Then, after rubbing my forehead for a long while, I said, "But what harm have I done if I have relieved my sorrow with some free abuse? And then there is the fact that of our bodily members we often damn our guts, our throats, even our heads, when they give us much trouble. Did not Ulysses argue with his own heart,<sup>1</sup> while some tragedians curse their eyes as if they could hear? Gouty people damn their feet, people with chalk-stones their hands, blear-eyed people their eyes, and men who have often hurt their toes put down all their ills to their poor feet:

"Why do ye, Cato's disciples, look at me with wrinkled foreheads, and condemn a work of fresh simplicity? A cheerful kindness laughs through my pure speech, and my clean mouth reports whatever the people do. All men born know of mating and the joys of love; all men are free to let their limbs glow in a warm bed. Epicurus, the true father of truth, bade wise men be lovers, and said that therein lay the crown of life." . . .

There is nothing more insincere than people's silly convictions, or more silly than their sham morality. . . .

When my speech was over, I called Giton, and said, 133  
 "Now tell me, brother, on your honour. That night when Ascylytos took you away from me, did he keep

<sup>1</sup> In the line τέτλαθι δὴ, κραδίη, καὶ κίντερον ἄλλο ποτ' ἔτλησ.

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an contentus fuit vidua pudicaque nocte?" Tetigit puer oculos suos conceptissimisque iuravit verbis sibi ab Ascylo nullam vim factam . . .

Positoque in limine genu sic deprecatus sum numina versu :

"Nympharum Bacchique comes, quem pulchra Dione divitibus silvis numen dedit, inclita paret cui Lesbos viridisque Thasos, quem Lydus adorat semper ovans<sup>1</sup> templumque suis<sup>2</sup> imponit Hypaepis : huc ades et Bacchi tutor Dryadumque voluptas, et timidas admitte preces. Non sanguine tristi perfusus venio, non templis impius hostis admovi dextram, sed inops et rebus egenis attritus facinus non toto corpore feci.

Quisquis peccat inops, minor est reus. Hac prece quaeso, exonera mentem culpaque ignosce minori, et quandoque mihi fortunae arriserit hora, non sine honore tuum patiar decus. Ibit ad aras, sancte tuas hircus, pecoris pater, ibit ad aras corniger et querulae fetus<sup>3</sup> suis, hostia lactens. Spumabit pateris hornus liquor, et ter ovantem circa delubrum gressum feret ebria pubes" . . .

Dum haec ago curaque sollerti deposito meo caveo, intravit delubrum anus laceratis crinibus nigraque veste deformis, extraque vestibulum me iniecta manu duxit . . .

134L "Quae striges comederunt nervos tuos, aut quod purgamentum nocte calcasti in trivio aut cadaver? Ne

<sup>1</sup> septifluus *most MSS.*: semperflavius *cod. Bernensis*: vestifluus *Turnebus*: semper ovans *Buecheler*.

<sup>2</sup> suis *Jungermann*: tuis.

<sup>3</sup> fetus *Sambucus*: festus.

## SATYRICON

awake until he had wronged you, or was he satisfied with spending the night decently alone?" The boy touched his eyes and swore a most precise oath that Ascyrtos had used no force to him. . . .

I kneeled down on the threshold and entreated the favour of the gods in these lines:

"Comrade of the Nymphs and Bacchus, whom lovely Dione set as god over the wide forests, whom famous Lesbos and green Thasos obey, whom the Lydian worships in perpetual celebration, whose temple he has set in his own city of Hypaepa: come hither, guardian of Bacchus and the Dryads' delight, and hear my humble prayer. I come not to thee stained with dark blood, I have not laid hands on a temple like a wicked enemy, but when I was poor and worn with want I sinned, yet not with my whole body. There is less guilt in a poor man's sin. This is my prayer; take the load from my mind, forgive a light offence; and whenever fortune's season smiles upon me, I will not leave thy glory without worship. A goat shall walk to thine altars, most holy one, a horned goat that is father of the flock, and the young of a grunting sow, a tender sacrifice. The new wine of the year shall foam in the bowls, and the young men full of wine shall trace their joyous steps three times round thy sanctuary." . . .

As I was doing this and making clever plans to guard my trust, an old woman in ugly black clothes, with her hair down, came into the shrine, laid hands on me, and drew me out through the porch. . . .

"What screech-owl has eaten your nerve away, 134  
what foul thing or corpse have you trodden on at  
a cross-road in the dark? Never even in boyhood

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a puero quidem te vindicasti, sed mollis, debilis, lassus tanquam caballus in clivo, et operam et sudorem perdidisti. Nec contentus ipse peccare, mihi deos iratos excitasti"<sup>1</sup> . . .

*LO* | Ac me iterum in cellam sacerdotis nihil recusantem perduxit impulitque super lectum et harundinem ab ostio rapuit iterumque nihil respondentem mulcavit. Ac nisi primo ictu harundo quassata impetum verberantis minuisset, forsitan etiam brachia mea caputque fregisset. Ingemui ego utique propter mascarpionem, lacrimisque ubertim manantibus obscuratum dextra caput super pulvinum inclinavi. Nec minus illa fletu confusa altera parte lectuli sedit aetatisque longae moram tremulis vocibus coepit accusare, donec intervenit sacerdos.

“Quid vos” inquit “in cellam meam tanquam ante *O* recens bustum venistis? | Utique die feriarum, quo etiam lugentes rident.”

*LO* | “*O*” inquit “*Oenothea*, hunc adolescentem quem vides: malo astro natus est; nam neque puero neque *L* puellae bona sua vendere potest. | Nunquam tu hominem tam infelicem vidisti: lorum in aqua, non inguina

*LO* habet. | Ad summam, qualem putas esse, qui de *Circes*

*L* toro sine voluptate surrexit?” | His auditis *Oenothea* inter utrumque consedit motoque diutius capite “*Istum*” inquit “morbum sola sum quae emendare scio. Et ne *me* putetis perplexe agere, rogo ut adolescentulus mecum nocte dormiat . . .

nisi illud tam rigidum reddidero quam cornu:

<sup>1</sup>excitasti *Wouwer*: extricasti.

could you hold your own, but you were weakly, feeble, tired, and like a cab-horse on a hill you wasted your efforts and your sweat. And not content with failing yourself, you have roused the gods to wrath against me." . . .

And she took me unresisting into the priestess's room again, and pushed me over the bed, and took a cane off the door and beat me again when I remained unresponsive. And if the cane had not broken at the first stroke and lessened the force of the blow, I dare say she would have broken my head and my arm outright. Anyhow I groaned at her dirty tricks, and wept abundantly, and covered my head with my right arm, and leaned against the pillow. She was upset, and cried too, and sat on another piece of the bed, and began to curse the delays of old age in a quavering voice, when the priestess came in.

"Why have you come into my room as if you were visiting a fresh-made grave?" she said. "Especially on a holiday, when even mourners smile." "Ah, Oenothea," said the woman, "this young man was born under a bad planet; he cannot sell his treasure to boys or girls either. You never beheld such an unlucky creature: he is a piece of wash-leather, not a real man. Just to show you, what do you think of a man who can come away from Circe without a spark of pleasure?" When Oenothea heard this she sat down between us, shook her head for some time, and then said, "I am the only woman alive who knows how to cure that disease. *Et ne me putetis perplexe agere, rogo ut adolescentulus mecum nocte dormiat . . .*

*nisi illud tam rigidum reddidero quam cornu:*

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*LO* | Quicquid in orbe vides, paret mihi. Florida tellus,  
 cum volo, siccatis arescit languida sucis,  
 cum volo, fundit opes, scopulique atque horrida saxa  
 Niliacas iaculantur aquas. Mihi pontus inertes  
 submittit fluctus, zephyrique tacentia ponunt  
 ante meos sua flabra pedes. Mihi flumina parent  
 Hyrcanaeque tigres et iussi stare dracones.  
 Quid leviora loquor? Lunae descendit imago  
 carminibus deducta meis, trepidusque furentes  
 flectere Phoebus equos revoluta cogitur orbe.  
 Tantum dicta valent. Taurorum flamma quiescit  
 virgineis exstincta sacris, Phoebeia Circe  
 carminibus magicis socios mutavit Vlixis,  
 Proteus esse solet quicquid libet. His ego callens  
 artibus Idaeos frutices in gurgite sistam  
 et rursus fluvios in summo vertice ponam."

135 | Inhorruī ego tam fabulosa pollicitatione conterritus,  
 anumque inspicere diligentius coepi . . .  
 "Ergo" exclamat Oenothēa "imperio parete" . . .  
 detersisque curiose manibus inclinavit se in lectulum  
 ac me semel iterumque basiavit . . .

*L* | Oenothēa mensam veterem posuit in medio altari,  
 quam vivis implevit carbonibus, et camellam etiam  
 vetustate ruptam pice temperata refecit. Tum clavum,  
 qui detrahentem secutus cum camella lignea fuerat,

*LO* fumoso parieti reddidit. | Mox incincta quadrato pallio  
 cucumam ingentem foco apposuit, simulque pannum  
 de carnario detulit furca, in quo faba erat ad usum  
*L* reposita | et sincipitis vetustissima particula mille



"Whatever thou seest in the world is obedient to me. The flowery earth, when I will, faints and withers as its juices dry, and, when I will, pours forth its riches, while rocks and rough crags spurt waters wide as the Nile. The great sea lays its waves lifeless before me, and the winds lower their blasts in silence at my feet. The rivers obey me, and Hyrcanian tigers, and serpents, whom I bid stand still. But I will not tell you of small things; the shape of the moon is drawn down to me by my spells, and Phoebus trembles and must turn his fiery steeds as I compel him back in his course. So great is the power of words. The flaming spirit of bulls is quenched and calmed by a maiden's rites, and Circe, the child of Phoebus, transfigured Ulysses's crew with magic songs, and Proteus can take what form he will. And I, who am cunning in these arts, can plant the bushes of Mount Ida in the sea, or set rivers back on lofty peaks."

I shrank in horror from her promised miracles, and began to look at the old woman more carefully. . . . 135  
"Now," cried Oenothea, "obey my orders!" and she wiped her hands carefully, leaned over the bed, and kissed me once, twice . . . .

Oenothea put up an old table in the middle of the altar, and covered it with live coals, and repaired a wine-cup that had cracked from age with warm pitch. Then she drove in once more on the smoky wall a nail which had come away with the wooden wine-cup when she took it down. Then she put on a square cloak, and laid an enormous cooking-pot on the hearth, and at the same time took off the meat-hooks with a fork a bag which had in it some beans put by for use, and some very mouldy pieces of a brain smashed into

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*LO* plagis dolata. | Ut solvit ergo licio pannum, partem leguminis super mensam effudit iussitque me diligenter purgare. Servio ego imperio granaque sordidissimis putaminibus vestita curiosa manu segrego. At illa inertiam meam accusans improba tollit, dentibusque folliculos pariter spoliat atque in terram veluti muscarum imagines despuat . . .

Mirabar equidem paupertatis ingenium singularumque rerum quasdam artes:

Non Indum fulgebat ebur, quod inhaeserat auro, nec iam calcato radiabat marmore terra muneribus delusa suis, sed crate saligna impositum Cereris vacuae nemus et nova terrae pocula, quae facili vilis rota finxerat actu.<sup>1</sup>

Hinc molli stillae lacus et de caudice lento vimineae lances maculataque testa Lyaeo.

At paries circa palea satiatus inani fortuitoque luto clavos<sup>2</sup> numerabat agrestes, et viridi iunco gracilis pendebat harundo.

Praeterea quae fumoso suspensa tigillo conservabat opes humilis casa, mitia sorba inter odoratas pendebant texta coronas et thymbrae veteres et passis uva racemis: qualis in Actaea quondam fuit hospita terra, digna sacris Hecales, quam Musa loquentibus annis Battiadae vatis mirandam tradidit aevo . . .

136 Dum illa carnis etiam paululum delibat . . . et dum coaequale natalium suorum sinciput in carnarium furca reponit, fracta est putris sella, quae

<sup>1</sup> actu margin of *L*: astu or hastu.

<sup>2</sup> clavos *Sambucus*: clavus.

a thousand fragments. After unfastening the bag she poured out some of the beans on the table, and told me to shell them carefully. I obeyed orders, and my careful fingers parted the kernels from their dirty covering of shell. But she reproved me for laziness, snatched them up in a hurry, tore off the shells with her teeth in a moment, and spat them on to the ground like the empty husks of flies. . .

I marvelled at the resources of poverty, and the art displayed in each particular. 'No Indian ivory set in gold shone here, the earth did not gleam with marble now trodden upon and mocked for the gifts she gave, but the grove of Ceres on her holiday was set round with hurdles of willow twigs and fresh cups of clay shaped by a quick turn of the lowly wheel. There was a vessel for soft honey, and wicker-work plates of pliant bark, and a jar dyed with the blood of Bacchus. And the wall round was covered with light chaff and spattered mud; on it hung rows of rude nails and slim stalks of green rushes. Besides this, the little cottage roofed with smoky beams preserved their goods, the soft service-berries hung entwined in fragrant wreaths, and dried savory and bunches of raisins; such a hostess was here as was once on Athenian soil, worthy of the worship of Hecale,<sup>1</sup> of whom the Muse testified for all ages to adore her, in the years when the poet of Cyrene sang.'

While she was having a small mouthful of meat as well, . . . and was replacing the brain, which must have been born on her own birthday, on the jack with her fork, the rotten stool which she was using to increase

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<sup>1</sup> Hecale was a poor woman who entertained Theseus. The poet Callimachus (a native of Cyrene, founded by Aristotle of Thera, called Battus) wrote a famous epic called after her.

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staturae altitudinem adiecerat, anumque pondere suo deiectam super foculum mittit. Frangitur ergo cervix cucumulae ignemque modo convalescentem

*L* restinguit. | Vexat cubitum ipsa stipite ardenti |  
*LO* faciemque totam excitato cinere perfundit. Con-  
 surrexi equidem turbatus anumque non sine risu  
 erexi . . .

*L* | Statimque, ne res aliqua sacrificium moraretur, ad  
 reficiendum ignem in viciniam cucurrit. . . .

*O* | Itaque ad casae ostiolum processi . . .

*LOL* | cum ecce tres anseres sacri | qui, ut puto medio  
*LO* die solebant ab anu diaria exigere, | impetum in  
 me faciunt foedoque ac veluti rabioso stridore  
 circumstant trepidantem. Atque alius tunicam  
 meam lacerat, alius vincula calceamentorum resolvit  
 ac trahit; unus etiam, dux ac magister saevitiae,  
 non dubitavit crus meum serrato vexare morsu.  
 Oblitus itaque nugarum pedem mensulae extorsi  
 coepique pugnacissimum animal armata elidere  
 manu. Nec satiatus defunctorio ictu, morte me  
 anseris vindicavi:

Tales Herculea Stymphalidas arte coactas  
 ad caelum fugisse reor, pennaeque fluentis  
 Harpyias, cum Phineo maduere veneno  
 fallaces epulae. Tremuit perterritus aether  
 planctibus insolitis, confusaque regia caeli . . .

*L* | Iam reliqui revolutam passimque per totum effusam  
 pavementum collegerant fabam, orbatique, ut existimo,  
 duce redierant in templum, cum ego praeda simul  
 atque [hac] vindicta gaudens post lectum occisum  
 anserem mitto vulnusque cruris haud altum aceto

her height broke, and the old woman's weight sent her down on to the hearth. So the neck of the pot broke and put out the fire, which was just getting up. A glowing brand touched her elbow, and her whole face was covered with the ashes she scattered. I jumped up in confusion and put the old woman straight, not without a laugh. . . . She ran off to her neighbours to see to reviving the fire, to prevent anything keeping the ceremony back. . . . So I went to the door of the house, . . . when all at once three sacred geese, who I suppose generally demanded their daily food from the old woman at mid-day, made a rush at me, and stood round me while I trembled, cackling horribly like mad things. One tore my clothes, another untied the strings of my sandals and tugged them off; the third, the ringleader and chief of the brutes, lost no time in attacking my leg with his jagged bill. It was no laughing matter: I wrenched off a leg of the table and began to hammer the ferocious creature with this weapon in my hand. One simple blow did not content me. I avenged my honour by the death of the goose.

Even so I suppose the birds of Stymphalus fled into the sky when the power of Hercules compelled them, and the Harpies whose reeking wings made the tantalizing food of Phineus run with poison. The air above trembled and shook with unwonted lamentation, and the palace of heaven was in an uproar. . . .

