PETRONIUS ARBITER (fl. 1st c. CE), ROMAN SATIRIST. Petronius’ only work (apart from some lyric poems) is known popularly as the *Satyricon*, more properly the *Satyrica*. It exists only in fragments, although scholars calculate that it may originally have been as long as 400,000 words in 20 books. We have portions only of books 14, 15, and 16, although most of book 15 seems intact. In its entirety, *Satyricon* was clearly a very picaresque narrative, with the two main protagonists, Encolpius and his male lover and slave, Giton, involved in a series of adventures during their travels through Italy. However, it was also carefully constructed. What remains suggests a work influenced by a number of genres and modes, in particular Roman satire, Greek ‘low-life’ fiction, and Greek prose romance. In particular, Petronius’s depiction of the less-than-ideal relationship between the male lovers, Encolpius (the narrator) and his young slave, Giton, satirizes the value Greek romance placed on the true love, chaste desire, and uncompromising fidelity of its heterosexual couples. In addition, Petronius seems to have built into his novel a parody of the *Odyssey*: the phallic god Priapus’ rage with Encolpius, who at one point seems to have profaned the god’s rituals and is therefore punished with impotence, satirically mirrors Poseidon’s anger with Odysseus.

EDITIONS AND CONTEXTS:
For a fuller account of the manuscripts of *Satyricon*, a list of selected early modern and modern translations of the text, as well as some account of Petronius’ reception and reputation in the early modern period, see the essay ‘Petronius’ in “Classical Writers, their Early Modern Reputations and Translations” (*Online Companion*)

WILLIAM BURNABY (1673-1706), TRANSLATOR AND PLAYWRIGHT. Educated at Merton College (Oxford), Burton entered the Middle Temple in 1693. After a brief and largely unsuccessful career as a dramatist, he had an even briefer and less successful career in the Admiralty office, and died penniless. His translation of the *Satyricon* is his only lasting work, and it was produced with the assistance of an anonymous collaborator, who still remains unidentified. This translation was to be the standard one of this ancient text well into the beginning of the twentieth century. P.G. Walsh’s 1996 edition for Oxford UP, however, deletes those sections of the novel (which Walsh includes) that are now acknowledged as accretions that are not Petronius’ work.
From Satyricon (1694)\(^1\)

**The Preface**

The Moors (‘tis said) used to cast their newborn children into the sea, and only if they swam would think ’em worth their care, but mine with more neglect I turn into the world, for sink or swim, I have done all I designed for’t. I have already, with as much satisfaction as Aeneas in a cloud heard Dido praise him,\(^2\) heard the beaux-critics condemn this translation before they saw it, and with as much judgement as if they had, and after they had prophetically discovered all the flaws in the turns of thought, the cadence of periods, and had almost brought in epic and drama, they supped their coffee, took snuff, and charitably concluded to send Briscoe the pie-woman to help off with his books.\(^3\) Well, I have nothing to say, but that these brisk gentlemen that draw without occasion, must put up without satisfaction.\(^4\) After the injury of 1700 years or better, and the several editions in quarto, octavo, duodecimo, etc., with their respective notes to little purpose—for these annotators upon matters of no difficulty are so tedious that you can’t get rid of their enlargements without sleeping, but at any real knot are too modest to interrupt any man’s curiosity in the untying of it—after so many years, I say, it happened upon the taking of Belgrade this author was made entire,\(^5\) made so because the new is suspected to be illegitimate. But it has so many features of the lawful father, that he was at least thought of when ’twas got.\(^6\) Now the story’s made out, the character of Lycas altered, and Petronius freed from the imputation of not making divine or human justice pursue an ill-spent life.

As to the translation, the other hand,\(^7\) I believe, has been very careful, but if my part don’t satisfy the world, I should be glad to see myself revenged in a better version; and though it may

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\(^1\) The complete title of this translation is The Satire of Titus Petronius Arbiter, a Roman Knight. With its Fragments, Recovered at Belgrade. Made English by Mr. Burnaby of the Middle-Temple, and Another Hand. The extracts below are from the 2\(^{nd}\) edn. The work is dedicated to “the Right Honourable Henry Earl of Rumney, Viscount Sidney, Master General of their Majesties’ Ordinance, one of their Majesties’ Most Honourable Privy-Council, Constable of Dover-Castle, and Lord Warder of the Cinque Ports.” William Burnaby recommends the work to Henry Sidney on account of “the gentlemanlike pleasantry of the work, where you meet with variety of ridicule on the subject of Nero’s court, an agreeable air of humour in a ramble through schools, bagnios [i.e., public baths], temples, and markets; wit and gallantry in amours, with moral reflections on almost every accident of human life. In short, my lord, I shall be very proud to please a Sidney, an house fertile, of extraordinary genios [i.e., genius], whose every member deserves his own Sir Philip [i.e., Sir Philip Sidney, famous Elizabethan poet, romance writer, soldier and courtier] to celebrate him; whose characters are romances to the rest of mankind, but real life in his own family.”

\(^2\) In Virgil’s Aeneid, the Trojan hero and founder of Rome, Aeneas, hears Dido’s praise of him while he is standing in her court, shrouded by a cloud provided by the goddess Venus.

\(^3\) Briscoe, the pie-woman ... books Unsold books would be sold for paper to businesses for various purposes, such as wrapping food and other goods.

\(^4\) draw ... satisfaction i.e., Burnaby compares his hasty and rash critic to a man who draws his sword on another for no reason (i.e., he has not been insulted or assaulted), and thus, like the rash swordsman who must sheathe his sword (‘put it up’) without engaging in combat to satisfy his wounded honour, the critic must likewise put up his weapons (of carping criticism) and thus be denied satisfaction.

\(^5\) After ... entire For the history of Satyricon’s manuscript transmission and recovery, see the head-note, above.

\(^6\) got conceived.

\(^7\) the other hand i.e., the other (still anonymous) translator, who was responsible for part 1 of the text. See n116.
prove no difficult province to improve what I have done, I shall yet have the credit of the first attempt. If any of the fine gentlemen should be angry after they have read it—as some, to save that trouble, have before, and protest I've yet debauched Petronius, and robbed him of his language, his only purity—I hope we shall shortly be reconciled, for I have some very pretty new songs ready for the press. If this satisfies them, I'll venture to tell others that I have dressed the meaning of the original as modestly as I could, but to have quite hid the obscenity, I thought, were to invent, not translate. As for the ladies, if any too-discerning antiquated hypocrite (for only such I fear) should be angry with the beastly author, let the work be my advocate, where the little liberties I take, as modestly betray a broad meaning, as blushing when a man tells the story.

Those who object, that things of this nature ought not to be translated, must arraign the versions of Juvenal, Suetonius, etc., but what Suetonius thought excusable in history, any sober man will think much more allowable in satire. Nor can this be offensive to good manners, since the gross part here is the displaying of vices of that dye that there’s an abhorrence even in nature from 'em; nor is it possible that any ill man can talk a good one into a new frame or composition; nay, perhaps it may be applicable to a good use, to see our own happiness, that we know that to be opposite to humanity itself which some of the ancients were deluded even to practice as wit and gallantry. Thus, I’m so far from being touched in expressing those crimes, that I think it makes the more for me, the more they’re detested. If I have altered or added to the author, it was either to render those customs of the Romans that were analogous to ours by what was more familiar to us, or to prevent a note\(^8\) by enlarging on others where I found 'em.

The verse of both parts are mine, and I have taken a great liberty in 'em; and though I believe there I have not wronged the original, yet all will not amount to call them good. The money at first I made English coin, but not the exact worth, because it would have been odd in some places to have brought in pence and farthings, as when the thousand sesterces\(^9\) are offered to discover Giton: it would not be consistent with the haste they were in to offer so many pounds, so many shillings, and so many pence. I therefore proportioned a sum to the story without casting up the sesterces; thus they went to the press, but advised either to give the just value or the Roman coin, I resolved on the latter for the reasons I have given, and altered the sums as the proofs came to my hands, but trusting the care of one sheet to a friend, the sum 2000 crowns passed unaltered.

W. B.

[The novel opens with Encolpius, his male slave and present lover, Giton, along with Encolpius’ friend, Ascylos, all apparently travelling together. In the fragmentary beginning of the novel, Encolpius has been embroiled in a debate over the extent to which Latin education renders students incapable of recognizing and valuing true literature. His opponent, Agamemnon, is a Sophist, who tries to exonerate the educational system (and by extension himself as an educator) by stating that it is really parents and not teachers who are to blame for youth’s lamentably poor

\(^8\) prevent a note  i.e., avoid an explanatory footnote.
\(^9\) sesterce  a small Roman coin (1/4 part of a denarius).
taste in literature. Suddenly realizing that his friend Ascytlos has disappeared, Encolpius leaves to find him.]

[…]

While I was wholly taken up with Agamemnon, I did not observe how Ascytlos had given me the slip, and as I continued my diligence, a great crowd of scholars filled the portico, to hear, (as it appeared afterwards) an extemporary declamation, of I know not whom, that was descanting on what Agamemnon had said; while therefore they ridiculed his advice, and condemned the order of the whole, I took an opportunity of getting from them, and ran in quest of Ascytlos. But the hurry I was in, with my ignorance where our inn lay, so distracted me, that what way soever I went, I returned by the same, till tired in the pursuit, and all in a sweat, I met an old herb-woman.

“And, I beseech thee, mother,” quoth I, “do you know whereabouts I dwell?”

Pleased with the simplicity of such a home-bred jest, “Why should I not?” answered she; and getting on her feet went on before me.

I thought her no less than a witch, but, having led me into a by-lane, she threw off her piebald patched mantle: “And here,” quoth she, “you can’t want a lodging.”

While I was denying I knew the house, I observed a company of beaux reading the bills o’er the cells, on which was inscribed the name of the whore and her price; and others of the same function naked, scuttling it here and there, as if they would not, yet would be seen. When too late I found myself in a bawdy-house, cursing the jade that had trapaned me thither, I covered my head and was just making off through the midst of them, when in the very entry Ascytlos met me, but as tired as myself, and in a manner dead; you’d have sworn the same old woman brought him. I could not forbear laughing, but having saluted each other, I asked him what business he had in so scandalous, a place?

He wiped his face. “And if you knew,” said he, “what has happened to me—”

“As what?” quoth I.

He faintly replied, “When I had roved the whole city without finding where I had left the inn, the master of this house came up to me, and kindly proffered to be my guide; so through many a cross lane and blind turning, having brought me to this house, he drew his weapon and pressed for a closer engagement. In this affliction the whore of the cell also demanded garnish-
money;\textsuperscript{19} and he laid such hands on me, that had I not been too strong for him, I had gone by the worst of it.”

While As cyltos was telling his tale, in come the same fellow, with a woman, none of the least agreeable, and looking upon As cyltos, entreated him to walk in and fear nothing, for if he would not be passive he might be active.\textsuperscript{20} The woman, on the other hand, pressed me to go in with her. We followed, therefore, and being led among those bills, we saw many of both sexes at work in the cells,\textsuperscript{21} so much every of them seemed to have taken a provocative.\textsuperscript{22}

Nor were we sooner discovered than they would have been at us with the like impudence, and in a trice one of them, his coat tucked under his girdle, laid hold on As cyltos, and having thrown him athwart a couch, would have been bobbing\textsuperscript{23} at him. I presently ran to help the undermost, and putting our strengths together, we made nothing of the troublesome fool. As cyltos went off, and flying, left me exposed to the fury;\textsuperscript{24} but, thanks to my strength, I got off without hurt.

I had almost traversed the city round, when through the dusk I saw Giton on the beggars-bench\textsuperscript{25} of our inn; I made up to him, and, going in, asked him ‘what As cyltos had got us for dinner.’ The boy, sitting down on the bed, began to wipe the tears that stood in his eyes; I was much concerned at it, and asked him the occasion; he was slow in his answer, and seemed unwilling, but mixing threats with my entreaties:

“‘Twas that brother or comrogue\textsuperscript{26} of yours,” said he, “that coming erewhile into our lodging, would have been at me, and put hard for it. When I cried out, he drew his sword, ‘And if thou art a Lucrece,’ said he, ‘thou hast met a Tarquin.’”\textsuperscript{27}

I heard him, and shaking my fist at As cyltos: “What sayest thou,” said I, “thou catamite,\textsuperscript{28} whose very breath is tainted?”\textsuperscript{29}

\textsuperscript{19} \textit{garnish-money} the money new prisoners were forced to pay to their jailers, or sometimes to their fellow-prisoners.

\textsuperscript{20} \textit{if he ... active} i.e., if he did not want to be the receptive (passive) partner in anal intercourse, he could be the insertive (active) partner.

\textsuperscript{21} There are several such asterisks throughout the text, suggesting that at one time (perhaps) marginal notes were considered. There are none, however, in this edition. They tend to appear in places where some explanation of Roman customs is needed, where the Latin words contain obvious obscenities, and where there are references to the now-lost sections of the text.

\textsuperscript{22} \textit{provocative} aphrodisiac.

\textsuperscript{23} Although ‘bobbing’ clearly refers here to attempted anal intercourse, none of the seven different entries for the verb ‘bob’ in the OED has any sexual meaning whatsoever. There are also no relevant entries in the standard reference dictionaries (Partridge or Williams).

\textsuperscript{24} \textit{the Fury} i.e., the female prostitute.

\textsuperscript{25} \textit{beggars-bench} perhaps a synonym for the more widely-used term ‘penniless bench,’ as in the proverbial saying, to sit on penniless bench’ (i.e., to live in extreme poverty) [Tilley P187]. There was an actual ‘penniless bench’ near Carfax Church in Oxford, a place for the lazy, idle, and poor.

\textsuperscript{26} \textit{comrogue} i.e., fellow-rogue.

\textsuperscript{27} \textit{And if ... Lucrece ... Tarquin} As cyltos identifies himself with Tarquin, the son of the last king of Rome, who raped the chaste lady Lucretia; she subsequently killed herself out of shame, triggering the overthrow of the monarchy by Lucretia’s grieving husband and his allies. Lucretia became a by-word for martial chastity, and Tarquin for tyrannical, unbridled lust.

\textsuperscript{28} \textit{catamite} usually, a boy kept for the sexual use of his master; but, here, more generally, a male who has sex with another male.
He dissembled at first a great trembling, but presently throwing my arms aside, in a higher voice cried out, “Must you be prating, thou ribaldrous cutthroat, whom, condemned for murd’ring thine host, nothing but the fall of the stage could have saved? You make a noise, thou night-pad, who when at thy best had’st never to do with any woman but a bawd? On what account, think ye, was I the same to you in the aviary, that the boy here now is?”

“And who but you,” interrupted I, “gave me that slip in the portico?”

“Why what, my Man of Gotham,” continued he, “must I have done, when I was dying for hunger? Hear sentence—forsooth—that is, the rattling of broken glasses, and the expounding of dreams? So help me Hercules, as thou art the greater rogue of the two, who to get a meal’s meat wert not ashamed to commend an insipid rhymer!”

