

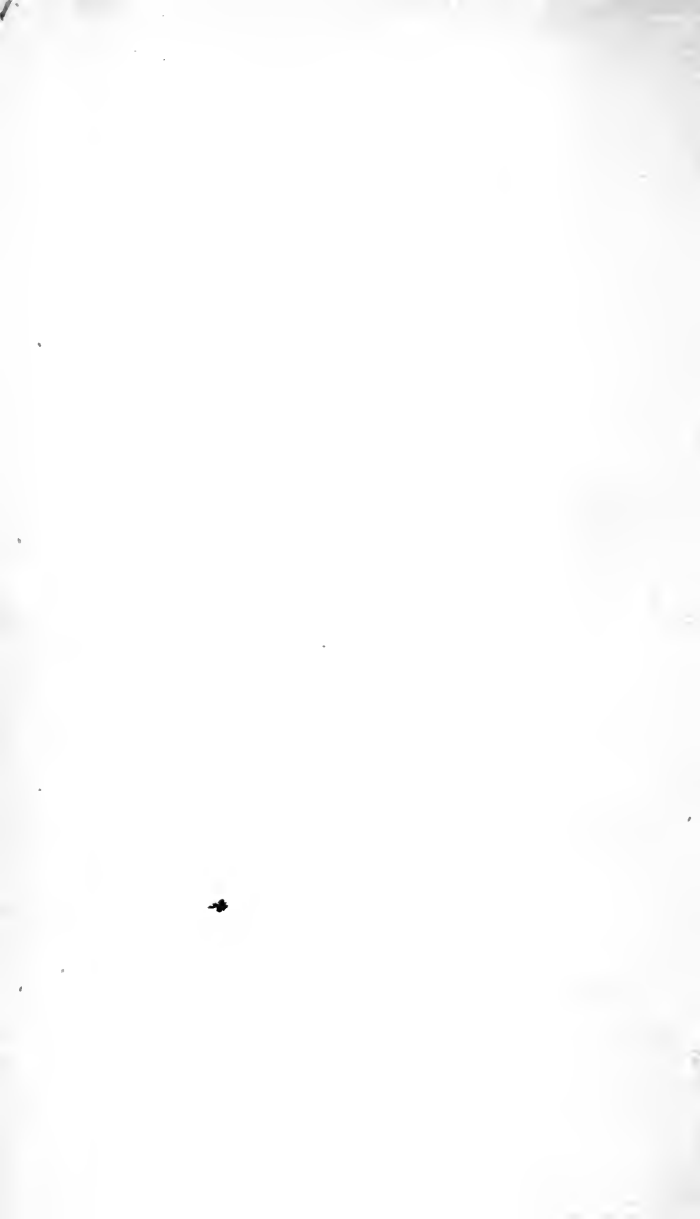
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THE

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LITERALLY TRANSLATED, AND CAREFULLY REVISED,

BY

GEORGE B. WHEELER, A.B.

TRANSLATOR OF XENOPHON'S MEMORABILIA, ETC.



LONDON :

WILLIAM ALLAN, 13, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1851.



LIFE OF OVID.

PUBLIUS Ovidius Naso was born B. C. 42, at Sulmo, a town of the Peligni in Italy, about ninety miles from Rome.

Being intended for the bar, his father sent him early to Rome, and removed him to Athens in his sixteenth year. The progress of Ovid in the study of eloquence was great: but the father's expectations were frustrated. His son was born a poet, and nothing could deter him from pursuing his natural inclination, though often reminded that Homer lived and died in poverty: every thing which he wrote was expressed in poetical numbers, as he himself says:

Et quod tentabam scribere versus erat.

A lively genius and fertile imagination soon gained for him admirers; the learned became his friends: Virgil, Propertius, Tibullus, and Horace honoured him with their correspondence: Augustus patronized him with unbounded liberality. These favours, however, were but momentary: the poet was soon after banished by the Emperor to Tomos (or Tomi) on the Euxine sea. The cause of this sudden exile is unknown; some attribute it to an amour with Livia, wife of the Emperor, others assert that it arose from the knowledge that Ovid

had of the unpardonable incest of the Emperor with his own daughter Julia.

But these reasons are merely conjectural. Whatever the real cause was, it was of a private and secret nature, of which Ovid himself was afraid to speak. It was something improper in the family and court of Augustus, as these lines seem to indicate,

Cur aliquid vidi? Cur noxia lumina feci
 Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi est?
 Inscius Actæon vidit sine veste Dianam
 Præda fuit canibus non minus ille suis.

And again,

Inscia quid crimen viderunt lumina plector
 Peccatumque oculos est habuisse meum.

And in another passage,

Perdiderant cum me duo crimina, carmen et error
 Alterius facti culpa silenda mihi est.

Tiraboschi (*Storia della Litt. Ital.* i. 201.) has fully examined this subject; and seems to have proved that the offence of Ovid consisted in having been an accidental witness of some scandalous intrigue on the part of Julia, in which Augustus was not implicated.

In his banishment Ovid betrayed great pusillanimity, and however afflicted and distressed his situation was, yet the flattery and impatience shewn in his writings, are a disgrace to his pen, and expose him more to ridicule than pity. Though he prostituted his pen to adulation, the Emperor proved deaf to all his entreaties, and refused to listen to his most ardent friends at Rome, who were anxious for the return of the poet. Ovid, who undoubtedly wished for a Brutus to deliver Rome

from her tyrannical Augustus, nevertheless continued his flattery to meanness, and when the Emperor died, was so mercenary as to consecrate a small temple to the departed tyrant on the shore of the Euxine, where he regularly offered sacrifice every morning. Tiberius proved as regardless as his predecessor to the intercessions made for Ovid, and the poet died in the 7th or 8th year of his banishment, in his 59th year, A. D. 17, and was buried at Tomos.

The greatest part of Ovid's writings remain. His *Metamorphoses*, in 15 Books, are curious from their many mythological facts and traditions, but can have no claim to the character of an Epic poem. In composing them Ovid was indebted more to the then existing traditions and theogony of the ancients, than to the powers of his own imagination.

Ovid had three wives. Of the last alone he speaks with fondness and affection. He had but one daughter, but by which of his wives is uncertain, and she herself became the mother of two children by two different husbands.

The best editions of Ovid's works are by Burmann, published in four vols. 4to. Amst. 1727. L. Batav. 8vo. 1670. Utrecht. 1728. Oxford, with Bentley's notes, 1835.



OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK I.

My inclination prompts me to speak of forms changed into new bodies. Ye gods breathe favour on my undertakings (for, gods! you have changed even them), and bring down one continued poem from the first origin of the world, to my times. 5. Before the sea and the land, and the heaven that covers all things existed, there was one appearance of nature throughout the whole world, which they called Chaos, a rude and undigested mass; nor was there anything but an inert weight, and the jarring elements of things not well united, heaped together in the same *place*. 10. No Titan as yet gave light to the world; nor did the moon continually repair her new horns by increasing; nor did the earth hang in the air encompassing it, poised by its own weight. Nor had Amphitrite stretched her arms upon the long shores of the earth. 15. But where-soever there was land, there too was sea and air: the earth was not to be stood upon, the water not to be swam in, and so the air was devoid of light: its own proper form remained with nothing. And one thing stood in the way of others; because in the same body cold matters fought with hot, moist things with dry, soft things with hard, *and* things endowed with weight, *with those* without weight. 21. This contest God, and kinder nature at length decided. For he divided the earth from the heaven, and the water from the earth, and separated the clear heaven from the thick air.

Which elements after he had separated, and taken from the dark heap, he bound together by an harmonious peace, *though* dispersed in their *proper* places. 26. The fiery force of the heaven, convex, and without weight, sprang forth, and chose a place for itself, in the highest eminence *of the world*. The air is next to it by lightness and locality. The earth is denser than these, and drew to it the ponderous elements, and was condensed with its own weight. The water, flowing all around, took possession of the last *place*, and confined the solid orb of earth.

II. Thus after he had separated the mass, whosoever he was of the gods, thus ordered and reduced it, when cut, in separate members. In the first place, he rolled the earth into the form of a great globe, lest it should not be equal on every part. 36. Then he ordered the seas to be poured abroad, and to swell with furious winds, and to draw a shore quite round the environed earth. He likewise added springs, and immense pools and lakes; and fenced the descending rivers with winding banks; which located in different places, are partly absorbed by earth itself, partly run into the sea; and being received in a plain of uncoerced (by banks) water, beat the shores instead of banks.

43. He ordered likewise plains to be extended, and valleys to sink down; the woods to be covered with green leaves, *and* the craggy mountains to rise. 45. And as two zones divide heaven on the right, and as many on the left—the fifth is hotter than those:—in like manner did the providence of the god mark out the enclosed mass *of the earth* with the same number: of which that which is the middlemost, is not inhabitable by reason of its fervour: a deep snow covers two: *and* as many he placed betwixt both, and gave *them* a due temperature, by qualifying the heat with cold. 52. The air rests upon them, which is more ponderous than the fire, as the weight of the water is lighter than the weight of the earth. In that air he ordered the fogs, there the vapours to reside; and also the thunder to disturb the minds of men, and with the thunderbolt, the winds causing cold. - 57. The Creator of the world

too did not leave the air to be possessed by them everywhere. They can scarce be hindered from tearing the world to pieces, since each *wind* governs its own blast in a different tract; such is the jarring of the brothers. 61. The east wind drew off to the morning quarter, and the Nabathæan kingdom, and Persia, and the mountains lying under the morning rays *of the sun*. The evening-star, and the shores which are warmed with the setting sun, are next to the west-wind. The shivering Boreas seized upon Scythia, and the north; the land opposite to which is wet with continual clouds, and the rainy south-wind. 67. Over these he placed the *Æther*, clear, and wanting gravity, and having not anything of earthy gross matter. Scarcely had he thus separated all things by fixed boundaries, when the stars, which lay hid a long time, depressed under the mass *of the Chaos*, began to shine all over heaven. 72. And that no region might be without its animals, the constellations, and the forms of the gods possess the tract of heaven; the waters fell to the bright fishes to inhabit; the earth received the wild beasts, and the moveable air, the birds. 76. An animal more sacred than these, and more capable of a higher understanding, and that might rule over the rest, was still wanting. Man was produced. Whether that Creator of *all* things, the author of a better world, made him of divine seed, or the earth being new, and lately separated from the high æther, retained the seeds of his kindred heaven; which, being mixed with river water, the son of Japetus formed after the image of the gods that rule over all things. 84. And whilst other animals look downwards upon the earth, he gave to man a lofty face, and ordered him to look at heaven, and lift his countenance upright towards the stars. 78. Thus, what had been lately rude earth, and without any regular form, being changed, put on the figure of man, *until then* unknown.

III. The golden age was first planted in the world, which, without any avenger, of its own accord practised faith and honesty without law. 91. Punishment and fear, there was none; nor were threatening words read

in brass *tables* set up *to view*; nor did the suppliant crowd fear the countenance of their judge, but they were all secure without an avenger. The pine tree, being not yet cut down in its mountains, had not descended into the liquid waves, to go to visit a foreign *part of the world*; and mortals knew no shores besides their own. 97. Deep ditches did not yet enclose towns. There was *then* no trumpet of straight, no clarions of crooked brass; no helmets, no sword: nations lived secure in soft repose, without the help of soldiers. 100. The earth too being free from tillage, and untouched with the harrow, and not wounded with any plough-shares, gave all things of itself; and *men* content with food spontaneously produced, no one forcing them, picked up the fruits of trees, and strawberries growing upon the mountains, and wild cherries, and blackberries sticking upon the thorny bramble bushes, and acorns which had fallen from the broad-spreading tree of Jupiter. 107. There was a constant spring, and the gentle west winds with their warm breezes fostered the flowers that grew without seed. By and by too the earth unploughed brought forth grain; and the land, without lying fallow after having been ploughed up, grew hoary with heavy ears of corn. 111. Now ran rivers of milk, now of nectar, and the yellow honey dropped from the verdant holm oak.

IV. Next, upon Saturn's being sent into dark Tartarus, the world was under the sway of Jupiter, and the silver race came on, worse than *that of gold*, more precious *too* than *that of brass*. Jupiter shortened the time of the perpetual spring, and reduced the year by four terms, to winters and summers, and unsteady autumns, and a short spring. Then first of all the air parched with dry heats glowed; and ice hung bound up by the winds. 121. Then first did men enter houses; their houses before were caves, and thick shrubs and twigs tied with bark. Then first of all were the seeds of bread corn buried in long furrows, and bullocks groaned oppressed by the yoke. 125. The brazen generation succeeded *in the third place*, after that of *silver*, fiercer in temper, and more inclinable to horrid arms, yet not villainous. The last

age took its name from hard iron. Immediately all *kind of* wickedness breaks out into this age of a worse vein; modesty, truth, and faith fled *for it*; in whose room came up frauds, and deceits, and plots, and violence, and the wicked covetousness of having *a great deal*. 132. The mariner gave his sails to the winds, nor had he as yet well known them; and the keel-pieces, which had stood long in the mountains, bounded over unknown waves. 135. And the wary measurer marked out the ground by a long furrow, *which had been* common before as the light of the sun and the air. Nor was the rich earth called upon only for corn, and food that was due *to mankind*, but men went into the bowels of the earth; and riches, the incentives to mischiefs, which the earth had hid, and lodged nigh the Stygian shades, are dug up. 141. And now mischievous iron, and gold more mischievous than iron, comes forth. War *too* comes out, that fights with both, and shakes his clattering arms in his bloody hand. Men live by plunder; the *guest* is not safe from his host; nor the father-in-law from the son-in-law. The concord of brothers too is rare. 146. The husband is eager for the destruction of his wife, and she *for that* of her husband. Dread step-mothers mix the dismal wolf's-bane. The son inquires into his father's years, before his time *is come*. Piety lies vanquished; and the virgin Astræa left the earth, reeking with slaughter, the last of *all* the celestial Deities.

V. And that the high firmament might not be more secure than the earth, they say that the giants assaulted the kingdom of heaven, and piled up mountains heaped together to the high stars. Then the almighty Father, casting his thunder, broke through Olympus, and struck Ossa from off Pelion placed below it. 156. Whilst those direful bodies lay, kept down by their own bulk, they say that the earth, being sprinkled with the blood of her own sons, was very wet, and gave life to the warm gore: and lest no monuments should remain of that race of hers, turned them into the shape of men. But that stock too was a despiser of the gods above, and

very greedy of fell slaughter, and violent : you might have known that they sprung from blood.

VI. Which as soon as the Saturnian father saw from the highest eminence *of heaven*, he groans ; and recollecting the abominable feast of Lycaon's table, not yet made public, the deed being fresh, he conceives in his mind a mighty anger worthy of Jupiter, and calls an assembly *of the gods*. No delay detained them that were summoned. 168. There is a high way very visible in a clear sky, *which* has the name *of the milky way*, distinguishable by its very whiteness. Along this is the path for the gods, to the house of the great thunderer, and the royal palace. On the right and the left, the courts of the superior gods are crowded through the open folding doors. The inferior race *of gods* dwell in different places. The potent and splendid inhabitants of heaven have placed their homes in the front. This is the place, which, if boldness may be allowed to my words, I should not fear to call the Palace of great heaven. Wherefore, as soon as the gods were sat down in their marble chamber, He, exalted *above the rest* in place, and leaning upon his ivory sceptre, shook three or four times the awful hair of his head, with which he moves the earth, the sea, *and* the stars. 181. After that he opened his indignant mouth in these words. "I was not more concerned for the empire of the world at that time, when each of the snake-footed *monsters* attempted to lay his hundred arms upon captive heaven : for though that was a cruel enemy, yet that war depended upon one body, and one origin. 187. Now mankind must be destroyed, wheresoever Nereus thunders round the world. I swear by the infernal rivers, that run under the earth in the Stygian grove. All things are first to be tried ; but an incurable wound is to be cut away with the knife, lest the sound part should be affected. 192. I have Semi-gods, have rural Deities, the Fauns, and Nymphs, and Satyrs, and Sylvani, inhabitants of the mountains, to whom, since we do not vouchsafe the honour of heaven, yet let us suffer them to inhabit the earth, which we have given them. 196.

Do you think, O ye gods, that they will be sufficiently safe, when Lycaon, noted for cruelty, laid a plot for me, who have the thunder, and rule you?" All murmured with indignation; and with burning zeal demand the villain that had dared to *attempt* such things. 200. Thus, when an impious band raged to extinguish the Roman name, by *shedding* the blood of Cæsar, mankind was astonished with the awful dread of so sudden a ruin, and the whole world was aghast. Nor was the loyalty of your subjects, O Augustus, more acceptable to you, than that *of the gods* was to Jupiter. Who, after he had suppressed the noise with his voice and hand, all kept silence. 207. As soon as the clamour ceased, checked by the authority of their governor, Jupiter again breaks silence in these words. "He indeed has suffered punishment (lay aside that concern *of yours*) yet I will inform you what the crime was, and what the punishment was. 211. The infamy of the time had reached our ears; which desiring to *find* false, I descend from the top of Olympus, and *though* a god, traverse the earth under a human shape. It is a source of long delay, to reckon up how much guilt was everywhere found: the scandal *of the times* was less than the truth. 216. I had passed over Mænalus, dreadful for its dens of wild beasts; and the pine groves of cold Lycæus with Cyllenus. After this, I enter the habitation, and the inhospitable house of the Arcadian prince, when the late twilight drew on the night. 220. I gave a signal that a god was come, and the common people began to pray. At first, Lycaon laughs at their pious prayers; and presently says, I will try by a plain proof, whether this be a god, or a mortal: nor shall the truth be questionable. *Accordingly* he prepares to destroy me, when fast asleep, by an unexpected death. This mode of proving the truth pleases him. 226. And not being content in that, he opens with a sword the throat of an hostage sent from the nation of the Molossians; and then partly softens in boiling water his half dead limbs, and partly roasted them with fire placed underneath. 230. Which, as soon as he had set upon the table, I overset the house with avenging fire

upon the household gods worthy of the master. He flies away affrighted, and having reached the lonely parts of the country, he howls and in vain endeavours to speak. His mouth gathers rage from himself: and from a desire of slaughter, which he had been used to, he falls upon the cattle, and now too rejoices in blood. 236. His garments pass into hair, his arms into legs; he becomes a wolf, and yet preserves marks of his former shape. His hoariness is the same, the same violence in his countenance; his eyes sparkle with the same glare; and the appearance of fierceness in him is the same. 240. One house is demolished; but not one house *only* was worthy to perish. Wheresoever the earth extends, wild Fury reigns. You would think *all men* had sworn to commit wickedness. Let them all forthwith suffer the punishment, which they have deserved to suffer (thus stands my resolution.)”

VII. Part by their words approve of the speeches of Jupiter, and add incentives to him in his furious mood. Others perform their part by silent assent. 246. Yet the loss of mankind is a grief to them all; and they ask what was to be the appearance of the earth, *when* destitute of mortals? Who should offer frankincense upon the altars? Did he design to deliver up the nations *of the world* to be destroyed by wild beasts? The king of the gods above forbids them, while asking such questions, to be concerned (for the rest should be *matter of* care to him), and promises a *new* race, not like the former, from a wonderful original. And now he was proceeding to scatter his thunder over the whole earth; but he was afraid, lest the sacred æther should catch the flames from so many fires, and the vast heaven should be burnt. 256. He remembers, too, that it was in the *decrees of* fate, that a time should come, when the sea, when the land, and the palace of heaven, seized *by the flames*, should be on fire, and the huge mass of the world should be in danger of perishing. *Those* weapons therefore, made by the hands of the Cyclops, are laid by. 260. A different punishment pleases him, to destroy mankind under the water, and to let fall rain-storms from all *the parts of* heaven.

Immediately he shuts up the north-wind in the Æolian caves, and whatsoever *other* winds drive away the clouds, *when* drawn over *the earth*. And *then* sends out the south-wind. The south-wind flies out with his wet wings, having his dreadful countenance covered with pitchy darkness. 266. His beard is loaded with showers; the water flows from his hoary hairs; mists sit upon his brow; his wings and bosom drop; and as he pressed the hanging clouds with his broad hand, a crashing noise is made. Upon this, dense showers are poured out from the sky. 270. The rainbow, the messenger of Juno, clad in her various colours, draws up water, and supplies nutriment to the clouds. The corn is laid flat, and the wishes of the husbandman lie desperate; and the labour of the long year perishes without fruit. Nor is the anger of Jupiter content with his own heaven, but his green brother assists him with his auxiliary waters. 276. He calls together the rivers; who after they had entered the house of their prince, I must not, says he, now use a long exhortation to you. Exert all your strength. So there is need. Open your houses, and, removing all obstacles, give the reins entirely to your rivers. 281. Thus he ordered. They return, and open wide the mouths of their springs, and are rolled into the sea with an unbridled course. He struck the earth with his trident, and she trembled, and opened the repositories of the waters with the shock. 285. The rivers breaking out rush through the open plains, and sweep away the brush-wood with the standing corn, and cattle, and men, and houses, and shrines, with their holy things. If any house remained, and was able to withstand so great a calamity unthrown, yet the water, being higher than it, covers the top of it; and the towers thus oppressed, totter under the stream. 290. And now sea and land had no difference. All was sea. Shores were wanting too to that sea. One *man* seizes upon a hill, another sits in his curved boat, and draws the oars there, where he had lately ploughed. 295. Another sails over his corn, or the tops of his submerged villa. Another catches fish on the top of an elm-tree. An anchor (if chance so formed it), is cast

in a green meadow : or the crooked keel-pieces rub upon the vineyards below them : and where the graceful goats lately cropped the grass, there now hideous sea-calves lay their bodies. 301. The Nereids wonder to *see* groves, and cities, and houses under water : and the dolphins occupy the woods, and run against the high boughs, and beat the tossed oaks. The wolf swims amongst the sheep. The water carries away the yellow lions. The water carries the tigers. Nor does the force of thunder avail the boar ; nor his swift legs the stag, *when* carried away. 307. And the wandering bird, having a long time sought for land, where it may be allowed to light, falls down into the sea, her wings being wearied. The great licentiousness of the sea had buried the hills, and the waves before unknown beat upon the mountain tops. 311. The greatest part of men is carried off by the water ; long fastings overcome those whom the water spared, by scanty food. Phocis separates the Aönian from the Athenian fields, a fruitful land, whilst it was land ; but at that time *it was* a part of the sea, and a wide plain of sudden waters. 316. There a lofty mountain, by name Parnassus, advances towards the stars with two tops, and rises above the clouds with its summit. Here, when Deucalion (for the sea had covered all other places) arriving in a small ship with the consort of his bed, stuck fast ; they adore the Corycian nymphs, and the Deities of the mountain, and the prophetic Themis, which then presided over the oracles. There was not a man better than him, nor more a lover of justice, or any *woman* more regardful of the gods, than her. As soon as Jupiter sees the world overflown with liquid waters, and *but one man* left of so many thousands, lately living, and one *woman* left of so many thousands both innocent, *and* both worshippers of the *gods* ; he dispersed the clouds, and the rains being removed by a north wind, he both shewed the earth to heaven, and the æther to the earth. 330. Nor does the rage of the sea continue. And the governor of the main laying aside his triple weapon, assuages the waters, and calls the green Triton, standing out of the deep, and having his shoulders covered with shell-fish growing there, and bids

him blow his noisy trumpet, and to call back now the waters and rivers by a signal given. His hollow-wreathed trumpet is taken up by him, which grows to a great wideness from the bottom part; which, as soon as it received the air in the middle of the sea, it filled the shores lying under the rising and setting sun, with its sound. Then too, as soon as it touched the mouth of the god dropping with his wet beard, and being blown, sounded the bidden retreat, it was heard by all the waters of *both* land and sea, and stopped all the streams, by whose waters it was heard. Now the sea ^{has} as a shore, the *proper* channel receives the full rivers. The rivers subside: the hills seem to mount *out of the waters*. 345. The ground rises; *places seemingly* grow, upon the waters decreasing: and after a long time the woods shew their naked tops, and retain the mud left in their branches. The world was restored. Which after Deucalion sees *to be empty*, and that the desolate earth was in a profound silence, he thus speaks to Pyrrha, with tears bursting out. 351. "O sister, O wife, O thou the only woman left, whom our common pedigree and descent from brothers, and then the marriage tie joined to me; and now these dangers join; we two are the whole people of the earth, whatsoever the west and the east behold. The sea hath possessed itself of the rest. 356. Now too as yet have we no certain assurance of life; the rain-clouds yet terrify my mind. What sentiment wouldest thou now have had, if thou hadst been delivered from this destruction without me, O hapless one? How could'st thou alone have borne the terror of it? With whom to comfort thee, would'st thou have borne thy griefs? 361. For I, believe me, if the sea had got thee only, I would have followed thee, wife, and the sea should have had me too. O that I could repair by my father's arts, the people *that are lost*, and infuse souls into the moulded earth. 365. Now mankind remains in us two (so it seemed *good* to the gods) and we are left *as the models of men*." Thus he spoke, and then they wept. They determined to pray to the heavenly Deities, and to seek assistance by the sacred oracles. No delay is *made*; they go together to the waters of

Cephisus, though not yet clear, yet cutting their wonted channel. 371. And after they had sprinkled sacred water, taken thence, upon their clothes and head, they turn their steps to the temple of a sacred goddess; the top of which was defiled with filthy moss; and the altars stood without fires. 375. As soon as they reached the steps of the temple, each falls on his face upon the ground, and trembling, gave kisses to the cold stone; and then spoke *thus*: "If the deities, prevailed upon by just prayers, are *to be* mollified; if the anger of the gods is to be appeased, tell us, O Themis, by what art the loss of our kind is to be repaired; and give your assistance, O most gentle *goddess*, in this ruinous case." 381. The goddess was moved, and gave them an answer: "Depart from my temple, and cover your heads, and loose the garments girt *about you*, and throw the bones of your great mother behind your backs." They were amazed a long time, and Pyrrha first breaks silence with her voice, and refuses to obey the orders of the goddess: and begs with a fearful mouth, that the goddess would grant her pardon; and dreads to violate her mother's shade, by scattering her bones around. 388. In the mean time they consider with themselves the words of the given oracle, involved in dark obscurity, and revolve them over and over betwixt themselves. 390. Upon that the son of Prometheus comforts the daughter of Epimetheus with these gentle sayings. "Either my cunning deceives me, or the oracles are pious, and advise no wickedness. Our great parent is the earth. I suppose the stones in the body of the earth are called her bones; we are commanded to throw these behind our backs." 395. By whose interpretation, though the Titaness was moved, yet hope is mixed with doubt; so much do both distrust the advice of Heaven; but what harm will it do to try? They descend and cover their heads, and ungird their tunics, and cast stones, *as* ordered, behind their footsteps. 400. The stones (who should believe it, but that antiquity is for a witness *of the thing*?) began to lay aside their hardness and stiffness, and in continuance to be soft, and *when* softened, to take upon them a *new*

shape. And presently, after they were grown *bigger*, and a milder nature was bestowed, it happened that, some shape of man might be seen *in them*, yet not a very apparent one; but as *a statue* of marble begun, and yet not completed, and very like rude images. 407. Yet that part of them which was moist with any juice, and earthy, was turned into the use of a *human* body. What is solid, and cannot be bent, is changed into bones; what was lately a vein, continued so under the same name. 411. And in a short time, by the power of the gods above, the stones that were thrown by the hands of the man, took the shape of a man, and female kind was repaired by the throwing of the woman. Thence we are a hardened generation, and capable of undergoing toils, and give proofs from what originals we are.

VIII. The earth brought forth the other animals, in different shapes of her own accord, after the old moisture *thereof* was thoroughly heated by the fire of the sun; and the mire, and the wet fens swelled with heat; and the fruitful elements of things nourished by an enlivening soil, as in the womb of a mother, grew, and in continuance of time, took some regular shape *upon them*. 422. Thus when the seven-streamed Nile has quitted the saturated fields, and returned its waters to their ancient channel, and the fresh mire has been heated with the ætherial sun, the ploughmen upon turning up the clods find a great many animals, and amongst them some just begun about the time of their first formation; some they see not quite finished, and as yet destitute of some of their parts: and in the same body oftentimes one part is alive, *whilst* the other part is rude earth. 430. For when wet and heat have had a due mixture, they conceive; and all things arise from these two. And though water be repugnant to fire, a moist heat produces all things, and this jarring concord is fit for procreation. Therefore when the earth, dirty from the late deluge, was heated with ætherial sunshine, and a nourishing warmth, it produced innumerable species, and partly restored the former figures *of animals*, partly produced new monsters. 438. She desired not indeed to

have done it ; but yet she brought forth thee too, prodigious Python ; and thou, being a serpent *of a kind till then* unknown, wast a terror to the new people ; so vast a part of a mountain didst thou occupy. 441. The god that bears the bow, and who had never used such arms before, save against deer and timorous goats, destroyed this noxious *serpent* by a thousand arrows, almost quite exhausting his quiver, his poison being shed through his black wounds. 445. And that length of time might not blot out the fame of the work, he instituted sacred games with famous contests, called Pythia, from the name of the conquered serpent. In these, whosoever of the young men conquered in boxing, running, or chariot-racing, received the honour of a *crown* of oaken leaves. 450. There was no bay yet : and Phœbus encircled his temples, finely adorned with long hair, *with sprigs* from any tree.

IX. Daphne, the daughter of Peneus, was the first love of Phœbus, a love which blind chance gave him not, but the cruel anger of Cupid. The Delian *god*, proud of having lately subdued the serpent, had seen him bending his bow by drawing the string, and said, "O wanton boy, what hast thou to do with gallant arms ? that harness becomes my shoulders, who am able to give sure wounds to a wild beast, and to give *the same* to an enemy. 459. Who lately killed with innumerable arrows the swelling Python, who covered so many acres *of land* with his poisonous body. 461. Be thou content to raise I know not what *kind of* love with thy torch ; and do not lay claim to *the matter of my* praises." To him the son of Venus replies : " Let your bow transfix all things, O Phœbus, my bow *shall* transfix you ; and as much as all animals bend to you, so much less is your glory than ours." 466. *This* he said, and cleaving the air with his moving wings, with great activity he perched upon the shady top of Parnassus, and drew two weapons out of his arrow-bearing quiver, of different workmanship ; the one drives away, the other causes love : what causes *love*, is of gold, and glitters with a sharp point ; what drives it away, is blunt, and has lead under the reed. 472. The god lodged this in

the Peneian nymph ; but with the other he wounded the *very* marrow of Apollo, through his pierced bones. Immediately the one is in love ; the other flies the name of a lover, rejoicing in the lonely parts of woods, and the skins of wild beasts taken *in hunting*, an imitator of the unmarried Phœbe. 477. A fillet tied together her hair, put up without *any* order. Many courted her ; she, hating *all* courtiers, not patient to endure, and unacquainted with man, traverses the solitary parts of woods, and never regards what Hymen, what love, what marriage is. Her father often said, “ Daughter, thou owest me a son-in-law :” her father often said, “ Daughter, thou owest me grand-children.” She hating marriage-torches as a crime, overspreading her beautiful face with a bashful blushing, and clinging to her father’s neck with fawning arms, she said, “ My most dear father, grant me to enjoy a perpetual virginity : her father granted this before to Diana.” 488. He indeed complies ; but that beauty forbids thee to be what thou wishest, and thy handsome person opposes thy desire. 490. Phœbus is in love, and covets a union of Daphne ; once he saw her, and hopes for what he covets ; and his own oracles deceive him ; and as the light stubble is burnt when the ears are taken off, and as hedges burn with torches, which by chance a traveller has held too near them, or has left now about break of day : thus the god was wrapt in the flames ; thus burns he all his breast through, and nourishes his barren love by hoping. 497. He beholds her unadorned hair floating upon her neck ; *and what would they be*, if they were adorned ? says he. He sees her eyes sparkling with fire like stars ; he sees a *pretty* little mouth, which it is not enough to see ; he commends both her fingers and her hands, and her arms fairer, and her shoulders more than half bare : whatever parts are concealed, he thinks them still fairer. 503. She flies swifter than the light wind ; nor does she stop upon these words of him recalling her. “ O Peneian nymph, stay, I beseech you. I don’t follow as an enemy ; stay, nymph. Thus the lamb *flies* the wolf, thus the doe the lion ; thus the doves with trembling wing fly the eagle : each creature

its enemies. Love is the cause of my following. 508. Woe's me! lest you should fall on your face, or the thorns should tear your legs unworthy to be hurt, and I should be the cause of pain to you. The places are rough, through which you make *such* haste; I beg of you, run more moderately, and restrain your flight; I myself will follow more moderately. 512. Yet inquire of whom you please. I am not an inhabitant of the mountain; I am no shepherd; I do not here, as an uncouth clown, watch herds or flocks. Ah! rash *creature*, you know not, you know not whom you fly from; and therefore do you fly. 515. The Delphic land, and Claros, and Tenedos, and the palace of Patara yields to me. Jupiter is my father: by me what shall be, and was, and is, is disclosed: by me songs harmonize with strings; our arrow indeed is sure; yet *there* is one more sure than ours, which has made a wound in my empty breast. 521. Physic is my invention; and I am called 'the Helper,' throughout the world; and the power of simples is subjected to us. Woe's me, that love is curable by no herbs; nor do the arts avail the master, that avail all *others!*" 525. The daughter of Peneus flies from him about to speak more words with a timorous course; and leaves with himself his words unfinished. Even then too she appeared comely: the winds made bare her body, and the blasts meeting her, tossed about her garments, exposed to their influence, and the light air forced back her uncombed hair *before it*. 530. Her beauty was increased by her flight. But indeed the youthful god cannot bear any longer to waste *so much* smooth language, and as love advised him, he follows her steps with speedy pace. As when a grey-hound has spied a hare in the empty plain, and he pursues his prey by swiftness, the other her safety: the one is like as if he was going to cling to her, and now he hopes to have her, and grazes upon her very heels with his snout stretched out. 537. The other is in doubt whether she be caught, and is delivered from his very bites; and leaves the mouth *of the dog* touching her. So is the god, and the young virgin; he swift with hopes, she with fear. Yet he that follows, being

assisted of love, is swifter, and denies her rest, and is just upon the back of her as she flies, and breathes upon her hair scattered upon her neck. Her strength being *now* spent, she grew pale, and being quite foiled with the fatigues of this hurrying race, looking upon the waters of Peneus, she says, "O father, bring me help, if you, rivers, have the power of gods." (546. She says *too*, "O earth, in which have I pleased too much, yawn beneath me, or destroy, by changing it, that shape which causes me to be hurt.") This prayer being scarce ended, a heavy numbness seizes her limbs; her soft midriff is enclosed by a thin bark: her hairs grow into thin leaves, her arms into boughs; her feet, *that were* lately so swift, stick fast by steady roots; a shady summit overspreads her face; her neatness alone continues in her. 553. Phœbus loves this *tree* too; and placing his right hand upon the boll he perceives the breast still to tremble under the new bark; and embracing the boughs as if her members in his arms, he gives kisses to the wood; yet the wood declines his kisses. 557. To whom the god said: "But seeing thou can'st not be my wife, thou shalt however be my tree: my hair shall always *have* thee, my bay-tree, my harps *have* thee, my quivers shall have thee. 560. Thou shalt accompany the Latin generals, when the joyful voice of the soldiery shall sing a triumph, and the Capitol shall see long pompous trains *mount upon it*. 562. Thou the same shalt stand as a most faithful guardian to the door-cheeks of Augustus before the gate, and shalt protect the oak in the middle *betwixt two trees of thine*: and as my head is youthful with unshorn locks, do thou too ever wear the perpetual honours of green leaves." 566. Pæan ended *his speech*; the laurel nodded *assent* to this, with its new-made boughs; and seemed to move its top as a head.

X. There is a grove of Æmonia, which a rugged wood encloses on all sides. They call it Tempe: through which the *river* Peneus issuing forth from the bottom of *mount* Pindus, is rolled along with frothing waters; and by a heavy cataract, draws together a cloud scattering vapouring mists: and with its spray rains

upon the tops of the woods, and with its noise disturbs more places than are near it. This is the house, this the abode, this is the retired habitation of the great river: residing in this cavern made of rocks, he gave laws to the waters, and to the nymphs inhabiting the waters. 577. The rivers of that region first repair thither, not knowing whether they should congratulate or console the father, the poplar-bearing Sperchius, and restless Enipeus, and aged Apidauus, and the gentle Amphrysus and Æas, and by and by other rivers; who, by what course their violence led them, draw down their waters weary with their wanderings into the sea. 583. Inachus alone is absent; and concealed in the bottom of his cave, increases his waters by his tears; and most wretched, laments his daughter Io as lost; he knows not whether she enjoys life, or is amongst the ghosts: but *her* whom he finds nowhere, he thinks can exist nowhere; and fears the worst in his mind. 588. Jupiter had seen Io returning from her father's river, and said: "O virgin, worthy of Jupiter, and likely to make some lover happy by thy bed, seek the shade of either of these groves (and he shewed her both), whilst it is hot, and the sun is now at the highest in the middle of his circle. 593. But if you are afraid to enter *those* lonely abodes of wild beasts alone, you may pass within the secret recesses of the groves safe with a god for your protector, and not a god of the vulgar sort; but *with me* who hold the sceptre of heaven in my great hand, and who scatter the wandering thunder. 597. Do not fly from me," (for she was in the act of flight), *and* now she had left the pastures of Lerna, *and* the Lycæan plains planted with trees; when the god covered the broad earth with darkness drawn over it, and stopped her flight, and violated her modesty. 601. In the mean time Juno looked down into the middle of the fields, and wondering that the floating clouds had made the appearance of night under a bright day, she perceived these were not *the vapours* of a river, nor raised from the moist earth; and looks around *to see* where her husband was, as who knew full well the sly intrigues of her spouse, who had been so often detected. 607. Whom

after she found not in heaven, I am either deceived, or I am injured, says she ; and descending from the top of the sky, she alighted upon the earth, and ordered the mist to withdraw. 610. He had already perceived the approach of his wife, and changed the shape of the daughter of Inachus into a heifer. Even the very cow is beautiful. The daughter of Saturn extols the beauty of the cow, though unwillingly ; and likewise inquires whose it was, and from whence it came, or of what herd *it was*, as if ignorant of the truth. 615. Jupiter feigns that she was produced out of the earth, that the proprietor may no further be inquired after. The daughter of Saturn begs her *of him* as a present. What could he do ? It was cruel to deliver up his love *to her*, and liable to suspicion not to give her. It is shame which advises him on that hand ; and love dissuades on this ; and his modesty would have been conquered by his love ; yet if so slight a present as a cow should be denied to the sharer of his descent and bed, it might well appear not *to be* a cow. 622. After the mistress was given her, the goddess did not immediately lay aside all her apprehension ; and was afraid of Jupiter, and was fearful of her being stolen, until she had delivered her to Argus, the son of Aristor, to be guarded.

XI. Argus had a head studded on all sides with an hundred eyes ; each pair of them took rest in their turns ; the others watched, and remained upon the guard. He looked to Io, in what place soever she stood ; he had Io before his eyes, though *he was* turned from her. 630. He suffers her to feed in the day : *but* when the sun is under the deep earth, he shuts her up, and ties a cord about her neck, unworthy *of such usage*. She is fed with the leaves of trees, and bitter herbs ; and for a couch, the unhappy *creature* lies upon the earth that has not always grass : and drinks the muddy rivers. 635. And when she was minded *as* a suppliant to stretch out her arms to Argus, she had no arms to stretch out to Argus ; and she uttered lowings from her mouth, endeavouring to complain, and dreaded the noise, and was affrighted at her own voice. She

came likewise to Inachus's banks, the banks where she often used to play; and as soon as she saw her recent horns in the water, she was afraid, and, being alarmed, ran away. 642. The Naiades know not, Inachus himself knows not, who she may be; but she follows her father, and follows her sisters, and suffers *herself* to be touched, and offers herself to them admiring her. Aged Inachus held her *some grass* he pulled up: she licks his hands, and gives kisses to her father's palms. 647. Nor does she keep in her tears: and if words should follow her attempts, would beg his help; and would declare her name, and misfortunes. Instead of words, letters, which her foot scrawled in the dust, made a dismal discovery of her body's being changed. "Woe's me!" cries out her father Inachus; and hanging upon the horns and neck of the groaning and snow-white cow, he cries out again: "Woe's me! Art thou my daughter, who has been sought for through all lands? Thou *when* not found, wast *matter* of less sorrow to *me*, than *now thou art* found. Thou art silent, and returnest no words in answer to mine; *but* only fetchest sighs from the bottom of thy breast; and what alone thou can'st *do*, lowest in answer to my words. 658. But I, ignorant, was preparing a bride-chamber, and marriage torches for thee; and my first hope was of a son-in-law; the second of grand-children; but now thou must have a husband from the herd, now a son of the herd. 661. Nor is it possible for me to end *these* such sorrows by death, but it is *really* a misfortune to *me* to be a god; and the gate of death being shut against me stretches my mourning to a time without end." Star-eyed Argus, removes her *from him*, whilst he was lamenting in this manner; and carries the daughter, taken from her father, into different pastures. He occupies the lofty top of a mountain far away; from which, as he sits, he looks about him on all sides.

XII. *But* the governor of the gods above is not able any longer to bear with such great calamities of the grand-daughter of Phoroneus; and calls his son, whom the bright Pleias, *Maia*, brought forth, and orders him

to put Argus to death. 671. *But* small delay was *made* to take his wings upon his feet, and his soporiferous staff in his powerful hand, and the covering for his hair. After he had put these things in order, the son of Jupiter leaps down from his father's high abode upon the earth, and there took off his cap, and put off his wings : his staff alone was kept. With this he drives, as a shepherd, *some* goats through the lonely country, taken up, as he came along ; and plays upon some oat-straws joined together. 678. Juno's keeper, Argus, being charmed with the tones of this new contrivance, says : " Whosoever thou art, thou may'st sit with me upon this stone ; for there is not in any place more plentiful grass for cattle : and thou seest *here* a shade convenient for shepherds." 682. The grandson of Atlas, sat down, and with much talking stopped *as it were* the day in its progress, by his discourse ; and tries too to conquer his watchful eyes, by playing upon his joined pipes. 685. Yet he strives hard to vanquish soft sleep ; and though sleep was received by part of his eyes, yet he wakes with *the other* part ; he inquires too (for the pipes had been lately invented) by what means it had been found out.

XIII. Then the god says : " In the cold mountains of Arcadia, there was amongst the Hamadryades of Nonacrine, a certain Naias very famous : the nymphs called her Syrinx. 692. She had not once, *but many times*, eluded the satyrs that pursued her, and whatsoever gods, the shady woods, or the fruitful country contains. She made her court to the Ortygian goddess, by her occupation, and by her virginity ; and being clad after the fashion of Diana, she might have deceived *one*, and might have been thought to be the daughter of Latona, if she had not had a bow of dog-tree, and the other one of gold ; yet even so she deceived *people*. 698. Pan spies her returning from the hill of Lycæum, and having his head crowned with sharp pine *leaves*, he utters these words. 700. It was reserved for him but to have said the words : and that the nymph, slighting his suit, fled through the solitary *places*, till she came to the smooth river of the sandy Ladon ; and

that here, the waters stopping her course, she prayed to her liquid sisters, that they would change her: and that Pan, when he thought that Syrinx was now caught by him, seized upon some marshy reeds, instead of the body of the nymph; and whilst he sighs there, that the winds, moving amongst the reeds, made a shrill noise, and like one complaining. 709. And the god being taken with this new art, and the sweetness of the sound, said: This *way* of talking with thee shall continue with me; and accordingly unequal reeds being fastened together with a joining of wax, they kept the name of the girl." The Cyllenian god, being just going to say such things, saw all his eyes were sunk, and his organs of sight covered with sleep. Immediately he stops his voice, and confirms their sleep, stroking his languid eyes with his soporiferous wand. 717. And without delay, wounds him nodding with his crooked sword, where the head is joined to the neck; and throws it down bloody upon the rock; and stains the craggy mountain with his blood. 720. O Argus, thou liest *dead*; and the light which thou had'st in so many eyes is put out; and one night seizes a hundred eyes *together*. The daughter of Saturn, takes these *eyes*, and places them in the feathers of her bird: and fills its tail with star-like gems.

XIV. She was immediately inflamed with rage; nor did she put off the time of *expressing* her anger; and presented a dreadful fury before the eyes and mind of the Grecian lady, and buried in her bosom invisible stings, and drove in a fright the poor wandering creature through the whole world. Thou, O Nile, remainedst the utmost boundary to her immense toil. 729. Which as soon as she reached, she fell upon her knees placed on the edge of the bank, and raising herself up with her neck aloof, and holding up the only face she could to the stars, she seemed to complain with Jupiter, both by groaning and tears, and a mournful lowing, and to beg an end of her calamities. 734. He embracing the neck of his wife with his arms, begs she would end her punishment at last; and lay aside your fears for the future, says he: she shall never be the occasion of *any* trouble

to you *again* ; and he bids the Stygian waters hear this. As soon as the goddess was pacified, Io takes her former shape, and becomes what she was before : the hairs fly from off her body, her horns decrease, and the ball of her eye becomes less ; the opening of her mouth is contracted, her shoulders and her hands return, and her hoof, vanishing, is disposed of into five nails : nothing of the cow remains in her, but the whiteness of her appearance ; and the nymph, being now content with the service of two feet, is raised *upon them* : and *yet* is afraid to speak, lest she should low after the manner of a cow ; and timorously tries *again* words long disused. Now she is worshipped as a most famous goddess, by the linen-wearing people. Epaphus is believed to have been born to her at last of the seed of great Jupiter ; and has temples jointly with his mother in the cities of *Egypt*. Phaeton, sprung from the sun, was equal to him in spirit and years ; whom formerly talking great things, and not yielding to him, and proud of his father Phœbus, the grandson of Inachus could not bear ; and says, “Thou *like a mad fool* believest thy mother in all things, and art puffed up with conceit arising from a pretended father.” Phaeton blushed, and in shame suppressed his resentment ; and carried to Clymene his mother the reproaches of Epaphus. “And mother,” says he, “to grieve you the more, I the free, the fierce youth, held my tongue : I am ashamed these scandals should be uttered against us, and that they could not be confuted. 760. But, if I am descended of divine race, do you give me some token of so great a descent, and claim me for heaven.” *Thus* he spoke, and cast his arms about his mother’s neck ; and begged by her own, and Merope’s head, and the marriage of his sisters, that she would give him some tokens of his true father. 765. It is doubtful, whether Clymene was more moved by the entreaties of her son, or resentment of the crime charged upon her : she held up both her arms to heaven ; and looking to the light of the sun, she says, “O son, I swear to thee by this beam bright with shining rays ; which both hears and sees us, that thou wast begot by this sun, whom thou beholdest ; that thou *wast begot* by this *sun*, who

regulates the world ; *and* if I tell a lie, let him deny himself to be seen by me ; and let this light be the last to my eyes. 773. Nor is it any long trouble for you to visit your father's dwelling. His house is contiguous to our earth, where he rises. If your inclination does but dispose you, go ; and inquire of him yourself." Phaeton immediately springs forth, full of joy upon these sayings of his mother, and has now *nothing but* heaven in his mind ; and passes by his Æthiopians, and the Indians situated under the violent heat of the sun ; and briskly goes to the rising of his father.

BOOK II.

THE palace of the sun was elevated on lofty pillars, shining with radiant gold, and the pyropus that looks like fire; the utmost top of which neat ivory covered. Two folding doors of silver shone at the entrance, and the workmanship exceeded even the material; for Mulciber had carved there the seas encompassing the earth in the middle; and the orb of the earth, and the heaven which is over that orb. 8. The waters have *in them* the green gods, and the musical Triton, and the ambiguous Proteus, and Ægæon pressing the huge backs of whales with his arms; Doris too and her daughters, part of which seem to swim, part sitting upon a bank to dry their green hair, and some to ride upon fishes: they have not all one face, nor yet quite different; *but* such as *that* of sisters ought to be. 15. The earth has *upon it* men, and cities, and woods, and wild beasts, and rivers, and nymphs, and the other Deities of the creation. Upon these was placed the representation of the shining heaven, and its six signs upon the right door, and as many upon the left. Whither, as soon as the son of Clymene came by an ascending path, and entered the house of his doubted father, immediately he turns his steps towards his father's countenance, and stands at a distance; for he could not bear the light nearer. 23. Phœbus sat arrayed in a scarlet robe, upon a throne glittering with bright emeralds. On his right and left were Day, and Month, and Year, and Ages, and Hours placed at equal distances; and the fresh Spring stood covered with a flourishing crown; Summer stood naked, and wore garlands made of the ears of corn. Autumn too stood *there*, besmeared with trodden grapes; and icy Winter, rough with hoary hair. 31. From thence the Sun, being in the middle of the place, saw the young man

affrighted at the novelty of those matters, with those eyes, with which he beholds all things ; and says, " What is the reason of your journey *hither* ? what do you seek in this my citadel, O son Phaeton, not to be denied by your father ?" 35. He replies, " O thou public light of the vast world, father Phœbus, if you grant me the use of this name, and if Clymene does not conceal her fault under a false pretence, give me *some* pledges, *dear* father, by which I may be believed to be your true issue ; and take away this wavering from our minds." 40. *Thus* he said. But the father laid aside the rays shining all round his head, and commanded him to come nearer ; and giving him an embrace, says, " Neither art thou worthy to be denied to be my *son*, and Clymene gave thee thy true descent ; and that thou mayest the less doubt *of it*, ask any gift and thou shalt have it *from me*, giving it *thee* : let the lake to be sworn by the gods, unknown to our eyes, be witness of *this* promise." 47. Scarce had he well done ; *when* he begs his father's chariot, and the command and government of the wing-footed horses for a day. The father was sorry he had sworn ; who, shaking his illustrious head three or four times said, " My words are become rash by thine. I wish I could not give what I promised ! I confess, son, this alone I would deny thee. I may dissuade you. Thy desire is not safe. Thou desirest a great gift, Phaeton ; and what doth not suit thy strength, nor such boyish years. 56. Thy condition is mortal : that is not a thing for a mortal, which thou wishest for. Thou ignorantly affectest more too than is allowed the gods above to obtain. Let every one please himself ; yet ne'er a one is able to stand upon the fire-bearing axle-tree except myself. 60. Even the governor of vast Olympus, who throws the fierce thunder with his terrible right hand, cannot drive this chariot ; and what is reckoned greater than Jupiter ? The first *part of the way* is up hill ; and along which the horses, fresh in the morning, hardly mount. It is highest in the middle of heaven ; from whence it is a terror to myself to see the sea and the land, and even my breast quakes with dreadful fear. The last *part of the way* is down hill, and

requires a steady command *of the horses*. Then too Tethys, who receives me in her waters below, is wont to fear, lest I should be tumbled headlong. 70. Add *too*, that the heaven is whirled round with a continual turning, and drags along the high stars, and revolves them about with a swift rolling. I struggle against this; nor does the motion, that overcomes all things else, *overcome* me. And I am borne *in a direction* contrary to the rapid world. Suppose *now* the chariot was given you, what will you do? Can you move against the whirling heavens, that the hurrying sphere shall not carry you along with it? 76. Perhaps you imagine in your mind *there are* groves there, and cities of the gods, and temples rich with presents. Your way is through ambuscades, and the forms of wild beasts. And that you may keep your road, and may be carried off by no miss of it: you must go betwixt the horns of the opposing Bull, and through the Æmonian bows, and the mouth of the violent Lion, and the Scorpion bending his cruel arms by a long round, and the Crab bending his claws in a different manner. Nor is it easy for you to govern the steeds spirited by those fires which they have in their breasts, which they breathe out of their mouths and nostrils: they hardly suffer me, when their keen minds are once heated, and their necks struggle with the reins. 88. But do thou have a care, son, lest I should be the occasion of a present *that will be* pernicious to thee; and whilst the case allows it, correct thy prayers. 90. Surely you desire *some* sure pledges, that you may believe you sprung from my blood. I give you sure pledges *thereof*, by being *thus* concerned *for you*: and I am proved to be your father, by a father's fear. Lo, behold my countenance: and I wish you could put your eyes into my breast, and discover my fatherly concern therein. 95. Finally, look about upon whatsoever the rich world has in it; and ask any one of so many and such great good things of heaven, earth, and sea; you shall suffer no refusal. This one thing I interpose against, which in its true name is a punishment, not an honour: Phaeton, you ask a punishment instead of a present. 100. Why, ignorant

youth, do you hold my neck with your fawning arms? Doubt not; whatsoever you wish for, shall be given you (we have sworn by the Stygian waters) but do you wish more wisely." He ended his admonitions. Yet the other resists his advice, and presses his point, and burns with desire of the chariot. 105. Wherefore the father, staying as long as he could, brings the young man to the high chariot, a present of Vulcan's. The axle-tree was of gold, the pole of gold, the curved shoeing of the wheels' surface gold; the range of spokes of silver: Chrysolites and gems, placed along the yoke in order, gave a clear light, by reflecting the Sun. 111. And, whilst the magnanimous Phaeton admires those things, and views the work, behold the watchful Aurora opened the roseate doors from the bright sunrise, and the courts full of roses. The stars fly away; the troops whereof Lucifer drives on, and moves the last from his station in heaven. 116. Then the father, when he saw the earth, and the *whole* world grow red, and the horns of the moon, almost spent, vanish as it were; Titan orders the swift Hours to yoke the horses. The nimble goddesses perform their orders, and lead the steeds vomiting fire, satiated with the juice of Ambrosia, from the high stalls, and put the rattling bridles on them. 122. Then the father rubbed the face of his son with a sacred ointment, and made it capable of enduring the rapid flame: and put the rays upon his hair; and fetching from his troubled breast sighs presaging his *future* sorrow, he said, 126. "If thou canst obey this advice, at least, of thy father, spare, my boy, the goads, and use the bridle strongly. They make haste *enough* of their own accord; it is the difficulty to hold them in, eager as they are. And let not the way please you by the five bows direct. 130. There is a road cut obliquely with a broad bending, and, being constrained within the limits of three zones, it shuns the southern pole, and the bear joined to the Aquilones. Let your way be here: you will see plain prints of the wheels. And that heaven and earth may have equal heat, neither go too low, nor drive the chariot along the top of the sky. 136. If you go too high, you will burn the celestial mansions; *and if you*

go too low, the earth: you will go safest in the midst. And let not the right wheel carry you off to the wreathed snake, nor the left draw you to the low altar. Keep betwixt both. I commit the rest to fortune; who I pray may help you, and provide better, than you *do* for yourself. 142. Whilst I speak, the moist night has reached the goals placed upon the western shore; further delay is not allowed us. We are called for; and the darkness being banished, Aurora shines. 145. Take the reins in your hand; or, if you have a breast to be changed, use our advice, not chariot, whilst you may; and while you yet stand upon solid ground; and whilst you, ignorant *soul*, do not yet load the chariot *you* badly wished for, suffer me to give light to the world, which you may see secure." 150. He occupies the light chariot with his youthful body, and stands over it; and rejoices to take in his hands the reins given him; and then gives thanks to his father unwilling *to receive them*. In the mean time, the winged horses of the sun, Pyroeis, Eous, and Æthon, and the fourth Phlegon, fill the air with flame-darting neighings, and beat the barriers with their feet. 156. Which after Tethys, ignorant of the fate of her grandson, pushed away, and a full scope of the vast heaven was given them; they take their way, and cleave the opposite clouds with their feet moving through the air; and, raised upon their wings, pass the east-wind that arose from the same parts. 161. But the weight *of the chariot* was light, and what the horses of the Sun could scarcely feel; and the yoke wanted its wonted heaviness. And as crooked ships, without proper ballast, totter, and through their excessive lightness move unsteadily through the sea, thus does the chariot without the usual weight give jumps into the air, and is darted up on high, and is like *one empty*. 167. Which x as soon as the horses perceived, they rush forward, and leave the beaten road, and run not in the order as *they did* before. He is frightened, and knows not which way to turn the reins committed *to him*; nor does he know where the way is; nor, if he did know, could he command them. 171. Then for the first time did the cold Triones grow hot, by the rays, and attempted in vain to

be dipped in the forbidden sea. And the Serpent which is seated next to the icy pole, being till then stiff with cold, and not formidable to any one, became scorched, and felt new rage from the heat. †176. They say too that you, Bootes, fled in trepidation, though you were usually *but* slow, and thy cart generally hindered thee. But when the unhappy Phaeton beheld from the top of the æther the earth lying far, very far below, he grew pale, and his knees trembled with the sudden fright; and darkness overspread his eyes in the midst of so much light. 182. And now he could wish he had never touched his father's horses; and now he is sorry that he ever knew his pedigree, and that he prevailed in his suit to his father: now desiring to be called Merope's son: He is hurried along just as a pine-wood ship, driven by a furious north-wind; to which her steersman has given up all her helm, which he has left to the gods and his prayers. 187. What can he do? Much of heaven is left behind his back; *but* there is more before his eyes. He measures both in his mind; and one while looks forward to the west, which it is not *allowed* to him by fate to reach; *and* sometimes looks back to the east; and being ignorant what to do, he is stupified; and neither lets go the bridle, nor is able *well* to hold it; nor does he know the names of the horses: and in great fright he sees strange objects scattered up and down in divers *parts of* heaven, and the forms of huge wild beasts. 195. There is a place where the Scorpion bends his arms into two bows, and with his tail, and claws, turned round on each side, stretches his members through the space of two signs. As soon as the youth saw him reeking with a sweat of black poison, threatening wounds with the bended point of *his tongue*; bereft of his senses, he dropped the reins in a cold fright. 201. Which lying on the top of their backs, when they touched the steeds, they rush away; and, no body restraining them, they scour away through the air of an unknown region, and where their fury drove them, that way without restraint they hurry along, and run against the stars fixed up in the high heavens, and drag away the chariot through lonely places: and one while make

for the highest parts; another while are borne away in a descent, and steep ways, in a space nearer to the earth. 208. And the moon wonders that her brother's horses run lower than her own; and the burnt clouds smoke. 210. As any land is highest, it is caught by the flames, and rending, makes *great* chasms; and is quite dried, its moisture being *all* carried off. The grass grows grey, and trees are burnt with their leaves; and the dry standing corn affords fuel for its own consumption. I complain of small matters. Great cities with their walls perish: and the fires turn whole nations with their people to ashes. 216. Woods with mountains blaze. Athos burns, and the Cicilian Taurus, and Tmolus, and Cete; and Ida now dry, formerly very famous for its fountains; and Helicon frequented by virgins; and Hæmus, not yet called Cæagrius. 220. Ætna burns to a prodigious *height* with doubled fires; and two-topped Parnassus, and Eryx, and Cynthus, and Othrys, and Rhodope that was at last to be free from snows: and Mimas, and Dindyma, and Mycale, and Cithæron made for *the celebration of* holy rites. Nor do its colds avail Scythia; Caucasus is on fire, and Ossa with Pindus, and Olympus higher than *them* both; and the lofty Alps, and the cloudy Appenine. 227. But then Phaeton beholds the world set on fire on all sides, and cannot endure such mighty heats; and sucks in at his mouth the hot air, as it were out of a profound furnace; and perceives his chariot to burn. And now too he cannot bear the ashes and embers ejected; and is involved on all hands with hot smoke: and being covered with a pitchy darkness, he knows not whither he is going, or where he is; and is hurried away at the pleasure of the winged horses. 235. They believe that then the nations of the Æthiopians got their black hue, the blood being forced into the outer parts of the body. Then Libya was made dry, the moisture being carried off by the heat. Then the nymphs lamented *the loss of* their springs and lakes, with their hair spread disshevelled. Bœotia seeks for Dirce, Argos Amymone, Ephyre the waters of Pyrene. Nor do rivers, that had got banks remote from one another

in place, remain secure : Tanais smoked in the middle of its waters, and aged Peneus, and the Teuthrantean Caicus, and the swift Ismenus, with the Phocæic Erymanthus, and Xanthus destined to burn again, and the yellow Lycormas. 246. And Mæander, who plays in his winding streams ; and the Mygdonian Melas, and the Tænarean Eurotas. The Babylonian Euphrates too was burnt up ; Orontes was burnt, and the rapid Thermodon, and Ganges, and Phasis, and Ister. 250. Alpheus is in a vast heat ; the banks of the Sperchius burn : and the gold which Tagus carries in its rivers melts with the fire : and the river-birds, which serenaded the Mæonian banks with their singing, grew vastly hot in the middle of Cayster. The Nile being affrighted fled into the farthest *part of the world*, and concealed his source, which still lies hid. His seven mouths are void *of water, and dusty*, being seven valleys without any water. The same misfortune dries up the Ismarian rivers, Hebrus with Strymon ; and the western rivers, the Rhine, and the Rhone, and the Po, and the Tyber, to whom the government of the world was promised. 260. All the ground gapes, and the light penetrates through the chinks into hell, and terrifies the infernal king with his wife : and the sea is contracted ; and that is a field of dry sand, which lately was the deep. The mountains too, which the deep sea had covered, start up, and increase *the number of* the scattered Cyclades. The fishes seek the bottom : nor dare the crooked dolphins raise themselves above the seas into the air, *as usual*. The bodies of sea-calves float belly upwards, dead upon the top of the deep. The report is too, that Nereus himself, and Doris, and their daughters, lay hid under the warm waters. 270. Three times Neptune ventured to thrust his arms, with a stern countenance, out of the waters ; *but* three times he could not bear the fires of the air. Yet the kindly earth, as she was surrounded with the sea, amidst the waters of the main, and the springs on all sides contracted, which had hid themselves in the bowels of their dark mother, lifts up, *dry as she was*, her all-bearing face, and held her hand before her forehead, and shaking all things with a vast

trembling, she sunk down a little, and was lower than she uses to be; and thus speaks with her sacred voice: "If this pleases you, and I have deserved it, why do your thunders *cease*, O you greatest of the gods? Let me, if I must perish by the force of fire, perish by your fire; lessen the disaster by your being the author of it. Indeed *it is* with much ado I get my jaws open for these very words: (the heat bore hard upon *her* mouth) lo, behold my singed hair, and the smoke 'in my eyes: the embers *too* fly over my mouth. 285. Do you return me these fruits, this honour for my fertility and service, that I bear the wounds of the crooked plough and harrows, and am tilled all the year round, for that I furnish leaves for the cattle, and ripe nutriment and pleasant corn for mankind, and frankincense for you? 290. But suppose I had deserved destruction, what *have* the waters *deserved*? What has your brother deserved? Why do the seas, delivered to him by lot, decrease, and are removed further from the sky? But if neither a regard for your brother, nor me, affects you; yet pity your own heaven: look about, both poles smoke on each hand *of you*; which, if your fire destroys, your own palaces will fall. 296. Lo, Atlas himself is in distress, and hardly supports the burning heavens upon his shoulders. If the sea, if the earth perishes, if the palace of heaven perishes, we are *then* plunged in old Chaos. Deliver it from the flames, if there be any thing left; and provide for *the preservation of* the world." 301. These things said the earth *alone*; for indeed she could not bear the heat any longer, nor say more; and withdrew her countenance within herself, and to caves *that are* nigh the ghosts. But the almighty Father calling *all* the gods of heaven to witness, and him too that had given *Phaeton* the chariot, that unless he gave his assistance, all things would perish by a heavy fate; he mounts aloft to the highest eminence *of heaven*, from whence he uses to draw the clouds over the broad earth; from whence he makes his rumbling noise, and throws his brandished thunder. But then he neither had clouds which he could draw over the earth; nor showers to pour down from the sky. He thunders, and threw the bolt, heaved

from his right ear, at the charioteer ; and at once drove him from his life and the wheels, and stopped fires with cruel fires. 314. The horses are affrighted ; and making a jump opposite *to the thunder*, they get their necks out of the yoke, and leave the harness broke to pieces. In one place lie the bridles, in another the axle-tree pulled away from the pole ; in another part the spokes of the broken wheels ; and the fragments of the chariot pulled in pieces were scattered far and wide. 319. But Phaeton, whilst the flame consumes his yellow hair, tumbles headlong, and moves in a long tract though the air ; as sometimes a star, which if it did not fall from the serene heaven, *yet* might seem to fall. Whom the great river Eridanus receives in a *part of the world* far distant from his native country, and washes his smoking countenance.