The remaining geese had now picked up the beans, which were spilt and scattered all over the floor, and having lost their leader had gone back, I think, to the temple. Then I came in, proud of my prize and my victory, threw the dead goose behind the bed, and bathed the wound on my leg, which was not

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diluo. Deinde convicium verens abeundi formavi consilium, collectoque cultu meo ire extra casam coepi. Necdum superaveram<sup>1</sup> cellulae limen, cum animadverto Oenotheam cum testo ignis pleno venientem. Reduxi igitur gradum proiectaque veste, tanquam exspectarem morantem, in aditu steti. Collocavit illa ignem cassis harundinibus collectum, ingestisque super pluribus lignis excusare coepit moram, quod amica se non dimisisset nisi tribus potionibus e lege siccatis. "Quid" porro "tu" inquit "me absente fecisti, aut ubi est faba?" Ego, qui putaveram me rem laude etiam dignam fecisse, ordine illi totum proelium exposui, et ne diutius tristis esset, iacturae pensionem anserem LO obtuli. Quem | anus ut vidit, tam magnum aequae clamorem sustulit, ut putares iterum anseres limen intrasse. Confusus itaque et novitate facinoris attonitus 137 quaerebam, quid excandisset, aut quare anseris potius quam mei misereretur. At illa complois manibus "Scelerate" inquit "etiam loqueris? Nescis quam magnum flagitium admiseris: occidisti Priapi delicias, anserem omnibus matronis acceptissimum. Itaque ne te putes nihil egisse, si magistratus hoc scierint, ibis in crucem. Polluisti sanguine domicilium meum ante hunc diem inviolatum, fecistisque ut me, quisquis voluerit inimicus, sacerdotio pellat." . . . L | "Rogo" inquam "noli clamare: ego tibi pro ansere struthocamelum reddam" . . .

<sup>1</sup> superaveram *Turnebus*: liberaveram or libaveram.

deep, with vinegar. Then, being afraid of a scolding, I made a plan for getting away, put my things together, and started to leave the house. I had not yet got outside the room, when I saw Oenothea coming with a jar full of live coals. So I drew back and threw off my coat, and stood in the entrance as if I were waiting for her return. She made up a fire which she raised out of some broken reeds, and after heaping on a quantity of wood, began to apologize for her delay, saying that her friend would not let her go until the customary three glasses had been emptied. "What did you do while I was away?" she went on, "and where are the beans?" Thinking that I had done something which deserved a word of praise, I described the whole of my fight in detail, and to put an end to her depression I produced the goose as a set-off to her losses. When the old woman saw the bird, she raised such a great shriek that you would have thought that the geese had come back into the room again. I was astonished and shocked to find so strange a crime at my door, and I asked her why she had flared up, and why she should be more sorry for the goose than for me. But she beat her hands together and said, "You villain, you dare to speak. Do you not know what a dreadful sin you have committed? You have killed the darling of Priapus, the goose beloved of all married women. And do not suppose that it is not serious; if any magistrate finds out, on the cross you go. My house was spotless until to-day, and you have defiled it with blood, and you have given out of my priesthood." . . .

"Not such a noise, please," I said; "I will give you an ostrich to replace the goose." . . .

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Dum haec me stupente in lectulo sedet anserisque fatum complorat, interim Proselenos cum impensa sacrificii venit, visoque ansero occiso sciscitata causam tristitiae et ipsa flere vehementius coepit meique misereri, tanquam patrem meum, non publicum anserem, occidissem. Itaque taedio fatigatus "rogo" inquam "expiare manus pretio liceat<sup>1</sup> . . . si vos provocassem, etiam si homicidium fecissem. Ecce duos aureos pono, unde possitis et deos et anseres emere." Quos ut vidit Oenothea, "ignosce" inquit "adulescens, sollicita sum tua causa. Amoris est hoc argumentum, non malignitatis. Itaque dabimus operam, ne quis sciat. Tu modo deos roga, ut illi facto tuo ignoscant."

LO | Quisquis habet nummos, segura navigat<sup>2</sup> aura  
 fortunamque suo temperat arbitrio.  
 Uxorem ducat Danaen ipsumque licebit  
 Acrisium iubeat credere quod Danaen.  
 Carmina componat, declamet, concrepet omnes  
 et peragat causas sitque Catone prior.  
 Iurisconsultus "parret, non parret" habeto  
 atque esto quicquid Servius et Labeo.  
 Multa loquor: quod vis, nummis praesentibus opta,  
 et veniet. Clausum possidet arca Iovem . . .

L | Infra manus meas camellam vini posuit, et cum  
 digitos pariter extensos porris apioque lustrasset,  
 abellanas nuces cum precatione mersit in vinum. Et  
 sive in summum redierant, sive subsederant, ex hoc

<sup>1</sup>liceat *Dousa*: licet.

<sup>2</sup>navigat *Vincentius*: naviget.



I was amazed, and the woman sat on the bed and wept over the death of the goose, until Proselenos came in with materials for the sacrifice, and seeing the dead bird, inquired why we were so depressed. When she found out she began to weep loudly, too, and to compassionate me as if I had killed my own father instead of a common goose. I grew tired and disgusted, and said, "Please let me cleanse my hands by paying; it would be another thing if I had insulted you or done a murder. Look, I will put down two gold pieces. You can buy both gods and geese for that." When Oenothea saw the money, she said, "Forgive me, young man, I am troubled on your account. I am showing my love and not my ill-will. So we will do our best to keep the secret. But pray the gods to pardon what you have done."

"Whoever has money sails in a fair wind, and directs his fortune at his own pleasure. Let him take Danae to wife, and he can tell Acrisius to believe what he told Danae. Let him write poetry, make speeches, snap his fingers at the world, win his cases and outdo Cato. A lawyer, let him have his 'Proven' and his 'Not proven,' and be all that Servius and Labeo were. I have said enough; with money about you, wish for what you like and it will come. Your safe has Jupiter shut up in it." . . .

She stood a jar of wine under my hands, and made me stretch all my fingers out, and rubbed them with leeks and parsley, and threw filberts into the wine with a prayer. She drew her conclusions from them according

## TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

coniecturam ducebat.<sup>1</sup> Nec me fallebat inanes scilicet ac sine medulla ventosas nuces in summo umore consistere, graves autem et plenas integro fructu ad ima deferri . . .

Recluso pectore extraxit fartissimum<sup>2</sup> iecur et inde mihi futura praedixit.

Immo, ne quod vestigium sceleris superesset, totum anserem laceratum verubus confixit epulasque etiam lautas paulo ante, ut ipsa dicebat, perituro paravit. . . .

Volabant inter haec potiones meracae . . .

138 Profert Oenothera scorteum fascinum, quod ut oleo et minuto pipere atque urticae trito circumdedit semine, paulatim coepit inserere ano meo. . . .

Hoc crudelissima anus spargit subinde umore femina mea . . .

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

Aniculae quamvis solutae mero ac libidine essent, eandem viam tentant et per aliquot vicos secutae fugientem "Prende furem" clamant. Evasi tamen omnibus digitis inter praecipitem decursum cruentatis . . .

"Chrysis, quae priorem fortunam tuam oderat, hanc vel cum periculo capitis persequi destinat" . . .

"Quid huic formae aut Ariadne habuit aut Leda simile? Quid contra hanc Helene, quid Venus posset? Ipse Paris, dearum litigantium<sup>3</sup> iudex, si hanc in compa-

<sup>1</sup> hoc *Goldast*: hac                      coniecturam ducebat *Dousa*:  
coniectura dicebat.

<sup>2</sup> fartissimum *Heinsius*: fortissimum.

<sup>3</sup> litigantium *Dousa*: libidinantium.

as they rose to the top or sank. I noticed that the nuts which were empty and had no kernel, but were filled with air, stayed on the surface, while the heavy ones, which were ripe and full, were carried to the bottom. . . .

She cut the goose open, drew out a very fat liver, and foretold the future to me from it. Further, to remove all traces of my crime, she ran the goose right through with a spit, and made quite a fine meal for me, though I had been at death's door a moment ago, as she told me. . . .

Cups of neat wine went swiftly round with it. . . .

Profert Oenotheca scorteum fascinum, quod ut oleo 138  
et minuto pipere atque urticae trito circumdedit  
semine, paulatim coepit inserere ano meo. . . .

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

Though the poor old things were silly with drink and passion they tried to take the same road, and pursued me through several streets, crying "Stop thief!" But I escaped, with all my toes running blood in my headlong flight. . . .

"Chrysis, who despised your lot before, means to follow you now even at peril of her life." . . .

"Ariadne and Leda had no beauty like hers. Helen and Venus would be nothing beside her. And Paris himself, who decided the quarrel of the goddesses,<sup>1</sup> would have made over Helen and the goddesses too to her, if his eager gaze had seen her to compare

<sup>1</sup> Paris judged the claims of Hera, Aphrodite and Athena to the golden apple inscribed "To the fairest," which Eris threw among the guests at the wedding of Peleus and Thetis, and awarded it to Aphrodite.

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ratione vidisset tam petulantibus oculis, et Helenen huic donasset et deas. Saltem si permetteretur osculum capere, si illud caeleste ac divinum pectus amplecti forsitan rediret hoc corpus ad vires et resipiscerent partes veneficio, credo, sopitae. Nec me contumeliae lassant: quod verberatus sum, nescio; quod eiectus sum, lusum puto. Modo redire in gratiam liceat" . . .

139 Torum frequenti tractatione vexavi, amoris mei quasi quandam imaginem . . .

"Non solum me numen et implacabile fatum persequitur. Prius Inachia Tiryntius ora

exagitatus onus caeli tulit, ante profanam

Laomedon gemini satiavit numinis iram,

Iunonem Pelias sensit, tulit insecius arma

Telephus et regnum Neptuni pavit Vlixes.

Me quoque per terras, per cani Nereos aequor

Hellespontiaci sequitur gravis ira Priapi" . . .

Quaerere a Gitone meo coepi, num aliquis me quaesisset. "Nemo" inquit "hodie. Sed hesterno die mulier quaedam haud inculta ianuam intravit, cumque diu mecum esset locuta et me accersito sermone lassasset, ultimo coepit dicere, te noxam meruisse da'urumque serviles poenas, si laesus in querella perseverasset" . . .

with them. If only I were allowed a kiss, or could put my arms round the body that is heaven's own self; maybe my body would come back to its strength, and the part of me that is drowsed with poison, I believe, might be itself again. No insult turns me back; I forget my floggings, and I think it fine sport to be flung out of doors. Only let her be kind to me again." . . .

I moved uneasily over the bed again and again, as if I sought for the ghost of my love . . .

'I am not the only one whom God and an inexorable doom pursues. Before me the son of Tiryns was driven from the Inachian shore and bore the burden of heaven, and Laomedon before me satisfied the ominous wrath of two gods.<sup>1</sup> Pelias felt Juno's power, Telephus<sup>2</sup> fought in ignorance, and Ulysses was in awe of Neptune's kingdom.<sup>3</sup> And me too the heavy wrath of Hellespontine Priapus follows over the earth and over the waters of hoary Nereus.' . . .

I began to inquire of Giton whether anyone had asked for me. "No one to-day," he said, "but yesterday a rather pretty woman came in at the door, and talked to me for a long while, till I was tired of her forced conversation, and then began to say that you deserved to be hurt and would have the tortures of a slave, if your adversary persisted with his complaint." . . .

<sup>1</sup>He cheated Apollo and Neptune of their wages for building Troy. See Homer, *Iliad* xxiii, 442: Horace, *Odes*, iii. 3.

<sup>2</sup>He was king of Mysia and fought the Greeks who were driven ashore in his country on their way to Troy. Achilles wounded him with the miraculous spear of Chiron. (Murray, *Euripides*, p. 345.)

<sup>3</sup>The *Odyssey* is the record of the wanderings of Ulysses by sea.

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Nondum querellam finieram, cum Chrysis intervenit amplexuque effusissimo me invasit et "Teneo te" inquit "qualem speraveram: tu desiderium meum, tu voluptas mea, nunquam finies hunc ignem, nisi sanguine extinxis" . . .

Unus ex noviciis servulis subito accurrit et mihi dominum iratissimum esse affirmavit, quod biduo iam officio defuissem. Recte ergo me facturum, si excusationem aliquam idoneam praeparassem. Vix enim posse fieri, ut rabies irascentis sine verbere consideret . . .

- 140 Matrona inter primas honesta, Philomela nomine, 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 pigesiaca<sup>1</sup> sacra. Sed et podagricum se esse lumborumque solutorum omnibus dixerat, et si non servasset integram simulationem, periclitabatur totam paene tragoediam evertere. Itaque ut constaret mendacio fides, puellam quidem exoravit, ut sederet super commendatam bonitatem, Craci autem imperavit, ut lectum, in quo ipse iacebat, subiret positisque

<sup>1</sup> pigesiaca *margin of L.*

I had not finished grumbling, when Chrysis came in, ran up and warmly embraced me, and said, "Now I have you as I hoped; you are my desire, my pleasure, you will never put out this flame unless you quench it in my blood." . . .

One of the new slaves suddenly ran up and said that my master was furious with me because I had now been away from work two days. The best thing I could do would be to get ready some suitable excuse. It was hardly possible that his savage wrath would abate without a flogging for me. . . .

Matrona inter primas honesta, Philomela nomine, 140  
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## TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

in pavimento manibus dominum lumbis suis commoveret. Ille lente<sup>1</sup> parebat imperio puellaeque artificium pari motu remunerabat. Cum ergo res ad effectum spectaret, clara Eumolpus voce exhortabatur Coraca, ut spissaret officium. Sic inter mercennarium amicamque positus senex veluti oscillatione ludebat. Hoc semel iterumque ingenti risu, etiam suo, Eumolpus fecerat. Itaque ego quoque, ne desidia consuetudinem perderem, dum frater sororis suae automata per clostellum miratur, accessi temptaturus, an pateretur iniuriam. Nec se reiciebat a blanditiis doctissimus puer, sed me numen inimicum ibi quoque invenit . . .

“Dii maiores sunt, qui me restituerunt in integrum. Mercurius enim, qui animas ducere et reducere solet, suis beneficiis reddidit mihi, quod manus irata praeciderat, ut scias me gratiosorem esse quam Protesilaum aut quemquam alium antiquorum.” Haec locutus sustuli tunicam Eumolpoque me totum approbavi. At ille primo exhorruit, deinde ut plurimum crederet, utraque manu deorum beneficia tractat . . .

“Socrates, deorum hominumque . . . , gloriari solebat, quod nunquam neque in tabernam conspexerat nec ullius turbae frequentioris concilio oculos suos crederat. Adeo nihil est commodius quam semper cum sapientia loqui.”

“Omnia” inquam “ista vera sunt; nec ulli enim celerius homines incidere debent in malam fortunam, quam qui alienum concupiscunt. Unde plani autem, unde levatores viverent, nisi aut locellos aut sonantes aere sacellos pro hamis in turbam mitterent? Sicut muta animalia cibo inescantur, sic homines non caperentur nisi spei aliquid morderent” . . .

<sup>1</sup>lente *Scioppius*: lento.



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"Socrates, the friend of God and man, used to boast that he had never peeped into a shop, or allowed his eyes to rest on any large crowd. So nothing is more blessed than always to converse with wisdom."

"All that is very true," I said, "and no one deserves to fall into misery sooner than the covetous. But how would cheats or pickpockets live, if they did not expose little boxes or purses jingling with money, like hooks, to collect a crowd? Just as dumb creatures are snared by food, human beings would not be caught unless they had a nibble of hope." . . .

<sup>1</sup> He was allowed to revisit earth after death. See Wordsworth's *Laodamia*.

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141 “Ex Africa navis, ut promiseras, cum pecunia tua et familia non venit. Captatores iam exhausti liberalitatem imminuerunt. Itaque aut fallor, aut fortuna communis coepit redire ad paenitentiam tuam”<sup>1</sup> . . .

“Omnes, qui in testamento meo legata habent, praeter libertos meos hac condicione percipient, quae dedi, si corpus meum in partes conciderint et astante populo comederint” . . .

“Apud quasdam gentes scimus adhuc legem servari, ut a propinquis suis consumantur defuncti, adeo quidem, ut obiurgentur aegri frequenter, quod carnem suam faciant peiorem. His admoneo amicos meos, ne recusent quae iubeo, sed quibus animis devoverint spiritum meum, eisdem etiam corpus consumant” . . .

Excaecabat pecuniae ingens fama oculos animosque miserorum.

Gorgia paratus erat exsequi . . .

“De stomachi tui recusatione non habeo quod timeam. Sequetur imperium, si promiseris illi pro unius horae fastidio multorum bonorum pensationem. Operi modo oculos et finge te non humana viscera sed centies sestertium comesse. Accedit huc, quod aliqua inveniemus blandimenta, quibus saporem mutemus. Neque enim ulla caro per se placet, sed arte quadam corrumpitur et stomacho conciliatur averso. Quod si exemplis quoque vis probari consilium, Saguntini oppressi ab Hannibale humanas edere carnes, nec

<sup>1</sup>tuam *Busch*: suam.

"The ship from Africa with your money and slaves 141 that you promised does not arrive. The fortune-hunters are tired out, and their generosity is shrinking. So that unless I am mistaken, our usual luck is on its way back to punish you." . . .

"All those who come into money under my will, except my own children, will get what I have left them on one condition, that they cut my body in pieces and eat it up in sight of the crowd." . . .

"We know that in some countries a law is still observed, that dead people shall be eaten by their relations, and the result is that sick people are often blamed for spoiling their own flesh. So I warn my friends not to disobey my orders, but to eat my body as heartily as they damned my soul." . . .

His great reputation for wealth dulled the eyes and brains of the fools. Gorgias was ready to manage the funeral. . . .