When at last, having turned the humour from scolding to laughing, we began to talk soberly. But the late injury still sticking in my stomach, “Ascytlos,” said I, “I find we shall never agree together, therefore let’s divide the common stock, and each of us set up for himself. Thou’rt a piece of a scholar, and I’ll be no hindrance to thee, but think of some other way; for otherwise we shall run into a thousand mischiefs, and become turntale.”

Ascytlos was not against it: “And since we have promised,” said he, “as scholars, to sup together, let’s husband the night too; and tomorrow I’ll get me a new lodging, and some comrade or other.”

“Tis irksome,” said I, “to defer what we like.” (The itch of the flesh occasioned this hasty parting, though I had been a long time willing to shake off so troublesome an observer of my actions, that I might renew my old intrigue with my Giton.)

Ascytlos taking it as an affront, without answering, went off in a heat: I was too well acquainted with his subtle nature, and the violence of his love, not to fear the effects of so sudden a breach, and therefore made after him, both to observe his designs and prevent them; but losing sight of him, was a long time in pursuit to no purpose.

When I had searched the whole town, I returned to my lodging, where, the ceremony of kisses ended, I got my boy to a closer hug, and, enjoying my wishes, thought myself happy even to envy, nor had I done when Ascytlos stole to the door, and, springing the bolt, found us at leap-frog; upon which, clapping his hands, he fell a-laughing, and turning me out of the saddle:

“What,” said he, “most reverend gentleman, what were you doing, my Brother Sterling?” Nor content with words only, but untying the thong that bound his wallet, he gave me a warning, and with other reproaches, “As you like this, so be for parting again.”

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29 whose very breath is tainted  Peter Green notes that in ancient satire bad breath is often associated with the practice of oral sex. See his note on Catullus, ‘Poem 79,’ *The Poems of Catullus* (Berkeley, 2005), p. 259.
30 night-pad  whore (Williams 2.986).
31 Man of Gotham  simpleton, fool (Gotham was a village whose inhabitants were proverbially foolish).
32 sentence  wisdom, a wise saying.
33 husband  as a verb, to manage with thrift and prudence (share the accommodations to save on costs),
34 leap-frog  vigorous sexual bout or encounter.
35 turned me out of the saddle  i.e., he dumped Encolpius out of bed while he was in the very act of having intercourse with Giton. ‘Saddle’ was a slang term for the sexual ‘seat’ of a woman (her genitals).
36 Sterling  referring ironically to Encolpius’ sterling (excellent) qualities.
The unexpectedness of the thing made me take no notice of it, but politically turn it off with a laugh, for otherwise I must have been at loggerheads with my rival, whereas sweetening him with a counterfeit mirth, I brought him also to laugh for company.

“And you, Encolpius,” began he, “are so wrapped in pleasures, you little consider how short our money grows, and what we have left will turn to no account. There’s nothing to be got in town this summertime; we shall have better luck in the country; let’s visit our friends.”

Necessity made me approve his advice, as well as conceal the smart of his lash, so loading Giton with our baggage, we left the city, and went to the house of one Lycurgus, a Roman knight, who, because Ascyltos had formerly been his pathic, entertained us handsomely, and the company we met there made our diversions the pleasanter, for first there was Tryphaena, a very beautiful woman that had come with one Lycas, the owner of a ship and of a small seat that lay next the sea. The delight we received in this place was more than can be expressed, though Lycurgus’s table was thrifty enough. The first thing was everyone to choose his playmate. The fair Tryphaena pleased me, and readily inclined to me, but I had scarce given her the courtesy of the house, when Lycas, storming to have his old amour slocked from him, accused me at first of under-dealing; but soon from a rival addressing himself as a lover, he pleasantly told me, I must repair his damages, and plied me hotly. But Tryphaena having my heart, I could not lend him an ear. The refusal set him the sharper; he followed me wherever I went, and getting into my chamber at night, when entreaty did no good, he fell to downright violence, but I raised such an out-cry that I waked the whole house, and, by the help of Lycurgus got rid of him for that bout.

At length perceiving Lycurgus’s house was not for his purpose, he would have persuaded me to his own; but I rejecting the proffer, he made use of Tryphaena’s authority and she the rather persuaded me to yield to him, because she was in hopes of living more at liberty there. I followed therefore whither my love led me, but Lycurgus having renewed his old concern with Ascyltos would not suffer him to depart. At last we agreed that he should stay with Lycurgus, and we go with Lycas; over and beside which, it was concluded that every of us, as opportunity offered, should pilfer what he could for the common stock.

Lycas was overjoyed at my consent, and so hastened our departure, that, taking leave of our friends, we arrived at his house the same day. But in our passage he so ordered the matter that he sat next me, and Tryphaena next Giton, which he purposely contrived to show the notorious lightness of that woman; nor was he mistaken in her, for she presently grew hot upon the boy. I was quickly jealous, and Lycas so exactly remarked it to me, that he soon confirmed my suspicion of her. On this I began to be easier to him, which made him all joy, as being assured the unworthiness of my new mistress would beget my contempt of her, and resenting her slight, I should receive him with the better will.

37 pathic a man or boy who is the receptive (the OED says ‘passive’) partner in male same-sex anal intercourse.
38 seat estate.
39 playmate the person that he or she would treat in a courtly, flirtatious way.
40 courtesy of the house perhaps, a ritual kiss of greeting?
41 slocked lured, enticed.
42 plied me hotly pressured me relentlessly and urgently.
43 bout sexual encounter.
44 his old concern i.e., his earlier sexual relationship.
So stood the matter while we were at Lycas’s: Tryphaena was desperately in love with Giton; Giton again as wholly devoted to her; I cared least for the sight of either of them; and Lycas, studying to please me, found me every day some new diversion. In all which also his wife Doris, a fine woman, strove to exceed him, and that so gaily that she presently thrust Tryphaena from my heart. I gave her the wink, and she returned her consent by as wanton a twinkle, so that this dumb rhetoric going before the tongue, secretly conveyed each other’s mind. I knew Lycas was jealous, which kept me tongue-tied so long, and the love he bore his wife made him discover to her, his inclination to me. But the first opportunity we had of talking together, she related to me what she had learned from him, and I frankly confessed it, but withal told her how absolutely averse I had ever been to’t.

“Well then,” quoth the discreet woman, “we must try our wits, according to his own opinion, the permission was one’s and the possession another’s.”

By this time Giton had been worn off his legs, and was gathering new strength, when Tryphaena came back to me, but disappointed of her expectation, her love turned to a downright fury; and, all on fire with following me to no purpose, got into my intrigue both with Lycas and his wife. She made no account of his gamesomeness with me, as well knowing it would hinder no grist to her mill. But for Doris, she never left till she had found out our private amours, and gave a hint of it to Lycas, whose jealousy, having got the upper hand of his love, ran all to revenge, but Doris, advertised by Tryphaena’s woman, to divert the storm, forbore any more such meetings.

As soon as I perceived it, having cursed the treachery of Tryphaena and the ingratitude of Lycas, I began to make off, and Fortune favoured me, for a ship consecrated to the Goddess Isis, laden with rich spoils, had the day before run upon the rocks. Giton and I laid our heads together, and he was as willing as myself to be gone, for Tryphaena, having drawn him dry, began now not to be so fond of him. Early the next morning therefore we marched to seaward, where with the less difficulty we got on board the ship, because we were no strangers to Lycas’s servants then in wait upon her. They still honouring us with their company, it was not a time to filch anything, but, leaving Giton with them, I took an opportunity of getting into the stern, where the image of Isis stood, and stripped her of a rich mantle and silver tabor. Lifting other good booty out of the master’s cabin, I stole down by a rope, unseen of any but Giton, who also gave them the slip and skulked after me.

As soon as I saw him I showed him the purchase, and both of us resolved to make what haste we could to Ascytlos, but Lycurgus’s house was not to be reached the same day. When we came to Ascytlos, we showed him the prize, and told him in short the manner of getting it, and

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45 **gamesomeness**  playfulness, sportiveness (in a sexual sense).
46 **hinder no grist to her mill**  i.e., Lycas’ sexual designs on Encolpius would not hinder those of Tryphaena.
47 **for**  i.e., as for.
48 **advertised**  advised.
49 **Isis**  Wife of Osiris and mother of Horus, Isis was an Egyptian goddess, but her worship became increasingly important for the Romans. Her cult, like those of other Eastern deities, included a focus on initiation ceremonies for potential cult members and rites aimed at inducing ecstatic fervour (such as singing and dancing).
50 **drawn him dry**  exhausted him sexually.
51 **tabor**  a small drum.
how we were made a mere may-game of Love.\textsuperscript{52} He advised us to prepossess Lycurgus with our case, and make him our friend ere the others could see him; and withal boldly assert it, that the trick Lycas would have served them was the only cause why they stole away so hastily, which when Lycurgus came to understand, he swore he would at all times protect us against our enemies.

Our flight was unknown till Tryphaena and Doris were got out of bed, for we daily attended their levy, and waited on them while they were dressing; but when contrary to custom they found us missing, Lycas sent after us, and especially to the seaside, for he had heard we made that way, but not a word of the pillage, for the ship lay somewhat to seaward, and the master had not yet returned on board. But at last it being taken for granted we were run away, and Lycas becoming uneasy for want of us, fell desperately foul on his wife, whom he supposed to be the cause of our departure. I’ll take no notice of what words and blows past between them; I know not every particular. I’ll only say, Tryphaena, the mother of mischief, had put Lycas in the head that it might so be we had taken sanctuary at Lycurgus’s, where she persuaded him to go in quest of the runagates,\textsuperscript{53} and promised to bear him company that she might confound our impudence with just reproaches. The next day they accordingly set forward, and came to his house, but we were out of the way, for Lycurgus was gone to a festival in honour of Hercules, held at a neighbouring village, and had taken us with him, of which when the others were informed, they made what haste they could to us, and met us in the portico of the Temple. The sight of them very much disordered us: Lycas eagerly complained of our flight to Lycurgus, but was received with such a bended brow and so haughty a look that I grew valiant upon’t, and with an open throat charged him with his beastly attempts upon me, as well at Lycurgus’s as in his own house; and Tryphaena, endeavouring to stop my mouth, had her share with him, for I set out her harlotry to the mob, who were got about us to hear the scolding. And as a proof of what I said, I showed them poor sapless\textsuperscript{54} Giton, and myself also, whom that itch of the whore had even brought to our graves.

The shout of the mob put our enemies so out of countenance that they went off heavily, but contriving a revenge; and therefore observing how we had put upon Lycurgus, they went back to expect him at his house and set him right again. The solemnity ending later than was expected, we could not reach Lycurgus’s that night, and therefore he brought us to a half-way house, but left us asleep next morning, and went home to dispatch some business, where he found Lycas and Tryphaena waiting for him, who so ordered the matter with him, that they brought him to secure us. Lycurgus, naturally barbarous and faithless, began to contrive which way to betray us, and sent Lycas to get some help, whilst he secured us in the village. Thither he came, and at his first entry treated us as Lycas had done. After which, wringing his hands together, he upbraided us with the lie we had made of Lycas, and taking Ascytlos from us, locked us up in the room where we were, without so much as hearing him speak in our defence; but carrying him to his house, set a guard upon us, till himself should return.

\textsuperscript{52} we ... of Love i.e., we were made a laughing stock or object of ridicule of Love.

\textsuperscript{53} runagates runaways; fugitives.

\textsuperscript{54} sapless lacking in semen; said of a man who has so over-indulged in sexual activity that he has been temporarily rendered incapable of performing sexually; one who has been drained.
On the road Ascyltos did what he could to mollify Lycurgus, but neither entreaties, nor love, nor tears doing any good on him, it came into our comrade’s head to set us at liberty, and being all on fire at Lycurgus’s testiness, refused to bed with him that night, and by that means the more easily put in execution what he had been thinking on. The family was in their dead sleep when Ascyltos took our fardels\(^{55}\) on his shoulders, and, getting through a breach in the wall, which he had formerly taken notice of, came to the village by break of day, and, meeting no one to stop him, boldly entered it and came up to our chamber, which the guard that was upon us took care to secure; but the bar being of wood, he easily wrenched it with an iron crow,\(^{56}\) and wakened us, for we snored in spite of Fortune. Our guard had so over-watched themselves that they were fallen into a dead sleep, and we only waked at the crack. To be short, Ascyltos came in and briefly told us what he had done for our sakes. On this we got up, and, as we were rigging ourselves, it came into my head to kill the guard and rifle the village. I told Ascyltos my mind. He liked the rifling well enough, but gave us a wished delivery without blood, for being acquainted with every corner of the house, he picked the lock of an inner room where the movables lay, and, bringing us into it, we lifted what was of most value, and got off while it was yet early in the morning, avoiding the common road, and not resting till we thought ourselves out of danger.

Then Ascyltos, having gotten heart again, began to amplify the delight he took in having pillaged Lycurgus, of whose miserableness\(^{57}\) he, nor without cause, complained, for he neither paid him for his night’s service,\(^{58}\) nor kept a table that had either meat or drink on’t, being such a sordid pinch-penny that, notwithstanding his infinite wealth, he denied himself the common necessaries of life.

[The Oxford edition jumps from Ascyltos’ discovery of Encolpius in bed with Giton to the three companions in a market, where they are attempting to sell a stolen cloak. They see a peasant trying to sell a ragged shirt, one that Encolpius lost in the countryside and that has golden coins sewn inside; they manage to regain the shirt and then return to their lodgings.]

We had resolved to keep out of the broad streets, and accordingly took our walk through that quarter of the city where we were likely to meet least company, when in a narrow winding lane that had not passage through, we saw somewhat before us two comely matron-like women, and followed them at a distance to a chapel, which they entered, whence we heard an odd humming kind of noise, as if it came from the hollow of a cave. Curiosity also made us go in after them, where we saw a number of women, as mad as they had been sacrificing to Bacchus,\(^{59}\)

\(^{55}\) *fardels* burdens; packs.
\(^{56}\) *crow* i.e., crowbar.
\(^{57}\) *miserableness* miserliness.
\(^{58}\) *night’s service* i.e., the sexual services that Ascyltos had provided to Lycurgus.
\(^{59}\) *as mad … Bacchus* i.e., the female worshippers are as ecstatic and as insensible of their surroundings and actions as traditionally those were who were possessed by the god Bacchus during his rites.
and each of them an amulet (the ensign of Priapus) in her hand. More than that, we could not get to see, for they no sooner perceived us than they set up such a shout that the roof of the Temple shook again, and withal endeavoured to lay hands on us; but we scampered and made what haste we could to the inn.

Nor had we sooner stuffed ourselves with the supper Giton had got for us, when a more than ordinary bounce at the door put us into another fright; and when we, pale as death, asked ‘who was there,’ twas answered, “Open the door and you’ll see.”

While we were yet talking, the bolt dropped off, and the door flew open, on which, a woman with her head muffled came in upon us, but the same who a little before had stood by the countryman in the market.

“And what,” said she, “do you think to put a trick upon me? I am Quartilla’s maid, whose sacred recess you so lately disturbed. She is at the inn-gate, and desires to speak with ye, not that she either taxes your inadvertency, or has a mind to so resent it, but rather wonders what god brought such civil gentlemen into her quarters.”