II. & III. The Hesperian Naiades commit his body smoking from the three-forked fire to a tomb, and inscribe the stone with these verses. "Here lies Phaeton, the guider of his father's chariot, which if he did not keep *secure*, yet he miscarried in a grand attempt." 329. But the miserable father hid his face overspread with dismal sorrow, and (if we *may* but believe it) they say that one day passed without *any* sun. The fires gave light *enough*, and there was some convenience in that calamity. 333. But Clymene, after she had said whatever things were to be said in so great misfortunes, ran over the whole world mourning and distracted, and tearing her bosom ; and first seeking for his lifeless limbs, *and* then his bones, she found his bones at length buried upon the bank *of a foreign river* ; and lay down upon the place, and bedewed his name, read upon the marble stone, with her tears, and warmed it with her naked breast. 340. The Heliades, mourn no less, and bestow tears, an empty present, upon his death ; and, smiting their breasts with their palms, call night and day upon Phaeton, who was not destined to hear their miserable complaints ; and they lie spread about his grave. The moon had four times filled up her disk, by filling up her horns ; *whilst* they, according to their custom (for use had made it a custom) uttered great

lamentation; of which Phaethusa, the eldest of the sisters, being desirous to lie down upon the ground, complained that her feet grew stiff; to whom the fair Lampetie endeavouring to come, she also was detained by a root suddenly *growing*. 350. A third, endeavouring to tear her hair, pulls off leaves; another complains that her legs were held fast by the stump of a tree; another that her arms were become long boughs. And whilst they wondered at these things, the bark closes upon their groins, and by degrees encompasses their bellies, and breasts, and shoulders, and hands; and their mouths only were left out calling upon their mother. 356. What could their mother do; but go hither and thither, whither her passion draws her, and join her mouth *with theirs*, whilst yet she may? *But that* is not enough: she tries to pull their bodies out of the trunks of the trees, and breaks the tender branches with her hands: but from thence drops of blood flow as from a wound. 361. Which soever *of them* is wounded, cries out, "O mother, spare me, I beseech you; spare me, I beseech you: my body is torn in the tree; and now farewell:" the bark closed over at the last words. 364. From thence the tears flow: and amber dropping from the new boughs hardens in the sun; which the clear river receives, and sends to be worn by the Latin brides.

IV. Cycnus the son of Sthenelus was by at this strange event; who though he was allied to thee, Phaeton, by the blood of his mother, yet was he nearer to thee in affection. He leaving his kingdom (for he reigned over the people and the cities of the Ligurians) filled the green banks, and the river Po, and the wood now augmented with his transformed sisters, with his complaints; when the man's voice was rendered shrill, and grey feathers conceal his hair, and his neck is stretched out to a great length from his breast, and a membrane ties together his red toes: wings cover his sides; a bill without a point occupies his mouth. 377. Cycnus becomes a new bird; and does not trust himself to the sky and Jupiter, as being mindful of the fire unjustly thrown by him. He tenants the pools, and wide lakes;

and, hating fire, chooses the rivers, contrary to flames, to dwell in.

V. & VI. In the mean time the father of Phaeton clad in mourning, and destitute of his *usual* comeliness, *just* such as he uses to be, when he suffers an eclipse in his disk, both hates the light, and himself, and the day; and gives up his mind to sorrow, and adds resentment to his sorrow, and denies his service to the world. 385. "My condition," says he, "has been restless enough from the *very* beginning of my life, and I repent of the pains taken by me without end, *and* without honour. Let any one else drive the chariot that bears the light. If there be nobody, and all the gods confess they cannot do it, let Jove himself drive it, that however, whilst he tries our reins, he may at last lay aside his thunder; that is, to deprive fathers of their children. Then he may know, when he has tried the strength of the fire-footed horses, that he did not deserve death, who could not well govern them." 394. All the deities stand about the sun, saying such things; and beg with humble supplication, that he would not bring *eternal* darkness on the world. Jupiter too excuses the fire thrown *at his son*, and, like a king, adds threats to his entreaties. Phœbus collects up his wild horses, as yet trembling with fear, and vents his fury upon them with the goad and the whip; for he is in a fury, and upbraids them with his son, and charges his death upon them. But the almighty Father goes round the great walls of heaven, and carefully searches, lest any part should be impaired by the violence of the fire: which after he saw to be secure, and in their *full* strength, he views the earth, and the works of men: (yet he has a more particular care of his *dear* Arcadia) and he restores the springs, and the rivers not yet daring to run: he gives grass to the earth, leaves to the trees, and commands the damaged woods to grow green again. 409. Whilst he frequently goes and comes, he stopped short *at the sight of* a Nonacrine virgin; and the fires received within his bones grew raging hot. Her business was not to soften the wool by teasing it, nor

to plait her hair in different positions : but a buckle fastened her coat, and a white fillet *tied up* her neglected hair ; and one while she took a light dart in her hand, another a bow. 415. She was a soldier of Phœbe, nor did any *nymph* come upon mount Mænalus more acceptable to Trivia, than she. But no power is lasting. The high sun had that space of heaven beyond the middle, when she enters a grove, which no age had *ever* thinned. 419. Here she puts her quiver off her shoulder, and unbent her flexible bow, and lay down upon the ground which the grass had covered, and pressed her painted quiver with her bended neck. When Jupiter saw her weary, and without a keeper, certainly, says he, "My wife will *never* know of this stolen leap ; or if she does come to know of it, is, oh ! scolding of such great *import* ?" 425. Immediately he puts on the form and dress of *Diana* ; and says, "O virgin, one part of my companions, upon what mountains have you been hunting ?" The virgin raises herself from the turf, and said, "Hail goddess, if I may be judge, greater than Jupiter, let him hear *what I say* himself, if he will." He laughs, and hears ; and rejoices that he is preferred before himself ; and gives her kisses, neither moderate enough, nor so to be given by a virgin. 432. He hinders her, a going to tell him in what wood she had been hunting, by an embrace, and does not discover himself without a crime. 434. She indeed on the other hand, as much as a woman could do (O daughter of Saturn, would you had seen her, you would have been more gentle *to her* ;) she indeed struggles hard ; but what girl, or what man, could prevail against Jupiter ? Jupiter, having gained his point, makes off for the summit of the sky : the grove, and the conscious wood is her aversion. 439. Withdrawing her foot from thence, she had well nigh forgot to take up her quiver with her arrows, and the bow which she had hung by. Behold Dictynna, attended with her train of *nymphs*, marching along through the lofty Mænalus, and proud of the slaughter of wild beasts, sees her, and calls her *when* seen : she, being called upon, ran away ; and at first was afraid lest Jupiter should be in her too. 445.

But after she saw the nymphs walk along with her, she was sensible there was no roguery *in the case*; and came up to their train. Alas! how difficult it is not to betray a crime by one's looks! She scarce takes her eyes from the ground; nor is she joined close to the side of the goddess, as she used *to be* before; nor is she the foremost in the whole company: but she is silent, and by her blushing gives signs of her injured modesty. 451. And but that Diana is a maid, she might have perceived her fault by a thousand tokens: the nymphs are said to have perceived it. The moon's horns now put out again in her ninth orb; when the hunting goddess, faint from her brother's flames, lighted upon a cold grove, from which issued a rivulet running along with a murmuring noise, and turned up the polished sands. 457. After she had commended the place, she touched the surface of the waters with her foot; and commending them too, she says: "Every one that could see is far off: let us wash our bodies with waters poured upon them." 460. Parrhasis blushed: they all put off their clothes; she alone affects delays: her robe was taken from her *whilst* hesitating; which being put off, her crime appeared with her naked body. The Cynthian Goddess, *Diana*, said to her, being confounded, and willing to cover her womb with her hands; "Get thee gone far hence, and defile not *these* sacred springs:" and *so* she commanded her to depart from her company. 466. The wife of the great thunderer had perceived this some time before; and had put off her heavy vengeance to a proper time. There is *now* no cause of delay; and now *too* a boy *called* Arcas (that very thing Juno was heartily grieved at) was born of her rival. 470. Upon whom as soon as she had turned her cruel mind, *together* with her eyes; "Forsooth," said she, "this too was reserved *for thee* to be fruitful, thou adulteress; and that my injury might be made known *to the world*, by this birth; and the shame of my Jupiter made notorious. 474. Thou shalt not carry this off unpunished; for I will take from thee that shape, with which thou, plaguy dame, pleasest thyself, and with which *thou pleasest* my husband." 476.

This she said ; and *then* threw her flat on the ground, seized by the hair on her forehead. She held out her arms *as* a suppliant : her arms began to grow rough with black hairs, and her hands to be bent, and to grow into crooked claws, and to perform the office of feet ; and the mouth, formerly commended by Jupiter, to become deformed with a wide opening. 482. And lest prayers, and suppliant words, should bend her mind *to pity*, the power of speaking is taken from her : an angry and threatening voice, and full of terror, issues from her hoarse throat. 485. Yet her former understanding continued in her too, *after she was* become a bear ; and, signifying her sorrow by continual groaning, she lifts up such hands as she had to heaven and the stars ; and though she cannot call Jupiter ungrateful, she thinks him *so*. 489. Ah, how often durst she not rest at night in the lonely wood, and wandered about before her own house, and in lands formerly her own ! Ah, how often was she driven by the barking of dogs over the rocks ! and though a huntress, fled from hunters, frightened. She oftentimes lay hid upon seeing wild beasts, forgetting what she was ; and *though* a bear herself, dreaded the bears seen *by her* in the mountains ; and feared the wolves, though her father was amongst them. 496. Behold Arcas comes, her son, ignorant of his Lycaonian mother, bearing three times five years upon his *last* birth-day ; and whilst he pursues the wild beasts, whilst he chooses forests proper for hunting, and encloses the Erymanthian woods with his platted nets, he lights upon his mother, who stood still upon seeing Arcas, and was like one that knew him. He flies ; and not knowing her, was afraid of her as she kept her eyes fixed without ceasing upon him ; and she coveting to come near him. 500. He was going to run her through the breast with his wounding spear ; the Almighty prevented it ; and took away both them, and the wickedness *intended*, and placed them, carried through the air with a swift wind, in heaven, and made them neighbouring constellations. Juno swelled *with rage*, after her rival shone amongst the stars ; and goes down into the sea to hoary Tethys, and the aged Ocean ; a regard for

whom has oftentimes moved the gods: and says to them, inquiring the occasion of her coming, "Do you ask me, why I, the Queen of the Gods, am come hither from the ætherial habitations? Another has *now* possession of heaven, instead of me. 514. Let me be a liar, if when the night shall make the world dark, you see not in the highest part of heaven stars there honoured to my great affliction, where the last circle, and the shortest in compass, surrounds the extreme *part of the axis of the world*. Is there indeed *any reason* why any one should refuse to injure Juno, and dread her being offended, who alone do benefits by my attempts to injure? O, what a mighty exploit have I done; how vast is my power! 251. I forbade her to be a woman; she is made a goddess: thus I inflict punishment upon offenders; thus is my power great. Let him claim *for her* her former shape, and take *from her* the form of a wild beast; which he did before; in the case of the Grecian granddaughter of Phoroneus. 525. Why does he not wed her, Juno being divorced, and place her in my bed-chamber, and take Lycaon for his father-in-law? But do you, if the contempt of your injured foster-child affects you, drive the seven Triones from your green waters; and repulse the stars received into heaven, in reward of adultery; that my rival may not be dipped in your pure sea."

VII. The gods of the sea agreed to it. The daughter of Saturn enters the liquid air in her neat chariot, with her painted peacocks; peacocks as lately painted upon the killing of Argus, as thou, babbling crow, wast suddenly turned into black wings; whereas thou had'st been white before. 536. For this bird was formerly of a silver hue, with snow-white feathers; so that it equalled the doves *that are* wholly without spot; nor would it yield to the geese that were to save the Capitol by their watchful voice, nor to the swan who loves the rivers. Its tongue was its misfortune: its babbling tongue giving the occasion, the colour which was white, is now contrary to white. 542. There was not a more beautiful *lady* in all Æmonia, than the Larissæan Coronis. She pleased thee certainly, O thou God of Delphos, whilst

she was either chaste or unobserved : but the Phœbean bird perceived her falseness to her lover ; and the inexorable informer took a journey to his master, to discover her secret miscarriage ; whom the prattling jack-daw follows upon his moving wings, in order to inquire into the whole affair ; and hearing the occasion of his going, “ You do not,” says he, “ take a useful journey : do not despise the presages of my tongue.

VIII. “ Consider what I was, and what I am, and inquire into my deserts ; you will find my fidelity was my ruin. For upon a certain time Pallas had shut up Erichthonius, a child born without a mother, in a basket made of Actæan twigs ; and gave it to keep to the three virgins descended from the double-formed Cecrops : but *indeed* told them not what it was, and gave them a charge not to look into her secrets. I, being hid amongst the light leaves, observed from a thick elm what they did. 559. Two of *them* Pandrosos and Herse, keep what was committed to them, without treachery. *One* of them, Aglauros, calls her sisters timorous, and unties the knots of *the basket* with her hand ; but they behold within a child, and a snake laid by him. I tell what was done to the goddess ; for which this requital is made me, that I am said to be discharged from under the protection of Minerva, and am placed after the bird of the night. 566. My punishment may warn birds not to court danger by their babbling. But I suppose she did not solicit me of her own accord, and not asking any such favour : you may inquire into this *matter* of Pallas herself ; although she be angry with me ; yet angry *as she is*, she will not deny this. 570. For Coroneus, famous in the land of Phocis, (I say things well known) begot me ; and so I was a lady of royal birth ; and was courted by rich wooers (do not despise me.) My beauty injured me : for, while I was walking with slow paces along the shores, as I was wont upon the top of the sands, the god of the sea saw me, and was inflamed : and after he had spent *some* time to no purpose, in soliciting me, in the softest words, he prepares for violence, and pursues me : away I scour, and leave the thick shore, and am tired in vain

in the soft sand. 579. Upon that I invoke both gods and men; but my voice did not reach any mortal *at all*: a virgin was moved for a virgin's defence, and gave me assistance. I held up my arms to heaven: my arms began to grow black with light feathers. I endeavoured to throw my clothes off my shoulders, but they were feathers, and had run their roots deep into my skin. 585. I endeavoured to beat my naked breasts with my palms; but I had now neither palms nor naked breasts. I ran; nor did the sand retard my feet, as before; and I was lifted up from the surface of the ground. By and by I mount up, and move through the air, and am given for a faultless companion to Minerva. 590. Yet what signifies this, if Nyctimene, made a bird by a horrid crime, has succeeded me in my honour?

IX. "Has not a thing, which is very well known throughout all Lesbos, been heard by you, that Nyctimene defiled her father's bed? She is a bird indeed; but, being conscious of her crime, she avoids being seen, and the light; and conceals her shame in darkness; and is driven out of the air by all *the birds*." The crow says to him, saying such things, "I wish thy recalling me may prove a mischief to thee; we despise thy vain omen." Nor does he cease his journey; but tells his master, that he saw Coronis lying with a young man of Æmonia. 601. His laurel crown dropped off upon hearing the crime of his loved one: and at once both his countenance, plectrum, and colour forsook the god. And when his mind was heated with swelling rage, he takes his wonted arms, and levels his bow bent from the extremities, and shot with an unavoidable arrow quite through that breast which had been so often joined with his own breast. When wounded, she gave a groan; and, pulling the arrow out of the wound, she sprinkled her white limbs with red gore: and said, "I might, Phœbus, have made you satisfaction; but I *might* have brought forth first: now we shall two *of us* die in one." 611. Thus far *she spoke*; and then poured out her blood, together with her life: a deadly cold seized her body void of life. The lover, alas! is sorry too late for the cruel vengeance *he had taken*; and hates himself for having listened to

the bird, for having been enraged. 615. He hates the bird, by which he was obliged to know the crime of *his* beloved, and the cause of his grief. He also hates his bow-string, his bow and hand; and, with his hand, the rash weapons, his arrows; and cherishes her *in his bosom*, after she was fallen down: and by late assistance endeavours to conquer fate; and practises his physical arts in vain. 620. Which after he saw them tried in vain, the pile made, and that her limbs were ready to be burnt in the funeral fires: then indeed he uttered groans fetched from the bottom of his heart; (for it is not lawful for the faces of the gods to be wet with tears) loud as a mallet, which, heaved from the right ear of *a butcher*, whilst the cow looks on, batters to pieces the hollow temples of a sucking calf, with a fair stroke. 627. Yet after Phœbus had poured out odours upon her breast, not at all acceptable to *her*; and given her embraces, and performed her obsequies hastened by his injustice; he did not suffer his seed to sink into the same ashes; but delivered his son at once from the flames, and his mother's womb; and carried him into the cave of the double-shaped Chiron: and forbade the crow who expected for himself a reward of his tongue not false, to remain amongst the white birds.

X. In the mean time the savage *Chiron*, was glad of a pupil of divine race; and rejoiced in the honour that was mixed with his trouble. Lo, the daughter of the Centaur, having her shoulders over-cast with her yellow hair, comes; whom formerly the nymph Chariclo, having borne upon the banks of a rapid river, called Ocyroe. 699. She was not content to learn her father's arts *only*, but sung the secrets of the fates. Therefore after she had conceived in her mind the prophetic fury, and was armed with the god, whom she had shut up in her breast: she beholds the infant, and said: "Grow, child, the giver of health to the whole world, mortal bodies shall oftentimes owe themselves to thee. *Nay*, it will be practicable for thee to restore life *when* taken away; and venturing to do that once with the gods angry at thee for it, thou shalt be prevented, by thy grandfather's flame, from being able to grant this favour

again : and of a god thou shalt become a lifeless body ; and a god *again*, who lately wast a *lifeless body* : and thou shalt twice change thy fate. 650. Thou, likewise, dear father, now not mortal, and produced under this law at your nativity, to remain all ages, wilt then desire to die, when thou shalt be tormented with the blood of a direful serpent, received into your wounded members ; and the gods shall make thee from eternal, capable of death : and the three goddesses *of destiny* shall cut thy thread *of life*." 656. Something was yet left of his fate, she sighs from the bottom of her breast, and tears, bursting out, ran down her cheeks : and then she says, " My fate prevents me, and I am forbid to speak more ; and the use of my voice is precluded. 660. My arts were not so much worth, which have brought the anger of a god upon me ; I wish I had not known things to come. Now human shape seems to be withdrawing from me : now grass pleases me for my food : now have I a strong inclination to run in the wide fields : I am turned into a mare, and a body *already* allied to me : but yet why entirely ? for my father is double-shaped." 666. The last part of her complaint, as she was saying these words, was *but* little understood ; and her words were confused. And presently they were not words indeed ; nor do they seem to be the noise of a mare, but of one counterfeiting a mare : and in a little time she uttered clear neighings ; and put down her arms upon the grass. 671. Then her fingers grow together, and a smooth hoof of one continued *piece of horn* binds up her five nails ; the length of her face and neck increases : the greatest part of her long coat becomes a tail ; and as her hair lay scattered upon her neck, it passed into a right-side mane ; and at once both her voice and shape was changed. These portents too occasioned *the invention of* a new name.

XI. The Philyreian hero wept, and begged thy help, god of Delphos, in vain : for neither could'st thou annul the orders of great Jupiter : nor, if thou could'st annul them, wast thou present : thou *then* dwelledst in Elis, and the Messenian fields. 681. It was that time, when a shepherd's skin-coat covered thee, and a staff cut out

of a wood was the burden of thy left hand, *and* of the other a pipe consisting of seven unequal reeds. And whilst love is *all* your concern ; whilst your pipe entertains you, some cows are said to have strayed unobserved into the Pylian lands. 686. The son of Maia the daughter of Atlas sees them ; and with his usual cunning hides them, being first driven off, in the woods. Nobody had perceived this theft, but an old swain born in that country : all the neighbourhood called him Battus. He kept the forests, and the flourishing pastures of Neleus, and studs of fine-bred mares. 692. Him he was afraid of, and took him aside with a gentle hand ; and says to him : “ Whosoever thou art, stranger, if any one by chance should inquire for these herds, deny that you saw them ; and, lest no requital should be made you for so doing, take a handsome cow for your reward.” 696. And *accordingly* he gave him one. Upon receiving which, the stranger returned him these words : “ You may go safe ; that stone shall speak of your theft sooner than I ;” and *at the same time* he pointed to a stone. The son of Jupiter pretends to march off. 699. *But* by and by returns ; and changing his visage together with his voice, “ Countryman,” said he, “ if you saw any cows go along this path, give me your help, and withdraw your silence from the theft ; a cow joined together with her bull shall be given you.” But *then* the old man, after his reward was doubled, “ They will be,” says he, “ under these mountains ; and they were under those mountains.” 705. The grandson of Atlas laughed ; and says, “ Dost thou, thou treacherous rascal, betray me to myself ? Dost thou betray me to myself ?” and then he turns his perjured breast into a hard stone, which is now called the touchstone : and the old infamy of *Battus* is *still* in the stone that deserved none.

XII. Upon this *the god* bearing the staff of peace raised himself upon his equal wings ; and, flying along, looked down upon the Munychian fields, and the land grateful to Minerva, and the woods of the well-planted Lyceus. 712. That day by chance chaste girls, according to custom, were carrying into the festal citadel

of Pallas, upon their heads, placed beneath the basket, pure holy things in baskets crowned *with flowers*. 725. The winged god spies them returning from thence ; and does not *now* steer his journey directly forward, but bends it into the same circling flight. As *that* most swift bird, the kite, upon seeing the bowels of a *victim*, whilst he is afraid, and the ministers stand thick about the sacrifice, turns in a ring, and dares not go far away, and greedily flies round the object of his hopes upon his waving wings : so does the nimble Cyllenian god bend his course over the Actæan castle ; and makes a circle in the same air. 723. As much as Lucifer shines brighter than the other stars ; and as much as the golden moon *shines brighter* than Lucifer ; so much more excellent than all the *other* virgins did Herse march along ; and was a grace to the solemnity, and her companions. 727. The son of Jupiter was astonished at her beauty ; and, as he hung in the air, grew violently inflamed ; no otherwise, than when a Balearian sling throws out a lead bullet ; it flies along, and grows hot in its passage ; and finds the fire, which it had not, under the clouds. 731. He alters his course ; and, leaving heaven, goes a different way : nor does he disguise himself ; so much confidence has he in his beauty. Which though it be *indeed* complete, yet he improves it by his care ; and combs his hair, and places his robe to hang neatly, that the border, and all its gold, might appear : *and minds* that his long round staff be in his right hand, with which he causes and drives away sleep : *and* that his wings shine upon his spruce feet. 738. A private part of the house had three bed-chambers, adorned with ivory and tortoise-shell ; of which thou, Pandrosos, *hadst* the right, Aglauros the left, and Herse had the middlemost. 741. She that had the left first observed Mercury coming, and ventured to ask the name of the god, and the occasion of his coming. To whom the grandson of Atlas and Pleione replies : “ I am *he*, who carry the commands of my father through the air. Jupiter himself is my father. 746. Nor will I invent pretences ; be you only willing to be faithful to your sister, and to be called the aunt of my issue. Herse

is the cause of my coming *here*; we beg you would favour a lover." Aglauros looks upon him with the same eyes, with which she had lately beheld the hidden secrets of the yellow-haired Minerva; and demands for her service gold of great weight; *and* in the mean time orders him to depart from the palace. 753. The war-like goddess turns upon her the orbs of her stern eyes, and fetched up sighs with so thorough a motion, that she shook at once her breast, and the goat-skin placed upon her strong breast. 756. It comes into *her mind*, that this false one had laid open her secrets with her profane hand then, when contrary to the orders given she saw the Lemnian child, that was born without a mother; and would now be agreeable to the god, and agreeable to her sister; and enriched with taking the gold, which the covetous wretch had demanded. 761. Immediately she repairs to the house of Envy, defiled with black gore. Her house is a cave hid in the bottom of a valley, wanting sun, and not pervious to any wind; dismal, and full of listless cold; and which is ever without fire, ever full of darkness. 766. When the virago, dreadful in war, was come hither, she stood before the door (for she does not count it lawful to go under the roof *of it*) and strikes the door-posts with the end of her spear. The door, upon being shaken, flew open; she sees Envy within, eating viper's flesh, the nourishment of her vices; and as soon as she saw her, she turns away her eyes. 771. But she rises heavily from the ground, and leaves the bodies of her serpents half-eaten; and moves along with a dull pace. And when she saw the goddess graced with beauty and *comely* arms, she groaned, and fetched sighs at the finery of the goddess. 776. Paleness sits in her face, *and* leanness in her whole body; her look is no where without a squint; her teeth are black with rust; her breast is green with gall: her tongue is overspread with poison: laughter is far from her, unless what the troubles she sees occasion. 780. Nor does she enjoy sleep, being kept awake with watchful cares; but she sees the successes of men with regret, and pines away with seeing them: and she teazes, and is teased at the same time; and is her own

torment. Yet, though Tritonia hated her, she spoke to her briefly in such words *as these*. 785. "Infect one of the daughters of Cecrops with thy poison; so there is occasion: Aglauros is she." Saying no more, she made off; and repulsed the earth with her spear struck against it. She beholding the goddess, as she fled away, with an oblique eye uttered a few murmurs, and grieved at the successes of Minerva: and takes her staff, which, being wreathed, a binding of thorns encompassed; and, being covered with dark clouds, wheresoever she goes, she treads down the flourishing fields, and burns up the grass, and crops the tops of the poppies; and pollutes both people, and cities, and houses with her breath; and at last she espies the Tritonian citadel, flourishing in genius, and riches, and joyful peace. 797. And she scarce holds in her tears, because she sees nothing to weep at. But after she entered the bed-chamber of the daughter of Cecrops, she executes her orders: and touches her breast with her hand stained with a rusty hue; and fills her midriff with jagged thorns; and breathes into her a pernicious blast; and dissipates the black poison through her bones, and spreads it through the middle of her lungs. 803. And, that these causes of mischief may not wander through too wide a space, she places her sister, and the fortunate marriage of her sister, and the god too under a beautiful appearance, before her eyes; and makes all things great. 806. By which the daughter of Cecrops, being irritated, is gnawed with a secret grief; and groans, anxious by day, *and* anxious by night; and wastes away, poor wretch, with a slow consumption, as the ice struck with an uncertain sun: and she consumes by reason of the good fortune of her happy sister, no otherwise than when fire is put under thistles, which do not send forth flames, and are burnt with a gentle heat. 813. She was often minded to die, that she might not see any such thing; often to tell *the matter* as a crime, to her rigid father. Finally, she sat down upon the opposite threshold, to exclude the god when he came. 816. To whom, throwing out blandishments and prayers, and the most gentle words, she said, "Cease; I shall

not remove myself hence, till I have repulsed you." "Let us stand to that agreement," says the nimble Cyprian *god*. 820. And he opened the carved door with *his* wand: but those parts which we bend in sitting cannot, *by reason of* a dull stiffness, be moved by her, *upon her* endeavouring to rise. She struggles indeed to raise herself with her body upright; but the joints of her knees are stiff, and a chill runs through her nails; and her veins are pale, upon losing their blood. 826. And as the disease *of* an incurable cancer is wont to spread wide, and add the sound parts to the tainted; so the deadly cold comes by little and little into her breast, and shuts up the vital passages, and her wind-pipe. 830. Neither did she endeavour to speak; nor, if she had endeavoured *it*, had she a passage for her voice. The stone had now possession of her neck; and her face was grown hard, and she sat there a bloodless statue. Nor was the stone white: her mind had stained it.

XIII. After the grandson of Atlas had taken this vengeance for *saucy* words, and a profane mind, he leaves the land denominated from Pallas, and enters heaven upon his rustling wings. 837. His father calls him aside: and not owning the cause of his love, "My son, the trusty minister," says he, "of my commands, banish all delay, and quickly descend with a sudden course; and make for the country, which country looks up at thy mother on the left side, (the natives call it by name Sidonis) and drive to the shore a herd of the King's, which thou seest feeding afar upon the mountain grass." 844. *Thus* he spoke; and presently the bullocks, being driven from the mountain, go to the shores as ordered, where the daughter of the great King used to play, attended with Tyrian virgins. 847. Majesty and love do not agree well together, nor continue in the same abode. That father and ruler of the gods, *therefore*, whose right hand is armed with the three-furrowed fires; who shakes the world with a nod, leaving the gravity of the sceptre, puts on the shape of a bull; and, mixing with the bullocks, lows, and stalks about *in shape* a handsome *bull* upon the tender grass; for his colour is *that* of snow, which neither the soles of hard feet have

trod upon, nor the watery south wind dissolved. His neck arises in wreaths of fat, and dewlaps hang from between his shoulders. 856. His horns are small, indeed ; but such as you would aver were made with hands, and more transparent than a pure gem. 858. *There are* no threats in his forehead ; nor *are* his eyes formidable ; his countenance has peace *in it*. The daughter of Agenor wonders that he should be so beautiful, that he should threaten no combat, 861. But at first she is afraid to touch him, though so gentle. By and by she goes to him, and holds out flowers to his white mouth. The lover rejoices ; and, till his hoped-for pleasure comes, gives kisses to her hands, (scarce, ah ! scarce does he defer the rest). 865. And now he plays with her, and bounces about upon the green grass : now *again* he lays down his snow-white side upon the yellow sand ; and by degrees taking away her fear, offers one while his breast to be-stroked by her virgin hand ; another while his horns to be tied with new-made garlands. The royal lady ventured too to sit down upon the back of the bull, little knowing who *it was* she pressed upon. 871. Then the god *moving* by little and little from the land, and the dry shore, puts the assumed traces of his feet first into the waters ; and then goes further, and carries his prize through the plains of the middle of the sea. She is affrighted ; and as she was being carried off, looks back to the shore *she had left* ; and holds his horn with her right hand : the other was set upon his back : her fine robes are puffed into sails by the wind.

B O O K III.

AND now the god, laying aside the shape of the pretended bull, discovered himself; and was got into the Dictæan country. When the father, ignorant of the matter, orders Cadmus to seek out his daughter; and declares, moreover, his punishment *should be* banishment, if he did not find her: being pious and wicked in the same action. 6. The son of Agenor, wandering through the whole world (for who could discover the intrigues of Jupiter?) being *now* an exile, avoids both his country, and his father's resentment; and in suppliant manner consults the oracle of Apollo, and asks him what land he was to dwell in. 10. "A cow," says Phœbus, "shall meet thee in the lonely fields, that has suffered no yoke upon her neck, and free from the crooked plough. Take your way with her for your guide; and in the grass, where she lies down to rest, see you build a city, and call it the Bœotian city." Scarce had Cadmus got well down from the Castalian cave, when he espies a young cow without a keeper march slowly along, bearing no mark of servitude upon her neck. 17. He follows, and pursues her steps with a slow pace; and silently adores Phœbus, the adviser of *this* journey. And now he had passed the shallows of Cephisus, and the fields of Panope; when the cow stood still, and lifting up her broad forehead, graced with high horns, towards heaven, she filled the air with her lowings. 22. And so, looking behind upon her companions following her back, she lay down, and placed her side upon the tender grass. Cadmus gives thanks, and fixes his kisses upon *this* strange land, and salutes the unknown mountains and fields. 26. He was *now* to offer sacrifice to Jupiter: he orders his servants to go, and fetch water from the running springs, to be used in the

libation. There stood an ancient wood, violated with no axe, and a cave in the middle thick covered with twigs and shoots of trees, making a low arch by a joining of stones, abounding with abundant water. A snake, sacred to Mars, was hid within this cave, finely adorned with golden crests. His eyes sparkle with fire, and all his body swells with poison; and three tongues wave; and his teeth stand in a triple row. 35. Which grove, after the men who came from the Tyrian nation arrived at with inauspicious footsteps, and the pitcher let down into the waters made a noise, the green serpent put his head out of the long cave, and uttered dreadful hissings. The urns fell from their hands, and the blood forsook their bodies; and a sudden trembling seizes upon their torpid limbs. 42. He twirls his scaly rings in rolling plaits, and with an immense spring is bent into a bow; and is elevated by above one half of him into the light air; he overlooks all the grove; and is of as large a size, as, if you look upon him entire, is *the serpent* which separates the two bears. 46. Without delay, he seizes upon the Phœnicians, (whether they were preparing their weapons or flight; or their fear hindered both) some by his fangs, others with long embraces; some he kills with his breath, others with the deadly bane of his poison. 50. Now the sun, being at the highest, had made the shadows less: the son of Agenor wonders what *cause of delay* his companions had; and searches for his men. His garment was a skin torn from a lion; his lance, with a bright steel head, was his weapon; and a dart; and a *brave* soul, better than any weapon whatever. 55. As soon as he entered the wood, and saw the dead bodies, and the victorious enemy, of huge frame, upon them, licking their dismal wounds with his bloody tongue: "*My most faithful bodies,*" says he, "I will either be the avenger of your death or the companion of it." *Thus* he spoke; and with his right hand took up a millstone, and threw the vast stone with as vast a force. 61. *And though* high walls with lofty towers would have been shaken with the shock of it, the serpent remained without wound; and being defended with his scales, like a coat of mail, and the hardness of his

black hide, he resisted the mighty stroke with his skin. †
 65. But he did not also conquer the dart by means of the same hardness; which being fixed in the middle of the bend of his flexible back-bone stood *there*; and the whole steel-head of it went down into his intestines. He, enraged with pain, turned his head upon his back, and looked at his wound, and bit the javelin sticking *there*.
 70. And, after he had tossed it about with great violence on all sides, with much ado he tugged it from his back; yet the steel-head stuck fast in his bones. But then, after *this* fresh wound was superadded to his wonted fury, his throat swelled with full veins, and a white froth flows round his poisonous jaws: and the earth, scraped with his scales, resounds; and the black steam which issues from his hellish mouth infects the tainted air. 77. He one while is encompassed with spires making vast rings; sometimes he is stretched out straiter than a long beam; now *again*, with prodigious violence, like a river swelled with rains, he rushes forward, and bears down the opposing wood with his breast.
 81. The son of Agenor gives way a little, and receives his charge with his lion's skin; and retards his mouth, just upon him, with his extended spear. He is in a rage, and gives vain wounds to the hard steel, and fixes his teeth upon the point. 85. And now the blood began to flow from his poisonous palate, and dyed the green grass with the sprinkling. But the wound was slight, because he withdrew himself from the stroke, and withdrew his wounded neck; and prevented the stroke from sinking deep by giving way, and did not suffer it to go far. 90. Till the son of Agenor, urging his spear lodged in his throat, pressed it home, till an oak stood in the *serpent's* way as he moved backward, and his neck was nailed up with the body. The tree was bent † with the weight of the serpent, and groaned to have its body lashed with the extreme part of his tail. 95. Whilst the conqueror considers the vast size of his vanquished enemy, a voice was suddenly heard; (nor was it easy to know whence; but heard it was) "Why dost thou, O son of Agenor, look upon the serpent slain *by thee*? thou thyself shalt be seen *as* a serpent." He, being a

long time in dreadful fright, lost his colour together with his voice ; and his hair stood on end with cold terror. 101. Behold Pallas, the favourer of the man, descending through the upper air, comes to him : and bids him put the viper's teeth under the earth ploughed up for the growth of a future people. He obeys ; and opening a furrow with a deep sunk plough, he sows in the earth the teeth, *as* ordered, *to be* the seed of men. 106. After (it is beyond *all* belief) the turf began to move ; and first appeared the point of a spear out of the furrows ; by and by the coverings of their heads, nodding with painted cones : soon after shoulders and breasts, and arms loaded with weapons, rise up ; and a crop of men armed with shields springs up. 111. So, when the hangings are drawn up in the joyful theatres, the pictures are wont to rise, and first to shew the countenances : the rest by little and little : and being drawn up by a gentle motion, they appear entire *at last*, and set their feet upon the bottom *of the stage*. 115. Cadmus, affrighted with this new enemy, was preparing to take arms ; *when* one of the people which the earth had produced cries out, “ Do not take *arms*, nor engage yourself in a civil war ; ” and then he hand to hand smites with his hard sword one of his earth-born brothers, *whilst* he himself falls by a dart thrown at a distance. 120. He too, who had given *him* to death, lives no longer than he ; and breathes out the air which he had lately received ; and all the company is mad in like manner : and these suddenly raised brethren fall in fight with one another, by mutual wounds. And now the youths, who had but a time of a short life *allotted them*, beat their bloody mother with their warm breasts. 125. Five being left, of which one was Echion, he threw his arms down upon the ground, by the advice of Minerva ; and both desired, and gave, a promise of a brotherly peace. The Sidonian stranger had these his assistants in the work, when he built the city ordered by the oracle of Phœbus.

II. Now Thebes stood, *and thou* Cadmus, mightest seem happy in thy banishment : Mars and Venus were become your father and mother-in-law. To this add issue by so great a wife, so many sons and daughters,

and grand-children, dear pledges ; these too grown up to man and woman's estate. 135. But surely the last day *of life* is always to be waited for by man ; and no one ought to be called happy before his death, and the last *scene* of funeral. Thy grandson, Cadmus, was the first occasion of sorrow to thee amongst so much prosperity, and horns that belong not to man placed upon his forehead, and you, O dogs, glutted with your master's blood. 141. But if you inquire well, you will find in him a crime of chance, not *any* wickedness ; for what mistake ever involved guilt ? There was a mountain stained with the blood of various wild beasts. And now the mid-day had shortened the shadows of things, and the sun was equally distant from each extremity *of the heavens* : when the Hyanthian youth bespeaks the sharers of his work *of hunting*, as they strolled through the lonely habitations of wild beasts, with gentle words. 148. "Our nets are wet, comrades, and our spears too with the blood of wild beasts ; and the day has had success enough. When the next Aurora, riding upon crimson wheels, shall bring the light again, we will return to our proposed work. 151. Now Phœbus is at the same distance from both hemispheres, and cleaves the fields with his heat ; give over your present work, and take away your knotty nets." The men execute his orders, and cease their labour. 155. There was a valley thick set with pitch-trees, and the sharp-topped cypress, by name Gargaphie ; a place in great request with the active Diana : in the extreme recess of which there is a cave in the grove, formed by no art : nature, by her ingenuity, had counterfeited art ; for she had drawn an arch of pumice-stone, as it was in the rock, and light sand-stones. A fountain runs purling along on the right hand, transparent with very fine water, *and* having its wide case edged round with a border of grass. 163. Here the goddess of the woods, weary with hunting, used to bathe her virgin limbs with the clear water. 165. Into which place after she was entered, she delivered her dart to one of the nymphs her armour-bearer, her quiver too, and her unbent bow. Another *nymph* put her arms under her garment laid aside. Two take her sandals from her

feet ; but Crocale, the daughter of Ismenus, being more skilful than they, gathers her hair, scattered upon her neck, into a knot ; although she herself wore her hair loose. 171. Nephele, and Hyale, and Rhanis, and Psecas, and Phiale, take up water, and pour it out again in large urns. And whilst the Titanian goddess is there washed in her accustomed water, lo, the grandson of Cadmus, having deferred a part of his work, wandering through the unknown grove with uncertain steps, came into *this* wood : thus his fate guided him. 177. Who, as soon as he had entered the cave, dewy with the springs, the nymphs, as they were naked, upon seeing a man, smote their breasts, and filled all the wood with sudden shriekings : and being gathered around, covered Diana with their bodies. Yet the goddess is taller than them, and overtops them all by the neck. 183. The colour which used to be in the clouds, dyed from the reflection of the opposite sun, or that of the ruddy morn, was in the countenance of Diana, seen without her raiment. 186. Who, though she was surrounded with the crowd of her attendants, yet she stood sideways, and turned her face back ; and how *gladly* would she have had her arrows ready ! The waters she had, she took up, and sprinkled the face of the man *therewith* ; and, bedewing his hair with the revengeful streams, she added these words, declarative of his approaching calamity. 192. “ Now thou may’st tell that I was seen by thee with my garments laid aside, if thou can’st tell it.” And *then*, threatening him no more, she claps upon his sprinkled head the horns of a long-lived stag ; she gives length to his neck, and sharpens the tops of his ears ; and changes his hands for feet, *and* his arms for long legs ; and covers his body with a spotted coat of hair. 198. Timorousness was moreover given *him*. Away flies the Autoneian hero, and wonders he should be so swift in running. 200. But as soon as he saw his face and his horns in the water, he was going to say, Woe’s me ! *but* no words followed. He groaned ; that was *all* his voice ; and the tears trickled down his face, no longer his natural one : his former understanding only continued. What should he do ? Should he return

home, and to the royal palace? or should he lie hid in the woods? Fear hinders one, and shame the other. 206. Whilst he is in doubt, the dogs saw him: and first Black-foot, and the good-nosed Tracer gave the signal *to the rest*, by a full-mouthed cry. Tracer was a Cretan dog, and Black-foot of the Spartan breed. Upon that the rest rush in swifter than the rapid wind; Glutton, Quick-sight, and Ranger, all Arcadian *dogs*. 211. And able Killbuck, and swift Hunter, with Tempest and Wing, good at his feet, and Catcher, famous for his keen scent, and fierce Woodger, lately wounded by a boar; and Forester begot by a wolf, and Shepherdess that had attended cattle; and Ravener, a *bitch* attended by two whelps of hers; and Harrier, a Sicyonian dog, having a small compact body. And Runner, and Barker, and Spot, and Tiger, and Strong, and White, with his snowy *hair*, and Soot with black hair, and the able-bodied Lacon, and Storm good at running, and Swift, and speedy Wolf with her Cyprian brother. And Snap, having his black face striped white down the middle; and Blackcoat, and Stickle, a rough-bodied *bitch*; and Worrier, and White-tooth, bred of a Cretan dog, and a Laconian *bitch*; and Babble of a shrill bark: and *others*, which it is *too* tedious to recount. 225. This pack, from a desire of their prey, pursue him over rocks and shelves, and craggy mountains; both where the way is difficult, and where there is no way. He *now* flies through places through which he had lately often pursued. Alas; he flies from his own servants. He had a mind to cry out, I am Actæon! recognize your master. 231. Words are wanting to his inclination: the heavens ring with the cries *of the dogs*. Black-hair made the first wound upon his back; Kildam the next; Mountain-Rover stuck fast upon his shoulder. They came out later *than the rest*; but their way was soon dispatched through a short cut over the mountain. 235. Whilst they held their master, the rest of the pack come in, and stick their teeth together in his body. Now room is wanting for *more* wounds. He groans, and makes a noise, though not of a man, yet such as a stag could not make; and fills the well-known mountains

with sad complaints ; and as a suppliant upon his bended knees, and like one asking a favour, he turns about his silent countenance to supply the place of arms. 242. But his companions, ignorant *of the matter*, encourage the ravenous pack with the usual cries, and seek for Actæon with their eyes ; and call out amain for Actæon, as if he were absent. He turns his head at the name, as they complain that he was not there, and, *like a lazy man*, did not enjoy the sight of the game presented them. 247. He would be glad to be away indeed ; but he is there ; and he could be glad to see, and not to feel too, the cruel actions of his dogs. They stand around him, and, thrusting their snouts into his body, tear to pieces their master, under the shape of a simulated buck. And the rage of the quiver-bearing Diana is said not *to have been* satiated, till his life *was* ended by many wounds.

III. Fame is in doubt ; to some the goddess seemed more violent than *was* reasonable : others applaud her, and pronounce her worthy of her strict virginity : both parties find favourable reasons. Only the wife of Jupiter does not so much declare whether she blames or approves *the fact*, as she rejoices at the misfortunes of a family descended from Agenor ; and transfers the hatred she had conceived from her Tyrian rival upon her relations. *When* lo, a fresh occasion of *hatred* succeeds upon the former ; and she grieves *afresh*, that Semele was with child from the blood of great Jupiter : then she lets loose her tongue to railing. 262. "What good, forsooth, have I done myself by railing so often ?" said she ; she herself must be attacked by me. I will destroy her, if I am rightly called the great Juno ; if it becomes me to wield the sceptre, adorned with jewels, in my right hand : if I am the queen *of heaven*, and both the sister and the wife of Jupiter : certainly *I am* his sister. 266. But I suppose she is content with a private amour ; and this violation of my bed is *but* of short duration. She has conceived, that alone was wanting ; and makes her crime public by her pregnant womb : and she will needs be a mother by Jupiter, which but hardly fell to my share alone : such is her confidence in her beauty. 271. I will take care it shall deceive her ;

and let me not be the daughter of Saturn, if she do not descend, sunk even by her *beloved* Jupiter, to the Stygian waters. After these things *said*, she rises from her throne, and, being wrapt up in a yellow cloud, she goes to the door of Semele; nor did she cast off the cloud, before she counterfeited *herself* an old woman, and planted grey *hairs* upon her temples, and furrowed her skin with wrinkles, and moved her crooked limbs with trembling pace: and made her voice too that of an old woman's; and became Beroe herself, the Epidaurian nurse of Semele. 279. Wherefore, when upon engaging in discourse with her, after long talking, they came to the name of Jupiter, she sighs and says, "I wish it be Jupiter; yet I fear all things. Many have entered chaste bed-chambers under the name of gods. Nor yet is it sufficient, that he be Jupiter: let him give some pledge of love, if indeed he be the true one: beg *of him* to give you his embraces as great, and such as he is received by the noble Juno; and let him assume his insignia of distinction beforehand." 287. With such like words *as these*, Juno tutored the unconscious grand-daughter of Cadmus. She requests of Jupiter a favour, without naming it. To whom the god says, "Choose; you shall meet with no denial. 290. And, that you may believe it the more, let the majesty of the Stygian river be my witness; that he is the dread, and the god of the gods." Semele, rejoicing at *what was* her misfortune, and being too persuasive, and destined *now* to perish by the complaisance of her lover, said, "Present yourself to me *just* such, as the daughter of Saturn uses to embrace you, when entering upon the league of Venus." 295. The god was going to stop the mouth of her, *whilst* speaking; but the hasty words were now got out into the air. He groaned; for neither can she not have wished, nor he not have sworn. Wherefore he mounts the high sky very sorrowful, and with a nod drew along the clouds that attended him: to which he added showers of rain, and lightning mixed with winds, and thunder, and the unavoidable bolt. 302. Yet, as far as he is able, he endeavours to lessen his strength; nor is he now armed with that fire, with which he had

hurled down the hundred-handed Typhœus; there was too much violence in that. 305. There is another lighter thunder, to which the right hands of the Cyclops have given less cruelty and flame, and less rage: the gods above call them the secondary weapons. Those he takes, and enters the Agenorean house. Her mortal body could not bear this ætherial tumult; and she was burnt up with the presence of her lover. 310. The infant, as yet imperfect, is taken out of the womb of his mother; and the tender child (if it be fit to believe it) is sewn up in his father's thigh, and completes there the time he should have spent in his mother's womb. His aunt Ino nurses him privately in his first cradle; after that, the Nyseian nymphs hid *him*, being delivered *to them*, in their caves; and gave him nourishment of milk.

IV. And whilst these things are transacted in the world by the laws of fate, and the cradle of Bacchus, twice born, is secured; they tell you, that Jupiter well drenched with nectar, laid aside *all* weighty concerns, and passed some merry jests with Juno, having nothing to do, and said, "Your pleasure is certainly greater than that which falls to the males." 322. She denies it. It was agreed to inquire what the opinion of the experienced Tiresias was. Both pleasures were *well* known to him; for he had attacked two bodies of large serpents, as they were copulating in a green wood, with a stroke of his staff; and from a man (O strange!) becoming a woman, he spent seven autumns *in that state*. 327. In the eighth, he again saw the same *serpents*, and said, "If the power of a stroke given you be so great, as to change the condition of the giver to the contrary, I will now strike you too." *Accordingly* striking the same snakes, his former sex returned, and his original figure came again. 332. He therefore, being chosen judge of this merry contest, confirms what Jupiter had said. The daughter of Saturn is reported to have resented it more heavily than *was* fit, and not in a manner proportionate to the matter; and condemned the eyes of the judge to eternal night. 336. But the almighty Father (for it is not allowed to any god to make void the acts of *another* god), for his eyes that were

taken from him, gave him the knowledge of things to come; and *so* eased his punishment by *that* honour.

V. He, much celebrated by fame through the Aonian cities, gave faultless answers to the people consulting him. The flashing-eyed Liriope made the first essays of his truth, and infallible predictions; whom formerly Cephisus encircled within his winding river, and *then* offered violence to her, *when* confined within his own waters. The most beautiful nymph from her full womb brought forth a boy, who even then might have been beloved; and calls him Narcissus. 346. Concerning whom being consulted, whether he should ever see the long time of a mature old age; the fortune-telling prophet says, "If he does not know himself." This answer of the augur seemed vain a long time; *but* the issue, the event, and the manner of his death, and the novelty of his madness, made it good. 351. For the son of Cephisus had added one to four times five years; and might appear a boy, and a young man too. Many youths, and many maidens courted him; but there was so hard-hearted a pride in his tender beauty, no youths, no girls, ever touched him. 356. The noisy nymph, who has neither learnt to hold her tongue after another speaking, nor speak first herself, the resounding Echo, espies him driving the affrighted deer into his nets. Echo was yet a body, not a voice *only*; and yet the prattling maid had no other use of her mouth than she now has, to be able to repeat the last words out of many. 362. Juno had done this *to her*; because, when she might often have caught the nymphs lying in the mountain under her Jupiter, she designedly used to detain the goddess with *some* long-winded discourse, until the nymphs ran away. 365. After the daughter of Saturn perceived this, "*But* small exercise of this tongue," says she, "with which I have been deluded, shall serve thee, and a very short use of thy voice;" and she confirms her threats by the execution. Ever still she, in the end of any one's speaking, doubles the voice, and returns the words she hears. 370. Therefore, when she saw Narcissus wandering through the lonely country, and was in love with him, she follows his steps

privately ; and the more she follows him, with the nearer flame she burns ; no otherwise than when the lively sulphur, smeared round the tops of torches, catches the flame applied to it. 375. O how often was she desirous to accost him in smooth words, and employ upon him soft supplications ! *but* nature resists, and suffers her not to begin ; but what she does suffer, that she is ready for, to wait his voice, to which she may return her words. By chance the youth, being separated from the trusty company of his attendants, said, "Is anybody here?" and Echo answered, "Here." 381. He is amazed ; and, after he had directed his eyes into all parts, he calls out with a loud voice, "Come." She calls him that called her. He looks back ; and again nobody coming, he says, "Why do you avoid me?" and he received as many words as he spoke. 385. He persists : and being deceived with the imitation of a repeating voice, he says, "Let us come together hither ;" and Echo, that would answer more willingly to no other saying, replied, "Let us come together :!" and she favours her own words ; and, bouncing out of the wood, she went to throw her arms about his neck *she* so long had hoped for. 390. He flies: and, as he fled, put by her hands from embracing him ; *and* says, "Let me die, before thou should'st have the enjoyment of me." She answered nothing but, "May'st thou have the enjoyment of me!" Being *thus* despised, she lurks in the woods, and covers her shame-faced countenance with green leaves ; and from that *time* lives in solitary caves. 395. But yet her love sticks close *to her*, and grows from the vexation of a refusal : *and* watchful cares wear away *her* miserable body ; and leanness draws her skin together ; and all the sap of her body evaporates into the air : her voice alone, and her bones are left. The voice continues ; *but* they say that her bones received the form of a stone. Since then she lies concealed in the woods : and is seen in no mountain ; *but* is heard in all : it is sound *alone*, that is alive in her.

VI. Thus had he deceived her, thus other nymphs that sprung from the waters or the mountains ; thus companies of men before. Upon which, some one, who

had been despised *by him*, lifting up his hand towards heaven, said, "So let him love, so let him not enjoy what he loves:" Rhamnusia assented to *his* reasonable prayers. There was a clear silver spring with sparkling water, which neither shepherds, nor goats fed upon the mountains, had meddled with, or any other cattle; which no bird, nor wild beast had disturbed, nor bough fallen from a tree. There was grass about *it*, which the neighbouring water fed; and a wood that would suffer the place to grow warm with no sun. 413. Here the boy, weary both with the exercise of hunting, and the heat, laid down; being fond of the appearance of the place, and the spring. And whilst he desires to quench his thirst, another thirst grew *upon him*. 416. And whilst he drinks, being charmed with the picture of his form reflected, he falls in love with hope, without a body: he thinks that to be a body which is but a shadow. *And* he is amazed at himself, and remains unmoved with the same countenance, like a statue made of Parian marble. 420. Lying on the ground, he gazes upon his eyes *like* two stars, and fingers worthy of Bacchus, and hair *worthy* of Apollo; and *his* youthful cheeks, and ivory neck, and the comeliness of his mouth, and redness mixed with a snowy white; and admires all things, for which he himself is to be admired. 425. He ignorantly covets himself; and he that approves, is himself approved; and whilst he pursues, he is pursued, and at once inflames and burns. How oft did he give vain kisses to the deceitful spring! How often did he thrust his arms, catching at the neck he saw, into the middle of the waters! Nor does he catch himself in them. 430. He knows not what he sees; but what he sees, that he burns for; and the same mistake that deceives his eyes, provokes them. O credulous *youth*, why dost thou in vain catch at the flying image? What thou pursuest, is nowhere; what thou lovest, turn *but* away, *and* thou wilt lose *it*. That, which thou seest, is *but* the shadow of a reflected image. 435. It has nothing of its own: it comes and stays with thee; it will depart with thee, if thou can'st *but* depart. No regard to food, no *regard* to rest, can

draw him from thence. But lying along upon the shaded grass, he beholds his deceitful form with unsatiable eyes; and perishes by his own eyes. And being raised a little *from the ground*, holding out his arms to the woods that stood around him: "O ye woods," says he, "did ever any one love more cruelly? (for you know, and have been a convenient cover for many *lovers*.) Do you remember any one that ever thus pined away, in so long a time, though so many ages of your life be now past? 446. It pleases *me*, and I see it; but what I see, and *what* pleases *me*, yet I cannot light upon: so strange a mistake possesses a *poor* lover. And to grieve me the more, neither does a huge sea separate us, nor a *long* way, nor mountains, nor a city with closed portals: we are kept asunder by a little water only. 450. He himself desires to be embraced: for as oft as I reach a kiss to the liquid waters, so often does he make towards me with his face turned to mine. You would think he might be touched. It is a very small thing that hinders lovers meeting. Whosoever thou art, come up hither. Why, dear youth, dost thou deceive me? Or whither dost thou retire, *when* pursued? 455. Certainly, neither my form or age is *such*, as you should shun; and even the nymphs have been in love with me. Thou promisest me I know not what hopes with that friendly look; and when I hold out *my* arms to thee, thou frankly holdest out *thine*: when I laugh, thou laughest at me. I have often too observed thy tears, when I was weeping. Thou likewise returnest *my* signs by nodding; and, as I suspect by the motion of *thy* beautiful mouth, thou returnest words that come not to my ears. I am he, I perceive; nor does my image deceive me. I am burnt with the love of myself; I raise the flames and bear them. 465. What shall I do? Shall I be entreated, or shall I entreat? what then shall I ask? What I desire, is with me; plenty has made me poor. O I wish I could depart from my body! *This* is a new wish in a lover. I could wish that what I love was away. And now grief takes away my strength; nor is any long time of my life left me; and I am cut off in the beginning of

my days. Nor is death grievous to me, now that I am to get rid of my sorrows by death. 472. I wish that this *youth*, who is beloved *by me*, were longer-lived. Now *we* two loving creatures shall die together in *the ending of one life.*" Thus he said, and returned insane to the same face; and disturbed the water with *his* tears; and his form was rendered obscure by the moving of the spring. Which when he saw to move off, he cried out, "Whither dost thou fly? Stay, I pray; and do not, O cruel creature, forsake me your lover. Let me see what it is not possible to touch, and add nourishment to my miserable madness." 480. And whilst he grieves, he tore his garment from the upper border, and struck his naked breasts with his palms, white as marble. His breast, when struck, received a slight redness; no otherwise than apples are wont to do, which are in part white, *and* in part red; or as a grape in the parti-coloured clusters is wont, being not yet ripe, to assume a purple colour. 486. Which as soon as he beheld in the water, *when* cleared again he could bear *the sight* no longer; but, as the yellow wax melts with a slight fire, or the morning-dews with the warm sun; so he, being wasted with love, dissolves away; and gradually is consumed with a hidden fire. 491. And his complexion is no longer white mixed with red; nor does his vigour and strength, and what lately pleased *so much when* seen, nor his body remain, which formerly Echo had been in love with. Who yet, as soon as she saw *these things*, although angry, and mindful *of his slight*, was grieved; and as oft as the poor youth said, "Alas!" she, with rebounding voice, repeated, "Alas!" And, when he smote his arms with *his* hands, she returned the same noise of beating. The last words of him, looking into the water *as* usual, were these; "Alas! my boy beloved in vain!" and the place returned just as many words: after he said, "Farewell," Echo too says, "Farewell." 502. He laid down his wearied head upon the green grass; *when* the night of death closed his eyes, admiring the beauty of their owner. Then too, after he was received in the infernal habitations, he beheld himself in the Stygian water. His

sisters, the Naiades, lamented him ; and laid their hair cut off, upon their brother. The Dryades lamented him : Echo makes a noise, jointly with them, lamenting him. 508. And now they were preparing a funeral-pile, and shattered torches, and a bier ; *but* his body was nowhere *to be found*. Instead of his body, they find a yellow flower, with white leaves encompassing it in the middle.

VII. *This* thing, *when* known, brought deserved fame to the prophet, through the cities of Achaia ; and the name of the soothsayer was great. Yet Pentheus, the descendant of Echion, a despiser of the gods above, alone of all despises him ; and laughs at the presaging words of the old man ; and upbraids him with his darkness, and the misfortune of having lost his sight. 516. He shaking his temples, white with hoary *hair*, says : “ How happy would’st thou be, if thou likewise wast deprived of this light, and could’st not see the holy rites of Bacchus ! For the day will come (which, I guess, is not far off) when the new *god* Bacchus, the son of Semele, will come hither ; to whom, unless thou vouchsafest the honour of a temple, thou shalt be scattered, torn to pieces, in a thousand places, and shalt bespatter with thy blood the woods, as also thy mother, and thy mother’s sisters. 524. This will happen ; for thou wilt not vouchsafe the god the honour ; and *then* thou wilt complain that I saw too much under this darkness.” The son of Echion drives him away, as he said these things. 527. A confirmation follows what he said ; and the answer of the soothsayer is executed. Bacchus comes, and the fields ring with festival cries. The whole multitude runs out ; and mothers, and new-married women mixed with their husbands, and the commonalty, and the nobles, *all* go to the celebration of these. *till then* unknown, rites. 531. “ What madness,” says Pentheus, “ has confounded your minds, O ye warlike race, the descendants of the snake ? Can brass, knocked against brass, work so much *upon you* ? and the pipe with the crooked horn ? and magic frauds ? And shall women’s voices, and madness caused by wine, and filthy tribes, and hollow drums conquer those,

whom neither the warrior's sword, nor the trumpet could affright, nor troops with weapons prepared for fight? 538. Shall I wonder at you, old men? who, sailing from Tyre through the long seas, fixed your banished tutelary gods in this habitation, *but* now suffer them to be taken without war. Or you *of* more vigorous age, and nearer to my own, O youths? whom it became to hold *in your hands*, arms, not thyrsuses; and to be covered with helmets, not green leaves? 543. Be mindful, I beseech you, of what stock you are descended; and assume the courage of *that* serpent, who, *though but* one, destroyed many. He died in defence of his spring, and the water; do but you conquer for your own fame. 547. He gave the valiant to death; do you conquer cowards, and retrieve your country's honour. If the fates shall forbid Thebes to stand long, I wish engines of war, and *brave* men, might demolish our walls; and the sword and fire might rattle about us? We should *then* be miserable without our fault; and our condition would be to be complained of, *but* not to be concealed; and our tears would be without shame. 553. But now Thebes will be taken by an unarmed boy; whom neither wars delight, nor weapons, nor the use of horses; but hair wet with myrrh, and soft crowns, and purple and gold interwoven with flowered garments. 557. Whom truly I presently (do you but stand off) shall force to confess that his father is *falsely* assumed, and his holy rites fictitious. Has Acrisius courage enough to despise the vain god, and shut the gates of Argos against him, upon his coming *thither*; and shall this stranger affright Pentheus, with all Thebes? 562. Go quickly, (this order he gives to his servants) Go and bring hither the leader bound; let dull delay be far from my commands." His grandfather chides him with *severe* words; Athamas *chides* him; and the rest of the company of his *friends* chide him, and in vain endeavour to restrain him. 566. He is *made* more violent by their admonition; and his madness is irritated, and increases by being curbed; and the restraints themselves did him harm. Thus have I seen a torrent run gently, and with moderate noise,

where nothing obstructed it in its course: but, where-soever beams or stones lay in its way, it ran frothing, and raging, and more violent from the obstruction. 572. Lo! *the servants* return *all* bloody; and denied to their master, who asked where Bacchus was, that they had seen Bacchus. But they said, "This fellow we have taken, his attendant and minister in his holy rites;" and they deliver him, with his hands tied behind his back, who had formerly from the Tyrrhenian nation attended on the holy rites of the god.