"I am not at all afraid of your stomach turning. You will get it under control if you promise to repay it for one unpleasant hour with heaps of good things. Just shut your eyes and dream you are eating up a solid million instead of human flesh. Besides, we shall find some kind of sauce which will take the taste away. No flesh at all is pleasant in itself, it has to be artificially disguised and reconciled to the unwilling digestion. But if you wish the plan to be supported by precedents, the people of Saguntum,<sup>1</sup> when Hannibal besieged them, ate human flesh without any legacy in

<sup>1</sup> Saguntum fell in 218 B.C. after an eight months' siege.

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hereditatem expectabant. Petelini<sup>1</sup> idem fecerunt in ultima fame, nec quicquam aliud in hac epulatione captabant, nisi tantum ne esurirent. Cum esset Numantia a Scipione capta, inventae sunt matres, quae liberorum suorum tenerent semesa in sinu corpora" . . .

<sup>1</sup>*Petelini Puteanus: Petavii.*

## SATYRICON

prospect. The people of Petelia<sup>1</sup> did likewise in the extremities of famine, and gained nothing by the diet, except of course that they were no longer hungry. And when Numantia was stormed by Scipio,<sup>2</sup> some women were found with the half-eaten bodies of their children hidden in their bosoms." . . .

<sup>1</sup> A town in the territory of the Bruttii, who were subdued by Rome in the 3rd century B.C.

<sup>2</sup> In 133 B.C. after fifteen months' blockade. The fall of the city established the supremacy of Rome in Spain.

## FRAGMENTA

### I

*Servius ad Vergili Aen. III 57: auri sacra fames]* sacra id est execrabilis. Tractus est autem sermo ex more Gallorum. Nam Massilienses quotiens pestilentia laborabant, unus se ex pauperibus offerebat alendus anno integro publicis *sumptibus* et purioribus cibis. Hic postea ornatus verbenis et vestibis sacris circumducebatur per totam civitatem cum execrationibus, ut in ipsum reciderent mala totius civitatis, et sic proiciebatur. Hoc autem in Petronio lectum est

### II

*Servius ad Vergili Aen. XII 159 de feminino nominum in TOR exeuntium genere:* Si autem a verbo non venerint, communia sunt. Nam similiter et masculina et feminina in TOR exeunt, ut hic et haec senator, hic et haec balneator, licet Petronius usurpaverit "balneatricem" dicens

### III

*Pseudacro ad Horati epod. 5, 48:* Canidia rodens pollicem] habitum et motum Canidiae expressit furentis. Petronius ut monstraret furentem, "pollice" ait "usque ad periculum roso"

## FRAGMENTS

### I

*Servius on Virgil, Aeneid III, 57*: "The sacred hunger for gold." "Sacred" means "accursed." This expression is derived from a Gallic custom. For whenever the people of Massilia were burdened with pestilence, one of the poor would volunteer to be fed for an entire year out of public funds on food of special purity. After this period he would be decked with sacred herbs and sacred robes, and would be led through the whole state while people cursed him, in order that the sufferings of the whole state might fall upon him, and so he would be cast out. This account has been given in Petronius.

### II

*Servius on Virgil, Aeneid XII, 159, on the feminine gender of nouns ending in -tor*: But if they are not derived from a verb they are common in gender. For in these cases both the masculine and the feminine end alike in -tor, for example, senator, a male or female senator, balneator, a male or female bath attendant, though Petronius makes an exception in speaking of a "bath-woman" (*balneatricem*).

### III

*Pseud-Acro on Horace, Epodes 5, 48*: "Canidia biting her thumb": He expressed the appearance and movements of Canidia in a rage. Petronius, wishing to portray a furious person, says "biting his thumb to the quick."

## FRAGMENTA

### IV

*Sidonius Apollinaris carminis XXIII:*

quid vos eloquii canam Latini,  
Arpinas, Patavine, Mantuane?—  
Et te Massiliensium per hortos  
sacri stipitis, Arbiter, colonum  
Hellespontiaco parem Priapo?

### V

*Priscianus institutionum VIII 16 p. 381 et XI 29 p. 567 Hertzii inter exempla quibus deponentium verborum participia praeteriti temporis passivam significationem habere declarat: Petronius "animam nostro amplexam pectore"*

### V<sup>b</sup>

*Boethius in Porphyrium a Victorino translatum dialogo II extremo p. 45 exemplarium Basiliensium: Ego faciam, inquit, libentissime. Sed quoniam iam matutinus, ut ait Petronius, sol tectis arrisit, surgamus, et si quid est illud, diligentiore postea consideratione tractabitur*

### VI\*

*Fulgentius mythologiarum I p. 23 Munckeri: Nescis . . . quantum saturam matronae formident. Licet mulierum verbalibus undis et causidici cedant nec grammatici muttiant, rhetor taceat et clamorem praeco compescat, sola est quae modum imponit furentibus, licet Petroniana subet Albucia*



## FRAGMENTS

### IV

*Sidonius Apollinaris Carmen XXIII, 145, 155*: Why should I hymn you, tuneful Latin writers, thou of Arpinum, thou of Patavium, thou of Mantua?<sup>1</sup> And thou, Arbiter, who in the gardens of the men of Massilia findest a home on the hallowed tree-trunk as the peer of Hellespontine Priapus?

### V

*Priscian Institutiones VIII, 16 and XI, 29* (pp. 381, 567 ed. Hertz) among the examples by which he shows that the past participles of deponent verbs have a passive meaning: Petronius, "the soul locked (*amplexam*) in our bosoms."

### V<sup>b</sup>

*Boethius on Victorinus's translation of Porphyry, Dialogue II* (p. 45 ed. Basle): I shall be very glad to do it, he said. But since the morning sun, in Petronius's words, has now smiled upon the roofs, let us get up, and if there is any other point, it shall be treated later with more careful attention.

### VI

*Fulgentius Mythologiae I* (p. 23 ed. Muncker): You do not know . . . how women dread satire. Lawyers may retreat and scholars may not utter a syllable before the flood of a woman's words, the rhetorician may be dumb and the herald may stop his cries; satire alone can put a limit to their madness, though it be Petronius's *Albucia* who is hot.

<sup>1</sup>The writers are Cicero, Livy, Virgil.

## FRAGMENTA

### VII\*

*Fulgentius mythologiarum III 8 p. 124 ubi sucum myrrhae valde fervidum esse dixit: Unde et Petronius Arbiter ad libidinis concitamentum myrrhinum se poculum bibisse refert*

### VIII\*

*Fulgentius in expositione Virgilianae continentiae p. 156: Tricerberi enim fabulam iam superius exposuimus in modum iurgii forensisque litigii positam. Unde et Petronius in Euscion ait "Cerberus forensis erat causicus"*

### IX\*

*Fulgentius in expositione sermonum antiquorum 42 p. 565 Merceri: Ferculum dicitur missum carniū. Unde et Petronius Arbiter ait "postquam ferculum allatum est"*

### X\*

*Fulgentius ibidem 46 p. 565: Valgia vero sunt labelorum obtortiones in supinatione factae. Sicut et Petronius ait "obtorto valgiter labello"*

### XI\*

*Fulgentius ibidem 52 p. 566: Alucinare dicitur vana somniari, tractum ab alucitis, quos nos conopes dicimus. Sicut Petronius Arbiter ait "nam contubernalem alucitae molestabant"*

## FRAGMENTS

### VII

*Fulgentius Mythologiae III, 8 (p. 124)*, (where he remarked that essence of myrrh is very strong): hence too Petronius Arbiter says that he drank a cup of myrrh in order to excite his passion.

### VIII

*Fulgentius in his Treatise on the Contents of Virgil's works (p. 156)*: For we have already explained above the application of the myth of Cerberus with Three Heads to quarrels and litigation in the courts. Hence too Petronius says of *Euscios*, "The barrister was a Cerberus of the courts."

### IX

*Fulgentius in his Explanation of Old Words, 42 (p. 565 in Mercer's edition)*: *Ferculum* means a dish of flesh. Hence too Petronius Arbiter says, "After the dish of flesh (*ferculum*) was brought in."

### X

*Fulgentius ibid. 46 (p. 565)*: *Valgia* really means the twisting of the lips which occurs in vomiting. As Petronius also says, "With lips twisted as in a vomit (*valgiter*)."

### XI

*Fulgentius ibid. 52 (p. 566)*: *Alucinare* means to dream falsely, and is derived from *alucitae*, which we call *conopes* (mosquitoes). As Petronius Arbiter says, "For the mosquitoes (*alucitae*) were troubling my companion."

## FRAGMENTA

### XII\*

*Fulgentius ibidem 60 p. 567*: Manubiae dicuntur ornamenta regum. Unde et Petronius Arbiter ait "tot regum manubiae penes fugitivum repertae"

### XIII\*

*Fulgentius ibidem 61 p. 567*: Aumatium dicitur locum secretum publicum sicut in theatris aut in circo. Unde et Petronius Arbiter ait "in aumatium memet ipsum conieci"

### XIV

*Isidorus originum V 26, 7*: Dolus est mentis calliditas ab eo quod deludat: aliud enim agit, aliud simulat. Petronius aliter existimat dicens "quid est, iudices, dolus? Nimirum ubi aliquid factum est quod legi dolet. Habetis dolum: accipite nunc malum"

### XV

*Glossarium S. Dionysii*: Petaurus genus ludi. Petronius "petauroque iubente modo superior."

### XVI

Petronius "satis constaret eos nisi inclinatos non solere transire cryptam Neapolitanam" *ex glossario S. Dionysii*.

### XVII\*<sup>1</sup>

*In alio glossario*:

Suppes suppumpis, hoc est supinis pedibus.

Tullia, media vel regia.

<sup>1</sup>Wrongly attributed to Petronius by Pithoeus through misunderstanding a marginal note of Scaliger.

## FRAGMENTS

### XII

*Fulgentius ibid.* 60 (p. 567): *Manubiae* means the ornaments of kings. Hence Petronius Arbiter also says, "So many kingly ornaments (*manubiae*) found in the possession of a runaway."

### XIII

*Fulgentius ibid.* 61 (p. 567): *Aumatium* means a private place in a public spot such as theatres or the circus. Hence Petronius Arbiter also says, "I hurled myself into the privy-place (*auumatium*)."

### XIV

*Isidorus Origines V*, 26, 7: *Dolus*<sup>1</sup> is the mental cunning on the part of the deceiver: for he does one thing and pretends another. Petronius takes a different view when he says, "What is a wrong (*dolus*), gentlemen? It occurs whenever anything offensive to the law is done. You understand what a wrong is: now take damage . . ."

### XV

*Glossary of St. Dionysius*: The spring-board is a kind of game. Petronius, "Now lifted high at the will of the spring-board."

### XVI

*From the Glossary of St. Dionysius*: Petronius, "It was quite certainly their usual plan to go through the Grotto of Naples only with backs bent double."

### XVII

*Another Glossary*:

*Suppes suppumpis*, that is with feet bent backwards.  
*Tullia*, mediator (?) or princess.

<sup>1</sup> *Dolus* originally meant a device without moral connotation; hence the legal term for fraud was *dolus malus*, and the use of *dolus* alone in a bad sense is later.

## FRAGMENTA

### XVIII\*

*Nicouaus Perottus Cornu copiae p. 200, 26 editionis Aldinae anni 1513*: Cosmus etiam excellens unguentarius fuit, a quo unguenta dicta sunt Cosmiana. idem [*Iuvenalis 8, 86*] "et Cosmi toto mergatur aheno." Petronius "affer nobis, inquit, alabastrum Cosmiani"

### XIX

*Terentianus Maurus de metris*:

Horatium videmus  
versus tenoris huius  
nusquam locasse iuges,  
at Arbiter disertus  
libris suis frequentat.  
Agnoscere haec potestis,  
cantare quae solemus:  
"Memphitides puellae  
sacris deum paratae.  
Tinctus colore noctis  
manu puer loquaci"

*Marius Victorinus III 17 (in Keilii grammaticis VI p. 138)*: Huius tenoris ac formae quosdam versus poetas lyricos carminibus suis indidisse cognovimus, ut et apud Arbitrum invenimus, cuius exemplum

"Memphitides puellae  
sacris deum paratae."  
"Tinctus colore noctis  
Aegyptias choreas"

## FRAGMENTS

### XVIII

*Nicolaus Perottus in the Cornucopia (p. 200, 26 in the Aldine Edition of 1513):* Cosmus too was a superb perfumer, and ointments are called Cosmian after him. The same writer (Juvenal 8, 86) says, "and let him be plunged deep in a bronze vase of Cosmus." Petronius, "Bring us, he said, an alabaster box of Cosmus ointment."

### XIX

*Terentianus Maurus on Metre :*

We see that Horace nowhere employed verse of this rhythm continuously, but the learned Arbiter uses it often in his works. You will remember these lines, which we are used to sing: "*The maidens of Memphis, made ready for the rites of the Gods. The boy coloured deep as the night with speaking gestures.*"

*Marius Victorinus III, 17 (Keil, Grammatici, VI, 138):*

We know that the lyric poets inserted some lines of this rhythm and form in their works, as we find too in Arbiter, for example: "*The maidens of Memphis, made ready for the rites of the Gods,*" and again "*Coloured deep as the night, [dancing] Egyptian dances.*"

## FRAGMENTA

## XX

*Terentianus Maurus de metris:*

Nunc divisio, quam loquemur, edet  
metrum, quo memorant Anacreonta  
dulces composuisse cantilenas.

Hoc Petronius invenitur usus,  
Musis cum lyricum refert eundem  
consonantia verba cantitasse,  
et plures alii. Sed iste versus  
quali compositus tome sit, edam.

“Iuverunt segetes meum laborem.”

“Iuverunt” caput est id hexametri—  
quod restat “segetes meum laborem,”

tale est ceu “triplici vides ut ortu  
Triviae rotetur ignis

volucrique Phoebus axe  
rapidum pererret orbem”

## XXI

*Diomedes in arte III p. 518 Keilii:* Et illud hinc est  
comma quod Arbiter fecit tale

“Anus recocta vino  
tremantibus labellis”

## XXII

*Servius in artem Donati p. 432,22 Keilii:* Item Qui-  
rites dicit numero tantum plurali. Sed legimus apud  
Horatium hunc Quiritem, ut sit nominativus hic



## FRAGMENTS

### XX

*Terentianus Maurus on Metre:*

Now the analysis, which we will explain, will give us the metre in which they say that Anacreon wrote his sweet old songs. We find that Petronius, as well as many others, used this metre, when he says that this same lyric poet sang in words harmonious to the Muses. But I will explain with what kind of caesura this verse is written. In the line "*Iuverunt segetes meum laborem*" ("*The cornfields have lightened my labour*"), the word "*iuverunt*" is the beginning of a hexameter: the remaining words "*segetes meum laborem*" are in the same metre as

*triplici vides ut ortu  
Triviae rotetur ignis  
volucrique Phoebus axe  
rapidum pererret orbem*"

("You see how the fire of Trivia spins round from her threefold rising,<sup>1</sup> and Phoebus on his winged wheel traverses the hurrying globe".)

### XXI

*Diomede on Grammar III (Keil p. 518):* Hence arises the caesura which Arbiter employed thus:

*Anus recocta vino  
tremantibus labellis*"

("An old woman soaked in wine, with trembling lips")

### XXII

*Servius on the Grammar of Donatus (Keil p. 432, 22):* Again, he uses "*Quirites*" ("*Roman citizens*") only in the plural number. But we read in Horace the accusative "*hunc Quiritem*" ("*this Roman citizen*") making

<sup>1</sup> I.e. as the new, the full, or the waning moon.

## FRAGMENTA

Quiris. Item idem Horatius "quis te Quiritem?" cuius nominativus erit hic Quirites, ut dicit Petronius

*Pompeius in commento artis Donati p. 167, 9 K*: Nemo dicit "hic Quirites" sed "hi Quirites," licet legerimus hoc. Legite in Petronio, et invenietis de nominativo singulari hoc factum. Et ait Petronius "hic Quirites"

### XXIII

*grammaticus de dubiis nominibus p. 578, 23 K*: Fretum generis neutri et pluraliter freta, ut Petronius "freta Nereidum"

### XXIV\*

*Hieronymus in epistula ad Demetriadem CXXX 19 p. 995 Vallarsii*: Cincinnatulos pueros et calamistratos et peregrini muris olentes pelliculas, de quibus illud Arbitri est

"Non bene olet qui bene semper olet,"  
quasi quasdam pestes et venena pudicitiae virgo devitet

### XXV\*

*Fulgentius mythologiarum II 6 p. 80 de Prometheus*: Quamvis Nicagoras . . . quod vulturi iecur praebeat, livoris quasi pingat imaginem. Unde et Petronius Arbitri ait

"qui voltur iecur intimum pererrat  
et pectus trahit intimasque fibras,  
non est quem lepidi vocant poetae,  
sed cordis mala, livor atque luxus"

## FRAGMENTS

the nominative "hic Quiris." Again, the same Horace says "Quis te Quiritem?" and there the nominative will be "hic Quirites," as Petronius says.

*Pompeius in his Commentary on the Art of Donatus* (Keil p. 167, 9): No one says "this Roman citizen," but "these Roman citizens," although we find the former in books. Read Petronius, and you will find this use of the nominative singular. And Petronius says "Hic Quirites" ("this Roman citizen").