We were silent as yet, and gave her the hearing, but inclined to neither part of what she had said, when in came Quartilla herself, attended with a young girl, and sitting down by me, fell a-weeping, nor here also did we offer a word, but stood expecting what those tears at command meant.

At last when the shower had emptied itself, she disdainfully turned up her hood, and clinching her fingers together, till the joints were ready to crack: “What impudence,” said she, “is this? or where learnt ye those shams and that sleight of hand ye have so lately been beholding to? By my faith, young men, I am sorry for ye, for no one beheld what was unlawful for him to see and went off unpunished. And verily our part of the town has so many deities, you’ll sooner find a god than a man in’t. And that you may not think I came hither to be revenged on ye, I am more concerned for your youth than the injury ye have done me, for unawares, as I yet think, ye have committed an inexpiable abomination. For my part, it troubled me all night, and threw me into such a shaking that I was afraid I had gotten a tertian, on which I took somewhat to have made me sleep; but the god appeared to me, and commanded me to rise and find ye out as the likeliest way to take off the violence of the fit. But I am not so much in pain for a remedy as that a greater anguish strikes me to the heart, and will undoubtedly make an end of me, for fear in one of your youthful frolics you should disclose what you saw in Priapus’s chapel, and utter the

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60 Priapus god of fertility, often represented with an enormous phallus. The ancients usually say that he was the son of Venus, goddess of love, and Bacchus, god of wine and revelry. Jealous of Venus, Juno caused Priapus to be born deformed, and out of shame Venus had the baby exposed to die in the mountains. Discovered by shepherds who saved him and gave him his name, Priapus first showed his sexual precocity among the people of Lampsacus, whose men tried to eject him from their community for his constant seduction of their wives and daughters. Punishing them with a plague, Priapus relented when the people built temples and began to worship him; his festivals were always accompanied with sexual license. His epithets include phallus fascinus, Ithyphallus, ruber, or rubicundus.

61 endeavoured to lay hands on us The god Bacchus’ most famous worshippers, the Maenads, tore apart the mythic singer Orpheus while they were under the influence of the god.

62 had stood by the countryman in the market i.e., in the dispute involving the cloak and the shirt. See the brief summary prefacing this section of the text, above.

63 recess secluded space.

64 shams tricks, hoaxes, deceptions.

65 tertian a kind of fever.
counsels of the gods among the people. Low as your knees, I therefore lift my hands t’ye, that ye neither make sport of our night-worship nor dishonour the mysteries of so many years, which, ’tis not everyone, even among ourselves, that knows.”

After this she fell a-crying again, and with many a pitiful groan fell flat on my bed, when I at the same time, between pity and fear, bid her take courage and assure herself of both: for that we would neither divulge those holy mysteries, nor if the god had prescribed her any other remedy for her ague, be wanting ourselves to assist providence, even with our own hazard.

At this promise of mine, becoming more cheerful, she fell a-kissing me thick and threefold, and turning the humour of tears into laughing, she combed up some hair that hung over my face with her fingers: “And I come to a truce with ye,” said she, “and discharge ye of the process I intended against you; but if ye should refuse me the medicine I entreat of ye for the ague, I have fellows enough will be ready by tomorrow that shall both vindicate my reputation, and revenge the affront ye put upon me.

Contempt’s dishonourable, and the giver rude,
T’advise the doctor, speaks the patient proud;
But I am mistress of myself so far,
I can pay scorn with scorn without a war.
The wise revenge is to neglect the ill;
They’re not the only conquerors that kill.”

Then clapping her hands together, she turned off to so violent a laughter that made us apprehensive of some designs against us; the same also did the woman that came in first, and the girl that came with her; but so mimically that, seeing no reason for so sudden a change, we one while stared on one another, and other while on the woman.

At length⁶⁶ quoth Quartilla, “I have commanded that no flesh alive be suffered to come into this inn today, that I may receive from you the medicine for the ague without interruption.”⁶⁷

At what time As cyltos was a little amazed, and I so chilled, that I had not power to utter a word; but the company gave me heart not to expect worse, for they were but three women, and if they had any design, must yet be too weak to effect it against us, who if we had nothing more of man about us, had yet that figure to befriend us.

We were all girt up for the purpose, and I had so contrived the couples that if it must come to a rancounter,⁶⁸ I was to make my part good with Quartilla, Asyltos with her woman, and Giton the girl. While I was thus casting the matter in my head, Quartilla came up to me to cure her of her ague, but finding herself disappointed,⁶⁹ flew off in a rage, and returning in a little while, told us, there were certain persons unknown, had a design upon us,⁷⁰ and therefore commanded to remove us into a noble palace.

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⁶⁶ At length Finally (when she was able to control her laughter).
⁶⁷ At ... interruption As the rest of the action makes clear, sexual activity is the ‘cure’ for Quartilla’s illness.
⁶⁸ rancounter a face-to-face encounter (sexual, social, or martial).
⁶⁹ finding herself disappointed Quartilla finds, of course, that Priapus has already begun Encolpius’ punishment for sacrilege by rendering him impotent, a condition that plagues him for much of the rest of the narrative.
⁷⁰ had a design upon us i.e., intended us some injury.
Here all our courage failed us, and nothing but certain death seemed to appear before us, when I began: “If, madam, you design to be more severe with us, be yet so kind as to dispatch it quickly, for whatever our offence be, it is not so heinous that we ought to be racked to death for it.”

Upon which her woman, whose name was Psyche, spread a coverlet on the floor, and fell examining the linings of my breeches, but her labour was lost: all was cold and dead. Ascyltos muffled his head in his coat, as having had a hint given him, how dangerous it was to take notice of what did not concern him. In the meantime, Psyche took off her garters, and with the one of them bound my feet, and with the other my hands.

Thus fettered as I lay: “This, madam,” said I, “is not the way to rid you of your ague.”

“I grant it,” answered Psyche, “but I have a dose at hand will infallibly do it.” And therewith brought me a lusty bowl of satyrion (a love-potion) and so merrily ran over the wonderful effects of it, that I had well-nigh sucked it all off. But because Ascyltos had slighted her courtship, she finding his back towards her, threw the bottom of it on him.

Ascyltos perceiving the chat was at an end: “Am not I worthy,” said he, “to get a sup?” And Psyche fearing my laughter might discover her, clapped her hands, and told him, “Young man, I made you an offer of it, but your friend here has drunk it all out.”

“Is it so,” quoth Quartilla, smiling very agreeably, “and has Encolpius gugged it all down?”

At last also even Giton laughed for company, at what time the young wench flung her arms about his neck, and meeting no resistance, half smothered him with kisses.

We would have cried out, but there was no one near to help us; and as I was offering to bid ’em keep the peace, Psyche fell a-nipping and pricking me with her bodkin. On the other side also, the young wench half stifled Ascyltos with a dish-clout she had rubbed in the bowl.

Lastly came leaping upon us a burdash, in a rough mantle stuck with myrtle, girt about him;

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71 racked tortured.
72 Psyche Her name means, ironically enough, ‘soul’ or ‘spirit.’ In Apuleius’ The Golden Ass, Psyche is a beautiful girl with whom Cupid/Eros falls in love; although they are mutually devoted to each other, Cupid refuses to allow her to see him, visiting her only in darkness. One night she lights a lamp, sees him, and accidentally drops hot oil on his skin; he awakens and vanishes. Psyche journeys all over the world and endures many hardships before she is finally reunited with her beloved through the agency of Zeus (Jupiter). The story has often been interpreted allegorically, with Psyche, representing the soul, finally reunited after the pain and tragedies of life with the divine, represented by Cupid, god of love.
73 and fell examining . . . dead Psyche here attempts to arouse Encolpius either through fellatio or manual manipulation, but she is as unsuccessful as Quartilla has been earlier.
74 bottom dregs.
75 bodkin a needle (Walsh translates as ‘hairpin’).
76 the bowl i.e., presumably the one that was holding the aphrodisiac or satyrion (above).
77 burdash OED identifies a ‘burdash’ as a kind of fringed sash worn by men between approximately 1665 and 1727. The Latin original, however, identifies the individual here as a cinaedus (see n82), a man who engages in various sexual excesses, usually (but by no means always) with members of his own sex; while the word ‘cinaedus’ seems to have been originally used of a man who adopted the receptive (passive) role in male same-sex anal intercourse, it could also, as here, refer to the insertive (active) partner. The word also seems to have had a wider set of sexual connotations in classical Latin usage. See J.N. Adams, The Latin Sexual Vocabulary (Baltimore, 1982). It is unclear why the anonymous translator of part 1 decides on ‘burdash’ as the trans. of cinaedus, since ‘burdash’ does not seem to have any particular sexual connotations in this period.
and one while almost ground our hips to powder with his bobbing\(^79\) at us, and other while slobbered us with his nasty kisses, till Quartilla, holding her staff of office in her hand, discharged us of the service; but not having first taken an oath of us that so dreadful a secret should go no further than ourselves. Then came in a company of wrestlers, and rubbed us over with the yolk of an egg beaten to oil. When being somewhat refreshed, we put on our nightgowns, and were led into the next room, that had three beds in it, all well-appointed, and the rest of the entertainment as splendidly set out. The word was given, and we sat down, when having whet our appetites with an excellent antipast,\(^80\) we swilled ourselves with the choicest of wine, nor was it long ere we fell a-nodding.

"It is so?" quoth Quartilla. "Can ye sleep when ye know it is the vigil to Priapus?"

At what time Ascyltos snored so soundly that Psyche, not yet forgetting the disappointment he gave her, all besooted his face, and scored down his shoulders with a burnt stick’s end. Plagued with these mischiefs, I hardly got the least wink of sleep, nor was the whole family, whether within doors or without, in a much better condition; some lay up and down at our feet, others had run their heads against the walls, and others lay dead asleep cross the threshold. The lamps also, having drunk up their oil, gave a thin and last blaze. At this instant got in a couple of pilfering rogues to have stolen our wine; but while they fell a-scuffling among some silver vessels that stood upon the table, they broke the earthen pot that held the wine, and overthrew the table, with the plate on it; and at the same time also, a cup falling off the shelf on Psyche’s bed, broke her head as she lay fast asleep, on which she cried out, and therewith discovered the thieves, and waked some of the drunkards. The thieves, on the other hand, finding themselves in a pound,\(^81\) threw themselves on one of the beds as some of the guests, and fell a-snoring like the rest. The usher of the hall, being by this time got awake, put more oil in the dying lamps; and the boys, having rubbed their eyes, returned to their charge, when in came a woman that played on the harp, and rattling its strings, roused all the rest. On which the banquet was renewed, and Quartilla gave the word to go on where we left (that is, drinking). The she-harper also added not a little to our midnight revel.

At last bolted in a shameless rascal,\(^82\) one of no grace either in words or gesture, and truly worthy of the house where he was; he also set up his noise, ’till apishly composing himself, as if he intended somewhat to the company, he mouthed out these verses:

Oh, yes! Now tumblers with your wanton tricks  
Make haste, move your legs quick, make the ground drum;  
With wanton arms, soft thighs, and active hips,  
The old, the tender, and the sweetly young.

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\(^{78}\) myrtle - a plant sacred to Venus, and thus an emblem of sexual desire and love.  
\(^{79}\) bobbing - anal penetration. Walsh’s 1996 Oxford translation gives the man his correct label ‘catamite’ (cf. n28 and n82) and says that he “wrenched [their] buttocks apart and forced his way in.” For the lack of information about the sexual meanings of ‘bobbing’ in the seventeenth century, see n23.  
\(^{80}\) antipast - appetizers.  
\(^{81}\) in a pound - in a tight spot; in a place from which escape would be very difficult.  
\(^{82}\) shameless rascal - again, the Latin original calls him a cinaedus, a catamite. See n77.
Having done with his poetry, he smeared my lips with a nasty kiss; then getting on our bed, tugged stoutly to have turned up our nightgowns. Long and hard he kept going at me, but all to no purpose.\textsuperscript{85} Great drops of paint\textsuperscript{84} hung like gum on his forehead, and came trickling down the wrinkles of his cheeks like rain on a naked wall. Nor could I forbear tears any longer, but being brought to the last extremity: “I beseech you, Madam,” quoth I, “sure you have commanded to have us stifled with kisses.”

When gently clapping her hands together: “O man of wit,” said she, “and very original of pleasant raillery! What, don’t you know a pathetic\textsuperscript{85} is ever a drivelling kisser?”

And therefore that my companion might not ’scape better than myself: “By your integrity, madam,” quoth I, “does Ascyltos alone keep holiday among us?”

“Is it so,” said she, “even let him have his share too.” And therewith the rascal changed his horse, and turning off to Ascyltos, almost brayed him to pieces with kissing and bobbing him.

Giton stood laughing all the while, till he had well-nigh split himself, which Quartilla perceiving, diligently enquired whose boy he was, and I telling her he was my comrade: “Why then,” said she, “has he not kissed me?” And so calling him to her, fell at it roundly; and making a flourish with his quarter-pike:\textsuperscript{86} “This,” quoth she, “may do well enough for a fore-skirmish, and get me an appetite to morrow; but having made so full a meal already, it is not my way to put a churl upon a gentleman.”

With that Psyche came tittering to her, and having whispered I know not what in her ear: “Thou art in the right!” quoth Quartilla. “’Twas well thought on; and since we have so fine an opportunity, why should not our Pannychis\textsuperscript{87} lose her maidenhead?”

And forthwith was brought in a pretty young girl, that seemed not to be above seven years of age, and was the same that first came into our room with Quartilla. All approved it with a general clap, and next desiring it, a wedding was struck up between the boy and her. For my part I stood amazed, and assured them, that neither Giton, a bashful lad, was able for the drudgery, nor the girl of years to receive it.

“Is that all?” quoth Quartilla. “Is she less than I was when I first entered on’t? A pox on my nanny if I remember I ever was a maid; for when I was yet a little one, I went to creep-mouse\textsuperscript{88} with little boys; and as I grew in years, I put forwards to bigger, ’till I came to the age you see; and truly I think hence came the proverb: ‘She’ll bare him a bull that bore him a calf.’”

Lest therefore my comrade might run a greater hazard, I got up to the wedding. And now Psyche put a flame-colour veil on the girl’s head; the pathetic led before with a flambo,\textsuperscript{89} and a long train of drunken women fell a-shouting, and dressed up the bride-chamber; Quartilla, all a-gog as the rest, took hold of Giton, and dragged him in with her. But truly the boy made no resistance, nor seemed the girl frighted at the name of matrimony. When therefore they were locked up, we sat without, before the threshold of the chamber; and Quartilla having waggishly

\textsuperscript{83} \textit{but all to no purpose} i.e., perhaps because of Encolpius’s impotence, but also perhaps on account of his resistance?
\textsuperscript{84} \textit{paint} facial cosmetics, the implication being that the ‘shameless rascal’ is a transvestite.
\textsuperscript{85} \textit{pathic} See n37.
\textsuperscript{86} \textit{quarter-pike} i.e., his penis.
\textsuperscript{87} \textit{Pannychis} Greek, ‘all night long.’
\textsuperscript{88} \textit{creep-mouse} a nursery game.
\textsuperscript{89} \textit{flambo} torch.
slit a chink through the door, as wantonly laid an ape’s eye\(^{90}\) to it; nor content with that, plucked me also to see that child’s-play, and when we were not peeping, would turn her lips to me, and steal a kiss.