VIII. Pentheus looks at him with eyes that anger had made terrible: and though with much difficulty he defers the time of punishment, *yet* he says: "O *wretch* that art about to perish, and to set an example to others by thy death, tell me thy name, and the name of thy parents, and thy country, and why thou frequentest these holy rites of an unheard-of fashion." 582. He, void of fear, said: "Acœtes is my name; my country is Mæonia; my parents *were* of the low and vulgar; my father did not leave me fields for the laborious bullocks to plough: or wool-bearing flocks, nor any herds. 586. He was himself but poor, and he used with a line, hooks, and a rod, to catch the leaping fish. His trade was *all* his estate. When he delivered his trade *to me*, 'Take,' said he, '*all* the riches which I have, thou successor and heir of my employment;' and *so* dying, he left me nothing but the waters. This one thing I can call my father's property. 592. By and by, that I might not always keep upon the same rocks, I learnt to turn the helm of a ship with my right hand steering; and I observed with my eyes the rainy constellation of the Onelian goat, and Taygete, and the Hyades, and the Bear, and the quarters of the winds, and harbours fit for ships. 597. By chance, as I was sailing for Delos, I arrive upon the coast of the Chian land, and come up with the shore by our propitious oars; and I give a light jump, and am lodged upon the moist sand. 600. When the night was over, *and* the morning began to grow red, I rise, and order *my men* to take in fresh water; and I shew them the way which leads to the waters. I consider what

the wind promises from a high hill ; and I call my companions, and I return to the vessel. 605. Lo ! we are here, says the principal of my comrades, Opheltes : and as he thinks, having gotten a prize in a desert country, he leads along the shore, a boy with *all* the beauty of a virgin. He, heavy with wine and sleep, seems to totter ; and to follow with much ado. I view his dress, his face, and his pace ; *and* saw nothing there that could be thought mortal. 611. I both perceived it, and said to my companions, I am in doubt what Deity is in that body : but a Deity there is in that body. Whosoever thou art, O favour us and assist our labours ; and grant these *my men* a pardon. Cease praying for us, says Dictys ; than whom there was not another more nimble at climbing to the top of the yards, and slipping down again by catching hold of a rope. Libys approves this ; the yellow-haired Melanthus the keeper of the prow *approves* this Alchimedon *approves* this ; and Eopeus, the cheerer of their spirits, who by his voice gave rest and due motion to the oars ; *and* all the rest too : so blind is their desire of booty. 621. However," said I, " I will not suffer this ship to be injured by *the admission of* this sacred weight : here I have the greatest share of right : and I oppose them at the entrance *of the vessel*. Lycabas, the boldest of all the crew, is enraged ; who, driven from a city of Tuscany, suffered banishment, *as* a punishment for a horrid murder. 626. He lacerates my throat with his juvenile fist whilst I oppose them : and had thrown me, knocked overboard, into the sea, if I had not stuck fast by a rope, though senseless. The impious crew approve of the act. Then at last Bacchus (for Bacchus it was), as if his sleep had been broke by the clamour, and his sense returned into his mind after his wine : says, 'What are you doing ? what noise is this ? Tell me, sailors, by what means I came hither ? Whither do you prepare to carry me ?' 'Lay aside your fear,' said Proteus, 'and tell us what harbour you would be at ; and you shall be set upon the land you desire.' 636. 'Steer your course,' says Bacchus, 'to Naxos : that is my home : that will be a hospitable land to you.' The rogues swear by the sea

and by all the gods, that it shall be so ; and bid me hoist sails to the painted ship. 640. Naxos was on the right hand : and as I was *accordingly* setting sail for the right, *Opheltes says to me*, 'What are you doing, you mad man?' 'What fury possesses thee, Acœtes?' says every one for himself, 'make to the left.' The greatest part signify their meaning by nodding ; part whisper in my ear, what they would have me do. I was amazed ; and said, 'Let some other take the helm ;' and I withdrew myself from the practice of their wickedness and my art. 646. I am railed at by them all ; and the whole crew murmurs against me. Of which Ethalion says, 'All our security, I warrant you, rests in you alone !' and he himself comes up and does my work ; and leaving Naxos goes a different way. 650. Then the god playing upon them, as if he had *but* just now at last perceived their treachery, looks into the sea from the crooked ship ; and like one weeping, says, 'Sailors, you did not promise me these shores ; this is not the land desired by me. By what act have I deserved this punishment ? What great glory is it to you, if you, who are numerous men, deceive me *but* a single boy.' 656. I had now been weeping some time ; the wicked crew laugh at my tears, and urge the seas with hasty oars. Now I swear to you by himself (for there is not a god more powerful than he) that I relate things to you as true, as they are beyond all belief of *being* true. 660. The ship stood still in the sea, no otherwise than if a dry dock held it. They, wondering at it, persist in the plying of their oars, and lower their sails, and endeavour to get off by this twofold help. Ivies hinder their oars, and by a winding plait creep about them, and bind up the sails with heavy clusters of ivy-berries. 666. He himself, having his forehead bound about with clusters of grapes, shakes a lance covered with vine-leaves ; about whom tigers, and the vain images of lynxes, and the dreadful bodies of spotted panthers lie. 670. The men jumped over-board (whether madness caused this or fear) ; and first Medon begins to grow black with fins, his body being flattened, and to be turned up by a bending of the back-bone. To him Lycabas said, 'Into what monstrous kind of

creature art thou turned?' and as he spoke, the opening of his own mouth grew wide, and his nose crooked, and his hardened skin assumed scales. 676. But Libys, whilst he endeavours to bear before him the resisting oars, saw his hands run up into a short space, and that now they were not hands, but might be called fins. Another, desirous to put up his arms to the twisted ropes, had no arms; and being become crooked with his body, *thus* cropt, he leapt down into the waters; and the tip-end of his tail was formed like a sickle, just as the horns of the half-moon are bent. They leap about on all sides, and besprinkle with the dashing of the water; they rise again too out *of the water*, and return again under water; and play in manner of a company of dancers; and toss about their wanton bodies; and blow up the sea received within their wide nostrils. 687. I was the only one left of twenty lately (for so many that ship carried). The god encourages *me* sorely affrighted, and cold, whilst my body trembled, and *indeed* scarce in my right mind; saying, 'Shake off thy fear, and steer for Chios.' Arriving in that *island* I attend upon the religious rites of Bacchus, at the inflamed altars."

VIII. "We have lent our ears to a long tale," says Pentheus, "that our anger might spend its strength by delay. Servants, drag this fellow away with all speed, and dispatch his body, racked with direful torments, to a hellish death." 696. Immediately the Tyrrhenian Accetes, being hurried off, is shut up in a strong abode; and, whilst the cruel instruments of the death ordered *for him*, and iron *tools*, and fires are made ready; the report is that the *prison* doors flew open of themselves, and that the chains of themselves fell from his arms, though nobody loosed them. 701. The son of Echion persists; and now does not bid *others* go, but goes himself, where Cithæron, appointed for the celebration of the religious ceremonies, rung again with singing, and the loud voices of Bacchus's votaries. As the mettlesome horse chafes, when the warlike trumpeter gives the alarm with resounding brass, and conceives a longing for the fight; so the sky, struck with long continued howlings, moved Pentheus; and his rage flashed fierce again upon

hearing the clangor. 708. There is about the middle of the mountain, woods enclosing the skirts of it, a plain clear of trees, and visible throughout on all sides. Here first his mother sees him beholding the holy exercises with profane eyes ; she first was hurried on in a furious pace ; she first offered violence to her Pentheus, by casting her thyrsus *at him ; and* cried out, “ O my two sisters, come hither : that boar, who wanders about, the largest in our fields, that boar must I strike.” All the whole company rush furiously upon *him* alone : all the females gather together, and all pursue him sorely frightened now, now speaking less violent words, now condemning himself, *and* now confessing that he had sinned. Yet being wounded, he said, “ O aunt Autonoe, give me help ; let the ghost of Actæon work upon your mind.” 721. She knows not who Actæon *was* ; and snatched off his right hand as he supplicated ; the other was torn off by the violence of Ino. The hapless wretch has *now* no arms to hold out to his mother : but shewing *his* mangled body, *now* that his limbs were off, says, “ Behold, mother.” Agave upon seeing them, howled ; and tossed her neck about, and shook her locks through the air ; and griping his head, pulled off with her bloody fingers, she cries out, “ So ho, my companions, this victory is my work.” The wind does not sooner tear off from a high tree the leaves nipped by the autumn cold, and now scarcely adhering *to the boughs*, than the limbs of the man were torn asunder by *their* violent hands. The Ismenian ladies, warned by this example, frequent the new worship, and give *their offerings* of frankincense, and attend the sacred altars.

BOOK IV.

BUT Alcithoe, the daughter of Minyas, does not think the holy ceremonies of the god ought to be received; but, rash creature, still denies Bacchus to be the offspring of Jupiter: and has her sisters partners in her impiety. The priest ordered both maids and mistresses, free from their work, to celebrate the festival, to have their breasts covered with a doe-skin, and to loose the fillets of their hair; to take garlands upon their hair, and green thyrsi in their hands: and had foretold them, that the resentment of the affronted deity would be severe. 9. The mothers and brides obey; lay by their webs and *work*-baskets, and tasks unfinished; and offer frankincense, and call him Bacchus, and Bromius, and Lyæus, and Fire-born, and Born-again, and the *only one* that had two mothers. 13. Nyseus *too* is added to them, and the unshorn Thyoneus, and with Lenæus the planter of the genial grape, and Nyctelius, and father Eleleus, and Iacchus, and Evan, and a great many other names, which thou Bacchus, hast through the nations of Greece. For thy youth is never spent. Thou *art* an eternal boy: thou art seen the most beautiful in high heaven; thou hast a virgin's head, when thou standest without thy horns. 20. The East was conquered by thee, as far as where swarthy India is enclosed by the remote river Ganges. Thou, O venerable *god*, killedst Pentheus, and the axe-bearing Lycurgus, sacrilegious men; and threw the bodies of *the* Tyrrhenian sailors into the sea. Thou guidest the necks of the two lynxes joined in your chariot, finely adorned with painted bridles. The Bacchæ, and the Satyrs follow you; and the drunken old Silenus, who supports his reeling limbs with a staff, and keeps his seat, not very fast, to the

crooked-backed ass. Wheresoever thou goest, the shouts of youths, and together *with them* women's cries, and drums beat with hands, and hollow cymbals ring, and the box-wood with a long bore. 31. The Ismenian ladies pray you would come amongst them, well affected and merciful to them; and they attend upon your religious worship *as* ordered. Only the daughters of Minyas within, disturbing the festival with unseasonable work, either card wool, or turn the threads *thereof* with their thumbs, or remain close at their web, and keep their maids to their work. 36. Of which one, drawing out her thread with her smooth thumb, says, "Whilst the rest idle, and frequent an imaginary worship, let us whom Pallas, a better deity, keeps employed, ease the useful work of our hands with various discourse; and let us throw out before the company, for *the entertainment of our ears now not otherwise* employed, something, *each in her* turn, which may not suffer the time to appear long." 42. They approve of what she said, and her sisters bid her tell *her story* first. She considers what of many tales she should tell, (for she knew many,) and she is in a doubt, whether she should tell of thee, O Babylonian Dercetis, whom the Palestines believe to frequent lakes with thy form altered, scales covering thy limbs. 47. Or rather, how her daughter, taking wings, spent her *last* years in high towers. Or how a Naiad by magic strains, and two powerful herbs, changed the bodies of *some* young men into dumb fishes, till she suffered the same herself. Or how the tree, which bore white fruit *formerly*, should bear now black from a taint of blood. This pleases *best*: this, *I say*, because it is not a common story. She began therefore in these strains, whilst the wool followed her thread.

II. "Pyramus and Thisbe, one the most handsome of all the youths, the other preferred before *all* the young girls, which the east possessed, had their houses contiguous to one another, where Semiramis is said to have enclosed the stately city *Babylon* with walls made of baked clay. Their neighbourhood occasioned an acquaintance, and the first advances *of affection*. With time their love grew: and they would have united in the

tie of marriage ; but their fathers forbade that, what they could not forbid ; they were both inflamed with minds equally captivated. 63. No one is conscious of *their love* : they speak by nods and signs ; and the more the fire is smothered, the more the concealed flame burns. 65. There was a wall common to both houses, cleft by a small chink, which it had formerly *contracted*, when it was built. This defect, observed by none for many ages, you lovers first espied (what does not love perceive ?) and you made *it* a passage for your voice ; and love-language, in a very low accent, used to pass securely through the same. 71. Oftentimes, after Thisbe had stood on one side, *and* Pyramus on the other, and the breath of their mouths had been caught by turns, they said, ‘Thou envious wall, why dost thou stand in the way of lovers ? What great matter would it be, if thou shouldst suffer us to unite with our whole bodies ! or, if that be too much, shouldst be open enough for our giving of kisses !’ 76. Nor are we ungrateful. We confess we are obliged to thee, that a passage is allowed our words to our loving ears.’ After they had in vain said such things *as these* on their several sides, about night they bid farewell ; and each gave kisses to their own side, which did not reach the other. 81. The following morn had removed the fires of the night, and the sun had dried the dewy grass with his rays ; *when* they met together *again* at the usual place. Then complaining much, first with a low voice, they determine in the silent night to try to deceive their keepers, and to get out of doors ; and when they shall have got *each* out of the house, to quit the buildings of the town : and lest they should miss of one another, in wandering through the wide plain, to meet at the tomb of Ninus, and conceal themselves under the shade of a tree. There was there a tall mulberry-tree, full of snow-white fruit, close by a cold spring. 91. This agreement pleases them ; and the light, seeming to depart slowly, is buried in the waters, and night arises from the same waters. The cunning Thisbe, turning the hinge of the door, gets out in the dark, and deceives her domestics ; and, having covered herself with a veil, came to the tomb, and sat

down under the appointed tree. 96. Love made her bold. Lo ! a lioness, having her frothing jaws besmeared with the fresh slaughter of oxen, comes to quench her thirst in the water of a neighbouring spring ; which the Babylonian Thisbe saw at a distance by the rays of the moon, and fled into a dark cave with timorous foot, and, whilst she flies, leaves her veil that fell from her back. 102. As soon as the cruel lioness had quenched her thirst with copious water, while she returns into the woods, she tore the fine garment, found by chance without herself, with her bloody mouth. 105. Pyramus, going out later, saw the plain footsteps of the savage in the deep dust, and grew pale in his whole countenance. But as soon as he found her veil too dyed in blood, he says, ' One night will ruin two lovers, of whom she was most worthy of long life : my soul is guilty : I have destroyed thee, poor creature, I who bade thee come by night into places full of terror, and came not hither first. O ye lions, whatever dwell under this rock, tear my body to pieces, and consume my wicked flesh with your cruel fangs.' 115. But it is the part of a coward to wish for death. He takes up Thisbe's veil, and bears it with him to the shade of the tree agreed upon ; and after he had bestowed *some* tears upon the well known garment, and given it kisses : ' Receive now,' said he, ' a draught of my blood too ;' and *with that*, he thrusts the sword, with which he was girt, into his bowels. 120. And, without delay, as he was a dying, drew it out of the warm wound ; and laid upon his back on the ground. The blood springs out on high, no otherwise, than when a pipe is slit *by* the lead's being decayed, and throws out the water at a small hissing hole, and breaks the air with its gushing strokes. 125. The fruit of the tree, by the sprinkling of the blood, is turned into a black hue ; and the root, wet with the gore, stains the hanging mulberries with a purple colour. Lo ! she, her fear being not yet laid aside, returns, lest she should deceive her lover : and seeks for the youth with her eyes and with her love, and longs to tell him what mighty dangers she had escaped. 131. And as soon as she observed the place, and the appearance upon the tree altered (the

colour of the fruit makes her uncertain) she is in doubt, whether this was it. Whilst she doubts, she sees trembling his limbs beat the bloody soil, and drew back her foot; and having her face whiter than box-wood, quavered like the sea, which shakes, when its surface is swept with a slight breeze. 137. But after, upon staying a little, she knew her love, she smites her arms, unworthy *of that usage*, with a noisy beating; and tearing her hair, and embracing the body of her lover, she filled his wounds with tears, and added tearful tokens to his blood; and fixing her kisses upon his cold countenance, she cried out, 'What *sad* mischance has taken thee from me? Pyramus, answer: my dearest, thy Thisbe calls thee. Hear; and lift up thy fallen countenance.' 145. At the name of Thisbe, Pyramus raised his eyes heavy with death; and, after he had seen her, closed them again. Who after she observed her robe, and saw the ivory sheath without the sword, 'Thine own hand, says she, and love has destroyed thee, O hapless man. I have too a hand stout enough for this one *purpose*; and love likewise: this latter shall give me strength to deal a wound. I will follow thee, *now thou art* dead; and shall be called the most miserable cause and companion of thy death; and thou who, alas! could'st be torn from me by death alone, shalt not be able, even by death, to be torn from me. Yet, O ye most miserable parents of mine and his, be entreated in these words of us both, not to envy us *the happiness* of being buried in the same tomb, whom constant love, and our last hour has joined together. 158. But thou, O tree, which now coverest the miserable body of one with thy boughs, *but* by and by wilt cover *those* of two, retain a token of this slaughter, and ever bear fruit black and suitable to mourning, a monument of the blood of both.' 162. *This* she said; and having placed the point of *the weapon* under the bottom of her breast, she fell upon the sword, which as yet was warm with his blood. However, her prayer moved the gods, *and* moved their parents. For there is in the fruit, black, when it is thoroughly ripe; and what was left of them after their funeral piles, rests in one urn.'

III. She ceased; and there was *but* a short time betwixt, when Leuconoe began to speak, *whilst* her sisters held their tongue. "Love captivated this Sun too, who orders all things by his constellated light. Let us relate the amours of the Sun. 171. This god is thought first to have observed the adultery of Venus with Mars. This god sees all things first. He was concerned at the fact: and discovered the stolen use of his bed, and the place of the intrigue, to her husband born of Juno. Then both his sense, and the work which his artful right hand held fell from him. 176. Immediately he files out some slender brass chains, and nets, and gins, that might deceive the eyes. The finest threads would not exceed that work, nor a spider's web that hangs on the top of a beam. 180. He likewise makes them so, that they would follow slight touches, and any small movement; and fixes them drawn nicely round the bed. As soon as the wife and her gallant came into the same bed, being both caught by the art of the husband, and bonds prepared by a new contrivance, they cling fast together in the midst of their embraces. 185. The Lemnian god, immediately opened his ivory folding doors, and let in the gods. They lay shamefully coupled together: yet some of the gods, not melancholy, wished to become scandalous in the same manner. The gods laughed; and for a long time this was the most noted story in all heaven. 190. The Cythereian goddess, exacts satisfaction, in memory of this discovery; and in her turn disturbs him with the like passion, who had disturbed her *in* her secret passion. What now, thou son of Hyperion, does thy beauty and complexion, and radiant light avail thee? since thou who burnest all countries with thy fires, art burnt thyself with a new fire: and thou, who oughtest to look at all things, gazest at Leucothoe; and fixest those eyes, which thou owest to the world, upon one young damsel. 197. One while thou risest more early *than usual* in the eastern *part* of heaven; another while thou fallest later into the waters; and in taking time to gaze at her, thou lengthenest out the winter hours. 200. Sometimes thou art eclipsed, and the flaw of thy mind passes into thy light: and

being darkened, thou terrifiest the minds of men. Nor art thou pale, because the body of the moon, nigher the earth, stands in thy way; it is thy love which occasions this colour. Thou lovest her alone: nor does Clymene and Rhodos, nor the most beautiful mother of the Ææan Circe engage thee: or Clytie, who, though despised, sought thy embraces; and at that very time thou had'st a grievous wound. 208. Leucothoe occasioned the forgetting of many *mistresses*, whom Eurynome, the most beautiful of *all* the odoriferous nation, brought forth. 210. But after the daughter grew up, as much as the mother excelled all *others*, so much did the daughter exceed the mother. Her father Orchamus ruled the Achæmenian cities; and he is reckoned the seventh in descent from old Belus. The pasture of the sun's horses are under the Hesperian *quarter of* heaven. They have ambrosia instead of grass, that nourishes their members, wearied with their daily service, and recruits them for their labour. 217. And whilst these quadrupeds, eat their celestial food there, and night takes her turn, the god enters the beloved bed-chamber, changed into the form of her mother Eurynome: and sees Leucothoe amidst twice six maids by a lamp, drawing the smooth threads with her twirling spindle. 222. Wherefore after she had, as a mother, given a few kisses to her dear daughter, I have, says she, *some* secret business: maids withdraw, and do not take from a mother the freedom of talking in private. 225. They obeyed; and the god, being left in the bed-chamber without any witness, said, I am he who measures the long year, who sees all things, *and* by whom the earth sees all things: the eye of the world. Believe me, thou pleasest *me*. She is affrighted; and, through fear, both her distaff and spindle fell from her relaxed fingers. 230. Her fear became an ornament to her; and he, without staying any longer, returned into his true shape, and his usual splendour. But the young maiden, though affrighted with the unexpected sight, *yet* charmed with the beauty of the god, dropping all complaint, suffered his force upon her. Clytie envied her (for the love of the Sun for her had not been moderate) and, pushed on

with the resentment of a rival, publishes the gallantry; and after she had spread it by fame, discovers it to her father. 337. He, fierce and unmerciful, cruelly buries her *alive* deep in the ground, begging and holding up her hands to the Sun, and saying, 'He offered violence to me against my will;' but he clapt upon her a heap of heavy sand. The son of Hyperion scatters this with his rays, and gives thee a way *up*, that thou may'st put out thy buried face. But thou, Nymph, could'st not now lift up thy head, killed with the weight of the earth, and lay at length a bloodless body. 245. The governor of the winged horses is said to have seen nothing more afflicting than that, since the fire, or thunder, that Phaeton was killed with. 247. He indeed endeavours to recover her cold limbs to an enlivening heat, by the strength of his rays. But because fate opposes such great endeavours, he sprinkles her body and the place with odoriferous nectar; and having complained much, he said, However, thou shalt reach the sky. Immediately the body, being well imbued with the heavenly nectar, dissolved away, and drenched the ground with its moist perfume; and a shoot of frankincense, taking root, by degrees rose up through the clods and burst the hillock with its topmost shoot.

IV. "But the author of the light no more approaches Clytie, although love might excuse her sorrow, and her sorrow excuse her information; and made an end of his amorous commerce with her. From that *time* she pined away, having made a mad use of her passion, impatient of the nymphs; and sat upon the bare ground, in the open air, night and day, with dripping hair uncombed. 262. And for nine days together, taking neither water nor meat, she supported *herself* during the fast, with pure dew, and her tears: nor did she raise herself from the ground. She only looked upon the face of the god, as he went along: and turned her countenance towards him. 266. They say, that her limbs fastened to the ground, and a wan paleness turned part of her colour into bloodless herbs. There is a redness in part; and a flower, very like a violet, covers her face. *And* though she be held *fast* by a root, yet is she turned towards

her Sun, and though transformed, preserves her love still."

V. *Thus* she spoke; and the wondrous fact had charmed their ears: one part denies that it was possible to be done; part say, that true gods can *do* all things; but Bacchus is not amongst them. Alcithoe is called upon, after her sisters were silent; who, running through the threads of her upright web with her shuttle, said, "I say nothing of the well-known amours of the Idæan shepherd, Daphnis, whom the resentment of a nymph, his concubine, turned into a stone. Such mighty pain burns lovers. Nor shall I relate how formerly, the law of nature being altered *with him*, Scython was of doubtful sex, one while a man, *and* another a woman. 281. I likewise *pass thee by*, O Celmus, formerly most faithful to Jupiter *when* young, now an adamant; and the Curetes, *who* sprung from a large shower of rain: and Crocos turned with Smilax into little flowers: and I will entertain your minds with sweet novelty. 285. Learn *then* how Salmacis became infamous, and why it eberates with its soft waters, and effeminates the limbs touched *by it*. The cause lies hid; but the power of the spring is very well known. The Naiades nursed a boy, born to Mercury of the Cythereian goddess, in the Idæan caves; whose face was that, in which both father and mother might be discerned: he likewise took his name from them. As soon as he had completed thrice five years, he forsook his country mountains; and, leaving the place of his nursing, *Ida*, loved to wander about in unknown places, *and* to see unknown rivers: his curiosity lessening the fatigue. 296. He likewise goes to the Lycian cities, and the Carians, neighbours to Lycia. He sees *here* a pool of water bright to the very bottom ground. There are not *any* fenny reeds, nor barren sedges, nor rushes with sharp points there. The water is clear; yet the edges of the pool are enclosed with grassy turf, and the grass ever green. A nymph dwells *there*; but neither suited for hunting, nor who used to bend the bow, nor who *used* to contend in racing; and she alone of *all* the Naiades was not known to the swift Diana. 305. The report is, that her sisters often-

times said to her, 'Salmacis, either take a dart or a painted quiver, and vary your leisure by hardy hunting.' She neither takes a dart nor painted quiver; nor does she vary her leisure by hardy hunting: but one while washes her beautiful limbs in her own spring; often separates her hair with a box comb; and consults the waters, which she looks into, *to see* what becomes her: *and* another while, having her body clad with a transparent garment, she lies upon either the soft leaves, or the soft grass. 315. She oftentimes gathered flowers; and then too by chance she was gathering *them*, when she saw the boy, and wished to possess him as soon as she saw him: *but* yet she did not go to him, though she was in haste to approach him, before she put herself in order, and looked over her robes, and settled her countenance, and deserved to be considered beautiful. 320. Then thus she began to speak: 'O boy, most worthy to be believed to be a god! whether thou art a god, thou may'st be Cupid; or if thou be a mortal, happy are they that begot thee: thy brother is happy: and if thou hast any sister, she truly is happy, and happy the nurse who gave thee her breasts. But she is far, far more happy than them all, if you have any wife; or if you will deem any worthy of marriage. 327. *Now* whether you have any such *spouse*, let my pleasure be stolen; or, if you have none, let me be *so*; and let us enter the same bed-chamber.' After these things said, the Nais held her tongue. A blush marked the countenance of the boy: he knows not what love is; but his blushing became *him*. 331. Such colour is in apples hanging upon a tree exposed to the sun, or in painted ivory, or in the moon, red under white, when the auxiliary brazen vessels ring in vain. Upon the nymph's desiring, without ceasing, at least such kisses as he might give a sister, and now casting her arms upon his ivory neck; 'Will you not cease,' says he, 'or shall I fly, and leave this *place* to you?' 337. Salmacis was affrighted: and said, 'I deliver up this place free to you, O stranger;' and she pretends to move off with a retiring pace: but then looking back, and being hid in a wood of shrubs, she lay concealed, and put down her bending

knees upon the ground. 340. But he, as *being but* a boy, and, as unobserved, goes hither and thither upon the lonely green; and dips the soles of his feet *first*, and *then* up to the ankle, in the waters playing to *the shore*. And without delay, being taken with the temper of the pleasing waters, he strips the soft garment from off his tender body. 346. But then Salmacis was astonished, and inflamed with love of his naked beauty: the eyes too of the nymph burn, no otherwise than the sun, when *shining* most bright with a clear disk, is reflected from the opposite image of a glass. 350. And scarce *bears* any delay; scarce now does she defer her joy. Now she desires to embrace him; *and* now, distracted *with love*, she hardly contains herself. He, clapping his body with his hollow palms, leaps nimbly into the waters; and, throwing out his arms alternately, shines in the clear waters, just as if any one should cover an ivory image, or white lilies, with clear crystal. 356. The Nais cries out, 'I have conquered; he is mine:' and, casting off all her robes, springs into the middle of the waters; and seizes him resisting *her*, and enjoys his struggling kisses: and puts down his hands, and touches his unwilling breast: and one while wraps herself about him on this side, another while on that. 361. Finally she entangles him struggling hard against her, and desirous to get from her, like a serpent, which the regal bird takes up, and carries away aloft. The serpent, as she hangs, winds round his head and feet, and entangles his expanded wings with her tail. 365. As the ivy winds itself about the long bodies of trees; and as the Polypus gripes his enemy under the seas, by letting down his claws on all sides. The descendant of Atlas persists; and denies the nymph her hoped-for joy. She presses him hard; and contending with her whole body as she stuck to him, she said, 'Though thou struggle, thou wicked rogue, yet thou shalt never escape. So command, O ye gods, and let no time separate him from me, or me from him.' *This* prayer had its gods to hear it, for the bodies of both, mingled together, are united; and one shape is put upon them; just as if any one should draw *different* boughs under *one and the*

same bark, and see *them* join in growing, and spring up together. Thus, after their bodies united in a strict embrace, they are no more *two* bodies; but yet a twofold form; so that it could be called neither woman nor boy: it seems neither, and *yet* both. 380. Wherefore, when Hermaphroditus sees that the clear waters, into which he had descended a man, had made him half a male, and that his members were softened in them; holding up his hands, he says, 'But now not with the voice of a man; O father and mother, grant this favour to your son, who has the name of you both. Whosoever comes a man, into this spring, let him go out thence half a man, and suddenly grow effeminate in the waters he touches.' 387. Both parents, being moved, confirmed the request of their two-form'd son, and infected the spring with medicinal power *to render the sex ambiguous.*"

VI. There was *now* an end of their stories; and still the daughters of Minyas go on with their work, and despise the god, and profane the festival: when on a sudden drums, not appearing, make a great din with their rumbling sounds; and the flute *too*, with the crooked horn, and tinkling brass make music, and myrrh and saffron smell; and a thing *happened* beyond *all* belief, their webs began to grow green, and cloth hanging *in the loom* to put out leaves in the form of ivy. Part turns into vines; and what were lately threads are changed into vine-shoots; *and* vine-branches grow out of the warp. The scarlet lends its splendour to the painted grapes. 399. And now the day was ended; and the time came on, which you could neither call darkness, nor light; but the confines of the dubious darkness with the light. The house suddenly seems to shake, and oily lamps to burn: and the house shines with red fires; and the false appearance of savage wild beasts howl. 405. Presently the sisters hide themselves in the smoking house; and *in* different parts avoid the fire and the light. And whilst they run into the dark, a membrane is stretched over their small limbs, and thin wings enclose their arms. Nor does the darkness suffer them to know by what means they lost their former

shape. 410. Feathers did not raise them; *and* yet they supported themselves upon pellucid wings: and endeavouring to speak, they utter a small voice in proportion to their body; and make low complaints, with a twittering noise; and frequent houses, not woods; and, hating the light, fly in the night: and derive their name from the late evening star.

VII. But then the divinity of Bacchus was famous all over Thebes; and *his* aunt, *Ino*, every where tells of the mighty power of the new god; and she alone, of so many sisters, was free from sorrow, but what her sisters occasioned. 420. Juno beholds her, having her soul elevated with her sons, and the marriage of Athamas, and her divine nursling. She could not brook it, and *said* to herself, Could *that* son of a courtesan metamorphose the Mæonian sailors, and sink them in the sea, and give the bowels of the son to be mangled by his mother, and cover the three daughters of Minyas with new wings? 426. Can Juno do nothing, but lament her troubles unrevenged? and is that enough for me? Is this alone my power? He teaches me what I shall do. It is lawful to be taught even by an enemy. And what madness can do, he shews sufficiently, and more than so, by the slaughter of Pentheus. 430. Why should not Ino be instigated with fury, and run through examples of a kind similar to her sisters? There is a shelving way, shaded with the dismal yew, *which* leads to the infernal abodes through a profound silence. The dull *river* Styx throws out mists: and the spirits newly come, go down that way, and the images of men, after they have had burial. 436. Paleness and winter have possession of those loathsome places far and wide; and the newly arrived ghosts know not where the way is, which leads to the Stygian city, where the dismal palace of the black Pluto is. The wide city has a thousand passages to it, and gates open on all sides. 440. And as the sea receives rivers from the whole earth, so does that place receive all the souls: nor is it *too* little for any *multitude* of people, nor does it ever feel a crowd to come into it. The ghosts stroll about bloodless, without body and bones: and part frequent the forum, part the

palace of the infernal prince; part practise trades, in imitation of their former life: their punishment confines another part. 447. Juno, the daughter of Saturn, endures to go thither, leaving the heavenly habitation, (so much did she yield to her hatred and passion.) *Into* which, as soon as she *was* entered, and the threshold, pressed by her sacred body, shook; Cerberus put out his three mouths, and uttered three barks at once. She calls the sisters begotten of night, terrible and implacable goddesses. They sat before the door of the prison, shut close with adamant, and combed their black snakes in their hair. Whom as soon as the goddesses knew, amidst the shades of darkness, they rose up. The place of their abode is called The Accursed. 457. Tityus gave there his bowels to be torn to pieces, and was stretched along nine acres *of ground*. No water is caught by thee, Tantalus; and the tree that hangs over thee, flies off. Thou, Sisyphus, art either fetching, or thrusting thy stone up, destined to fall again. Ixion is rolled about, and both follows and flies from himself. 462. And the daughters of Belus, who ventured to attempt the destruction of their cousins, are continually taking up again the waters which they lose. All which after the daughter of Saturn had beheld with a stern look, and above all Ixion, and then beholding Sisyphus after him, she says: "Why does he alone of all the brothers suffer perpetual punishment, *whilst* a stately palace contains *in it* the proud Athamas, who always with his wife despised me." And she declares *to them* the occasion of her hatred, and coming there, and what she wanted. What she desired was, that the palace of Cadmus should not stand; and that the fell sisters should draw Athamas into some crime. 472. She mixes commands, promises, *and* prayers, together; and solicits the goddesses. Juno having said these things, Tisiphone, as she was disturbed, shook her hoary hair, and threw back the projecting snakes, from her face; and thus she says: "There is no occasion for any long discourse: suppose the things to be done, whatsoever you command: forsake this unamiable kingdom, and get you back to the air of the better heaven." 479. Juno re-

turns joyful; whom, preparing to enter heaven, Iris, the daughter of Thaumas, purified by sprinkling water. 481. And without delay, the restless Tisiphone takes a torch wet with blood, and puts on a coat red with fluid gore; and is girt with a snake twisted about her; and goes forth from her mansion. Mourning attends her, and fright, and terror, and madness with a trembling countenance. She stood at the door of *Athamas*; the *Æolian* door-posts are said to have shaken; and paleness dyed the maple door; and the sun fled the place. The wife was affrighted at these strange things; Athamas was terrified: and they were *both* preparing to vacate the house. 490. The unlucky Fury stood in their way, and blocked up the passage; and stretching out her arms, twisted about with the folds of vipers, she shook her hair. The snakes being moved *thereby*, made a noise; and part of *them* lying upon her shoulders, and part sliding about her temples, throw out hisses, and vomit filthy gore, and dart out their tongues. 495. Upon that, she tears away two snakes out of the middle of her hair; and seizing threw them with her pestiferous hand. And they creep along the bosom of Athamas and Ino, and inspire dreadful sentiments; but make no wounds in their members: it is the mind which feels their terrible strokes. 500. She had brought along with her two monstrous drugs of liquid poison, the froth of the mouth of Cerberus, and the venom of Echidna, and wandering errors, and the forgetfulness of a thoughtless mind, and villany, and tears, and rage, and the love of murder, all beaten together; which being mixed with fresh blood, she had boiled in a brazen kettle, stirred about with a green hemlock stalk. 506. And, whilst they are affrighted, she tosses the furious poison into the breasts of them both; and disturbed their hearts within. Then throwing her torch about several times in the same ring, she follows the fires *thereof*, swiftly agitated, with fires. 510. Thus prevailing, and executing her commission, she returns to the empty kingdom of mighty Dis, and ungirds the snake *she had taken on her*. Immediately the son of *Æolus* cries out distracted, in the middle of his court,

“So oh! my companions, spread wide your nets in these woods: here just now was seen a lioness by me, with two cubs:” and instantly he follows, in madness, the footsteps of his wife, as of a wild beast; and snatches from the bosom of his mother, Learchus laughing, and holding out his little arms; and whirls him round like a sling two or three times in the air; and outrageously dashes in pieces the infant’s bones against the hard stones. Then at last the mother being roused (whether grief occasioned it, or the power of the infused poison), howls and runs away distracted, with her hair spread abroad; and carrying thee, Melicerta, a little *boy*, in her naked arms, shrieks out, “*Evœ, Bacchus.*” At the name of Bacchus Juno laughed, and said: “May thy nursling do thee this service.” 525. There is a rock hangs over the sea; the lowest part is worn hollow by the waves, and defends the covered waters from the rain: the upper part is hard stone, and stretches out a front over the wide sea. This Ino gets upon (madness had given her strength), and being restrained by no fear, she casts herself, and her burden too, upon the sea; the water, struck *with her fall*, was white with froth. 531. But Venus, pitying the sad misfortunes of her innocent grand-daughter, thus coaxed her uncle. “O thou God of the waters, Neptune, to whom a power next to the *empire of heaven* fell, I request great things indeed; but do thou pity my *relations*, whom you see tossed about upon the vast Ionian sea; and add *them* to thy gods. 536. I have some interest in the sea; if indeed I was formerly froth formed in the middle of the main; and a Greek name adheres to me from thence.” Neptune yields to her entreating, and took from them what was mortal; and gave them a venerable majesty; and at once altered their names, and their shape: and called the god Palæmon, with his mother Leucothoe.

VIII. Her Sidonian attendants following the prints of her feet, as far as they could, saw the last upon the edge of the rock; and thinking no doubt was to be held of her death, with their palms *smiting their breasts*, they lamented the house of Cadmus, with their hair torn *together* with their garments. 547. And raised an

odium against the goddess as not just, and too cruel against her rival. Juno could not bear their reproaches ; and said, "I will make YOU the greatest monuments of my severity." 550. The execution followed of what was said. For *she* who had been the most affectionate to her lady, says : "I will follow the queen into the sea ;" and going to give a jump, she could not be moved any way ; and stuck fast to the rock ; and another, whilst she endeavours to smite her breast with beating, as usual in sorrow, perceives that her arms, thus exerted, were grown stiff. 556. Another, as by chance she had stretched out her hands over the waters of the sea, becoming a stone, she holds out her hands over the same waters. You might have seen the fingers of another suddenly hardened in her hair, as she tore her locks seized upon the top of her head. 560. And every one stuck fast in that posture, in which she was caught. Part of them were transformed into birds, which now too, called Ismenides, in those waters, sweep the sea with the tip of their wings.

IX. The son of Agenor knows not that his daughter and little grandson were *new* deities of the sea. Forced by sorrow, and a series of calamities, and the strange prodigies which he had seen in great number, the founder flies from his own city, as *though* the fortune of the place, and not his own, lay heavy on him ; and, moving about in distant wanderings, arrived upon the coast of Illyricum with his exiled wife. And now, whilst they, laden with misfortunes and years, reflect upon the first sad accidents of their family, and run over again in their discourse their calamities ; Cadmus says : "Was that serpent a holy one, pierced by my spear ; then, when coming from Sidon, I scattered the viper's teeth, as new seed in the ground ? Which if the providence of the gods avenges with such unceasing resentment, I pray that I may be stretched out, as a serpent, into a long train." 576. So he said ; and, as a serpent, is stretched out into a long train ; and perceives scales grow upon his hardened skin, and his black body to be speckled with green spots ; and falls flat upon his breast ; and his legs, being mixed together, are

drawn out small, with a long round point. 581. His arms now remain : he holds out the arms which still remain : and, with tears running down his face yet human, said : " Come hither, wife ; come hither, most miserable *creature* ; and, whilst anything is left of me, touch me, and take my hand, whilst it is a hand ; *and* whilst a snake's form does not occupy me entirely." 586. He indeed desires to say more ; but on a sudden his tongue was divided into two parts ; nor are words in his power, offering to *speak* ; and as oft as he goes about to utter any complaints, he hisses : this voice *alone* nature leaves him. 590. His wife, smiting her naked breast with her hand, cries out : " Cadmus, stay and deliver thyself, unhappy *creature*, from this strange monster : Cadmus ; what *means* this ? Where are your feet ? Where are your shoulders and hands, and your colour and face ? and, whilst I am speaking, where is your whole frame ? Why do ye not, O celestial *gods*, change me into the same *sort of* snake ?" 595. Thus she spoke : he licked the face of his wife, and crept upon her dear bosom, as if he knew her ; and gave her embraces ; and wound himself about her frequented neck. Whosoever is near (*some attendants were with them*) is terrified : but upon them shine the smooth necks of crested serpents ; and all on a sudden they are two ; and creep along with a joint rolling, till they came into the secret parts of an adjacent grove. Now too they do not avoid men, nor do they hurt them by wounds ; and the gentle serpents remember what they were before.

X. But yet their grandson, who subdued India, worshipped ; *and* whom Achaia celebrated in temples erected to *his honour*, gave them both a mighty consolation under this alteration of their shape. 607. Only the son of Abas, Acrisius descended of the same stock, remains to drive him from the walls of his Argolic city, and bear arms against the god ; and he alone does not think him to be the offspring of Jupiter. For *indeed* neither did he think Perseus to be *the son* of Jupiter, whom Danae had conceived by a shower of gold. 612. However, soon after Acrisius was sorry, as well that he had abused the god, as that he had not

owned his grandson (so great is the immediate power of truth.) The one was now placed in heaven; and the other, bringing the memorable spoil of the viperous monster, cut the tender air with hissing wings. And, whilst the conqueror hung over the Lybian sands, bloody drops of the Gorgon's head fell down: which being received in gigantic frame, the ground enlivened into various snakes. From whence that country is filled and infested with snakes.

XI. Being carried thence by jarring winds through an immense space, now hither, now thither, he is borne like a watery cloud: and looks down from the high sky upon the earth, far down below: and flies over the whole world. 625. Three times he saw the cold Bear-stars, three times the arms of the Crab. He was oftentimes carried away to the west, often to the east. And now the day declining, fearing to trust himself to the night, he stopped in the western world, in the kingdom of Atlas; and desires a little rest, till Lucifer should call out the fires of the Aurora, and Aurora the diurnal chariot. 631. Here was Atlas the son of Japetus, excelling all mortals in gigantic frame. The furthest *part of the* earth, and the sea which holds its waters under the panting horses of the Sun, and receives the wearied chariot, was under this king. 635. A thousand flocks of his, and as many herds wandered over the grass; and no neighbourhood disturbed his land. Leaves of trees, shining with radiant gold, covered sprigs of gold, and apples of gold. "Friend," says Persens to him, "whether the glory of a great descent affects you, Jupiter is the original of my descent; or, if you are an admirer of exploits, you will admire mine. I beg of you entertainment and rest." 642. He was mindful of an old oracle (the Parnassian Themis had given this oracle), "Atlas, a time will come when thy tree shall be stripped of *its* gold, and a son of Jupiter shall have the honour of the prize." 646. Atlas, fearing this, had enclosed his orchard with solid walls, and consigned it to a huge dragon to keep; and kept all foreigners from his territories: and says to him, "Get thee gone, far from hence, lest the glory of the

exploits which thou falsely pretendest to, *and* Jupiter be far from *protecting* thee." 651. And he adds violence to his threats; and endeavours to drive him out, upon his demurring, and mixing bold words with smooth. Being inferior in strength (for who could be a match for the strength of Atlas?) "But because," says he, "my favour is of small account with thee, take *this* present:" and he, turning his face backward, drew out from his left side the hideous face of Medusa. 657. Atlas, as great as he was, became a mountain; now his beard and hair turned into woods: his shoulders and hands are the tops *of it*; *and* what was a head before, is a summit on the top of the mountain. 660. His bones become stones; then he grew high on all parts, to an immense reach (so ye gods determined) and the whole heaven, with so many stars in it, rested upon him.

XII. The son of Hippotas had shut up the winds in their eternal prison; and the morning-star, *the* brightest in the sky, that puts *men* in mind of their work and toil, was risen; he binds his feet on each side with his resumed wings, and is girt with his crooked sword; and cleaves the liquid air with his agitated wings: *and* having left innumerable nations around and below, he espies the nations of the Æthiopians, *and* the lands of Cepheus. 670. There the unjust Ammon had ordered the innocent Andromeda to suffer punishment for her mother's tongue. Whom as soon as the descendant of Abas saw, chained by her arms to the hard rocks; but that the light air tossed her hair about, and her eyes ran with warm tears; he would have thought her a work of marble. 675. Ignorant *who she was*, he catches the flame of love, and is amazed; and, being charmed with the appearance of her beauty *thus* seen, he well nigh forgot to shake his wings in the air. As soon as he stood, he said, "O *lady*, not deserving of those chains, but *those* by which fond lovers are joined together, tell me, at my request, the name of your country, and your own; 681. and why you bear *those* chains." She at first is silent: and *as being* a virgin, dares not speak to a man; and would have concealed her modest counte-

nance with her hands, if she had not been bound. What she could do, *she did* : she filled her eyes with tears bursting out. 685. Upon his often urging her, lest she should seem unwilling to confess her fault, she tells him both the name of her country, and her own, and how great the confidence of her mother's beauty had been. And all *her story* being not yet told, the water roared, and the approaching beast hovers over the vast sea, and covers the watery plain far and wide under his breast. 691. The virgin cries out: her mournful father, and *also* her distracted mother, is by: both miserable, but she more justly *so* : nor do they bring *her any* help with them, but weeping and wailing, suitable to the time, and cleave close to her bound body. 695. Then thus spoke the stranger: "A long time of mourning may be left for you; *but* there is but a short space for giving assistance. If I should desire her, I, Perseus, son of Jupiter, and her, whom, *when* shut up *in prison*, Jupiter impregnated with gold: I, Perseus, the conqueror of the snake-haired Gorgon, and who ventured to move through the air upon flapping wings; I should surely be preferred before all *as your* son-in-law. 701. I attempt to add merit likewise to such mighty advantages (let but the deities favour me). I bargain *only* that she may be mine, when saved by my valour." Her parents accept the condition (for who would doubt it?) and entreat him *to undertake it*; and promise him moreover the kingdom as a fortune. 706. Lo! like as a ship with a beak fixed in its prow, swiftly moving, furrows the waters forced forwards by means of the sweating arms of youths: so the monster, removing the waters by the impulse of his breast, was as far from the rocks, as *is* the middle space of the air, *which* a Balearian sling can pass with the whirled lead. 711. When suddenly the youthful Perseus, repulsing the earth with his feet, went off aloft into the clouds. As the shadow of the man was seen on the top of the sea, the beast vents its fury upon the shadow *when* observed. And as the bird of Jupiter, after he has espied a snake in the open field, turning up his livid back to the sun, seizes him behind, *and*, lest he should turn upon him his

savage mouth, fixes his greedy claws in his scaly neck : thus the descendant of Inachus, *coming* headlong down with a speedy flight through the parted air, got upon the back of the beast, and sheathed his sword up to the crooked guard, in the right shoulder of him raging. 721. Being hurt by *so* grievous a wound, one while he lifts himself up aloft in the air, another while sinks beneath the water ; another while turns about like a wild boar, whom a pack of dogs roaring around *him* terrifies. He avoids the *beast's* greedy bite with his swift wings ; and wounds with his crooked sword ; now his back covered with hollow shells, now the ribs of his sides, now the place where his tail being smallest, ends in fish. 728. The monster vomits out of his mouth waters mixed with red blood : his wings were wet, *and* heavy with the spray, and Perseus, not daring to trust himself any longer upon his drinking wings, espied a rock, which stands with its top out of the waters, *when* still ; *but* is covered with the sea when agitated. 733. Resting upon that, and seizing the tip-top of the rock with his left *hand*, three or four times he run his sword through his guts, struck at again and again. 735. A shout, with clapping of hands, filled the shores, and the celestial homes of the gods. Cassiope, and the father Cepheus rejoice, and salute *him* as their son-in-law, and confess him to be *their* family's succour and deliverer. The virgin being loosed from her chains, walks along, both the reward and cause of his achievement. He washes his conquering hands in water taken from the deep ; and, lest the hard sand should injure the snake-bearing head, he softens the ground with leaves, and spreads thereon some twigs that grew under the sea ; and lays upon *them* the face of Medusa, the daughter of Phorcys. The fresh twig, being yet alive, caught the violence of the monster in its thirsty pith, and hardened with the touch of it ; and felt a new stiffness in its sprigs and leaves. 747. But the nymphs of the sea attempt the wonderful fact in more twigs, and rejoice *to see* the same thing happen, and renew *here and there* seeds of them scattered in the water. 750. Now too the same nature remained in the corals, that

they receive a hardness from the touch of the air; and what was a twig in the sea, becomes stone when above the sea.

XIII. He erects to three gods as many altars of turf; one on the left hand to Mercury, another on the right to thee, "O warlike lady;" the altar of Jupiter is in the middle. A cow is killed to Minerva; a calf to the wing-footed *god*, and a bull to thee, "*Thou* greatest of the gods." 757. Immediately he seizes upon Andromeda, the reward of so great an action; without any fortune. Hymenæus and Cupid shake torches before *them*, and the fires upon the altars are filled with plenty of perfumes. 760. And garlands hang upon the houses; and flageolets, and harps, and flutes, and songs, the happy tokens of a joyful mind, resound again. Gilded galleries appear to view, with the folding doors wide open: and the nobles of king Cepheus engage in feasts furnished out with splendid provision. After they had done the feast, and relaxed their minds by the benefit of generous wine, the grandson of Abas inquires into the customs, and way of living, of the *people of those parts*. 767. Immediately Lyncides, tells *him*, upon his inquiring, the manners and ways of life of the men *there*. Which as soon as he had told him, he said, "Now, O most gallant Perseus, tell us, I beseech you, with how great bravery, and by what arts you took off the head haired with snakes." 772. The great grandson of Abas tells him, That there was a place lying under the cold Atlas, secured by the bulwark of a solid mole; in the entrance of which the two sisters, the daughters of Phorcys dwelt; who shared the use of a single eye. 776. That he by subtle craft slyly received this, by putting his hand in the way, whilst it is delivered: and *then* over dreadful rocks far remote, and out of all way, and covered with woods *growing on craggy sides*, he arrived at the habitations of the Gorgons; and saw everywhere along the fields and the roads, statues of men and wild beasts, turned into stone from the sight of Medusa. 782. Yet that he by the reflection from the brass of his buckler, which he bore in his left *hand*, beheld the visage of the marvellous

Medusa ; and, whilst a sound sleep kept her snakes and herself fast, he severed her head from her neck : and that Pegasus who flies upon his wings, and his brother, sprung from the blood of *her* their mother. 787. He added too the dangers of a long flight, *which were* not false : what seas, what lands, he saw under him from on high ; and what stars he had touched in the tossing of his wings. 790. Yet he held his tongue before it was expected : *whereupon* one of the number of the nobles rejoins, asking him, why but one of the sisters had snakes mixed alternately with her hair. 792. The stranger says, “ Since you question of things worthy to be related, hear the cause of what you ask. She was the most lovely in form, and the source of envious hope among her suitors, nor in her whole frame was any part more beautiful than her hair. I knew one, who said he had beheld her. The ruler of the sea is said to have violated her in the temple of Minerva. The daughter of Jove turned aside, and covered her chaste countenance with the Ægis: Nor was this crime without its punishment, for she changed the Gorgon’s hair into filthy snakes. Now too, to fright her astonished enemies she bears upon the front of her breast the snakes which she made.”

BOOK V.

AND whilst the hero, the son of Danaë, relates these things in the midst of the company of Cephenian nobles, the royal palace is filled with the clamour of a multitude: nor is the shout such as celebrates a marriage-feast; but what gives notice of cruel arms. 5. And you might compare the feast, turned into sudden confusion, to the sea; which, *when* quiet, the fell madness of the winds disturbs by raising of the waters. The foremost amongst them, Phineus, the rash author of the war, shaking an ashen spear with a brazen point, says, "Lo! lo! I am come, the avenger of my wife thus taken from me: nor shall thy wings, nor Jupiter turned into false gold, deliver thee from me." 12. Upon his endeavouring to throw *his spear*, Cepheus cries out, "What are you doing? Brother, what feeling hurries you thus raging upon *this* villany? Is this requital made to such great services? Do you repay the saving of *my daughter's* life with this dowry? 16. Whom not Perseus hath deprived you of, but, if you reflect, the incensed majesty of the Nereids, 'twas horned Ammon, 'twas the monster of the sea, which came to be glutted with my bowels, took from you. She was snatched from you at that time, when she was to have perished: unless you cruelly insist upon this very thing, that she should perish; and unless you will be eased by my sorrow. 22. What, is it not enough, that she was bound, whilst you looked on; and that *you* her uncle and her spouse gave her no help? will you moreover regret that she was saved by any? and will you take *from him* his reward? 25. Which, if it appears great to you, you should have rescued from the rock where it was fixed. Now suffer him that did rescue it, by whom *our* old age is not childless, to have what he stipulated for, both by his merits and express

contract; and know that he was not preferred before you, but certain death." 30. He *said* nothing in answer, but beholding both him and Perseus with alternate looks, knows not whether he should attack this or the other; and staying a while, he threw his spear, discharged with all the might that anger gave, at Perseus, *but* in vain. As it stood *fixed* in the bed, then at last Perseus jumped from off the bedding, and, being enraged, would have pierced his enemy's breast by throwing the weapon back, had not Phineus gone behind an altar: and (O abominable!) the altar protected a villain. 38. However, the spear, being not *thrown* in vain, stuck in the forehead of Rhœtus; who, after he was fallen, and the spear was pulled out of his skull, kicks hard, and bespatters the tables, that stood near, with his blood. 41. But then the company bursts out into ungoverned rage, and hurl their weapons; and some there are who say that Cepheus, with his son-in-law, ought to die. But Cepheus had departed from the door of the house, calling to witness both right and faith, and the gods of hospitality, that this disturbance was agitated though he forbade it. 46. The warlike Pallas comes, and protects her brother with *her* ægis; and gives *him* courage. There was an Indian, *one* Atys, whom Limnate, the daughter of the river Ganges, is believed to have brought forth under the glassy waters, excelling in beauty; which he improved by a rich dress, in his prime, as yet *but* twice eight years *old*; clad in a Tyrian cloak, which a bordering of gold surrounded: a golden bracelet adorned his neck, and a crooked hair pin fastened his hair wet with myrrh. 54. He indeed had been taught to strike things, though at a great distance, by the casting of a dart; yet he was still more skilful in directing the bow. 56. Perseus struck him then too, in the act of bending the flexible horns *of a bow* with his hand, with a faggot, which smoked as it lay upon the altar, and dashed his face to pieces within his broken skull. When the Assyrian Lycabas, very closely attached to him and his companion, and no concealer of his real passion, saw him rolling his battered face in his blood; after he had bemoaned Atys breathing out his life under a cruel wound, he seizes up

the bow the other had bent, and said, "Thy contest is now with me; thou shalt not long rejoice at the death of the boy, by which act thou gettest more of hatred, than praise." 66. He had not yet said all these *words*, when the piercing weapon sprung from the string; and *though it was* avoided, yet it hung in his plaited garment. The grandson of Acrisius turns upon him his faulchion, proved already by the slaughter of Medusa, and thrust it into his breast. 73. But he now a dying, with his eyes swimming in black night looked about for Atys, and laid himself on him; and carried to the shades the comfort of a united death. 74. And now Phorbas the Suenite, the son of Methion, and the Lybian Amphimedon, desirous to join battle, slipped, and fell down in the blood, with which the earth, all places round being wet, was warm. The sword met them as they rose, being driven within the ribs of one, *and* into the throat of Phorbas. But Perseus does not attack Erithus the son of Actor (whose weapon was a large battle-axe) with his sword opposed to him; but takes up with both his hands a ponderous bowl, embossed with figures in high relief, and of a huge mass in weight; and hurls it against the man. He vomits red blood, and, falling upon his back, beats the ground with his dying head. 85. After that, he lays upon the ground Polydæmon, sprung from the blood of Semiramis, and the Caucasian Abaris, and Lycetus, the son of Sperchius, and Helices with his hair unshorn, and Phlegias, and Clytus: and tramples upon heaps of dying *men* piled up. Nor durst Phineus engage hand to hand with the enemy; *but* whirls his dart, which a miss of his mark brought upon Idas, *who* to no purpose *had been* unconcerned in the war, and followed neither side. 92. He, beholding the cruel Phineus with stern eyes, says, "Since I am drawn in to one side, take the enemy which thou hast made thyself, Phineus; and make amends for *my* wound with this wound." And he was just throwing back the weapon drawn out of his body; *when* sinking down, he fell upon his limbs now void of blood. 97. Here too Odites, the first of *all* the Cephensians next the king, falls by the sword of Clymenus: Hypseus struck down Protenor;

Lyncides Hypseus. There was too amongst them the aged Emathion, an observer of equity, and a fearer of the gods; who, because his years prevent his fighting, engages in words; and rails, and curses *their* wicked arms. 103. Cromis with his sword cut off his head as he embraced the altars with his trembling palms, which immediately fell upon the altar; and there he uttered cursing words with his expiring tongue, and breathed out his soul into the middle of the fire. 107. Upon this twin brothers, Broteas and Ammon, invincible at gauntlets, (if swords could be conquered by gauntlets) fell by the hand of Phineus: and Ampycus, the priest of Ceres, having his temples covered with a white riband. 111. Thou too, Japetides, not to be employed for these services; but *one* who exercised the harp, a work of peace, accompanying thy voice; had'st been ordered to attend the entertainment and feast with singing. Whom standing at a distance, and holding his plectrum not fit for war, Pettalus bantering, said, "Go, sing the rest to the Stygian ghosts;" and fixes the point of the sword in his left temples. 117. Down he falls, and with his dying fingers touches once again the strings of *his* lyre: and in his fall plays a miserable dirge. The fierce Lycormas does not suffer him to fall without revenge; and tearing away a strong bolt from the right door-cheek, dashed it on the bones of the middle of his neck; and then down he fell upon the ground, like a slain bullock. 123. The Cinyphian Pelâtes was attempting to fetch down the oaken *bolt* of the left door-cheek; *but* as he attempted it, his right hand was fastened *thereto* by the spear of the Marmaridan Corythus, and adhered to the wood. 126. Abas stabbed him in the side, as he stuck; yet he did not fall; but dying, he hung from the door-cheek, *with* his hand supporting him. Melaneus too, who followed the camp of Perseus, is slain; and Dorylas very rich in Nasamoniack land; Dorylas rich in land: than whom not another *besides* possessed *fields* to a great extent, or received *from* thence so many heaps of corn. 132. A spear thrown at him stood in the side of his groin (that is a mortal part) whom after the author of the wound, the Bactrian Halcyoneus, saw gurgling

out his soul, and rolling his eyes ; "Take," says he, "this that thou *now* pressest, of so many fields of land ;" and so left his bloodless body. 137. The great grandson of Abas, as his avenger, whirls at him the spear pulled out of the warm wound ; which being received in the middle of his nose, ran through his neck, and sticks out on both sides. 140. And, whilst fortune assists his hand, he killed Clytius and Clanis, born of one mother, with different wounds. For an ashen spear, brandished with a strong arm, was driven through both the thighs of Clytius ; Clanis bit a dart in his mouth. Celadon, the Mendesian, fell too : Astreus fell, born of a Palestine mother, *but* of an uncertain father. 146. And Æthion, sagacious at foreseeing things long after to come, was now deceived by a false bird ; and Thoactes the king's armour-bearer, and Agyrtes infamous for killing *his* father. Yet more *work* remains to what was already finished : for they have all a design to destroy one. Troops in confederacy fight on all hands, for a cause that violated merit and faith. For one side, the father-in-law pious in vain, and the young wife, with her mother, are favourable ; and fill the palace with their cries : but the din of arms, and the groans of *men falling in fight*, prevail. 155. And Bellona, at the same time, besmears the polluted household-gods with much blood ; and agitates renewed fights. Phineus, and a thousand that followed Phineus, surround one. Weapons fly thicker than winter's hail, by both his sides, by his eyes, and his ears. 160. He leans his shoulders against the stones of a great pillar ; and thus having his back secure, and being turned to the troops in front, he withstands them pressing hard *upon him*. On the left side came on the Chaonian Molpeus ; on the right, the Nabathæan Ethemon. As a tiger spurred on with hunger, upon hearing the lowings of two herds in different valleys, knows not which way he should sally, and *yet* burns to sally out both ways : so Perseus being in doubt whether he should move to the right or left, repulsed Molpeus by a wound in his leg, which he ran through, and was then content with flight. For Ethemon does not give him time to *pursue* him ; but fiercely rages ; and being

desirous to give *him* a wound in his tall neck, broke his sword, wielded with incautious strength, upon the extreme part of a pillar *he* struck upon: the blade shivered, and was fixed, *part*, in the owner's throat. Yet that stroke did not afford a cause effectual enough for death. Perseus stabs him with his Cyllenian falchion trembling, and holding out his cowardly arms in vain. 177. But when he saw his prowess sink under the number of *his enemies*, "I will seek assistance from an enemy," said Perseus, "since you yourselves force me to it. Turn away your faces, if any friend be here;" and *then* exposed to view his Gorgon's face. 181. "Seek somebody else," says Thescelus, "whom thy miracles may move;" and as he was preparing to throw his fatal dart with his hand, he stuck fast a statue of marble in that posture. Ampyx being next him, with his sword makes at the breast of Lyncidas full of courageous spirit; and in attacking him, his right hand grew stiff, and was neither moved backward, nor forward. 187. But Nileus, who had falsely pretended that he was begot by the seven-streamed Nile, *and* had inlaid in his shield too his seven channels, partly in silver *and* partly in gold; "Behold," says he, "Perseus, the original of my descent; thou shalt carry a mighty consolation for thy death to the silent shades, that thou didst fall by so great a man." The last part of his saying was suppressed in the middle of its utterance; and you would think that his open mouth would speak; but that is not passable for words. 195. Eryx chides these warriors, and says, "You are benumbed by the fault of your miud, and not by *any* power of the Gorgon; rush on with me; and beat down upon the ground a young fellow that deals in magic arms." He was going to rush forward; *but* the earth held his feet, and he is silent *and* unmoved, and remained an armed image. 200. Yet these underwent their punishment, according to their desert. But there was one soldier of Perseus, Aconteus, for whom whilst he fights, upon seeing the Gorgon, he became stiff with stone rising upon him. Whom Astyages, thinking to be yet alive, strikes with his long sword: the sword rung with a shrill tinkling. Whilst Astyages is amazed,

he took on him the same nature; and the look of one still wondering continues in his marble face. 207. It is a tedious *business* to relate the names of *all* the men, slain from the midst of the vulgar. Two hundred bodies survived the fight; two hundred bodies grew stiff upon seeing the Gorgon. 210. Now at last Phineus repents of *this* unjust war. But what can he do? He sees statues different in posture; and he knows *them to be* his *friends*; and calling each man by his name, begs their help; and scarcely believing, he touches the bodies next him; they were *all* marble. He turns away; and thus suppliant, and stretching out his hands owning *his fault*, and his arms obliquely, says, "Perseus, thou conquerest: remove the cruel monster; and take away the petrifying countenance of thy Medusa, whoever she *be*. I beseech *you* take *it* away. 218. Hatred, and the desire of a kingdom, did not drive us to war: we took up arms for a wife. Thy cause was the better in *point of merit*; mine in *that of time*. I am sorry I did not yield. Grant me nothing, O most gallant *man*, besides this life: let all the rest be thine." 223. Upon his saying such *words*, and not daring to look at him whom he entreated by words; he says, "What I can give thee, most cowardly Phineus, and what is a great favour for a coward, lay aside thy fear, I will give thee: thou shalt be hurt by no weapon. Nay, moreover, I will give thee a monument to continue for ever; and thou shalt always be seen in the house of my father-in-law, that my wife may comfort herself with the image of her spouse." 230. *Thus* he said; and transferred the daughter of Phorcys to that side, to which Phineus had turned himself with a trembling face. The neck of him, as he then too endeavoured to turn his eyes, grew stiff; and the moisture of his eyes hardened in stone: but yet his face continued timorous, and his look *that of a suppliant* in the marble, and his hands hung down, and his gesture was lowly.