### XXIII

*A Grammarian on Nouns of uncertain gender* (Keil p. 578, 23): Fretum ("a strait") is of the neuter gender, and its plural is freta, as Petronius says "Freta Nereidum" ("The straits of the Nereids").

### XXIV

*Hieronymus in his Letter to Demetriades CXXX, 19* (Vallarsius p. 995): Boys with hair curled and crimped and skins smelling like foreign musk-rats, about whom Arbiter wrote the line, "To smell good always is not to smell good,"<sup>1</sup> showing how the virgin may avoid certain plagues and poisons of modesty.

### XXV

*Fulgentius Mythologiae II, 6* (p. 80, on Prometheus): Although Nicagoras . . . represents his yielding his liver to a vulture, as an allegorical picture of envy. Hence too Petronius Arbiter says: "The vulture who explores our inmost liver, and drags out our heart and inmost nerves, is not the bird of whom our dainty poets talk, but those diseases of the soul, envy and wantonness."

<sup>1</sup> The line occurs in Martial 2, 12, 4. The reference to Petronius may be due to a confusion with ch. 2, l. 1.



TITLE PAGES

INTRODUCTION

Of the poems which follow, 1-17 are found in the MS. ... They follow a number of specimens attributed to ... and are not attributed by the MS. to ... but 2, 1 and 12-14 are quoted by ... L. L. p. 31 and III. 9. p. 4-50 as from ... the general resemblance to ... attribute the manuscript to ... although the manuscript is the same author. ... attribution of the correctness of this attribution is lacking, most readers will feel little doubt that ... was right.

POEMS

18-20 were contained in a MS. ... now lost. The contents of ... were published by ... in 1878. The last two poems were not mentioned to ... one by the MS., and I have included them with ... But as ... the resemblance to the style and tone of ... and they are ... The six poems which followed in the MS. are given by ... W. L. M. p. 103-4 to ... But they have no particular affinity with the work of ... they have inserted among them in their book a number of poems which are attributed by ... (see ... on p. 104) ... are not included here.

1. ... is also contained in ... MS. ...

# TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

## INTRODUCTION

Of the poems which follow, 1-17 are found in the cod. Vossianus L. Q. 86, a MS. of the 9th century. They follow a number of epigrams attributed to Seneca and are not attributed by the MS. to Petronius. But 3, 1 and 13, 6-9 are quoted by Fulgentius (myth. I, 1, p. 31 and III, 9, p. 126) as from Petronius, while the general resemblance to Petronius led Scaliger to attribute the remainder to the same author. Though absolute proof of the correctness of this attribution is lacking, most readers will feel little doubt that Scaliger was right.

18-29<sup>1</sup> were contained in a MS. once at Beauvais and now lost. The contents of this codex Bellovacensis were published by Claude Binet in 1579. The last two poems were not, according to Binet, given to Petronius by the MS., and I have included them with some hesitation. But as Binet saw, the resemblance to the style and tone of Petronius is considerable, and they are therefore given here. The six poems which followed in this MS. are given by Baehrens (*P.L.M.* iv. 103-8) to Petronius. But they have no particular affinity with the work of Petronius, and as they have inserted among them in Binet's book a number of poems which are admittedly by Luxorius (see Baehrens, *op. cit.* App. Crit. on *P.L.M.* iv. 104), they are not included here.

<sup>1</sup>No. 20 is also contained in cod. Paris, 10318 (Salmasianus), cod. Vossianus, *L.Q.* 86, cod. Paris, 8071 (Thuanus).

## POEMS

The remaining two poems are found in cod. Vossianus L.F. 111, a MS. of the 9th century. They are attributed to Petronius by the MS., and follow two poems found in the MSS of the novel (c. 14 and c. 83). Their general resemblance would betray their authorship.

For a discussion of these MSS. see Baehrens, *Poetae Latini Minores*, vol. iv, pp. 11, 13 and 19. Also p. 36 ff.

### SIGLA

Cod. Voss. L.Q. 86 = *V*.

Cod. Bellovacensis = *W*.

Cod. Voss. L.F. 111 = *E*.

H.E.B.

TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

74 *Poet. Lat. Min.* iv, ed. Baehrens.

- 1 Inveniet quod quisque velit: non omnibus unum est  
quod placet: hic spinas colligit, ille rosas.

75 *P.L.M.*

- 2 Iam nunc argentes autumnus fecerat umbras<sup>1</sup>  
atque hiemem tepidis spectabat Phoebus habenis,  
iam platanus iactare comas, iam coeperat uvas  
adnumerare suas defecto palmite vitis:  
ante oculos stabat quidquid promiserat annus.

76 *P.L.M.*

- 3 Primus in orbe deos fecit timor, ardua caelo  
fulmina cum caderent discussaque moenia flammis  
atque ictus flagraret Athos; mox Phoebus ab ortu<sup>2</sup>  
lustrata deuctus humo, Lunaeque senectus  
et reparatus honos; hinc signa effusa per orbem  
et permutatis disiunctus mensibus annus.  
Profecit<sup>3</sup> vitium iamque error iussit inanis  
agricolas primos Cereri dare messis honores,  
palmitibus plenis Bacchum vincire, Palemque  
pastorum gaudere manu; natat obrutus omnis<sup>4</sup>  
Neptunus demersus aqua; Pallasque tabernas  
vindicat; et voti reus et qui vendidit orbem,<sup>5</sup>  
iam sibi quisque deos avido certamine fingit.

77 *P.L.M.*

- 4 Nolo ego semper idem capiti suffundere costum  
nec noto<sup>6</sup> stomachum conciliare mero.

<sup>1</sup> argentes . . . fecerat *Baehrens*: ardentis . . . fregerat *V.*

<sup>2</sup> ab ortu *Butler*: ad ortus *V.*

<sup>3</sup> profecit *anon*: proiecit *V.*

<sup>4</sup> natat obrutus *probably corrupt*: portus tenet *Buecheler*.

<sup>5</sup> orbem *perhaps corrupt*: orbam *Barth*: urbem *Pithoeus*.

<sup>6</sup> noto *Paulmier*: toto *V.*



Every man shall find his own desire; there is no 1  
 one thing which pleases all: one man gathers thorns  
 and another roses.

Now autumn had brought its chill shades, and 2  
 Phoebus was looking winterwards with cooler reins.  
 Now the plane-tree had begun to shed down her  
 leaves, now the young shoots had withered on the  
 vine, and she had begun to number her grapes: the  
 whole promise of the year was standing before our  
 eyes.

It was fear first created gods in the world, when the 3  
 lightning fell from high heaven, and the ramparts of the  
 world were rent with flame, and Athos was smitten and  
 blazed. Soon 'twas Phoebus sank to earth, after he  
 had traversed earth from his rising; the Moon grew  
 old and once more renewed her glory; next the starry  
 signs were spread through the firmament, and the  
 year divided into changing seasons. The folly spread,  
 and soon vain superstition bade the labourer yield to  
 Ceres the harvest's chosen firstfruits, and garland  
 Bacchus with the fruitful vine, and made Pales to  
 rejoice in the shepherd's work; Neptune swims deep-  
 plunged beneath all the waters of the world, Pallas  
 watches over shops, and the man who wins his prayer  
 or has betrayed the world for gold now strives greedily  
 to create gods of his own.

I would not always steep my head with the same 4  
 sweet nard, nor strive to win my stomach with familiar

TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

Taurus amat gramen mutata carpere valle  
et fera mutatis sustinet ora cibus.  
Ipsa dies ideo nos grato perluit haustu,  
quod permutatis hora recurrit equis.

78 P.L.M.

- 5 Uxor, legis onus,<sup>1</sup> debet quasi census amari.  
nec censum vellem semper amare meum.

79 P.L.M.

- 6 Linque tuas sedes alienaque litora quaere,  
o<sup>2</sup> iuvenis: maior rerum tibi nascitur ordo.  
Ne succumbe malis: te noverit ultimus Hister,  
te Boreas gelidus securaque regna Canopi,  
quique renascentem Phoebum cernuntque cadentem:  
maior in externas fit qui<sup>3</sup> descendit harenas.

80 P.L.M.

- 7 Nam nihil est, quod non mortalibus afferat usum;  
rebus in adversis quae iacere iuvant.  
Sic rate demersa fulvum deponderat aurum,  
remorum levitas naufraga membra vehit.  
Cum sonuere tubae, iugulo stat divite ferrum  
barbaricum: tenuis praebia pannus habet.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> legis onus *Baehrens*: inus *V.*

<sup>2</sup> o added by *Scaliger*, omitted by *V.*

<sup>3</sup> fit qui *Baehrens*: itacui *V.*

<sup>4</sup> barbaricum *Baehrens*: tenuis *Butler*: praebia *Baehrens*:  
barbara contempnit praelia *V.*, retaining which hebes for  
habet *Scaliger*.

POEMS

wine. The bull loves to change his valley-pasture, and the wild beast maintains his zest by change of food. Even to be bathed in the light of day is pleasant only because the night-hour races back with altered steeds.

A wife is a burden imposed by law, and should be 5  
loved like one's fortune. But I do not wish to love  
even my fortune for ever.

Leave thine home, O youth, and seek out alien 6  
shores: a larger range of life is ordained for thee. Yield  
not to misfortune; the far-off Danube shall know thee,  
the cold North-wind, and the untroubled kingdoms of  
Canopus, and the men who gaze on the new birth of  
Phcebus or upon his setting: he that disembarks on  
distant sands, becomes thereby the greater man.

For there is naught that may not serve the need of 7  
mortal men, and in adversity despised things help us.  
So when a ship sinks, yellow gold weighs down its  
possessor, while a flimsy oar bears up the shipwrecked  
body. When the trumpets sound, the savage's knife  
stands drawn at the rich man's throat; the poor man's  
rags wear the amulet of safety.

81 *P.L.M.*

- 8 Parvula securo tegitur mihi culmine sedes  
 uvaque plena mero fecunda pendet ab ulmo.  
 Dant rami cerasos, dant mala rubentia silvae,  
 Palladiumque nemus pingui se vertice frangit.  
 Iam qua diductos potat levis area fontes,  
 Corycium mihi surgit olus maluaeque supinae  
 et non sollicitos missura papavera somnos.  
 Praeterea sive alitibus contexere fraudem  
 seu magis imbelles libuit circumdare cervos  
 aut tereti lino pavidum subducere piscem,  
 hos tantum novere dolos mea sordida rura.  
 I nunc et vitae fugientis tempora vende  
 divitibus cenis. Me si manet exitus idem,  
 hic precor inveniat consumptaque tempora poscat.

82 *P.L.M.*

- 9 Non satis est quod nos mergit<sup>1</sup> furiosa iuventus  
 transversosque rapit fama sepulta probris?  
 En<sup>2</sup> etiam famuli cognataque faece caterva<sup>3</sup>  
 inter conrasas luxuriantur opes.<sup>4</sup>  
 Vilis servus habet regni bona, cellaque capti  
 deridet Vestam Romuleamque casam.  
 Idcirco virtus medio iacet obruta caeno,  
 nequitiae classes candida vela ferunt.

83 *P.L.M.*

- 10 Sic et membra solent auras includere ventris,<sup>5</sup>  
 quae penitus mersae cum rursus abire laborant,

<sup>1</sup> *mergis V. corr. Buecheler.*<sup>2</sup> *en L. Müller: an V.*<sup>3</sup> *caterva Baehrens: sepulti V.*<sup>4</sup> *inter conrasas Baehrens: intesta merassas V.*<sup>5</sup> *ventis V., corr. Riese.*

My little house is covered by a roof that fears no 8  
 harm, and the grape swollen with wine hangs from the  
 fruitful elm. The boughs yield cherries, the orchards  
 ruddy apples, and the trees sacred to Pallas<sup>1</sup> break under  
 the wealth of their branches. And now where the  
 smooth soil drinks from the runnels of the spring,  
 Corycian kale springs up for me and creeping mallows,  
 and the poppy with promise of untroubled sleep.  
 Moreover, if my pleasure is to lay snares for birds, or  
 if I choose rather to entrap the timid deer, or draw out  
 the quivering fish on slender line, so much deceit is all  
 that is known to my humble fields. Go, then, and  
 barter the hours of flying life for rich banquets. My  
 prayer is that since at the last the same end waits for  
 me, it may find me here, here call me to account for  
 the time that I have spent.

Is it not enough that mad youth engulfs us, and 9  
 our good name is sunk in reproach and sweeps us  
 astray? Behold! even bondmen and the rabble that is  
 kindred to the mire wanton amid our gathered  
 hoards! The low slave enjoys the treasure of a king-  
 dom, and the thrall's room shames Vesta and the cot-  
 tage of Romulus. So goodness lies obscured in the  
 deep mud, and the fleet of the unrighteous carries  
 snowy sails.

So, too, the body will shut in the belly's wind, 10  
 which, when it labours to come forth again from its  
 deep dungeon, prizes forth a way by sharp blows: and

<sup>1</sup> The olive, which she gave to Athens. By this gift, which  
 the Gods considered more useful than the horse given by  
 Poseidon, she became the presiding deity of the city.

TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

verberibus rimantur iter ; nec desinit ante  
 frigidus, adstrictis<sup>1</sup> qui regnat in ossibus, horror  
 quam tepidus laxo manavit corpore sudor.

84 *P.L.M.*

- 11 O litus vita mihi dulcitus, o mare! felix  
 cui licet ad terras ire subinde meas!  
 O formosa dies! hoc quondam rure solebam  
 Naiadas<sup>2</sup> alterna sollicitare manu!  
 Hic fontis lacus est, illic sinus egerit algas:  
 haec statio est tacitis fida<sup>3</sup> cupidinibus.  
 Pervixi; neque enim fortuna malignior unquam  
 eripiet nobis quod prior hora<sup>4</sup> dedit.

85 *P.L.M.*

- 12 Haec ait et tremulo deduxit vertice canos  
 consecuitque genas; oculis nec defuit imber,  
 sed qualis rapitur per vallis improbus amnis,  
 cum gelidae periire nives et languidus auster  
 non patitur glaciem resoluta vivere terra,  
 gurgite sic pleno facies manavit et alto  
 insonuit gemitu turbato murmure pectus.

86 *P.L.M.*

- 13 Nam citius flammās mortales ore tenebunt  
 quam secreta tegant. Quicquid dimittis in aula,  
 effluit et subitis rumoribus oppida pulsat.  
 Nec satis est vulgasse fidem. Cumulatiū exit  
 proditiōnis opus famamque onerare laborat.

<sup>1</sup> et frigidus strictis *V.*, corr. *Reiske*.

<sup>2</sup> Naiadas *Lindenbrog*: Iliadas *V.* alterna . . . manu *B*  
 armatas . . . manus *V.*

<sup>3</sup> fida *Pithoeus*: victa *V.*

<sup>4</sup> prior hora *Scaliger*: priora *V.*

## POEMS

there is no end to the cold shiver which rules the cramped frame, till a warm sweat bedews and loosens the body.

O sea-shore and sea more sweet to me than life! 11  
Happy am I who may come at once to the lands I love. O beauteous day! In this country long ago I used to rouse the Naiads with my hands' alternate stroke. Here is the fountain's pool, there the sea washes up its weeds: here is a sure haven for quiet love. I have had life in full; for never can harder fortune take away what was given us in time over-past.

With these words he tore the white hair from his 12  
trembling head, and rent his cheeks; his eyes filled with tears, and as the impetuous river sweeps down the valleys when the cold snow has perished, and the gentle south-wind will not suffer the ice to live on the unfettered earth, so was his face wet with a full stream, and his heart rang with the troubled murmur of deep groaning.

For sooner will men hold fire in their mouths than 13  
keep a secret. Whatever you let escape you in your hall flows forth and beats at city walls in sudden rumours. Nor is the breach of faith the end. The work of betrayal issues forth with increase, and strives

## TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

Sic commissa verens avidus reserare<sup>1</sup> minister  
 fodit humum regisque latentes prodidit aures.  
 Concepit nam terra sonos calami<sup>2</sup>que loquentes  
 incinuere<sup>2</sup> Midam, qualem narraverat index.

87 *P.L.M.*

- 14 Illic alternis depugnat pontus et aer,  
 hic rivo tenui pervia ridet humus.  
 Illic demersas<sup>3</sup> complorat navita puppes,  
 hic pastor miti perluit amne pecus.  
 Illic immanes mors obdita<sup>4</sup> solvit hiatus,  
 hic gaudet curva falce recisa Ceres.  
 Illic inter aquas urit sitis arida fauces,  
 hic data periuro<sup>5</sup> basia multa viro.  
 Naviget et fluctus lasset mendicus Vlixes,  
 in terris vivet candida Penelope.

88 *P.L.M.*

- 15 Qui nolit properare<sup>6</sup> mori nec cogere fata  
 mollia praecipiti rumpere fila manu,  
 hactenus irarum mare noverit. Ecce refuso  
 gurgite securos obluit unda pedes.  
 Ecce inter virides iactatur mytilus algas  
 et rauco trahitur lubrica concha sinu.  
 Ecce recurrentes qua versat fluctus arenas,  
 discolor attrita calculus exit humo.  
 Haec quisquis calcare potest, in litore tuto  
 ludat et hoc solum iudicet esse mare.