The lady’s fulsomeness had so tired me that I began to devise which way to get off. I told Asclytos my mind, and he was well pleased with it, for he was as willing to get rid of his torment, Psyche. Nor was it hard to be done, if Giton had not been locked up in the chamber; for we were resolved to take him with us, and not leave him to the mercy of a bawdy house. While we were contriving how to effect it, it so happened that Pannychis fell out of bed, and drew Giton after her, without any hurt, though the girl got a small knock in the fall, and therewith made such a cry, that Quartilla, all in a fright, ran headlong in, and gave us the opportunity of getting off, and taking the boy with us; when without more ado, we flew to our inn, and getting to bed, passed the rest of the night without fear.

[The following section of the *Satyricon* is sometimes called the ‘Cena Trimalchionis,’ and it is by far the most famous in the surviving text. Apparently Encolpius and his comrades have been invited to dinner at the house of Trimalchio, a freedman who has accumulated vast wealth and enjoys displaying this wealth in extravagant (and indeed, Petronius implies, utterly grotesque and sinfully luxurious) dinners and shows. The teacher Agamemnon makes another appearance in the text as one of the diners. Petronius’ account of the dinner is clearly aimed at satirizing the illiteracy, hypocrisy, greed, and pretentiousness of Rome’s *nouveau riche*, of which Trimalchio is the embodiment.]

[...] Trimalchio [...] looked on his minion\(^{91}\) and called him Croesus,\(^{92}\) yet the boy was blear-eyed;\(^{93}\) and swathing up a little black bitch with nasty teeth, and overgrown with fat, in green swaddling-clouts, he set half a loaf on the table, which she refusing, he crammed her with it. On which Trimalchio commanded the guardian of his house and family, Scylax, to be brought; when presently was led in a beautiful mastiff in a chain, who having a hint given him by a knock of the porter’s foot, lay down before the table.

Whereupon Trimalchio throwing him a manchet:\(^{94}\) “There’s no one,” said he, “in this house of mine, loves me better than this dog.”

The boy, taking it in dudgeon that Scylax should be so commended, laid the bitch on the floor, and challenged the dog to have a rubbers\(^{95}\) with him. On this Scylax, after the manner of dogs, set up such a hideous barking, that it filled the room; and snapping at him, almost rent off a broach that hung on Croesus’s breast; nor did the scuffle end here, for the great candle being overturned on the table, broke all the crystal glasses, and threw the scalding oil on the guests.

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90 *ape’s eye* unclear: apes are usually associated in the period with mindless mimicry.
91 *minion* his sexual partner, usually a dependent, such as a servant or slave (Walsh’s 1996 Oxford translation uses the term ‘boy-favourite’).
92 *Croesus* reputedly, the richest man who ever lived.
93 *blear-eyed* short-sighted (with watery eyes).
94 *manchet* fine white bread.
95 *rubbers* bout, fight.
Trimalchio, not to seem concerned at the loss, kissed the boy, and commanded him to get on his back; nor was it long ere he was a cock-horse,\(^ {96} \) and slapping his master’s shoulders, and laughing, cried out, “Fool, fool, and how many of them have ye here?”

Trimalchio, thus kept under for a while, commanded a bumper\(^ {97} \) to be filled and given round to the waiters, with this further, that whoever refused it should have it poured down his collar.

[When the guests begin to retire to the baths to refresh themselves for the rest of the banquet, Encolpius, Ascyltos, and Giton try to leave, but are prevented, and after bathing they and the rest of the guests are led into a second banqueting chamber. Dismissing the first ‘shift’ of servants, the second comes in, and at this point Trimalchio spies a beautiful boy among them.]

And here our mirth first began to be disturbed, for a beautiful boy coming in among those new servants, Trimalchio plucked the boy to him, and did nothing but kiss him over and over. Whereupon Fortunata,\(^ {98} \) to maintain her right, began to rail at Trimalchio, called him ‘pitiful fellow, one that could not bridle his lust, shame, and dishonour to an honest woman, and a very dog.’ Trimalchio, on the other hand, all confounded and vexed at her taunts, threw a goblet at her head. She fell a-roaring as if she had lost an eye, and clapped both her hands before it. Scintilla\(^ {99} \) also stood amazed, and covered Fortunata all trembling as she was, in her bosom; the boy also put a cold pitcher to her cheek, on which she leaned and made a lamentable wailing and blubbing.

But Trimalchio quite contrary: “For,” said he, “what am I the better for this graceless buttock? ’Tis well known I took her out of a bawdy-house, and made her an honest woman, but now blown up like a frog she bespatters herself. A very block! No woman! But this poor boy, born in a hovel, never dreams of palaces. May my good genius\(^ {100} \) so befriend me, as I’ll bring down this seeming saint, but in her actions a whore rampant! As insconsiderable as she makes me, I might have had a wife with two hundred and fifty thousand pistoles\(^ {101} \)—you know I don’t lie—but she was somewhat in years, and Agatho, the sweet-oil man,\(^ {102} \) persuaded me not to let my name run out,\(^ {103} \) when instead of doing good to her, I have put a thorn in my own foot; but I’ll have a care that she dig me not out of my grave with her nails. And that she may know what I’ll do at present, I will not, Habinas,\(^ {104} \) have you put her statue in my monument,\(^ {105} \) that I have

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\(^ {96} \) *cock-horse* a child’s toy.
\(^ {97} \) *bumper* here, a set of large glasses or flagons of alcohol, intended for use in drinking toasts or playing ‘drinking games.’
\(^ {98} \) *Fortunata* Trimalchio’s wife.
\(^ {99} \) *Scintilla* Fortunata’s friend.
\(^ {100} \) *genius* guardian spirit.
\(^ {101} \) *pistoles* Spanish gold coins.
\(^ {102} \) *sweet-oil man* i.e., a vendor (and perhaps maker) of perfumes and aromatic oils and creams.
\(^ {103} \) *but she was somewhat in years ... not to let my name run out* The prospective heiress was too old to have children, and so, on Agatho’s advice, Trimalchio married Fortunata instead.
\(^ {104} \) *Habinas* one of Trimalchio’s trusted slaves.
no words with her when I am dead. Nay, that she may know I am able to plague her, she shall not so much as kiss me when I die.”

After this rattling, Habinas entreated him to give over his anger: “There’s none of us all,” said he, “but some time or other does amiss. We are but men, no gods.”

Weeping Scintilla said the same, called him Gaius, and by his own good nature, besought him to be pacified.

Trimalchio not able to hold tears any longer: “I beg of you, Habinas,” said he, “and as you wish to enjoy what you have gotten, if I have done anything without cause, spit in my face! I kissed the boy, ’tis true, not for his beauty, but that he’s a hopeful, thrifty lad. He has several sentences106 by heart, can read a book at first sight, saves money out of his day’s provision, has a bin of his own to keep it, and two drinking cups. And does he not deserve to be in my eye? But Fortunata, forsooth, will not have it so; your bandy legs won’t away with it. Be content with your own, thou she-kite,107 and don’t disquiet me, thou harlotry, or otherwise thou’lt find what I am. Thou knowest well enough, if I once set on’t, ’tis immoveable. But we’ll remember the living.

“Come, my friends, let’s see how merry ye can be, for in my time I have been no better than yourselves, but by my own industry I am what I am. ’Tis the heart makes a man; all the rest is but stuff. I buy cheap and sell dear; another man may sell ye other things, but I enjoy myself. And thou, dunghill-raker, art thou yet grunting?108 I’ll make ye hereafter do it for somewhat.109 But as I was saying, my frugality brought the fortune I have. I came out of Asia no taller than this candlestick, and daily measured myself by it; and that I might get a beard the sooner, rubbed my lips with the candle-grease; yet I kept ganymede110 to my master fourteen years111 (nor is anything dishonourable that the master commands) and the same time contented my mistress. Ye know what I mean, I’ll say no more, for I am no boaster. By this means, as the gods would have it, the governing the house was committed to me, and nothing was done but by my guidance. What need many words? He made me joint-heir with Caesar,112 and I had by it a senator’s estate; but no man thinks he has enough, and I had a mighty desire to turn merchant. Not to detain you longer, I built five ships, freighted them with wines, which at that time were as dear as gold, and sent them to Rome; you’ll think I desired to have it so: All my ships foundered at sea; ’tis a great truth, no story; Neptune swallowed me in one day three hundred thousand sesterces. Do ye think I broke upon’t? So help me Hercules, no. The loss was but a flea-bite. For, as if there had been no such thing, I built others, larger, better, and more fortunate than the former; so that everyone called me a man of courage—as you know, a great ship carries a great deal of force. I loaded them again with wine, bacon, beans, unguents, planes.113 And here Fortunata showed her

105 monument tomb.
106 sentences usually, wise sayings; perhaps here, passages from famous classical writers.
107 she-kite bird of prey, with a reputation as a bird of ill-omen; long used as a strong term of abuse.
108 grunting grumbling.
109 I’ll ... somewhat i.e., I’ll give you something to grumble about soon.
110 kept ganymede i.e., fulfilled my master’s desire for same-sex sexual activity.
111 fourteen years Walsh’s 1996 Oxford translation says that probably Trimalchio means that he was his master’s sexual partner beginning when he (Trimalchio) was fourteen years old.
112 joint heir with Caesar apparently an increasingly common practice in Imperial Rome, whereby a man would attempt to secure the favour of the emperor for his heirs.
113 planes timber.
affection, for she sold what she had—nay, her very clothes, and put a round sum in my pocket—though yet it was but a pig of my own sow.\(^{114}\) What the gods will is quickly done; I got an hundred thousand sesterces by the voyage, and forthwith redeemed the lands my patron had left me, built me a house, bought cattle to sell them again, and whatever I went about gathered like a snowball. But when I grew richer than all the country besides, I took up, and from a merchant turned usurer, and bought servants.

“Thus resolved to give over trading, a certain astrologer that chanced to light on this village would have persuaded me to the contrary. He was a Grecian, his name Saerapa, one that held correspondence with the gods. He told me a deal that I had forgotten, and laid everything before me from top to bottom. He knew all I had within me, and told me what I had the night before to supper; you’d have thought he had lived with me all his life. I beseech you, Habinas, for I think you was there: he told me the intrigue between my mistress and me; that I had but ill luck at friends; that no one ever made me a return of my kindnesses; that I had large possessions, but nourished a viper in my bosom. Why should I not tell you all? I have by his account, thirty years, four months, and two days yet to live; and in a short time shall have another estate left me. Thus my fortune-teller. But if I can join my lands here to those in Apulia, I shall do well enough: in the mean, and while Mercury\(^{115}\) is my guardian, I have built this house: it was once you know, a pitiful cabin, but now as magnificent as a temple.

[Taking the opportunity provided by an apparent fire at Trimalchio’s house, Encolpius, Ascytlos, and Giton escape from Trimalchio’s and return to their lodging, where the conflict between Encolpius and Ascytlos over the possession of Giton comes to a head.]

\(^{116}\) [...] After we entered the bed-chamber, having plentifully feasted, pressed by impatient Nature, I took my Giton aside, and wrapped in pleasures, spent the night.

Who can the charms of that blest night declare,
How soft, ye gods, our warm embraces were?
We hugged, we clinged, and through each other’s lips,
Our souls, like meeting streams, together mixed;
Farewell the world, and all its pageantry!
When I, a mortal, so begin to die.\(^{117}\)

’Tis without reason I hug myself; for Ascytlos, the cause of all my misfortunes, seeing me drunk, and incapable to hold my prize, stole the boy from my bed, and conveying him to his own,

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\(^{114}\) pig of my own sow i.e., everything Fortunata sold, Trimalchio implies, he had originally given to her.

\(^{115}\) Mercury messenger of the gods, renowned for his wiliness and eloquence; patron of merchants and thieves.

\(^{116}\) The following selections are from the second part of the text. It is not paginated consecutively throughout. The second part is prefaced by a separate title page: *The Satyr of Titus Petronius Arbiter, a Roman Knight*. With its fragments, recovered at Belgrade. Made English by Mr. Burnaby of the Middle-Temple, and another hand. That which follows, is translated by Mr. Burnaby, of the Middle-Temple.

\(^{117}\) die with the common pun on ‘to have an orgasm.’
freely enjoyed another’s right: Giton, not sensible of the change, or dissembling it, in a stranger’s arms slept, secure of our mutual contract.

When I arose, finding myself robbed of all—if there’s any truth in a lover—I had half an inclination to murder both, and send them snoring into t’other world, but following a securer thought, I raised Giton with blows, and looking as sternly as I could upon Ascyltos, thus addressed myself: “Since you’ve played the villain by your treachery, and breaking the common laws of friendship, pack up your matters quickly, and find another comrade to abuse.”

Ascyltos consented; and, after we had made an exact division of our booty: “Now,” says he, “let’s share the boy too.”

I believed it a jest at parting, but he, with a murderous resolution, drew his sword: “Nor shall you,” added he, “think to engross this prize, which should, like the rest, be common to us both. I must have my share, or with this sword will be content to take it.”

Upon which, on the other side, having twisted my gown under my arm, I made advances to engage.

The unhappy boy rushed between, and, kissing both our knees, with tears entreated that we would not expose ourselves in a pitiful alehouse, nor with our blood pollute the rites of so dear a friendship: “But,” (raising his voice), says he, “if there must be murder, behold my naked bosom. Hither direct your fury. ’Tis I deserve death, who violated the sacred laws of friendship.”

Upon which we sheathed our swords; and first Ascyltos: “I’ll,” says he, “end the difference. Let the boy himself follow the man he likes, that, in choosing a friend at least, he may have an unquestioned liberty.”

I, that presumed so long an acquaintance had made no slight impressions on his nature, was so far from fearing, that with an eager haste I accepted the proffer, and to the judge committed the dispute. Giton, that he might not seem to consider, at my consent jumped up, and chose Ascyltos. I, like one thunderstruck, at the sentence, void of defence, fell upon the bed; and had not survived the loss, if envy of my rival had not stopped my sword. Ascyltos, proud of the conquest, goes off with the prize, leaving me exposed in a strange place, that a little before he caressed as a friend and sharer of his fortune.

’Tis in the world as in a game at chess:
We serve our friends but where our profit is.
When Fortune smiles, we’re yours, and yours alone;
But when she frowns, the servile herd are gone.

So in a play, they act with mimic art
Father, or son, or griping miser’s part;
But when at last the comic scenes are o’er,
They quit the visards they assumed before.