II. The great grandson of Abas, being thus victorious, enters the walls of his native city, with his wife; and, *as* the defender and avenger of his innocent mother, he attacks Prætus: for Prætus, having banished

his brother by *force of arms*, had taken possession of the citadel of Acrisius; yet did he not prevail against the grim eyes of the snake-bearing monster, by the help of his arms, nor by the citadel which he had villanously seized.

III. Yet, O Polydectes, governor of little Seriphus, neither the gallantry of the youth tried through so many achievements, nor his hardships had softened thee; but hard-hearted, thou exertest an inexorable hatred; nor is there any end in thy unreasonable wrath. Thou detractest too from his praise: and allegest that this killing of Medusa was only fictitious. "We will give thee a proof of the truth," says Perseus: "have a care of your eyes *all else*;" and *then* he made the king's face to be bloodless flint, by exposing the face of Medusa.

IV. Thus far the Tritonian *goddess* (*Pallas*) had joined herself as a companion to her gold-begotten brother. After that, wrapt in a hollow cloud, she forsakes Seriphus, Cythnus and Gyarus being left on her right; and where the way seemed shortest over the sea, seeks for Thebes, and Helicon frequented by virgins, which mountain after she had gained, she made a stand, and thus addressed the learned sisters. 256. "The fame of a new spring has come to our ears, which the hard hoof of the Medusæan winged horse caused to spring. That is the cause of my coming. I desired to see the wondrous portent: I saw him spring from his mother's blood." 260. Uranie replies, "Whatsoever is the cause, goddess, of your visiting these habitations, you are very acceptable to our minds. However, the report is true; and Pegasus is the original *cause* of this spring." Then she conducts Pallas to the sacred waters. Who for a long time wondering at the waters made by the strokes of a *horse's* foot, she looks about upon the groves of ancient woods, and the caves, and the grass distinguished by innumerable flowers. 267. And calls the Mnemonian ladies, happy, as well from their way of life, as the place of their abode. 268. Whom one of the sisters thus bespoke: "O Tritonia, who would'st have come in to *make* a part of our company, had not your prowess carried you off to

greater works; you say true, and deservedly approve both our profession and our residence; and we reckon our condition agreeable, provided we may *but* be safe. But (so much to wickedness is nothing unlawful), all things affright our virgin minds; and the dreaded Pyreneus is *ever* before our faces; and I have not yet recovered myself with my whole mind. 276. That wild man had seized the Daulian and Phocæan country with Thracian soldiers, and held the kingdoms *thereof* unjustly. We were going to the temples upon *mount* Parnassus. He saw *us* going: and worshipping our divinity with a deceitful worship, he said, 'O Mnemonides (for he knew *us*) stop; and hesitate not, I beseech you, to avoid the bad weather, and the rain (*for* rain there was) in my house: the gods above have oftentimes entered humble cottages.' We, moved by his invitation, and the time *together*, comply with the man, and entered the fore-room of his house. 285. The rain was *now* over, and the south-wind being mastered by the north, the black clouds fled from the cleared heaven. We had a mind to go. Pyreneus shuts his house, and prepares for violence, which we avoided by taking wings. He stood aloft on *the top of his* house, like one that would follow *us*; and said, 'Where there is a way for you, there will be the same for me too.' And, *like* a madman, throws himself down from the very highest summit of a tower; and falls upon his face; and breaking the bones of his countenance, he, dying, beats the ground stained with *his* wicked blood."

V. *Thus* spoke the Muse. *When* wings made a noise in the air, and a voice of *some* beings saluting *them* came from the high boughs. The daughter of Jupiter looks up, and asks, "Whence tongues that spoke so plain, made that noise;" and thinks that some human creature spoke. They were birds: and nine *of them* in number, being magpies that imitate all things, perched upon the boughs, complaining of their fate. 300. Thus the goddess, *Uranie*, began *to reply* to the wondering goddess, *Minerva*: "Lately too those, being vanquished in a dispute *with us*, increased the host of the birds. Rich

Pierus begot them in the Pellæan lands: the Pæonian Evippe was *their* mother. She nine times invoked the powerful Lucina, being nine times in labour. 305. *This* crowd of foolish sisters was proud of *their* number; and came hither through so many cities of Æmonia, and through so many cities of Achaia; and begin the fight in such words *as these*. ‘Cease deceiving the ignorant vulgar with an empty sweetness. If you have any confidence *in your skill* contend with us, ye Thespian goddesses. We shall neither be outdone by voice, nor art; and we are just as many *as you*. Either withdraw, *if* vanquished, from the Medusæan spring, and the Hyanthian Aganippe; or we will retire from the Emathian fields, as far as the snowy Pæonians; let the nymphs decide the dispute.’ 315. It was indeed scandalous to contend; but it seemed more scandalous to yield. The chosen nymphs swear by the rivers; and sate upon seats made out of the natural rock. Then without *casting* lots, she, who offered to engage us, first sings the wars of the gods above; and places the giants in false honour; and extenuates the actions of the mighty gods. 321. And how Typhoëus, sent out from the lower quarter of the earth, caused flight among the heavenly gods; and that *they* all exposed their backs in flight, until the land of Egypt, and the Nile divided into seven mouths, received them, tired. 325. She says too, that the earth-born Typhoëus came hither; and that the gods above concealed themselves under false shapes. And Jupiter, said she, becomes the leader of a flock of sheep: from whence the Lybian Ammon is now figured with crooked horns. The Delian *god*, lay concealed in a crow, the son of Semele in a he-goat, the sister of Apollo in a cat, the daughter of Saturn in a snow-white cow, Venus in a fish, the Cyllenian *god* under the wings of an Ibis.’ Thus far she had joined her noisy mouth to the harp. We Aonides, *the Muses*, are called upon. But perhaps *you* have not leisure, nor have any unoccupied time, to give ear to our songs.” 335. “Doubt not,” says Pallas, “and relate your song in order to me:” and *then* she sat in the refreshing shade of the grove. The Muse

tells her story *thus*. “ We assigned the management of the dispute to one *of our body*. Calliope rises up ; and having her long hair gathered up with ivy, she tries beforehand the thrilling strings with her thumb ; and subjoins this song to the beating of the strings.

VI. ‘ Ceres first turned up the clods with the crooked plough ; she first gave corn and mild food to the earth ; she first gave laws. All things are the gift of Ceres. She is to be sung by me. I wish only I could utter verses worthy of the goddess ! *for* certainly the goddess is worthy of verse. 346. The vast island Tinacris, was thrown upon the giant’s limbs ; and keeps down under prodigious masses, Typhoëus, who dared to aspire to the celestial habitation. He endeavours indeed, and often strives hard, to get up again ; but his right hand is laid under the Italian Pelorum ; the left under thee, Pachynus ; *and* his legs are pressed down by Lilybæum. Ætna weighs down his head ; under which Typhoëus lying on his back, throws out sands, and vomits flames from his cruel mouth. He oftentimes struggles hard to throw off the load of earth, and to roll down the towns and great mountains from his body. 356. Thence the earthquakes ; and the king of the silent *ghosts* is afraid lest it should open, and the ground be parted with a wide chasm, and the daylight thus let in, should affright the trembling shades. The king, fearing this misfortune, had sallied out of his dark abode ; and wafted in a chariot *drawn* by black horses, he warily went round the foundations of the Sicilian land. 362. After sufficient observation had been made, that no places gave way, and his fears *were* laid aside ; the Erycinian goddess, *Venus*, sitting upon her mountain, sees him roaming about ; and embracing her winged son, “ Take,” said she, “ *my* son Cupid, my arms, my hands, my power, those weapons with which you conquer all ; and ply thy swift arrows into the breast of the god, to whom the last lot of the triple kingdom fell. Thou subduest the gods above, and Jupiter himself ; thou subduest the baffled deities of the sea, and him who rules the deities of the deep. 371. Why does hell escape ? Why dost thou not extend the empire of

thy mother, and thy own? the third part of the world is *now* at stake. And yet we are despised in heaven: how *great* now is our endurance? and the power of love is lessened with me. 375. Dost thou not see Pallas, and the archeress, Diana, have got clear of me? The daughter of Ceres too will be a maid, if we suffer it: for she affects the same hopes. But, if I have any interest *with thee* for our joint kingdom, wed the goddess to *her* uncle." Thus Venus spoke. He opens his quiver; and singled out one of a thousand arrows, at the choice of *his* mother; but than which there is not any more sharp, nor less uncertain, nor which would more obey the bow: and putting forward *one* knee, he bent the flexible bow, and wounded Pluto in the heart with a bearded arrow." 385. There is a deep lake not far from the walls of Henna, by name Pergus: Cayster does not hear more songs of swans in his running waters, than that. A wood crowns the waters, surrounding every side, and keeps out the rays of the sun with its leaves, as with a veil. The boughs cause a coolness *there*, and the moist ground *produces* purple flowers. There pervades a perpetual spring. 391. In which grove whilst Proserpine plays, and plucks either the violets, or the white lilies; and whilst, with the fondness of a maiden, she fills her baskets and her bosom, and endeavours to excel her companions of the same age in gathering *flowers*; she was at the same instant seen and beloved, and carried off by Pluto: so rapid was his love. 396. The goddess being affrighted, with a pensive voice, calls both *upon* her mother, and her companions, but her mother oftener: and as she had torn her coat from the upper part, the flowers *she had* gathered, fell from her loosened vests: and so much simplicity was there in her childish years, this loss too raised the virgin's grief. 402. The robber drives away his chariot, and encourages his horses, by calling each by his name: along whose necks and manes he shakes the reins, dyed with a dark rusty colour. And rushes on through deep lakes, and the pools of the Palici smelling of sulphur, boiling up out of the riven earth. And where the Bacchiadæ, a family that came from

Corinth, *lying* betwixt two seas, built a city betwixt *two* unequal harbours. 409. There is a sea in the middle betwixt Cyane, and the Pysæan Arethusa; which is *almost* confined within itself, being enclosed with horns at a small distance from each other. Here was Cyane, the most celebrated amongst the Sicilian nymphs; from whose name too the pool was called: who started up out of the middle of the water, as far as the midst of her waist, and knew the god, and says, "You shall go no further; you cannot be the son-in-law of Ceres against her will. She should have been asked for; not seized by violence. 416. But, if it be allowed me to compare small things with great, Anapis loved me too: yet I married when courted, and not frightened into it, as she is." *This* she said; and, stretching out her arms on different sides, she opposed *his passage*. The son of Saturn no longer restrained his passion: and encouraging his terrible horses, he lodged his royal sceptre, whirled with a powerful arm, in the bottom of the water. The earth, being *thus* struck, made a way *down* into hell: and received the descending chariot in the middle of the opening. 425. But Cyane, lamenting that the goddess was *thus* hurried away, and the privileges of her spring slighted, bears with her an inconsolable affliction in her silent mind; and is all consumed in tears; and is wasted away into those waters, of which she had lately been the great guardian goddess. You might have seen her members soften, her bones undergo bendings, *and* her nails lay aside their hardness. 431. And the smallest parts of her whole frame first melt away; her green hair, and fingers, and legs, and feet; for short is the transit of *those* delicate members into cold waters. After that her back and shoulders, and sides, and breast, vanishing, dissolve into small streams. Finally, water enters her veins, *now* vitiated, instead of living blood; and nothing remains that you could clasp.

VII. In the mean time the daughter was sought by her frightened mother in vain, in all lands, *and* in every sea. Aurora, coming with her roseate hair, did not see her loiter; nor *did* the evening star. She lights *pinetorches* with her two hands, at flaming *Ætna*, and, with-

out rest, carried them through the freezing darkness. Again, as soon as the bright day had paled the stars, she sought her daughter till the setting of the sun, from the rising of the sun. 446. Being weary with her labour, she had contracted a thirst; and no springs had rinsed her mouth, when by chance she saw a cottage covered with straw, and knocked at the little door. Upon which comes out from thence an old woman, and sees the goddess, and gave her, asking for water, a sweet *drink* which she had brewed before of parched barley. 451. Whilst she drinks what was given her, a boy of a hardened front, and impudent, stood before the goddess, and laughed; and called her a greedy dame. She was offended; and having not yet drank a *half-part of* it, the goddess bespattered him, as he was talking, with the barley mixed with the liquor. 455. His face sucked in the drops; and where he had arms *before* he now has legs: a tail was added to his changed limbs; and he is contracted into a small form, that he may not have *any* great power of doing mischief; and his size is less than a small lizard. 459. He flies from the old woman wondering, and weeping, and endeavouring to touch the prodigy; and seeks a hiding place; and has a name suited to his colour, having his body starred with divers spots.

VIII. It is a tedious business to tell through what lands, and what seas, the goddess wandered. The world was too little for her in this search. She returns to Sicily; and whilst she views all *places* in her progress, she came too to Cyane. She, had she not been metamorphosed, would have told all, but both mouth and tongue were wanting to her, desirous to tell; nor had she any thing to talk with. Yet she gave manifest signs, and shewed upon the top of the water Persephone's girdle, *well* known to the mother, which by chance had dropped *from her* in that place, down the sacred water. 471. Which as soon as she knew, as if she had *but* then at last known that she had been ravished, the goddess tore her unadorned hair, and struck her breast over and over with her palms. She knows not yet where she is; yet she rails at all countries, and calls them ungrateful and

unworthy of the boon of fruits, Trinacria above the rest, in which she found the tokens of her loss. 477. Wherefore there she broke with her cruel hand the ploughs that turned up the clods; and in her passion gave up to the like death the husbandmen, and the plough oxen, and ordered the grounds to deny the seed deposited: and made the seed *corn* corrupt. 481. The fertility of the earth, spread through the wide world, lies ruined; the corn dies in the blade, and one while too much sun, *and* another too much rain spoils it; and the stars and the winds damage *it*: and greedy birds pick up the sown seed, poppies and thistles, and unconquerable weeds plague the wheat crops. 487. Then the Alpheian *nymph* raised her head out of the Elean waters, and drew back her dropping hair from her forehead to her ears; and says, "Oh thou mother of the virgin sought all the world over, and of corn, cease from your immense toils, and be not *so* violently angry with a land *so* faithful to thee. 492. The land has deserved nothing of it; and opened, against its will, to the carrying away of *your daughter*. Nor am I a suppliant for *my* native country: I came a stranger hither. Pisa is my country, and I derive my birth from Elis. A foreigner by birth I inhabit Sicily, but this land is more agreeable to me than all *other* soils. I, Arethusa, have now this *for my* dwelling, this habitation, which do thou, most gentle goddess, preserve. Why I am removed from the place *of my birth*, and am come to Ortygia through the waters of so great a sea, a seasonable time will come for my telling you, when you shall be eased of *your* concern, and shall be of a better countenance. The pervious earth gives me a passage; and moving within its low caverns I here lift up my head and see the stars I have not *for some time* been used to. Wherefore, whilst I ran along the Stygian water under the earth, thy Proserpine was there seen by these eyes of mine. 505. She indeed is sad, and not yet without fear in her looks: but yet *she* is a queen, and the greatest *lady* of the dusky world, yes, she is even the powerful wife of the infernal king." The mother, upon hearing *these* words was astounded, as if transformed to stone, and was a long

time like one thunder-struck : and after her grievous distraction was removed by a grievous sorrow, she mounts in her chariot up to the ætherial air. There, clouding all her countenance over, she stood before Jupiter, full of wrath, with her hair dishevelled, and says, " I am come a suppliant to you, Jupiter, for my blood and for yours. If the interest of the mother be none *with you, let the daughter influence her father* ; and let not, we beseech you, your regard for her be the less, because she was brought forth by my labour. 518. Lo ! my daughter, so long sought for, has been found by me at length ; if you call the losing her more certainly, a finding her ; or, if you call knowing where she is finding her. 520. We will bear with it, that she has been forcibly carried away, provided he do but restore her ; for your daughter is not deserving of a ravisher for a husband, if my daughter be deserving *thereof*." Jupiter replied, " Your daughter is a pledge *of love*, and a burden common to me with you ; but, if you please only to give right names to things, this fact is not an injury, but it is love. Nor will that son-in-law be a shame to us, be but you, goddess, willing *to the matter*. 527. Suppose that other things were wanting, how great a thing is it to be the brother of Jupiter ! What, *shall I say* that other things are not wanting ? nor does he yield even to me but in fortune. But if you have such a mighty desire of their separation Proserpine may return to heaven ; but yet upon a certain condition, if she has not as yet there touched meat with her mouth ; for thus it is provided by a law of the destinies." 533. Thus he spoke. But Ceres is *now* resolved to fetch away her daughter. Yet the Fates do not so suffer *her*, because the young lady had broke her fast, and, whilst she walks about innocently in a fine garden, she had pulled a red apple from a bending tree, and had chewed in her mouth seven grains taken out of the pale rind ; and Ascalaphus alone of all people saw that : whom Orphne, not the most obscure among the Avernall nymphs, is said formerly to have brought forth in a dusky cave to her lover Acheron. He saw it, and cruelly prevented her return by a discovery. The queen of hell groaned, and transformed the profane

witness into a bird, and turned his head, sprinkled with the water of Phlegethon, into a bill, and feathers, and great eyes. 546. He, being *thus* taken from himself, is clad with brown feathers, and grows larger in the head, and has long claws turned inward, and hardly does he move the wings that grow upon his sluggish arms; and he becomes a filthy bird, the foreboder of approaching sorrow, the lazy owl, a dreadful omen to mortals.

IX. But he may seem to have deserved punishment by his information and *babbling* tongue. Whence *have* you, O *ye* daughters of Achelous, feathers and the feet of birds, seeing you have the faces of virgins? Whether because when Proserpine was gathering spring flowers you, Sirens, were mixed with the number of her attendants? Whom, after you sought for in vain all the world over, immediately that the waters might perceive your concern *for her*, you wished to be able to rest upon the support of wings over the waves, and you found the gods compliant, and saw your limbs grow yellow with sudden feathers. 561. However, that your singing framed for soothing the ears, and so fine a quality of your mouth should not lose the use of a tongue, virgins' faces, and the human voice, *still* remained *with you*.

X. But Jupiter being equally attached to his brother, and his mournful sister, shares the rolling year *betwixt them*. Now the goddess *is* a deity common to both kingdoms: *and* is so many months with her mother, *and* just as many with her husband. Immediately the appearance both of her mind and face is changed: for the forehead of the goddess, which lately might appear sad to Pluto *himself*, is joyful; as when the sun which before was covered with watery clouds, goes out of the conquered clouds. 572. The gracious Ceres being easy in mind, *now* she had recovered her daughter, asks thee, Arethusa, what was the cause of thy flight, why thou art a sacred spring? The waters were silent; the goddess of which raised her head out of the deep fountain, and having dried her green hair with her hand, related the old amours of the river Alpheus. 577. "I was," said she, "one of the nymphs which are in Achaia; nor did *any* other traverse the forest more eagerly than

myself; nor *any* other set nets more diligently. 580. But though the fame of beauty was never sought by me, though I was a vigorous maid; *yet* I had the name of beautiful; nor did my face, *when* too much commended, please me: and I, *like* a rustic *lass*, blushed at that excellency of my person, which others use to rejoice at, and thought it a crime to please. 585. I remember, I was returning weary from the Stymphalian wood. It was hot *weather*, and my great pains had doubled the heat. I find waters without any eddy, running along without any noise, clear to the *very* bottom; through which every pebble to a great depth, was to be counted; which, you would have thought, scarce moved along. 590. The hoary sallows, and poplars fed by the water, gave a shade naturally formed upon the shelving banks. I approached it; and first dipped the soles of my feet *therein*, then *went* up to the ham: and not content with that, I strip, and lay my soft garments upon a bending willow; and am plunged naked in the waters; which whilst I beat and draw *to me*, moving a thousand different ways, and toss my arms with a bound, I perceived I know not what hollow noise under the middle of the water; and being affrighted, get upon the brink of the nearer bank. 'Whither are you going, Arethusa?' *cried* Alpheus from his waves. 'Whither are you going,' said he again, with a hoarse mouth, to me. 601. I fly away, as I was, without my clothes; the further banks had my garments. So much the more eager and inflamed is he: and because I was naked, I seemed the more ready for him. Thus I ran; *and* thus that cruel *god* pursued me close: as doves fly the hawk with trembling wings, as the hawk pursues the trembling doves. 607. I held out running as far as Orchomenos, and Psophis, and Cyllene, and the Mœnalian valleys, and cold Erymanthus, and Elis: nor was he swifter than me. 610. But I, unequal in strength, was unable to hold the race long; he was capable of long pains. However, I ran over fields, mountains covered with trees, and rocks, and crags, and where *there was* no way. The sun was upon my back: I saw a long shadow advance before my feet, unless my fear saw it. But certainly I was

terrified by the trampling of his feet; and the huge steam of his mouth puffed upon the fillets of my hair. 618. Tired with the fatigue of my flight, I cry, 'I am caught, give assistance to your armour-bearer, O Diana; to whom you have often given your bow to carry, and the weapons shut up in your quiver.' The goddess was moved; and taking one of the thick clouds, threw it upon me. The river goes round me covered with darkness; and not knowing *where I was*, seeks *for me* about the hollow cloud; and twice, without being wiser, surrounds the place in which the goddess had covered me; and twice called out, 'So ho, Arethusa! so ho, Arethusa!' 626. What thought had I then, poor soul! is it that which a lamb *has*, when it hears the wolves howling about the high folds? or a hare, who, skulking in a bush, sees the hostile mouths of the dogs, and dares make no motion with her body? 630. Yet he does not depart; for he sees not any prints of my feet further: he watches the cloud, and the place. A cold sweat seizes upon my limbs *thus* besieged, and green drops fall from my whole body; and where I moved my foot a lake flows, and dew falls from my hair: and sooner than I now tell you my condition, I am changed into water. But indeed the river recognizes the beloved waters; and casting off the shape of a man, which he had taken, he is turned into his proper form of water, that he may mix himself with me. The Delian goddess breaks the ground. I, being sunk in the dark caverns, am wafted to Ortygia; which, being agreeable *to me* for the cognomen of my goddess, first led me forth to the upper air."

XI. Thus far Arethusa. The fertile goddess clapt two snakes to her chariot, and curbed their mouths with bridles; and rode through the air in the middle betwixt heaven and earth, and sent the light chariot into the Tritonian city, to Triptolemus: and ordered him to scatter the seeds, which were given him *by her*, partly in the uncultivated earth, and partly in the earth ploughed up again after a long time. Now the youth had sped aloft over Europe, and the land of Asia, *and* arrives upon the coasts of Scythia: where one Lynceus

was king. He enters the king's house. 651. Being asked which way he came, and the occasion of his coming, and his name and his country: "My country," said he, "is the famous Athens; my name Triptolemus. I came neither by ship through the waters, nor on foot by land: the sky was open *and* pervious to me. I bring you the presents of Ceres: which, being scattered through the wide fields, will return you a corn harvest, and pleasant food." 657. The barbarian envied him; and, that he himself might be the author of so great a benefit *to his country*, he entertains him in his house; and when fast asleep, attacks him with his sword. *But* Ceres made him, as he endeavoured to *stab* his breast, a lynx; and again sent the Mopsopian youth to drive the sacred wafers of his chariot through the air.

XII. The eldest of us had finished her learned song; when the nymphs with one voice said, that the goddesses, who inhabited Helicon, had got the victory. When the baffled *sisters* cast reproaches; "because," said she, "it is but a small matter with you to have deserved punishment by your contest *with us*; ye even add abusive language to your crimes; and endurance is not *left* free to us; we shall proceed to punishment, and follow the way our resentment calls us." The Emathides laugh, and despise the threatening words. 670. And endeavouring to speak, and to lift at us their saucy hands with great clamour, they beheld feathers grow out at their nails, *and* their arms to be covered with feathers. And they see one another's mouths spring out in a hard bill, and unwonted birds to be added to the woods. 675. And whilst they desire to smite their breasts, being lifted up by moving their arms, they hung in the air as magpies, the reproach of the groves. Now too their former babbling faculty continued in them, *after they were become* birds; and a hoarse prattling, and a prodigious love of talking.

BOOK VI.

TRITONIA had lent an ear to these stories: and approved of the songs of the Aonides, and their just resentment. Then *she said* with herself, "It is *but* a small matter to commend; let us be commended too, and not suffer our divine majesty to be slighted, without punishment." And *then* she turns her mind upon the fate of the Mæonian Arachne: who, she had heard, did not yield to her in skill of the wool-working art. 7. She was not famous for her pedigree and the original of her family; but for her arts. Her father *was* one Idmon of Colophon, *who dyed* the drinking wool in Phocæic scarlet. 10. Her mother was dead; but she too was of the commonalty, and equal with her husband. Yet she by her employment had gained a memorable name through the cities of Lydia: though *she was* come of a low family, *and* lived in the little town of Hypæpa. The nymphs often forsook the vineyards of their mountain Tymolus, to behold her admirable work; *and* the nymphs of Pactolus forsook their waters. 17. Nor did it delight them only to look upon the cloths, *when* made: *but* then too, when they were a making: so much grace was there in *her* art. Whether she rolled up the rude wool into its first reels, or teased the work with her fingers, and softened the fleeces teased over and over, equalling the clouds with long drawing out, or she turned the round spindle with her light thumb, or flowered it with her needle, you might perceive *that she had been* instructed by Pallas. 24. Which yet she herself denies, and being offended at so great a mistress, says, "Let her engage with me; there is nothing which *if* outdone *by her* I shall refuse to *suffer*." Pallas personates an old woman, and puts false *grey* hairs upon her temples, and supports also her feeble limbs with a staff. 28. Then she began thus to speak: "Oid age

has not all things which we would avoid. Experience comes from late years. Do not despise my advice. Let the greatest fame for working of wool amongst mortals be sought by you : yield to a goddess ; and beg, O rash *woman*, pardon for your words, with humble voice : she will grant *you* pardon if you ask it." She beholds her with stern *eyes*, and leaves the thread *she had* begun, and scarcely holding in her hand, and discovering her anger by her look she replied to the disguised Pallas in these words. 37. "Thou comest *here* bereft of understanding, and worn away with a long old age, and it is a prejudice *to thee* to have lived too long. If thou hast any daughter-in-law, *or* if thou hast a daughter *of thy own*, let her hearken to these words. 40. I have advice enough in myself for my own interest, and lest you should think you have had any effect upon me by admonishing me ; I am of the same mind still. Why does she not come herself ? why does she decline this contest ?" "Then," says the goddess, "she is come," and cast off her old woman's disguise, and *so do* the Phrygian brides : the young woman alone was not terrified. 46. But yet she blushed, and a sudden redness marked her face against her will, and *then* again vanished. As the air is wont to become red when Aurora first stirs, and after a short time to grow white from the reflection of the sun. She persists in her undertaking, and from a desire of foolish victory rushes upon her own destruction. 51. Nor indeed does the daughter of Jupiter refuse, nor advise her any further ; nor does she now put off the contest. There is no delay, both settled *themselves* in different parts, and stretch two webs of fine thread. The web *of each* was bound to the beam ; the slay separates the thread. The woof is put within with sharp shuttles, which their fingers whisk through, and the teeth, cut in the moving slay, strike it drawn within the warp. 59. Each makes haste, and, girding up their robes to their breasts, move their skilful arms, their eagerness preventing fatigue. 61. And there the scarlet which felt the Tyrian cauldron is woven, and fine shades of small difference, just as the bow dyes a long *space of* heaven, in a huge arch, with rays struck by the rain, in which,

though a thousand different colours shine, yet the passage *from one to another* deceives the gazing eyes. 67. So much is that which touches the same *with what is touched, and* yet the remote parts differ. There too the pliable gold is mixed with the threads, and old legends are drawn in their webs.

II. Pallas draws the rock of Mars in the Cecropian city, and the old dispute about the name of the country. Twice six celestial gods sit upon elevated thrones, with Jupiter in the middle, in august authority. His proper face distinguishes each of the gods. The image of Jupiter is that of a king. 75. She makes the god of the sea stand *there*, and strike the rugged rock with his long trident, and a wild *horse* spring out of the opening in the rock, upon which token *of his favour* he claims the city. But she gives herself a shield, gives *herself* a spear with a sharp point, gives a helmet to *her* head, her breast is defended with the *Ægis*. 80. And she represents the earth, struck with her spear, bringing forth a young tree of grey olive with berries, and the gods wondering at it. Victory is the end of her work. But yet, that the rival of her glory may understand, by example, what reward she may expect for so mad an attempt, she adds four contests in four *several* parts of *her web*, conspicuous by their colour, *and* distinguished by little images. 87. One corner has *in it* the Thracian Rhodope and Hæmos, now cold mountains, formerly human bodies, who assumed to themselves the names of the greatest gods. 90. Another part has in it the miserable fate of the Pygmæan mother. Her, vanquished in a contest, Juno ordered to become a crane, and to make war upon her own people. She likewise describes Antigone, who formerly was so bold as to contend with the consort of the great Jupiter, whom the royal Juno turned into a bird: nor did Ilion or her father Laomedon hold her; but taking wings she applauds herself becoming a white stork, with a creaking bill. 98. The corner which alone is left has in it the childless Cinyras; and he embracing the steps of a temple, being the members of his daughters; and lying upon the rock, seems to weep. She encloses the extreme parts with the peace-

ful olives. That is the close, and she makes an end of her work with her own tree.

III. The Mæonian *girl* delineates Europa deceived by the appearance of a bull: you would think the bull a true one, *and* the sea to be real. 105. She herself seemed to look at the lands *which she had* left, and to cry out *to* her companions, and to fear the touch of the swelling wave, and to draw back her timorous feet. And she made Asterie to be seized by an eagle struggling *with her*; she made Leda to lie under the wings of a swan. She added, how Jupiter, concealed under the form of a satyr, impregnated the beautiful Nycteis with two children; *how* he became Amphytrion when he seized thee, O Tyrothian dame. 113. How being *turned into* gold, he deluded Danae: *and becoming* fire, the daughter of Asopus: as a shepherd *deceived* Mnemosyne, and as a speckled serpent Deois. She placed thee too, Neptune, changed into a grim bull, with the Æolian lady. 116. Thou, appearing *in the form of* Enipeus, begettedst the Aloidæ, *and in shape of* a ram deludedst the daughter of Bisaltes; and the most gentle mother of corn, with her yellow hair, felt thy influence as a horse; and the mother of the winged horse, haired with snakes, thought thee a bird; Melantho felt *thee when* a dolphin. 121. She gave to all these their proper appearance, and the *real* appearance of their localities. There is Phœbus under the form of a rustic, and how he one while wore the wings of a hawk, another while the skin of a lion; how, as a shepherd, he deceived Isse the daughter of Macareus. How Bacchus deceived Erigone with a pretended bunch of grapes. How Saturn begot the double-formed Chiron *in shape of* a horse. The outer part of the web being enclosed with a fine bordering has flowers interwoven with the folding ivy.

IV. Pallas could not find fault with that work, envy *could* not. The yellow-haired heroine grieved at *her success*, and burst the web flowered with the crimes of the celestial gods. 132. And as she held *her* shuttle *made of* box from mount Citorum she struck the forehead of the Idmonian Arachne three or four times. The unhappy *creature* could not brook it; and, being *full of*

spirit, she tied up her throat in a halter. 135. Pallas, pitying her, eased her as she hung, and said thus: "Live truly, yet hang, thou wicked one, and let the same law of punishment be appointed for *all* thy race, and for thy latest posterity, that thou mayst not be secure for the time to come:" after this, *at* departing, she sprinkles *her* with the juice of an Hecateian herb. 140. And immediately her hair, *when* touched with this sad drug, fell off, and with them too *her* nose and ears; and her head, little in *her* whole body, becomes very little. Her small fingers stick in her sides for legs; the belly has *all* the rest of her; out of which though she gives a thread, and becoming a spider works at her web as formerly.

V. All Lydia raves with the story, and a rumour of the fact runs through the towns of Phrygia, and fills the whole world with discourse. Niobe, before her marriage, had known her then when being a maid, she inhabited Mæonia and Sipylus. But yet she was not warned by the punishment of her countrywoman Arachne, to yield to the heavenly gods, and to use more humble words. 152. Many things gave her spirit. But neither the arts of her husband, nor the extraction of them both, and the power of a great kingdom, pleased her so much (though all those things pleased her) as her issue; and Niobe might have been called the happiest of mothers, if she had not seemed *so* to herself. 157. For Manto, the daughter of Tiresias, foreknowing what was to come, excited by a divine impulse, had prophesied through the middle of the streets, *saying*, "Go, ye Theban ladies, in crowds and give pious frankincense with prayers to Latona, and the two children of Latona, and bind your hair with laurel. Latona commands it by my mouth." 162. Obedience is paid, and all the Theban ladies dress their temples with leaves *of laurel*, as commanded; and give frankincense and supplicating words to the sacred fires. 165. Lo, Niobe comes, attended with a crowd of followers, worthy of admiration, with gold interwoven in her Phrygian robes, and beautiful as far as passion *would* suffer her; and tossing her hair, hanging down on both shoulders, with her graceful head, she stood still, and, as

she loftily cast her proud eyes around, she says, "What madness *is it* to prefer celestial gods, *which you have only heard, to those you have seen?* or why is Latona worshipped at the altars, *and my divinity is as yet without frankincense?* Tantalus *was my father*, who alone was allowed to approach the tables of the gods above. The sister of the Pleiades is my mother; the great Atlas, who supports the ætherial axis upon his neck, is my grandfather. 176. Jupiter *is my other grandfather*; I boast of him too *for my father-in-law*. The Phrygian nations revere me; the palace of Cadmus is subject to me, *as its mistress*; and the walls that were built by the strings of my husband's lyre, with the people *within them*, are governed by me, and *my spouse*. 180. Into whatsoever part of the house I turn my eyes, vast wealth is seen. To this is added a face worthy of a goddess. To that subjoin seven daughters, and as many sons, and by and by sons-in-law, and daughters-in-law. Now ask what cause my pride has *to support it*; and presume to prefer Latona the Titaness, sprung from Cœus, I know not who; to whom the great earth once denied a small corner to bring forth in. Your goddess was neither received by heaven, nor earth, nor water: she was banished the world, till Delos, pitying the wanderer, said, 'Thou strollest about a stranger upon land, *and I in the waters*;' and gave an unstable place *of rest*. 191. She was made a mother by *bearing two children*. This is *but the seventh part of my issue*. I am happy! for who can deny this? And I shall continue happy, who can doubt that too? Abundance of children has made me secure. 195. I am greater than *one* whom fortune can hurt: and *suppose* that she should take many things from *me*, she will *yet* leave me much more. My happy circumstances have already got above fear. Suppose some part of this crowd of my children may be taken away, yet I shall not be stript, *as to be* reduced to the number of two, *which is* Latona's. By this number how far distant is she from those who are childless? Go from the altars, haste from the sacrifices, and take the laurel from your hair." 202. They lay them aside, and leave the sacrifices unperformed; and what they may,

do adore the goddess with a low voice. The goddess was indignant : and on the top of mount Cynthus spoke with her two children, in such words : “Lo ! I your mother, proud of bearing you *two*, and *who* shall give place to none of the goddesses, except Juno, am called in question whither I be a goddess : and for all ages *to come* am driven from altars intended for my worship, unless you, my children, succour me. 210. Nor is this my only grief : the daughter of Tantalus has added abusive language to her dreadful act ; and was *so bold as* to deem you inferior to her own children, and (what I *wish* may fall upon herself) called me childless : and guilty as she is, has shewn a tongue like her father’s.” 214. Latona was going to add entreaties to this relation ; *when* Phœbus says, “Cease your complaints, (*all* delay of punishment is *too long*.)” Phœbe said the same ; and, by a speedy descent through the air, they arrived, covered with clouds, at the city of Cadmus. There was nigh the walls a plain field, and widely extended, trampled with horses continually ; where crowds of chariots, and hard hoofs, had broken down the turf beneath. 221. There part of the seven sons of Amphion mount upon stout horses, and sit upon their backs red with the Tyrian dye ; and draw reins heavy with gold. Of whom Ismenus, who had formerly been the first burthen of his mother, whilst he turns the course of his horse into *one* certain ring, and checks his foaming jaws ; cries out, “Woe’s me !” and, transfixed in the middle of his breast, bears *therein* a weapon ; and the bridle being dropped from his dying hand, by degrees he sinks down sideways over *his horse’s* right shoulder. 230. The next *to him*, Sipylus, hearing the rattle of a quiver in the air, gave *his horse* the reins : as when the pilot, sensible of a shower approaching, upon sight of a cloud, flies and lets down his hanging sails on all hands, lest any little air should escape him. He gave the reins *to his horse*. 234. But an unavoidable weapon overtakes him while giving *him the reins* ; and an arrow stuck quivering in the top of his neck, and the steel *point* stood bare out of his throat. He, as he was bowing forward, is tumbled over *his horse’s* neck stretched out,

and his mane ; and besmears the earth with his warm blood. 239. The unhappy Phædimus, and Tantalus the heir of his grandfather's name, having put an end to their wonted exercise of *riding*, were gone to the juvenile work of neat wrestling ; and now they had clapped breast to breast, struggling in a close embrace, when an arrow, springing from the stretched bow-*string*, pierced them both through, as they were joined together. 245. They groaned together, *and* together laid their bodies, bending with pain, upon the ground : together as they lay, rolled their eyes for the last time ; *and* together breathed out their lives. Alphenor sees *this* ; and, beating his torn breast, flies to *them*, to raise up their cold limbs in *his* embraces ; and falls in the affectionate office. 250. For the Delian god pierces the inner part of his midriff with a fatal shaft, which, as soon as it was drawn out, part of his lungs was pulled out *too* upon the barbs *thereof*, and his blood was poured out with his life into the air. 254. But a single wound *only* does not gash the unshorn Damasichthon : he was struck where the leg begins, and where the sinewy ham makes a soft joint : and, whilst he attempts to draw out the deadly weapon with *his* hand, another arrow was shot through his throat up to the feathers. 259. The blood drove it out, and, darting itself forth, springs up on high ; and, piercing the air, spouts to a great distance. The last of *them*, Ilioneus, in praying, had lift up his arms destined to avail him nothing, and said, "O ye gods, all in common, (being ignorant that they were not all to be addressed) spare *me*." 264. The bow-bearing *god* was moved, when now his arrow was not to be recalled. Yet he died with the least wound, his heart not being deeply wounded with the arrow. The report of *this* calamity, and the grief of the people, and the tears of her *friends*, made the mother acquainted with so sudden a destruction, wondering that *the gods* could do *this*, and being incensed that the celestials should dare to do it, *and* that they had so much privilege. 271. For the father, Amphion, thrusting his sword through his breast, *and* so dying, had ended his grief together with his life. Alas ! how much did this Niobe differ from that Niobe,

who lately had driven the people from the altars of Latona, and with a lofty head had directed her steps through the middle of the city, envied by her own *people*, but now to be pitied even by an enemy! 277. She falls upon the cold bodies, and dispenses, *but* in no order, her last kisses amongst all her sons: from whom lifting up her livid arms to heaven, she says: "Glut thyself, O cruel Latona, with my sorrow: glut thyself, and satiate thy mind with my mourning:" she said too, "Satiating thy cruel heart by seven funerals. I am carried to *my grave*: rejoice and triumph thou, *my* victorious enemy: but why victorious? More is left me, miserable *as I am*, than thou *hast*, happy *as thou art*. I excel *thee* too, after so many deaths." 286. She ceased to speak; *when* the string twanged from a bent bow, which affrighted all, except Niobe alone. She becomes dauntless by her misfortunes. The sisters stood before the beds of *their* brothers, with their hair dishevelled, in black clothes. 290. One of which drawing out the clinging arrow from her bowels, fainted away, ready to die, with her face laid upon a brother. Another, endeavouring to comfort her miserable mother, suddenly was silent, and was doubled together with an invisible wound, (and closed not her mouth till after her breath departed.) Another, flying in vain, falls; another dies upon her sister; another lies hid; you might see another trembling. And six being put to death, and having received different wounds, the last was left; which the mother covering all her body over, with her whole garment, cried out, "Leave me one, and the youngest: I beg *but* the youngest of many, and one:" and whilst she begs, *she* for whom she begged was slain. 302. She sat down, *now* childless among her dead sons and daughters, and husband; and grew rigid by *the force of* her distress. The air moves no hair of *hers*. In her countenance is a colour without blood; her eyes stand unmoved upon her sad cheeks: there is nothing of life in her image. 306. Her tongue itself too congeals within *her mouth*, with her hard palate; and her veins cease to be able to have pulsation. Nor can her neck be bent, nor her arms give any motion, nor her feet go. The stone is

now too within her bowels : yet *she* weeps ; and, wrapt in the whirl of a mighty wind, she was hurried away into her *own* country. There being fixed upon the top of a mountain she dissolves, and the marble still drops tears.

VI. But then all, *both* women and men, dread the manifest anger of the goddess ; and all more zealously honour with worship the great majesty of the twin-bearing goddess : and as it happens, upon this late fact, they tell over again old *deeds*. One of which says, “ *Some* husbandmen of old too, in the land of fruitful Lycia, despised the goddess, but not without punishment.” 319. The thing indeed is *but* obscure, by *reason* of the ignoble birth of the men *concerned therein* ; *but* yet it is wonderful. I saw upon the spot the pool, and the lake noted for the prodigy. For my father being now advanced in age, and incapable of travel, had ordered me to drive from thence *some* choice oxen ; and he had given me, at my going, a guide of that nation. 324. With whom whilst I traverse the pastures *there*, behold an old altar, black with the ashes of sacrifices, stood in the middle of a lake, surrounded with trembling reeds. My guide stood still, and said in a fearful whisper, Favour me : and I said with the like whisper, Favour me. Yet I was asking, whether it was an altar of the Naiades, or Faun, or some native god of the country : when the stranger returned *me* these *words*. 331. “ O youth, there is no deity of the mountains upon this altar. She calls this her’s, whom the royal Juno formerly banished from the world ; whom with much ado the wandering Delos received upon her entreaty, then when the light island floated. 335. There Latona leaning against a palm-tree, with the tree of Pallas, brought forth twins, *much* against the will of their step-mother. The new-delivered *goddess* is said to have fled Juno from hence too, and to have carried in her bosom the two deities, her children. 339. And now the goddess, weary with her long toil, being parched with the heat of the season, contracted a thirst in the country of Lycia, famed for the Chimaera, when the violent sun scorched the fields ; and the hungry children had ex-

hausted the suckling breasts, *when* by chance she saw a lake of good water in the bottom of a valley. *Some* countrymen were there gathering bushy twigs, with rushes, and sedges natural to fens. 346. The Titaness came to it, and pressed the ground with her bent knee, to take up the cold water to drink. The company of rustics forbid her. 348. The goddess thus bespake them that forbade her: "Why do you deny *me* water? the use of water is common. Nature has neither made the sun, nor air, nor the liquid water any *one's* property. I come to favours open to all; which yet I humbly beg you would grant *me*. I was not going to wash my limbs and wearied members here, but only to quench my thirst. The mouth as I speak is devoid of moisture, and my jaws are dry, and scarce is there a passage for my voice within. A draught of water will be nectar to me; and I shall own I received life together *with it*. You will give *me* life in the water. Let those too move you, who hold out their little arms in my bosom:" and by chance the children held out their arms. 360. Whom could not *these* gentle words of the goddess have moved? Yet they persist in hindering her *thus* entreating them; and moreover add threats, if she does not retire to a distance; and reproachful language *too*. Nor was this enough: they likewise disturbed the very lake with their feet and hands; and raised from the bottom of the water the soft mud, by an ill-natured jumping hither and thither. 366. Her resentment removed her *sense of thirst*: for now the daughter of Cœus does not supplicate the unworthy *wretches*, nor does she any longer endure to utter words below *the majesty of* a goddess: and lifting up her palms towards the stars, she said: "May you live for ever in that lake!" 370. The wish of the goddess succeeds. It delights them to go under the waters; and one while to sink their members entirely in the hollow pool; another while to put up their heads, another while to swim on the top of the water; oftentimes to sit on the bank of the lake, *and* often to jump back again into the cold lake: and now too they exercise their filthy tongues in wrangling: and banishing

all shame, though they be under the water, they attempt to give foul language under the water. 377. Their voice too is now hoarse, and their blown-up necks swell; and their brangling dilates *their* wide jaws. Their backs touch their heads; their necks seem intercepted. Their backbone is green; their belly, the greatest part of their body is white: and *these* new frogs leap in the muddy water.

VII. Thus after I know not who had related the destruction of *these* men of the Lycian nation, another remembers the Satyr; whom being vanquished *in playing* upon the Tritonian reed, the son of Latona mortified with punishment. 385. "Why do you pull me from myself?" says he. "Ah! I repent: ah," cried he; "the pipe is not *a matter* so much worth." His skin was pulled down over his upper limbs, as he was crying out; nor was he any thing but *one entire* wound. The blood runs down on all sides; and his nerves being uncovered appear: and *his* trembling veins beat, without any skin *upon them*. 390. You might have numbered his palpitating bowels, and the transparent fibres in *his* breast. The rural Fauns, *those* gods of the woods, and his brother Satyrs, and Olympus too then famous, and the nymphs wept for him; and whosoever upon those mountains fed the wool-bearing flocks, and the horned herds. 396. The fruitful earth was wet; and being wet, received the falling tears, and drank them up within her lower veins. Which, when she had turned into water, she threw out into the open air. The clearest river of Phrygia, making from thence for the rapid sea within its declining banks, has the name of Marsya.

VIII. From these narrations the common people return immediately to the present *transactions*; and mourn for Amphion dead with his issue. The mother is held in odium. Yet one, Pelops, is said to have wept for her too: and, after he had drawn his clothes from his shoulders to his breast, shewed the ivory on his left *shoulder*. This shoulder was, at the time of *his* being born, of the same colour with his right, and of fleshy substance. They say, that the gods soon after

joined *his* limbs cut *asunder* by his father's hands : and the others *of them* being found, *that* part, which is in the middle betwixt the throat and the top of the arm, was wanting : *and* ivory was placed *there* instead of the part that did not appear : and *so* Pelops was made entire by that action.

IX. The neighbouring nobles meet together ; and the cities that were near entreated their kings to go to the consolation *of Pelops*, Argos, and Sparte, and the Pelopeian Mycenæ, and Calydon not yet odious to the stern Diana, and fierce Orchomenos, and Corinth famous for *its* brass, and fruitful Messene, and Patræ, and low-lying Cleonæ, and the Neleian Pylos, and Trœzen not yet belonging to Pitheus, and the other cities which are enclosed by the Isthmus betwixt two seas, and *those that*, being situated without, are seen from the Isthmus betwixt two seas. 421. Who could believe it ? you alone, Athens, forbore *to appear*. A war prevented that civility ; and barbarous troops, brought thither by sea, alarmed the Mopsopian walls. 424. The Thracian Tereus had routed these by *his* auxiliary arms, and had *now got* a famous name by conquering. Whom, as being strong in riches and men, and, as it happened, deriving his original from the great Mars, Pandion united to himself by the marriage of Procne. Juno, the president of marriage, does not *appear at the wedding* ; Hymenæus does not attend, none of the graces appear at that *marriage-bed*. 430. The furies held torches snatched from a funeral. The furies strewed the couch ; and the profane owl brooded upon the house-top, and rested upon the summit of the bed-chamber. Under this bird of omen, were Procne and Tereus joined together : with this *evil* bird, were they made parents. 434. Thrace indeed congratulated them ; and they gave thanks to the gods : and ordered the day, upon which the daughter of Pandion was given to the famous prince, and *that* upon which Itys was born, to be called Festival : so much is their true interest concealed *from men*. Now Titan, *the sun*, had drawn the time of the repeated year through five autumns ; when Procne, blandishing upon her husband, said : “ If I have any favour *with you*, either send me

to see *my* sister, or let *my* sister come hither. You shall promise *your* father-in-law, that she shall return in a short time. *You will act* like a great god to me, if you let me see *my* sister." 444. He orders ships to be drawn down into the sea; and with sails and rowers enters the Cecropian harbour; and lands upon the Pyræan shore. As soon as an opportunity was given him of *speaking* to his father-in-law, and right hand was joined with right, *their* communication begins with an unlucky omen. 449. He had begun to relate the occasion of his coming, *and* the orders of his wife, and to promise a speedy return for *the lady*, if sent. Lo! Philomela comes, richly adorned in noble apparel; *but* richer in her beauty: such as we use to hear the Naiades and Dryades proceed in the middle of woods; if you should but give them the like dress and ornaments. 455. Tereus was inflamed, upon seeing the young lady, as fiercely as if any one should put fire under the ears of corn, *when* gray, or should burn leaves, or hay laid up in stacks. Her face indeed is worthy *of his* passion. But both *his* inbred lust pushes him on; and the people in those parts, are very inclinable to passion. He has a strong inclination to corrupt the care of *her* attendants, and the honesty of *her* nurse; and likewise to solicit herself by large presents, and to spend his whole kingdom *upon her*; or violently to seize, and to secure *her*, *when* seized, by a cruel war. 465. And there is nothing, which, being seized by an unbridled passion, he would not venture upon *for her*; nor does his breast contain the enclosed flames. And now he ill bears with *any* delays; and returns with a forward mouth to the messages of Procne; and acts his own wishes under them. Love made *him* eloquent: and, as oft as he solicited beyond what was fit, he pretended Procne had desired so. 471. He added tears, too, as if she had ordered them likewise. O ye gods above, how much of dark night have mortal breasts *within them*? Tereus, by the very attempting of *his* villany, is thought to be affectionate; and receives praise from his crime. 475. What *shall I say*, that Philomela desires the same? and fawningly holding her father's shoulders with *her* arms, she begs

by her own safety, and against it too, that she may go to see her sister. Tereus views her; and in viewing *her*, handles her in *his lewd imagination*, before the time comes for *his doing it in reality*; and seeing her kisses and her arms cast about *her father's* neck, he receives all these things as incentives, and fuel, and food to his furious passion; and, as oft as she embraces her father, he could wish to have been her father: for indeed he would not have been less wicked. The father is overcome by the prayers of both *his daughters*; she rejoices, and gives her father thanks, and, unhappy creature, thinks that had succeeded well for both, which will be tragical to both. 486. Now but little work was left for Phœbus; and his horses beat with *their* feet the course of the setting sky: royal cheer is set upon the table, and wine *served up* in gold *plate*. After this, their bodies are given up to gentle sleep. 490. But the Odrysian king, although he was withdrawn, is all in confusion about her: and representing to himself her shape, and motion, and hands, imagines what he has not yet seen, *to be* what he wishes; and he feeds his own fires, his passion preventing sleep. It was *now* day-light; and Pandion grasping the right hand of *his* son-in-law on his departure, recommends *to his care* his companion, with gushing tears; "I commit this *girl* to thee, my dear son-in-law, because an affectionate occasion has obliged me to *it*, [and they both desired it, and thou too, Tereus, desiredst *it*], and I earnestly entreat thee by thy honour, and that breast of thine allied to us, *and* by the gods above, protect her by a fatherly love; and send me back, as soon as may be, that sweet comfort of my anxious old age, (all delay will appear long to me;) and do thou, Philomela, if thou hast any affection, return to me as soon as may be, (it is enough that *thy* sister is far away.)" 504. *Thus* he gave order; and at the same time gave kisses to his daughter; and affectionate tears fell amidst *his* instructions *to her*. And he demanded the right *hands* of both, as a pledge of their faith; and joined *them*, when given him, betwixt themselves: and bid *them* with mindful mouths salute for him his absent

daughter and grandson. 509. Scarcely could he utter the last farewell with a mouth full of sobs: and he dreaded the presages of his own mind. But as soon as Philomela was put on board the painted ship, and the sea was agitated by the oars, and the land repulsed; he cries out, "I have gained my point; the object of my longing goes along with me." 515. And the barbarian rejoices excessively; and with difficulty of mind defers his joy; and turns not his eyes away from her. No otherwise than when the ravenous bird of Jupiter has with his crooked talons laid a hare in his high nest: there is no escaping from the captive: the ravager looks upon his prey. 519. And now the voyage was at an end, and they got out of the wearied ships upon their own shore; when the king drags the daughter of Pandion into a stately house concealed in an old wood; and there shuts her up pale and trembling, and fearing all things, and now asking with tears, where *her* sister was: and, confessing his villanous intention, by force masters her a virgin, and alone; whilst she often called upon her father in vain, *and* oftentimes her sister, *but* the great gods above all. 527. She trembles like a frightened lamb, which, being wounded, *and* dashed out of the mouth of a hoary wolf, does not yet seem to herself secure: and as a pigeon, whilst its feathers are wet with its own blood, quavers still, and fears the talons in which she had stuck. 531. By and by after her sense returned, tearing her dishevelled hair, like one mourning, *and* beating *her* arms with lamentations, *and* stretching out her hands, she says; "O barbarous *wretch*, for thy dreadful actions; O cruel *monster*, could neither the charge of my father, with his affectionate tears, move thee; nor a regard for *my* sister, nor my virginity, nor the laws of marriage? Thou hast confounded all. I am become a rival to *my* sister; thou a husband to *us* both; this punishment is not due to me. Why dost thou not take away this life *of mine*? (that no villany may remain *unexecuted* by thee, perfidious *wretch*.) And I wish thou had'st done *so*, before thy guilty embrace: I should have had *my* shade void of *all* crime. Yet if the gods above see these things, if the majesty of

the gods be any thing, if all things are not gone to ruin with myself, some time or other thou shalt make me satisfaction. 544. I myself, casting off *all* shame, will declare thy actions. If opportunity be given me, I will go amongst the people : and if I be kept shut up in the woods, I will fill the woods, and move the conscious rocks. Let heaven, and if there be any god in it, hear these things." 549. After the passion of the cruel tyrant was roused with these *words*, and his fear was no less than that ; pushed on by both causes, he draws the sword, with which he was girt, out of the sheath, and seizing her by the hair, *and* turning her arms behind her back, he compels her to endure chains. Philomela prepared her throat *for the sword*, and had conceived hopes of her death upon seeing the sword. 555. He cut away, with *his* cruel sword, her tongue seized with pincers, whilst she was raving with indignation, and constantly calling upon her father, and struggling to speak. The last *part*, the root of her tongue, moves, quick ; but itself lies on the ground, and mutters still, trembling upon the black earth : and as a tail of a mutilated snake skips about, it beats ; and dying, seeks the feet of its mistress. *Nay*, after this wicked act too (*though* I should scarce dare to believe it) he is said to have often had recourse to her mangled body to gratify his lust. He has the hardiness to return to Procne after these facts ; who, when she saw her husband, inquires after *her* sister ; but he fetches feigned groans, and tells an invented story of her death. 566. And *his* tears procured *him* credit. Procne strips from off her shoulders her robes shining with gold, and is clad in black clothes ; and erects an empty sepulchre, and brings her offerings to her fictitious shade ; and mourns the death of her sister, not to be thus mourned for. 571. The god had run through twice the six signs of *the zodiac* in a complete year. What could Philomela do ? A guard prevents her flight ; the walls of the house are hard, being built of solid stone : her dumb mouth wants a discoverer of the fact. *But* there is in sorrow a deal of sense, and acuteness comes *upon men* in misery. 576. She slyly fixes up warp in a web of the

barbarian fashion ; and interwove red marks in white threads, a discovery of villany ; and delivered the *work*, when finished, to one, and by *her* gesture begs of *him*, that he would carry it to *his* lady. He carried it, as desired, to Procne ; nor does he know what he delivered in it. 581. The wife of the savage tyrant unfolds the web, and reads the miserable ditty of her sister ; and (it is strange *she* could be so) is silent. Her sorrow stopped her mouth ; and words sufficiently outrageous were wanting to her tongue seeking for *them*. 585. Nor is she at leisure to weep ; but rushes forward, confounding both right and wrong ; and is wholly *taken up* in the contrivance of revenge. It was the time when the Sithonian wives used to celebrate the sacred triennial solemnity of Bacchus : night is conscious to their holy rites. In the night Rhodope rings with the tinklings of shrill brass. In the night the queen went out of her house, and is accoutred according to the rites of Bacchus ; and receives frantic arms. 592. Her head is covered with a vine ; a deer's skin hangs down her left side : a smooth pike rests upon her shoulder. 594. Then Procne rushing terrible through the woods, with a company of her *ladies* attending her, and hurried by the fury of her resentment, she pretends it thy frenzy, O Bacchus. She comes at length to the lonely house, and howls amain, and cries Evoe ; and breaks open the gates and seizes her sister ; and puts upon her, being seized, the peculiar badges of Bacchus, and conceals her countenance under sprigs of ivy ; and dragging *her* along astonished, leads *her* into her house. As soon as Philomela perceived she had got into the guilty house, the hapless being was affrighted ; and her face was pale all over. Procne having got a place of secrecy for *it*, takes away the tokens of religion ; and uncovers the blushing face of her poor sister ; and falls to embracing her. 605. But she cannot endure to lift up her eyes upon *her*, seeming to herself *her* sister's rival : and her look being fixed upon the ground, *her* hand was instead of voice to *her* desirous to swear, and call the gods to witness that that shame had been put upon her by violence. Procne herself is in a flame, and contains not

her anger ; and reprehending her sister's weeping, " We must not act," says she, " in this case with tears, but the sword ; nay *with any thing*, if you have any thing, that can outdo the sword. I have, sister, prepared myself for all *manner of* daring. 614. I will either, after I have set fire to the royal palace with torches, throw the villain Tereus into the middle of the flames ; or I will cut away with the sword his tongue, or his eyes, or the members which took your honour from you, or I will drive his guilty soul out by a thousand wounds. It is great, whatsoever I am about ; *but* what it is, I am in doubt as yet." 619. Whilst Procne utters these *words*, Itys came to his mother. What she could do, she was *now* put in mind by him : and beholding *him* with fierce eyes, " Ah !" *said she*, " how like art thou to *thy* father !" So she said, and, speaking no more, she resolves upon a horrid act : and burns with silent rage. 624. Yet when her son came *to her*, and gave his mother a salutation, and drew her neck to *him* with his little arms, and added kisses mixed with childish coaxings ; the mother was really shocked, and her anger stood diminished ; and *her* eyes, in spite of her, were wet with tears forced *from her*. But as soon as she perceived a mother's love shrink through an excessive natural tenderness *for her son*, she turned from him again to the face of her sister ; and looking at them both by turns, she says, " Why does the one employ *upon me* endearing language, *whilst* the other is silent with her tongue cut out ? Why does she not call her sister, which he calls mother ? Consider to what a husband thou art married, O thou daughter of Pandion. 635. Thou degeneratest. Duty to *such* a husband as Tereus is wickedness." And without delay *she* dragged Itys along, like as a tiger of the Ganges *does* the suckling fawn of a doe, through the shady woods. And after they were got into a retired part of the lofty house, Procne strikes with the sword *poor Itys*, where his breast joins upon his side, holding up his hands, and now seeing his fate, and now calling, Ho ! mother, and catching at *her* neck. 642. Nor does she turn away *her* face. Even one wound was enough for him for his

dispatch. Philomela opens his throat with the sword ; and they tear in pieces his members yet alive, and retaining something of existence. Part of these limbs boil in hollow kettles ; part hisses upon spits : the parlour runs down with gore. 647. The wife sets the ignorant Tereus at this table ; and falsely pretending to offer a sacrifice of her country fashion, which it would be lawful for *but* one man to approach, she ordered away his attendants and servants. Tereus, sitting aloft upon a throne of his forefathers, eats, and throws his own bowels into his belly ; and such is the ignorance of his mind : “ Call Itys hither,” said he. 653. Procne cannot dissemble her cruel joy ; and being now desirous to be the discoverer of her murdering *him* ; “ You have within what you call for,” says she. He looks about and seeks where he should be. Upon his seeking, and calling again, Philomela leaped out, as she was, with her hair *all* besmeared with the furious murder, and threw the bloody head of Itys in his father’s face : nor did she wish at any time more to be able to speak, and testify *her* joy by *such* words as he deserved. 661. The Thracian pushes away the table with a huge cry ; and calls the viperean sisters from the Stygian valley : and one while desires, if he could, by opening *his* breast, to throw up the direful repast, and the half-eaten bowels from thence, another while he weeps and calls himself the wretched tomb of his *own* son ; *and* now he follows the daughters of Pandion with his drawn sword. You would have thought that the bodies of the Cecropides, hung upon wings : they did *indeed* hang upon wings : one of which makes for the woods ; the other takes to the houses. 669. Nor as yet have the marks of the murder withdrawn from *her* breast ; and her feathers are stained with blood. He, *made* swift by his resentment, and the desire of revenge, is turned into a bird, upon whose head stand crests : a long bill projects for a long spear. The name of the bird is the Lapwing ; *its* face appears armed. This affliction dispatched Pandion to the Tartarean shades before his day, and the late times of a long old age.

X. Erechtheus takes the command of the place, and

the government of affairs ; it is doubtful whether *he was* more powerful by *his* justice or mighty arms. He had indeed begot four sons, and as many of the female sex ; but the beauty of two of them was alike. Of which Cephalus, the grandson of Æolus, was happy in thee *for* his wife, O Procris. Tereus and the Thracians prejudiced Boreas's *suit* : and the god a long time was deprived of his beloved Orithyia, whilst he entreats, and chooses rather to use prayer than force. 682. But when nothing was done with kind words, *looking* terrible with anger, which is usual, and but too natural with that wind, he said, " And deservedly *am I thus treated*: for why did I quit my weapons, fierceness, and strength, and passion, and a threatening spirit ; and make use of prayers, the use of which does not become me ? 690. Violence is suitable to me : by violence I drive away the dismal clouds ; by violence I shake the seas, and overturn the knotty oaks, and harden the snows, and beat the earth with hail. I also when I have got my brothers in the open air (for that is my field) struggle against *them* with such an effort that the sky betwixt us roars again with our engagement, and fire flashes, breaking from the hollow clouds. 697. I also when I have got under the hollow holes of the earth, and have fiercely put my back under the low caverns *thereof*, disturb the ghosts, and the whole globe with earthquakes. 700. By this means I ought to have sought *this* bed chamber, and Erechtheus should not have been entreated to *become my father-in-law*, but made *such* by force." After Boreas had said these *things*, or things not inferior to these, he shook his wings ; by the tossing of which all the earth was blown upon, and the wide sea quavered. 705. And drawing his dusty coat over the high tops of *mountains* he brushes the ground, and the lover, covered with darkness, grasps within his brown wings *his* Orithyia alarmed with fear. Whilst *she* flies, *his* fire, *by* being swiftly moved, burnt more furiously. 709. Nor did the ravisher stop the reins of *his* airy course till he reached the nations and the cities of the Ciconians. And there she was made the Actæan wife of the frozen king, and a mother, bringing forth a double birth ; who

had the other parts of the mother, *but* the wings of their father. Yet they say these were not born with their bodies. And as long as their long beard with yellow hair was away, the boys, Calais and Zethes, were without feathers. *But* quickly at once wings began to enclose both their sides after the manner of birds, *and* at once their cheeks to grow yellow *with down*. 719. Wherefore, when boyish years gave way to youth, they went with the Minyæ in the first made ship through the sea never disturbed before, to fetch the fleece glittering with bright gold.

BOOK VII.

I. AND now the Minyans ploughed the sea in the Pegasæan ship, and Phineus had been seen dragging on a needy old age in perpetual night : the young sons of Boreas had driven the virgin-faced harpies from the table of the distressed old monarch, and after many adventures under the renowned Jason, had reached the rapid waves of slimy Phasis.