<sup>1</sup> verens reserare *Fulgentius*: ferens . . . seruare *V.*

<sup>2</sup> incinuere *Salmasius*: inuenerem *V.*

<sup>3</sup> demersas *Baehrens*: divisas *V.*

<sup>4</sup> obdita *Baehrens*: oblita *V.*

<sup>5</sup> data *Wernsdorf*: da *V.* periuro probably corrupt: perhaps quaeque suo *Butler*.

<sup>6</sup> nolit *Oudendorp*: moluit *V.* properare *Tollius*: propare *V.*



to add weight to the report. So was it that the greedy slave, who feared to unlock his knowledge, dug in the ground and betrayed the secret of the king's hidden ears. For the earth brought forth sounds, and the whispering reeds sang how Midas was even such an one as the tell-tale had revealed.

There sea and sky struggle and buffet each other, 14  
 here the tiny stream runs through smooth and smiling country. There the sailor laments for his sunken ship, here the shepherd dips his flock in the gentle river. There death confronts and chokes the vast gape of greed, here the earth laughs to lie low before the curved sickle. There, with water everywhere, dry thirst burns the throat, here kisses are given in plenty to faithless man. Let Ulysses go sail and weary the waters in beggar's rags: the chaste Penelope dwells on land.

The man that would not haste to die, nor force the 15  
 Fates to snap the tender threads with impetuous hand, should know only this much of the sea's anger. Lo! where the tide flows back, and the wave bathes his feet without peril! Lo! where the mussel is thrown up among the green sea-weed, and the hoarse whorl of the slippery shell is rolled along! Lo! where the wave turns the sands to rush back in the eddy, there pebbles of many a hue appear on the wave-worn floor. Let the man who may have these things under his feet, play safely on the shore, and count this alone to be the sea.

TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

89 *P.L.M.*

- 16 Non est forma satis nec quae vult bella videri<sup>1</sup>  
debet vulgari more placere sibi.

Dicta, sales, lusus, sermonis gratia, risus  
vincunt naturae candidioris opus.

Condit enim formam quicquid consumitur artis,  
et nisi velle<sup>2</sup> subest, gratia nuda perit.

90 *P.L.M.*

- 17 Sic contra rerum naturae munera notae  
corvus maturis frugibus ova refert.

Sic format lingua fetum cum protulit ursa  
et piscis nullo iunctus amore parit.

Sic Phoebea chelys nutu<sup>3</sup> resoluta parentis  
Lucinae tepidis naribus ova fovet.

Sic sine concubitu textis apis excita ceris  
fervet et audaci milite castra replet.

Non uno contenta valet natura tenore,  
sed permutatas gaudet habere vices.

91 *P.L.M.*

- 18 Indica purpureo genuit me litore tellus,  
candidus accenso qua redit orbe dies.

Hic ego divinos inter generatus honores  
mutavi Latio barbara verba sono.

Iam dimitte tuos, Paeon o Delphice, cycnos:  
dignior haec vox est, quae tua templa colat.

<sup>1</sup> *The first couplet is to be found in Fulgentius, Myth. 1, 12, p. 44.*

<sup>2</sup> velle subest *probably corrupt*: sal suberit *Baehrens.*

<sup>3</sup> nutu *Butler*: victo *W*: vinclo *Binetus.*

Outward beauty is not enough, and the woman who 16  
 would appear fair must not be content with any com-  
 mon manner. Words, wit, play, sweet talk and laugh-  
 ter, surpass the work of too simple nature. For all  
 expense of art seasons beauty, and naked loveliness is  
 wasted all in vain, if it have not the will to please.

So, contrary to the known operations of nature, the 17  
 raven lays her eggs when the crops are ripe. So the  
 she-bear shapes her cubs with her tongue, and the  
 fish is ignorant of love's embrace, yet brings forth  
 young. So the tortoise, sacred to Phoebus, delivered  
 by the will of mother Lucina, hatches her eggs with  
 the warmth of her nostrils. So the bee, begotten  
 without wedlock from the woven cells, throbs with  
 life and fills her camp with bold soldiery. The strength  
 of nature lies not in holding on one even way, but she  
 loves to change the fashion of her laws.

My<sup>1</sup> birthplace was India's glowing shore, where the 18  
 day returns in brilliance with fiery orb. Here I was  
 born amid the worship of the gods, and exchanged  
 my barbaric speech for the Latin tongue. O healer of  
 Delphi, now dismiss thy swans; here is a voice more  
 worthy to dwell within thy temple.

<sup>1</sup>A parrot is speaking.

TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

92 *P.L.M.*

- 19 Naufragus eiecta nudus rate quaerit eodem  
percussum telo, cui sua fata fleat.<sup>1</sup>

Grandine qui segetes et totum perdidit annum,  
in simili deflet tristia fata sinu.

Funera conciliant miseros, orbique parentes  
coniungunt gemitus et facit hora pares.

Nos quoque confusis feriemus sidera verbis;  
fama est coniunctas<sup>2</sup> fortius ire preces.

93 *P.L.M.*

- 20 Aurea mala mihi, dulcis mea Martia, mittis,  
mittis et hirsutae munera castanaeae.

Omnia grata putem, sed si magis ipsa venire  
ornares donum, pulera puella, tuum.

Tu licet apportes stringentia mala palatum,  
tristia mandenti est melleus ore sapor.

At si dissimulas, multum mihi cara, venire,  
oscula cum pomis mitte; vorabo libens.

94 *P.L.M.*

- 21 Si Phoebi soror es, mando tibi, Delia, causam,  
scilicet ut fratri quae peto verba feras:

“Marmore Sicanio struxi tibi, Delphice, templum  
et levibus calamis candida verba dedi.

Nunc si nos audis atque es divinus, Apollo,  
dic mihi, qui nummos non habet, unde petat.”

<sup>1</sup> fleat *Jacobs*: legat *W.*

<sup>2</sup> fama est coniunctas *Butler*: et fama est constans *W.*

The sailor, naked from the shipwreck, seeks out a 19  
 comrade stricken by the same blow to whom he may  
 bewail his fate. The farmer who has lost his crops and  
 the whole year's fruits in the hail, weeps his sad lot  
 on a bosom wounded like his own. Death draws the  
 unhappy together; bereaved parents utter their groans  
 with one voice, and the moment makes them equal.  
 We too will strike the stars with words in unison;  
 the saying is that prayers travel more strongly when  
 united.

You send me golden apples, my sweet Martia, and 20  
 you send me the fruit of the shaggy chestnut. Believe  
 me, I would love them all; but should you choose  
 rather to come in person, lovely girl, you would  
 beautify your gift. Come, if you will, and lay sour  
 apples to my tongue, the sharp flavour will be like  
 honey as I bite. But if you feign you will not come,  
 dearest, send kisses with the apples; then gladly will  
 I devour them.

If you are sister to Phoebus, Delia, I entrust my 21  
 petition to you, that you may carry to your brother  
 the words of my prayer. "God of Delphi, I have  
 built for you a temple of Sicilian marble, and have  
 given you fair words of song from a slender pipe of  
 reed. Now if you hear us, Apollo, and are indeed  
 divine, tell me where a man who has no money is to  
 find it."

TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

95 *P.L.M.*

- 22 Omnia quae miseras possunt finire querellas,  
 in promptu voluit candidus esse deus.  
 Vile holus et duris haerentia mora rubetis  
 pungentis<sup>1</sup> stomachi composuere famem.  
 Flumine vicino stultus sitit, et riget<sup>2</sup> euro  
 cum calidus tepido consonat igne focus<sup>3</sup>.  
 Lex armata sedet circum fera limina nuptae:  
 nil metuit licito fusa puella toro.  
 Quod satiare potest dives natura ministrat;  
 quod docet infrenis<sup>4</sup> gloria fine caret.

96 *P.L.M.*

- 23 Militis in galea nidum fecere columbae:  
 apparet Marti quam sit amica Venus.

97 *P.L.M.*

- 24 Iudaeus licet et porcinum numen adoret  
 et caeli summas advocet auriculas,  
 ni tamen et ferro succiderit inguinis oram  
 et nisi nodatum solverit arte caput,  
 exemptus populo sacra<sup>5</sup> migrabit ab urbe  
 et non ieiuna sabbata lege premet.<sup>6</sup>

98 *P.L.M.*

- 25 Una est nobilitas argumentumque coloris  
 ingenui timidas non habuisse manus.

<sup>1</sup> pungentis *Dousa* : pugnantis *W.*

<sup>2</sup> et riget *Binet* : effugit *W.*

<sup>3</sup> focus *Buecheler* : roigus *W.*

<sup>4</sup> infrenis *Binet* : inferius *W.*

<sup>5</sup> sacra *Baehrens* : graia *W.*

<sup>6</sup> premet *W.*, perhaps corrupt : tremet *Buecheler.*

Honest Heaven ordained that all things which can 22  
 end our wretched complaints should be ready to hand.  
 Common green herbs and the berries that grow on  
 rough brambles allay the gnawing hunger of the belly.  
 A fool is he who goes thirsty with a river close by,  
 and shivers in the east wind while a blazing fire roars  
 on the warm hearth. The law sits armed by the  
 threshold of a wanton bride; the girl who lies on a  
 lawful bed knows no fear. The wealth of nature gives  
 us enough for our fill: that which unbridled vanity  
 teaches us to pursue has no end to it.

Doves have made a nest in the soldier's helmet: 23  
 see how Venus loveth Mars.

The Jew may worship his pig-god and clamour in 24  
 the ears of high heaven, but unless he also cuts back  
 his foreskin with the knife, he shall go forth from the  
 holy city cast forth from the people, and transgress  
 the sabbath by breaking the law of fasting.

This is the one nobility and proof of honourable 25  
 estate, that a man's hands have shown no fear.

TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

99 *P.L.M.*

- 26 Lecto compositus vix prima silentia noctis  
 carpebam et somno lumina victa dabam,  
 cum me savus Amor prensat<sup>1</sup> sursumque capillis  
 excitat et lacerum pervigilare iubet.  
 "Tu famulus meus," inquit, "ames cum mille puellas,  
 solus, io, solus, dure, iacere potes?"  
 Exsilio et pedibus nudis tunicaque soluta  
 omne iter ingredior,<sup>2</sup> nullum iter expedio.  
 Nunc propero, nunc ire piget, rursumque redire  
 paenitet, et pudor est stare via media.  
 Ecce tacent voces hominum strepitusque viarum  
 et volucrum cantus fidaque turba canum;  
 solus ego ex cunctis paveo somnumque torumque,  
 et sequor imperium, magne Cupido, tuum.

100 *P.L.M.*

- 27 Sit nox illa diu nobis dilecta, Nealce,  
 quae te prima meo pectore composuit:  
 sit torus et lecti genius secretaque lampas,<sup>3</sup>  
 quis tenera in nostrum veneris arbitrium.  
 Ergo age duremus, quamvis adoleverit aetas,  
 utamurque annis quos mora parva teret.  
 Fas et iura sinunt veteres extendere amores;  
 fac cito quod coeptum est, non cito desinere.

101 *P.L.M.*

- 28 Foeda est in coitu et brevis voluptas  
 et taedet Veneris statim peractae.  
 Non ergo ut pecudes libidinosae  
 caeci protinus irruamus illuc  
 (nam languescit amor peritque flamma);

<sup>1</sup> prensat *Oudendorp*: prenum *W.*

<sup>2</sup> ingredior *Riese*: impedio *W.*

<sup>3</sup> lampas *Buecheler*: longa *W.*



At rest in bed, I had scarce begun to enjoy the first 26  
 silence of night, and to give up my conquered eyes  
 to sleep, when fierce Love took hold of me and drew  
 me up by the hair, and tore me, bidding me watch  
 till day. "Ah, my slave," he said, "thou lover of  
 a thousand girls, canst thou lie alone here, alone, oh  
 hard of heart?" I leaped up, and with bare feet and  
 disordered raiment started on every path and found  
 a way by none. Now I run, now to move is weariness:  
 I repent of turning back, and am ashamed to halt in  
 the midst of the road. Lo, the voices of men and the  
 roar of the streets, the singing of birds and the faith-  
 ful company of watchdogs are all silent. I alone of all  
 men dread both sleep and my bed, and follow thy  
 command, great Lord of desire.

Long may that night be dear to us, Nealce, that 27  
 first laid you to rest upon my heart. Dear be the  
 bed and the genius of the couch, and the silent lamp  
 that saw you come softly to do our pleasure. Come,  
 then, let us endure though we have grown older, and  
 employ the years which a brief delay will blot out.  
 It is lawful and right to prolong an old love: grant  
 that what we began in haste may not hastily be  
 ended.

The pleasure of the act of love is gross and brief, 28  
 and love once consummated brings loathing after it.  
 Let us then not rush blindly thither straightway like  
 lustful beasts, for love sickens and the flame dies  
 down; but even so, even so, let us keep eternal holi-

TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

sed sic sic sine fine feriati

et tecum iaceamus osculantes.

Hic nullus labor est ruborque nullus:

hoc iuvat, iuvat et diu iuvabit;

hoc non deficit incipitque semper.

102 P.L.M.

- 29 Accusare et amare tempore uno  
ipsi vix fuit Herculi ferendum.

120 P.L.M.

- 30 Fallunt nos oculi vagique sensus  
oppressa ratione mentiuntur.

Nam turris prope quae quadrata surgit,  
detritis procul angulis rotatur.

Hyblaeum refugit satur liquorem

et naris casiam frequenter odit.

Hoc illo magis aut minus placere

non posset nisi lite destinata

pugnarent dubio tenore sensus.

121 P.L.M.

- 31 Somnia quae mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris,  
non delubra deum nec ab aethere numina mittunt,  
sed sibi quisque facit. Nam cum prostrata sopore  
urget membra quies et mens sine pondere ludit,  
quidquid luce fuit tenebris agit. Oppida bello  
qui quatit et flammis miserandas eruit urbes,  
tela videt versasque acies et funera regum  
atque exundantes profuso sanguine campos.  
Qui causas orare solent, legesque forumque  
et pavidi cernunt inclusum chorte<sup>1</sup> tribunal.  
Condit avarus opes defossumque invenit aurum.

<sup>1</sup> chorte *Mommsen*: corde *E*.

POEMS

day, and lie with thy lips to mine. No toil is here and no shame: in this, delight has been, and is, and long shall be; in this there is no diminution, but a beginning everlastingly.

To love and accuse at one time were a labour 29  
Hercules himself could scarce have borne.

Our eyes deceive us, and our wandering senses 30  
weigh down our reason and tell us falsehoods. For the tower which stands almost four-square has its corners blunted at a distance and becomes rounded. The full stomach turns from the honey of Hybla, and the nose often hates the scent of cinnamon. One thing could not please us more or less than another, unless the senses strove in set conflict with wavering balance.

It is not the shrines of the gods, nor the powers of 31  
the air, that send the dreams which mock the mind with flitting shadows; each man makes dreams for himself. For when rest lies about the limbs subdued by sleep, and the mind plays with no weight upon it, it pursues in the darkness whatever was its task by daylight. The man who makes towns tremble in war, and overwhelms unhappy cities in flame, sees arms, and routed hosts, and the deaths of kings, and plains streaming with outpoured blood. They whose life is to plead cases have statutes and the courts before their eyes, and look with terror upon the judgement-seat surrounded by a throng. The miser hides his gains and discovers buried treasure.

## TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

Venator saltus canibus quatit. Eripit undis  
aut premit eversam periturus navita puppem.  
Scribit amatori meretrix, dat adultera munus:  
et canis in somnis leporis vestigia lustrat.  
In noctis spatium miserorum vulnera durant.

## POEMS

The hunter shakes the woods with his pack. The sailor snatches his shipwrecked bark from the waves, or grips it in death-agony. The woman writes to her lover, the adulteress yields herself: and the dog follows the tracks of the hare as he sleeps. The wounds of the unhappy endure into the night-season.



SENECAE

ΑΠΟΚΟΛΟΚΥΝΤΩΣΙΣ ΔΙΥΙ ΚΛΑΥΔΙΙ





## INTRODUCTION

This piece is ascribed to Seneca by ancient tradition; it is impossible to prove that it is his, and impossible to prove that it is not. The matter will probably continue to be decided by every one according to his view of Seneca's character and abilities: in the matters of style and of sentiment much may be said on both sides. Dion Cassius (lx, 35) says that Seneca composed an ἀποκολοκύντωσις or Pumpkinification of Claudius after his death, the title being a parody of the usual ἀποθέωσις; but this title is not given in the MSS. of the *Ludus de Morte Claudii*, nor is there anything in the piece which suits the title very well.

As a literary form, the piece belongs to the class called *Satura Menippea*, a satiric medley in prose and verse.

This text is that of Buecheler, with a few trifling changes, which are indicated in the notes. We have been courteously allowed by Messrs Weidmann to use this text. I have to acknowledge the help of Mr Ball's notes, from which I have taken a few references; but my translation was made many years ago.