Nor did I there very long complain; for fearing one Menalaus, an usher of a school, might, among other misfortunes, find me alone in the inn, I made up my wallet, and, very

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118 visards masks, roles.
119 usher of a school assistant to a schoomaster.
pensive, took me a lodging in a private place near the sea. There, after I had been mewed up for three days, reflecting afresh on my despised and abject condition, I beat my breast, as sick as it was; and, when my deep sighs would suffer me, often cried out: “Why has not the earth burst open, and swallowed me? Why has not the sea o’erwhelmed me, that respects not even the innocent themselves? Have I been a murderer? When I had violated Lycas’s wife, have I fled justice? Have I escaped even when I was condemned to die, to live in a strange place, to have my name recorded only among beggars and vagabonds? And who condemned me to this solitude? A boy! One who is a prostitute to all manner of lust, and by his own confession deserves to die, whom sodomy has ennobled from a slave, who was publicly contracted with as a girl by one that knew he was of the other sex! And what a wretch is that other, ye gods! whom, when he might have writ ‘man,’ his mother persuaded even out of his sex, and putting on petticoats was condemned to a maid’s office in a prison; who, after he had spent what he had, and changed the scene of his lust, having contracted an old friendship, basely left it, and—frontless impudence!—like a hot whore, for one night’s pleasure sold his friend! Now the lovers lie whole nights locked in each other’s arms, and who knows but in those intervals they recruit their wearied strength, may laugh at me! But they shan’t go off so, for if I’m a man, or a freeborn one at least, I’ll make their blood compensate the injury.”

Having thus said, I girt on my sword, and, lest I should be too weak to maintain the war, encouraged myself with a lusty meal, and making out of doors, like one possessed, searched every place. But whilst, with a wild distracted countenance, I thought of nothing but blood and slaughter, and oft with execrations laying my hand on my sword, a soldier, perhaps some cheat or padder, observed me, and making up to me, asked to what regiment or company I, his brother soldier, belonged?

When, with a good assurance, I had cheated him into a belief of the regiment and company: “Well, but friend,” said he, looking down, “do the soldiers of your company walk in such shoes?”

I began to look guilty, and by my trembling discovered the lie I had told him. Upon which he made me lay down my arms, and bid me take care of the worst. Thus stripped, nay and thus robbed of my revenge, I returned to my lodging, where by degrees my fears abating, I began in my mind to thank the robber.

But finding it difficult to wean myself from the love of revenge, I spent half the night very pensively; and rising by day-break, to ease me of my grief and thoughts of my injury, I roved about everywhere, till at last going into a public gallery, very wonderful for several sorts of excellent painting, I saw some by Zeuxys’ hand that had not yet yielded to the injures of time; and, not without an awful reverence, beheld others by Protogenes, which though they were first trials, yet disputed for exactness even with Nature itself. But on the other side viewing a

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120 publicly contracted ... who ... sex  i.e., Giton was ‘married to’ and sexually used as a girl by a man who knew this ‘girl’ was really a boy.

121 that other  i.e., Ascylos.

122 padder  highwayman, robber.

123 Zeuxys  ancient Greek painter, whose works were famed for their perfect realism; birds attempted to eat the grapes he painted in one picture, so real did they seem.

124 Protogenes  another ancient Greek painter, again famed for the uncanny realism of his works.
celebrated piece drawn by Apelles, I even adored the work of so great a master. 'Twas so correctly finished to the life, you'd have sworn it an image of the soul too. One side gave the story of the eagle bearing Jupiter to heaven, the other the fair Hylas repelling the addresses of the lewd naiad. in another part was Apollo, angry at himself for killing his boy Hyacinth, and, to show his love, crowned his harp with the flower that sprung from his blood.

In this gallery, as in a vision of living images, I cried out: “And are not the gods themselves secure from love? Jupiter in his seraglio above, not finding one that can please his appetite, sins upon Earth, yet injures nobody; the nymph would have stifled her passion for Hylas had she believed the lusty Hercules would have been his rival; Apollo turns Hyacinth into a flower; and every image enjoyed its wishes without a rival, but I have caressed, as the dearest friend, the greatest villain.”

While I was thus talking to myself, there entered the gallery an old man, with a face as pale as age had made his hair, and seemed, I know not how, to bring with him the air of a great soul; but viewing his habit, I was easily confirmed in my opinion, since Fortune seldom deals favourably with learned men. In short, he made up to me, and addressing himself, told me he was a poet, and, as he hoped, above the common herd: “If,” added he, “my merit don’t suffer by applause that’s promiscuously given to the good and bad.”

“Why, therefore,” interrupted I, “are you so meanly clad?”

“On this account,” returned he, “because learning never made any man rich:

The merchant’s profit well rewards his toil;
The soldier crowns his labours with the spoil;
To servile flattery we altars raise;
And the kind wife her stallion ever pays:
But starving wit in rags takes barren pain:
And, dying, seeks the Muses’ aid in vain.

’Tis certain (added he), that a lover of virtue, on the account of his singularity, meets with contempt, for who can approve what differs from himself? And that those who admire riches would fain possess everybody, that nothing is more reasonable than their opinion; whence they ridicule, as well as they can, the learned few, that they, like themselves, might seem within the power of money.”

“I don’t know how learning and poverty become relations,” said I, and sighed.

“You justly lament,” returned he, “the condition of scholars.”

125 Apelles ancient Greek painter, whose patron was Alexander the Great, for whose portraits the painter was much praised.
126 Jupiter an apparent error for ‘Ganyemde.’ See ‘Jove and Ganymede,’ Glossary (print anthology).
127 fair Hylas ... naiad See ‘Hylas and Hercules,’ Glossary (print anthology).
128 On Apollo and Hyacinth, see Glossary (print anthology).
129 seraglio harem.
130 old man Eumolpus, who becomes an important figure in the rest of the narrative.
131 stallion lover (virile stud).
132 Muses those nine semi-divine patrons of the human arts and sciences.
133 fain eagerly.
“You mistake me,” said I. “That’s not the occasion of my sighs; there’s another and much
greater cause.”

And, as all men are naturally inclined to communicate their grief, I laid open my case to
him, beginning with As cyltos’s treachery, which I aggravated, and with repeated sighs often
wished his injustice to me might have deserved pardon, but that now he was a staunch villain,
and in lust more subtle than the bawds themselves.

The old man, seeing me sincere, began to comfort me; and the better to effect it, told me
what formerly had happened to himself on the like occasion:

“When I was in Asia,” began he, “I lodged at the house of one Pergamus, where the
entertainment did not tempt me to stay so much as a very beautiful boy I saw there, son to the
master of the house. My contrivance was to act the lover, unsuspected by the father, and to effect
my wishes I used this method: whenever in their mirth they happened to mention the use of
beautiful boys, I dissembled such a horror of it, and with that severe concern pretended my
modesty suffered by such discourse, that the mother, especially, looked upon me as a philosopher
that was above the little pleasures of the world. Upon this I was desired to be tutor to the boy, not
only to instruct him in a method of study, but inform his mind with principles of honour and
honesty, lest they should by accident entertain some man that might have wicked designs on his
body.

“There happened a solemn festival, whose sports entertained us so long, that excused my
being in the bedchamber with him at midnight: when finding him not yet asleep, in a timorous
whisper addressing myself to Venus, mistress of our desires, said I, ‘Could I have the happiness
to kiss the boy, and he not know it tomorrow, I’ll present him with a pair of turtles.’ Hearing
the reward, he began to snore; upon which, I greedily seized my wishes: satisfied with this
beginning, early the next morning, the boy expecting it, I performed my promise.

“The night after, having the same opportunity, I advanced my desires: ‘And if I could
with my hand,’ said I, ‘but rub him up, and he not know it, I’ll have a pair of game-cocks at his
service.’ At this, the boy turned to me, and I believe, was half afraid I should fall asleep before I
had done. I soon undeceived him, and with inexpressible pleasure enjoyed my wishes. The day
following he gladly received what I promised him.

“The third night I had the like access to him, and proceeding to a bolder liberty, put my
mouth to his ear, (who was repeating his dog-sleep) and: ‘Ye Gods!’ said I, ‘could I now seize
that wished for joy entire, that neither dare, nor can be expressed tomorrow, I’ll present him with
a Turkish-Barb, on this condition that he does not feel me.’ Upon which, he dissembled the
securest sleep I ever knew. Wild to enjoy, I pressed his snowy breasts, that swelling seemed to
meet my hands, and, half smothering him with kisses, hastened to that last and greatest joy that
bounded all my wishes.

“The morning after, he waited, as he used, in the bedchamber, expecting me. You may
imagine, the turtles and cocks were easier to be purchased than so fine a horse, but beside the
charge, I feared so great a present, might make my honourable pretensions for the boy

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134 *entertainment* hospitality (quality of the food, drink, and accommodation).
135 *turtles* turtle doves.
136 *Turkish-Barb* a Turkish Barbary horse, a famously fine breed.
137 *charge* expense.
suspected. On this account, I delayed my visit some hours; when going to him, waving the usual ceremonies, I only kissed him, the boy, as his arms were about my neck, looking round: ‘I beseech you, sir,’ said he, ‘where’s the horse?’

“The difficulty of getting a fine one,’ returned I, ‘made me defer the present, but in a few days I’ll be as good as my word.’

“The boy well knew the meaning of my delay, and his countenance betrayed a resentment. This breach of my word put a stop to the commerce, but Fortune regained it; for not many days after, another festival gave me the same privilege I had at first: tired with sports, when I found his father asleep, I began to ask the boy to be friends with me; that is, that he would give me the favours he had kept from me, or anything impatient Nature should inspire.

“He, perfectly angry, gave me no other answer, than, ‘If you won’t lie still, I’ll call to my father.’

“But lust forces through all difficulties. Though he was saying ‘I’ll call to my father,’ I rushed upon him, and, meeting with a faint resistance, seized the joy. He was not displeased with my vigour, but after along complaint that he was cheated, laughed at, and should be abused among his schoolfellows, whom he had possessed with an opinion of my being very rich, since I had promised him a horse: ‘To show you,’ added he, ‘that you shan’t meet with the same ingratitude from me, if you have inclinations to repeat your wishes, do it freely.’

“I, laying aside all quarrels, was easily friends with him, and having used the liberty he gave me, fell asleep. But he that was now in his prime, and fit for action, not satisfied, raising me, asked whether I would no more? It was yet no troublesome province to me, and when his short breathing, with much sweat, confessed he had enough for that bout, tired with pleasure I fell asleep again.

“’Twas hardly an hour ere he was pushing me with his elbow, and crying, ‘We lose time!’

“I was in a great passion to be so often disturbed, and turned his own words upon him, ‘Lie still, or I’ll call to your father’.”

[...]

When Eumolpus had gone thus far in his story, the people that were walking there, began to sling stones at him, but he, conscious of his merit, covered his head, and took up his heels. I, fearing they would have taken me for a poet too, made after him.

When we were out of stone shot of the enemy: “I beseech you, sir,” said I, “what will you do with this disease of yours? I don’t wonder at the people’s humour, since I have hardly been acquainted with you two hours, and your entertainment has been more poetry than the conversation of a man. I think I must fill my pocket with stones, that when I perceive you going into a fit I may bleed you in the head for it, with one of ‘em.”

He turned to me, and, “Dear child,” said he, “I rose today without consulting my fortune; though ’tis confessed I seldom appear even on the stage but such a mob as this are laughing at

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138 For the well-established stereotype in ancient literature that presented Greek philosophers and personal tutors generally as hypocritically interested in educating youths simply in order to have access to their bodies, see Lucian’s ‘Chelidonium and Drose,’ Dialogues of the Courtesans, Online Companion.

139 Eumolpus has begun to tell the story of the fall of Troy.
me. But that I may not be at difference with you too, I’ll tie myself up from this humour of poetry.”

“Well, well,” said I, “on that condition I sup with you.” Upon which, going into the poor cottage I lodged at, we ordered the master of it to get us a supper, and in the meantime we went to the bagnio, where I saw Giton standing against the wall, with towels and rubbing-brushes in his hand; his troubled countenance easily persuaded me he served on compulsion. As soon as he saw me, with joy addressing himself, he told me that since I was not in that martial posture that once frighted him to belie his affections, he could freely speak to me, upon which he entreated me to pity his circumstances; and, if I could but deliver him from so barbarous a master, since he was now sorry he was forced to be my judge, I might take my satisfaction in any punishment I’d please to inflict. “For,” added he, “if I must die, ’twill be comfort enough to so unhappy a wretch to think that you are pleased in’t.”

I desired him wave his complaints, lest our design should be discovered, and leaving Eumolpus (for in the bath he was versifying) we made off through a dirty back-entry, as privately as we could to my lodgings. Where, shutting the door, I threw my arms about his neck, and, though he was all in tears, half smothered him with kisses. Thus we continued without a word from either side; Giton’s repeated sobs so disturbed him, he could not speak.

When after a long time spent in that posture, “How unaccountable is it,” began I, “to love him that once forsook me! and that in this breast I should feel so great a wound, yet have no sign of its being there! What’s your pretence for choosing Asyltos? Have I deserved such usage?” After he found I still had love for him, he began to look less concerned, when added I, “I’m so far from desiring an umpire to judge of th’ ingratitude of your choice, that I neither complain of or design to remember it, if I find you sincere.”

I could not tell him this without a tear. When, wiping his face, says he, “Encolpius, I appeal to your memory, whether I left you, or you betrayed me. I must confess, and hope you can’t blame me, when I saw two at daggers-drawing that I ran to the strongest.”

I could not but admire his wit, and to convince him of a perfect reconciliation, sealed it with repeated kisses.

'Twas now quite dark, and our supper was dishing up when Eumolpus knocked at the door. I asked how many there was of ’em, and took an opportunity through a chink, to see whether Asyltos was with him. But finding him alone, I soon opened the door. He had hardly fixed himself on his couch, when seeing Giton in waiting, “On my word,” said he, “a very Ganymede! Sure, Encolpius, you’ll have no reason to complain today.”

I did not like so observing an entry; and was afraid I had entertained another Asyltos, Eumolpus pursuing his humour, when the boy filled him a glass: “I had rather,” said he, “be in possession of thee than the whole bagnio.” And greedily drinking it off, “The heat I’ve been in,” added he, “made this the pleasantest draught I ever took. For to deal freely with ye, I narrowly ’scaped a beating for attempting, when I was in the bath, to deliver my thoughts of it in verse. And after I was turned out of the bagnio, as I used to be out of the theatre, I searched every place, crying as loud as I could, ‘Encolpius, Encolpius.’ A naked youth that had lost his clothes as strongly echoed back to me, ‘Giton, Giton.’ The boys, believing me mad, ridiculed me with their mimicry; but the other was attended with a great concourse of people, that with an awful

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140 bagnio  the public baths.
admiration praised the youth, for Nature had so largely qualified him for a lover his body seemed but as the skirt of the mighty member it bore. A lusty rogue! I’ll warrant he’d maintain the field four and twenty hours! He, therefore, soon found relief, for some debauched spark, a Roman knight, as was reported, flung his cloak over him and took him home, with hopes I presume to engross so great a prize. But I was so far from meeting such civility that even my own clothes were kept from me, till I brought one that knew me to satisfy ’em in my character. So much more profitable ’tis to improve the body than the mind.”

Whilst Eumolpus was telling his story, I often changed countenance, looking glad at the ill fortune of my rival, but troubled at his good, yet did not interrupt him, lest he should discover my concern; and when he had done, I told him what we had for supper.

I had hardly given him an account, ere our entertainment came in. ’Twas common homely food, but very nourishing. Our half-starved doctor attacked it very briskly, but when he had well filled himself, began to tell us, philosophers were above the world, and to ridicule those that condemn everything, because ’tis common, and only admire those things that are difficult to be had.