While they repair to the king, and demand the fleece of Phryxus, and conditions are offered dreadful for the number of its mighty labours ; the daughter of Ætes conceives a violent flame : and after struggling long, when by reason she cannot conquer her frenzy : “ In vain (she thus communes with herself), Medea, do you resist ; I know not what god opposes, and it is a wonder but this, or something extremely like it, is what they call love. For why else do the commands of my father appear to me too hard ? yea and indeed they are too hard. Why these my fears lest he whom I saw so lately should perish ? What can be the cause of this mighty fear ? Banish, unhappy nymph, if thou canst, the flames that harbour in thy virgin breast. If indeed I could I should act the wiser part. But a power till now unfelt urges me in spite of myself. Passion persuades one thing and reason another. I see and approve the right, yet knowingly pursue the wrong. Why, royal maid, do you burn for a stranger ? Why covet a husband from a remote part of the world ? This land can furnish objects worthy of thy love. Whether he lives or dies remains at the disposal of the gods. Yet may he live ; and thus far am I allowed to wish, even without the impulse of love. For what crime has Jason committed ? or what breast so savage which the youth, valour, and noble race of Jason does not influence ? Yea, and were these wanting, whom might not this beauty captivate ?

Sure he has captivated my heart. But if left without my aid he must be scorched by the glowing breath of the bulls; and encounter with hosts of earth-born foes, a harvest raised from seed sown by himself: or fall a savage prey to the devouring dragon. If indeed I can suffer this, sure a tigress must have given me birth, and my heart within me is of rock and iron. Why do I not behold him expiring and profane my eyes with the bloody scene? Why do I not animate the bulls against him, and the fierce sons of earth, and the ever-wakeful dragon. May the gods award better things. But in vain do I confide in empty prayers: action and art are here required. Shall I then betray my father's kingdom, and combine to save a wandering stranger, who, victorious by my aid, may perhaps set sail without me, and become the husband of another; abandoning Medea to punishment? If he is capable of this, or can prefer another love to mine, let the ungrateful man perish. But such are his looks, such his nobleness of soul, and graceful form, that I fear no treachery; nor dread his forgetting of my services. He shall besides first plight his faith, and I will call the gods to witness our agreement. What therefore, safe as thou art, can'st thou fear? Haste then, and banish all delay. Jason shall owe his whole remaining life to thee, and unite thee to him by the solemn nuptial torch. The crowd of mothers too, shall celebrate thee through all the Grecian cities, as the preserver of their youth. Shall I then, wafted hence by the winds, abandon my sister, my brother, my father, my gods, and native soil? Why not? My father is cruel, my country barbarous, my brother is but a child, and my sister concurs with my wishes. Love, the most powerful of the gods, urges me by an inward call. Nor are the things I relinquish great, but great are those I pursue: the glory of preserving the Grecian youth, the knowledge of a better country, and towns whose fame even here is great, where reign politeness and the fine arts: Jason too, whom alone I prize beyond all that the whole world can yield; with whom for my husband, I shall be happy, and considered dear to the gods, and with my head touch

the stars. What if I am told, that mountains rush together amidst the waves, and that Charybdis so fatal to ships, now draws in the roaring sea, anon with violence throws it up: or that devouring Scylla, begirt with ravenous sea-dogs, howls in the Sicilian deep? Yet holding what I love, and leaning on Jason's breast, I shall pass the long seas: nought will I fear while embracing him; or, if I fear, it will be for my husband alone. Do you call it a marriage then, Medea, and shelter under specious names your crime? Bethink yourself rather of the mighty iniquity you harbour in your mind, and avoid, while it is yet in your power, the guilt."

She said: and now a sense of virtue, and the duty she owed her father, and shame presented themselves to her; and Cupid vanquished was about to fly. Straight she repairs to the ancient altars of Perseian Hecate, sheltered in a shady grove, and the remote recesses of a wood. And now she was resolved, and the ardour of her passion, by being checked, had considerably abated: when she sees the son of Æson, and the extinguished flame was kindled anew: her cheeks were covered with blushes, and her whole face was in a glow. As a spark is wont to derive nourishment from the winds, and what was but small, while hid under a heap of ashes, yet if blown and roused, increases and rises to its former strength: so her love now languid, which, you would have imagined now declining, on seeing the youth, was rekindled by his presence. By chance too, the son of Æson appeared that day more lovely than usual. You might well pardon her loving. She gazes and holds her eyes continually fixed on him, as if she had now first seen him; nor (blinded as she was by her passion), can be persuaded that she regards a merely mortal face, nor turns away from *beholding* him. But when he began to speak, and seized her right hand, and with submissive voice begged her aid, and promised her his bed; she replies with a flood of tears: "I see what I ought to do, nor does ignorance of the truth, but love blind me. You shall be preserved by my gifts, but remember, when preserved, your engagements." He

swears by the sacred rites of the threefold goddess, and the deity which was revered in that grove ; by *Phæbus*, the father of his future father-in-law, who sees all things, by his own adventures, and the great dangers to which he was exposed. He is believed, and received immediately some enchanted herbs, and learnt their use ; and retired joyful to his house.

Next day, as soon as Aurora had dispersed the sparkling stars, the people meet together in the sacred field of Mars, and range themselves along the hills. The king himself in a robe of purple, and distinguished by an ivory sceptre, takes his seat in the midst of the assembly. When lo the brazen-footed bulls breathe fire from their adamantine nostrils ; and the grass, touched by the vapours, withers. As forges filled with fire send forth a rumbling noise, or as flints dissolved in an earthy furnace, by the sprinkling of water, glow with redoubled fury : so their breasts rolling out the enclosed flames, and their scorched throats resound. Yet the son of *Æson* *boldly* advances to the encounter. They, as he approaches, sternly turn upon him with threatening looks, and aim their horns pointed with steel ; with cloven hoofs they spurn the dusty ground, and fill the air with lowings giving forth clouds of smoke. The Minyans stand congealed with fear : he comes up, nor feels the flames breathed upon him ; so great is the force of drugs. With a daring right hand he strokes their hanging dewlaps, and subjects them to the yoke ; and compels them to draw the ponderous load of the plough, and tear up the plain unused to this, with the share. The Colchians wonder ; his companions fill *the air* with shouts, and inspire him with fresh courage. He then takes the dragon's teeth in a brazen helmet, and strews them over the ploughed-up field. The ground, before impregnated with a strong drug, softens the seed ; and the teeth that had been sown, grow, and form themselves into new bodies. And as an infant assumes the human form in its mother's womb, and is there completed in all its parts, nor till arrived at maturity issues into the common air ; in like manner when the figure of man is ripened in the bowels of the preg-

nant earth, it rises in the fertile plain; and what is yet more wonderful, brandishes its arms produced at the same time: whom when the Pelasgians saw, preparing to hurl their sharp-pointed spears at the head of the Hæmonian youth, they stood with down-cast eyes, and hearts sunk through fear. She too, to whom he owed his safety, trembled; and when she saw him singly attacked by such a host of foes, suddenly the blood forsook her cheeks, and a paleness spreads over all her countenance. And lest the enchanted herbs she had given him, should not avail, she sings an auxiliary charm, and calls in her reserve of secret arts. He, throwing a huge stone amidst his foes, turns their hostile rage thus averted upon themselves. The earth-born brothers perish by mutual wounds, and fall in civil fight. The Greeks congratulate him, caress the conqueror, and hold him fast locked in their embraces. You too, barbarian maid, would have embraced him; modesty opposed the design, yet fain you would have embraced him: but the awe of reputation restrained you. In secret, however, what no one can oppose, you rejoice; and give thanks to your spells, and the gods who favour and promote them.

It now only remains to lull asleep by *potent* herbs the wakeful dragon, who distinguished by his shining crest, and three-forked tongue, and with hooked teeth tremendous, guarded the golden fleece. After he had sprinkled him with the juice of Lethæan herbs, and thrice muttering over him words of powerful virtue to occasion sleep, that would have even calmed the troubled sea, and stopped the course of rapid rivers; sleep insensibly steals upon those eyes that were strangers to it before, and the Æsonian hero possesses the golden prize. Proud of the mighty spoil, and carrying with him the author of the present, a no less glorious spoil, victorious he reached with his wife the port of Jolcos.

II. The Hæmonian matrons and aged sires carry gifts to the temples, for their sons' return; piles of frankincense dissolve upon the altars, and the devoted victim, with gilded horns, falls. Æson alone is absent on this occasion of joy, now on the verge of fate, and

bending under a weight of years. When thus the son of Æson speaks, "O spouse, to whom I owe my safety, although already you have granted every request, and the sum of your favours exceeds belief; yet if spells can do this, and what is it that spells cannot do? Take from the number of my years, and add those you take to my father:" nor could he check the tears. She was touched with the piety of the request, and struck with the recollection of her father Ætes, whom she had abandoned, ashamed of her own different spirit, yet striving to smother her remorse: "What an unjust request, husband (*says she*) has dropped from your pious mouth! Can you expect my consent to transfer to another part of your life? May Hecate never allow of this, nor do you seek a fair demand: yet will I endeavour, Jason, to grant you even more than you ask. My art shall essay to prolong your father's life, without retrenching the number of your years. If the threefold goddess do but concur, and propitious aid this mighty daring." Three nights were wanting that the horns of the moon might meet and form a perfect orb. When she shone full, and with a complete disk surveyed the earth, Medea leaves the palace; her garments flowing loose, her foot bare, and her hair floating carelessly upon her shoulders: thus solitary and unattended, she directs her wandering steps through the dreary silence of midnight. Men, beasts and birds lay now dissolved in soft repose; no murmurs rustle through the hedges, no whispering winds shake the trees, the very leaves are hushed, and through all the air dread silence reigns. The stars alone twinkle: to these she rears her arms, and thrice turning, thrice sprinkling her with water from the running brook, opened her mouth to utter three yells; then with her knee bended on the hard ground: "O night (*says she*) faithful confidant of these my secrets, and ye golden stars that with the moon succeed to the fires of the day: and thou too, threefold Hecate, the friend and abettor of my design; ye charms, and magic arts, and earth, to whom the sorceress owes her magazine of potent herbs; air, winds, mountains, rivers, lakes, and all the gods of the groves, and all the gods

of night, attend here. By your aid, when I please I roll back rivers to their springs, while the banks stand wondering. By your aid my incantations avail, to rouse the still, or calm the troubled sea; to gather or disperse the clouds; to raise or allay the winds. By words and spells I break the serpent's jaws; shake solid rocks, and tear up oaks and whole groves by the roots. At my nod the mountains tremble, earth groans, and the pale ghosts start from their graves. Thee, O moon too, I compel to descend from heaven, though the Temesæan brass aids thee in thy struggles; even the flaming chariot of my grandfather, and ruddy Aurora are rendered pale by the force of my enchantments. You, my charms, blunted the keen edge of the flames, issuing from the brazen-footed bulls; and loaded with the crooked plough those necks, that never before bore the yoke. You turned the cruel war of the serpent breed upon themselves; you lulled to rest the dragon who knew no sleep, and *thus* deceiving the keeper, conveyed the golden treasure into the Grecian towns. Now there is need of juices, by which old age restored, may return to youthful bloom, and resume its early years. And you will give them too; for neither did the stars just now sparkle in vain, nor is the chariot drawn by winged dragons here in vain:" for a chariot had just then descended from above. This she mounts, and strokes the harnessed necks of the dragons, and manages the light reins with her hands. Instantly she is borne aloft, and surveys from her airy height the valleys of Tempe, and guides her snakes towards those chalky regions. Straight she marks the herbs that grow on Ossa and lofty Pelion, Othrys, Pindus, and the summits of Olympus. Part she tears up from their willing roots; part she cuts by the bending sickle's arch. Many plants she culls from the banks of Apidanus, many from the banks of Amphrysus; nor did Enipeus escape her searching hand. Peneus too and Sperchius contributed some, and the rushy shores of Bœbe. She crops also evergreen herbs along Euboic Anthedon, not yet rendered famous by the transformation of Glaucus; and now for nine days and nine nights had she been visiting every

soil, in her chariot drawn by winged dragons. At length she returns, and her dragons, though fed with nothing except odours *exhaled from her plants*, had yet cast the skin of wrinkled old age. At her return, she stood without the threshold and gates of the palace, with heaven only for her canopy, and avoided the embraces of her husband, and raised two altars of turf, on the right hand one to Hecate, and on the left to youth : which after encompassing with vervain and forest boughs, she digs two trenches hard by for the sacrifice, and thrusts knives into the throat of a black ram, and besprinkles the wide ditches with blood. Then pouring into them goblets of liquid wine, and warm milk from brazen bowls ; she mutters at the same time her spells, and invokes the earthly deities. Next she requests the king of shades, and his ravished wife, that they would not haste to deprive Æson's aged limbs of life. When by repeated prayers and tedious mutterings they had been rendered propitious, she ordered the feeble body of Æson to be brought out to the altars. Then casting him into a deep sleep, she extends his body, now like a lifeless corse, upon the herbs she had strewed. She orders Jason and his attending friends to retire, and warns them not to profane with unhallowed eyes her mysterious rites : they retire as ordered. Medea, with her hair dishevelled like a priestess of Bacchus, runs frantic round the blazing altars ; and tinges her numerous split torches in a ditch of black blood, then lights them at the two altars : and thrice lustrates the aged sire with flames, thrice with water, and thrice with sulphur.

Meantime the powerful medicine boils and leaps up in a large cauldron, and whitens with swelling froth. In this she infuses roots gathered in the valleys of Hæmonia, and seeds and flowers, and acrid juices. She adds gems brought from the remote eastern coasts, and sand washed by the ocean's reflux tide ; hoar-frost too gathered during night by the light of the moon, and the flesh and ill-boding wings of a screech-owl ; and the entrails of an ambiguous wolf, wont to transform his savage aspect to that of a man. Nor was there wanting

the scaly slough of the Cynipian water-snake, and liver of a long-lived stag; to which she moreover adds the eggs and bill of a crow, that had sustained a life of nine ages. When with these, and a thousand other nameless ingredients, she had completed the medicine intended for the exhausted *Æson*, she stirs and blends them together with a withered branch of the peaceful olive; when lo, the decayed stock, thus turned round in the boiling cauldron, first begins to look green, soon clothes itself with leaves, and is loaded with a sudden crop of ripe olives. Wherever too the fire throws the foam over the brink of the hollow cauldron, and the warm drops fall upon the earth, the ground blooms; and flowers and herbs arise. Which soon as *Medea* perceived, with a drawn sword she opens the throat of the aged prince; and letting the old blood flow out, replenishes his *veins* with *new* juices. As soon as these are taken in, both by the mouth and opening wound, his hoary hair and beard are changed to black. Leanness flies, his pale and ghastly looks are gone, his hollow arteries beat with fresh supplies of blood, and his limbs luxuriant resume the bloom of youth. *Æson* wonders, and calls to mind that he had been such as now forty years preceding.

III. *Bacchus* from high Olympus beheld the wonders of this amazing prodigy; and, admonished, that to the nymphs who nursed him, the years of youth might be restored, requests this favour of *Medea*.

IV. Moreover that her fell stratagems might not cease, she falsely feigns a quarrel with her husband, and flies suppliant to *Pelias's* gate; where (as he himself was listless through age), his daughters receive her, whom the cunning Colchian soon ensnares by a fallacious show of friendship. And while she repeats, as the most mighty of her services, that she had removed from *Æson* wrinkles and old age, and dwells long on this part of *her story*, a hope naturally arises to the virgin daughters of *Pelias*, that by the like art their father may be restored to youth. This accordingly they request of her, and importunately urge her to bargain for her price. She for some time is silent, and

seems to doubt *her power*, and by an affected gravity holds their eager minds in suspense : but soon after, having granted her promise ; “ That you may the more confide,” says she, “ in this my art, the leader of the flock, the most advanced in age, shall by this preparation become a lamb.” Immediately a ram, exhausted with years innumerable, is brought, his horns winding round his hollow temples. When having opened his withered throat with a Hæmonian knife, and stained with scanty blood the *piercing* steel, the sorceress plunges at once the limbs of the ram and her potent juices into a hollow cauldron. His limbs grow less, his horns are cast, and with his horns his years shrink away, and tender bleatings are heard from the middle of the cauldron. Instantly, while they yet wonder at the bleatings, a lamb springs out, and wantonly frisks about, and seeks for the suckling dugs. The daughters of Pelias are filled with amazement, and as her promises were now confirmed by an experimental proof, more importunately than ever urge their request. Thrice Phœbus had invoked his steeds, plunged in the Iberian waves, and the sparkling stars shone on the fourth night, when deceitful Medea set over a strong fire pure water and herbs devoid of virtue. And now sleep, similar to death, procured by enchantments and the force of a magic tongue, relaxing the bodies of the king and his guards, held them fast locked in his embraces. His daughters, as commanded, had, with the Colchian, entered his chamber, and surrounded the bed. “ Why now,” says she, “ do you hesitate ? whence this indolence ? Unsheathe your swords, and drain *from his body* the aged juices, that I may fill his empty veins with youthful blood. The life and age of your father are in your power. If you have any filial affection, nor cherish vain hope, perform *now* your duty to a father, banish by your weapons his old age, and plunging in him the steel, discharge his putrid gore.” On these exhortations every one, in proportion to her *filial* piety, hastens to be impious ; and that she may not seem wicked, commits wickedness : yet none can bear to behold their own strokes, but turn away their eyes, and

averted deal chance blows with cruel right hands. He, covered with blood, yet raises his body upon his elbow, and half mangled as he was, strives to rise from the bed ; and amidst so many swords stretching out his pale arms : “ What do you perpetrate,” says he, “ my daughters, what arms you to the destruction of your father ?” Their courage and hands failed them. As he was about to have spoke more, Medea tore away his throat with the words, and plunged him thus mangled into the boiling cauldron.

V. VI. And had she not instantly mounted into the air with her winged dragons, she had not escaped vengeance. She flies high, over shady Pelion the habitation of the son of Philyre, and over Othrys, and the places noted for the fate of old Cerambus, who mounted into the air on wings by the aid of the nymphs, when the ponderous globe was overwhelmed with a deluge of waters, escaped undrowned from the flood of Deucalion.

VII. She leaves on her left Æolian Pitane, and the image of the long dragon made of stone, and the Idean grove, where Bacchus, under the deceitful image of a stag, concealed the steer stolen by his son.

VIII. And where the father of Corythus lies buried under a scanty monument of sand.

IX. And the fields, which Mæris alarmed with unusual howling.

X. And the city of Eurypylus, where the Coan matrons appeared with horns, when the herd of Hercules departed thence.

XI. And Phœbean Rhodes, and the Iälÿsian Telchines, whose eyes, corrupting every thing they beheld, Jupiter abhorring, thrust under his brother’s waves.

XII. She passes too over the Cartheian walls of ancient Cea, where in after-times Alcidas was to wonder that a meek dove could arise from the body of his daughter.

XIII. Thence she surveys the lakes of Hyrie ; and Cycneian Tempe, frequented by *Cygnus*, changed suddenly into a swan ; for there Phyllius, at the request of the boy, had made him a present of some birds and a fierce lion tamed, being requested too to subdue a bull,

he had subdued him, but enraged to find his love so often slighted, denies the prize of the bull, though begged as the last reward. The boy, indignant replies, "You shall wish you had given it me," and leaps down from the high rock. All imagined he had perished in *the sea*, but transformed to a swan, he hangs in air on snow-white wings.

XIV. But his mother Hyrie, not knowing that he was preserved, dissolved in tears, and formed a lake called by her own name.

XV. XVI. Hard by is Pleuron, where Combe the daughter of Ophias escaped with trembling wings the wounds inflicted by her sons.

XVII. XVIII. Thence she beholds the fields of Celaurea sacred to Latona, conscious of the transformation of their king with his wife into birds. Cyllene is on the right, where Menephron, after the manner of savage beasts, was to lie with his mother.

XIX. Far hence she saw also Cephisus bemoaning the fate of his grandson, changed by Apollo to a bloated sea-calf; and the palace of Eumelus lamenting his daughter suspended *with wings* in air.

XX. At length borne on the wings of her dragons, she reached Pyrenian Ephyre. Here the writers of old pretend, that in the first ages human bodies were produced from mushrooms raised by rain.

XXI. But after the new bride had perished by the Colchian poisons, and both seas beheld the royal palace in flames, the impious sword is stained with the blood of her own children, and the mother, who had taken this barbarous revenge, escapes the sword of Jason. Hence carried by her Titanian dragons she enters the city of Pallas, which saw thee, Phineus, the most upright of men, and thee, aged Periphas, flying together *through the air*, and the grand-daughter of Polypemon resting upon new wings.

XXII. Here Ægeus receives her, to be censured for this alone: nor is hospitality enough, he joins her to him by the sacred tie of marriage. And now unknown to his father, was Theseus his son arrived, who by his valour had established peace in the Isthmus

between two seas. Medea bent on his destruction, prepares a draught of aconite, which she had formerly brought with her from the Scythian coasts. This they tell us sprung from the *baneful* teeth of the Echidnean monster. There is a gloomy cave with a dark entrance, where may be seen a descending path, along which the Tiryinthian hero dragged in chains of adamant the resisting Cerberus, and turning his eyes aside from day and the sun's dazzling rays, who now outrageous and compelled to yield, filled with triple yells the air, and sprinkled the verdant fields with whitening foam. This congealed and nourished by a fruitful fattening soil, derived *hence*, they say, a noxious power: which because it springs even from hard rocks, tenacious of its growth, the swains call aconite. Ægeus himself, by the contrivance of his wife, presents this deadly poison to his son, as to an enemy. Theseus, ignorant of this, had taken in his right hand the given cup, when his father spied on the ivory hilt of his sword, the tokens of his race: and struck the guilty draught from his mouth. Medea escaped her fate in clouds raised by her enchantment.

XXIII. But the father though overjoyed that his son was safe, yet reflecting with amazement on the near approach to so great a crime, lights fires upon the altars, and accosts the gods with offerings. Axes strike the fat necks of bulls, whose horns were bound with fillets. No day, it is said, ever shone more joyful upon the Athenians than this. Senators and people celebrate the festival, and enlivened by the sprightly juice of the grape, join in songs *of praise*. "Thee, great Theseus, Marathon admired, stained with the blood of the Cretan bull; and that now the swain tills Cromyon secure, nor dreads the bristly monster, is a happiness wholly derived from thee. Epidaurus saw the club-bearing son of Vulcan fall by thy hands. The banks of Cephissus beheld the death of merciless Procrustes; and Eleusis, sacred to Ceres, witnessed Cercyon subdued. Sinis too fell, that monster who barbarously used his mighty strength; who could bend *huge* beams, and strain the topmost boughs of pines to the earth, to strew all around

with mangled human limbs. The road to Alcathe, the city of Lelex, is now open, and secure by the death of Scyron. Neither earth nor sea afford a reception to the scattered bones of the robber, which long tossed, are said to have been at length by time hardened into rocks; and the name of Scyron *still* adheres to the rocks. Were we to recount thy years and glorious acts, thy acts would exceed thy years. For thee, great hero, we undertake public vows; in honour of thee the flowing bowls go round." With the assenting shouts of the people, and acclamations of the favouring multitude, the palace rings; nor is any place, in the whole city sad.

XXIV. And yet (so true it is that pleasure always has an alloy, and some solicitude is ever interrupting our joy) Ægeus enjoys not long, undisturbed, the happiness of having found his son. Minos prepares for war; who, though powerful in troops and a numerous fleet, is still more formidable for a father's resentment, and revenges the death of Androgeos with just arms. But before entering upon war, he secures auxiliary forces, and with a swift fleet, in which he was accounted strong, scours the seas. And first he brings over to him Anaphe, and the realms of Astypale: Anophe by treaty, the Astypalean realms by conquest; then low lying Mycone, and the chalky plains of Cimolus, and fertile Cythnos, and Scyros, and level Seriphos, and Paros rich in marble, and where the treacherous Sithonian betrayed the citadel, upon receiving the gold she had covetously demanded. She was changed into a bird which still retains a passion for gold; the daw, black footed, and covered with black feathers.

XXV. But neither Oliaros, Didyme, Tenos, Andros, Gyaros, nor Peparethos, abounding in olives, joined the Gnossian fleet. Minos therefore tacking to the left, makes for Oenopia, the kingdom of Æacus. Oenopia was its ancient name, but Æacus himself called it Ægina after his mother. The people rush out, impatient to behold a hero of such renown. Telamon, and Pelens younger than Telamon, and Phocus the *king's* third son, go to meet him. Æacus himself too though bending under the weight of years, goes out, and inquires the

cause of his coming. The ruler of an hundred cities, reminded of his fatherly sorrows, sighs, and thus replies : " Assist my arms taken up in revenge for a *murdered* son, nor refuse to bear a share in a pious war. I ask satisfaction for the manes." To him the grandson of Asopus replied : " Your request is vain, nor can the city in which I reign comply, for no land is more strictly allied to Athens than this, and mutual leagues subsist between us." Minos departs sorrowful, and told him as he withdrew, that his confederacy should cost him dear ; yet thinks it better rather to threaten war, than actually engage in it, and waste his strength there, in previous trials. The Cretan fleet might yet be beheld from the Oenopian walls, when an Athenian ship driving with full sails appears, and enters the hospitable port. In it came Cephalus charged with the commands of his country. The young sons of Æacus, though it was now long since they had seen him, yet knew Cephalus again, and gave him their right hands, and conducted him into their father's house. The graceful hero, who still retained the traces of his former beauty, enters, bearing in his hand a branch of his country's olive. Himself the eldest, is attended on each side by two of inferior age, Clytos and Butes the sons of Pallas. After the usual compliments on the first meeting were over, Cephalus lays before them the particulars of the Athenian embassy, begs succours, recounts the mutual treaties and alliances of their ancestors, and adds that Minos aspired after the dominion of all Greece. When he had thus delivered the charge of his fellow-citizens, strengthened with all the force of eloquence, Æacus, leaning with his left hand upon his sceptre, thus replied : " Ask not, O Athenians, but take the assistance you want, nor doubt that all the strength of this island is at your command. I offer the whole, the whole forces of my kingdom to accompany you. Troops are not wanting : I have soldiers enough for my own defence, and to oppose the enemy. Thank heaven it is a favourable season, and admits of no colour for a refusal." " Nay, may it always be so," returns Cephalus, " may you ever increase in power and in number of citizens. Indeed as

I came along it gave me mighty joy to meet so comely a troop of youths, and all too of the same age, yet I miss many from amongst them, whom I remember to have seen when formerly I was entertained at your court." Æacus fetched a groan, and thus spoke with a mournful voice. "*Attend to a history* deplorable in its beginning, but joyful in the end. I wish I could repeat it to you with all its circumstances. At present I shall give you only a summary account, without order, or detaining you with long preamble. They after whom you so mindfully inquire are now bones and ashes, and in their fall how much was my kingdom impaired! A cruel plague raged among my subjects, *occasioned* by the unjust resentment of Juno, who hated a land called by her rival's name. While the calamity seemed natural, and the baneful cause of a destruction so extensively lay concealed, we had recourse to the medicinal arts; but the spreading malady prevailed against all remedies, which lay prostrate being baffled. At first heaven encompassed the earth with thick oppressive darkness, and inclosed within its clouds an unactive suffocating heat. And while the moon four times uniting her horns completed, and four times decreasing unravelled her full orb, the hot south winds breathed their deadly blasts. It is known that even the lakes and fountains were poisoned by the infection, and that many thousands of serpents wandered over the neglected fields, and tainted the rivers with their poison. The violence of this sudden distemper was first discovered by the havoc it made of dogs, birds, sheep, oxen and wild beasts. The unhappy ploughman wonders to see his sturdy steers sink under the yoke, and drop down in the middle of the furrow. The wool-bearing flocks complain in sickly bleatings; their fleeces spontaneously fall off, and their bodies pine away. The once sprightly steed, and of great renown in the race, degenerates, and regardless of the prize and his wonted honours, groans at the crib, doomed to perish by an inglorious fate. The boar forgets his rage, the stag forgets to trust to his fleetness, and the bears to rush among the stronger herds. A faintness seizes all: the woods,

fields, and highways are strewed with loathsome carcasses ; the air is infected with the smell, and, strange to relate, neither dogs nor ravenous birds, nor hoary wolves would touch the carcasses ; they rot and fall away, and emitting noxious exhalations, spread the contagion far and wide. The infection now falls with collected rage on the wretched swains, and riots within the walls of our great cities. It begins with scorching the bowels ; flushings and a difficulty of breathing are the first indications of the latent flame. The tongue grows rough and swells. Their mouths inflamed by the strong beating of the veins open wide, and greedily receive the large indraughts of tainted air. They can endure no covering or couch, they rest their breasts upon the hard ground, nor can they thence derive any coolness, but the heat is communicated to the ground from their bodies. Nor is there any physician to attend them : the cruel calamity breaks out even upon them who administer remedies, and the authors suffer by exercising their own arts. The more nearly and faithfully any one attends, the sooner he falls a victim to his cares. And when now all hope of recovery is gone, and they see that the disease must end in death ; they indulge themselves in all their desires, nor regard the means of relief : for nothing brings relief. And banishing all sense of shame, they lie promiscuously about the fountains, rivers, and capacious wells, nor is their thirst extinguished, but with life itself. Here numbers oppressed with the disease, and unable to rise, die amidst the waters, which are still greedily drunk up. And so impatient the hapless wretches grow of their hated beds, that they leap from them, and if they want strength to stand, roll their bodies on the ground, and fly each their dwellings. All regard their houses as fatal ; and because the source of their disaster is unknown, the crime is charged upon the place. You might have seen them, while yet they were able to stand, stalking *pale* and almost lifeless along the streets, others weeping or lying upon the ground, and rolling with languid motion their expiring eyes (and stretching their feeble limbs to the pendant stars of heaven, they breathe their last

where death chances to overtake them). How melancholy was then the situation of my mind? Could I do other than hate life, and wish to share the fate of my people? wherever I turn my eyes, there I see my people lying dead in heaps, like mellow apples falling from their boughs, or acorns from the shaken oak. You see over against you a temple, raised high on lofty steps. It is sacred to Jupiter. How many offered up incense in vain at these altars? How often did the husband while offering up vows for his wife, and the father for the son, finish their lives at that inexorable shrine; while part of the incense was yet unconsumed in their hands? How often did the bulls when brought to the temples, while yet the priest was pronouncing the vows, and pouring the sacred wine between the horns, fall without waiting for the wound? While even I was offering sacrifice to Jupiter for myself, for my country, and my three sons, the victim uttered dismal lowings, and falling suddenly down, before it received any strokes, tinged the knives applied to it with scanty gore. The diseased entrails too had lost all marks of truth, and all presages of the will of the gods: the baneful distemper penetrates to the inmost bowels. These eyes have seen the carcasses lying in heaps before the gates of the temples; nay, to throw a greater odium on the gods, before the very altars. Some strangle themselves, and banish by an immediate death the continual apprehension of it, and voluntarily invite approaching fate. No dead bodies are, according to custom, accompanied with funeral rites; for the city gates cannot receive the multitude; but they either lie unburied on the ground, or are thrown upon piles without the customary honours. And now all reverence and distinction ceases; they fight even for the funeral piles, and burn the bodies in funeral piles not their own. Friends are wanting to mourn, and the spirits of virgins and matrons, young and old, wander unlamented. Space sufficient cannot be found for graves, nor trees to feed the fires.

“Astonished at such a tempestuous flood of miseries; O Jupiter, said I, if fame does not falsely report, that you went into the embraces of Ægina, the daughter of

Asopus: if you are not ashamed to own yourself my father, either restore my *lost* subjects, or bury me too in the same grave. He gave a signal by lightning and auspicious thunder. I expected the omen, and said: May this be a happy presage of your returning favour; I take the signal you now give as a propitious pledge. Hard by there chanced to be an oak sacred to Jove, of the race of Dodona's oaks, whose boughs spread but thinly from the trunk. Here we beheld the frugal ants in a long train, bearing mighty loads in their little mouths, and pursuing their narrow path along the wrinkled bark. While I stand wondering at their number, *Almighty and kindest Father*, said I, give me subjects numerous as these, and new furnish with citizens my desolate walls. The towering oak trembled, and its tops, though tossed by no winds, rustled. Shivering horror shook my limbs: my hair stood an end—I yet gave kisses to the earth and the oak, and though I avowed not openly my hope, I did hope, and cherished my wishes in my mind. Meantime night comes on, and sleep creeps upon my limbs weighed down with anxiety. The same oak seemed present before my eyes, and to spread out its boughs covered with the same numerous swarms of animals; and to tremble with a like motion and scatter on the fields underneath the grain-gathering troop; which suddenly were seen to grow, and increase more and more in bulk; and raise themselves from the ground, and stand with trunk erect; and throw off their leanness, number of feet, and sable hue, and clothe their limbs in human form. Sleep withdraws; waking, I condemn the *vain* vision, and complain that there is no relief in the gods. Still I heard an increasing murmur in the palace, and human voices, to which I was now in a manner become a stranger, assail my ears. While I suspect these too are only dreams, lo, Telamon enters in haste: and throwing open the doors, Father, says he, come forward, you will see a wonder beyond hope or belief. I follow, and see and know men, such as I had beheld in the vision of my sleep. They advance and salute me king. I offer up vows to Jove, and divide the city, and depopulated lands among my new subjects, and

call them Myrmidons, a name that preserves the memory of their original. You saw their persons, and they still retain the manners of their ancient race; a frugal generation, and patient of toil, retentive of what they have obtained, and who husband their acquisitions. These, alike in years and courage, will follow you to the war, soon as the east wind, which happily brought you hither (for an east wind had brought them) shall change to the south."

XXVI. In these discourses, and such as these, they passed the day; the evening was allotted to feasting, and night to sleep. The golden sun had now shed his beams; but still the east wind blew, nor would permit the sails to return. The sons of Pallas repair to Cephalus who was most in years, and Cephalus was accompanied by them to the king. But as the king was not arisen from sleep, Phocus, his son, receives them at the palace gate; for Telamon and his brother were mustering forces for the war. Phocus conducts the Athenians to the inner recesses of the palace, finely adorned; and being set down with them, observed that the grandson of Æolus had in his hand a dart made of wood to him unknown, and pointed with gold. After some casual conversation, "I am," says he, "addicted to groves, and hunter's sport, yet have for some time been in doubt from what tree that javelin is cut. Sure were it of ash, it must be of a brown colour, if of dog-tree, it would be knotted. I cannot guess whence it is, but my eyes have not seen a weapon more fit for hurling." One of the Athenian brothers rejoins: "You will admire in this dart its usefulness, still greater than its beauty. Fortune guides not its aim, it always hits the game, and drenched in blood, returns spontaneous into the hand that threw it." The Nereian youth is then impatient to know all; he inquires whence and on what account it was given, and who was the author of a present so valuable. Cephalus replies to all; but touched with conscious shame, conceals the occasion of his receiving it; and reflecting with sorrow on the sad fate of his wife, thus delivers himself with a flood of tears. "This dart, goddess born, (can you believe it?) this dart is the

cause of my grief, and will long continue so, if the fates have assigned me a long period of life. This dart destroyed me and my dearest wife. Would to heaven I had always been without this fatal present. Procris was the sister of Orithyia, ravished *by a god* (as peradventure the greater fame of Orithyia may have rather reached your ears.) Though if you compare the faces and manners of the two, she seemed the more deserving of a rape. Her father Erechtheus joined her to me in marriage: love also united her to me. I was accounted happy, and was so indeed; and, had it seemed good to the gods, might have been so still. It was now the second month after the nuptial contract, when saffron-coloured Aurora, dispelling the darkness of the morning saw me as I was planting nets for the horned stags, upon the high tops of ever-flourishing Hymettus; and carried me off, against my will. Let me relate the truth, and without offence to the goddess: amiable ϵ s she is with her rosy mouth, though she possesses the confines of light and darkness, and is fed with the juice of nectar, yet still I loved my Procris. Procris alone was in my thoughts, Procris ever in my mouth. I alleged the sacred ties of marriage, our recent union, the nuptial chambers, and my first and solemn engagements to the forsaken fair. The goddess was provoked: 'Cease,' says she, 'your complaints, ungrateful *youth*; go to your Procris: but if my mind divines aright, sore will you repent your unhappy love:' and thus in anger sent me back. While I return, and revolve within myself the words of the goddess; a jealousy began to arise, lest my wife might have violated the nuptial vow. Her beauty and youth alarm my fears, but her spotless morals forbid every suspicion. But I had been absent, and she, whom I had just left, was an example of a guilty flame, but love is always full of fears and jealousies. I grow impatient to explore what must prove matter of grief to myself, and to solicit with gifts her blameless chastity. Aurora cherishes these fears: and changes my shape, as I seemed then to perceive. I enter Athens, the city of Pallas, in a form unknown, and go to my own house.

The house itself was without blame, and carried all the marks of chastity ; full of concern for the absence of its master. When after a thousand artifices I had at length with great difficulty found access to the daughter of Erechtheus, as soon as I saw her I stood amazed, and well nigh quitted the projected trial of her fidelity : scarce could I refrain from owning the truth, scarce refrain from the wished embrace. She was dejected ; yet even in her grief beautiful beyond compare, and languished in sorrow for the loss of her husband. Judge, young prince, what her beauty must be, when even in tears she looked thus lovely. What need I to repeat how often her chastity baffled all my attempts ? how often she told me, I am reserved for one wherever he is : I keep my joys for him alone. Who in his senses might not have been satisfied with this trial of fidelity ? But it contents not me ; I strive to wound myself, while I promise that I would give vast sums for one night, and by increasing the bribe, bring her at last to waver. Alas ! cried I : Lo, I, the ill concealed, the guilty contracting lover, am your real husband : perfidious wretch, I am myself a witness of your infidelity. She made no reply, but overwhelmed with silent shame, flies the treacherous house, and her deceitful husband, and for my offence, hating the whole race of men, ranges the mountains devoted to the exercises of Diana. Deserted thus, the fire of love more violent than ever raged in my bones ; I begged forgiveness, and owned myself in fault, and that even I might have yielded to the force of presents, had presents of so great value been offered. This confession restored her to my embraces, having but too severely revenged the assault upon her modesty ; and we passed our years in the sweetest harmony. Besides, as if it was but a small gift that she had given me herself, she presented me with a dog, which her own Diana had given her, and promised that he should surpass all others in running. She gave me a dart too, the same that you see now in my hands.

XXVII. "Would you know the fortune of the other present, *the dog*? Hear then : you will be surprised

at the novelty of the wonderful fact. The son of Laius had unfolded the mysterious ænigma impenetrable to the understandings of all who essayed it before; and the dark songster, precipitated from a rock, lay mindless of her riddle. But impartial Themis suffers not crimes like these to escape due vengeance. Instantly another savage ravages the Theban plains; and flocks and swains fall a prey to the rage of the devouring monster. The neighbouring youth convene, and beset the ample fields with toils. But with active bound she eluded the snare, and nimbly overleaped the high barriers of the spreading net. We then let loose our dogs; but she baffles their pursuit, and outflies them, swift as a winged bird. I am then importuned by all to slip my Lælaps, for that was the name of *my wife's* present. From the very first he struggles to break the hampering bonds, and violently strains them with his neck. Scarce was he freed from the chain, when in a moment he appears no more; the prints of his feet are seen in the dust; but himself is snatched from our eyes. No spear flies swifter than he, nor bullets tossed from the whirling sling, or light arrow whizzing from a Cretan bow. A hill, with towering top, surveys the plains around. Thither I mount, to have a view of the unusual chase. Now he seems to hold his prey, now the monster starts from his very fangs; nor holds an even direct course, but eludes the mouth of her pursuer, and winds away in rings, to break the force of his career. He darts upon her, and closely urges his rival; at every stretch he hopes his prey, but still is baffled, and vainly chops the air. I then prepare to launch my javelin; but while I brandish it for the throw, and turn my eyes to fit my fingers to its thongs; looking back, with amazement I behold two marble statues in the middle of the plain: one seems to fly, the other with barking to pursue. Some god undoubtedly (if you can suppose that any god here interposed), transformed them, that both might remain unconquered in the race."

XXVIII. Here he stopped: "But," says Phocus, "what is the crime you charge upon the dart?" When

Cephalus thus resumed his tale. "Let me begin this mournful recital with past joys; these, Phocus, will I first rehearse. O son of Æacus, how I am pleased to reflect upon the happy time, those first years of marriage: when I was so completely blest in a wife, nor she less blest in a husband. Mutual tenderness and endearing love united us. Not Jove himself had been preferred to my embrace; nor could any nymph, not Venus in all her charms, have captivated my heart. Our breasts glowed with an equal flame. It was my custom, soon as the sun's early beams gilded the mountain tops, with youthful fondness to repair to the groves to hunt. Nor took I any servants with me, nor horses, nor quick-scented hounds, nor was I provided with knotted nets. My dart was instead of all; but when satiated with slaughter, I repaired to the cool shades, and refreshing breeze, that breathed from the deep valleys. Fond I was of the cool gale in the noon tide heats; I expected it with impatience, it was a relief after my fatigue. Come, gentle gale, was I wont to sing, (for too well I remember) come to my relief; and grateful, enter my panting bosom; allay, as you are wont, those sultry heats under which I faint. It chanced that I added (so my fate pushed me on), soothing blandishments; and come, would I say, my pleasure; you cherish and refresh me, you make me delight in woods and pathless haunts; that *balmy* breath of yours is ever caught with eagerness by my mouth. I know not who overheard; and misled by the ambiguous words, fancying the name so often invoked, to be that of a nymph, imagined some nymph had captivated my heart. Instantly the rash informer of this fictitious crime, goes to Procris, and repeats to her the sounds he had overheard. Love is easy of belief; soon as she hears it, she faints away, and after a long interval, reviving, complains of her misfortune, and cruel fate, and charges me with breach of faith: thus distracted by the appearance of a groundless crime, she dreads what indeed is nothing, the empty shadow of a name; and grieves as for a real rival. Yet she often wavers in her belief, and inconsolable, hopes she may

be deceived ; nor will credit the information, or charge her husband with a crime, unless she witnesses it herself. Returning Aurora had chased away the darkness of the night : I sally out, make for the woods, and victorious in the field ; ‘Come, gentle gale,’ said I, ‘and relieve my pain :’ and suddenly, while I yet speak, mournful groans strike my ear. Yet again I say, ‘Come, delightful gale.’ The falling leaves again making a rustling noise, I fancied it some wild beast, and launched my flying spear. It was my Procris, and bearing the wound in the middle of the breast, Ah me ! she cried. When knowing it to be the voice of my faithful wife, headlong and distracted I ran to the place. I find her expiring, staining her clothes with streaming blood, and (O woe unutterable), attempting to draw from the wound her own fatal gift : I raise her body in my guilty arms, and tearing the breast of my robe, bind up the cruel wound, and endeavour to stop the blood, and beg her to live, nor leave me thus rendered guilty by her death. But strength failing her, and now just expiring, she could only force out with faltering accent these few words : ‘By all the sacred ties of the nuptial bed I conjure you, by all the gods both of heaven and earth, by whatever made me once appear deserving, and by that love I bear you, the cause of my death, which even now cleaves to me in my last moments, suffer not Aura to share with you the nuptial bed.’ She said ; then at last I perceived, and made her sensible, that it was *merely* the error of a name. But what did it avail me to convince her ? She sinks down, and her little remaining strength vanishes with her blood. Yet while she can look at any thing, she looks on me, and breathes forth her hapless spirit into my own lips.” The weeping hero, by this moving relation, had melted them all into tears ; when lo, Æacus enters with his two sons, and new levied soldiers, whom, well equipped with gallant arms, he puts under the command of Cephalus.

BOOK XI.

WHILST the Thracian poet, with such songs leads the woods, and the minds of wild beasts, and the following rocks; lo! the ladies of the Cyconians, having *their* frenzied breasts covered with wild beasts' skins, espy from the top of a hill Orpheus, accompanying his songs by the struck strings. Of which one, tossing *her* hair through the light air, says, "Lo! here is the despiser of us *all*:" and *then* cast *her* spear at the harmonious mouth of the Apollonean poet. Which, being tied up at the point with leaves, made a mark without a wound. 10. The weapon of another is a stone; which *when* thrown in the very air was overpowered by the harmony of *his* voice and lyre; and lay before his feet, suppliant as it were for such mad attempts. But indeed *this* rash war grows, and *all* moderation was gone; and mad Erinnyes reigns. 15. And all *their* weapons would have been softened by *his* music, but that a loud clamour, and Berecynthian pipes with blown horns, and drums, and clapping of hands, and Bacchean yellings, drowned the sound of his harp. Then at last stones were red with the blood of the poet, no longer heard. 20. And first the Mænades snatched up innumerable birds as yet amazed with the voice of the songster, and snakes too, and a company of wild beasts, the glory of Orpheus's theatre: after that they turn upon Orpheus with bloody hands, and gather together, as birds, if at any time they espy the bird of the night roaming by day. 25. And as a buck, that is to die in the morning in an amphitheatre, is a prey to the dogs; so do they attack the poet, and throw their thyrsuses *covered* with green leaves, *at him*, not made for that use. Some throw turf, others branches torn down from trees, part flint stones. 30. And that weapons may not be wanting to

their fury, by chance *some* oxen were tearing up the earth with a deep sunk plough ; and not far from thence *some* brawny sinewed husbandmen, providing for a harvest with much sweat, were digging the hard fields ; who, seeing this company, run away, and abandon the tools of their work. And *then* lie dispersed through the empty fields, harrows, and heavy rakes, and long spades.

37. Which after the cruel *women* seized upon, and then tore to pieces the oxen with *their* threatening horns ; they return to the dispatch of the poet, and sacrilegiously murder *him*, holding out *his* hands, and then for the first time uttering words in vain, and not affecting *them* with *his* voice : and *his* life breathed out, vanished into the wind, through that mouth (O Jupiter !) which was heard by rocks, and understood by the sense of wild beasts. Thee, Orpheus, the mournful birds, thee a crowd of wild beasts, mourned : the hard stones, the woods that had often followed thy songs *mourned* thee : the trees, putting off their leaves, with their foliage shorn, lamented thee : they say too, that rivers were increased with their own tears : and the Naiades and Dryades had their clothes darkened with black, and their hair dishevelled.

50. *His* members lie in different places. Thou, Hebrus, receivest *his* head, and lyre ; and (O strange !) the lyre, whilst it swims down the middle of the river, makes some sad complaint : *his* dead tongue *too* makes a mournful murmuring noise ; *to which* the banks mournfully reply. And now, falling down into the sea, they leave their country's river, and arrive upon the shore of the Methymnean Lesbos. 56. Here a cruel snake falls upon the head thrown out upon a foreign sand, and upon his hair sprinkled with the dropping blood. At last comes Phœbus, and drives him away, preparing to give *his* bites, and congeals the open jaws of the snake into a stone ; and hardens the wide-gaping mouth just as it was. 61. *His* ghost goes under ground : and reviews again all the places he had seen before : and seeking Eurydice through the fields of the pious, finds *her*, and embraces *her* in his eager arms. 64. Here one while they walk *together* with united paces ; another while he follows her while she precedes,

another goes before : and now Orpheus safely looks back upon his Eurydice.

II. Yet Lyæus does not suffer this wickedness to be unpunished : and grieving for the loss of the poet of his sacrifices, he immediately tied down by a twisted root all the Edonian ladies, which committed the wickedness, in the woods. 71. For he drew out the toes of their feet, as far as each lady had pursued, and thrust them by a sharp point into the solid earth. And as when a bird has plunged his leg into a snare, which a cunning fowler has hid, and perceives that she is held fast, she beats her wings, and by her fluttering binds the snare the faster. 76. So, as each of them adhered in the ground, being affrighted, she attempted flight in vain : but a tough root holds her *fast*, and confines her struggling. 79. And whilst she looks where her fingers are, where her feet and nails, she sees wood gradually grow up upon her long round shanks ; and endeavouring to smite her thigh with *her* mournful right hand, she struck the timber ; her breast too becomes oak. Her shoulders are oak ; and you would think that her stretched out arms were real boughs, and would not be deceived in *so* thinking.

III. Nor is this enough for Bacchus. He forsakes the lands themselves too, and with a better chorus, repairs to the vineyards of his Tymolus, and Pactolus, although it was not golden at that time, nor to be envied for its precious sands. The usual tribe of Satyrs and Bacchæ frequent this ; but Silenus is away. The Phrygian rustics took him tottering with years and wine together ; and led him bound with garlands to *their* king Midas, to whom the Thracian Orpheus had delivered the holy rites of Bacchus, with the Cecropian Eumolpus. 94. Who as he soon as he knew *this* associate and companion in *these* sacrifices, he kept a festival very jovially, upon the coming of *his* guest, for twice five days *together*, and *as many* nights joined in succession. And now the eleventh morning star had collected the troop of the lofty host of stars, when the king came joyful into the lands of the Lydians, and restores Silenus to the youth his foster-child. 100. The god gave him his option of

any favour; pleasing *indeed*, but useless, being glad at the recovery of his foster-father. He, destined to use his grant *but* badly, says, "Grant, that whatever I touch with *my* body, may be turned into yellow gold." 104. Bacchus agrees to his wish, and grants the mischievous favour; and was sorry that he had not desired better things. The Berecynthian hero departs full glad, and rejoices at misfortune; and tries the truth of *Bacchus's* promise, by touching everything: and scarcely believing himself, he pulled from a low oak a twig green with leaves; the twig became gold. 110. He takes a stone from the ground; the stone too was yellow with the *colour of gold*. He touched a turf too, *and* by the potent touch the turf is made a mass of gold. He plucked some dry ears of corn; the corn was gold. He holds an apple pulled from a tree; you would have thought the Hesperides had given it. 114. If he put his fingers to the high door-posts, the door-posts seem to shine. When too he washed his hands in the liquid waters, the waters flowing from his hands might deceive Danae. He scarce contains his hopes in his mind, imagining all things *now to be gold*. 119. His servants set a table before him thus rejoicing, filled with choice dainties, and not devoid of baked bread. But then, whether he touched the gift of Ceres with his right hand; the gift of Ceres became hard. Or if he endeavoured to tear the dainties with his greedy teeth, the dainties, upon the application of *his* teeth, shone as yellow bars. 125. He had mixed the granter of this favour (i.e. *wine*), with pure water; you might *then* have seen liquid gold flow through his jaws. Being astonished at the novelty of *this* calamity, and being rich, yet miserable, he wishes to escape from all this wealth, and hates what he lately wished for. 129. No plenty relieves *his* hunger: dry thirst burns *his* throat; and he is deservedly tormented by the hated gold. And lifting up his hands and shining arms to heaven, says, "Give *me* pardon, O father Lenæus; I have done wrong; but pity *me*, I beseech *you*, and rescue me from *this* specious mischief." 134. The gentle god, Bacchus, restored him *to his former state*, while confessing that

he had done amiss ; and annuls his promise given, *and* favour granted. And that thou mayest not remain overlaid with *thy* ill wished for gold, "Go," says he, "to the river nigh to great Sardis, and take thy way to meet the waters gliding down the top of a mountain, until thou comest to the rise of the river. 140. And put thy head under the frothing spring, where it bursts out with a mighty stream, and wash away thy crime washing thy body too." The king puts himself under the water as ordered. The golden virtue tintured the river, and departed from the man's body into the river. 144. *And* now too the fields, receiving the seed of an old vein, are hard, yellow with turf wet with gold.

IV. He, hating his riches, inhabited the woods, and the country, and *worshipped* Pan dwelling always in mountainous caves ; but his stupid mind remained, and the dulness of a foolish soul was again, as before, to do mischief to its owner. 150. For the high Tmolus grows rocky in a steep ascent, overlooking the sea far and wide ; and stretching out with two ascents, it is bounded on one side by Sardos, and on the other by the humble Hypæpe. Whilst Pan there boasts of his verses to the tender nymphs, and plays airy tunes upon his reeds joined with wax, daring to despise Apollo's songs in comparison of his own, comes to an unequal contest, with Tmolus to judge *thereof*. The old judge sat upon his mountain, and cleared his ears of the trees. His green hair is only covered with oak, and acorns hang about his hollow temples : and he, looking upon the god of cattle, said, "There is no delay in *your* judge." He plays upon his rustic pipe, and delights Midas with his barbarous music (for by chance he was with him, as he sung). After him the sacred Tmolus turned his face to the face of Apollo : his wood followed *his* countenance. 165. He, having his yellow head bound about with Parnassian laurel, brushes the ground with a long robe strongly drenched with a Tyrian dye, and supports on his left hand his lyre adorned with gems and Indian teeth, the other hand held his plectrum. 169. *His* posture was that an artist would select. *And* then he tries the strings with his skilful thumb ; with the sweetness of

which Tmolus being charmed, bids Pan submit his reeds to the harp. *And* the judgment and decision of the sacred mountain pleases all *the company*. It is blamed however, and called unjust, by the language of Midas only. 174. Nor does the Delian *god* suffer his foolish ears to retain *their* human shape, but draws them out into a great length; and fills them with white hairs, and makes them unsteady at the bottom, and gives them a power of moving. The other parts are *those* of man. He is *only* condemned for one part; and so assumes the ears of a slow-moving ass.

V. He indeed conceals *them*, and attempts to cover with red turbans his temples loaded with degrading shame. But a servant, who used to cut his long hair with scissors, had perceived it; who, when he durst not disclose this disgrace, *so* seen, though desirous to publish it to the world, and yet could not keep the secret, retires, digs up the ground; and with a low voice says *therein*, what sort of ears of his master he had seen; and whispers within the earth cast up; and buries the discovery related by his voice with earth thrown into the hole again; and, having covered up the ditch, departs silent. 190. There a grove, thick set with trembling reeds began to rise; and, as soon as it was come to maturity after a full year, it informed upon the planter. For, moved by a gentle south wind, it repeats the buried words, and finds fault with the ears of his master.

VI. The son of Latona having *thus* revenged *himself*, goes away from Tmolus; and riding through the liquid air, arrived in the Laomedontean plains, about the narrow sea of the Nepheleian Helle. There is on the right hand of Sigæum, on the left of the deep Rhœtæum, an old altar, sacred to the Panomphæan thunderer. 199. From thence he sees first Laomedon building the walls of new Troy; and that his mighty undertaking grew with hard labour, and required no small expense. *And then*, with the trident-bearing father of the swelling main, he puts on human shape; and they *together* build the walls for the Phrygian prince; gold being agreed on for the walls. 205. The

work now stood. The king denies their hire; and adds, to crown his perfidiousness, perjury to lying words. "Thou shalt not carry off this unpunished," says the governor of the sea: and he turned all his waters against the shores of covetous Troy. 209. And turns the land into the form of a sea; and took from the husbandmen *all their* wealth; and buries the fields with his waves. Nor is this punishment enough; the king's daughter too is demanded by a sea-monster. Whom, being tied to a hard rock, Alcides delivers, and demands the reward promised. The horses which were named, and the reward of so great a service being denied *him*, he takes the twice perjured walls of conquered Troy. 216. Nor did Telamon, one of his soldiery, come off without honour; and enjoys Hesione *that was given him*. For Peleus was famous for *having a goddess to his wife*: nor is he more proud of the name of his grandfather, than that of his father-in-law: since it has happened not to him alone to be the grandson of Jupiter: *but a goddess for a wife*, fell to him alone.

VII. For old Proteus had said to Thetis, O goddess of the water, conceive: thou wilt be mother to a young man, who by his gallant actions will exceed the actions of his father, and will be called greater than him. 224. Therefore, lest the world should have any thing in it greater than Jupiter; though Jupiter had no slight flame only within his breast; *yet* he avoids the marriage of the sea-born Thetis, and commanded his grandson Peleus to succeed to his desires, and to go to the embraces of that sea-virgin. 229. There is a bay of Hæmonia, bent into two crooked bows: the arms run out. Where, if the water was *but* deeper, there would have been a harbour: *but* the sea is only just drawn over the top of the sand. It has a firm shore, which does not retain the prints of men's feet, nor hinder their course; nor is covered with sea-weeds. 234. There is a grove of myrtle hard by, full of party-coloured berries. There is a cave in the middle, whether formed by nature, or art, is doubtful; yet rather by art: to which you, Thetis, often used to come naked, riding on a bridled dolphin. There Peleus seizes upon you, as you lay fast

asleep ; and, because assailed by supplications, you still resist, he resolves upon *using* force, entangling your neck within both his arms. 241. And if you had not betaken yourself to your usual tricks, by often altering your shape, he would have enjoyed his daring hope. But you were one while a bird (yet he held you fast *when* a bird ;) another while a great tree : Peleus clung close to the tree. 245. Your third shape was *that* of a spotted tiger : with that the son of Æacus being affrighted, loosed his arms from your body. And *then* he worshipped the gods of the sea, by pouring wine into the waters *thereof*, and by the fibres of cattle, and the smoke of frankincense. 249. Till the Carpathian prophet said from the middle of the water, “ Son of Æacus, thou shalt obtain the desired chamber. Do thou only, when she shall rest fast asleep in the cold cave, bind her, *when* not sensible, with cords, and secure bonds. And let her not deceive thee, *though* she counterfeit a hundred shapes, but hold her fast, whatever she shall become, till she turn herself again into what she was before.” 255. This said Proteus, and hid his face in the sea, and let his waves flow in upon his last words. Titan was now descending, and with his pole turned downwards was taking possession of the Hesperian sea ; when the beautiful Nereid, leaving the deep, enters her wonted place of repose. 260. Scarce had Peleus seized the virgin’s limbs ; she changes her shape, till she perceives her members to be held fast ; and her arms stretched out into different directions. Then at last she groaned ; and says, “ Thou dost not overcome me without *the help* of a god ;” and now she appeared as Thetis. The hero embraces her, upon this confession, and enjoys his wish, and impregnates her with the great Achilles.

VIII. And Peleus was happy in his son, and happy in his wife, and *one* to whom all *desirable* things had fallen, if you except the crime of killing Phocus. The Trachinian land receives him guilty of his brother’s blood, and banished from his native country. 270. Here *a prince* sprung from Lucifer as his father, and exhibiting in his face his father’s comeliness, Ceyx, held the kingdom without violence, *and* without slaughter :

who being sad at that time, and unlike himself, lamented his lost brother. 274. Whither after the son of Æacus, weary with anxiety and travel, was come, and entered the city with a few companions, and had left the flocks of cattle *and* the herds which he brought along with him, not far from the walls, in a shady valley; when liberty was first given him to address the prince, holding out badges of peace in his suppliant hand, he tells him who he was, and from whom descended: he only conceals his crime. 281. And dissembling the true cause of his banishment, begs that he would assist him by a *reception in his city or country*. In answer, the Trachinian prince speaks to him with gentle mouth, in such *words as these*: “Peleus, our conveniencies are open to the meanest of the commonalty; nor have we *here* an inhospitable kingdom. 285 You add to this inclination of *ours* powerful enticements, a famous name, and your grandfather Jupiter. And *therefore* lose not time in entreating us: you shall have all that you ask. And look upon these things, whatsoever you see, as in part your own. I wish you could see them better!” and *then* he wept. 289. Peleus and his attendants ask him what cause occasioned him such mighty grief. To whom he *thus* speaks: “Perhaps you may think that this bird, which lives upon prey, and affrights all the birds, had always wings. It was once a man; and the courage of his mind is as great, as ever he was active and stout in war, and inclinable to violence, by name Dædalion: sprung from him *as* his father, who calls out Aurora, and withdraws the last from heaven. 297. Peace was cultivated by me, my care was to preserve peace, and my helpmate: cruel war pleased my brother. 299. His valour subdued kings and nations; he who now, being changed, drives before him the Thisbean doves. He had a daughter *called* Chione, who, being extraordinarily endowed with beauty, pleased a thousand wooers, *when* marriageable, being twice seven years *old*. 303. By chance Phœbus, and the son of Maia, returning, the one from his Delphi, *and* the other from the top of Cyllene, saw her together, *and* together entertained a warm passion *for her*. 306. Apollo defers his hope of enjoy-

ment till night; the other could not bear delays, and touches the virgin's mouth with his staff that causes sleep. She lies fast by the powerful touch, and suffers a ravishment from the god. 309. Night had scattered the heaven with stars; Phœbus personates an old woman, and takes the joys he longed for. As soon as her womb had fulfilled its time, that crafty child Antolycus is born of the stock of the winged god, expert at all theft, *and* who was wont, as not degenerating from his father in *his* art, to make white of black, and black of white. From Phœbus is born (for she brought forth twins) Philammon, famous for sweet singing, and the harp. *But* what avails it to her to have borne two *children*, and to have pleased two gods, and to have been sprung from a gallant father, and the thunderer her forefather? Is not glory a prejudice to many? 321. It was a prejudice to her however, who dared to prefer herself before Diana, and blamed the face of the goddess. But a violent passion was *thereby* raised in her: 'And we will please by actions *however*,' says she. 324. And without delay, she bent her bow, and let fly an arrow from the string, and pierced her guilty tongue quite through. The tongue is silent; nor does her voice, and the words, she attempted *to utter*, follow: and life, with her blood, left *her* endeavouring to speak. What a pain (O miserable natural affection!) did I then endure in the heart of an uncle, and *what* consolations did I administer to my affectionate brother. 330. Which the father receives no otherwise than rocks do the murmuring noise of the sea: and he *notwithstanding* sadly laments his daughter *thus* taken *from him*. But when he saw her burning *upon the pile*, four times had he a strong impulse to rush into the middle of the pile; *but* being four times repulsed from thence, he commits his swift members to flight, and, like a bullock bearing the stings of wasps upon his galled neck, away he runs where there is no way. 336. Even then he seemed to me to run faster than a man; and you would have thought that his feet had got wings. Wherefore he escaped all; and swift through the desire of death, he gains the top of *mount Parnassus*. 339. Apollo, pitying

him, when Dædalion threw himself from the top of a rock, he made *him* a bird, and supported *him* hanging *in the air* upon wings suddenly created; and gave *him* a crooked bill, *and* gave *him* crooked hooks upon his nails; his former mettle *and* strength greater than *in proportion* to his body. 334. And now being a hawk, *and* sufficiently equitable to none, he exercises his rage upon all birds; and being grieved himself, is the cause of grief to others."