W. H. D. ROUSE.



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## SENECAE APOCOLOCYNTOSIS DIVI CLAUDII

- 1 Quid actum sit in caelo ante diem III idus Octobris anno novo, initio saeculi felicissimi, volo memoriae tradere. Nihil nec offensae nec gratiae dabitur. Haec ita vera. Si quis quaesiverit unde sciam, primum, si noluero, non respondebo. Quis coacturus est? Ego scio me liberum factum, ex quo suum diem obiit ille, qui verum proverbium fecerat, aut regem aut fatuum nasci oportere. Si libuerit respondere, dicam quod mihi in buccam venerit. Quis unquam ab historico iuratores exegit? Tamen si necesse fuerit auctorem producere, quaerito ab eo qui Drusillam euntem in caelum vidit: idem Claudium vidisse se dicet iter facientem "non passibus aequis." Velit nolit, necesse est illi omnia videre, quae in caelo aguntur: Appiae viae curator est, qua scis et divum Augustum et Tiberium Caesarem ad deos isse. Hunc si interrogaveris, soli narrabit: coram pluribus nunquam verbum faciet. Nam ex quo in senatu iuravit se Drusillam vidisse caelum ascendentem et illi pro tam bono nuntio nemo credidit, quod viderit, verbis conceptis affirmavit se non indicaturum, etiam si in medio foro hominem

## SENECA

### APOCOLOCYNTOSIS, OR LUDUS DE MORTE CLAUDII: THE PUMPKINIFICATION OF CLAUDIUS.

I wish to place on record the proceedings in heaven 1  
October 13 last, of the new year which begins this  
auspicious age. It shall be done without malice or  
favour. This is the truth. Ask if you like how I  
know it? To begin with, I am not bound to please  
you with my answer. Who will compel me? I know  
the same day made me free, which was the last day  
for him who made the proverb true—One must be  
born either a Pharaoh or a fool. If I choose to an-  
swer, I will say whatever trips off my tongue. Who  
has ever made the historian produce witness to swear  
for him? But if an authority must be produced, ask  
of the man who saw Drusilla translated to heaven:  
the same man will aver he saw Claudius on the road,  
dot and carry one. Will he nill he, all that happens in  
heaven he needs must see. He is the custodian of the  
Appian Way; by that route, you know, both Tiberius  
and Augustus went up to the gods. Question him,  
he will tell you the tale when you are alone; before  
company he is dumb. You see he swore in the Senate  
that he beheld Drusilla mounting heavenwards, and  
all he got for his good news was that everybody gave  
him the lie: since when he solemnly swears he will  
never bear witness again to what he has seen, not even  
if he had seen a man murdered in open market. What

Virg.  
Aen. ii,  
724

## LUCIUS ANNAEUS SENECA

occisum vidisset. Ab hoc ego quae tum audivi, certa clara affero, ita illum salvum et felicem habeam.

- 2 Iam Phoebus brevior via contraxerat ortum lucis, et obscuri crescebant tempora somni, iamque suum victrix augebat Cynthia regnum, et deformis hiemps gratos carpebat honores divitis autumnus, iussoque senescere Baccho carpebat raras serus vindemitor uvas.

Puto magis intellegi, si dixerem: mensis erat October, dies III idus Octobris. Horam non possum certam tibi dicere, facilius inter philosophos quam inter horologia conveniet, tamen inter sextam et septimam erat. "Nimis rustice" inquires: "cum omnes poetae, non contenti ortus et occasus describere, ut etiam medium diem inquietent, tu sic transibis horam tam bonam?"

Iam medium curru Phoebus diviserat orbem  
et propior nocti fessas quatibat habenas  
obliquo flexam deducens tramite lucem:

- 3 Claudius animam agere coepit nec invenire exitum poterat. Tum Mercurius, qui semper ingenio eius delectatus esset, unam e tribus Parcis seducit et ait: "Quid, femina crudelissima, hominem miserum torqueri pateris? Nec unquam tam diu cruciatus cesset?"

<sup>1</sup>So MSS: *Bucchele*: orbem unnecessarily.

## APOCOLOCYNTOSIS

he told me I report plain and clear, as I hope for his health and happiness.

Now had the sun with shorter course drawn in his  
risen light, 2

And by equivalent degrees grew the dark hours of  
night:

Victorious Cynthia now held sway over a wider space,  
Grim winter drove rich autumn out, and now usurped  
his place;

And now the fiat had gone forth that Bacchus must  
grow old,

The few last clusters of the vine were gathered ere  
the cold:

I shall make myself better understood, if I say the month was October, the day was the thirteenth. What hour it was I cannot certainly tell; philosophers will agree more often than clocks; but it was between midday and one after noon. "Clumsy creature!" you say. "The poets are not content to describe sunrise and sunset, and now they even disturb the midday siesta. Will you thus neglect so good an hour?"

Now the sun's chariot had gone by the middle of his  
way;

Half wearily he shook the reins, nearer to night than  
day,

And led the light along the slope that down before  
him lay.

Claudius began to breathe his last, and could not  
make an end of the matter. Then Mercury, who had  
always been much pleased with his wit, drew aside  
one of the three Fates, and said: "Cruel beldame,  
why do you let the poor wretch be tormented? After 3

## LUCIUS ANNAEUS SENECA

Annus sexagesimus quartus est, ex quo cum anima luctatur. Quid huic et rei publicae invides? Patere mathematicos aliquando verum dicere, qui illum, ex quo princeps factus est, omnibus annis, omnibus mensibus efferunt. Et tamen non est mirum si errant et horam eius nemo novit; nemo enim unquam illum natum putavit. Fac quod faciendum est:

Dede neci, melior vacua sine regnet in aula.'"

Sed Clotho "ego mehercules" inquit "pusillum temporis adicere illi volebam, dum hos pauculos, qui supersunt, civitate donaret (constituerat enim omnes Graecos, Gallos, Hispanos, Britannos togatos videre) sed quoniam placet aliquos peregrinos in semen relinquere et tu ita iubes fieri, fiat." Aperit tum capsulam et tres fusos profert: unus erat Augurini, alter Babae, tertius Claudii. "Hos" inquit "tres uno anno exiguis intervallis temporum divisos mori iubebo, nec illum incomitatum dimittam. Non oportet enim eum, qui modo se tot milia hominum sequentia videbat, tot praecedentia, tot circumfusa, subito solum destitui. Contentus erit his interim victoribus."

- 4 Haec ait et turpi convolvens stamina fuso  
abrupit stolidae regalia tempora vitae.



all this torture cannot he have a rest? Four and sixty years it is now since he began to pant for breath. What grudge is this you bear against him and the whole empire? Do let the astrologers tell the truth for once; since he became emperor, they have never let a year pass, never a month, without laying him out for his burial. Yet it is no wonder if they are wrong, and no one knows his hour. Nobody ever believed he was really quite born.<sup>1</sup> Do what has to be done: "Kill him, and let a better man rule in his empty court."

Virg.  
Georg.  
iv, 90

Clotho replied: 'Upon my word, I did wish to give him another hour or two, until he should make Roman citizens of the half dozen who are still outsiders. (He made up his mind, you know, to see the whole world in the toga, Greeks, Gauls, Spaniards, Britons, and all.) But since it is your pleasure to leave a few foreigners for seed, and since you command me, so be it.' She opened her box and out came three spindles. One was for Augurinus, one for Baba, one for Claudius.<sup>2</sup> "These three," she says, "I will cause to die within one year and at no great distance apart, and I will not dismiss him unattended. Think of all the thousands of men he was wont to see following after him, thousands going before, thousands all crowding about him; and it would never do to leave him alone on a sudden. These boon companions will satisfy him for the nonce."

This said, she twists the thread around his ugly spindle  
once,

Snaps off the last bit of the life of that Imperial dunce.

<sup>1</sup>A proverb for a nobody, as Petron. 58 *qui te natum non putat*.

<sup>2</sup>Augurinus: unknown. Baba: see Sen. Ep. 159, a fool.

LUCIUS ANNAEUS SENECA

At Lachesis redimita comas, ornata capillos,  
Pieria crinem lauro frontemque coronans,  
candida de niveo subtemina vellere sumit  
felici moderanda manu, quae ducta colorem  
assumpsere novum. Mirantur pensa sorores:

mutatur vilis pretioso lana metallo,  
aurea formoso descendunt saecula filo.

Nec modus est illis, felicia vellera ducunt  
et gaudent implere manus, sunt dulcia pensa.

Sponte sua festinat opus nulloque labore  
mollia contorto descendunt stamina fuso.

Vincunt Tithoni, vincunt et Nestoris annos.

Phoebus adest cantuque iuvat gaudetque futuris,  
et laetus nunc plectra movet, nunc pensa  
ministrat.

Detinet intentas cantu fallitque laborem.

Dumque nimis citharam fraternaue carmina  
laudant,

plus solito nevere manus, humanaue fata  
laudatum transcendit opus. "Ne demite, Parcae"

Phoebus ait "vincat mortalis tempora vitae

## APOCOLOCYNTOSIS

But Lachesis, her hair adorned, her tresses neatly  
bound,  
Pierian laurel on her locks, her brows with garlands  
crowned,  
Plucks me from out the snowy wool new threads as  
white as snow,  
Which handled with a happy touch change colour as  
they go,  
Not common wool, but golden wire; the Sisters won-  
dering gaze,  
As age by age the pretty thread runs down the golden  
days.  
World without end they spin away, the happy fleeces  
pull;  
What joy they take to fill their hands with that de-  
lightful wool!  
Indeed, the task performs itself: no toil the spinners  
know:  
Down drops the soft and silken thread as round the  
spindles go;  
Fewer than these are Tithon's years, not Nestor's life  
so long.  
Phoebus is present: glad he is to sing a merry song;  
Now helps the work, now full of hope upon the harp  
doth play;  
The Sisters listen to the song that charms their toil  
away.  
They praise their brother's melodies, and still the  
spindles run,  
Till more than man's allotted span the busy hands  
have spun.  
Then Phoebus says, "O sister Fates! I pray take none  
away,  
But suffer this one life to be longer than mortal day.

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ille, mihi similis vultu similisque decore  
 nec cantu nec voce minor. Felicia lassis  
 saecula praestabit legumque silentia rumpet.  
 Qualis discutiens fugientia Lucifer astra  
 aut qualis surgit redeuntibus Hesperus astris,  
 qualis cum primum tenebris Aurora solutis  
 induxit rubicunda diem, Sol aspicit orbem  
 lucidus, et primos a carcere concitat axes:  
 talis Caesar adest, talem iam Roma Neronem  
 aspiciet. Flagrat nitidus fulgore remisso  
 vultus, et adfuso cervix formosa capillo.”

haec Apollo. At Lachesis, quae et ipsa homini for-  
 mosissimo faveret, fecit illud plena manu, et Neroni  
 multos annos de suo donat. Claudium autem iubent  
 omnes

*χαίροντας, εὐφημοῦντας ἐκπέμπειν δόμων.*<sup>1</sup>

Et ille quidem animam ebulliit, et ex eo desiit vivere  
 videri. Exspiravit autem dum comoedos audit, ut  
 scias me non sine causa illos timere. Ultima vox eius  
 haec inter homines audita est, cum maiorem sonitum

<sup>1</sup> A fragment from the *Cresphontes* of Euripides (Nauck, 452).

## APOCOLOCYNTOSIS

Like me in face and lovely grace, like me in voice and  
song,  
He'll bid the laws at length speak out that have been  
dumb so long,  
Will give unto the weary world years prosperous and  
bright.  
Like as the daystar from on high scatters the stars of  
night,  
As, when the stars return again, clear Hesper brings  
his light,  
Or as the ruddy dawn drives out the dark, and brings  
the day,  
As the bright sun looks on the world, and speeds along  
its way  
His rising car from morning's gates: so Caesar doth  
arise,  
So Nero shows his face to Rome before the people's  
eyes;  
His bright and shining countenance illumines all the air,  
While down upon his graceful neck fall rippling waves  
of hair."

Thus Apollo. But Lachesis, quite as ready to cast a  
favourable eye on a handsome man, spins away by the  
handful, and bestows years and years upon Nero out  
of her own pocket. As for Claudius, they tell everybody  
to speed him on his way

With cries of joy and solemn litany.

At once he bubbled up the ghost, and there was an  
end to that shadow of a life. He was listening to a  
troupe of comedians when he died, so you see I have  
reason to fear those gentry. The last words he was  
heard to speak in this world were these. When he had  
made a great noise with that part of him which talked

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emisisset illa parte, qua facilius loquebatur: "vae me, puto, concacavi me." Quod an fecerit, nescio: omnia certe concacavit.

- 5 Quae in terris postea sint acta, supervacuum est referre. Scitis enim optime, nec periculum est ne excidant memoriae quae gaudium publicum impreserit: nemo felicitatis suae obliviscitur. In caelo quae acta sint, audite: fides penes auctorem erit. Nuntiatur Iovi venisse quendam bonae staturae, bene canum; nescio quid illum minari, assidue enim caput movere; pedem dextrum trahere. Quaesisse se, cuius nationis esset: respondisse nescio quid perturbato sono et voce confusa; non intellegere se linguam eius, nec Graecum esse nec Romanum nec ullius gentis notae. Tum Iuppiter Herculem, qui totum orbem terrarum pererraverat et nosse videbatur omnes nationes, iubet ire et explorare, quorum hominum esset. Tum Hercules primo aspectu sane perturbatus est, ut qui etiam non omnia monstra timuerit. Ut vidit novi generis faciem, insolitum incessum, vocem nullius terrestri animalis sed qualis esse marinis beluis solet, raucam et implicatam, putavit sibi tertium decimum laborem venisse. Diligentius intuenti visus est quasi homo. Accessit itaque et quod facillimum fuit Graeculo, ait:

*τίς πόθεν εἰς ἀνδρῶν, πόθι τοι πόλις ἡδὲ τοκῆς;*

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easiest, he cried out, "Oh dear, oh dear! I think I have made a mess of myself." Whether he did or no, I cannot say, but certain it is he always did make a mess of everything.

What happened next on earth it is mere waste of 5  
 time to tell, for you know it all well enough, and there is no fear of your ever forgetting the impression which that public rejoicing made on your memory. No one forgets his own happiness. What happened in heaven you shall hear: for proof please apply to my informant. Word comes to Jupiter that a stranger had arrived, a man of fair height and hair well sprinkled with grey; he seemed to be threatening something, for he wagged his head ceaselessly; he dragged the right foot. They asked him what nation he was of; he answered something in a confused mumbling voice: his language they did not understand. He was no Greek and no Roman, nor of any known race. On this Jupiter bids Hercules go and find out what country he comes from; you see Hercules had travelled over the whole world, and might be expected to know all the nations in it. But Hercules, the first glimpse he got, was really much taken aback, although not all the monsters in the world could frighten him; when he saw this new kind of object, with its extraordinary gait, and the voice of no terrestrial beast, but such as you might hear in the leviathans of the deep, hoarse and inarticulate, he thought his thirteenth labour had come upon him. When he looked closer, the thing seemed to be a kind of man. Up he goes, then, and says what your Greek finds readiest to his tongue:

"Who art thou, and what thy people? Who thy parents, where thy home?" Od. i, 17

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Claudius gaudet esse illic philologos homines, sperat futurum aliquem historiis suis locum. Itaque et ipse Homericō versu Caesarem se esse significans ait :

Ἰλιόθεν με φέρων ἄνεμος Κικόνεσσι πέλασσειν.

Erat autem sequens versus verior, aequē Homericus :

ἐνθα δ' ἐγὼ πόλιν ἔπραθον, ὤλεσα δ' αὐτούς.

- 6 Et imposuerat Herculi minime vafro, nisi fuisset illic Febris, quae fano suo relicto sola cum illo venerat : ceteros omnes deos Romae reliquerat. “ Iste ” inquit “ mera mendacia narrat. Ego tibi dico, quae cum illo tot annis vixi : Luguduni natus est, Marci municipem vides. Quod tibi narro, ad sextum decimum lapidem natus est a Vienna, Gallus germanus. Itaque quod Gallum facere oportebat, Romam cepit. Hunc ego tibi recipio Luguduni natum, ubi Licinus<sup>1</sup> multis annis regnavit. Tu autem, qui plura loca calcasti quam ullus mulio perpetuarius, Lugudunenses scire debes, et<sup>2</sup> multa milia inter Xanthum et Rhodanum interesse.” Excandescit hoc loco Claudius et quanto potest murmure irascitur. Quid diceret, nemo intellegebat, ille autem Febrim duci iubebat, illo gestu solutae manus

<sup>1</sup> *Buecheler* Licinus for Licinius.

<sup>2</sup> *Buecheler* omits et with one MS. and brackets Lugudunenses.



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Claudius was delighted to find literary men in that place, and began to hope there might be some corner for his own historical works. So he caps him with another Homeric verse, explaining that he was Caesar:

“Breezes wafted me from Ilion unto the Ciconian land.” Od. ix, 39

But the next verse was more true, and no less Homeric:

“Thither come, I sacked a city, slew the people every one.”

He would have taken in poor simple Hercules, but that Our Lady of Malaria was there, who left her temple and came alone with him: all the other gods he had left at Rome. Quoth she, “The fellow’s tale is nothing but lies. I have lived with him all these years, and I tell you, he was born at Lyons. You behold a fellow-burgess of Marcus.<sup>1</sup> As I say, he was born at the sixteenth milestone from Vienne, a native Gaul. So of course he took Rome, as a good Gaul ought to do. I pledge you my word that in Lyons he was born, where Licinus<sup>2</sup> was king so many years. But you that have trudged over more roads than any muleteer that plies for hire, you must have come across the people of Lyons, and you must know that it is a far cry from Xanthus to the Rhone.” At this point Claudius flared up, and expressed his wrath with as big a growl as he could manage. What he said nobody understood; as a matter of fact, he was ordering my lady of Fever to be taken away, and making that sign with his trembling hand (which

<sup>1</sup> Reference unknown.