“These vicious appetites,” added he, “that despise what they can cheaply come by never taste anything pure, but (like sick men) love only those things that are hurtful to ’em:

What’s soon obtained, we nauseously receive,  
All hate the victory that’s got with leave. We scorn the goods our happy isle brings forth,  
But love whatever is of foreign growth. Not that the fish that distant waters feed  
Do those excel that in our climate breed,  
But these are cheaply taken, those came far,  
With difficulty got, and cost us dear. Th’ insipid lump, at home, of lawful love.  
Yet once enjoyed, we straight a new desire,  
And absent pleasures only do admire.

“Is this,” said I, interrupting him, “what you promised? that you would not versify today again? I beseech you, sir, at least spare us that never pelted you; for if any of the inn should find we have a poet in our company, the whole neighbourhood would be raised, and we should die martyrs for a wrong opinion. If nothing else will make you pity us, think of the gallery and bath you come from.”

When I had treated him after this rate, the good natured Giton, correcting me, said I did very ill to rail at a man so much my elder; and that having offered a gentleman the courtesy of my table, I should not so far forget good breeding to affront him when he came—with many the like expressions, attended with a blush at their delivery, that extremely became him.

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141 spark dissolute young man, fashionable and amoral.  
142 leave permission.
“Happy the woman,” said Eumolpus, “that’s blessed with such a son! Heaven increase your virtue. So much sense and so much beauty we seldom meet with in any one person. But, lest you should think your civility thrown away, you have found a lover for it. I’ll give the world your praises in verse; I’ll be your servant, your guardian, and will follow you everywhere. Nor can Encolpius think himself injured. He loves another.”

Eumolpus was obliged to the soldier that robbed me of my sword, else I had turned the fury upon him I meant for Ascylos. Giton, reading it in my countenance, under pretence of fetching water, prudently withdrew, and allayed my heat by removing one cause of it.

But my rage reviving, “Eumolpus,” said I, “I had rather have heard even your verses than you propose to yourself such hopes. I am very passionate, and you are very lustful. Consider how improbable ’tis we should agree; believe, therefore, I am mad, and humour the frenzy; that is, be gone immediately!”

At this Eumolpus was in great confusion, and, without asking the occasion of my passion, presently made out; but drawing the door after him, what I did not in the least suspect, he locked me in, and stealing the key out of the door, ran in pursuit of Giton.

The rage I was in to be so abused put me upon hanging myself; and having tied an apron I found in the room to the bedstead, committed my neck to the noose I had made with its strings, when Eumolpus and Giton came to the door, and, entering, prevented my design.

Giton, his grief growing to a rage, made a great outcry, and forcing me on the bed: “You’re mistaken,” said he, “Encolpius, if you fancy it possible for you to die before me. I was first in the design, and had not survived my choice of Ascylos, if I had met with an instrument of death. But had not you come to my relief in the bath, I had resolved to throw myself out of the window, and that you may know how ready Death is to wait [on] those that desire it; see—I’ve got that you so lately endeavoured.”

Upon which, having snatched a razor from Eumolpus’s servant, he struck three or four times at his throat, and fell down before us. Frightened at the accident, I cried out, and falling upon him ere he had reached the ground, with the same weapon endeavoured to follow him. But neither had Giton any appearance of a wound, nor did I feel myself hurt, for it happened to be a dull razor, designedly made so, to prepare learners of the art to handle a sharper, which was the reason Eumolpus did not offer to prevent our mimic deaths, nor his man look concerned when the razor was snatched from him.

While this scene was acting, the innkeeper came in upon us, with the other part of our supper; and viewing the obscene posture we were in, “I beseech you, sirs,” said he, “are ye drunk, or have fled justice, or are acting it on yourselves, or both? Ho! Who was going to make a gibbet of the bed? What private designs are here on foot? What, was your going out but now with intent to bilk me? But you shall feel for’t: I’ll soon make ye know who rules here.”

“What, you rascal,” cries Eumolpus, “do you threat too?” And without more ado flung his fist in his face. The innkeeper took up an earthen pitcher we so oft had emptied, and sending it at Eumolpus, broke his forehead, and immediately ran down stairs. Eumolpus, impatient of revenge, snatching up a great wooden candlestick, made after him; and pouring his blows very thick on the innkeeper, repaired the injury with interest. This alarmed the whole house, and whilst the rest of his guests, that by this time were most of ’em drunk, ran to see what was the
matter, taking an opportunity to revenge the injury Eumolpus had offered me, I locked him out, and turning thus his trick upon himself, at once, enjoyed the bed and board without a rival.

In the meantime, the Islanders (that came in at the bustle) and cooks with all their kitchen artillery set upon Eumolpus. One throws at his head a hot spit with the meat on’t; another with a pitchfork puts himself in a martial posture against him; but especially a blar-eyed old woman, who tucking up the dirty apron she had about her, with one shoe on, and another off, halled a great mastiff and set him at Eumolpus. But with the wooden candlestick he defended himself against all his enemies.

We saw all through a hole they had made by wrenching the latch from the door. I wished him well, you may imagine, but Giton had compassion, and would have succoured the distressed Eumolpus; upon which, my rage continuing, I gave his pitying head two or three blows with my fist. He sat down on the bed and cried. But I so eagerly plied the hole, I made my eyes relieve each other, and, encouraging the people against him, with great satisfaction beheld the conflict.

When the bailiff of the island, one Bargates, whom the scuffle had raised from supper, was brought into the room, supported by others’ legs, for he was so troubled with the gout, he could not use his own; and having in his clownish manner, with a great deal of heat, made a long harangue against drunkards and vagabonds, looking on Eumolpus, “Ha! What, is it you,” says he, “the excellent poet? What, has these rogues been abusing you all this while?” At what time he goes up to Eumolpus, and in a whisper, “I have a maid,” says he, “that flouts at me when I ask her the question. Prithee, if you have any love for me, abuse her in a copy of verses till she’s ashamed of herself.”

While Eumolpus was thus engaged with Bargates, the crier of the town and some other officer, attended with a great concourse of people, entered the inn, and, shaking a smoky (rather than lighted) torch he carried, mouths out this (viz.): “Not long ago run away from the bath, a very pretty boy, with curled hair, by name Giton. If any man or woman, in city or country, can tell tale or tidings of him, shall have for his reward 1000 sesterces.”

Not far from the crier stood Ascytlos, clad with a coat of many colours, who, to encourage any discoverer, held the reward in a silver charger before him.

Upon this, I ordered Giton to steal under the bed, and thrust his feet and hands through the cords, that, as Ulysses formerly hid in a sheep’s hide, so extended he might cheat the searchers. Giton immediately obeyed the motion, and fixing himself, as I directed, outdid Ulysses in his native art; but, that I might leave no room for suspicion, I so disposed the bedclothes, that none could believe more than myself had lain there.

We had just done, when Ascytlos, with a beadle, having searched the other chambers, came to ours, which gave him greater hopes, because he found the door so barred. But the petty officer he brought, with an iron crow, forced it open. Upon Ascytlos’ entry, I threw myself at his feet, and beseeched him, if he had any memory of our past friendship or any respect for one that

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143 halled either ‘hauled’ (as in ‘dragged in’), or ‘hailed’ (as in ‘called’ or ‘summoned’).
144 sesterce a small Roman coin (1/4 part of a denarius).
145 charger a large platter or dish.
146 as ... searchers See Odyssey, Book 9, for Ulysses’ recounting of how he and his men escaped the blind Cyclops Polyphemus’ cave by tying themselves under the bellies of the giant’s sheep; Polyphemus passed his hands over the backs of the sheep as he allowed them out to graze, but never noticed the men secreted beneath.
had shared misfortunes with him, he would at least let me see the still-dear Giton. And to give my sham entreaties a better colour, “I see,” says I, “Ascyltos, you are come with designs on my life, for to what other end could you bring those ministers of justice? Therefore, satisfy your rage: behold my naked bosom; let out that blood, which, under pretence of a search, you come to seek.”

Ascyltos, now laying aside his old grudge to me, professed he came in pursuit of nothing but Giton, that had run from him, nor desired the death of any man, much more of one that falls before him, and whom, after a fatal quarrel with him, he held most dear. The petty officer was not so easy to me, for taking a stick out of the innkeeper’s hand, he felt under the bed with it, and run it into every hole he found in the wall. Giton drew his body out of the stick’s way, and, breathing as gently as fear could make him, held his mouth close to the cords.

They were hardly gone, ere Eumolpus bounded in upon us, for the broken door could stop nobody; and, in a great heat, cried out, “I’ll earn the reward! I’ll make after the caller, and let him know how soon Giton may be in his custody!”

Eumolpus pursuing his design, I kissed his knees, and entreated him not to anticipate the end of dying men: “You would be justly angry,” added I, “if you should discover to ’em how you are deceived. The boy run into the crowd undiscovered, and where he is gone, myself can’t suspect. I beseech you, Eumolpus, bring back the boy, or at least restore him even to Ascyltos.”

Just as I had worked him to a belief, Giton, with restraining his breath, sneezed thrice so thoroughly, that he shook the bed; at which Eumolpus, turning about, saluted him with, “God bless you, sir,” and, taking the bedding aside, saw the little Ulysses, who might have raised compassion, even in a bloodthirsty Cyclops.

Then looking upon me, “Thou villain,” says he, “how have you shammed me? Durst you not tell truth, even when you was catched in a roguery? If some god, that has the care of human affairs, had not forced the boy to discover himself, I had wandered in search of him to a fine purpose.”

But Giton, that could fawn much better than I, took a cobweb dipped in oil, and applied to the wound in his forehead, and, changing his torn coat for his own mantle, embraced the now reconciled Eumolpus, and suck to his lips. At last he spoke, and, “Our lives,” said he, “most indulgent father, our lives are in your power; if you love your Giton, convince him that you do by preserving him. Oh! could I now meet a grave in flames or waves, that I, the only cause of all, might end your quarrels with my life.”

Eumolpus, concerned at our grief, and particularly mindful of Giton’s tenderness to him. “Surely,” says he, “y’ are the greatest of fools who have souls enriched with virtues that may make ye happy, yet live a continued martyrdom, raising to yourselves every day new occasions of grief. I, wherever I am, make my life as pleasant and free from trouble, as if I expected no more of it. If you’ll imitate me, never let cares disturb your quiet. And to avoid Ascytlos that haunts ye in these parts, I am taking a voyage to a foreign country, and should be glad of your company. I believe tomorrow night I shall go on board the vessel. I am very well known there, and you need not doubt of a civil entertainment.”

His advice appeared to me both wise and profitable, for at once it delivered me from Ascytlos, and gave me hopes of living more happy. Thus obliged by Eumolpus’s good nature, I

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147 *shammed* deceived, tricked.
was sorry for the late injury I had done him, and began to repent I appeare d his rival, since it had occasioned so many disasters. At last, with tears, I beseeched him to be friends with me too, for that it was not in a rival's power to bound his rage, yet, that I would try neither to say or do anything that may offend him, and hoped so wise and good a man as he would leave in his mind no sign of a former quarrel, for 'twas with men as with countries: on rude and neglected grounds snows lay very long, but where the fruitful earth was improved by culture, they presently melt off and hardly leave a print behind. Thus, unfashioned minds can't discharge their passions suddenly, but where souls are enriched with instruction, they but appear and vanish.

"And to confirm the truth of what you say," returned Eumolpus, "all my heat expires in this kiss; but, to prevent the designs of your enemies, hasten with your wallets, and either follow me, or, if ye like it, act the leaders."

He had not done speaking, when, hearing the door move, we turned about, and saw a seaman, with a beard that made him appear terribly grim, who saluted Eumolpus with a 'Why d'ye stay, as if you did not know how near the time 'twas?'

All immediately prepare for the march: Eumolpus loads his servant, who had been all this while asleep; I and Giton packed our things together, and, thanking our stars, entered the vessel.

We fixed ourselves as much out of the way as we could, under deck; and it being not yet day, Eumolpus fell asleep. I and Giton could not take a wink. When reflecti ng afresh at I had harboured in my acquaintance a rival more powerful than Ascyltos, I began to be much troubled. But wisely allaying my grief, I thus reasoned with myself, 'Is it so troublesome to share what we love, when the best of Nature's works are in common? The sun throws his rays on all. The moon, with her infinite train of stars, serves to light even beasts to their fodder. What below can boast an excellence of Nature above the waters? Yet they flow in public for the use of all. Only love seems sweeter stolen than when it's given us. So it is, we esteem nothing unless 'tis envied by other[s]. But what have I to bear in a rival that age and impotence conspire to render disagreeable? Who, when he has an inclination, his body jades under him before he can reach the goal?'

When I had cheated myself with this assurance, I muffled my head in my coat, and feigned myself asleep, but on a sudden, as if Fortune had resolved to ruin my quiet, I heard one above deck groaning out: "And has he scorned me—" This struck me with a trembling, for it was a man’s voice, and one I was afraid I knew. But at a greater distance, with the same heat, I heard a woman lamenting: "Oh! that some God," said she, "would bring my Giton to my arms, though he banished himself thence! How kindly would I receive him!"

So unexpected a thing drove the colour from our cheeks. I especially, as in a trance, was a long time speechless, when, trembling with fear, I pulled Eumolpus by the coat, who was now asleep, and: "I beseech you, father," said I, "do you know the owner of this vessel, or who the passengers are?"

He was very angry to be disturbed: "And was it for this reason," said he, "that we chose the most private place in the ship—that none but yourself might disturb us? Or what will it signify if I tell you that one Lycas, a Tarentine, owns her, and is carrying one Tryphaena to Tarenrum?"

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148 *jades* becomes languid or exhausted; flags.
For a while I stood like one thunder-struck, when opening my bosom, I trembling cried out: “At last, Fortune, you have ruined every part of me.” For Giton, my better half, leaned on my breast, as if he’d breathed his last.

When our sweating through fear had a little recovered our spirits, I fell at Eumolpus’s feet and entreated him to have compassion of two dying wretches; that is, to assist us in the means of escaping the impending mischief: “Though death,” I added, “would be more grateful to us, if the happiness of enjoying you, did not make us desire life.”

Eumolpus was glad to serve us, and swore by all that’s sacred he was privy to no design against us, and that he had very innocently brought us hither, for no other end than for our company, having hired the vessel before he was acquainted with us.

“But what designs on your lives are here?” added he. “Or have we a pirate Hannibal on board? Lycas (continued he), a very honourable man, is not only master and owner of this vessel, but of a good estate, and, having inclinations to traffic, freights his vessel himself. Is this the terrible Cyclops? Is this the dreadful cutthroat we must pay our carriage to? And besides him, is the beautiful Tryphaena, that other emblem of terror, who for her pleasure only goes with Lycas.”

“These are the very two,” replied Giton, “we strove to avoid.” And, in a low voice, made Eumolpus, that trembled at the story, at once understand the occasion of their malice to us, and our present danger.

Eumolpus was so distracted in his thoughts he could not advise, but bid each of us give him his opinion: “And presume,” says he, “we had just entered the Cyclops’ den, where love’s thunderbolts are made.” We must seek a means of delivery, except we design to free us from all danger by sinking the vessel.