IX. Which wonders whilst the son of Lucifer relates of his brother, the Phocæan Anetor, the keeper of his herds, flies to him in all haste with a panting run. 349. "Alas! Peleus, Peleus," says he, "I am come a messenger to you of a great calamity." Peleus bids him declare what news he brought: *and* the Trachinian hero is in suspense, and trembles through fear. He tells *his story*: "I had driven," *says he*, "the weary bullocks to the winding shore, when the Sun, being at the highest in the middle of his round, saw as much *left* behind him, as he saw remain *of his course*." 355. And a part of the oxen had bent their knees upon the yellow sands, and, as they lay, gazed upon the plains of wide waters: some strolled about with slow steps hither and thither: others swim, and are above the seas only with their tall necks. 359. A temple is hard by the sea, neither famous for marble, nor gold; but thick beams, and shaded by an ancient grove. The Nereids and Nereus own it. A sailor told *us*, these were the gods of the temple, whilst he is drying his nets upon the shore. A marsh is joined to this, set thick with shallows; which marsh the water of the overflowing sea made. 365. From thence a huge beast, a wolf, causing alarm with crashing noise, affrights the neighbouring parts, and sallies out of the fenny woods, having his thundering jaws bedaubed with froth and gross blood, *and* his eyes overspread with red flame. Who, though he rage with madness and hunger both, *yet* is he more violent with madness. 370. For he does not break his fast only with the slaughter of oxen, and satiate his direful hunger; but wounds the whole herd, and in an hostile manner lays the whole upon the ground. Some of us too, whilst we defend it, being wounded with

fatal bites, are given up to death. 374. The shore and the edge of the waters are red with blood, and the fens filled with the lowings of the cattle. But *all* delay is of ill consequence; nor does the thing allow of any hesitation. Whilst anything is left, let us all draw together, and take arms, arms, *I say*, and carry weapons conjointly." 379. *Thus* spoke the countryman. The loss did not affect Peleus; but, being mindful of his crime, he concludes that the childish Nereis sent *those* losses of his, as offerings to the murdered Phocus. The Oetæan king orders the men to put on their arms, and take able weapons: with whom he likewise was preparing to go. But Halcyone his wife, being alarmed by the confusion, runs out; and having not yet all her hair in order, she puts again in disorder those *that were*: and falling upon the neck of her husband, begs, both with words and tears, that he would send assistance, without *going* himself; and *so* save two lives in one. 389. The son of Æacus *says* to her, "O queen, lay aside your commendable and affectionate fears: the favour of your promise is complete. It does not please me, that arms should be employed against this new monster. A goddess of the sea must be adored." There was a high tower, *and* a fire upon the highest eminence of it, a place grateful to weary ships. 394. They go up thither, and with groans behold the bulls laid *dead* upon the shore, and the cruel ravager with bloody mouth, having his long hair stained with blood. From thence Peleus, holding up his hands over the shores of the open sea, begs the green Psamathe, that she would make an end of her anger, and give him help. But she is not moved by the supplicating son of Æacus. Thetis, interceding for her spouse, received that favour *from him*. 401. But yet the wolf persists, unrecalled from his furious slaughter, raging by *reason of* the sweetness of blood, till she changed him into marble sticking upon the neck of a torn bullock. The *new* body retains all but the colour. The colour of the stone shews that he is not now a wolf, and now ought not to be feared. Yet the fates do not suffer the banished Peleus to rest in this land: the wandering exile proceeds to the Mag-

nesians, and there receives from the Hæmonian Acastus an expiation of his murder.

X. In the mean time Ceyx, disturbed in his mind, anxious for the strange things that befel his brother, and pursued his brother, resolves to go to the Clarian Apollo, to consult the sacred oracle, *that* consolation of men : for the profane Phorbas with *his* Phlegyæ made the temple of Delphi inaccessible. Yet he makes you first acquainted with his design, most faithful Halcyone ; whose inmost bones immediately received a chill, and a paleness like the colour of the box-tree covers her face, and her cheeks were wet with tears pouring out. 419. Three times attempting to speak, three times she watered her face with weeping ; and sobs interrupting her affectionate complaints, she said : “ My dearest, what fault of mine has changed your mind ? where is *that* care of me, that used to be *in you* before ? Can you now be absent, *and* easy, when you have left your Halcyone ! Now a long journey pleases you : now I am dearer to you, when absent from you. 425. But, I suppose, your journey is *only* by land, and I shall only grieve, but not fear ; and my trouble will be without any apprehensions for you. The seas fright me, and the dismal appearance of the sea. I saw broken boards lately upon the shore ; and I have often read names without bodies upon the tomb. 430. And let not *any* deceitful assurance possess your mind, that the son of Hippotas, is your father-in-law ; who confines the stout winds in prison, and assuages the sea, when he pleases. When the winds, once let out, have mastered the seas, nothing is to them forbidden ; every land, and every sea is unregarded by them. They disturb too the clouds of heaven, and force from thence red fire by their fierce contests. 437. The more I know them (for I know them, and I have often seen them in my father’s house, *when* young), the more I think they are to be feared. 439. But if, dear husband, your resolution can be changed by no prayers, and you are too much fixed upon going, take me together along with you. We shall at least be tossed together ; nor shall I fear any thing, but what I suffer ; and we shall endure together whatsoever shall be ; *and*

shall be carried together upon the wide seas." 444. Her starry husband is moved with these words and tears of the daughter of Æolus: for love in him is no less. But he is neither willing to quit his intended journey by sea, nor to admit Halcyone to a share in the danger: and said in answer many things to comfort her timorous breast. But yet he does not therefore make good his cause. He added to those things too this softening, by which alone he wrought up his loving *wife*; "All delay will indeed be tedious to me; but I swear to thee by my father's fire, (if the fates will but send me back again) that I will return before the moon twice fills its orb." 454. After by this promise, hope was given her of his *speedy* return, he immediately orders a ship, drawn out of the dock, to be launched into the sea, and to be furnished with its proper rigging. Which being seen again, as if presaging what was to come to pass, Halcyone shivered, and shed tears bursting out, and gave him embraces: and, sadly said at last with a sorrowful tone, "Farewell;" and immediately fell fainting with her whole frame. 461. But the young men *on board*, whilst Ceyx seeks *pretences* for delay, in double banks draw the oars to their stout breasts, and with equal strokes cut the seas. She lifts up her tearful eyes, and *immediately* sees her husband standing upon the crooked stern, and making the first signs to her, by waving his hand: and she returns the signs. When the earth *seemingly* withdrew further off, and her eyes cannot *now* distinguish his face: whilst she can, she follows the flying ship with her eyes. 469. When this too, being carried off to a great distance, could not be seen; yet she looks at the sails waving on the top of the mast. When she *now* does not see the sails, she goes full of concern to her lonely bed, and lays herself down thereon. And the bed and the place renew the tears of Halcyone, and put her in mind what part of *herself* was wanting. They were now got out of the harbour, and the air tossed the ropes. The sailors turn the hanging oars to the side *of the ship*, and fix the sail yards on the top of the mast, and draw all the sails down along the mast, and receive the coming wind. Either

the lesser part, or, however, not more than the middle part of the sea was now cut by the ship, and both lands *on each side* were a great way off; when about night the sea began to grow white with swelling waves, and the boisterous east-wind to blow more furiously. 482. The master cries out presently: "Lower the lofty yards, and furl the sails to the yards." 484. *So* he orders; *but* the storm full in front hinders *the execution* of his orders; nor does the crashing noise of the sea suffer any word to be heard. Yet some hasten of their own accord to pull up the oars; part to secure the sides; part to withdraw the sails from the winds. One bales out the waves, and pours the sea into the sea, another takes off the yards. 489. Which things whilst they are done without any order, the rugged storm grows; and the fierce winds on all sides wage war, and confound the raging seas. The master of the ship himself is affrighted: even he confesses that he does not *well* know what *their* condition is, or what he should order or forbid: so great is the load of their calamity, and more powerful than all *his* art. 495. For the men make a noise with their clamour, *and* the ropes with the hissing *of the winds*, *and* the heavy waves with the dashing of other waves against *them*, *and* the sky with thunder. The sea is raised with waves, and seems to equal the heavens in *height*, and to dash the clouds drawn over *them* with the spray. 499. And one while, whilst it brushes up the yellow sands from the bottom, it is of the same colour with them; another while, blacker than the Stygian water; sometimes it is level, and is white with noisy froth. The Trachinian ship too is disturbed with these turns; and seems one while from aloft to look down into the valleys, and the infernal Acheron, as from the top of a mountain. 505. Another while, when the crested sea has stood about it, sinking in the hollow, to look from the infernal waters up to heaven. Often, *when* struck upon the side with a wave, it makes a huge crashing noise: nor does it, *when* beat, make a lighter noise than the iron ram, at any time, or balista, when it shakes the battered towers. 510. And as fierce lions, gathering strength in rush-

ing forwards, advance with their breasts against arms and weapons held out against *them*; so the water, when upon the rising of the wind it gave itself free scope, advanced against the rigging of the ship, and was much higher than it. 514. And now the pins of the boards shrink, and the chinks, stripped of their stoppage of wax, lie open, and make way for the deadly water. Lo, vast showers fall from the dissolved clouds; and you would think that all heaven was coming down into the sea, and that the swelling sea was mounting up into the quarters of heaven. 519. The sails are wet with showers; and the waters of the sea are mixed with the waters of heaven. The sky is without its starry fires; and the dark night is oppressed with the darkness of the storm and its own *together*. Yet the darting thunder dispels it, and gives light; the waters burn with the fires of the thunder. 524. And now the waves leap in the hollow ribs of the ship: and as a soldier, better than all the number *beside him*, after he has often leaped up against the walls of a defended city, at last enjoys his hopes; and *though but* one among a thousand men, fired with the love of praise, yet seizes the wall. 529. Thus, after the violent waves have beat the high sides *of the ship*, the fury of the tenth wave, rising vastly above *the rest*, rushes on and ceases not to attack the wearied ship, until it descends within the sides of the taken vessel. 533. Wherefore part of the sea attempted still to invade the ship, *and* part was within it. They all *now* are in no less hurry, through fright, than a city uses to be in confusion, whilst some are undermining the walls without, and others have possession of the walls within. 537. Art fails *them*, and their courage falls; and as many deaths seem to rush and break in upon *them*, as waves do come. One does not refrain from tears; another is stupid, another calls those happy for whom funerals are secured; another worships the gods by his prayers, and lifting up his hands in vain to that heaven, which he does not see, begs help. His brothers and parents come into the mind of another: into *that of* another his house with his children, and what he has left. 544. Halcyone

moves Ceyx : none but Halcyone is in the mouth of Ceyx ; and, though he longs for *her* alone, yet he rejoices she is not there. He would gladly too look back to the coast of his country, and turn his last views upon his home : but he knows not where it is. The sea is confounded with so great a whirlpool, and all heaven is concealed with a shade of dark clouds drawn over it ; and the face of the night is darkened. 551. The mast is broke with the force of the showery tempest ; the helm likewise is broke : and the boisterous wave, standing like a conqueror over its spoils, looks down upon the crooked waves *below* : nor does it rush less violently, than if any *god*, tearing up all Athos and Pindos, from their bottoms, should tumble them into the open sea : and with the weight and stroke together, sinks the ship to the bottom. With which a great part of the men being kept down under the heavy water, and not returned to the air again, fulfilled their fate. 559. Others seize upon the parts and broken members of the ship. Ceyx himself holds pieces of the ship, in his hand, in which he used *to hold* a sceptre ; and calls upon his father-in-law, and father, *but*, alas ! in vain. But his wife Halcyone is ever in his mouth, as he swam : her he remembers, and mentions again and again. 564. He wishes the waves would drive his body before her eyes, and that he may be buried *when* dead, by her friendly hands. Whilst he swims, he names his absent Halcyone, as oft as the waves suffer him to gape ; and he *vents his* murmurs into the waters themselves. *When* lo a black bow of waters breaks over the middle of the waves, and buries his head sunk in the broken water. 570. Lucifer was dark that night, and such as you could not have known *him* : and, because he could not retire from heaven, he covered his face with thick clouds. In the meantime the daughter of Æolus, ignorant of *this* so great calamity, counts the nights ; and now hastens *the making* of garments for him to put on, *and* others for her to wear herself, when he comes *home* ; and promises herself his return in vain. 577. She indeed piously offered frankincense to all the gods above ; yet above all she religiously attended the temple

of Juno, and came to the altars for the sake of that husband, who *now* was no *more*. 580. And prayed that her husband might be safe, and that he might return, and prefer no *woman* before her. But this alone, of so many things she prayed for, could fall to her share. But the goddess endures not any longer to be prayed to for one that had undergone death; and, that she might keep her polluted hands from the altars, she said, "Go, Iris, the faithful carrier of my words, and speedily visit the soporiferous court of *the god* Sleep, and bid *him* send to Halcyone a dream in the shape of Ceyx *lately* dead, to tell *her* *his* real mischance." Thus she said. Iris puts on a robe of a thousand colours, and, marking the heavens with an arched bow, she goes to the house of the king, as ordered, concealed under a rock. 592. There is nigh the Cimmerians a cave with a deep recess, being a hollow mountain, the house and retirement of lazy Sleep; into which the rising, or mid-day, or setting sun can never come with *his* rays. Fogs mixed with darkness are exhaled from the ground, and twilights of dubious light. 597. The wakeful bird does not there call out the morn with the crowing of his crested mouth; nor do vexed dogs, or the goose more observing than the dogs, break the silence with their noise. Neither wild beasts, nor cattle, nor boughs moved with a blast of *wind*, nor the railing of human tongues make *any* noise *there*. Dumb rest dwells *in it*. Yet the river of the water of Lethe, through which the stream, sliding along with a murmuring noise over rattling stones, invites sleep, issues out of the bottom of the rock. 605. Before the door of the cave poppies flourish in great plenty, and innumerable herbs; from the juice of which the moist night gathers sleep, and scatters it over the dusky earth. *There* is no door in the whole house which might make a noise by the turning of *its* hinges; no porter at the entrance. 610. But in the middle there is a bed, raised high upon black ebony, stuffed with feathers, of a black colour, and covered with a black quilt, in which the god lies, *when* his limbs are unnerved with weariness. All around him lie, imitating divers shapes, as many vain

dreams, as a field of corn bears ears, *or* a wood leaves, *or* the shore sands thrown out *upon it*. 616. Into which as soon as the maid entered, and put by with her hands the dreams in her way, the sacred house shone with the splendour of her garment; and the god scarce lifting up his eyes, sunk in dull heaviness, and falling asleep again and again, and smiting the top of his breast with *his* nodding chin, at last shook himself from himself, and raised upon *his* elbow, he asks her what she came for (for he knew *her*). 662. But she *replies*: “Sleep, *thou* rest of things, Sleep, gentlest of the gods, peace of the mind, whom care flies from, who relievest *men’s* hearts, wearied with the services of the day, and refittest them for labour; command dreams, that equal real shapes in *their* imitation of *them*, to go to Halcyone in the Herculean Trachis, in form of the king, and represent the appearance of a shipwreck. 629. Juno commands this.” After Iris had executed her orders, away she goes; for she could not endure the violence of the vapour *there* any longer: and, as soon as she perceived Sleep creeping upon her limbs, away she flies, and returns along the bow, through which she before had come. But father *Sleep*, out of a tribe of a thousand sons of his, raises Morpheus, a wondrous artist, and an *admirable* counterfeiter of *any* shape. 635. Not one represents more dexterously, than he, any appointed gait, and countenance, and manner of speaking: *to this* he adds their clothes too, and the words most used by any one. But he imitates men only: and another becomes a wild beast, becomes a bird, becomes a serpent with a long body. 640. The gods above call him Icelos, *but* the race of mortals Phobetor. There is likewise a third, master of a different art, *called* Phantasos. He successfully passes into ground, and stone, and water, and beams, and all things which are without life. 644. These are used to shew their countenances in the night to kings and generals; others wander through the populace, and the commonalty. These the old *god* passes by; and of all the brothers, Sleep chooses one, Morpheus, to execute the orders of the daughter of Thaumias; and again laid down his

head relaxed in soft sleep, and hid himself in the high bed. 650. He flies with wings that make no noise, through the dark ; and within a short time of delay came into the Hæmonian city, *Trachis* ; and, stripping his wings from off his body, gets into the shape of Ceyx : and under that form, pale, *and* like one without blood, without any clothes, he stood before the bed of the miserable wife. 655. The man's beard seems wet, and the water to flow thick from his wet hair. Then lying upon the bed, with tears running down his face, he says these *words* : " Most miserable wife, dost thou recognize Ceyx ? or is my face changed with death ? look at *me* ; you will know *me* : and thou wilt find for thy husband the ghost of thy husband. 661. Thy prayers, Halcyone, brought me no help. I am gone. Do not, deluded one ! promise me to thyself. The cloudy south wind caught the ship in the *Ægean* sea, and broke it, tossed about by mighty blasts ; and the waves filled my mouth calling upon thy name in vain. No questionable author tells thee this. Thou dost not hear these *things* by wandering reports. I myself, shipwrecked, tell thee *here* present my fate. Come, rise ; give *me* tears, and put on mourning ; and do not send me unlamented to empty Tartarus." 671. To these *words* Morpheus joins a voice, which she might believe to be *that* of her husband. He seemed likewise to pour out real tears ; and his hands had the gesture of Ceyx's. Halcyone groans, crying, and moves her arms in her sleep, and, catching at *his* body, grasps the air ; and cries out, " Stay : whither do you hurry yourself ? we will go together." 677. Being disturbed by her own voice, and the appearance of her husband, she shakes off sleep ; and first she looks about *to see* if he was there, who lately seemed *to be there*. 679. For the servants, raised by the voice, had brought in a light. After she found *him* nowhere, she beats *her* face with *her* hand, and tears *her* clothes from *her* breast, and smites *her* breast herself. Nor does she mind to loose *her* hair, *but* tears *it* ; and to *her* nurse, asking what *was* the occasion of *her* mourning ; *so*, says, " Halcyone is no more, no more ! she is dead with her *dear* Ceyx. Away with comforting words.

686. He has perished by shipwreck. I have seen *him*, and knew *him again*; and stretched out *my* hands to him *at his* departing, *as* being desirous to retain *him*. His spirit fled; but yet it was the plain and real ghost of my husband. 689. He had not, indeed, if you ask *me that, his* usual countenance; nor did he look bright with the same face as before. Unhappy creature! I saw *him* pale, and naked, and with his hair still wet. Lo he stood, wretched *man!* in this very place;” and she looks *to see* if any prints of his feet be left. 694. “This was *it*, this *was* what I dreaded in *my* presaging mind; and begged thou wouldst not fly from me, and follow the winds. But, however, I wish, since thou didst go away to perish, thou hadst taken me too. It would have been good for me to go with thee; yes, with thee. For *so* I should not have spent any of the time of my life not together *with thee*; nor would *my* death have been separated. 700. Now I perish, absent *from thee*; now, though distant, I am tossed upon the waves, and the sea has me, without me. *My* mind would be more cruel to me than the sea itself, if I should endeavour to continue my life any longer, and struggle to survive so great a trouble. 704. But I will neither struggle, nor leave thee, lost one, and I will now at least come *to be* a companion to thee. And in the grave, if an urn *does not*, yet an inscription shall unite us; *and* if I do not touch *thy* bones with my bones, yet I will touch *thy* name with *my* name.” *Her* sorrow forbids *her saying* more; and lamentation intermixes with all *her* words; and groans are fetched from *her* astonished heart. 710. It was morning: she goes out of the house to the shore, and *all* mournful returns to that place, from which she had seen him go: and whilst she says, “Here he stayed;” and whilst *she says*, “Here he loosed the *ship’s* cables; at his departing he gave me kisses upon this shore;” and whilst she observes the place with her eyes, and remembers what had been done *there*, and looks upon the sea; she observes I know not what upon the liquid water at a distant space, like a body: and at first *it* was doubtful what it was. 717. After the water brought it a little *nearer*; although it

was still a good way off, yet it was plain it was a body. Ignorant who it was, *yet* because *it was* a shipwrecked *man*, she was disturbed at the omen; and, as if she was giving tears to an unknown *person*, she says, "Alas, lost one! whosoever thou art, alas! if thou hast any wife!" The body, driven by the waves, comes yet nearer. Which the more she looks at, the less and less is she her own mistress, being quite distracted. And now being brought nigh to the adjoining land, she sees what she now could well discern: it was her husband. She cries out, "It is he;" and at the same time she tears *her* face, hair, and clothes: and stretching out *her* trembling hands to Ceyx, she says, "Dost thou thus, my dearest, return to me, thus, *my* poor husband?" There is by the water a mole, made by *men's* hands; which breaks the first fury of the sea, and weakens the assault of the first waters. Upon that she leaps, and it was wonderful she could *but* she flew; and smiting the light air with *her* wings lately formed, she, *now* a miserable bird, grazed upon the top of the water. And whilst she flies, her rattling mouth made through a slender bill a noise like a mournful *one*, and full of complaint. 736. But as soon as she touched the dumb and bloodless body, embracing *his* beloved limbs with her new wings, she gave him in vain cold kisses with *her* hard bill. The people *by*, doubted whether Ceyx perceived it, or he seemed to lift up his countenance by the motion of the water: but he really perceived it. And at last both, the gods pitying *them*, are changed into birds. Then too their love continued liable to the same fate: nor was the matrimonial contract broke in *them* as birds. 744. They couple, and become parents: and for seven smooth days in the winter-time Halcyone broods upon her nest hanging on the sea. Then the passage of the sea is safe. Æolus keeps the winds in, and hinders *them* from getting out: and secures a *calm* sea for his grand-children.

XI. Some old *mariner* spies them flying about the wide seas, and commends their love kept to the end. One next to him, or the same, if chance ordered it so, said, "This *bird* too, whom you see raking the sea, and drawing up his legs to his belly (shewing a gull with his

long throat), *was* the son of a king. And, if you want to descend to him through a continued race, his rise was from Ilus, and Assaracus, and Ganymede forcibly carried away by Jupiter, and old Laomedon, and Priam, who happened *to live* in the last times of Troy. He was the brother of Hector, who, had he not undergone this strange fate in the beginning of his youth, perhaps he would have had a name not inferior to *that of* Hector; although the daughter of Dymas bore him. 762. Alexirhoe, born of the two-horned Granicus, is reported to have bore Æsacus privately under shady Ida. He hated cities, and having retired from the splendid court, inhabited private mountains, and the country void of ambition; and came to the assemblies in Ilium, but rarely. 767. Yet having a breast not rustic, nor unconquerable by love, he espies Hesperie, the daughter of Cebrenus, whom he had *before* endeavoured to catch in all the woods, upon her father's bank, drying her hair cast upon her shoulders, in the sun. 771. The nymph, *when* seen, fled, as the affrighted doe flies the yellow wolf, and the river duck, caught at a distance from the water left *by her*, *flies* the hawk. Whom the Trojan hero pursues; and being swift by love, closely follows *her* swift with fear. 775. *When* behold a snake, lurking in the grass, strikes her foot, as she fled, with his crooked fang, and leaves *his* poison in *her* body. Her flight was stopped with her life. He, raving, embraces the dead maid, and cries, 'I am sorry, I am sorry that *ever* I followed you. 778. But I dreaded not this; nor was it so much worth to me to vanquish you in speed. We two have destroyed thee, poor *creature*. Thy wound *was* from the snake, *but* the occasion was given by me. I may be more accursed than he, if I don't send thee consolation in *thy* death, by my death.' *Thus* he said; and *then* threw himself into the sea, from a rock, which the hoarse-roaring water had undermined. 784. Tethys, pitying *him* as he fell, received *him* gently, and covered *him*, as he swam through the sea, with feathers; and a possibility of acquiring the death wished for by him was not granted *him*. *This* lover is angry that he is obliged to live against his will, and that oppo-

sition was *thus* made to his soul desirous to get out of its miserable habitation. 789. And as he had taken new wings upon his shoulders, he flies aloft, and again throws *his* body into the sea : *but* his feathers ease the fall. Æsacus is mad, and goes plumb-down into the deep, and tries again and again, without end, a way to die. Love ca sed emaciation ; the spaces betwixt the joints of his legs are long ; his neck remains long ; *and* his head is far from his body. He loves the sea ; and a name is applied to him, because he sinks therein."

BOOK XII.

1. FATHER PRIAM mourned, ignorant that Æsacus still lived, having assumed wings; when Hector had offered funeral rites, unavailing indeed, to the tomb which possessed his name. The presence of Paris was wanting to this sad duty, his, who afterwards brought tedious warfare by carrying off a bride, against his country: a thousand ships conspiring, pursue, and the common union of the Pelasgic nation. Nor would vengeance have been delayed, unless the violent winds had rendered the seas pathless, and the Bœotian land had detained the vessels destined for the course, in the fish-abounding Aulis. Here, when the Danai were preparing sacrifices to Jove, after their country's manner: when the old altar glowed with kindled flames, they beheld an azure serpent, winding towards a plane-tree, which stood very near the commenced sacrifice. There was a nest of twice four birds on the summit of the tree, which the serpent seized, as also the parent bird fluttering around her lost nestlings, and buried them in his greedy stomach. All were amazed. But Thestorides the augur, prescient of truth, says, "Rejoice, ye Pelasgians, we shall conquer. Troy will fall; but the delay to our toil will be tedious;" and he explains the nine birds as so many years of war. The serpent, as he was embracing the verdant boughs upon the tree becomes stone, and tenants rock in the form of a serpent. Nereus remains unappeased in the Aonian waters, and transports not the vessels, and there are those who say that Neptune spared Troy, since he had built the walls of the city. But not so, the son of Thestor. For he is not ignorant of, nor does he conceal that the wrath of the virgin goddess should be appeased by a virgin's blood. 29. After the public weal conquered affection, and the king conquered the

father, and Iphigenia destined to give her pure blood, stood before the altar, while the priests were weeping, the goddess is overcome, and cast a mist upon their eyes, and she is supposed to have changed the Mycenian maiden for a hind, during the ceremony and confusion of the rite, and the voices of the suppliants. When Diana was appeased by such a slaughter as became her, and at the same time the wrath of Phœbe; and the wrath of the sea gave way, a thousand vessels receive winds blowing on their sterns, and having suffered much, possess the Phrygian sand. There is a spot in the midst of the world, between the earth, and sea, and heavenly region, the limits of the triple world, whence all that anywhere exists is seen, however distant it be in space, and every word penetrates to the hollow ears. Fame holds, and chose for herself a home in the highest cliff, and formed countless means of approach, and a thousand openings to the house: and shut the portals with no gates. 45. By day and night they lie open; the whole is formed of sounding brass—the whole echoes and repeats the words, and re-syllables what she hears. No quiet is within, no silence in any quarter; yet there is no loud shout, but murmurs of a low voice, such as is wont to rise from the sea, if one listens from a distance: such as the sound far-distant thunder gives, when Jupiter rattles the gloomy clouds; a crowd occupies the court-yard,—the airy multitude come and go, a thousand false rumours wander everywhere, mixed with truth, and confused words roll along. 55. Of which, some fill unoccupied ears with rumours, others carry them elsewhere; the measure of falsehood increases, and each new speaker adds something more. There dwells credulity; there error, and groundless joy, and panic terrors, and winding sedition, and whispers on doubtful authority. She beholds everything done in heaven and on earth, and makes inquiries over the whole world. She now makes known that the Grecian vessels were approaching with a valiant soldiery, and no unexpected enemy is present in arms. The Trojans endeavour to repel them from access, and protect their shores. Protesilaus first falls fatally wounded by Hector's spear,

the battle engaged in, the powerful courage, and Hector as yet inexperienced by the Greeks, stand the Grecians at a great cost. Nor did the Phrygians feel at small cost, what the Achaian right hands could effect. And now the Sigean shores were red with blood—already Cygnus, Neptune's offspring, had consigned a thousand men to death; now Achilles stood in his chariot, and levelled the Trojan bands with the stroke of the Pelian spear, and seeking through the lines, Cygnus or Hector, he engages with Cygnus: Hector was deferred to the tenth year. Then cheering his horses, whose glowing necks were pressed with the yoke, he directed his chariot against his foe, and wielding his weapons quivering in his right hand, he cried, "O youth, whosoever thou art, have this as a consolation in thy death, that you are slain by the Hæmonian Achilles." Thus far the grandson of Æacus: the ponderous spear followed his words, but, although there was no error in his certain spear, yet he effected nothing by the point of his launched steel: and as if with a blunt stroke, he only bruised his breast. The other says: "Born of a goddess, for we have pre-known thee in fame, why wonder you that a wound is absent from me? (for Achilles wondered). This helmet which you behold, this yellow horse-hair coat, this hollow shield, the burden of my left arm, are no aids for me. Only ornament is sought from them, and even Mars is wont to assume arms for that. All the aid of armour shall be removed, yet will I depart unwounded. It is something not to be sprung of a Nereid, but from him who governs Nereus and his daughters, and the whole sea." He ceased to speak, and hurled against Æacides his spear, destined to cling from the curvature of his shield, which burst through the brazen covering, and the nine nearest folds of hides of oxen. Yet the hero shook off the weapon that adhered in the tenth fold. Again he whirled his quivering weapons with powerful hand, and again the body of Cygnus was without a wound: nor was the third spear able to wound Cygnus undefended and now exposing his frame. Æacides burns with rage, no otherwise than the bull in the open circus when he rushes at the purple cloaks,

excitements of his rage, with threatening horns, and perceives his assaults to be baffled; yet still he inquires whether the iron point of the spear had fallen off; it was still adhering to the shaft. Then, said he, "My hand is weak, and has poured forth against one, the strength it had before. For surely it did prevail, when I first threw down the walls of Lyrnessus, or when I filled Tenedos and Etionian Thebes with its people's blood, or when Cayicus flowed purple with its people's slaughter, and Telephus twice felt the effect of my spear; my right hand had power here also, so many being slain, heaps of which I have made, and now see along the shore,—and it shall yet prevail," he cries, and launches his spear against Mænetes one of the Lycian youth, as if he scarcely trusted what had lately happened; he burst through the coat of mail and the breast beneath—as he beat the earth with his dying head, he drew forth the weapon from the warm wound, and says, "This is the hand, this is the spear with which I have now conquered. I will use the same against him now, and I pray the same may be the issue in his case." Thus he spoke, and seeks Cygnus, nor does the ashen spear miss, but not avoided it rang upon his left shoulder, from thence it is repelled as if from a wall, or solid cliff. Yet where the blow had fallen, he saw Cygnus marked with blood, and Achilles rejoiced in vain, for there was no wound, it was the blood of Mænetes. But then in utter fury he leaped headlong from his lofty chariot, and making for his foe secure, he strikes him close at hand with his beaming sword, and perceives his shield and helm to be rent by the sword, but that even the sword was hacked upon his hard body. Achilles brooked this no further, and drawing back his shield, he beats three or four times the opposite countenance of the man, and with the hilt he beats in his hollow temples, and pursuing, presses on him yielding, and routs and puts him to flight, and denies him rest, in his terror. Fear seizes upon him, clouds float before his eyes, and a stone in the midst of the field met him as he directed his backward footsteps. Over this he hurls Cygnus impelled by mighty force,

with his breast upward, and Achilles then, pins him to the earth. Then pressing his bosom with his shield and sturdy knees, he draws tight the chain of his helmet. It passing under his pressed chin, chokes him, and stops his respiration and the passage of his breath, he was preparing to spoil him vanquished, he sees the armour alone left. The Deity transferred his body to that of a white swan, whose name he now retains. 146. This toil, this combat brought rest for many days, and both parties remained idle, laying aside arms. And while a watchful guard keeps the Grecian trenches, a festal day was come, on which Achilles having conquered Cygnus, appeased Pallas with the blood of a heifer adorned with fillets. When he placed its intestines on the glowing altars, and the savour sweet to the gods penetrated to the æther, the sacrificers gained their portion, the other portion is given to the table. The chieftains lay upon couches, and fill their bodies with roasted flesh, and lessen their cares and thirst with wine. Harps delight them not, no songs of vocal power, no long flute of perforated box-wood delights them, but they prolong the night in conversation, and valour is the subject of their words. They speak of battles, both the enemies' and their own, and it delights them in turn to mention dangers undergone and oft-times endured. For on what other subject should Achilles speak? or what rather should they speak of before Achilles? The last victory, arising from the conquest of Cygnus, is chiefly in their discourse. It seemed wonderful to all, that the body of the youth could be pierced with no missile, that he was unconquerable by wounds, and even wore away the steel. Æacides himself wondered at this; the Achivi wondered at it. When thus Nestor speaks: "In your time the sole despiser of the steel was Cygnus, impenetrable by any stroke. But I myself have seen the Perrhæbian Cæneus enduring a thousand wounds. Yes, the Perrhæbian Cæneus, who, illustrious by his deeds, inhabited Othrys: and that this might be the more wonderful in him, he was born a female." All, each then present, are moved by the novelty of this wonder, and entreat him to relate it,

and among them Achilles, "Come, tell us, (for the same desire to hear animates all), tell us, eloquent old man, the wisdom of our age, who was Cæneus? why changed into opposite sexes? in what warfare known to thee? in the contest of what fight? by whom was he conquered, if ever conquered by any?" Then the old man says: "Although retarding age now is a hindrance to me, and many events beheld in my earlier years escape me, yet many events I do remember, nor is there any circumstance adheres to my heart more deeply than that, amid so many matters done both at home and abroad. And if extended age can render any one a witness of more numerous circumstances, I have lived twice an hundred years, now my third century is passing. Cænis, the daughter of Elatus, was a virgin remarkable for beauty, the fairest of Thessalian maids, in vain wooed by the prayers of many suitors, both through her neighbouring and through thy cities (for, O Achilles, she was a countrywoman of thine). Perhaps even Peleus would have tried to gain her couch, but the marriage with thy mother had already been his lot, or was promised. But Cænis married not in any union; and walking upon the secret shore, she suffered the violence of the ocean god. Rumour reported so. When Neptune took the joy of this new love, he said: 'Let thy wishes be secure from any refusal, select what you would desire.' The same rumour spreads this story also. Cænis says: 'This outrage indicates what should be my great prayer, namely, that I may never suffer such violence again; grant I may no longer be a female, and you will have granted all.' She spake her concluding words with a deeper tone, and that voice might seem to be a man's; as in truth it was. For already the god of the mighty sea had assented to her prayer, and granted moreover that she should not be injured by any wounds, or fall by the sword. He departs, as Atracides, joyful in the boon, and passes his life in manly pursuits, and wanders through the Pœnian fields. The son of the bold Ixion had wed Hippodame, and had invited the fierce Centaurs to recline at tables placed in order, beneath a grotto covered by trees. The Hæmonian leaders are at hand; I too was present;

and the royal palace was confused with a motley crowd. Behold, they chant the nuptial song, the halls smoke with torches, and the virgin is present, surrounded by a baud of matrons and brides, lovely in her countenance. We pronounced Pirithous happy in such a bride; an omen we almost proved false. For drunkenness, increased by lust, reigns in thy heart, O Eurytus, cruellest of all the cruel Centaurs; thy heart burns as well with wine as by the sight of the maiden. At once the upturning of the tables interrupts the banquet, and the young bride is torn away by the grasped hair. Eurytus carries off Hippodame, the others seize whomsoever each approved, or could. The house resounds with female cries, and there was the representation of a captured city. We all rise up quickly, and Theseus first says, 'O Eurytus, what madness seizes thee, you who insult Pirithous while I still live, and ignorantly assailest two in one.' Nor did the high-soul'd hero utter these words in vain; he removes those who assailed him, and took the rescued maid from her raging foes. The other said nothing in reply, for he could not defend such acts by words, but aims at the face of the avenger, with wanton hands, and beats his generous breast. By chance an ancient goblet, rough with figures, in high relief, lay near, which, vast as it was, Ægides himself, still more vast, lifted, and sent against the other's face. He, disgorging alike clots of blood, and brains, and wine, from his wounded countenance, lying on the moist sand, kicks the ground. The two-limbed Centaurs rage at their brother's death, and all emulously cry out with one accord, 'Arms! to arms!' Wine gave them courage, and at the commencement of the fray, cups are hurled and frail flagons, and carved cauldrons fly, matters formerly suited to banquets, now to war and slaughter. Amycus, son of Ophion, first feared not to spoil the shrines of their offerings, and first seized a chandelier, thick with glittering lamps, from the temple, and dashed it aloft on the brow of Celadon, the Lapitha; as one who beats in the white neck of a bull with a sacrificial axe, he left his bones all mashed together in his countenance, no longer to be recognized.

His eyes leaped out, the bones of his cheeks being shattered, his nose is driven in, and fixed in the midst of his palate. Bellates of Pella, levels him to the ground with the wrenched off foot of a maple table, and sends him to the Tartarean shades, spluttering out his teeth mixed with black blood, with a twofold stroke. As he stood nearest, beholding with awful countenance the smoking altars, 'Why do we not use these?' he cries, and Gryneus hurls a huge altar, together with its fires, and casts it into the midst of the band of the Lapithæ, and thus struck down two, Broleas and Orion. Mycale was the mother of Orion, and it was known she had often drawn down the horns of the struggling moon by incantation. Exadius had said, 'You shall not bear this with impunity, provided only the assistance of a weapon were granted.' And he seizes as a weapon the horns of a consecrated deer, which were upon a lofty pine-tree. Gryneus is pinned to the two branching *horns* by his eyes; his eyes are torn out, a portion of them adheres to the horns, the rest flows down his beard, and hangs there congealed with blood. Behold Rhoetus seizes a huge stake blazing from the central altars, and breaks through the temples of Charaxus, protected by his yellow locks, upon the right. His locks are caught by the rapid flames, they blazed up like dry corn, and the blood buried in the wound yielded an awful hissing sound, as iron glowing in the fire frequently does, which, when the smith hath drawn out by his curved pincers, he plunges in the vats; but it hisses, and plunged in the warming water, fizzes. Though wounded, he shakes off the greedy fire from his locks, and raises upon his shoulders a threshold torn from the earth, a waggon load; its very weight causes that he could not hurl it against the foe, nay, the rocky mass crushed his friend Cometes, *who stood* in a nearer place, nor does Rhoetus conceal his joy: he cries, 'Thus, thus I pray may the rest of the brave crowd of thy camp fall;' and he deals again the renewed wound, with the half-burned trunk. He breaks through the vertebræ of his neck with a powerful brow, thrice and four times; and his bones sink in his liquid brain. Victorious he crosses

to Evagrus, Corythus, and Dryas, of whom, when Corythus fell, having his cheeks covered with the first down, Evagrus says, 'What glory is gained by you, by killing a boy?' But Rhœtus allowed him not to speak further; and fiercely he buried the blazing flames in the open mouth of the man, while speaking, and through his mouth, in his breast. Thee also, O cruel Dryas, he pursues with the fire rolled about thy head, but the same issue resulted not with thee. You transfix him while triumphing with the success of his slaughter, by a burned stake, where the neck is united to the shoulder. Rhœtus groaned, and with difficulty pulls the stake from the hard bone, and flies reeking with his own blood. Orneus flies, and Lycabas, and Medon wounded on the right shoulder, and Thaumias with Pirenor, and Memures, who lately had conquered all in the contest of swiftness, now proceeded more slowly from the reception of a wound. And Phobis and Meloneus, and Abas, the hunter of boars, and Aslytos the augur, who in vain had dissuaded his friends from war. The latter says to Nessus, apprehensive of wounds, 'Fly not, you will be reserved for the bow of Hercules.' But Eurynomus and Lycadas, and Areos, and Imbreus, escaped not death; all of whom the right hand of Dryas struck down when opposed to him. You also, O Creneus, bore a wound in front, although you had exposed your rear in flight: for looking back, you receive the iron shaft between the eyes, where the nose is inserted to the bottom of the forehead. Aphides lay lulled in sleep by reason of wine drank without limit, and unawaked still, he held the mixed wine cups in his drooping hand, spread at length on the shaggy hide of an Ossæan bear; when Phœbus saw him afar, wielding no arms, he inserts his fingers in the thong of his javelin, and said, 'You shall drink wine to be mixed in the Styx.' Without delay he hurled a javelin against the youth, and the serried javelin was driven in his neck, as by his fall he lay upon his back. His death was without his perception, and the black blood flowed from his full throat upon his couch; yes, even into his cups. I saw Petræus endeavouring to pluck from the earth an acorned

oak, while he surrounds it with an embrace, and shakes it on this side and that, and sways the loosened timber ; the lance of Pirithous launched against his ribs, transfixes the breast of Petræus as it struggled against the sturdy timber. They report that Lycus fell by the valour of Pirithous, Chromis fell by him, but both gave less glory to the victor than Dictys and Helops. Helops transfixed by a javelin which made his temples pervious, and the launched spear pierced from his right to his left ear. Dycis gliding down from a steep mountain's top, while with alarm he flies from the son of Ixion pursuing him, fell down a precipice, and broke a mighty ash-tree by the weight of his body, and covered the broken ash with his bowels. Aphareus comes up as his avenger, and endeavours to hurl a rock torn from a mountain. Ægides anticipates him by his staff of oak, and breaks through the powerful bones of his elbow, nor has he any further desire, nor does he care to consign the useless body to death. He leaps upon the back of the gigantic Bianor, not wont to carry any but himself, and pins his knees to his ribs. And holding his grasped hair in his left hand, he dashes in his face, and threatening countenance and hard temples, with a knotty club. With his club he levels Medymnus, and the javelin hurler Lycotas, and Hippotas protected as to his breast by a flowing beard, and Rhipæus out-topping the summit of the woods, and Tereus who was wont to carry home living boars struggling against him, and seized on the Hæmonian mountains. Demoleon no further brooked Theseus enjoying all the success of the fight, and tries to tear up an aged pine-tree from a dense thicket, with a powerful endeavour. And, seeing he could not do this, breaking it off, he hurls it against the foe. But Theseus retired afar from the coming weapon, by the admonition of Pallas. He wished it to be thought so. Yet the tree fell not wholly useless : for it tore away the breast and left shoulder of Crantor from his throat. O Achilles, he had been the armour-bearer of thy sire, whom Amyntor, king of the Dolopians, being overcome in war, had given as a pledge and surety for peace to Æacides. When Peleus from a distance saw him

prostrated by a dreadful wound, he says, 'At least, Crantor, dearest of youths, receive these funeral rites : ' and he hurled his ashen spear against Demoleon with his powerful arms, and all the might of his courage. It burst through the ribs of his side, and adhering to his bones quivered there ; he draws out the wood without its spearhead, with his hand, that also scarcely comes out. Anguish itself gave power to his mind. Weak as he is, he raises himself against his foe, and tramples on the hero with his horse-hoofs ; he receives the sounding blows on his helmet and shield, and thus defends his shoulders and supports his arms held out before him, and with one stroke he pierces the double breast right through the shoulders. Yet previous to that he had given to death Phlegæos and Hyles from a distance, Hyphonius in close combat, and Clanis ; Dorylas is added to these, who had his temples covered with the hide of a wolf, and the crooked horns of oxen, red with copious blood, which supplied the place of a weapon. I said to him, for spirit gave me strength, 'Behold, how much thy horns are inferior to my weapons,' and I hurled a javelin. When he could not shun this weapon, he placed his right hand before his brow, about to endure a wound ; the hand is pinned with the brow. A shout arises. But Peleus smites him stupified, and conquered with a bitter wound, with his sword under the midst of his flank (for he stood near him.) He bounded forward and fiercely draws his own intestines on the ground, and trampled on them thus dragged along. Nay, he entangles his legs among them, and at length fell with empty abdomen. Nor, O Cyllarus, did your beauty rescue you when fighting ; if we allow beauty to so monstrous a form ; his beard was just incipient, the colour of his beard was golden. His golden hair hung from his shoulders to the midst of his thighs. There was a comely freshness in thy countenance ; thy neck, shoulders, and hands, assimilated the most celebrated statues of artificers, in that part wherein he was a man. Nor was the appearance of the steed faulty, or worse than the man in that form. Grant him but neck and head, he would be

worthy of Castor, so broad his back, so high stands his chest with brawn, his whole frame darker than black pitch, yet his tail was white, a white colour also was beneath his thighs. Many females of his own nation sought him. Hylonome alone carried him off, than whom no more comely female dwelt among these savage forms in the deep groves. She alone bound Cyllarus to her by her blandishments, by inspiring him with love, and by confessing her passion. All the adornment which could be in such limbs, that her hair should be smoothed with a comb, that now she should lave in the spray of the sea, now amid violets or roses, sometimes she bears white lilies, twice a-day she bathes her countenance in the waters which glide from the summit of the Pagasæan wood, twice she bathes her body in a river. Nor does she stretch on her shoulder or left side any fleeces but those which are becoming and of chosen beasts. Equal is their love, they wander together among the mountains, together they enter the caves, and there together they had entered the palaces of the Lapithæ, together they waged fierce war. The dealer of the wound is in uncertainty, a javelin comes from the left, and pierces, thee, O Cyllarus, lower than where the breast is beneath the neck, his heart, injured by a small wound, grows cold. At once Hylonome cherishes his dying limbs, and eases the wound by placing her hand upon them, applies her lips to his lips, and endeavours to prevent his passing breath. When she saw him lifeless, with a cry, which the noise prevented reaching my ears, she fell upon the weapon which had pierced him, and dying, embraced her husband. He too, Phascomes, stands before my eyes, who had bound six lions' fleeces together by twisted knots, and thus protected at once both man and horse, who smote down the son of Phonolenes, from the summit of the head, by hurling a tree-root, which two-yoked waggons could hardly move. The broad roundness of his skull is broken, and the fluid brain flows through his mouth and hollow nose, through his eyes and ears, as milk is wont to be curdled through a strainer of twigs of oak, and as the whey flows beneath the mass of

the fine meshed sieve, and coagulated, is pressed out through the dense apertures. But I dashed my sword into the bottom of the flanks of the spoiler, while he prepares to strip of his arms his prostrate foe (thy father knows this). By my sword Clithonius and Teleboas lie in death, the former had carried a two-forked bough, the latter a javelin. He wounded me with the javelin, you see the mark, behold the old scar as yet appears. It was then I ought to have been sent to storm Pergamus. Then I might have withstood the arms of Hector, if I had not conquered them, but at that time Hector did not exist, or was a boy. Now my age fails me. Why should I tell you of Periphas, the conqueror of the twin Pyretus, why Ampycas, who fixed his corneal shaft without a spear-head in the opposite breast of the four-footed Oëclus. Macareus levelled Erigdoupus the Pelethonian, by a bar driven into his breast, and I remember the hunting spears hurled by the hands of Nessus, buried in the groin of Cymelus: nor would you believe that Mopsus, the son of Ampycus, only foretold futurity. When Mopsus hurled, the two-formed Odites fell, and tried to speak in vain, since his tongue was fixed to his chin, his chin pinned to his throat. Cæneus had consigned five to death, Saphelus and Bromus, Antimachus, Helemus, and Pyracmon the axe-bearer, I remember not their wounds. I marked their numbers and their names. Latræus, most gigantic in limbs and body, flies along armed with the Æmathian spoils of Halesus, whom he had consigned to death; his age was between a youth and sage, his strength was youthful, gray locks fluttered around his temples. Who, remarkable by his shield and helm, and Macedonian pike, and facing round to either band, shook his weapons and rode in a fixed circle, and full of spirit, poured forth such words to the empty air. 'O Cænis, shall I bear with thee, will you be always the female Cænis, has not your natal origin given thee warning; does it not enter your mind, by what act you procure rewards, by what price you have procured this false feature of a man; look pray to what you have been born, what suffered; take the distaff with the work-

basket, leave wars to men.' Cæneus, hurling his spear, laid open his side, extended in his career, while he uttered such vaunts, just where the man is united with the horse. He roars with pain, and strikes the naked countenance of the young Phylleus with his pike; it leaps no otherwise than hail from the rooftop, or if one would strike a drum with a small pebble. He assails him close at hand, and struggles to bury his sword in his hard side.

“Those places are not pervious to the sword. ‘Yet still,’ said he, ‘you shall not escape, you shall be slain by the midst of my sword, since the point is blunt.’ He gives a sloping cut with the sword upon his side. The stroke yields a sound, as if from a solid mass of stricken marble, and a broken plate is shivered from the smitten neck. When he had sufficiently proved his limbs to be uninjured, to him wondering, Cæneus says, ‘Come, now, let us make trial of thy body with my sword.’ Then he buried his death-bearing sword in his shoulders, up to the hilt, and moved and turned the unseen sword in his vitals, and deals wound on wound. Behold the frenzied Centaurs rush on with vast clamour, and all launch and hurl their missiles against him alone. Their blunted weapons fall. The Elateian Cæneus remains unwounded and unstained by blood from every stroke. This unwonted fact makes them astonished. Monychus exclaims, ‘Ha! scandalous disgrace! we, a whole people are overcome by one, and that one scarcely a man. And yet he is truly a man, we by our dastardly deeds are what he was. What avail our gigantic limbs? what our twofold strength? why should I mention that our twofold nature hath united in us the most powerful animals in nature? I suppose we are not born of a goddess mother, or from Ixion, who was so mighty as to entertain hopes of imperial Juno! We are conquered by an enemy but half a man. Roll on him rocks and beams, and crush his living life with hurled woods.’ He said, and finding by chance a beam thrown down by the strength of raging Auster, he hurls it against his powerful foe. That served as an example to his companions, and Othrys was stripped of its trees in a brief

space of time, nor had Pelion its shades. Cæneus buried beneath the huge heap, pants for breath under the mass of trees, and bears the timber cast upon his hard shoulders. But then, when the load grew above his mouth and head, and he had no air which his respiration could imbibe, sometimes he faints, now in vain endeavours to raise himself to the air above, and to roll off the hurled woods. Ofttimes he moves, lo! like lofty Ida, which we behold, when it is rocked by an earthquake. His end is doubtful. Some say his body by the mass of wood was thrust down beneath the Tartarean void. Ampycides denies assent, and sees a bird with yellow wings rise forth from the midst of the mass to the liquid air, which then for the first and the last time was seen by me. When Mopsus beheld this bird surveying his camp with gentle flight, and screaming around with loud clamour, and followed his flight alike with his eyes and thought, he said, 'Hail, Cæneus, glory of the Lapithean nation, formerly the mightiest man, now a unique bird.' The matter is believed by the testimony of its relater. Grief kindled our wrath, and we took it to heart that one was crushed by so many foes. Nor do we cease to ply our swords in blood, until half were conquered to death; flight and night rescued the half."

While the Pylian king was relating these combats between the Lapithæ and savage Centaurs, Tlepolemus could not bear his anger in silence, on account of Alcides being unmentioned: and thus he speaks, "Old man, it is strange that forgetfulness of the renown of Hercules has been displayed by you. Surely, my father used to relate to me frequently that the cloud-born Centaurs were subdued by himself." The Pylian king sadly replies: "Why do you force me to call to mind misfortunes, and to open again my sorrow healed over by numerous years? and publish against thy sire, his wrongs and hostility to us. Ye Gods! he did indeed perform acts too great for belief, and filled the world with his renown. But then we do not praise Polydamas, or Hector himself, for who has ever praised a foe? That father of thine formerly levelled the walls of Mycenæ, and tore down the guiltless cities, Elis and Pylos, and

let loose the fire and sword against my homestead. That I may be silent regarding others whom he slew ; we were six sons of Neleus, a conspicuous band of youths, twice six, excepting only myself, fell by the strength of Hercules. It is to be borne patiently that others should be overcome. The death of Periclymene is wondrous, to whom Neptune, the founder of the Pylian line, had granted to assume any shape he pleased, and again lay it aside when assumed. When he had changed himself in vain with every form, at last he changes to the fashion of that bird which is wont to carry the thunderbolt in his curved talons, most grateful to the king of gods, using his wings and crooked beak, and tore the face of his antagonist with his hooked talons. Tyrinthius bends against him his bow, and too-unerring arrows, and smites him bearing his limbs aloft amid the clouds, and poisoning in air, just where the wing is joined to the side. The wound was not severe, but his tendons torn by the arrow fail him, and deny him motion and power of flight. He fell down to earth, his wings being weak, and not holding in the air. And where the light arrow had adhered to the wing, it is pressed home by the weight of his attached body. Yes, it is driven through the top of his side near the throat. O fairest leader of the Rhodian fleet, do I seem to owe a tribute of praise to thy father Hercules? My firm friendship with thee is the cause, why I should not revenge my slaughtered brothers further than by my silence regarding his valiant deeds."

After Neleus had uttered these words from his eloquent lips, the behest of Bacchus being resought after the legend of the sage, they rose from their couches. The rest of the night is consigned to sleep. But the god who governs with his trident the ocean waves, grieves in his fatherly mind that the body of his son was changed into the Sthenelean bird, and detesting the fell Achilles, plies his resentment more fiercely. And now the war being protracted almost up to the second five years, he addresses the unshorn Smyntheus with such words. "O by far the dearest to me of all my brother's sons! who didst build with me the

unavailing walls of Troy, why groanest thou, and now lookest fondly on these towers doomed to fall? Why dost thou grieve that so many thousands were slain defending the walls? why (that I need not repeat all) does the shade of Hector dragged around the walls, enter your mind? When yet that fierce Achilles, more bloody than war itself, the devastator of our work still lives. Let him commit himself to me, by a rock he shall feel what I can effect with my trident spear. But since it is not allowed me to engage hand to hand with this foe; destroy him, now expecting it, by a secret arrow." The Delian god assented, and indulging at the same time his own feelings and those of his uncle, veiled in a mist he comes to the Trojan band; and in the midst of the carnage of heroes he sees Paris scattering his arrows here and there through Greeks unknown to fame. Confessing himself a god, he says: "Why waste your shafts in the blood of the common herd? If you have any regard for thy friends, turn them against Æacides and revenge your slaughtered brothers." He ceased to speak, and pointing out Pelides, levelling the Trojan bands with his sword, he turns his bow towards him, and directed the unerring shafts with his death-bearing hand. This was the only act at which old Priam could rejoice after the death of Hector. And so, Achilles! thou victor over such powerful men, thou art overcome, by the cowardly ravisher of a Grecian bride! but if thou needs must have fallen by an effeminate hand, you would prefer to have fallen by the Amazonian axe. Now Æacides, that terror of the Phrygians, the glory and safeguard of the Pelasgian name, that head unconquerable in war, burned in the pyre. The same god had armed him, the same burned him. And now he is but ashes, and I know not what remains of the so mighty Achilles, which scarcely fills a little urn. But his glory lives, which fills the whole world. This extent corresponds to the hero, and in this respect Pelides is equal to himself, and feels not the vow of Tartarus. Even his shield, that you might know whose it had been, excites war, and arms are waged for arms. Tydides dares not demand them,

nor Ajax Oileus, nor the lesser Atrides, nor he superior in war and age, nor all the rest. Boldness to hope for such great glory, excited only the son of Telamon, and of Laertes. The son of Tantalus, removed the burden and odium from himself, and ordered the Grecian generals to sit in council in the midst of the camp, and transferred the odium of the contest upon all.

BOOK XIII.