<sup>2</sup>A Gallic slave, appointed by Augustus Procurator of Gallia Lugudunensis, when he made himself notorious by his extortions. See Dion Cass. liv, 21.

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et ad hoc unum satis firmæ, quo decollare homines  
7 solebat, iusserat illi collum præcidi. Putares omnes  
illius esse libertos: adeo illum nemo curabat. Tum  
Hercules "audi me" inquit "tu desine fatuari. Venisti  
huc, ubi mures ferrum rodunt. Citius mihi verum, ne  
tibi alogias excutiam." Et quo terribilior esset, tragi-  
cus fit et ait:

"expro me propere, sede qua genitus cluas,  
hoc ne peremptus stipite ad terram accidas;  
haec clava reges saepe mactavit feros.  
Quid nunc profatu vocis incerto sonas?  
Quae patria, quae gens mobile eduxit caput?  
Edissere. Equidem regna tergemini petens  
longinqua regis, unde ab Hesperio mari  
Inachiam ad urbem nobile advexi pecus,  
vidi duobus imminens fluviis iugum,  
quod Phoebus ortu semper obverso videt,  
ubi Rhodanus ingens amne praerapido fluit,  
Ararque dubitans, quo suos cursus agat,  
tacitus quietis adluit ripas vadis.  
Estne illa tellus spiritus altrix tui?"

Haec satis animose et fortiter, nihilo minus mentis

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was always steady enough for that, if for nothing else) by which he used to decapitate men. He had ordered her head to be chopped off. For all the notice the others took of him, they might have been his own freedmen.

Then Hercules said, "You just listen to me, and stop playing the fool. You have come to the place where the mice nibble iron.<sup>1</sup> Out with the truth, and look sharp, or I'll knock your quips and quiddities out of you." Then to make himself all the more awful, he strikes an attitude and proceeds in his most tragic vein:

"Declare with speed what spot you claim by birth,  
Or with this club fall stricken to the earth!  
This club hath oftentimes slaughtered haughty kings!  
Why mumble unintelligible things?  
What land, what tribe produced that shaking head?  
Declare it! On my journey when I sped  
Far to the Kingdom of the triple King,  
And from the Main Hesperian did bring  
The goodly cattle to the Argive town,  
There I beheld a mountain looking down  
Upon two rivers: this the Sun espies  
Right opposite each day he doth arise.  
Hence, mighty Rhone, thy rapid torrents flow,  
And Arar, much in doubt which way to go,  
Ripples along the banks with shallow roll.  
Say, is this land the nurse that bred thy soul?"

These lines he delivered with much spirit and a bold front. All the same, he was not quite master of his

<sup>1</sup>A proverb, found also in Herondas iii, 76: apparently fairy-land, the land of Nowhere.

suae non est et timet *μωροῦ πληγῆν*. Claudius ut vidit virum valentem, oblitus nugarum intellexit neminem Romae sibi parem fuisse, illic non habere se idem gratiae: gallum in suo sterquilino plurimum posse. Itaque quantum intellegi potuit, haec visus est dicere: "Ego te, fortissime deorum Hercule, speravi mihi adfuturum apud alios, et si qui a me notorem petisset, te fui nominaturus, qui me optime nosti. Nam si memoria repetis, ego eram qui tibi<sup>1</sup> ante templum tuum ius dicebam totis diebus mense Iulio et Augusto. Tu scis, quantum illic miseriarum tulerim, cum causidicos audirem diem et noctem, in quos si incidisses, valde fortis licet tibi videaris, maluisses cloacas Augeae purgare: multo plus ego stercoris exhausti. Sed quoniam volo"

8 "Non mirum quod in curiam impetum fecisti: nihil tibi clausi est. Modo dic nobis, qualem deum istum fieri velis. *Ἐπικούρειος θεὸς* non potest esse: οὔτε αὐτὸς πρᾶγμα ἔχει τι οὔτε ἄλλοις παρέχει; Stoicus? Quomodo potest 'rotundus' esse, ut ait Varro, 'sine capite, sine praeputio'? Est aliquid in illo Stoici dei, iam video: nec cor nec caput habet. Si mehercules a Saturno petisset hoc beneficium, cuius mensem toto anno celebravit, Saturnalicus princeps, non tulisset illud, nedum ab Iove, quem quantum quidem in illo

<sup>1</sup> So MSS. *Buecheler* reads Tiburi, quoting *Suet. Aug. 72*.

<sup>1</sup> A parody of the phrase, *θεοῦ πληγῆ*, god's blow, or as in *Apostolius viii, 89, C*, *θεοῦ δὲ πληγὴν οὐχ ὑπερπηδᾷ βροτός* (from *Menander*): no mortal can escape god's blow.

<sup>2</sup> *Gallum* means both Gaul and cock; the proverb plays on his birthplace.

<sup>3</sup> Compare *Diogenes Laertius x, 139*: τὸ μακάριον καὶ ἀφθαρτον οὔτε αὐτὸ πρᾶγμα τι ἔχει οὔτε ἄλλῳ παρέχει: "The Blessed and Incorruptible neither itself has trouble nor causes trouble to another."

<sup>4</sup> Author of *Saturae Menippeae* (now lost), which no doubt burlesqued the Stoic "perfect man," *totus teres atque rotundus*.

wits, and had some fear of a blow from the fool.<sup>1</sup> Claudius, seeing a mighty man before him, forgot his trifling and understood that here he had not quite the same pre-eminence as at Rome, where no one was his equal: the Gallic cock<sup>2</sup> was worth most on his own dunghill. So this is what he was thought to say, as far as could be made out: "I did hope, Hercules, bravest of all the gods, that you would take my part with the rest, and if I should need a voucher, that I might name you who know me so well. Do but call it to mind, how it was I used to sit in judgment before your temple whole days together during July and August. You know what miseries I endured there, in hearing the lawyers plead day and night. If you had fallen amongst these, you may think yourself very strong, but you would have found it worse than the sewers of Augeas: I drained out more filth than you did. But since I want . . ."

(Some pages have fallen out, in which Hercules must have been persuaded. The gods are now discussing what Hercules tells them).

"No wonder you have forced your way into the 8 Senate House: no bars or bolts can hold against you. Only do say what species of god you want the fellow to be made. An Epicurean god he cannot be: for they take no trouble and cause none.<sup>3</sup> A Stoic, then? How can he be globular, as Varro<sup>4</sup> says, without a head or any other projection? There is in him something of the Stoic god, as I can see now: he has neither heart nor head. Upon my word, if he had asked this boon from Saturn, he would not have got it, though he kept up Saturn's feast all the year round, a truly Saturnalian prince. A likely thing he will get it from Jove, whom he condemned for incest as far as

fuit, damnavit incesti. Silanum enim generum suum occidit propterea quod sororem suam, festivissimam omnium puëllarum, quam omnes Venerem vocarent, maluit Iunonem vocare. 'Quare' inquit 'quaero enim, sororem suam?' Stulte, stude: Athenis dimidium licet, Alexandriae totum. 'Quia Romae' inquis 'mures molas lingunt.' Hic nobis curva corrigit? quid in cubiculo suo faciat, nescit, et iam 'caeli scrutatur plagas'? Deus fieri vult: parum est quod templum in Britannia habet, quod hunc barbari colunt et ut deum orant *μωροῦ εὐλάτου τυχεῖν?*"

- 9 Tandem Iovi venit in mentem, privatis intra curiam morantibus senatoribus non licere<sup>1</sup> sententiam dicere nec disputare. "Ego" inquit "p. c. interrogare vobis permiseram, vos mera mapalia fecistis. Volo ut servetis disciplinam curiae. Hic qualiscunque est, quid de nobis existimabit?" Illo dimisso primus interrogatur sententiam Ianus pater. Is designatus erat in kal. Iulias postmeridianus consul, homo quantumvis vafer, qui semper videt *ἄμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω.*

<sup>1</sup> senatoribus non licere: added by Buecheler.

<sup>1</sup> Because Juno was *et soror et coniunx*.

<sup>2</sup> Marriage with a half-sister was allowed at Athens; the Egyptian royal family married brother and sister.

<sup>3</sup> Another proverb of uncertain meaning; probably "because people like nice things at Rome, as they do everywhere."

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in him lay:<sup>1</sup> for he killed his son-in-law Silanus, because Silanus had a sister, a most charming girl, called Venus by all the world, and he preferred to call her Juno. Why, says he, I want to know why, his own sister? Read your books, stupid: you may go half-way at Athens, the whole way at Alexandria.<sup>2</sup> Because the mice lick meal<sup>3</sup> at Rome, you say. Is this creature to mend our crooked ways? What goes on in his own closet he knows not;<sup>4</sup> and now he searches the regions of the sky, wants to be a god. Is it not enough that he has a temple in Britain, that savages worship him and pray to him as a god, so that they may find a fool<sup>5</sup> to have mercy upon them?"

At last it came into Jove's head, that while strangers 9 were in the House it was not lawful to speak or debate. "My lords and gentlemen," said he, "I gave you leave to ask questions, and you have made a regular farmyard<sup>6</sup> of the place. Be so good as to keep the rules of the House. What will this person think of us, whoever he is?" So Claudius was led out, and the first to be asked his opinion was Father Janus: he had been made consul elect for the afternoon of the next first of July,<sup>7</sup> being as shrewd a man as you could find on a summer's day: for he could see, as they say, before and behind.<sup>8</sup> He made an eloquent

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps alluding to a mock marriage of Silius and Messalina.

<sup>2</sup> Again *μωροῦ* for *θεοῦ* as in ch. 6.

<sup>3</sup> Proverb: meaning unknown.

<sup>4</sup> Perhaps an allusion to the shortening of the consul's term, which was done to give more candidates a chance of the honour.

<sup>5</sup> Il. iii, 109; alluding here to Janus's double face.

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Is multa diserte, quod in foro vivebat, dixit, quae notarius persequi non potuit, et ideo non refero, ne aliis verbis ponam, quae ab illo dicta sunt. Multa dixit de magnitudine deorum: non debere hunc vulgo dari honorem. "Olim" inquit "magna res erat deum fieri: iam famam mimum fecistis. Itaque ne videar in personam, non in rem dicere sententiam, censeo ne quis post hunc diem deus fiat ex his, qui ἀρούρης καρπὸν ἔδουσι, aut ex his, quos alit ζείδωρος ἄρουρα. Qui contra hoc senatus consultum deus factus, dictus pictusve erit, eum dedi Laruis et proximo munere inter novos auctoratos ferulis vapulare placet." Proximus interrogatur sententiam Diespiter Vicae Potae filius, et ipse designatus consul, nummulariolus: hoc quaestu se sustinebat, vendere civitatulas solebat. Ad hunc belle accessit Hercules et auriculam illi tetigit. Censet itaque in haec verba: "Cum divus Claudius et divum Augustum sanguine contingat nec minus divam Augustam aviam suam, quam ipse deam esse iussit, longeque omnes mortales sapientia antecellat, sitque e re publica esse aliquem qui cum Romulo possit 'ferventia rapa vorare,' censeo uti divus Claudius ex hac die deus sit, ita uti ante eum qui optimo iure factus sit, eamque rem ad metamorphosis Ovidi adiciendam." Varias erant sententiae, et vide-

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<sup>1</sup> No one knows what this phrase really means. Cic. Att. i, 16<sup>13</sup> has *fabam mimum*, which makes it likely that there should be the same reading here; but as the meaning is so uncertain it seems best not to alter the text.

<sup>2</sup> Il. vi, 142 and other phrases.

<sup>3</sup> Part of the training.

<sup>4</sup> Apparently sometimes identified with Pluto, Dis.

<sup>5</sup> A quotation from some unknown poet. Martial speaks of Romulus eating turnips, xiii, 16.



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harangue, because his life was passed in the forum, but too fast for the notary to take down. That is why I give no full report of it, for I don't want to change the words he used. He said a great deal of the majesty of the gods, and how the honour ought not to be given away to every Tom, Dick, or Harry. "Once," said he, "it was a great thing to become a god; now you have made it a farce.<sup>1</sup> Therefore, that you may not think I am speaking against one person instead of the general custom, I propose that from this day forward the godhead be given to none of those who eat the fruits of the earth, or whom mother earth doth nourish.<sup>2</sup> After this bill has been read a third time, whosoever is made, said, or portrayed to be god, I vote he be delivered over to the bogies, and at the next public show be flogged with a birch amongst the new gladiators."<sup>3</sup> The next to be asked was Diespiter, son of Vica Pota, he also being consul elect, and a moneylender;<sup>4</sup> by this trade he made a living, used to sell rights of citizenship in a small way. Hercules trips me up to him daintily, and tweaks him by the ear. So he uttered his opinion in these words: "Inasmuch as the blessed Claudius is akin to the blessed Augustus, and also to the blessed Augusta, his grandmother, whom he ordered to be made a goddess, and whereas he far surpasses all mortal men in wisdom, and seeing that it is for the public good that there be some one able to join Romulus in devouring boiled turnips,<sup>5</sup> I propose that from this day forth blessed Claudius be a god, to enjoy that honour with all its appurtenances in as full a degree as any other before him, and that a note to that effect be added to Ovid's *Metamorphoses*." The meeting was divided, and it looked as though Claudius was to

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batur Claudius sententiam vincere. Hercules enim, qui videret ferrum suum in igne esse, modo huc modo illuc cursabat et aiebat: "Noli mihi invidere, mea res agitur; deinde tu si quid volueris, in vicem faciam; manus manum lavat."

- 10 Tunc divus Augustus surrexit sententiae suae loco dicendae, et summa facundia disseruit: "Ego" inquit "p. c. vos testes habeo, ex quo deus factus sum, nullum me verbum fecisse: semper meum negotium ago. Sed non possum amplius dissimulare, et dolorem, quem graviolem pudor facit, continere. In hoc terra mari-que pacem peperit? Ideo civilia bella compescui? Ideo legibus urbem fundavi, operibus ornavi, ut—quid dicam p. c. non invenio: omnia infra indignationem verba sunt. Confugiendum est itaque ad Messalae Corvini, disertissimi viri, illam sententiam "pudet imperii." Hic, p. c., qui vobis non posse videtur muscam excitare, tam facile homines occidebat, quam canis adsidit. Sed quid ego de tot ac talibus viris dicam? Non vacat deflere publicas clades intuenti domestica mala. Itaque illa omittam, haec referam; nam etiam si soror<sup>1</sup> mea Graece nescit, ego scio: ἔγγιον γόνυ κνήμης. Iste quem videtis, per tot annos

<sup>1</sup>MSS. sormea.

win the day. For Hercules saw his iron was in the fire, trotted here and trotted there, saying, "Don't deny me; I make a point of the matter. I'll do as much for you again, when you like; you roll my log, and I'll roll yours: one hand washes another."

Then arose the blessed Augustus, when his turn 10 came, and spoke with much eloquence.<sup>1</sup> "I call you to witness, my lords and gentlemen," said he, "that since the day I was made a god I have never uttered one word. I always mind my own business. But now I can keep on the mask no longer, nor conceal the sorrow which shame makes all the greater. Is it for this I have made peace by land and sea? For this have I calmed intestine wars? For this, laid a firm foundation of law for Rome, adorned it with buildings, and all that—gentlemen, words fail me; there are none can rise to the height of my indignation. I must borrow that saying of the eloquent Messala Corvinus, I am ashamed of my authority.<sup>2</sup> This man, my lords, who looks as though he could not worry a fly, used to chop off heads as easily as a dog sits down. But why should I speak of all those men, and such men? There is no time to lament for public disasters, when one has so many private sorrows to think of. I leave that, therefore, and say only this; for even if my sister knows no Greek, I do: The knee is nearer than the shin.<sup>3</sup> This man you see, who for so many

<sup>1</sup>The speech seems to contain a parody of Augustus's style and sayings.

<sup>2</sup>M. Valerius Messalas Corvinus, appointed *praefectus urbi*, resigned within a week.

<sup>3</sup>A proverb, like "Charity begins at home." The reading of the passage is uncertain; "sister" is only a conjecture, and it is hard to see why his sister should be mentioned.