“No, no,” began Giton, “rather offer the pilot a reward, to direct the vessel to some port, and affirm the sea so disagrees with your friend, that if he is not so kind, you fear he’ll die. You may colour the pretence with tears, and appear much concerned, that, moved with compassion, the pilot may befriend you.”

Eumolpus replied that could not be effected, for not only the difficulty of guiding so great a ship to a port, but a suspicion he would necessarily have that his friend could not be so suddenly very ill, conspired against it: “Then next, perhaps, Lycas would have a curiosity to visit his sick passenger. Can you propose to escape by a means that will discover ye to him ye’d avoid? But presuming the ship could be stopped in her rapid course, and that Lycas should not visit his sick on board—how can we get out, but all must see us? With our heads muffled, or bare? If covered, we move everyone to lend a hand to sick persons; if bare, we discover ourselves.”

[Although Encolpius and Giton try to pass themselves off as Eumolpus’ slaves, they are discovered, and although Eumolpus tries to ameliorate Lycas’ and Tryphaena’s rage, a free-for-all battle breaks out on deck.]

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149 The Cyclops’ den ... made In classical mythology the Cyclops created Zeus’ (Jupiter’s/Jove’s) thunderbolts that Zeus used to destroy his father Cronos and take his throne.
Upon which I was so far from begging pardon, that without any respect I held my fists at Tryphaena, and plainly told her she should feel me, if her lecherous ladyship, who only in the ship deserved to be punished, was not content to decline her pretentions to Giton. The angry Lycas was all rage at my impudence; and very impatient of revenge when he found, without any concern for my own cause, I only stood up for another’s. Nor was Tryphaena less disturbed at my contempt of her; at what time everyone in the vessel chose his side, and put himself in a posture of defence. On our side Eumolpus’s slave distributed the instruments of his trade, and reserved a razor to defend his own person; on the other, Tryphaena and her attendance advanced, armed with nothing but their nails and tongues, which last supplied the want of drums in their army, when the pilot, crying out, threatened he would leave the ship to the mercy of the waves if they continued the bustle raised about the lust of two or three vagabonds. This did not in the least retard the sight; they pressing for revenge, we for our lives. In short, many fell half dead on both sides; others withdrew, as from greater armies, to be dressed of their wounds; yet this damps not the rage of either side. Then the bold Giton drawing out that part of him Tryphaena most admired, clapped a bloody razor to’t, and threatened to cut away the cause of all our misfortunes. But Tryphaena did not saintly send to prevent so cruel an act. I often offered at my throat too, but with as little design to kill myself as Giton to do what he threatened. He the more boldly handled his because he knew it to be the same blunt razor he had used before; which made Tryphaena very apprehensive of his tragic intentions. Upon this, both sides drew up their ranks, when the pilot, perceiving how comical a war it was, with much ado was persuaded to let Tryphaena dispatch a herald to capitulate. Articles immediately according to the custom of countries being mutually agreed off on both sides, Tryphaena snatched an olive-branch, the ensign of peace, that stuck to the image of Prosperity pictured in the ship, and holding it in the midst of us, thus addressed herself:

What fury did these sudden broils engage? How have these guiltless hands deserved the rage? No Paris a stol’n dame to Troy conveys. No witch Medea here her brother slays: But slighted love must needs resenting be: And midst the waves who is the raging he Now robbed of arms that can attempt my fate? By whom is simple death so little thought? Let not your murderous rage out storm the seas,

150 *that part of him* i.e., his penis.  
151 *did not saintly send* The text is somewhat unclear here (it might be ‘did not faintly send’ [i.e., she made a decided offer to prevent Giton using the razor on himself?]}. Walsh’s 1996 Oxford translation indicates that Tryphaena is actually cowed by Giton’s gesture, and prevents him carrying out his threat of self-castration by “the offer of an unconditional reprieve” (p. 98).  
152 *broils* conflicts, quarrels.  
153 *No ... conveys* Paris, son of King Priam of Troy, stole away Helen, wife of King Menelaus of Sparta.  
154 *No ... says* After Medea, daughter of the king of Colchis, helped the hero Jason steal away the Golden Fleece, she fled her father’s kingdom with Jason and his company. She tore apart her brother Absyrtos and left his limbs as a warning to her father to cease his pursuit of the fleeing lovers.
And dangers of the angry waves increase.

When in a great heat Tryphaena had thus said, both armies stood still a while, and reviving the treaty of peace, put a stop to the war. Our Captain Eumolpus prudently used the occasion of her repentance, and having first severely chastized Lycas, signed the articles, which were as follow:

**TRYPHAENA, You do from the bottom of your heart, as you are in perfect mind, promise never to complain of any injury you have received from Giton; nor mention, upbraid him with, or study to revenge directly or indirectly any action of his before this day; and to prevent your forcing him to an unwilling compliance, be it further agreed, that you never kiss, coll, or bring him to a closer hug, without the forfeiture of 100 denarii; and for better security, that you always pay your money before you have your ware.**

**ITEM: You, Lycas, from the bottom of your heart, as you are in perfect mind, do promise never to reproach or insultingly treat Encolpius, either in words or gestures. And that you never offer at his breeches, but on the forfeiture of 200 denarii for each time you abuse him, behind his back.**

Conditions thus agreed on, we laid down our arms, and, lest my grudge might still remain, wipe[d] off the memory of all things past in repeated kisses. All quarrels expired in universal shouts, and a sumptuous banquet that followed spread equal mirth through the whole company. The vessel rung with songs, the ensigns of their joy. And the occasion of a sudden calm, gave other diversions: here, a little artist bobbed for fish that, rising, seemed with haste to meet their ruin; there, another draws the unwilling prey that he had betrayed on the hook, with an inviting bait. When looking up, we saw sea-birds sitting on the sail-yard, about which, one skilled in that art, having placed lime twigs, made ’em his booty. Their downy feathers, the air whirled about. The other, the sea vainly tossed to and fro.

[…]

He would have condemned us to hear more, and I believe worse than the former, if an attendant of Tryphaena had not disturbed him, who, taking Giton aside, dressed him up in her mistress’s tower, and to restore him perfectly to his former figure, drawing false eyebrows out of her patch-box, placed ’em so exactly, Nature might have mistaken ’em for her own work. At the sight of the true Giton, Tryphaena wept for joy, who, not before, could hug him with so real a satisfaction.

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155 *coll* embrace; throw one’s arms around.
156 *ware* goods.
157 *offer at his breeches* attempt anal intercourse.
158 *lime twigs* A sticky substance was often spread on branches to trap birds.
159 *He would . . . more* i.e., Eumolpus has just finished reciting more bad poetry.
160 *tower* a high, artificial headdress worn by women in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.
161 *false eyebrows* Earlier in the narrative, Encolpius and Giton shave their heads and eyebrows as part of their disguise as Eumolpus’ slaves.
I was glad to see his loss so well repaired, yet often hid my head, as sensible I appeared with no common deformity, whom even Lycas thought not worth speaking to. But 'twas not long ere the same maid came to my relief, and, calling me aside, dressed me in a peruke no less agreeable, for being of golden locks, it rather improved my complexion.

[The ‘peace treaty’ is soon violated by the lust of Tryphaena for Giton, and that of Lycas for Encolpius.]

Tryphaena entertained herself in Giton’s arms, pressing oft his neck with eager kisses, and out disposing his new ornament, to make it appear more agreeable to his face. At this I was not a little out of humour and impatient of our new league, could neither eat nor drink anything, but with side-looks wished a thousand curses on them both; every kiss and every look she gave him wounded me. Nor did I yet know whether I had more reason to repent the loss of my mistress or my comrade, he having robbed me of her, and she deluded him from my arms. Both were worse than death to me. And to complete my misery, neither Tryphaena spoke to me as her acquaintance and once grateful lover, nor did Giton think me worth drinking to; or what’s the least he could, common discourse with him. I believe he was tender of the new return of her favours, and afraid to give her another occasion to fall out with him. Grief forced a flood of tears from my eyes, and I stifled my complaints, till I was ready to expire.

When Lycas perceived how well, though in this trouble, my yellow ornament became me, he was inflamed afresh; and viewing me with lovers’ eyes, addressed himself as such, when laying aside the haughty brow of a master, he put on the tender complacency of a friend. But his endeavours were fruitless. At last meeting with an entire repulse, his love turning to a fury, he endeavoured to ravish the favours he could not win by entreaty; at what time Tryphaena unexpectedly came in, and, observing his wantonness, in the greatest confusion he hid his head, and ran from her.

Upon which the more lustful Tryphaena asked, and made me tell her, what those wanton caresses meant. She was inspired with new heat at the relation, and mindful of our old amours, offered to revive our former commerce; but worn off my legs with those employments, I gave her invitations but an ill return. Yet she with all the desires of a woman transported by her passion threw her arms about me, and so closely locked me in her embraces, I was forced to cry out. One of her maids came in at the noise, and easily believing I would force from her the favours I had denied her mistress, rushed between, and loosed the bands. Tryphaena meeting with such a repulse, and even raging with desire, took it more grievous at my hands, and with threats at her going off, flew to Lycas, not only to raise his resentments against me, but join with him in pursuit of revenge.

By the way observe, I had formerly been well-received by this attendant of Tryphaena, when I maintained a commerce with her mistress, upon that score she resented my converse with Tryphaena, and deeply sighing, made me eager to know the occasion; when she, stepping back,

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162 *common* as a verb, ‘engage in’ or ‘share’.
thus began, “If you had any sparks of the gentleman in you, you’d value her no more than a common prostitute; if you were a man you would not descend to such a jakes!”

These thoughts not a little disturbed her, but I was ashamed of nothing more than that Eumolpus, suspecting the occasion, should in his next verses make our supposed quarrel the subject of his drollery, and lest my care to avoid it should prove one means of discovering it. When I was contriving how to prevent his suspicion, Eumolpus himself came in, already acquainted with what was done, for Tryphaena had communicated her grief to Giton, and endeavoured at his cost to compensate the injury I had offered her. Upon which Eumolpus was on fire, and the more, because her wantonness was an open breach of the articles she had signed. When the old doctor saw me, pitying my misfortune, he desired to know the whole scene from myself; I freely told him of the gamesomeness of the lewd Lycas, and Tryphaena’s lustful assault, that he was already well informed of; upon which, in a solemn oath, he swore to vindicate our cause, and that Heaven was too just to suffer so many crimes to go unpunished.

While we were thus engaged, a storm arose. Now thick clouds, and th’ enraged flood eclipsed the day; the seamen fly to their posts as fast as fear could make ’em, and, pulling down the sails, leave the vessel to the mercy of the tempest, for the uncertain winds made them hopeless of any direct course, nor did the pilot know which way to steer. Sometimes the unguided ship was forced on the coast of Sicily, often by contrary winds ’twas tossed near Italy, and what was more dangerous than all, on a sudden the gathering clouds spread such horrid darkness all around that the pilot could not see over the fore-castle, upon which all despaired of safety.

When Lycas threw himself before me, and lifting up his trembling hands, “I beseech you, Encolpius,” began he, “assist the distressed, that is restore the sacred vest and timbrel165 you took from the image of the Goddess Isis; be merciful as you are wont.” At what time a whirlwind snatched him up, and threw him howling midst the flood, and soon a spiteful wave just showed him us, and drew him back again. Tryphaena, hastily taken up by her faithful attendants, and placed with her chief goods in the skiff,166 avoided a most certain death.

I, locked in Giton’s arms, not without tears, cried out, “And this we have merited of Heaven, that only death should join us, but even now I fear Fortune will be against it, for see the waves threaten to o’erturn the vessel, and now the tempest comes to burst the loved bands that unite us. Therefore, if you really love Encolpius, let’s kiss while we may, and snatch this last joy even in spite of our approaching fate.”

When I had thus said, Giton threw off his mantle, and getting under mine, thrust his head out at top to reach my lips; but that the most malicious wave might not ravish us asunder, he girt himself to me with the thong that bound his wallet: “And ’tis some comfort,” said he, “to think that by this the sea will bear us the longer ere it can divorce us from each other’s arms. Or, if in compassion it should throw us on the same shore, either the next that passes by would give us a monument of stones, that by the common laws of humanity he would cast upon us; or at least the

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163 jakes  lit., an outhouse or toilet.
164 fore-castle  a short raised deck at the front end of a ship.
165 timbrel  a tambourine, or other hand-held percussion instrument.
166 skiff  a small light boat attached to a bigger ship, used to transport people and cargo to shore or between ships.
angry waves, that seem to conspire our separation, would unwittingly bury us in one grave, with the sand their rage would vomit up.”

I was satisfied with my chain, and, as on my death-bed, did now contentedly expect the coming hour. In the meantime the tempest, acting the decrees of Fate, had rent all the rigging from the vessel—no mast, no rudder left, not a rope or plank, but an awkward shapeless body of a ship tossed up and down the flood.

The fishermen that inhabited the seaside, expecting a booty,\textsuperscript{167} in all haste put out with their boats. But when they saw those in the vessel that could defend their own, they changed their design of pillaging to succouring.\textsuperscript{168} After a salute on both sides, unwonted murmurs, like that of some beast labouring to get out, proceeded from beneath the master’s cabin; upon which, following the sound, we found Eumolpus sitting alone, and in his hand a large scroll of paper that he was filling, even to the margin.\textsuperscript{169} We all were amazed to see a man amuse himself with poetry at a time when he had reason to think each minute would be his last, and having drawn him, making a great noise, from his hole, we endeavoured to recover him from his frenzy; but he was in such a heat to be disturbed, that, “‘S death,” said he, “let me make an end of this couplet, it finishes the poem!” On which I took hold of the madman, and ordered the still murmuring poet to be hauled on shore.

When with some trouble we had got him on shore, we very pensively entered one of the fishermen’s huts, and however we feasted on our meats the sea had corrupted, we had no comfortable night of ‘t.

The next day, as we were proposing how to bestow ourselves, we discovered a human body floating on a little wave that made to shore. I stood still concerned, and began with more diligence to see if what was presented to our view were real.

When finding it to be a man’s, “And who knows,” I cried out, “but this wretch’s wife, in some part of the world, secure at home, may expect his coming, or perhaps a son, ignorant of the fatal storm, may wait the wished arrival of his father, who with so many kisses sealed his unwilling parting. These are our great designs! Vain mortals swell with promising hopes, yet there’s the issue of them all—see the mighty nothing, how it’s tossed!”

When I had thus bemoaned the wretch, as one unknown, the sea cast him on land with his face, not much disfigured, toward Heaven; upon which I made up to it, and easily knew that the but now terrible and implacable Lycas was lying at my feet.

I could not restrain my tears, but, beating my breast, “Now where’s,” said I, “your rage? where your unruly passions? Now you’re exposed a prey to fish and beasts, and the poor shipwrecked wretch, with all his boasted power, now has not one plank of the great ship he proudly called his own. After this, let mortals flatter themselves with golden dreams; let the weary miser heap up ill-got wealth for many years; ’twas but yesterday this lifeless thing was priding in its riches, and had fixed the very day he thought to return. How short, alas! lies the poor wretch of his design!