THE generals had taken their seat ; and, a ring of the common *soldiery* standing by, Ajax, the lord of the seven-fold shield, rose up to them. And, as he was unable to govern his passion, he looked upon the Sigæan shore, and the fleet upon the shore, with a grim countenance : and stretching out his hand, he says : “ We plead, O Jupiter ! our cause before the ships ; and Ulysses is matched with me. 7. But he hesitated to yield to Hector’s flames, which I withstood, *and which* I drove from this fleet. It is then safer to engage with lying words, than to fight with manual prowess. 10. But neither is it easy for me to speak, nor for him to act. And as great ability as I have in fierce war, *and* in fight ; so able is he in speaking. Nor yet do I think, O *ye* Greeks, my actions are to be recounted to you ; for you saw *them*. Let Ulysses tell his, which he acts without any witness, *and* to which the night alone is conscious. 16. I confess a great reward is sought by me : but the rival to Ajax takes away the honour. It is no boasting matter, to carry that, even though the thing be indeed great *in itself*, whatsoever Ulysses hoped for. He has already got a prize by this dispute, inasmuch as when he shall be baffled therein, he will be said to have contended with me. 21. But I, if the valour in me were to be questioned, ought to prevail by the nobleness of my descent, being the son of Telamon, who under the valiant Hercules, took the city of Troy, and entered the Colchian shore in the Pegasæan ship. 25. Æacus is his father, who gives laws there to the silent *shades*, where a heavy stone strains Sisyphus the son of Æolus. The great Jupiter owns Æacus, and acknowledges *him to be his* son : thus Ajax *is* the third from Jupiter. And yet let not this genealogy avail me

in *this* cause, O ye Greeks, if it be not common to me with the great Achilles. 31. He was my cousin; I demand *what was my* cousin's. Why does *one* descended from the blood of Sisyphus, and very like him, both for thieving and treachery, intrude the name of a strange family among the Æacidæ? Are the arms to be denied me, because I came to arms before *him*, and without any informer. 35. And shall he seem preferable to me, who took up arms last, and by pretending madness declined the war, until the son of Nauplius, *Palamedes*, more cunning than he, but more prejudicial to himself, discovered the contrivance of his cowardly soul, and dragged *him* to the arms which he avoided? 40. Let him now take the best *arms*, who then would not take any! Let me be unhonoured, and debarred of a present that belonged to my cousin, we who presented ourselves for the first dangers. And O that that madness had been real, or believed *so to be*; and this encourager of wickedness had never come along with us to the Phrygian towers; *then*, O thou son of Pæan, Lemnos would not have had thee landed there by our guilt. 47. Who now, as they say, hid in caves amongst the woods, movest the rocks with groans, and wishest the son of Laertes that which he has deserved; which the gods, the gods, *I say*, grant you may not pray for in vain. 50. And now he, sworn to bear the same arms with us (alas!) one portion of our commanders, whom the arrows of Hercules have as their successive owner, broken down by distemper and want, is clothed and fed with birds, and exercises *those* arrows, due to the fate of Troy, in the shooting of fowl. 55. Yet he lives indeed, because he did not come along with Ulysses: and unhappy Palamedes would rather have been left too. He would have lived, or at least would have had a death without any crime. Whom that wretch, too mindful of his having made appear his madness was only pretended, falsely charged with betraying the Grecian interest, and made good a pretended crime; and shewed *the Greeks* the gold, which he had hid himself in the ground before. 61. Wherefore by banishment, or death, has he taken from the Greeks their strength. Thus Ulysses

fighths, thus is he to be feared. Who though he excel even the trusty Nestor in eloquence, yet will he never make me believe, that the forsaking of Nestor is no crime : who, when he implored *the help of Ulysses*, being slow *in flight* by the wound inflicted on his horse, and enfeebled with aged years, was betrayed by his companion. Tydides knows well, that these charges are not invented by me ; who chid him when often called by name, and upbraided *his* trembling friend with *his* flight. 70. The gods above look upon the affairs of men with just eyes. Lo, he wants help himself, who gave it not ; and as he abandoned another, so should he be left himself. He had made a law for himself. He calls out to his companions, 'I come,' and see him trembling, and pale with fear, and quivering with *apprehension* of approaching death. 75. I opposed the mass of my buckler, and covered him as he lay, and saved his craven soul (here is the least part of my praise.) If thou persistest to dispute *it with me*, let us return into that place ; restore the enemy and thy wound, and thy usual fear ; and hide behind my buckler, and contend with me under that. 80. But after I delivered him, to whom his wounds had not left the power of standing, he fled, retarded by no wound. Hector comes, and brings the gods along with him to battle ; and where he rushes on, not only thou art affrighted, Ulysses, but the brave too ; so much terror does he bring. 85. In close engagement I laid him, triumphing in the success of bloody slaughter *he made*, upon his back, with a huge load. I alone withstood him, demanding *one* with whom he might engage : and you prayed that my lot might turn up, O Greeks ; and your prayers prevailed, If you inquire into the issue of this fight, I was not defeated by him. 91. Lo, the Trojans bring sword and fire, and Jupiter too, against the Grecian fleet. Where now is the eloquent Ulysses ? Well, I protected a thousand ships, the hopes of your return, with my breast. Give *me* the arms for so many ships. 94. But, if I may say the truth, a greater honour is sought for them, than me : and our glory is united ; and as Ajax is sought for the arms, not the

arms for Ajax. Let the Ithacan compare with these things, Rhesus, and the feeble Dolon, and Helenus the son of Priam, taken together with the stolen Palladium. 100. Nothing was done by day, nothing when Diomedes was away. If once you give those arms to such mean services, divide *them*, and let the greater part of them be Diomedes'. But to what purpose *shall* these *be given* to the Ithacan, who carries on warfare clandestinely, and always unarmed; and deceives the unwary enemy by underhand proceedings. 105. The very shining of the helmet, radiant with bright gold, will betray his plots, and discover *him* as he lies hid. But neither will the Dulichian head, *when* under the helmet of Achilles, bear so great a weight: and likewise the Pelian spear cannot but be burdensome and heavy to *those* unwarlike arms. 110. Nor will that shield carved with the image of the vast world, suit his left hand, timorous, and born for theft. Why dost thou, impudent *man*, desire a gift which would weaken thee? Which if a mistake of the Grecian people should give thee, there will be *a cause* why thou mayest be spoiled, but not feared, by an enemy. 115. And thy flight will be slow (in which alone, O most cowardly, thou excellest all), if thou draggest such a weight. Add, that that shield of thine, having so rarely suffered *in* battle, is entire. A new successor must be had to mine, which, by bearing *the assault* of weapons, is open in a thousand holes. Finally, what need of words? Let us be tried in action. Let the arms of *that* brave man be thrown into the midst of the enemies: order them to be fetched from thence, and array him that brings them off, in *the arms* brought off *by him*." 123. The son of Telamon had *now* done; and a muttering of the common *soldiery* followed his last *words*, till the Laertian hero stood up; and fixing his eyes some time upon the ground, lift them up *at last* to the chieftains, and opened his mouth with an expected voice: nor is gracefulness wanting to *his* eloquent discourse. 128. "If my prayers with yours would have prevailed, O *ye* Greeks, the heir of so great a prize would not be now a question; and thou, Achilles, wouldest enjoy thy arms, *and* we should enjoy thee. 131. Whom

since the unjust fates have denied *both* to me and you (and at the same time he wiped his eyes, as if in tears, with his hand) who may better succeed the great Achilles than *he*, by whom the great Achilles joined the Greeks? 135. Only let it not avail him, that he seems to be a blockhead, as he is; and that my intelligence may not prejudice me, which has often been serviceable to you, ye Greeks: and let this eloquence of mine, if I have any, which now *speaks* for its master, *and* has often spoke for you, be free from envy: and let no man disown his advantages. 140. For *as to* family and ancestors, and what we have not made ourselves, I scarce call those ours. But then because Ajax has told *you* that he is the great-grandson of Jupiter, Jupiter too is the founder of our blood, *or family*, and we are as many degrees distant from him: for Laertes is my father, Arcesius his, *and* Jupiter the latter's: nor was there any amongst these condemned, and an exile. 146. Another *part of* nobility, the Cyllenian *god*, too, was added to us by the mother. A god is in both my parents. But I do not desire the arms in dispute, merely because I am more noble by my mother's descent, nor because my father is innocent of his brother's blood. Weigh the cause by our merits. 151. Provided it may be no merit of Ajax, that Telamon and Peleus were brothers; and not the rank of blood but the honour of noble behaviour be sought in regard to these spoils. Or if nearness of kin, and the next heir be sought after, there is his father Peleus, there is Pyrrhus his son. What room is there for Ajax? Let them be carried to Phthia, or Scyros; nor is Teucer less a cousin to Achilles than him. Yet does he sue for, but does he expect to get, the arms? Wherefore since *this* is a dispute solely of works, I have indeed done more than what is easy for me to comprise in words: yet I shall proceed in the order of things. 162. The Nereian mother of *Achilles*, foreseeing his future fate, conceals *her* son by *his* dress. The fallacy of the garment, *he had* taken upon *him*, had deceived all; among which *it had too* deceived Ajax. 165. I mixed arms, with women's ware, arms *such as* would affect the mind of a man. Nor had the hero as yet thrown off his

virgin's dress, when I said to him, handing the shield and the spear, 'O thou son of a goddess, Troy reserves itself, in order to perish by you. Why do you scruple to demolish mighty Troy?' 170. And I laid my hands upon *him*, and sent *off* the brave *man* to brave *actions*. Wherefore his works are mine. I subdued Telephus *when* fighting with the spear: I recovered him *when* vanquished, and begging *his life*. That Thebes fell, is my *work*. Believe that I took Lesbos, that *I took* Tenedos, and Chryse, and Cylla, cities of Apollo, and Scyros. 175. Think *too*, that the Lyrnesian walls fell to the ground, shaken by my right hand. That I may say nothing of other *cities*, I indeed gave you a hero that might kill the cruel Hector. By me the famous Hector lies *slain*. I request these arms for those arms, by which Achilles was found out: I gave arms to him *when* living; I demand arms again after his death. 181. As soon as the grief of one *man* affected all the Greeks, and a thousand ships filled the Euboic Aulis; the winds, waited for a long time, are *either* none *at all*, or contrary to the fleet: and the cruel oracles order Agamemnon to kill his innocent daughter, in sacrifice to the fierce Diana. 186. Her father denies this, and is angry at the gods themselves; and in a king he is yet a father. I turned the gentle disposition of the parent by my words, to the public good. Now truly I confess, and let Atrides forgive me as I confess, I carried a difficult cause before a prejudiced judge. 191. Yet the good of the people and *his* brother, and the supreme power of the sceptre, given *him*, work upon him, to weigh praise with blood. I am sent too to the mother, who was not to be advised, but to be deceived by cunning: to whom if the son of Telamon had gone, the sails would even yet have been without their winds. 196. I am sent too a bold envoy even to the Trojan city; the senate-house of lofty Troy was both seen and entered by me; and it was as yet full of men. I undauntedly pleaded the cause which all Greece had committed to me; and I accuse Paris, and demand back the plunder, and also Helen; and I influence Priam, and Antenor nearly related to Priam. 202. But Paris and *his* brothers, and

who under his command stole *Helen*, hardly held their wicked hands (you know this, Menelaus.) And that was the first day of our danger with you. 205. It is a long tedious matter to relate what exploits I have usefully performed by my contrivance and hands, during the time of *this* long war. After the first battles, the enemy kept themselves a long time within the walls of the city; nor was there any possibility of open fight. At last we fought in the tenth year. 210. What dost thou do in the mean time, who knowest nothing but battles? What use was there of thee *then*? For if thou inquirest after my actions, I lay ambuscades for the enemy; I enclose the ditch with a defence; I comfort *our* allies, to bear the tediousness of a long war with a patient mind; I shew how we are to be supported, and armed; I am sent whither occasion requires. 216. Lo! by the admonition of Jupiter, the king being deceived by the representation of sleep, bids us lay aside *all* care of the war *we had* undertaken. He can defend his part by the author *of it*. Would Ajax not suffer this, and demand Troy to be destroyed, and fight, which *alone* he can do? Why does he not hinder *the Greeks* ready to depart? 221. Why does he not take arms, *and* give some counsel for the fickle vulgar to follow? This was not too much for him, who never spake any thing but *what is grand*. What *shall I say*, is it that thou thyself prepared to fly? I saw *thee*, and was ashamed to see *it*, when thou turnedst *thy* back, and wast dishonourably preparing thy sails? 225. At once I cried, What are you doing? What madness moves you, O my friends, to quit Troy, almost taken? Or what do you carry home in *this* tenth year, but disgrace? By such things, and other things *said*, for which anguish itself made me eloquent, I brought them back again from the departing fleet. 230. The son of Atreus calls his friends together, alarmed with terror; nor durst the son of Telamon even yet gape at all: but Thersites ventured to utter attack upon the kings with saucy language, *but* not unpunished by me. I rouse; and encourage my trembling comrades against the enemy, and fetch back *their* lost courage by my exhortations. 236. From this time, whatsoever

that man may seem to have done bravely, whom I brought again, when turning his back, is mine. Finally, which of all the Greeks commends thee, or sues to thee? But Tydides shares his actions with me, approves of me, and is always confident with Ulysses as his companion. 241. It is something for a man to be singled alone by Diomedes, out of so many thousands of the Greeks: nor did the lot order me to go along *with him*. Yet notwithstanding, slighting the danger both of the night and of the enemy, I kill Dolon, one of the Phrygian nation, who attempted the same things which we did, yet not before I forced him to discover all, and learned what perfidious Troy designed. 247. I found out all; nor had I any thing now to inquire after: and might now return with *my* praise sent before *me*. *But* not content with that, I went to the tents of Rhesus, and killed him and his guards within his camp. 251. And thus having victoriously got a captive chariot, and my wish, I enter, imitating a joyful triumph. Deny me his arms, whose horses the enemy demanded *as* a reward for that night's *service*; and let Ajax be supposed kinder to you *than I*. 255. Why should I relate to you the troops of the Lycian Sarpedon, mowed down by my sword? With much blood *shed* I killed Cœranus, Hippasus's son, and Alastor, and Chromius, and Alcander, and Halius, and Noemon, and Prytanis; and I gave to destruction, Thoon with Chersidamas, and Charopes, and Ennomos driven to ruin by unmerciful fates; and *others* less noted, who fell by my hand under the walls of the city. 262. I have wounds too, countrymen, honourable from their position, and believe not empty words. Lo! behold *them*, (and *then* with his hand he pulls down his coat) and this is the breast, says he, *that is* constantly engaged in your affairs. 266. But the son of Telamon has spent none of his blood upon his friends, for so many years *together*; and has a body without a wound. But what signifies that, if he says, that he bore arms against the Trojans, and Jupiter *himself*, for the Grecian fleet? 270. And I confess he did so; for it is no property of mine ill-naturedly to lessen the good deeds *of others*. But let him not alone claim what is common, and let

him give some of the honour to you. The descendant of Actor, secure under the form of Achilles, repulsed the Trojans with their champion from the blazing ships. 275. He fancies too, that he alone had the courage to engage with Hector in combat; forgetting both the king, and the *other* commanders, and myself. He was the ninth in *that* business, and preferred merely by the favour of lot. But yet what was the issue of your engagement, *worthy* champion? Hector comes off hurt by no wound. 280. Woe's me! with how much grief am I obliged to remember that time, when *that* rampart of the Greeks, Achilles, fell! yet neither tears, nor sorrow, or fear hindered me from carrying off his body aloft from the ground. Upon these shoulders, I say, these shoulders, I brought off the body of Achilles, and his arms together, which I now endeavour to bear off again. I have the strength which is sufficient for such a weight; I have a soul that will certainly be sensible of your honours. 288. Was then his azure-mother so ambitious for her son, that an unpolished soldier, and one without sense, should put on *that* celestial present, a work of so much art? For he will not understand the carving of the buckler, the ocean, and the earth, and the stars in the high heaven, and the Pleiades, and the Hyades, and the Bear that keeps clear of the sea, and the cities in diverse regions, and the bright sword of Orion. He insists upon receiving arms, which he does not understand. 296. What *shall I say?* that he charges me *as* declining the service of *this* laborious war, *and* coming late into the commenced toil? And yet he does not perceive that he thus rails at the magnanimous Achilles? If he calls dissembling a crime, we both dissembled; if delay is a fault, I am more early than he. 301. My affectionate wife detained me; an affectionate mother detained Achilles. And *our* first time was given to them, the rest to you. I am under no concern, if now I cannot refute a charge common *to me* with so great a man. Yet he was found out by the dexterity of Ulysses: but Ulysses was not *found out* of Ajax. 306. And that we may not wonder he should pour out the reproaches of his foolish tongue

upon me : he objects too against you things worthy of shame. Is it a scandalous thing for me to have prosecuted Palamedes with a false charge, *and* is it honourable for you to have condemned him *thereupon* ? 310. But *indeed* that son of Nauplius was not able to defend so great, and so manifest a wickedness : nor did you hear *only* a crime against him ; you saw it ; and what was laid to his charge, was apparent by the money. 313. Nor did I deserve to be accused, because Vulcan's Lemnos, has *in it* the son of Pœan. Defend your own act ; for you consented *to it*. Nor shall I deny that I advised him to withdraw himself from the fatigue of the war, and the voyage, and endeavour to assuage his cruel pains by rest. He obeyed me, and lives. *And this my advice was not only faithful, but fortunate too ; though it be enough for a man to be faithful.* Whom since *our* prophets demand to destroy Troy : do not you commit that affair to me. The son of Telamon will better go ; and will soften by his eloquence the man mad with distempers and resentment : or by some wile will craftily bring him off. Simois will sooner flow backward, and Ida stand without green leaves, and Greece promise assistance to Troy, than, whilst my mind is unactive for your interest, the dexterity of foolish Ajax will be of service to the Greeks. 328. *Now* though thou, O obstinate Philoctetes, art incensed against thy friends, and the king, and myself ; though thou curse and devote my head to destruction, without ceasing, and desirest to have me thrown in thy way by chance, *whilst thus* grieving, and to draw my blood : and would that as I may have an opportunity of meeting with thee, so thou mayest have an opportunity of meeting with me : yet I will attempt thee, and endeavour to bring thee off with me. And I will get thy arrows (let *but* Fortune favour me) as surely as I did the Trojan prophet, whom I took ; *and* as I discovered the answers of the gods, and the fate of Troy ; as I carried off the statue of the Phrygian Minerva, laid up in the inner part of her temple, from amongst the midst of enemies. 338. And does Ajax compare himself to me ? The Fates, it seems, did not allow Troy to be taken without that *statue*. 340.

Where is the stout Ajax? Where are the big words of *that* great man? Why art thou upon this afraid? Why dares Ulysses go through the watch, and trust himself to the night? and enter not only the walls of Troy, but the high citadel, through furious swords, and take the goddess out of her temple, and carry her off, *when* taken *thence*, through the enemy? 346. Which unless I had done, in vain would the son of Telamon have borne upon his left hand seven bulls' hides. In that night the conquest of Troy was won by me. I then conquered Troy, when I rendered it capable of being conquered. 350. Forbear by thy looks and muttering to shew me my *dear* Tydides: a part of the glory in this is his. Nor wast thou alone, when thou heldest the shield for the associated fleet. Thou hadst a multitude to attend thee; I, but one, A man too, who unless he knew that a fighting man is less *valuable* than a wise man, and that *those* rewards are not due to strength of arms, he himself too would demand these *arms*. The gentler Ajax would sue for them, and the valiant Euripilus, and the son of the famous Andremon. And no less would Idomeneus, and Meriones, who comes from the same country: *and* the brother of the elder Atrides would sue for them. 360. Though gallant in action (for they are not second to thee in fight) they yielded to my wisdom. Thou hast a right hand useful in war; *but* thy parts are what want my government. Thou hast strength without understanding. I have a concern for what is to come. Thou can'st fight; *but* the son of Atreus chooses with me the season for fighting. Thou only dost service with thy body, I with my intellect. 366. And as much as he who guides a ship is above the office of a rower; as much as a commander is greater than a soldier; so much do I excel thee; and in my body also is a soul, better than hands: all my vigour is in it. 370. But do you, O nobles, give this reward to your vigilant guardian; and for a care of so many years, which I have spent anxiously, give me this honour in requital of my services. Now our work is towards a close; I have removed the fatal obstacles that hindered; and I have taken lofty Troy, by rendering it capable of being

taken. 375. Now I entreat you by *our* common hopes, and by the walls of Troy that are just ready to fall, and by the gods which I lately took from the enemy; by whatsoever is to be transacted by wisdom, if any thing yet remains; if as yet there remains any bold deed, and any thing is to be fetched from a dangerous *place*; if you think any thing still wanting to the ruin of Troy, be mindful of me; or if you do not give me the arms, give *them* to this;" and *then* he points to the fatal statue of Minerva. 382. The whole body of the chiefs was moved; and it appeared, in fact, what eloquence could do; and an eloquent man got the arms of a valiant man. *And he*, who alone so often withstood Hector, withstood sword, and fire, and Jupiter himself, cannot bear up against anger alone; and resentment conquers the invincible man. He takes his sword, and says, "This, however, is mine; will Ulysses demand this too for himself? I must use this against myself; and that, which has often been wet with the blood of the Phrygians, shall now be wet by the slaughter of its owner, that no one may conquer Ajax, but Ajax." 391. *Thus* he said; and thrust his deadly sword into his breast, then at last suffering a wound, where it was bare to *receive* the sword. Nor were his hands able to pull out the weapon, stuck into *his breast*; the blood forced it out: and the earth, being red with his blood, produced a purple flower out of the green turf, which had before risen *too* upon the wound of the Oebalian youth *Hycinthus*. Letters, *in* common to the boy and the man, were inscribed upon the middle of the leaves: these *the letters* of *Ajax's* name *only*, the former *letters* of complaint.

II. The conqueror sets sail for the country of Hypsipile, and the famous Thoas, and the land infamous for the slaughter of the men of old, to bring from thence the arrows, the weapons of *the Tiryinthian hero*. Which after he brought off to the Greeks, with their master accompanying *them*, the last hand was put at length to this tedious war. 404. Troy and Priam fall together. The wife of Priam at last lost the shape of a woman, and alarmed a foreign air with her new

barking. Where the long Hellespont is reduced into a narrow *space*, Troy was in flames; nor had the fire as yet ceased: and the altar of Jupiter had drunk the scanty blood of aged Priam. 410. Apollo's priestess being dragged by the hair, stretched to the sky her hands that would avail her nothing. The victorious Greeks drag along the Dardanian matrons, embracing, whilst they can, the statues of their country gods, and remaining in the temples, *though* on fire; as rewards *of their toil*, but like to bring an odium upon them. 415. Astyanax is thrown from those towers, from whence he oft used to see his father, pointed out by his mother, fighting for himself, and defending the kingdom of his ancestors. And now the north-wind advises their departure, and the sails, moved *strongly* with favourable blasts, roar again; the sailors bid them make use of the winds. 420. The Trojan women cry, "O Troy, farewell; we are departing:" and *they* give kisses to the soil, and leave the smoking houses of their native city. Hecuba, found amidst the sepulchres of her sons, went last aboard the fleet (a miserable sight). 424. The Dulichian troops, dragged her *off*, embracing their tombs, and giving kisses to their bones: yet the ashes of one, Hector, she did take out, and carried *them* taken out along with her in her bosom. 427. *And* leaves upon Hector's tomb her grey hairs *taken* from her head; hairs, *I say*, and tears, unavailing offerings. 429. There is a land opposite to Phrygia, where Troy was, inhabited by Bistonian men. There was the rich palace of Polymnestor, to whom Polydorus, thy father, entrusted thee to be brought up by him privately, and withdrew thee out of the way of the Phrygian arms. A wise resolution; had he not added great riches as the reward of wickedness, a great incentive to a covetous mind. 435. When the fortune of the Phrygians fell, the wicked king of the Thracians takes a sword, and plunges it into the throat of his foster-child; and, as if his crimes could be removed with his body, he threw him, *when* dead, from a rock into the waters below. 439. The son of Atreus had moored his fleet on the Thracian shore, until the sea should be tranquil, and the wind

more favourable. Here on a sudden, Achilles, as great as he used to be when he was alive, starts out of the ground widely severed; and like one threatening, revived the countenance of that time, when he fiercely made at Agamemnon with his unreasonable sword. 445. And says: "Do you depart, O ye Greeks, unmindful of me? and is *all* grateful remembrance of my valour buried with me? Do it not: and that my sepulchre may not be without honour, let Polyxena be slain, *and* appease Achilles' ghost." 449. *Thus* he said: and his friends obeying his un pitying spirit, the gallant and unhappy maiden, and more than a woman, *was* snatched from her mother's bosom, which she now almost alone kept warm, *and* led to the tomb; and is made a sacrifice to his dreadful manes. Who being mindful of herself, after she was brought to the cruel altars, and perceived that a cruel ceremony was preparing for her; and when she saw Neoptolemus standing by, and holding his sword, and fixing his eyes upon her countenance, "Use quick my noble blood," says she; "there is no delay. *But* do you thrust your sword into my throat, or my breast;" and at once she made bare her throat, and her breast. 460. "I, Polyxena, should endure, I suppose, to be a slave to any one; or will any deity be appeased by such a sacrifice. I only wish my death might escape the notice of my mother. My mother troubles me, and lessens the joy of my death. Although my death is not to be lamented by her, but her own life. 465. Only do you be at a distance, that I may go free to the Stygian ghosts, if I desire what is reasonable; and withdraw the hands of men from touching my virgin body: thus more acceptable to him whosoever he is, whom you are going to pacify by killing me; my blood will be free. 469. Yet if the last prayers of my mouth move any *of you*, the daughter of king Priam, not a prisoner, addresses you; return my body unpurchased to my mother, and let her not procure me the sad privilege of a grave by gold, but by her tears. Then *formerly*, when she could *do it*, she did redeem *hers* by gold." *Thus* she spoke. But the people do not check their tears, which she did. The priest himself too weeping, and unwilling, pierced her breast presented *to him*, by thrusting his sword

therein. She, as her legs failed her, sinking upon the earth, continued an undaunted countenance to her very last end. 479. Then too she had a regard to cover the parts, that ought to be concealed, when she fell; and to preserve the honour of her chaste modesty. 481. The Trojan ladies take her up; and run over again the sons of Priam, once lamented; and *reckon up* what blood one house had lost: and they groan for thee, young lady, and for thee, "O thou, *that was* lately called the wife of a king, a royal mother, the image of flourishing Asia, but now a bad portion in the plunder; which the conqueror Ulysses would not have had to have been his, but that you had brought forth Hector. Hector hardly procured a master for his mother." Who embracing the body void of a soul so brave, she gives to her too the tears, which she had so often given to her country, and to her sons, and her husband: *and* pours tears into her wound. 491. And she gathers her kisses with her mouth, and beats her wonted breast; and trailing her grey hairs in the clotted blood, she uttered many words, but those too, with her breast torn. "O my daughter, (for what *else* remains) thou last affliction to thy mother; O my daughter, thou *liest* dead: and I see thy wound, *which is* my wound too. 496. And, that I might lose none of my children without slaughter, thou too hast a wound. But I thought, being a woman, thou hadst been secure from the sword; *but* thou too fallest by the sword, though a woman. And the same man, Achilles, the destruction of Troy, and who deprived me of my children, destroyed so many of thy brothers, the same man destroyed thee. 601. But after, he fell by the arrows of Paris and Phœbus: Now sure, said I, Achilles is not to be feared; *but* now too he was to be feared by me. The very ashes of him, *though* buried, rage against this family; and we have found *him* an enemy even in his grave. I was fruitful for this grandson of Æacus. Great Ilion lies in *ruins*, and the public misery is completed by a grievous issue, if it is indeed ended. 507. Troy remains for me alone, and my sorrow is still in its course. I, *but* lately the greatest in the world, powerful by so many sons-in-law, and sons,

and daughters-in-law, and a husband, am now dragged along, an exile, poor, torn away from the tombs of my relations, a present to Penelope. 511. Who, shewing me, while teasing my given task, to the Ithacan matrons, will say, 'This is that famous mother of Hector, this is the wife of Priam.' 514. And now thou, who, after so many *children* lost, alone didst ease thy mother's sorrow, hast appeased the enemy's ghost. I brought forth offerings for our enemy. For what do I remain so steeled? or why do I delay? For what dost thou reserve me, pernicious old age? Why do you, O cruel gods, put off a long-lived old woman *from dying*, but that I may see new funerals? 519. Who would think that Priam could be called happy after the demolition of Troy? Happy in his death! nor does he see thee dead, my daughter; and he left his life and his kingdom together. But, I suppose, thou wilt be favoured with a funeral, *as* a royal virgin; and thy body will be buried in the monuments of thy ancestors. 525. This is not the fortune of our family. *Only* weeping, and the scattering of a *little* foreign sand, *as* the gifts of thy mother, fall to thee. We have lost all. There is *but* left a child most dear to his mother, for whose sake I can endure to live a little longer, now my only son, formerly the youngest of my male issue, Polydorus, sent into these parts to the Ismarian king. Why do I delay in the meantime to wash her cruel wounds with water, and her face besmeared with dismal blood?" *Thus* she said: and advanced towards the shore with the pace of an old woman, having her grey hairs torn. 534. The unhappy woman said, "Give me, ye Trojan women, an urn," that she might take up therein the liquid water, when, lo! she beholds the body of Polydorus thrown out upon the shore, and huge wounds made with Thracian weapons. The Trojan women cry out; she was dumb with sorrow, and her sorrow drowns at once her voice, and the tears bursting out from within: and she is benumbed like hard marble. 541. One while she fixes her eyes upon the ground before her; sometimes she lifts up her stern countenance to the sky; now she looks at the face, and then at the wounds, of her son, as

he lay: his wounds especially; and she arms and furnishes herself with passion. With which as soon as she was inflamed, as if she *still* continued a queen, she resolves to be revenged; and is wholly occupied, in the contrivance of a punishment. 547. And as a lioness rages, deprived of her sucking whelp, and having lighted upon the prints of the spoiler's feet, pursues an enemy whom she does not see: thus Hecuba, after she had mixed rage with her mourning, not forgetting her *former* spirit, *but* forgetting only her years, she goes to Polynestor, the agent in this direful murder, and desires a conference with him; saying, she would shew him some gold that was left, *and* hid for him to give to her son. 554. The Odrysian believed her; and being inured to the love of prey, he comes into a private place; when he craftily said with gentle words, "Take away *all* delay, Hecuba; give this present to your son. I swear by the gods above, that *all* which you *now* give, and what you gave before, shall be his." 558. She looks sternly at him *as he was* speaking, and swearing falsely: and rages with swelling anger, and, with the crowd of captive dames, flies at him thus caught, and thrusts *her* fingers into *his* perfidious eyes, and robs his cheeks of his eyes (anger makes her able) and then works her hands within: and being besmeared with his guilty blood, she scoops, not his eyes, for there are none left, *but* the place of his eyes. 565. The nation of the Thracians, being provoked by the murder of their prince, began to attack the Trojan *queen*, casting weapons and stones *at her*. But she follows the stones thrown with a hoarse grumbling noise, *and* biting; and, attempting to speak, she barked with jaws open for words. The place yet remains, and has a name from the thing. 570. And she, being long mindful of her former misfortunes, then too yelped dismally through the Sithonian lands. Her fate had moved her Trojans, and her enemies the Greeks, and all the gods too; so *much them* all, that the wife and sister of Jupiter herself, denied that Hecuba had deserved that usage.

III. *But* Aurora is not at leisure, although she had favoured the same arms, to lament the calamities, and

the fall of Troy, and Hecuba. A nearer concern, and domestic mourning for her lost Memnon, torments the goddess, whom his yellow mother saw perish in the Phrygian plains by the spear of Achilles. She saw; and that colour, with which the morning time grows red, had turned pale, and the firmament lay hid in the clouds. But the mother could not endure to behold his limbs laid upon the last fires; but with her hair dishevelled, just as she was, she did not disdain to fall at the knees of great Jupiter, and to add these words to her tears. 587. "Inferior to all *the goddesses*, which the golden æther sustains (for I have very few temples through the whole world) yet being a goddess, I come, not *to beg* you would give me temples, and festal days, and altars to be heated with fires. 591. Yet if you consider how much I, *though* a female, perform for you, then when I keep the confines of night, with new light; you would think *some* rewards ought to be given me. But that is not my concern; nor is that Aurora's condition now, to demand deserved honours. 595. I come deprived of my Memnon, who bore valiant arms in vain for his uncle, and in his early years was slain by the valiant Achilles (so you would have it). Grant him, I beseech you, great governor of the gods, some honour, a comfort in his death: and ease a mother's wounds." 600. Jupiter agreed; when Memnon's lofty pile tumbled down with the high fire, and rolls of black smoke darkened the day: as when rivers exhale the rising vapours and the sun-beams are not admitted beneath them, black embers fly, and rolling together into one body are thickened, and assume a shape, and take heat and life from the fire. Their lightness furnished wings: and first like a bird, and presently a real bird, made a noise with wings. Innumerable sisters made a noise at once, who have the same native original. 610. And thrice they go round the pile, and thrice their consonant chattering pours out into the air: in a fourth flight they separate their company. Then two fierce tribes from opposite quarters wage war, and ply their rage with their bills, and crooked claws; and weary their opposing wings and breast. 615. And their bodies fall *as* offerings to

the buried ashes to which they were a-kin ; and they remember that they were produced from a brave man. *Their* parent gives a name to these suddenly-rising birds : they were called Memnonides from him ; and when the sun has run through the twelve signs, they renew the war, to fall in this fight of parentation. 620. Wherefore it seemed lamentable to other *deities*, that the daughter of Dymas barked : but Aurora was intent upon her own mourning ; and now too she sheds affectionate tears, and drops *them* in dew all the world over.

IV. But yet the Fates do not suffer the hopes of Troy too to be ruined with its walls. The Cythereian hero bears upon his shoulders a venerable burden, *some* sacred *images*, and something else *as* sacred, his father. The pious *man* chooses that spoil to carry off with himself, and his *son* Ascanius, out of so great riches ; and sails from Antandros in his flying fleet through the seas, and leaves the guilty coast of the Thracians, and the earth flowing with Polydore's blood ; and with fair winds, and a favourable current, enters the city of Apollo, with *his* friends attending *him*. Anius, by whom *as* king, men, and *as* priest, Apollo were duly taken care of, received him in *his* temple and house, and shews *him* the city, and the consecrated temples, and the two trees held formerly by Latona, when she was in labour. 636. After they had given frankincense to the flames, and poured wine upon the frankincense, and burnt the inwards of slain oxen, according to custom, they go to the king's palace ; and *there*, reposed on high beds, they enjoy the favours of Ceres with liquid wine. 640. Then the pious Anchises *says*, " O *thou* chosen priest of Phœbus, am I deceived ? or had not you both a son, when I first saw this city, and twice two daughters, as I remember ?" To him Anius, shaking his temples enclosed with white ribbons, and sad, says ; " You are not deceived, great hero ; you saw *me* the father of five children. 646. Whom now (such an uncertainty of circumstances harasses mortals) you now see almost childless : for what help is my absent son to me, whom a land, called Andros from his own name, detains, keeping

the place and kingdom, instead of defending his father? 650. The Delian god, *Apollo*, gave him *the art of augury*. Bacchus gave another gift to the females my daughters, above all wish and belief: for by the touch of my daughters, all things were transformed into corn, and the liquor of wine, and the berries of *Minerva*, and there was a rich advantage in them. 655. When the son of *Atræus*, the despoiler of *Troy* knew this (that you may not think that we too did not feel your storm in some measure) using the force of arms, he drags them against their wills from the bosom of their father, and commands them *to feed the Grecian fleet with their celestial present*. 660. They make their escape whither each of them can: *Eubœa* was fled to by two of my daughters, and their brother's *Andros*, by as many. Soldiers come, and threaten war, if they are not delivered up. Natural affection overcome by fear, gave up the bodies of relations to punishment; and that you may pardon a timorous brother, here was no *Æneas*, no *Hector* to defend *Andros*: by whom you held out to the tenth year. And now chains were provided for captive arms; they lifting up their arms, as yet free, to heaven, said: 'Father Bacchus, bring *us* help;' and the giver of *that present to them* did carry *them* help; if to destroy them in a wonderful manner, is called giving of help. Nor could I know by what means they lost their shape; nor can I now say. The sum of their calamity is known. They took wings, and were turned into the birds of your wife, *snow-white pigeons*."

V. After they had passed the time of their feasting with this and other such conversation, the table being taken away, they went to sleep: and rise with the day, and go to the oracle of *Phœbus*, who directs them to go to their ancient mother, and the shores of their relations. The king attends *them*, and gives presents to them departing; a sceptre to *Anchises*, a cloak and a quiver to his grandson, a bowl to *Æneas*, which formerly his *Ismarian* friend *Therses* had sent him from the *Aonian* coast. *Therses* had sent it to him, *Alcon* of *Myla* had made it, and had carved it with a lengthened device. 685. There was a city, and you might have shewn its seven

gates. These were instead of a name, and intimated what it was. Before the city was a funeral, and a tomb, and a fire, and a pile; and matrons having their hair spread, and their breasts bare, signified *thereby* their mourning. 689. The nymphs too seem to weep, and to complain that their springs were dried up. The trees, bare of leaves, are stiff: the goats gnaw the dry stones. Lo, he represents *too* the daughters of Orion in the middle of Thebes; one presenting her breast, not like *that* of a woman, with her throat bare; another thrusting a sword through a gallant wound, to fall for her people; and carried out by a glorious funeral through the city, and burnt in a frequented part. 697. *And* then he makes male twins proceed from the virgin embers, that their family may not perish, which fame names Coronæ; and he makes them lead up a *funeral* pomp to their mother's ashes.

VI. & VII. Thus far the effigies shining in ancient brass; the top of the bowl was rough with bear-breech inlaid with gold. Nor do the Trojans return presents less valuable than *those* given: and they give to the priest a censer to hold frankincense; they give him a bowl, and a crown brilliant with gold and jewels. 705. Upon that, remembering that the Trojans derived their original from the blood of Teucer, they made for Crete, but could not long bear the air of the place; and, leaving its hundred cities, they wish to reach the Ausonian harbours. 709. A storm rages and tosses the men about; and the bird Aello frightened them when received within the faithless harbour of the Strophades. And now they had sailed past the Dulichian harbour and Ithaca, and Samos, and the Neritian habitations, the kingdom of the deceitful Ulysses; and Ambracia contended for in a dispute of the gods; and they see a stone under the image of a transformed judge, which is now famous for the Actian Apollo; and the land of Dodona, speaking by its oak; and the Chaonian havens, where the sons of king Molossus escaped the fire designed in vain to destroy them, with wings put under *them*.

VIII. Next, they make for the country of the Phæacians, planted with fine fruit. After that Epirus and

Buthrotos ruled by the Phrygian prophet, and the counterfeit Troy, are reached by them. From thence acquainted with their future fortunes, all which Helenus the son of Priam had in his instructions foretold them of, they enter Sicania. 724. This runs into the sea with three points; of which Pachynos is turned towards the watry south; Lilybæon is exposed to the soft west winds: but Peloros looks towards the bear that never dips in the sea, and Bootes. Under this come the Trojans; *and* the fleet with oars, and a favourable current, about night makes the Zancleæan strand. 730. Scylla infests the right side, *and* the restless Charybdis the left. This swallows up ships, and throws them up again when submerged; the other has her black belly surrounded with savage dogs, having the face of a virgin, and (if the poets have not left us all legends involved in fiction) she was for some time too a virgin. 735. Many lovers courted her; which being rejected, she went to the nymphs of the sea, being very acceptable to the nymphs of the sea; and related the baffled amours of the youths. Whom, whilst Galatea gives *her* her hair to comb, fetching *some* sighs, she speaks to her in such words as *these*. 740. "Yet, O young maiden, a race of men, not savage, courts you; and as you do, you may deny them, without any mischief. But I, whose father is Nereus, whom the green Doris brought forth, who am guarded too by a crowd of sisters, could not escape the amorous address of a Cyclops, but through the waves:" and tears hindered her voice as she was speaking. 746. Which after the young maiden had wiped off with *her* marble thumb, and comforted the goddess: "Tell me, O dearest," said she, "and do not conceal from me (I am faithful to you) the cause of *your* grief." 749. The Nereis replied to the daughter of Crataeis, in these words. "Acis was begotten of Faunus and the nymph Symæthis, the great pleasure indeed of his father and mother, yet a greater pleasure to me: for the beautiful *youth* had joined me to him alone; and having passed twice eight birth-days, he had marked his tender cheeks with a dubious down. I sought him, *and* the Cyclops me, without end. Nor can I tell you, if you ask me,

whether the hatred of the Cyclops, or the love of Acis, was stronger in me : both were equal. O gentle Venus, how great is the power of thy dominion ! 759. Well, that savage, to be dreaded by the woods themselves, and seen by no stranger without his destruction, and a despiser of great Olympus as also of the gods, feels what love is : and being seized with a passionate desire of me, burns, forgetting his cattle, and his caves. 764. And now thy *greatest* care is of thy appearance, and now *thy greatest care* is to please ; now, Polyphemus, thou combest thy stickled hair with rakes, *and* now it pleases thee to cut thy rough beard with a sickle, and to view thy grim countenance in the water, and compose it.' The love of slaughter, and wildness, and immense thirst after blood, cease : and ships come and go safe. 770. In the meantime, Telemus arriving at the Sicilian Ætne, Telemus the son of Eurymus, whom no bird had *ever* deceived, goes to the terrible Polyphemus, and said : 'Ulysses will take from thee that single eye, which thou hast in the middle of thy forehead.' 774. He laughed ; and said, 'Thou art deceived, O vainest of *all* prophets, another hath *already* seized *this* eye.'" Thus he slights *him* who gave *him* notice of what was true, in vain ; and he either burdens the shore, stalking along with huge strides, or returns weary into his dusky cave. A hill, in form of a wedge, runs out with a long point into the sea : the water of the main flows about both sides of it. 780. The wild Cyclops ascends thither, and sat in the midst. His fleecy cattle followed, though nobody led them. Before whose feet, after the pine-tree which afforded *him* the use of a staff, was laid, fit to bear a sail-yard ; and his pipe, made of a hundred reeds, was taken *in his hand* ; all the mountains rung with the whistling of the shepherd : the waters rung. 786. I, lurking within a rock, and lying in the bosom of my Acis, heard with my ears, at a distance, such words *as these*, and what I heard I marked in my mind. 'O Galatea, fairer than the leaf of the snow-white privet, more blooming than the meadows, taller than the long alder tree, brighter than glass, *and* wantoner than a tender kid, smoother than the shells worn by continual *playing of the sea*, more agreeable

than the winter's sun, *or* the summer's shade; more noble than apples, inore conspicuous than a tall plane tree, more transparent than ice, more sweet than the ripe grapes, softer too than swan's feathers, and curdled milk; and, if thou dost not fly *me*, more beautiful than a watered garden, *yet thou*, the same, Galatea, art more wild than cows not broke to the yoke; harder than an aged oak, more treacherous than the waters, more pliant than sallow-twigs, and white vines; more immoveable than these rocks, more violent than a river, more proud than a peacock *when* commended: more furious than fire, rougher than thistles; more outrageous than a bear with young, deafer than the seas, *and* fiercer than a snake, *when* trod upon. 805. And, what especially I wish I could take from thee, not only swifter in flight than a deer, driven along by the loud cries of the dogs, but even than the winds, and the swift air. But, if you knew me well, you would be sorry you had fled from me: and you would blame your own delays, and would take pains to keep me. 810. I have part of a mountain *for* my cave, ceiled with natural stone; in which the sun is not felt in the midst of summer, nor is winter felt. I have apples that weigh down the boughs; I have grapes like gold upon tall vines: I have purple *grapes* too; *and* we keep both these and the other for thee. 815. Thou shalt gather with thy own hands strawberries growing under the shade of a wood, and wild cherries in autumn, and plums, not only dark with black juice, but of the best kind too, and vicing with new wax. Nor, if I am your husband, will there be wanting to you chestnuts, nor the fruit of the strawberry-tree: every tree shall be at your service. 821. All this cattle is mine; *and* many *more* stroll about in the valleys. The woods cover many *more*; many *more* are penned up in my caves: nor, if perhaps you should ask me, can I tell you how many there are. It is the sign of a poor man to number his cattle. Trust not me at all for the commendation of them: you may see yourself in person, how they can hardly support upon their legs their stretched dugs. 827. There is *too* a smaller brood, lambs in warm sheep-folds. There are *too of* the same

age, kids in other folds. I have always milk as white as snow. Part of it is kept to be drank ; part of it when liquid hardens by curdling. 831. Nor will easily acquired dainties, and vulgar presents, only fall to you ; wild deer, and hares, and she-goats, or a pair of pigeons, or a nest taken from the top of a tree : I have found on the top of the mountains twin cubs of a shaggy bear for you to play with, so like one another, that you can hardly distinguish them. I have found *them* : and said, We will keep them for *our* mistress. Do but now put thy pretty head out of the green sea : now, Galatea, come ; and do not slight my presents. 840. Certainly I know myself, and saw *myself* lately in the reflection of the clear water ; and my appearance pleased me, when I saw it. Behold how big I am. Jupiter in heaven is not greater than this body of *mine* : for you use to say that *one* Jupiter, I know not who, reigns *there*. Abundance of hair hangs over my majestic face, and overshades my shoulders like a grove. 846. And think it not any deformity, that my body is thick set with stiff bristly hair. A tree is ugly without leaves ; a horse disagreeable, unless a mane covers his yellow neck. Feathers cover birds : their wool is an ornament to sheep. A beard, and rough hair upon their body, become men. 851. I have one eye in the middle of my forehead, but like a large buckler. What ! does not the Sun see all these things from the vast heaven ? Yet the Sun has but one eye. Add *too*, that my father reigns in your seas. 855. I give you him for your father-in-law. Only pity *me*, and hear the prayers of *your* suppliant : to you alone we yield. And I, who despise Jupiter, and heaven, and the piercing Jupiter, fear thee, O Nereid : thy anger is more dreadful than thunder. And I should be more patient under this slight, if you avoided all men. 860. But why do you refuse the Cyclops, and yet love Acis, and prefer Acis before my embraces ? Yet let him please himself, and let him please you too, Galatea : which I could wish he did not. Let but an opportunity be given me, he shall find that I have strength answerable to so great a body. 865. I will pull out his living bowels, and scatter his torn members through the fields, and

through your waters, (so let him mix with you.) For I am incensed, and my injured flame rages more furiously; and I seem to carry *Ætna* torn from his seat, with *all* its flames within my breast: nor *yet* are you moved *at it*, *Galatea*." 870. Having complained in this manner to no purpose (for I saw all) he rises; and like a bull, mad when his cow is taken, he cannot stand still, and wanders through the woods, and well-known forests; when the savage spies me and *Acis*, not thinking of him, and fearing no such thing; and cries out, "I see you: and I will take care this shall be the last agreement for your enjoyment." 876. And that voice *of his* was as great as an angry Cyclops ought to have. *Ætna* trembled with his cry. But I, being affrighted, dive under the neighbouring sea. The *Symæthian* hero had turned, and given his back to flight; and said, "Bring me help, O *Galatea*; bring *me help*, O parents, and admit me, ready to perish, within your kingdom." 882. The Cyclops pursues him, and casts a part torn from a mountain; and though *but* the extreme corner of the stone came to him, yet it buried *Acis* entirely. 885. But we, which was all that was allowed to be done by the fates, took care that *Acis* should assume his grandfather's strength. Red blood ran from the massy stone; and in a little time the redness began to vanish; and first it becomes the colour of a river muddied with a shower, and is cleared after some time. Then the mass *that was* thrown gapes; and a lively and tall reed rises through the chinks; and the hollow mouth of the stone rattles with bubbling water: and a wonderful thing *it was*, the youth suddenly appears enclosed up to the middle of the waist with reeds twining round *into* new horns. Who, but that he was bigger, *but* that he was green all his face over, was *Acis still*. But so, too, *Acis*, was turned into a river: and the river kept its old name."

XI. *Galatea* gave over her recital; and the company breaking up, they depart; and the *Nereids* swim in the calm waters. 900. *Scylla* returns, (for she dares not trust herself in the middle of the sea) and she either wanders about without her robes upon the drinking sand, or when she is tired, having lighted upon a lonely

recess of the water, she cools her limbs in the enclosed waves. Lo Glaucus comes cleaving the deep, a new inhabitant of the deep sea, his members having been lately changed in Anthedon, of Eubœa; and stops from a passionate desire of the virgin he saw; and utters whatsoever words he thinks might hinder her from flying off. Yet she flies; and, being swift with fear, arrives upon the top of a mountain situated nigh the shore. 911. Before the sea is a huge ridge devoid of trees, bending over the waters for a long way, *and* shooting up into one summit. Here she stood; and being secure in the place, *and* not knowing whether he was a monster, or a god, she wonders at his colour, and long hair covering his shoulders and back below them, and that a wreathed fish closed the extremity of his groin. 916. He perceives it; and resting upon a rock that stood hard by, he says: "Young maiden, I am not a monster, or fierce beast, I am a god of the water: nor has Proteus, or Triton, or Palemon the son of Athamas, a greater authority over the seas. 920. Yet I was a mortal before; but being fond of the deep seas, I was even then employed in them. For one while I dragged nets sweeping the fish; another while, sitting upon a jetty, I guided a fishing-line with a rod. 924. The shore is nigh to a green meadow; one part of which is surrounded with waters, another part with grass, which neither horned cows have *ever* hurt with their bites, nor did you, O harmless sheep, or rough goats, ever crop: the industrious bee did not carry from thence gathered flowers; nor were festival crowns taken *thence* for the head; nor did the mower's hand ever cut it. 930. I first sat down upon that turf, to dry my wet lines, and to count over the fish I had taken, in order. Moreover, I laid out these whom chance had driven into my nets, or their own credulity *had brought upon* my crooked hooks. 935. The thing *I tell* is like a fiction, (but what does it avail me to lie?) My booty, upon touching the grass, began to move, and change their sides, and to skip upon the land, as in sea. And, whilst I hesitate and wonder together, the whole tribe flies off into their waters, and leave their new master, and the shore. 940.

I was amazed ; and being dubious for a long time, I consider what *should be* the cause : whether some god, or the juice of *some* herb had done it. Yet, say I, what herb has that power ? and with my hand I pulled up some grass, and, *when* pulled, I bit it with my teeth. 944. Scarce had my throat taken down the unknown juice, when suddenly I perceived my midriff within me to beat, and my breast to be seized with the love of another nature. Nor could I stay in the place ; and said, Farewell, land never to be restored again : and *so* plunged my body under the seas. 949. The gods of the sea receive me, and vouchsafe me the same honour with themselves ; and beg of the Ocean and Tethys, that they would take from me whatsoever I bear, that is mortal. I am purified by them ; and a charm that washes off *all* wickedness being nine times repeated *over* me, I am commanded to put my breast under a hundred rivers. 954. And without more ado, rivers arising from different springs, and whole seas, are turned over my head. Thus far I can relate to you what was done worth notice, and thus far I remember ; but my mind did not perceive the rest. After my mind came *to me* again, I perceived myself another *person* all my body over, than what I lately had been, and not the same in mind. 960. Then first of all did I see this green beard, and long hair of mine, which I whisk through the spacious seas ; and my huge shoulders, and green arms, and my legs at last bent in the form of a fin-bearing fish. But what signifies this form, what to have pleased the sea-gods, what to be a god, if you are not affected with those things ?” 966. Scylla left the god saying such things, *and* about to say more. He is in a rage ; and, being provoked by *her* refusal *of him*, he goes to the portentous palace of the Titanian Circe.

B O O K X I V .

AND now the Eubœan cultivator of the swelling craters had left Ætna placed upon the giant's heads and the fields of the Cyclops, which knew not what harrows are, what the use of the plough, and owed nothing to yoked oxen. He had left Zancle also, and the opposite walls of Rhægium, and the ship-wrecking frith, which confined by the twin shores, holds the limits of the Sicilian land. Thence Glaucus gliding through the Tuscan shores, with powerful hand, approaches the grassy hills and halls of Circe, daughter of the Sun, full of various beasts. As soon as he beheld her, having pledged and received faith, he said, "Goddess, I pray you pity a god, for you alone can alleviate this love (provided only I seem worthy) O Titanian goddess, how great may be the power of herbs, can be better known to none than to me, since I have been transformed by them. And lest the cause of my frenzied passion should be unknown to thee, Scylla has been seen by me on the Italian shore opposite the Messenian walls. I am ashamed to repeat my proffers, my prayers, my blandishments, and my slighted words. But do thou utter a spell from thy divine mouth, or with any other sovereign power you have in incantation : or if any herb is more efficacious, use the tried strength of a powerful herb. Nor do I ask you to heal my passion, or cure this wound, there is no need of its termination. Let her bear a portion of my flame." But Circe utters such words, (for none has genius more susceptible of such a passion, whether the cause of this be in her own nature, or Venus offended by her father's discovery of *Mars* effects this.) "You had better follow a willing mate, desirous of the same union and smitten with a similar love ; you were worthy, and assuredly you might be

entreated rather, and if you give but hope, be assured you shall rather be solicited. Hesitate not, and let confidence be present to your beauty. Behold I, since I am a goddess, the daughter of the brilliant Sun, since I can effect so much by spells, so much by herbs, even I vow that I am yours. Despise her who slightest thee, give a return to her who seeks thee, and compensate two by one act." Glaucus replies to her, essaying such things, "Sooner shall leaves spring in the sea, and seaweed on the lofty mountains, than my love shall change while Scylla survives." The goddess is indignant, and since she could not hurt himself, and loving him was not inclined to hurt him, she becomes incensed against her who is preferred to herself; and offended at this slight upon her love, immediately she bruises infamous herbs of terrific savour, and mixes Hecatean enchantments on them bruised, and robes herself in her azure veil, and from the midst of her palace proceeds through a band of fawning beasts, and seeking Rhægium opposite the Zanclean rocks, she enters the waters boiling with surges, on which she places her footsteps as on a solid bank and runs over the surface of the water with dry feet. There was a small bay, winding into curved bows, a grateful place of rest to Scylla. Thither she used to withdraw herself from the heat both of the sea and sky, when the sun was high in the mid-heaven, and made the shortest shadow from above. The goddess, previous to Scylla's arrival, poisons the water, and vitiates it with portent-bearing drugs, she scatters juices infused from a deadly root, and murmurs thrice nine times a mystical charm, in the hidden meanings of strange words, with magic lips. Scylla came, and had descended up to the midst of her waist, when she beholds her groin defiled by barking monsters, and at first not believing that they were portions of her body, she flies back and drives them off, and fears the furious mouths of the dogs, but she draws with her those she attempts to fly. And seeking the substance of her thighs, and legs, and feet, she found the jaws of Cerberus instead of those parts. The raving madness of dogs exists round her, the backs of wild beasts below adhere to her groin, bereft of inferior mem-

bers and to her projecting womb. Glaucus still loving laments the fate of Scylla, and flies a union with Circe who had used too savagely the strength of herbs. Scylla remained in her place, and when first an opportunity was given, through hatred of Circe she spoiled Ulysses of his companions. Afterwards she would have submerged the Trojan vessels, had not she been previously transformed into a cliff, which even now stands out from the water. The mariner also avoids that rock. 76. When the Trojan fleet had surpassed this rock, and the insatiate Charybdis with their oars, when they were now near the Ausonian shore, they are borne back by the wind to the Lybian coasts. There the Sidonian welcomed Æneas in her home and heart, not destined to bear calmly her separation from her Phrygian partner, and she threw herself upon a sword on a pile crected under the pretence of a sacrifice: and deceiving herself, she deceived all. Again flying from the new walls of a sandy region, and wafted back to the seat of Eryx and the faithful Acestes, he sacrifices, and honours the tomb of his father; and looses the ships which Junonian Iris had attempted to burn, and left the kingdom of Hippotades, and the lands smoking with warm sulphur, and the cliffs of the Acheloian Sireus. His pine-ship deprived of its steersman, coasts along Inarime, Prochyta, and Pithecusa, placed on a barren tract, and called so from the name of its inhabitants. For the father of the gods formerly detecting the fraud and perjury of the Cercopes, and the crimes of this perjured race, had changed the men into a hideous animal, that the same beings might appear unlike men, and yet like them; he contracted their limbs, and flattened their noses on their brows, and ploughed up their cheeks with haggard wrinkles, and sent them, having their bodies covered with tawny fleeces into these regions. First, also, he took away the use of words, and of a tongue formed for dire perjury; he left them only the power of complaining with a hoarse cry.

When he had passed by these regions and left the Parthenopean walls upon his right hand, he approaches the tomb of the tuneful son of Æolus upon the left

side; and the shores of Cumæ, places teeming with fenny sedge, and the caves of the long-lived sybil, and entreats that he might approach his father's spirit in Avernus. But she raised her countenance long fixed on the earth, and at length rabid with the god received within, she speaks: "You seek, man most mighty in deeds, great things indeed; thou whose right hand is famous by the sword, whose piety remarked through the fire. At length, O Trojan, lay aside apprehension. You shall obtain your request, and you shall review the Elysian homes and lowest realms of this kingdom, under my guidance, and the beloved shadow of your sire. No way is pathless to valour;" she spake, and pointed out a bough glittering with gold in the wood of Avernian Juno, and ordered him to tear it from its trunk. Æneas obeyed, and saw the wealth of awful Orcus, his own ancestors, and the aged spirit of the high-souled Anchises, he learned also the customs of the place, and what perils he should have to endure in new wars. Thence bearing his footsteps in returning tracks, he beguiles his fatigue in conversation with his Cumæan guide. And whilst he picks his gloomy way through the shady twilight, he said, "Whether you are a deity here present, or one most pleasing to a god, always you shall be like a deity to me, and I will confess that I live by your behest, since you were willing that I should approach the region of the dead, and that I should escape the realm of death thus seen. For which deserts, wafted to the upper air, I will build to thee a temple, I will give the honour of sacrifice to thee." The prophetess looks back upon him, and with grievous sighs, said, "Neither am I a goddess, and do not you deem a human head worthy the honour of sacred frankincense. Lest ignorantly you should err. Eternal light never to have an end was offered me, if my virginity would submit to Phœbus my lover, yet while he hopes for this, while he hopes to corrupt me by his gifts, he says, 'Select, O Cumæan virgin, what you wish, you shall enjoy your request.' I, shewing a heap of dust thrown together, foolishly asked for as many years as the dust had particles; it escaped my mind to ask for youthful

years in succession. Yet still he would have given me the latter and eternal youth if I would submit to his embrace. The offers of Phœbus being refused, I remain decrepid; and now the happier age hath retired, and wearying age hath come with trembling step, which must long be endured. For you behold seven ages have been passed by me, it still remains that I should equal the number of particles of dust, to see three hundred harvests, three hundred times new wine. The time will come, when length of years shall make me small from so large a body, and my limbs worn away by old age shall be reduced to the smallest weight; nor shall I be thought beloved, or to have pleased a God. Perhaps even Phœbus himself would not recognize me, or would deny he loved me. For ever shall I be borne on, thus changed, to be visible to no one, yet shall I be recognized by my voice, the fates shall leave my voice to me."

As the Sybil was relating these things along the convex path, the Trojan Æneas emerges into the Eubœan city from the Stygian realms, and having performed a sacrifice in due manner, he approaches the shores which had not yet the name of his nurse. Neritius Macareus also, the companion of Ulysses, tried in hardships, had settled here after his long and weary toils. Who recognizes Achæmenides, formerly abandoned in the midst of the cliffs of Ætna, and wondering that he was found to live, exclaims, "O Achæmenides, what chance or god preserves thee? Why have foreign prows brought a Grecian hither? What land is sought for your vessel?" Achæmenides not now in rough garments but himself again, his covering no longer fastened together by thorns, utters such words to him inquiring: "A second time may I behold Polyphemus, and those jaws dripping with human blood, if Ithaca is a preferable home to me than this keel, and if I respect Æneas less than a father, nor could I be sufficiently grateful, even though I were to give my all (could I be ungrateful and forgetful?) that I speak and breathe, that I behold the stars and heaven of the sun, he hath granted. That this life went not into the jaws of the Cyclops, and that I do not now leave the light of life, or be buried in the tomb, or at

least not in that fell maw. What thoughts had I then (unless terror took away all my thoughts and feelings) when abandoned I beheld you seeking the deep sea? I wished to cry out, but I feared to betray myself to my enemy, even the shout of Ulysses proved injurious to your ship. I saw him, when he hurled a huge rock from an upturned mountain into the midst of the waters, again I beheld him hurling vast rocks driven as if with the strength of an engine from his giant arm. And I feared lest a wave or rock should sink your bark, even then forgetting I was not in her. But when flight had saved ye from a bitter death, raging he traverses through all Ætna, and tries the woods with his hand, and deprived of sight he runs against the rocks, and stretching out his arms defiled with gore, towards the sea, he curses the Achæan nation and thus speaks, 'Would that some chance should bring Ulysses back to me! or some one of his companions, on whom my wrath might rage, whose entrails I might devour, whose still living limbs I could tear with my right hand, whose blood should flow down my throat, whose crushed limbs should quiver under my teeth, what a light and trivial loss then would be the deprivation of sight!' Fiercely he said this and more. A pallid horror seized me as I beheld his face even still dripping with blood, and his cruel hands, his orb of sight empty of its pupil, and his beard matted with human blood. Death was before my eyes, and now I thought he would seize me, even now plunge my entrails in his gorge, and the idea of that moment was still fixed in my mind, in which I saw two bodies of my companions dashed thrice or four times on the earth. Above which he himself lying, like a shaggy lion, gorged their viscera and flesh and bones with extracted marrow, and their expiring limbs into his eager bowels. A tremor came upon me, I stood mournful deprived of blood, and as I saw him reeking and disgorging the blood-stained banquet from his mouth, and emitting morsels rolled in wine, I imagined a similar fate was prepared for my unhappy self. Lying hid for many days, and trembling at every noise, and fearing death, yet desirous to die, repelling hunger by acorns and grass

mixed with leaves, alone, in want and hopeless, abandoned for death or punishment, not far off I beheld a ship after a lengthened time. I entreated escape by my gestures, and I ran downwards to the shore. I influenced the sailors, and the Trojan ship received me a Grecian. You also, dearest of my companions relate thy misfortunes, those of your general and the host, which was entrusted to the sea with thee."

He mentions that Æolus ruled in the deep sea of Tuscany, Æolus Hippotades curbing the winds in a prison, which, a wonderful gift, enclosed in hides, the Dulichian hero had taken from Æolus, and voyaged nine days with tranquil winds, and beheld his wished-for country. When the morn succeeding the ninth had risen, his companions, induced by envy and desire of plunder, supposing gold was hidden, took off the ligaments of the winds, by which the ship went back through the waters it had lately traversed, and resought the harbours of king Æolus. "From thence, he says, we came to the ancient city of Lamus, the Lestrygonian. Antiphates was ruling in that land; I am sent to him, two accompanying me, safety was with difficulty gained by flight for my company and myself. The third of us stained the impious mouth of the Lestrygonian with his blood. Antiphates presses on us in flight and excites his troops; they come together and hurl on us rocks and beams, they drown the men and sink our ships. One escaped which carried us and Ulysses himself. A portion of our crew being lost, grieving and deeply complaining, we approach to those lands you see at a distance from hence (behold), an island may be seen by you at a distance, it is now seen by me; do you, most just of Trojans! born of a goddess, (for you are not to be called an enemy, Æneas, since the war is ended); I warn you, avoid the shores of Circe.

"Our vessel being moored on the Circean shore, we also, mindful of Antiphates and the savage Cyclops, refused to go thither and enter the unknown homestead. We are then chosen by lot. The lot sent me and the faithful Polytes, and Epenor given to excessive wine and twice nine companions, to the Circean walls. As soon

as we reached these, and stood on the threshold of her house, a thousand wolves, and bears and lionesses mixed with wolves, cause fear by meeting us, but none was to be dreaded, none was about to effect a wound upon our bodies. Nay even they swayed their fawning tails in the air, and fawning upon us accompany our footsteps, until the attendants receive us, and through the halls roofed with marble, lead us to their mistress. She sits in a beautiful recess upon a lofty throne, and robed with a shining cloak, above that she is veiled with a golden tissue. The Nereids and nymphs are there, who draw no fleeces, by moving their fingers, nor lead the following threads. They place in different order the herbs, and separate the flowers spread without order in their baskets and plants varying in hue. She orders the work which these effect. She knows what efficacy there is in each leaf, what harmony in them when mixed, and with care examines the weighed herbs. When she sees us, salutation being given and received, she cleared her countenance and granted every thing to our wishes; there is no delay, she orders barley of parched grain to be mixed, she adds honey and the strength of wine, and essences which escape notice under this sweetness. We received the cups offered by her sacred hand. As soon as thirsty, we drank them with parched lips, and the dread goddess touched the top of our locks with her wand (I am ashamed even when I relate it), I began to be rough with bristles, nor had I power to speak. I began to utter a hoarse murmur instead of words, and to gaze down upon the earth with my whole countenance; I perceived my mouth to harden with a round snout, my neck to swell with brawn, and that part by which I had taken the cups, with it I now made footsteps. And when I had suffered thus, so much can poisonous drugs effect! I am shut up in a pen, and we perceive Eurylochus alone deprived of this figure of a swine. He alone avoids the proffered cups. Which had he not avoided, now also he would remain as a portion of the bristly herd. Nor would Ulysses, informed by him, have come to Circe, the revenger of such disasters. The peace-bearing Cyllenius had given him a white flower, the gods call it Molu, it is

held by a dark root. He, protected by it and at the same time by the heavenly warnings, enters the house of Circe, and invited to share the hateful cups, repelled her, endeavouring to stroke his locks with her wand, and affrighted her panic-stricken with his drawn sword. Then alliance and right hands are joined ; and received in her chamber he demands the persons of his companions as a dowry from his spouse. We are sprinkled with more auspicious juices of an innocent herb, and are struck on our heads with a stroke of the inverted wand. Spells are uttered contrary to the before spoken spells. The more she sings the more we are erected, raised from the earth by it. The bristles fall off, the chink left our cloven feet, our shoulders return, we have wrists placed beneath our arms. We weeping embrace him in tears, we cling to the neck of our leader, nor did we speak any words before those, which testified our gratitude. The delay of a year's space detained us there, and present there I saw many things in so long a time, many a tale I drank in with these ears. I heard this also among many, which one of her four maids related to me secretly, preparing for such sacred rites. For while Circe alone remains with my leader, she shews to me a statue of a youth made of snowy marble, with a woodpecker on his head, placed in a sacred shrine, and adorned with many crowns ; she says to me, inquiring and wishing to know who he might be, and wherefore he should be worshipped in that sacred shrine, and why he bore this bird. "O Macareus hear, and learn hence also, how great is the power of my Queen, do you bend your attention to my words.

"Picus, the offspring of Saturn, was king in the Ausonian lands, eager for horses useful in war. The beauty you perceive in the statue was in the man, and you see the true form of Picus by his simulated image. His courage was equal to his beauty. Nor as yet, by reason of his youth, could he have four times seen the quinquennial contest in Grecian Elis. He had attracted the Dryads sprung on the Latian mountains to his countenance. The Naiads, deities of fountains, seek him, which Albula, which thou Minucius, which the waters

of Anio, and Almo shortest in its course, and the torrent Nar produced. Or Farfarus of pleasant shades, those too who tenant the woody domain of Scythian Diana and its neighbouring lakes. Yet he cherishes one nymph alone, slighting the rest, she whom Venilia is said to have produced of old to Ionian Janus on the hill of Palatium. When she grew to maturity in nubile years, she is given to Laurentine Picus, preferred to all. Of appearance rarely met with, but still more rare from her power of song, whence she is called Canens. She was wont to move the wood and rocks, to soothe wild beasts, and delay long rivers by her soothing tones, and to stay the roaming birds. While she modulates her songs with female voice, Picus had gone forth from his palace into the Laurentine lands to transfix the native boars, and he pressed the back of his spirited steed, and bore two spears in his left hand, fastening his purple cloak with yellow gold. He and the daughter of the Sun had come to the same woods, and while she was gathering new herbs upon those fertile hills, she had left the Circean lands, called after her own name. Concealed amidst the bushes, when she saw the youth, she was amazed. The herbs which she had gathered fell from her bosom, and a flame seemed to thrill through her whole marrow. When first from her violent heat of passion she recovered her mind, she was about to confess what she longed for. The flight of his steed and his surrounding guards caused that he could not hear her. 'Yet you shall not fly, even though you should be borne away by the winds, if only I know myself; if all the powers of herbs have not vanished, or my spells fail me,' she said; and formed a resemblance of a boar devoid of substance, and ordered it to run across the eyes of the prince, and to seem to proceed in a grove dense with timber, where there was abundant wood, and the places trackless to a horse. There is no delay; immediately Picus, ignorant of its nature, seeks this shadow of his prey, and quickly abandoned the reeking back of his steed, and following his idle hope, he wanders on foot. She conceives entreaties, and uttered magic words, and by an unknown charm invokes unknown gods, with which strain she is

wont to veil the disk of the fair moon, and place rainy clouds above her father's brow. Then also the heaven is condensed by an incantation, and the ground exhales mists; his retinue wander in unknown paths, and his guards are distant from the king. Circe having found an opportunity and time, says, 'O fairest youth, by thy eyes which have ensnared me, by this beauty which causes, that I, though a goddess, should be a suppliant to you, take pity on my flame, and receive the Sun who seeth all things as thy father-in-law; do not insensibly slight the Titanian Circe.' She ceased to speak. He harshly rejects her and her entreaties, and says, 'Whosoever thou art, I am not thine; another female holds me captive, and I pray she may so hold me for a lengthened time. Nor would I violate my happy union by a strange love, while the fates preserve for me, my Canens sprung from Janus.' Titania having frequently tried entreaties in vain, cries, 'You shall not bear this away with impunity, for thou art not destined to return to Canens. You shall learn by experience what a slighted being, what a woman, what a lover can effect, but Circe is slighted, a woman and a lover.' Then she turns herself twice to the east, and twice to the west; thrice she touched the youth with her staff; she spoke three spells: he flies, wondering that he flies with more than usual speed; he perceives wings upon his body, and indignant that he should approach, a new bird, the Latian woods, he pierces wild wood with his hard beak, and incensed, deals wounds on the long boughs. His wings derived a purple colour from his cloak; the gold which had been a buckle and fastened his robe, becomes feathers; his neck, too, is surrounded with yellow gold, nor does anything of the pristine Picus remain, except the name. Meanwhile his companions, having repeated the name of Picus in vain throughout the country, and he being found in no quarter, discover Circe (for already she had cleared the atmosphere, and had suffered the mists to be dissipated by the sun and wind), and they charge her with true accusations. They demand back their prince, and threaten violence, and prepare to assail her with fell weapons. She scatters a noxious virus and

essence of poison, and calls night, and the gods of night from Erebus and Chaos, and entreats Hecate with magic yells. The woods leaped from their situation, wonderful to relate, the earth groaned, the neighbouring trees grew pale, and the grass sprinkled with drops of blood grows moist. The stones appeared to utter hoarse bellowings, and the dogs to bark, and the ground to grow squalid with dark serpents, and the unsubstantial spirits of the silent to flit around. The awestruck crowd are in terror at these portents. She touched the wondering lips of the panic stricken with her powerful wand. From its touch the monstrous forms of various wild beasts come upon the youths, his proper form remains in none. The setting Phœbus had already pressed the Tartessian shore, and her spouse was in vain expected by the eyes and desire of Canens. Her attendants and the people run everywhere through all the woods, and carry lights to meet him. Nor is it enough for the nymph to weep, and tear her locks, and utter wailing cries; yet she does all this, she hurries herself away, and in madness wanders through the Latian lands. Six nights, so many returning risings of the sun, saw her devoid of sleep and food, proceeding through cliffs, through valleys, wherever chance led her. The Tybris at last saw her weary with grief and her journey, and laying her body on the cold bank. Then tuning her grief with tears, in sorrow she poured forth notes in a low tone, as betimes the dying swan sings its funeral strain. At last, melting her tender marrow with her mourning, she pined away, and gradually vanished into the thin air. Yet still her fame is marked by the place, which the ancient Camænæ, duly called Canens, from the name of the nymph. Many such things were related and seen by me during a long year. Indolent and slow, through desuetude, we are ordered again to enter the frith, again to hoist our sails. And Titania had told us that the ways were dangerous, and the journey long, and that perils of the fell sea awaited us. I was afraid, I confess it, and having reached this shore, here I remained."