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sub meo nomine latens, hanc mihi gratiam rettulit, ut duas Iulias proneptes meas occideret, alteram ferro, alteram fame; unum abnepotem L. Silanum. videris Iuppiter an in causa mala, certe in tua, si aequus futurus es. Dic mihi, dive Claudî, quare quemquam ex his, quos quasque occidisti, antequam de causa cognosceres, antequam audires, damnasti? Hoc ubi  
 11 fieri solet? In caelo non fit. Ecce Iuppiter, qui tot annos regnat, uni Volcano crus fregit, quem

*ῥίψε ποδὸς τεταγὼν ἀπὸ βηλοῦ θεσπεσίῳ,*

et iratus fuit uxori et suspendit illam: numquid occidit? Tu Messalinam, cuius aequae avunculus maior eram quam tuus, occidisti. "Nescio" inquis. Di tibi male faciant: adeo istuc turpius est, quod nescisti, quam quod occidisti. C. Caesarem non desiit mortuum persequi. Occiderat ille socerum: hic et generum. Gaius Crassi filium vetuit Magnum vocari: hic nomen illi reddidit, caput tulit. Occidit in una domo Crassum, Magnum, Scriboniam, Tristionias, Assarionem, nobiles tamen, Crassum vero tam fatuum, ut etiam regnare posset. Hunc nunc deum facere vultis? Videte corpus eius dis iratis natum. Ad summam, tria verba cito dicat, et servum me ducat. Hunc deum quis colet? Quis credet? Dum tales deos facitis, nemo vos deos esse credet. Summa rei, p. c.,

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years has been masquerading under my name, has done me the favour of murdering two Julias, great-granddaughters of mine, one by cold steel and one by starvation; and one great-grandson, L. Silanus. See, Jupiter, whether in a bad cause (at least it is your own) you will be fair. Come tell me, blessed Claudius, why of all those you killed, both men and women, without a hearing, why you did not hear their side of the case first, before putting them to death? Where do we find that custom? It is not done in heaven. Look at Jupiter: all these years he has been king, and 11 never did more than once to break Vulcan's leg,

‘Whom seizing by the foot he cast from the  
threshold of the sky,’ Iliad i, 591

and once he fell in a rage with his wife and strung her up: did he do any killing? You killed Messalina, whose great-uncle I was no less than yours. ‘I don't know,’ did you say? Curse you! that is just it: not to know was worse than to kill. Caligula he went on persecuting even when he was dead. Caligula murdered his father-in-law, Claudius his son-in-law to boot. Caligula would not have Crassus' son called Great; Claudius gave him his name back, and took away his head. In one family he destroyed Crassus, Magnus, Scribonia, the Tristionias, Assario, noble though they were; Crassus indeed such a fool that he might have been emperor. Is this he you want now to make a god? Look at his body, born under the wrath of heaven! In fine, let him say as many as three words quickly, and he may have me for a slave. God! who will worship this god, who will believe him? While you make gods of such as he, no one will believe you to be gods. To be brief, my lords: if I have lived

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si honeste me<sup>1</sup> inter vos gessi, si nulli clarius respondi, vindicate iniurias meas. Ego pro sententia mea hoc censeo:" atque ita ex tabella recitavit: "quando quidem divus Claudius occidit socerum suum Appium Silanum, generos duos Magnum Pompeium et L. Silanum, socerum filiae suae Crassum Frugi, hominem tam similem sibi quam ovo ovum, Scriboniam socrum filiae suae, uxorem suam Messalinam et ceteros quorum numerus iniri non potuit, placet mihi in eum severe animadverti, nec illi rerum iudicandarum vacationem dari, eumque quam primum exportari, et caelo intra triginta dies excedere, Olympo intra diem tertium."

Pedibus in hanc sententiam itum est. Nec mora, Cyllenius illum collo obtorto trahit ad inferos, a caelo

"illuc<sup>1</sup> unde negant redire quemquam."

- 12 Dum descendunt per viam sacram, interrogat Mercurius, quid sibi velit ille concursus hominum, num Claudii funus esset. Et erat omnium formosissimum et impensa cura, plane ut scires deum efferri: tubicinum, cornicinum, omnis generis aenatorum tanta turba, tantus concentus, ut etiam Claudius audire posset. Omnes laeti, hilares: populus Romanus ambulabat tanquam liber. Agatho et pauci causidici plorabant, sed plane ex animo. Iurisconsulti e tenebris procedebant, pallidi, graciles, vix animam habentes, tanquam qui tum maxime reviviscerent.

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

honourably among you, if I have never given plain speech to any, avenge my wrongs. This is my motion": then he read out his amendment, which he had committed to writing: "Inasmuch as the blessed Claudius murdered his father-in-law Appius Silanus, his two sons-in-law, Pompeius Magnus and L. Silanus, Crassus Frugi his daughter's father-in-law, as like him as two eggs in a basket, Scribonia his daughter's mother-in-law, his wife Messalina, and others too numerous to mention; I propose that strong measures be taken against him, that he be allowed no delay of process, that immediate sentence of banishment be passed on him, that he be deported from heaven within thirty days, and from Olympus within thirty hours."

A division was taken upon this without further debate. Not a moment was lost: Mercury got a grip of his throat, and haled him to the lower regions, to that bourne "from which they say no traveller returns."<sup>1</sup> As they passed downwards along the Sacred Way, Mercury asked what was that great concourse of men? could it be Claudius' funeral? It was certainly a most gorgeous spectacle, got up regardless of expense, clear it was that a god was being borne to the grave: tootling of flutes, roaring of horns, an immense brass band of all sorts, such a din that even Claudius could hear it. Joy and rejoicing on every side, the Roman people walking about like free men. Agatho and a few pettifoggers were weeping for grief, and for once in a way they meant it. The Barristers were crawling out of their dark corners, pale and thin, with hardly a breath in their bodies, as though just coming to life again. One of them when he saw the

<sup>1</sup> Catullus iii, 12.

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Ex his unus cum vidisset capita conferentes et  
fortunas suas deplorantes causidicos, accedit et ait:  
“dicebam vobis: non semper Saturnalia erunt.”

Claudius ut vidit funus suum, intellexit se mor-  
tuum esse. Ingenti eum *μεγάλη χορικῆ* nenia canta-  
batur anapaestis:

“Fundite fletus, edite planctus,  
resonet tristi clamore forum:  
cecidit pulchre cordatus homo,  
quo non alius fuit in toto  
fortior orbe.  
Ille citato vincere cursu  
poterat celeres, ille rebelles  
fundere Parthos levibusque sequi  
Persida telis, certaue manu  
tendere nervum, qui praecipites  
vulnere parvo figeret hostes,  
pictaque Medi terga fugacis.  
Ille Britannos ultra noti  
litora ponti  
et caeruleos scuta Brigantas  
dare Romuleis colla catenis  
iussit et ipsum nova Romanae  
iura securis tremere Oceanum.  
Deflete virum, quo non alius  
potuit citius discere causas,  
una tantum parte audita,  
saepe ne utra. Quis nunc iudex  
toto lites audiet anno?  
Tibi iam cedit sede relicta,  
qui dat populo iura silenti,



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pettifoggers putting their heads together, and lamenting their sad lot, up comes he and says: "Did not I tell you the Saturnalia could not last for ever?"

When Claudius saw his own funeral train, he realized that he was dead. For they were chanting his dirge in anapaests, with much mopping and mouthing:

"Pour forth your laments, your sorrow declare,  
Let the sounds of grief rise high in the air:  
For he that is dead had a wit most keen,  
Was bravest of all that on earth have been.  
Racehorses are nothing to his swift feet:  
Rebellious Parthians he did defeat;  
Swift after the Persians his light shafts go:  
For he well knew how to fit arrow to bow,  
Swiftly the striped barbarians fled:  
With one little wound he shot them dead.  
And the Britons beyond in their unknown seas,  
Blue-shielded Brigantians too, all these  
He chained by the neck as the Romans' slaves.  
He terrified Ocean with all his waves,  
Made fear a new master to lay down the law.  
O weep for the man! This world never saw  
One quicker a troublesome suit to decide,  
When only one part of the case had been tried,  
(He could do it indeed and not hear either side).  
Who'll now sit in judgment the whole year round?  
Now he that is judge of the shades underground

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Cretaea tenens oppida centum.

Caedite maestis pectora palmis,  
o causidici, venale genus.

Vosque poetae lugete novi,  
vosque in primis qui concusso  
magna parastis lucra fritillo."

- 13 Delectabatur laudibus suis Claudius, et cupiebat diutius spectare. Inicit illi manum Talthybius deorum<sup>1</sup> et trahit capite obvoluto, ne quis eum possit agnoscere, per campum Martium, et inter Tiberim et viam tectam descendit ad inferos. Antecesserat iam compendiaria Narcissus libertus ad patronum excipiendum, et venienti nitidus, ut erat a balneo, occurrit et ait: "Quid di ad homines?" "celerius" inquit Mercurius "et venire nos nuntia." Dicto citius Narcissus evolat. Omnia proclivia sunt, facile descenditur. Itaque quamvis podagricus esset, momento temporis pervenit ad ianuam Ditis, ubi iacebat Cerberus vel ut ait Horatius "belua centiceps." Pusillum perturbatur—subalbam canem in deliciis habere adsueverat—ut illum vidit canem nigrum, villosum, sane non quem velis tibi in tenebris occurrere, et magna voce "Claudius" inquit "veniet." Cum plausu procedunt cantantes: *εὐρήκαμεν, συγχαίρωμεν.*<sup>2</sup> Hic erat C. Silius consul designatus, Iuncus praetorius, Sex. Traulus, M. Hel-

<sup>1</sup> *The MSS. add nuntius.*

<sup>2</sup> *Buecheler alters the MS. reading to συγχαίρωμεν, the actual word of the cry.*

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Once ruler of fivescore cities in Crete,  
 Must yield to his better and take a back seat.  
 Mourn, mourn, pettifoggers, ye venal crew,  
 And you, minor poets, woe, woe is to you!  
 And you above all, who get rich quick  
 By the rattle of dice and the three card trick."

Claudius was charmed to hear his own praises sung, 13  
 and would have stayed longer to see the show. But  
 the Talthybius<sup>1</sup> of the gods laid a hand on him, and  
 led him across the Campus Martius, first wrapping his  
 head up close that no one might know him, until be-  
 twixt Tiber and the Subway he went down to the  
 lower regions. His freedman Narcissus had gone  
 down before him by a short cut, ready to welcome his  
 master. Out he comes to meet him, smooth and  
 shining (he had just left the bath), and says he:  
 "What make the gods among mortals?" "Look  
 alive," says Mercury, "go and tell them we are  
 coming." Away he flew, quicker than tongue can tell  
 it. It is easy going by that road, all down hill. So  
 although Claudius had a touch of the gout, in a trice  
 they were come to Dis's door. There lay Cerberus,  
 or, as Horace puts it, the hundred-headed monster. Odes ii,  
13, 35  
 Claudius was a trifle perturbed (it was a little white  
 bitch he used to keep for a pet) when he spied this  
 black shag-haired hound, not at all the kind of thing  
 you could wish to meet in the dark. In a loud voice  
 he cried, "Claudius is coming!" All marched before  
 him singing, "The lost is found, O let us rejoice  
 together!"<sup>2</sup> Here were found C. Silius consul elect,  
 Juncus the ex-praetor, Sextus Traulus, M. Helvius,

<sup>1</sup> Talthybius was a herald, and *nuntius* is obviously a gloss  
 on this. He means Mercury.

<sup>2</sup> With a slight change, a cry used in the worship of Osiris.

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vius, Trogus, Cotta, Vettius Valens, Fabius equites R. quos Narcissus duci iusserat. Medius erat in hac cantantium turba Mnester pantomimus, quem Claudius decoris causa minorem fecerat. Ad Messalinam—cito rumor percrebuit Claudium venisse—convolant: primi omnium liberti Polybius, Myron, Harpocras, Amphaeus, Pheronactus, quos Claudius omnes, necubi imparatus esset, praemiserat. Deinde praefecti duo Iustus Catonius et Rufrius Pollio. Deinde amici Saturninus Lusius et Pedit Pompeius et Lupus et Celer Asinius consulares. Novissime fratris filia, sororis filia, generi, soceri, socrus, omnes plane consanguinei. Et agmine facto Claudio occurrunt. Quos cum vidisset Claudius, exclamat: πάντα φίλων πλήρη “quomodo huc venistis vos?” Tum Pedit Pompeius: “Quid dicis, homo crudelissime? Quaeris, quomodo? Quis enim nos alius huc misit quam tu, omnium amicorum interfector? In ius eamus, ego tibi hic sellas ostendam.”

- 14 Ducit illum ad tribunal Aeaci: is lege Cornelia quae de sicariis lata est, quaerebat. Postulat, nomen eius recipiat; edit subscriptionem: occisos senatores XXXV, equites R. CCXXI, ceteros ὅσα ψάμαθός τε κόνις τε. Advocatum non invenit. Tandem procedit P. Petronius, vetus convictor eius, homo Claudiana lingua disertus, et postulat advocationem. Non datur. Accusat Pedit Pompeius magnis clamoribus. Incipit patronus velle respondere. Aeacus, homo iustissimus,

Trogus, Cotta, Vettius Valens, Fabius, Roman Knights whom Narcissus had ordered for execution. In the midst of this chanting company was Mnester the mime, whom Claudius for honour's sake had made shorter by a head. The news was soon blown about that Claudius had come: to Messalina they throng: first his freedmen, Polybius, Myron, Harpocras, Amphaeus, Pheronactus, all sent before him by Claudius that he might not be unattended anywhere; next two prefects, Justus Catonius and Rufrius Pollius; then his friends, Saturninus, Lusius and Pedo Pompeius and Lupus and Celer Asinius, these of consular rank; last came his brother's daughter, his sister's daughter, sons-in-law, fathers and mothers-in-law, the whole family in fact. In a body they came to meet Claudius; and when Claudius saw them, he exclaimed, "Friends everywhere, on my word! How came you all here?" To this Pedo Pompeius answered, "What, cruel man? How came we here? Who but you sent us, you, the murderer of all the friends that ever you had? To court with you! I'll show you where their lordships sit."

Pedo brings him before the judgement seat of 14 Aeacus, who was holding court under the Lex Cornelia to try cases of murder and assassination. Pedo requests the judge to take the prisoner's name, and produces a summons with this charge: Senators killed, 35; Roman Knights, 221; others as the sands of the sea-shore for multitude. Claudius finds no counsel. At Il. ix, 385 length out steps P. Petronius, an old chum of his, a finished scholar in the Claudian tongue, and claimed a remand. Not granted. Pedo Pompeius prosecutes with loud outcry. The counsel for the defence tries to reply; but Aeacus, who is the soul of justice, will

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vetat, et illum altera tantum parte audita condemnat et ait: αἴκε πάθοι τά τ' ἔρεξε, δίκη κ' ἰθεία γένοιτο. Ingens silentium factum est. Stupebant omnes novitate rei attoniti, negabant hoc unquam factum. Claudio magis iniquum videbatur quam novum. De genere poenae diu disputatum est, quid illum pati oporteret. Erant qui dicerent, Sisyphum satis diu laturam fecisse, Tantalum siti periturum nisi illi succurreretur, aliquando Ixionis miseri rotam sufflaminandam. Non placuit ulli ex veteribus missionem dari, ne vel Claudius unquam simile speraret. Placuit novam poenam constitui debere, excogitandum illi laborem irritum et alicuius cupiditatis speciem sine effectum. Tum Aecus iubet illum alea ludere pertuso fritillo. Et iam coeperat fugientes semper tesserarum quaerere et nihil proficere.

- 15 Nam quotiens missurus erat resonante fritillo,  
 utraque subducto fugiebat tessera fundo.  
 Cumque relictos auderet mittere talos,  
 fusuro similis semper semperque petenti,  
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not have it. Aecus hears the case against Claudius, refuses to hear the other side and passes sentence against him, quoting the line:

“As he did, so be he done by, this is justice undefiled.”<sup>1</sup>

A great silence fell. Not a soul but was stupefied at this new way of managing matters; they had never known anything like it before. It was no new thing to Claudius, yet he thought it unfair. There was a long discussion as to the punishment he ought to endure. Some said that Sisyphus had done his job of portage long enough; Tantalus would be dying of thirst, if he were not relieved; the drag must be put at last on wretched Ixion's wheel. But it was determined not to let off any of the old stagers, lest Claudius should dare to hope for any such relief. It was agreed that some new punishment must be devised: they must devise some new task, something senseless, to suggest some craving without result. Then Aecus decreed he should rattle dice for ever in a box with no bottom. At once the poor wretch began his fruitless task of hunting for the dice, which for ever slipped from his fingers.

“For when he rattled with the box, and thought he  
now had got 'em,

The little cubes would vanish thro' the perforated  
bottom.

Then he would pick 'em up again, and once more set  
a-trying:

The dice but served him the same trick: away they  
went a-flying.

So still he tries, and still he fails; still searching long  
he lingers;

<sup>1</sup> A proverbial line.

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decepere fidem: refugit digitosque per ipsos  
fallax adsiduo dilabitur alea furto.

Sic cum iam summi tanguntur culmina montis,  
irrita Sisyphio volvuntur pondera collo.

Apparuit subito C. Caesar et petere illum in servitu-  
tem coepit; producit testes, qui illum viderant ab  
illo flagris, ferulis, colaphis vapulantem. Adiudicatur  
C. Caesari; Caesar illum Aeaco donat. Is Menandro  
liberto suo tradidit, ut a cognitionibus esset.



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And évery time the tricky things go slipping thro'  
his fingers.

Just so when Sisyphus his rock once gets atop the  
mountain,

To his dismay he sees it come down on his poor head  
bounding!"

All on a sudden who should turn up but Caligula,  
and claims the man for a slave: brings witnesses,  
who said they had seen him being flogged, caned,  
fisticuffed by him. He is handed over to Caligula,  
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