\textsuperscript{167}\textit{booty} the belongings that they would be able to steal from the floundering vessel.
\textsuperscript{168}\textit{succouring} helping, aiding.
\textsuperscript{169}\textit{margent} margin.
[Encolpius, Giton, and Eumolpus find themselves near Crotona, and hearing that the inhabitants are avaricious, and will do anything for a legacy (i.e., to be named in a man’s will), Eumolpus pretends to be a childless man suffering from a serious illness. Eumolpus subsequently ‘cons’ the inhabitants into providing food and lodging for himself and his two ‘slaves,’ Encolpius and Giton. While they are staying in Crotona, Encolpius encounters a beautiful girl named Chrysis, who takes him to meet her even lovelier mistress, Circe.]

170. “I am sensible you have a comrade already, nor have I thought it below me to inquire it. But why not a mistress too? I enter the list on the same bottom with your comrade. nor do I desire to engross all the caresses; only think me deserving, and confer them as you please.”

“Let me beseech you, madam,” returned I, “by all those cupids in your face and mien, not to scorn to admit a stranger into the number of your admirers. You’ll find him most religious, if you accept his devotions, and that you should not suspect I believe the way to this Heaven, unlike all others, may be trod gratis, I present you with my comrade.”

“What,” said she, “do you give him without whom you could not live? on whose lips your very being hangs? whom you so love, as I could you?”

Her words were attended with such a grace at their delivery, and the sweet sound so charmed the yielding air, you would have sworn some siren had been breathing melodies. Thus rapped with everything so amazing, and fancying a glory shined in every part, I ventured to enquire what name the goddess owned?

“My maid, I perceive,” said she, “has not informed you I am called Circe. I would not have you believe, though I bear that name, that I derive my original from Apollo, nor that my mother, while she lay in the god’s embraces, held the fiery steeds. Yet I shall know enough of Heaven, if Fate will give you to my arms. And who knows the dark decrees? Therefore, come, my dear, and crown my wishes. Nor need you fear any malicious disturber of our joys. Your comrade is far enough from hence.”

Upon which, she threw her downy arms about me, and led me to a plot of ground, the pride of Nature, decked with a gay variety of every pleasing object:

On Ida’s top, when Love his nymph caressed, And lawless heat in open view expressed, His mother Earth in all her charms was seen, The rose, the violet, the sweet jessamine, And the fair lily smiling on the green. Such was the plot on which my Venus lay, But secret our love, more glorious the day,

170. The speaker here is Circe. Circe is, of course, the name (most famously) of the witch in Homer’s Odyssey, who turns Ulysses’ men into pigs. This transformation was often interpreted allegorically, demonstrating the brutish lustfulness of fallen humanity. Some myths say she is the daughter of the sun god Helios (or Apollo).

171 I … comrade i.e., Giton.

172 though … Apollo See n170, above.

173 Ida Mount Ida. Love Cupid or Eros, god of love.
When all around was bright, and as the nymph as gay.

Here we prepared for battle, and through ten thousand kisses pressed to a closer engagement; but a sudden weakness robbed me of my arms. Thus cheated in her expectation, she highly resenting it, asked whether her lips, her breath, or some ill scent of any part of her, offended me? Or if none of those, whether I feared Giton?

I was so ashamed of myself that if there was any spark of the man left in me I lost it. And finding every part of me feeble, and as it were lifeless: “I beseech you, madam,” said I, “don’t triumph o’er my misery. I’m surely bewitched.” So slight an excuse could not allay her resentment.

[Encolpius, astounded at his inability to have sexual intercourse with the beautiful Circe, considers that his impotence may be the result of malign supernatural power.]

This misfortune might make me justly think it not only a true vision but real witchcraft, for I had so long lost my strength I could not rise. My mind at last, a little freed, began by degrees to recover its vigour, upon which I went to my lodging, and dissembling a faintness, lay down on the bed. A little after, Giton, being informed I was ill, came to me much troubled, but to allay his concern, I told him I was only a little weary, and had a mind for a nap. Several things I talked to him of, but not a word of my last adventure, for I was afraid because I knew he envied everyone that had a charm for me, and to prevent his suspicion, throwing my arms about him, I endeavoured to give a proof of my love; but disappointed of the expectation I had raised him to, he rose very angry from my side, and accusing my weakness and strange behaviour to him, told me that of late he had found my chief favours were bestowed in another’s arms.

“My love to you, Giton,” said I, “has ever been the same, but now my dancing days submit to reason.”

“Therefore,” said he, laughing at me, “in the name of Socrates, I thank you, because like him, you propose to love me. Alcibiades, Encolpius, did not rise a virgin from that philosopher’s side.”

Then added I, “Believe me, Giton, I hardly know I’ve anything of man about me, now useless lies the terrible part where once I was an Achilles.”

When he found how unfit I was to confer the favours he wanted, and to prevent a suspicion of his privacy with me, he jumped up and ran to another part of the house.

174 disappointed ... to Encolpius is even impotent with his beloved Giton.
175 Alcibiades ... side On the intimate relationship between the young man Alcibiades and the Greek philosopher Socrates, see Glossary (print anthology).
176 where once I was an Achilles i.e., where once I was a powerful warrior (perhaps with a glance at Achilles’ same-sex relationship with his beloved friend and fellow-warrior Patroclus).
[Chrysis sends a letter to Encolpius encouraging him to seek aid for his condition, and after he replies to this letter, he takes care to strengthen his body for his next meeting with Circe, hoping that he will finally be able to perform sexually with her.]

[... to encourage my jaded body, after the bath and strengthening oils had a little raised me, I applied myself to provocation-meats, such as strong broths and eggs, using wine very moderately, upon which to settle myself, I took a little walk, and returning to my chamber, slept that night without Giton; so great was my care to acquit myself honourably with my mistress, that I was afraid he might have tempted my constancy by tickling my side.

[In an attempt to cure him of his impotence, Circe introduces Encolpius to the sorceress Proselenas. Later, Encolpius goes to pray for mercy at the temple of Priapus, and there meets again with Proselenas, encountering as well the priestess of Priapus, Enothea (Oenoethea in Walsh’s 1996 Oxford edition). She and Proselenas begin preparing a medicine that Enothea promises will cure Encolpius. However, when the two women are temporarily called away, one of Priapus’ sacred geese attacks Encolpius and he kills it. Although Enothea is initially enraged, she agrees to conceal the crime when Encolpius offers her two gold pieces. She tears open the goose, reads Encolpius’ fortune in its liver, and then cooks the goose; they all eat it, thus consuming the evidence.]

In the meantime the wine went briskly round, and now the old women gladly devour the goose they so lately lamented. When they had picked its bones, Enothea half drunk, turned to me:

“And now,” said she, “I’ll finish the charm that recovers your strength.”

When drawing out a leathern ensign of Priapus, she dipped it in a medley of oil, small pepper, and the bruised seed of nettles, and began by degrees to direct its passage through my hinder parts. With this mixture she barbarously sprinkled my manhood, and with the juice of cresses and southernwood washing the plot around it, began with a bunch of green nettle, to strike gently all the vale below my navel. Upon which jumping from her to avoid the sting, I made off. The old women in a great rage pursued me, and, though drunk with wine and their more hot desires, took the right way, and followed me through two or three villages, crying ‘Stop, thief!’, but with my hands all bloody, in the hasty flight, I got off.

When I got home, to ease my wearied limbs, I went to bed, but the thoughts of my misfortunes would not let me sleep. When considering how unparalleled a wretch I was, I cried out, “Did my ever cruel fortune want the afflictions of love to make me more miserable? O unhappiness! Fortune and love conspire my ruin. Severer love spares me no way: or loving or

177 *provocation-meats* i.e., those thought to have aphrodisiac or more generally strengthening and ‘heating’ qualities.
178 *ensign* here, a dildo.
179 *hinder parts* anus.
180 *plot* area.
beloved, a wretch! Chrysis adores me, and is ever giving me occasions to address, she, that when she brought me to her mistress, despised me for my mean habit as one beneath her desires; that very Chrysis that so scorned my former fortunes pursues this ever with hazard of her own, and swore, when she first discovered to me the violence of her love, that she would be ever true to me. But Circe’s in possession of my heart. I value none but her, and indeed who wears such charms? Compared to her, what was Ariadne or Lyda? What Helen or even Venus? Paris himself, the umpire of the wanton nymphs, if with these eyes he had seen her contending for the golden apple, would have given both his Helen and the goddess for her. If I might be admitted to kiss her sweet lips again, or once more press her divinely rising breasts, perhaps my vigour would revive, which now I believe lies oppressed by witchcraft. I should dispense with my reproaches, should forget that I was beat, esteem my being turned out-of-doors a sport, so I might be again happy in her favour."

These thoughts and the image of beautiful Circe so raised my mind that I oft, as if my love was in my arms, with a great deal of fruitless ardour hugged the bed-clothes, till out of patience with the lasting affliction I began to reproach my impotence.

[Philumene, one of the native Crotonans and an avaricious woman in pursuit of Eumolpus’ money, brings her children as students to Eumolpus. However, it becomes quickly evident that her children, a boy and girl, are very sexually experienced and have been sent to provide Eumolpus with sexual pleasure to make him later favour the mother in his will.]

He was yet speaking, when there entered the room a very venerable matron, her name Philumene, who by the well managed virtues of her sex had often got great booties, and now grown old,
and past her blooming years, she’d thrust her son and daughter upon childless old men, and thus continue her device. She therefore comes to Eumolpus, and addressing, commends her children to his conduct, that herself, and all her hopes she committed to his wisdom; that he was the only one in this world that with useful precepts could daily inform the minds of young people. In short, that she would leave her children there to hear his wisdom, which was the only portion she could give them. Nor was she worse than her word, and leaving a very beautiful girl, with her little brother, went out with pretence to pay Heaven public thanks in the temple for what she had received.

Eumolpus, to whom myself seemed but a boy, immediately invited the girl to sacrifice to Priapus, but having publicly reported himself to be gouty and feeble, it might endanger his fortune to alter his character. Therefore, to maintain his pretence, he entreated the girl to favour his weakness by sitting uppermost; the boy he ordered to get under the bed, that placing his hands on the ground, with his body he might move him up and down. He unwillingly obeyed; and now in a just motion keeps time with his sister above. But when the business was coming to an issue, Eumolpus loudly called to the boy to quicken his strokes; and thus placed between his mistress, and the boy, unconcerned enjoyed an easy luxury at others’ toil and sin. Eumolpus, pleased with the conceit, often repeated his humour. And I too, fearing my virtues might rust by disuse, while the boy was admiring his sister’s moving engine, advanced to try whether he would be a patient in love. The discreet youth did not reject the invitation, but my adverse fortune still attended me.

I was not so concerned at this as the former; for a little after my strength returned, and finding myself more vigorous, I cried out, “The courteous gods are greater that have made me whole again! For Mercury, that conveys and reconveys our souls, by his favour has restored what his anger had seized. Now I shall be in as great esteem as Protesilaus or any of the Ancients.”

Upon which taking up my clothes, I showed my whole self to Eumolpus, he startled at first, but soon, to confirm his belief, with both hands chased the mighty favour of the gods. This great blessing making us merry, we laughed at Philumene’s cunning, and her children’s experience in the art, which would profit ’em little with us; for to no other end were they lent, but to be heirs to what we had.

When reflecting on this sordid manner of deceiving childless age, I took occasion to consider the condition of our present fortune, and told Eumolpus that the deceivers might be deceived, that therefore all our actions should be of a piece with the character we bore; that Socrates, the wisest of men, used to boast he never saw a tavern, nor ever had been in the common company that frequents such places; that nothing was more convenient than a discreet behaviour.

“All these are truths; nor should any sort of men,” added I, “more expect the sudden assaults of ill fortune than those that covet what’s other men’s. But how should pickpockets live, unless, by some well-ordered trick, to draw fools together, they get

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189 to sacrifice to Priapus i.e., to have sex with him.
190 a patient i.e., the receptive (passive) partner in anal intercourse.
191 my adverse ... me i.e., Encolpius’ continued impotence meant that he was unable to penetrate the boy.
192 Protesilaus king of Thessaly and participant in the Greeks’ war against Troy; he was one of the first to die in the war, and when his wife Laodamia heard of his death, she killed herself.
employment? As fish are taken with what they really eat, so men are to be cheated with something that’s solid, not empty hopes. Thus, the people of this country have hitherto received us very nobly, but when they find the arrival of no ship from Afric[a], laden, as you told ’em, with riches, and your retinue, the impatient deceivers will lessen their bounty. Therefore, or I’m mistaken, or Fortune begins to repent her favours.”

“I have thought of a means,” said Eumolpus, “to make our deceivers continue their care of us.”

And drawing his will out of his purse, thus read the last lines of it.

All that have legacies in this my last Will and Testament, my freedmen excepted, receives ’em on these conditions, that they divide my body, and eat it before the people. And that they may not think it an unjust demand, let them know, that to this day ’tis the custom of many countries, that the relations of the dead devour the carcass; and for that reason they often quarrel with their sick kindred, because they spoil their flesh by lingering in a disease. I only instance this to my friends, that they may not refuse to perform my will; but with the same sincerity they wished well to my soul, they might devour my body.

When he had read the chief articles, some that were more intimately acquainted with him, entered the chamber, and viewing the will, earnestly entreated him to impart the contents of it. He readily consented and read the whole. But when they heard the necessity of eating his carcass, they seemed much concerned at the strange proposal. But their insatiate love of the money made ’em stifle their passion, and his person was so awful to ’em, they durst not complain. But one of ’em, Gorgias by name, briskly told him he was willing to accept the conditions, so he might not wait for the body.

To this Eumolpus: “I’m not in the least apprehensive of your performance, nor that your stomach would refuse the task, when to recompense one distasteful minute you promise ages of luxury. ’Tis but shutting your eyes, and supposing instead of man’s flesh you were eating an hundred sesterces. Some sauce may be added to vary the taste, for no flesh pleases alone, but is prepared by art to commend it to the stomach. If you desire instances of this kind to make ye approve my advice, the Saguntines, when they were besieged by Hannibal, ate human bodies without the hopes of an estate for doing it. The Petavii, reduced to the last extremity, did the like, nor had they further hopes in this banquet than to satisfy nature. When Scipio took Numantia, mothers were found with their children half eaten in their arms. But since the thoughts only of eating man’s flesh create the loathing, ’tis but resolving, and you gain the mighty legacies I leave you.”

Eumolpus recounted these shameless inhumanities with so much confusion, that his parasites began to suspect him, and more nearly considering our words and actions, their jealousy increased with their observation, and they believed us perfect cheats. Upon which those who had received us most nobly, resolved to seize us, and justly take their revenge; but Chrysis, privy to all stratagems, gave me notice of their designs; the frightful news so struck me, that I made off
with Giton immediately, and left Eumolpus to the mercy of his enemies; and in a few days we heard the Crotonians, raging that that old rascal should live so long at such a sumptuous rate on the public charge, sacrificed him the Massilian way. Whenever the Massilians were visited with a plague, some one of the poorest of the people, for the sake of being well fed a whole year at the public charge, would offer himself a sacrifice to appease the gods. He after his year was up, dressed in holy wreath and sacred garment, was led about the city with invocations on the gods that all the sins of the nation might be punished in him; and so was thrown from a precipice.