Macareus had ended, and the nurse of Æneas was

buried in the marble urn, she had a brief inscription on her tomb. "My foster son, of famous piety, here burned me, Caieta, rescued from the Grecian fires, with the flames he should." The bound hawser is loosed from the grassy bank; and they leave at a distance the treacheries and home of the insidious goddess, and seek the groves, where Tybris misty with shade, bursts into the sea with its yellow sand. He obtains the halls and daughter of Latinus, sprung from Faunus. Yet not without warfare. War is undertaken with a fierce nation, and Turnus raves for his ravished bride. All Tyrrenia engages against Latium, and victory is sought, long time difficult with care-fraught arms. Each party increases his force by foreign aid. Many defend the Rutili—many protect the Trojan camp. Nor did Æneas come in vain to the threshold of Evander. But Venulus went in vain to the mighty city of the exile Diomede. He indeed had built mighty walls close under the Daunian Japyx, and held his fields as dowry. But when Venulus had repeated the commands of Turnus, and sought for aid, the Ætolian hero makes a plea of weakness, and that he did not wish to commit the people of his father-in-law to combat, nor had he men from his own nation whom he could arm. "Think not," said he, "that these are mere inventions (yet my grief is renewed at the sad remembrance!) After lofty Ilium was burned, and Pergama dreaded the Grecian flames, and the Narycian hero, by ravishing a virgin, had contracted punishment for us all, which he had alone deserved. We are scattered, and hurried by the winds through hostile seas. We, Danai, suffer lightning, night, rain, and the wrath of heaven; and the sea and Caphareus the crowning of our woe. Nor would I delay you, by repeating these sad misfortunes, in their order. Then Greece could be thought an object of lament, even to Priam. Yet the care of Minerva rescued me, preserved from the billows: but again am I driven from my paternal Argos, and bounteous Venus exacted mindful vengeance for the wound I once inflicted. I endured such great toils through the deep sea, so many in arms by land, that they are often called happy

by me, whom a general storm and Caphareus plunged in his restless waters. I would I had been a portion of these. Now, my companions having suffered the last dangers of war and sea, faint at length, and entreat an end to their wanderings. But Agmon, fierce in disposition, and then chiefly fierce through disaster, said: 'What remains now, ye heroes, which your patience could refuse to bear, what has Cytherea, which she can further do (suppose her to be willing). While greater hardships are feared, there is room for prayer, but when the condition of our fortunes is at its worst, fear is beneath our feet, and the highest misfortunes without dread. Let herself hear me. Let her hate, as she does, all men under Diomedes, yet we all despise her hatred, and her power is to us of little value.' The Pleuronian Agmon excites reluctant Venus by these words, and rouses again her old resentment. These words please a few. Our friends in larger numbers seize Agmon; as he was preparing to reply, his voice and the passage of his voice becomes attenuated, his hair changes into plumage, his new neck is covered with feathers, his breast and back, his arms receive still larger feathers, his elbows are bent into wings, a large portion of his foot becomes claws, his lips, hardened with a horny beak, are stiff, and end in a point. Lycus and Nycteus, with Rhetenor, and Abas also wonder at him, and while they wonder, they also receive the same form, and a large number flies from the troop, and flutter around our oars with flapping wings. If you ask what may be the form of these sudden birds, as it is not that of swans, so it most resembles white swans. Assuredly I can hardly retain this settlement, and the parched lands of my father-in-law Daunus the Japygian, with a small portion of my friends." Thus far Oënides, Venulus left the Calydonian realms, the Peucetian bays, the Menapian fields, in which he saw caves, which dim with deep woods, and dripping with unruffled lakes, the goat-shaped Pan occupies, but the nymphs held them in olden time. An Apulian shepherd drove them in terror from this region, and started them first with sudden fear. Soon, when their courage returned, and they despised their pursuer,

they led the dance with feet tripping in time. The shepherd chides them, and imitating them with rustic leaps, he added rustic reproaches to obscene words. Nor did he cease until a tree buried his throat, for you can recognize the tree by its nature and fruit. For the wild olive exhibits the character of his language by its bitter berries. The roughness of his words is transferred to this. When the ambassadors returned, announcing that Ætolian arms were denied to them, the Rutili wage their marshalled war without that aid, and much blood is shed on either side. Behold Turnus bears devouring torches against the fashioned pine ships; and they fear fire which the water spared. And now Vulcan was burning the pitch, and wax, and the other aliments of flame, and was mounting to the sails through the lofty masts, the benches of the curved vessel sent forth smoke, when the sacred parent of the gods, mindful that these pines were felled upon Ida's summit, filled the air with tinklings of stricken brass, and the roar of the curved trumpet. Wafted through the air on her tamed lions, then she said, "You hurl useless firebrands with your accursed hands; I will rescue them; nor shall the devouring fire burn the parts and members of my groves, while I should suffer it." It thundered as the goddess spake, and heavy clouds fell after the thunder, with rattling hail, the Astræan brothers disturb the air and the swollen sea, and they rush to battle with sudden course. From these the goddess, using the powers of one, bursts through the ropes of tow which held the Phrygian barks, and bears the ships down the tide, and plunges them in the depth of the sea. The oak softening, and the timber changing into forms, the curved prows are changed into the appearance of heads, the oars sink into fingers and swimming thighs, that part remains a side which was so before, the keel, sunk in the midst of the waters, is changed into the purposes of a spine, the ropes become soft hair, the sail-yards arms, their colour is azure, as before. And ocean Nereids vex the waters, which before they feared, in virgin sports; and having arisen in the hard mountains, they frequent the gentle seas; nor does their origin longer influence them.

Yet, not forgetful how many dangers they had endured in the fell seas, oftentimes they placed their hands beneath the storm-tossed barks, to aid them, unless those which carried Greeks. Even still mindful of the Phrygian disasters, they hate the Pelasgians, and saw the fragments of the Neritian ship with happy countenances, and joyful they saw the ship of Alcinous stiffen into rocks, and stone spring from the wood. There was hope that now the fleet was animated in the form of sea nymphs, the Rutilian would cease from war through terror at this portent. Both armies persist, and has its gods, and have courage equal to that of gods; nor do they now seek a kingdom as dowry, nor the sceptres of a father-in-law, nor the Lavinian virgin, but to conquer; and they wage war through shame to lay it aside. At length Venus sees the conquering arms of her son, and Turnus falls. Ardea, deemed powerful while Turnus was safe, falls. After the enemy's flames had destroyed it, and its houses were buried in warm embers, then a bird, for the first time seen, flies from the midst of the mass, and beats the ashes with its flapping wings. It had the tone, and leanness, and pallor, and all characters which become a captive city. The name of the city also remained in it, and Ardea is lamented by the flapping of her own wings. And now the valour of Æneas had forced all the gods, and Juno herself, to end her ancient wrath, when the Cytherean hero was ripe for heaven, the power of the growing deities being securely founded, Venus had canvassed the gods above, and embracing the neck of her father, had said, "O father, never harsh to me at any period, I pray you be most merciful to me now, and O best one! grant divinity, however low in grade, to my Æneas, who made thee a grandsire from my blood: provided you grant some divine nature, it is sufficient for him once to have beheld the hideous kingdom, once to have gone through the Stygian river." The deities assented, nor did the royal wife keep her countenance unmoved, and assented with mild countenance. Then the father said, "You are worthy of the heavenly gift, my daughter; receive what you wish for, and for whom you seek it." He had

said, she rejoices, and gives thanks to her parent, and wafted through the light air on yoked doves, approaches the Laurentine shore, where Numicius, fringed with reeds, winds into the neighbouring seas with the waters of its stream. She orders him to wash from Æneas all that was liable to death, and bear him beneath his waters in silent course. The horn-bearing river performs the commands of Venus, and purifies away all that was mortal in Æneas, and sprinkles him with his waters; the more glorious part resists. The mother anointed his purified body with divine odours, and touched his mouth with ambrosia, mixed with sweet nectar, and made him a god, whom the host of Quirinus calls Indigetes, and hath received to their homes and altars.

Iphis, sprung from humble race, had seen the generous Anaxarete, sprung from the blood of ancient Teucer; he had seen her, and had received the passion through his whole frame; struggling against it for a long time, when he could not conquer his passion by reasoning, he came suppliant to her threshold. And now, confessing his wretched love to her nurse, he prayed her by her hopes of her foster child, not to be harsh to him; and now, flattering each of her numerous attendants, he sought their kind favour with anxious prayers; afterwards, he recorded his words, to be borne to her in flattering epistles; sometimes he hung garlands, dripping with the dew of tears, from her portals, and laid his soft side upon her stony threshold, and uttered reproaches to the cruel bolt. She, more deaf than the waves which swell at the time of the setting kids; harder, too, than steel which the Noric furnace tempers; and than rock which, still unquarried, is held by its root, scoffs and derides him; and fiercely added insulting words to her cruel deeds, and deprives her hapless lover even of hope. Iphis, impatient of this, endured not the torment of long grief, and spake these last words before her doors: "Anaxarete, you conquer: no longer will you have to endure weariness from me. Form a joyful triumph, invoke Pæan, and gird yourself with spruce laurel, for you conquer, and willingly I die: O, iron-hearted one, rejoice! Assuredly you will be compelled to praise something in

me, and there will be a reason why I should be agreeable to thee, and you will confess my desert; yet remember that my anxiety for you yielded not sooner than my life, and I must deprive myself of a double light. Nor will Fame, the messenger of my death, come to you; I myself will be present with you, doubt it not; and present I shall be seen, that you may glut your cruel eyes with my lifeless body: yet, O gods! if you regard mortal deeds, be mindful of me. My tongue endures to say no more. Cause that I be remembered in lengthened times, and give to my fame what you have taken from my life." He spake, and stretching his moist eyes and pale arms towards the portals, adorned with garlands, when he was binding the knot of the extremity of the rope from her door-posts, "Cruel and impious maiden, such a garland as this will please you." He inserted his head in the noose, but even then turning towards her, he hung a hapless weight with strangled throat. The door struck by the motion of his quivering feet seemed to yield a deep groaning sound, and when opened, displayed the dead. The servants cry out, and bear him lifted up in vain to the threshold of his mother (for his father had died). She received him in her bosom, and embracing the limbs of her son, after she had spoken the words usual with wretched parents, and accomplished the acts of wretched matrons, led his tearful funeral through the midst of the city, and bore his livid limbs on a bier destined to the flames. It happened that her house was near the road by which the melancholy procession went, and the sound of the incessant wailing reached the ears of Anaxarete, whom now the avenging deity persecutes, at all events excited she said, Let us see this wretched funeral. She entered her lofty palace with open windows. Scarcely had she well seen Iphis placed upon the bier, when her eyes stiffened, and warm blood fled from her body, now covered with pallor, endeavouring to bear her feet backward, she hesitated; endeavouring to turn her countenance away, this also she could not accomplish; by degrees the rock, which previously existed in her hardened breast, comes around her limbs. Do not

think this fiction. Salamis as yet keeps the image of the prince in her statue, and there is a temple to Venus the Beholder. Mindful of this, O my nymph, I pray you lay aside your inflexible disdain, and unite with your lover; so may neither the frost of spring nip your springing fruits, nor may violent winds shake off their bloom." When the god, capable of assuming every form, had said this in vain, he returned to the appearance of a youth, and took from himself the paraphernalia of an old woman, and appeared such before her as when the brilliant disk of the sun conquers the opposing clouds and shines again, no obstacle intervening he prepares violence, but there is now no need of force, the nymph is captivated by the figure of the god, and feels a mutual wound.

The soldiery of the unjust Æmilius next governed the Ausonian cities, and the aged Numitor receives his kingdom back by the aid of his grandsons; and the walls of the city are founded on the festival of Pales. Tatius and the Sabine fathers waged war, and by throwing open the path to the citadel, Tarpeia loses her life by a deserved punishment, shields being heaped upon her. Then there sprung from Cures, men with voices like silent wolves, and attack the men overcome with slumbers, and seek the gates, which the son of Ilia had closed with a firm bar; yet Saturnia herself opened one, and made no noise by turning the hinges. Venus alone perceived that the bar of the gate had fallen, and would desire to close it, but that it was not lawful for one deity to alter the acts of another deity. The Ausonian maids held the places nearest to Juno's temple, dripping with a cold fount; she begs the assistance of these, nor did the nymphs refuse the deity seeking what was just; they opened the streams and waters of their fountains. Yet even still the entrance of the open gate was not impassable, nor did the waters cut off the path. They placed lurid sulphur in the welling fountain, and fire the hollow chinks with flaming pitch; the heat penetrated to the depths of the fountain by these and other means, and ye, O waters, which lately dared to contend with alpine frosts, yielded not in heat

to flames itself. The two portals smoke with flame-scattering spray, and the gate in vain betrayed to the stubborn Sabines was defended by a new fountain, until the martial soldiery had put on their arms. After Romulus had, though unattacked, engaged his arms, and the Roman earth is strewn with Sabine dead, and strewn with its own, and the impious sword had mingled the blood of the son-in-law with that of the father-in-law, yet still it pleased them that war should be stayed by peace, and not to contend with the sword to the last, and that Tatius should share the realm.

Tatius had been slain, and Romulus was giving equal laws to the two people, when Mars, laying aside his helmet, addresses the parent of gods and men in such words, "Father, the time is at hand (since the Roman state is powerful by a firm foundation, nor depends on any protector) it is time to pay the reward promised to me, and worthy of your grandson, and to place him in heaven, taken from the earth; you formerly said to me, a council of the gods being present, (for I remember and remarked the affectionate words with retentive mind) there will be one whom you shall elevate to the azure vault of heaven. Let the sum of your words be ratified." The omnipotent assented, and shrouded the air in gloomy clouds, and terrified the city with thunder and lightning; which the god of war perceived as the allotted tokens of his carrying off his son, and leaning upon his spear, fearlessly he mounts his steed, pressed by a gore-stained yoke, and lashed with a stroke of his whip, and gliding down the air, stood on the summit of the hill of wood-crowned Palatium, and carried off the son of Ilia while giving laws to his own Romans. The mortal body gliding away through the light air, as a ball of lead launched from the broad sling is wont to melt in the midst of heaven; a beautiful countenance comes upon him, and more worthy of lofty shrines, and such as is the form of Quirinus robed in the trabea. His wife lamented him as lost, when royal Juno commanded Iris to descend to Hersilia by her curved bow, and in these terms to bear her commands to the widow, "O matron, especial honour both of the Latin and Sabine nations,

formerly most worthy wife of a noble hero, now to be the spouse of Quirinus. Cease thy lamentations, and if you desire to see your spouse, seek the grove on the hill of Quirinus which blooms and shades the temple of the Roman king." Iris obeys, and gliding to earth through her curved bow, addresses Hersilia with the prescribed words. She, scarcely raising her eyes in her modest countenance, says, "O goddess (for it is not easy for me to name you, who you are, yet it is clear you are a goddess), lead, O lead me, and present the face of my spouse to me; if the fates should grant that I could only see it once, I will acknowledge I have seen heaven." There is no delay; she enters the grove of Romulus with the Thaumantian virgin. There, a star gliding from heaven fell to the earth, by the light of which the hair of Hersilia blazing vanished to the air together with the star. The founder of the Roman city received her in his well known arms, and changes her former name together with her body. He calls her Ora, who is now the goddess united with Quirinus.

BOOK XV.

I. MEANTIME one is sought after, able to sustain so weighty a charge, and worthy to succeed so great a king. Fame, the harbinger of truth, destines illustrious Numa to the command. He thinks it not enough to know the rites of the Sabine nation; in his capacious mind he aims higher, and searches what may be the nature of things. This care urged him to leave his native country of Cures, and to travel to the city of the entertainer of Hercules; and as he was inquisitive to know what founder had raised these Grecian walls upon the Italian coast, one of the older natives, no stranger to the transactions of past ages, thus replies: "It is said, that the son of Jupiter, enriched with the Iberian beeves, reached, by a prosperous voyage, the Lacinian shore; and, leaving his herd to wander in the fertile meads, entered himself the hospitable dwelling of Croton, and there reposed after his long fatigue. At his departure, he said: 'On this spot shall a city stand in the time of my posterity;' and his words have been proved true: for there was one Myscelos, the son of Alemon, born at Argos, who was the most acceptable to the gods of all the men of that age. Him the club-armed hero overshadowing in a dream, thus addressed: 'Go, abandon your native seats, and hasten to the distant waters of stony Æsar;' threatening many and terrible calamities unless he obeyed. Soon after sleep and the god at once forsake him. The son of Alemon rises, and in his silent mind reflects upon the late vision; and his thoughts for a long time contend. A god commands him to depart; the laws forbid him to depart; and death is the punishment inflicted upon such as offer to abandon their country. The bright Sun had hid his shining head in the ocean, and gloomy night upreared her's, adorned

with stars; when the same god again appeared, and counselled him as before; and threatened still more cruel and heavy calamities if he disobeyed. He was alarmed by these menaces, and prepares to carry over his whole family at once to these new mansions. A rumour of his departure runs through the city, and he is indicted for contempt of the laws. When his cause came to be tried, and that the crime appeared, without witness, by his own confession, the unhappy sufferer, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, 'O *Hercules*,' says he, 'whose twice six labours advanced you to the heavenly abodes, aid me in my present distress; for it was you that urged me to this crime.' It was the custom of old to decide in criminal causes with black and white stones. With the first to condemn the accused, with the other to declare him innocent. According to this form was the heavy sentence now passed, and only black stones were thrown into the merciless urn; which as soon as it upturned poured them out, that their number might be recounted, the colour of each was changed from black to white, and his sentence, by the favour of Hercules, turned into an absolution, acquitted the son of Alemon. He returns thanks to his parent Amphytrionides, and steers along the Ionian sea with a favouring gale; and passes Lacedemonian Tarentum, and Sybaris, and Salentinum, and Neæthus, and the bay of Thurium, and Temese. and the Iapygian plains, and, having with infinite toil wandered from coast to coast, found at length the mouth of the Æsar, destined by fate. Hard by he found a tomb, under which were buried the sacred bones of Croton. There he built his walls upon the destined spot, and transferred to the city the name of him who lay buried there. It is certain, from unquestionable tradition, that such was the origin of the place, and of the city built here on the Italian coast.

II. Here lived a man, by birth a Samian; but he had fled from Samos and the tyrants together; and, from a hatred of slavery, was become a voluntary exile. He, by the strength of mind, could penetrate to the mansions of the gods, though far remote in the expanse of heaven; and, by the eye of his reason, traced those

hidden mazes which nature had denied to human ken. And when by a piercing sagacity, and wakeful study, he had unfolded the springs of nature, he communicated his discoveries to his followers; and taught his silent hearers, wondering at his words, the origin of this mighty world, the causes of things, and the course of nature. He explained also the perfections of deity; whence snow, and thunder's tremendous sound: whether Jupiter, or the winds, thundered upon the bursting of a cloud: what shook the solid earth: by what laws the planets wandered round the sun; and all hid from vulgar eyes. He first forbid animal food to be served up at the tables of men; he first opened his mouth, learned indeed, but not duly regarded, in such words as these: 'Forbear, mortals, to taint your bodies with food profane. We have corn; the fruit bends down the boughs, and our vines abound in swelling grapes. Our fields are covered with wholesome herbs; and those of a cruder kind may be softened and mellowed by fire. Nor is milk denied us, or honey smelling of fragrant thyme. Earth is lavish of her riches and kindly store, and, without slaughter or bloodshed, provides for luxury. The savage kind indeed allay their hunger with flesh, and yet not all; for the horse, and flocks, and herds, feed upon grass: they only of a fierce and ravenous nature, bears, wolves, Armenian tigers, and the angry brood of lions, delight in food reeking with the purple tide of life. Oh! impious custom! to bury bowels in bowels; to fatten a craving body by cramming it with the fat of its fellow, and maintain the life of one creature, by the death and murder of another. Is it possible then, amidst the great abundance which earth, the best of parents, so bounteously supplies, that nothing can delight, but with inhuman teeth to champ cruel wounds, and renew the barbarous Cyclopean feasts? Can you not allay the cravings of a ravenous and ungodly appetite, but by destroying the life of another? But the times of old, which we justly term the golden age, were happy in the fruit of trees, and the herbs which the earth produces; nor polluted their mouths with blood.'

III. Then might the birds in safety wing their flight through the air, and the hare undaunted wander in the open fields; nor had their easy credulity, hung the fish upon the hook. Snares and deceit were as yet unknown; no dread of fraud alarmed the mind, but all things flourished in peace; until some impious contriver of another institution (whoever he was) first envied us this simple food; and, by gorging his craving paunch with animal food, opened a door for cruelty. I am apt to believe, that the blood-polluted sword was first stained by the slaughter of the ravenous kind, and that had been enough; for, to destroy what seeks to deprive us of life, may be justified by the law of nature; but they were not to be made our food, as well as destroyed. From these beginnings impiety soon spread; and the sow is believed, by a deserved death, to have deserved to die, because with her broad snout she roots up the incrusted seed, and intercepts the hope of the year. The goat too, who had cropped the shooting vines, is led to be butchered at the altar of avenging Bacchus. The mischief they did, injured these two; but what did ye sheep deserve? a harmless race, born for the support of men: ye whose fleeces clothe them, whose milk supplies them with food, and who avail us more by their life, than death. What have the oxen deserved? A creature without fraud or guile, innocent, simple, and made for bearing toil. He is unmindful of past services indeed, and unworthy of the gifts of Ceres, who could butcher his labouring steer, whom he had just eased of the load of the crooked plough; and smote with an axe that neck, worn with toil, which had so often renewed his else ungrateful fields, and yielded so many fertile crops. Nor do we rest satisfied in committing crimes; men ascribe these impious acts to the gods themselves, and pretend, that the heavenly powers must be appeased with the blood of the laborious steer. A victim, without blemish, and of surpassing beauty (for to excel proves its ruin), adorned with fillets, and his horns tipped with gold, is placed before the altar: he hears the prayer of the priest, not knowing what it means; and sees the corn he helped to produce, laid between his horns upon

his forehead ; and, struck with an axe, stains with his blood the knives, which he had before perhaps beheld in the transparent waters. Straight they inspect the entrails, torn from his panting breast ; and search to know the mind of the gods from them. Whence have men this thirst after forbidden food ? Dare you then to eat it. O ye of mortal race, do not that which I entreat you not to do, and listen with attention to my precepts ; and, when you sit down to feast on the well-deserving steer, think and reflect, that you devour the labourer of your fields. And, since a god inspires my lips, I will yield to the impulse of the god : unfold my mysteries, open the skies, and unveil the oracles of the august mind. I will sing of mighty truths, never discovered by human eyes ; which the wits of former ages have not been able to explore. How am I pleased to travel along the sphere of stars ! and, leaving earth and this listless habitation of mortals, to be borne by a cloud, and scale the height of towering Atlas : thence, at a distance, to survey the wandering souls of mistaken mortals ; to encourage them, anxious and fearful for the state of future things, and lay open the whole series of fate.

IV. O ! feeble race ! why thus alarmed by the vain fear of death ? Whence this dread of Styx, and darkness, and empty names, the fictions of poets, and dreams of an imaginary world ? Whether the flame hath consumed bodies by its pyre, or crumbles into dust, the prey of time, think not that in this you can suffer any real harm. Our souls are not subject to death ; but, leaving their former seats, are received into different habitations, and renew life in other forms. Even I (for I remember it well), who declare these truths, was, in the time of the Trojan war, Euphorbus, the son of Panthous : and bore in my opposed breast, the heavy spear of the younger son of Atreus. I lately recollected the buckler which I wore upon my left arm, as I saw it hanging in the temple of Juno at Argos, where Abas formerly reigned. All things are but altered ; nothing dies. The soul wanders from place to place, and seizes any body in its way. The souls of beasts pass often into human bodies, while ours actuate the

limbs of beasts ; nor does it perish at any time. And as the pliant wax receives new figures, changes its form, nor retains the wonted impression, and yet is itself still the same ; in like manner, I teach that the soul continues unchanged, and only assumes a variety of different shapes. That piety therefore may not be sacrificed by appetite, forbear by impious murder to expel kindred souls ; nor let life be nourished by destroying the life of another. And, since I am borne along in an ample sea, and have given my sails without reserve to the winds, know, that nothing in nature continues in the same state ; all things are in perpetual flux, and every image is formed fleeting. Time itself runs on in a continued flood ; like a river rolling from its fountain. For neither can a river, or the flying hours, stop ; but, as wave is impelled by wave, and that before is urged by that behind, and urges at the same time its predecessor wave, thus the minutes pursue in successive course, ever renewed. For those that were vanished, new ones succeed ; and the fleeting moments are ever on the wing. We see, that darkness, by a kind of natural impulse, emerges into light, and that the shining rays of Phœbus succeed to the sable shade of night : nor is the face of heaven the same, when wearied animals slumber in midnight ease ; and the morning star rises bright on his shining steed : and again, a different face succeeds, when Aurora, daughter of Pallas, ushering in the morn, tinges the sphere to be given up to Apollo. Even the orb of Phœbus, when first he rises from the ocean, or downward bends his chariot to the earth, is covered with red ; but, high in his meridian course, he shines serene, as there the firmament is of ætherial make, and avoids the infection of the world below. Nor is the appearance of nocturnal Diana ever alike or the same ; for her face now, if she advances to her full, is less than that of the succeeding night ; but greater when she contracts her orb. Do you not behold the year revolve in four successive seasons, and act a resemblance of human life ? For the beginning Spring, helpless, infirm, and fed with milky juice, copies the tender age of infancy. Then the stem is shining and green, but weak, and void of strength,

it swells ; and glads the husbandman with hopes. Then all things flourish, and the bounteous fields look gay in the attire of their flowers ; nor is there any virtue in the leaves. The year, advancing from the Spring, gathers strength ; and, ripening into Summer, flourishes in the vigour of youth : for than this is not any season more robust, more prolific, or more replete with heat and moisture. The fire of youth overpast, Autumn succeeds, mature, mild, and of a middle temperature, between the heat of youth, and the chillness of age ; having his temples strewed with grey hairs. Last of all, tardy Winter creeps along with tottering pace, quite stripped, or but thinly covered with silver locks. Our bodies too are themselves in a perpetual course of change, without interruption ; nor to-morrow shall we be the same that we have been, or are. There was a time, when, confined to our mother's womb, we were but the seminal principles, and hopes of manhood. Nature lent her artful hands ; nor would suffer our bodies, lodged in the bowels of our distended mother, to be longer confined, but pushed us from our scanty habitation into the freer air. The infant brought to light, lay without strength ; soon he creeps upon four, and moves his limbs in imitation of the brute kind. By degrees he stands upright, yet tottering and with unsteady hams, supporting his nerves by some convenient prop. Thence he becomes fleet and strong, and passes the stage of youth ; and, having measured also the mid years of life, glides through the downward path of sinking old age. This last weakens and undermines the strength of the past term of life ; and Milo, when old, laments to see those arms, which once in well-strung nerves, and brawny muscles, rivalled those of Hercules, now hanging feeble. The daughter of Tyndarus too laments, when in her faithful glass she beholds the wrinkles of old age ; and wonders with herself how she came to be twice carried away. Thou devouring Time and thou envious Age make all things your prey ; and, exercising your rage against them, with sharpened teeth, consume them by slow degrees. Even what we call the elements themselves abide not in the same state : attend, and I will

teach you, what vicissitudes they undergo. This unperishing world contains four bodies productive of the rest. Of these, two, earth and water, are heavy; and, by their proper weight, tend downwards to the centre. The other two, air, and fire, still purer than air, as they are void of weight, and pressed down by no incumbent force, mount aloft into the upper skies. Which though separated, and distant from each other in place yet all things are compounded of these, and are all resolved into these again. Thus earth, dissolved, rarifies into water; and water, expanded, changes to air; the air, subtil, and purged of its weight, refines into the pure element of flame. Thence they return in a contrary course, and untwist, with restless toil, the curious web. For fire, condensed, changes to gross air; air to water; and water warps and rolls itself into a mass of earth. Thus nothing abides in its proper form; but nature, shifting continually, raises up one shape after another. Nor does any thing, in this mighty world, perish or fall to nothing, but only alters and changes its appearance. To be born, is to begin to be what formerly we were not, and to die, is to cease to appear what we seemed heretofore; when perhaps the one set of elements are transferred to this, these elements to the former; and, in other respects, continue what they were: nothing, I am apt to believe, continues long under the same form. Thus ye, O various ages of the world, declined from gold to iron; thus has the fortune of places so often changed. I have seen what once was solid earth, become sea, and the ocean, in its turn, become solid land: sea shells often lie far distant from the sea, and rusty anchors are found on the tops of mountains. What was formerly a plain, has been changed by a current of waters into a valley; and mountains, by a flood, have been levelled to a plain. Marshes are often changed to dry sand, deserts; parched heaths sometimes stagnate with standing waters. Here nature has opened new fountains, there shuts them up; and rivers roused by ancient earthquakes, break out, or vanishing subside. So Lycus, swallowed up by a chasm in the earth, rises again at a great distance, and flows again in a new channel. Thus

the great Erasinus dives ; and, pouring along with his latent stream, digs a second channel for himself in the plains of Argos. They tell us too, that Mysus, disdain- ing his former spring and winding bank, flows in a different bed, and takes the name of Caicus. Amenanus, too, rolling in his stream Sicilian sand, sometimes flows ; sometimes, his springs being dried up, appears no more. Anigros was once eagerly drank of ; but now (if any faith is due to the relations of the poets) pours out waters, poisonous to the touch, ever since the Centaur washed, in his current, the wounds made by the arrows of the invincible club-bearer. And are not the once so sweet waters of Hypanis, rising in the mountains of Scythia, now vitiated with bitter salts ? Antissa, Pharos, and Phœnician Tyre were formerly surrounded with waves ; but now not one remains an island. The ancient inhabitants tilled Leucas, annexed to the continent ; now seas circle round it. Zancle is also said to have been joined to Italy, till the sea destroyed the ancient boundaries, and pushed away the earth by intervening waves. If you look for Helice and Buris, cities of Achaia, you will find them under water : and mariners are still wont to shew the cities, swallowed up, with walls, whelmed in the deep. There is, near Pitthean Trœzen, a hill, tall and bare of trees ; formerly a level plot of ground, but now a mount. Here a violent effort of vapours, confined in the dark caverns below, and struggling in vain for vent, (that they might enjoy a freer air ; as in the whole scanty prison there was no chink, to render it pervious to their blast) heaved up, awful to relate, the enlarged concave ; as the breath of one's mouth is wont to distend a bladder, or skin, stript from a two-horned goat. The swelling continued, and has the appearance of a lofty hill ; and, in time, hardened into a solid mass of earth. Though many things thus occur to my mind, both of my own knowledge, and heard from others, yet I will mention only a few. What ? do not springs give and take new appearances ? Thy waters, horned Ammon, are, at noon cold, at morn and evening warm. Athamanis, it is said, will kindle wood, if his waters are sprinkled upon it, when the waning moon shrinks into

her least orb. The Ciconians have a river, whose water, if drank, converts the bowels into stone, and spreads a crust of marble over whatever they touch. Crathis and Sybaris, adjoining to it in our own country, change the hair to the colour of gold, or amber: and, what is still more surprising, there are streams capable, not only of transforming the body, but also the mind. Who has not heard of the obscene waters? or the Æthiopian lakes, which, if drank, either turn the brain, or confine in the chains of heavy sleep? Whoever allays his thirst from the Clitorian spring, avoids wine; and, abstemious, delights in pure water alone. Whether the qualities of this fountain are opposite to those of wine, or that (as the natives give out) Melampus, the son of Amithaon, when by herbs and spells he cured the daughters of Prætus of their madness, threw his purifying simples into this sober spring, which thence derived its repugnance to wine. The river Lyncestius has a contrary effect; for whoever drinks immoderately of this stream, reels and totters as if intoxicated with wine. There is a place in Arcadia, called of old Pheneos, remarkable for its waters of ambiguous quality: dread them by night; by night they are dangerous, but may be drank by day without harm. Thus rivers and lakes have some one quality, some another. There was a time, when Ortygia floated on the waves; now it is fixed. The ship of the Argonauts dreaded the Symplegades, tossed about by the assaults of the invading waves; which they stand immoveable, and sustain unshaken the attacks of the fiercest winds. Nor will Ætna, who boils in his sulphurous caverns, always vomit up flame; nor indeed has he always been flaming. For whether earth be an animal, that lives, and has her lungs discharging fiery vapours by many pores, she may change her passages of respiration; and, as often as she is shaken by convulsive assaults, shut up the old, and open new caverns: or, if the fleeting winds, bent up in hollow caves, toss flints against flints, and other bodies that hide the seeds of flame, they by a mutual collision take fire. When the fuel is spent, and the fierce winds abate, the caves will be left cold. Or, if we suppose, that

nitrous particles take fire, and that livid sulphur, kindled by the issuing vapour, feeds the flame ; yet, when earth shall no longer supply this unctuous fuel, and the aliments that feed her fires, her strength, by length of time, being wasted, and nourishment shall be wanting to the devouring conflagration, it will not bear the want of fuel, and bereft of it will abandon flames. We are told, that in Hyperborean Pallene are men, who, after nine times bathing in the Tritonian lake, are wont to have their bodies fenced with a covering of feathers. It is pretended too, (for my part I believe it not,) that the women of Scythia, smearing their bodies with a magic oil, practise the same arts. Yet if we are to credit facts, and undoubted experiments, is it not known that bodies dissolved by time and a fermenting heat, are changed into little insects? Go, bury some chosen steers when slain ; the thing is known from manifold trials : swarms of active bees spring from his putrid bowels, who, like their parents haunt the fields, delight in toil, and labour in hope of enjoying the hoarded store. The warlike steed, buried in the ground, gives birth to wasps and hornets. If from a crab, found on the sea shore, you take its bending claws, and cover the rest under ground, from the part buried, a scorpion will glide, and threaten with its circling tail. And rural moths that stretch their filmy threads on the leaves, (an observation common in the country) change their shape to that of a venomous butterfly. In mud lies concealed the latent seed of frogs, which it produces at first, short of their feet : but soon, it furnishes them with legs for swimming ; and, that they may be fit also for long leaps they are formed with a remarkable length of feet behind. Nor is the bear's cub, at the time of its birth, anything but a lump of ill animated flesh : the mother forms its limbs by licking them, and gives it, at last, the form which she herself received. Do you not see the offspring of the honey-creating tribe, while yet confined to their hexangular waxen cells, mere bodies without limbs ; and that they are late provided with waving feet and wings. Were it not a thing universally known, who would believe, that Juno's bird, whose tail sparkles

with gems and stars, Jupiter's armour-bearer, and the snow-white pigeons of the queen of love, nay, the feathered race, have their origin from the middle parts of an egg. There are some who think, that when the spine rots in the hollow tomb, its included marrow is changed to a snake : yet these all have their birth from other things. But there is one bird self-born, and self-begotten ; the Assyrians call it the Phœnix. He sustains not life by grain or herbs, but the tears of frankincense, and the juice of amomum. When he has completed the five centuries of his life, with his claws and crooked bill he builds for himself a nest, upon the boughs of an oak, or top of a trembling palm ; where, having strewed casia, and the aromatic stalks of spikenard, with broken cinnamon, and yellow myrrh, he lays himself upon it, and expires in his bed of perfumes. Hence, as we are told, an infant Phœnix is again produced from his father's body, appointed to renew the same lease of life. When age supplies him with strength and fits him for the intended burden, he lightens the boughs of the tall trees of the load of the nest, and piously carries his own cradle and father's sepulchre ; and, through the light air he reaches the city of Hyperion, he lays down his load in the temple of the sun, before the sacred porch. But, if there appears anything wonderful in all this, let us wonder still more, that the hyæna alternately changes its sex ; and one year a male begets, the next a female bears : and that another animal nourished by the winds and air, changes to the colour of whatever he touches. Conquered India furnished grape-bearing Bacchus with lynxes ; whose urine, they tell us, as discharged from the bladder, congeals in air, and hardens into gems. Thus too coral hardens as soon as it feels the air, under water it was a soft plant. Day would sooner fail, and Phœbus plunge his panting steeds in the deep sea, than I be able to recite the many objects in nature, subject to new changes. Even nations and empires undergo their vicissitudes. Some we see to flourish and gather strength ; others to sink and decay. Thus was Troy once potent in wealth and numerous armies, and for ten

long years able to bear so great an expense of blood : now, humble, she can only boast of her ancient ruins ; nor possesses any other riches, than the memorable tombs of her heroes. Sparta was once famous : Mycenæ flourished in wealth and grandeur : Athens too, and the towers of Amphion, sound high in the mouth of ancient fame. Sparta is now a despicable spot : lofty Mycenæ is fallen : Thebes and Oedipus live now only in fable ; and of ancient Athens what remains but the name ? Rome, too, if the voice of fame be true, is, at this very time, rising out of the ruins of Troy ; and lays the foundation of a mighty empire on the banks of the Tiber, rolling from the Apennines. She therefore changes by a continual increase of power, and will, in time, become the mistress of the world ; for so the prophets of old, and the fate-predicting oracles, declare. This, too, if I remember right, Helenus, the son of Priam, foretold to Æneas weeping, and doubtful of his future fate, when Ilium was sinking in ruins. “ O goddess born, if you truly comprehend the presages of my mind, Troy can never be entirely lost while you survive ; a way shall be opened for you through fire and sword. You shall escape, and carry Troy and her gods along with you, until a foreign land receives you, more favourable both to Troy and yourself, than your native soil. Even now I see, that the Phrygian race owe the world a city ; such as neither is, nor ever shall be, nor was known in any former age. A succession of heroes shall render her powerful for many ages, until a prince sprung from the blood of Iulus, raise her to be the mistress of the world. He, when earth shall have profited by him, shall ascend late into heaven, and take his place among the gods.” I remember well that these were the predictions of Helenus to Æneas, when he bore away from the Greeks, the guardian gods of his country ; and I rejoice to see my kindred walls flourish, and the Phrygians so much gainers by the conquest of the Greeks. But, that I may not expatiate too far, forgetting to wheel my horses towards the goal, heaven, and all that its canopy infolds, earth, and whatever is contained therein, are subject to changes. And let us,

too, parts of this universe, (as being not mere bodies alone, but also fleeting souls, that may take up an abode in wild beasts, or be lodged in the breasts of cattle), suffer bodies to remain secure and unviolated, that are animated perhaps by a parent, a brother, or some near relation, certainly of our own species: and let us not load our bowels with Thyestean meals. What an impious habit does he acquire, what how he prepares himself for the shedding of human blood, who can harden himself to cut the throat of a calf, and, unmoved, hear its mournful plaints; who can slaughter a kid, in vain uttering moans like those of children; or eat the birds which, with his own hands, he has fed. How little is here wanting to the perfection of wickedness! To what is the change from that prepared? Suffer the ox to plough; and leave his death to age, or a decay of nature. Let the sheep continue to shelter us from the rude assaults of Boreas, and the goats give their loaded udders to supply us with food. Banish from among you springs, nets, snares, and every artifice to delude: conspire not against the feathered tribe with insidious bird-lime; nor scare the affrighted deer with dreaded plumes; nor hide the crooked hook under falacious bait. Kill all noxious creatures. Let us abstain from feasts, and nourish life with suitable food. Numa, we are told, returned into his native country with a mind furnished with these, and such like, instructions; nor accepted the Latin sceptre but with much impurity. Who, happy in a goddess for his spouse, and the muses for his guides, taught the rites of sacrifice; and brought over to the soft arts of peace, a nation fond of war, and inured to the exercise of arms. Whom, when advanced in years he concluded his life and reign, the matrons, people, and senators, all bewailed his loss; for his wife, abandoning the city, lies hid in the thick groves of the valley of Aricia; and, by her groans and lamentation, disturbs the sacred rites of the Orestean Diana. How oft did the nymphs of the grove and lake check her grief, and address her in comforting strains! How oft did the son of Theseus counsel her to set bounds to her sorrow! "For not your fate alone,"

says he, 'tis to be bewailed: consider that the like calamities have befallen others, and you will bear your sufferings with greater moderation. Would that my woes were not so lively an example to assuage your grief; yet even mine may be sufficient. I make no doubt but you have heard of one Hippolytus, who fell a sacrifice to the cruelty of his father, and the treachery of his guilty step-mother. You will wonder, I know; nay, scarce shall I be able to convince you of it; yet I am he. For, in former times, the daughter of Pasiphae, having in vain solicited me to defile my father's bed (whether through dread of a discovery, or resenting the affront), turned the charge; and accused me of her own base desires. My father banished me, innocent as I was, from the city; and pours heavy imprecations on my guiltless head, with hostile vows. I was driving towards Pitthean Trœzen in my flying chariot, and had now reached the strand of the Corinthian sea, when the sea swelled; and an enormous mass of waters, heaving from the level surface of the deep, rose to a mountain's height, and bellowing, burst. A horned bull starts up from the parted waves; and, rearing his ample chest in air, spouts from his nostrils and wide mouth the briny waves. My attendants are seized with horror: my mind remains undaunted, strained as I was by thoughts of my banishment; when my mettled coursers, directing their looks towards the sea, prick up their ears, and, scared by the sight of the dreadful monster, hurry the chariot over steep rocks. I, in vain, struggle to curb the reins bedewed with frothy foam; and, bending backwards, pull with all my strength the pliant bridle. Doubtless, I should at length have checked their headstrong rage, had not the wheel, where it rolls round the axle, been broken, and splintered by the shock of a stump. I am tossed from my seat; and, as I was entangled by the harness, you might have seen my reeking bowels torn in pieces; my nerves wound round the stump; my limbs partly dragged away, and partly sticking behind; till, amidst my breaking bones and crackling joints, I breathed out my wearied soul. No part of my body could be known;

it was all over one continued wound. Say then, disconsolate nymph, can you, or dare you in justice compare your disaster with mine? I saw the realms devoid of light, and bathed my mangled body in the waters of Phlegethon. Nor had life been restored, but by the powerful medicine of the son of Apollo; which life after I had again recovered, even in spite of Pluto, by potent herbs and the Pæonian art, Cynthia, that I might not by my presence increase the envy of so uncommon a gift, threw a misty cloud around; and, to prevent the hazard and danger that threatened me from being seen or known, she stamped upon me the wrinkles of age, and gave me a new set of features; and was long in doubt, whether she should send me to dwell in Crete or Delos. At length, quitting the thoughts both of Delos and Crete, she placed me here; and commanded me, at the same time, to drop a name that might remind me of my woes: 'Do you,' said she, 'who were once Hippolytus, be now Virbius.' From that time I frequent this grove; and being now one of the inferior race of gods, am screened by the power of my patroness, and accounted one of her train." Yet no misfortunes of others can avail to alleviate the grief of Egeria; but lying at the foot of a mountain, she dissolves into tears; till the sister of Phœbus, moved at the affection of this inconsolable nymph, changed her body into a cold spring, and thawed her limbs to streams that ever flow. But the nymphs, and Virbius, the son of the Amazon, are filled with wonder at the new miracle, as when the Tyrrhenian swain beheld, in the middle of the field, the turf pregnant with fate, untouched, to swell and move of itself; and, losing the appearance of earth, to assume a human form, and open its sudden mouth to disclose the future fates. The natives call him Tages; he first taught the Tuscan race the art of foretelling things to come. As when, of old, Romulus saw his lance, fixed in the Palatine Hill, suddenly to shoot out; and standing now no longer by its point, but a new root, no longer a dart, but a tree of limber boughs, afforded to the admiring spectators an unlooked for shade. Or as when Cipus saw his horns in the watery mirror (for he saw

them); and, believing that the image reflected a false shadow, raising his hands often to his forehead, touched what he saw; nor longer doubting the testimony of his eyes, stood, as he returned victorious from the subdued foe. And, raising his hands and eyes to heaven, "O ye gods," says he, "whatever is portended by this miraculous appearance; if prosperity, be it to my country; if otherwise, may it light upon myself." He said; and raises a grassy altar of green turf, burning upon it rich perfumes, and offering libations of wine. He then consults the panting entrails of slaughtered sheep, to learn what they might indicate. These soon as the Tuscan augur had inspected, he beheld in them the mighty beginnings of great attempts, yet not plain. But when he raised the piercing eye from the boding fibres to the horny honours of Cipus, "Hail monarch," says he, "for to thee, Cipus; to thee, and these thy horns, shall this realm and the Latian towers be subject. Banish therefore delay; haste to enter the gates wide open to your approach; so the Fates command. For, as soon as you are received into the city, you shall be made king: and safely shall enjoy a perennial sceptre." He started back; and, turning his stern countenance from the walls of the city, "Far hence, far hence," says he, "may the gods banish all such threatening calamities! Better that I pass my life an exile, than that the Capitol should behold me its lord." He said; and immediately convenes an assembly of the people, and aged senators; but first veils his horns with the peaceful laurel, and stands upon a mount raised by his brave soldiers. Then, having addressed the gods, according to an ancient usage, "Lo!" says he, "there is one among you, whom unless you expel the city, he will rise to be king: I name him not, but learn who he is by this sign; he bears horns upon his brow. The prophet foretels, that if he once enter the city, as a sovereign, he will prescribe laws to his enslaved subjects. He might indeed have rushed in at your open gates, but this arm with-held him: though none is more strictly united to him, than I. Do you, Romans, forbid him your city; or, if he appears worthy of it, load him with

heavy chains : or put an end to your fears, by the death of this tyrant, destined you by fate." Such as are the murmurs of the blustering east wind, when he howls among the tufted pines ; or those of the beating billows, when, from afar, they are heard to lash the sounding shore ; alike was the uproar of the multitude. And yet, amidst the confused tumult of the enraged populace, one cry was distinctly heard ; " Who is he ?" And they examine one another's foreheads, and look for the horns they had been told of. Again Cibus : " Here behold the wretch you want ;" and, taking (though forbid by the people), the garland from his head, discovered his temples adorned with two horns. The people all cast their eyes upon the ground ; and, sad in thought (who can believe it ?) beheld with reluctance that renowned head, so illustrious for its merits ; nor did they long suffer it to remain without its honours, but bind it again with the festival garland. But the nobles, because you are forbid to enter the walls, gave thee, Cibus, by way of honour, as much land as, with a plough drawn by two yoked steers, thou could'st enclose from the rising to the setting of the sun ; and they grave upon the brazen posts, horns representing thy wonderful form, to continue from age to age. And now, O muses, ye guardian goddesses of the poet, relate (for ye know, nor does the most remote antiquity hide ought from your view), whence an island, surrounded by the channel of the Tiber, associated Æsculapius, the son of Coronis, with the gods of the city. A dire contagion infected formerly the Latian air, and the pale bodies of the natives were deformed by a ghastly look, discouraged by the number of funerals, when they find all human remedies to effect nothing, and that the art of physic nothing avails, they apply to heaven for aid ; and visit the oracle of Phœbus, at Delphos, which stands in the centre of the world. Of him they beg, that he will relieve them from their distress by his salutary power, and end the woes of so great a city. The place, the laurel of the god, and the quivers wherewith it is adorned, shook together, and the tripod from the sacred recess of the temple, thus replied, and affected every fearful breast. " What you

ask here, Romans, you might have asked in a place less remote from your own city; and ask it still in this place less remote. Nor is it to Apollo that you must apply for relief from your misery, but to the son of Apollo: go with happy auspices, and conduct my son into your city." When the prudent senate understood the commands of the god, they explore in what city the Phœbeian youth resided, and appoint deputies to sail for Epidaurus, with the aid of the winds: who, as soon as they reached the place in their crooked bark, waited on the senate and Grecian elders, and begged they would let them have the healing god, who, by his presence, might put an end to the mortality, that reigned in the Ausonian state; for so the unerring oracles of fate had directed. They are divided, and vary in their opinions; some plead, that the appointed aid ought not to be denied them; many oppose this, and are against delivering up the god, the guardian protector of their city. While they are in deliberation, night succeeds to the fading light of day, and the shadow of the earth had spread an universal darkness over the face of nature; when, in sleep, the healing god seemed to stand before the bed of the Roman deputy; but such as he is usually seen in his temple, holding in his left hand a rustic club, and with his right smoothing the hair of his long beard. When thus, with calm aspect, he addressed them: "Dismiss your fears; I will come, and leave the shrine and temple of this city. Observe only this serpent, who twines himself in folds round my club; and mark him well, that you may be able to know him again. Into his figure will I change myself; but of size enlarged, and great as ought the form of celestial bodies, when changed, to be." With these words the god, and with the god and his words, sleep departed; and cheering light succeeded the flight of sleep; returning Aurora had extinguished the lesser lights of heaven. The chiefs perplexed, and full of doubtful care, repair to the sumptuous temple of the god; and implore him to express, by celestial signs, in what land he chooses to reside. Scarce were their prayers ended, when the bright god, in form of a serpent, adorned with

scales of gold, and rearing high his lofty crest, by fore-running hissings, gave notice of his approach, and shook the statue, the altars, the doors, the marble pavement, and gilded roofs, and raised himself breast high, in the middle of the temple; and rolled around his eyes, that darted flames of fire. The crowd was struck with terror and amazement. The priest, having his sacred locks adorned with white fillets, knew the god. "The god, lo! the god," he cries; "adore him in silence all that are present. Be seen, O divine power, for our good, and, propitious hear the prayers of thy votaries." All that are present adore the god, as commanded, all respond the repeated words of the priest; and the descendants of Æneas too join in this holy worship with silence, and purity of mind. The god consents: and, nodding his crest, thrice hisses, and thrice vibrates his forked tongue in token of favour. He then glides along the smooth steps; and, bending back his head, looks with kind concern upon his ancient altars; and, departing, salutes his wonted habitation, and the temple where he had so long resided. Thence he sweeps his bulk along the ground, strewed with flowers; bends in folds, and marches through the city, to the port, fenced by a winding mole. Here he stood; and, seeming with a gracious aspect to dismiss his train, and the pious zeal of the crowd that followed him, he ascended the Latian ship. It felt the weight of the god; and the Romans rejoice to see the vessel bending under the load. They sacrifice a bull on the strand, and loose the twisted cords of the ship, adorned with garlands: a gentle gale pushed her on. The god, raised high, and leaning with his neck on the crooked stern, surveys from above the azure deep; and, wafted over the smooth Ionian sea by gentle zephyrs, reaches the coast of Italy on the sixth morn. He passes Lacinia, ennobled by a temple of the goddess Juno, and the Scylacean shore. He next leaves Iapygia, and, steering along, keeps the dangerous Amphissian rocks at distance on his left. Then doubling the Ceraunian promontory on his right, coasts along Romechium, Caulon, and Narycia; and passes the narrow straits of Sicilian Pelorus,

and the isles where Æolus, the son of Hippotas, reigned, and the mines of Temese ; and makes for the Leucosian shore, and the rosebeds of warm Pæstus. Thence he reaches Capreæ, and the promontory of Minerva, and the hill famed for the Surrentine grape, and the city of Hercules, and Stabiæ, and Parthenope formed for a life of ease and retirement, and the temple of the Cumæan sibyl. Hence the tepid bath of *Baiæ*, and the green retreats of Linternum offer to their sight ; and Vulturinus, rolling in his current great quantities of sand, and Sinuessa, abounding in white snakes, and the marshy fens of Minturnæ, and where Æneas buried his nurse, and the habitation of Antiphates, and Trachas beset with fens, and the plains of Circe, and rocky coast of Antium. As here the mariners anchored the vessel (for the sea was now rough and stormy), the god unfolds his spires ; and, gliding along in large and numerous rings, enters the temple of his father, that stood upon the yellow strand. Sea being now calm, the Epidaurian god leaves his father's altars ; and, quitting the hospitable temple of Apollo, furrows the sands along the coast with his rattling scales ; and, leaning on the helm, placed his head on the lofty stern, until he reached Castrum, and the sacred plains of Lavinium, by the mouth of the Tiber. Here the people from all parts, in mingled crowds, run out to meet him ; fathers, mothers, and those, O Trojan Vesta, who guard thy fires, and with joyful cries salute the god. And, where the nimble vessel cuts the opposing stream, incense crackles on either side, upon altars raised along the banks in order, and perfumes the air with its smoke : and the struck victim, warms with blood the knives. And now Rome, the mistress of the world, had received him ; when, rising up, and waving his neck, which rested on the top of the mast, he looks round for some proper habitation. The flowing stream is divided into two parts by a piece of land : which, seated in the middle between the arms of the river, that stretch on each side, is called the island. Hither the serpent, son of Phœbus, gliding from the Latian pine, repaired ; and, resuming his celestial shape, put a period to their woes, and came a restorer of health

to the city. But he was admitted a stranger into our temples ; Cæsar is adored as a god in his own city : whom, though alike renowned both in arms and arts, not wars ended in triumphs, his prudent administration at home, or the rapid glory of his conquests, contributed more to fix among the stars, than his own progeny. For of all Cæsar's acts, none redounds more to his honour, than that he is the father of Augustus. Is it a greater glory to have subdued the Britons environed by the sea, and urged your victorious fleet along the seven channels of the Nile ; to have added the rebellious Numidians, Cinyphian Juba, and Pontus, proud of the name of Mithridates, to the empire of Quirinus ; to have merited many, and celebrated some triumphs, than to have been the father of so great a man ; by decreeing whom as the ruler of mankind, heaven has lavished her bounty on the human race ? That this prince therefore might not be a descendant of mere mortals, his father must reach the skies. Which when the beautiful mother of Æneas foresaw, and foresaw too the bloody death that was preparing for the high-priest, and the combined arms of the conspirators, she turned pale ; and said to every god she met, " Behold, what a weight of treachery is prepared against me ; with what subtle arts that head is assaulted, the only remaining branch of Dardanian Iulus. Shall I alone be ever harassed with endless cares ; now wounded by the Calydonian spear of Tydeus' son ; now mourning the hard fate of Troy's ill-defended walls ? I have seen my son, wandering an exile from coast to coast, tossed by stormy seas, and traversing the gloomy regions of the dead. I have seen him engaged in war with Turnus, or rather, to speak without reserve, with implacable Juno. But why do I now revolve the ancient calamities of my race, since present fear defaces the memory of past ills ! See you not the impious swords, sharpened against me ? Forbid, gods ! repel the direful blow ! nor extinguish Vesta's sacred fire, by the blood of the high-priest." In vain does Venus, full of anxiety, disclose the complaints all over heaven, and endeavour to influence the gods ; who, though they cannot break

through the iron decrees of the fatal sisters, give yet no obscure hints of the approaching disaster. They tell us, that arms, rattling amidst dark clouds, the clarion's dreadful sound, and the alarm of the trumpet, heard in the sky, gave warning of the hideous crime. The troubled image of Phœbus too gave but a faint light, and comets were seen to blaze amidst the stars. Drops of blood fell from heaven in showers, and the morning-star was over-spread with a dusky hue: the chariot of the moon was also dyed with blood. In every place the infernal owl gave fatal omens; in every place the ivory statues wept; and awful songs and threatening sounds were heard in the sacred groves. No victims can allay the anger of the gods; the fibres foretell that great commotions are at hand; and a wounded head of the liver was found in the entrails; in the forum, and round the domes of the gods, night-howling dogs alarm; the wandering ghosts forsake their seats, and the city is shaken with earthquakes. Yet these premonitions of the gods cannot avert the treachery, or his approaching doom. The swords of the conspirators are drawn in the temple; for no place in the city pleases so much, for perpetrating the crime and horrid murder as the senate-house. It was now that the Cytherean goddess, in anguish smote her breast; and tried to hide her hero in the æthereal cloud, that had before screened Paris from the vengeance of Menelaus, and rescued Æneas from the pursuing sword of Diomed. When thus her sire: "Do you alone, daughter, hope to controul the unconquered sway of fate? Enter yourself the habitation of the three sisters. There you will see the records of things, graved deep in brass and lasting iron; which, eternal and secure, fear neither the concussion of heaven, nor the rage of thunder, nor any shock of ruin. There you will find the various fortunes of your race, designed in perennial adamant. I have myself read them, and marked them well in my mind; and will now repeat them, that you may not any longer continue ignorant of what is come. He, Cytherea, for whom you are now so anxious, has completed his term of life, and passed through the years he owed to earth.

To you it is granted, that he be received as a god in heaven, and have homage paid to him in temples ; and that his son, who, as the heir of his name and greatness, shall sustain the whole weight of the public administration, undertaking a noble revenge of his father's murder, find us, the gods, propitious to him in his wars. The walls of Mutina, invested under his conduct, shall, vanquished, sue for peace ; Pharsalia shall know him, and Philippi again be drenched in gore. A mighty name shall be subdued in Sicilia's flood : and the Egyptian spouse of a Roman leader, trusting to the unavailing nuptial tie, shall fall ; and, in vain, flatter herself with subjecting the Capitol to her Canopus. Why name I Africa, or the nations lying on both sides the ocean ? Whatever the habitable earth sustains shall be his : even the sea shall submit to his sway. Having established peace, he shall turn his mind to civil cares ; and enact just and equitable laws, and regulate the manners of his subjects by his own example : and, regarding ages to come, and the happiness of his future race, will appoint a son, born of his chaste spouse, to succeed, as heir of his name and rule : nor, until advanced in years, he reaches the experience of the Pylian sage, shall he enter the ætherial habitations, or be placed among his kindred stars. Meantime, snatch the hero's spirit from his wounded body, and change it to a beaming train of light ; that the deified Julius may ever, from his heavenly throne, smile upon the Roman capitol and forum." Scarce had he done speaking, when beauteous Venus stood invisible in the middle of the Senate house, and rescued the fleeting soul of her Cæsar from his mangled limbs, nor suffered it to dissolve in air, but placed it among the stars of heaven. And as she bore it, she perceived it to give light, and glow with new-born fires. Upwards it sprung from her bosom ; and mounting above the lunar sphere, shot behind it a long trail of light. Now he shines a star ; and, beholding the glorious deeds of his son, owns them to surpass his own ; and joys to be thus outdone by him. And, although the prince himself allows not of this preference given to his acts, yet fame, uncontrolled, and subject to no restraint, compels

him reluctant, to receive the homage due ; and, in this instance only, thwarts his desires. So Atreus yields to the mighty fame of Agamemnon ; thus Theseus surpassed his father Ægeus : and Achilles eclipsed Peleus. In fine, to make use of examples suited to the names concerned, thus does Saturn himself fall short of the fame of Jove. Jupiter rules the realms above, and sways the triple sceptre of the universe : the earth is subject to Augustus. Each is a father and governor. Grant, ye gods, attendants of Æneas, to whom fire and sword, submissive, gave way ; and ye native gods of Italy, and father Quirinus, and Mars, the common father of the city and Quirinus ; and you, Vesta, held sacred among the household gods of Cæsar ; and you, domestic Phœbus, to whom a like homage is paid ; and thou, mighty Jupiter, who, high enthroned, presidest over the Tarpeian towers ; and whatever other gods it may be lawful for a poet to invoke ; slowly may the day advance, and later than the term of my life ; when this august prince, abandoning the world, which he ruled so well, shall approach the heaven ; and, though distant, favour his suppliant subjects.

PERORATION.

And now I have finished a work, which neither the anger of Jove, nor fire, nor steel, nor the consuming teeth of time, shall be able to destroy. Come, when it will, the day, which has no power but over my body, and let it finish the doubtful term of life : yet, in my better part, immortal, I shall soar above the lofty mansions of the stars ; nor shall my name ever cease to be in honour. Wherever Rome shall spread her dominion over the conquered world, my works will be read by the nations ; and (if the presages of poets have aught of truth) I shall live in fame through all succeeding ages.

THE END.



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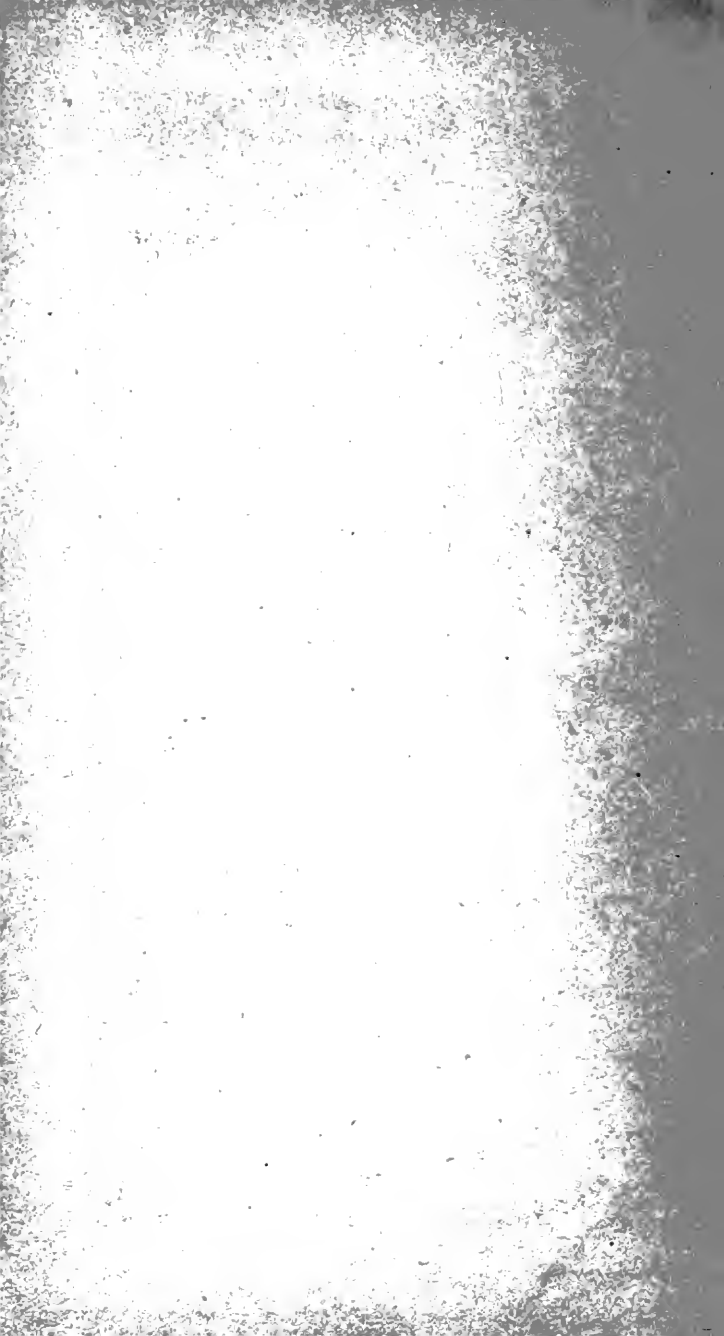
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