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III

METAMORPHOSESES

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IN SIX VOLUMES
III
METAMORPHOSES
WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
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IN TWO VOLUMES
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BOOKS I—VIII

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INTRODUCTION

Probably no Roman writer has revealed himself more frankly in his works than has Publius Ovidius Naso. Indeed, the greater part of our knowledge of him is gained from his own writings. References to his parentage, his early education, his friends, his work, his manner of life, his reverses—all lie scattered freely through his pages. Especially is this true of the Amores, and of the two groups of poems written from his exile. The Metamorphoses are naturally free from biographical material. Not content with occasional references, the poet has taken care to leave to posterity a somewhat extended and formal account of his life.

From this (Tristia, iv. 10) we learn that he was born at Sulmo in the Pelignian country, 43 B.C., of well-to-do parents of equestrian rank, and that he had one brother, exactly one year older than himself. His own bent, from early childhood, was towards poetry; but in this he was opposed by his practical father, who desired that both his sons should prepare for the profession of the law, a desire with which both the brothers complied, but the younger with only half-hearted and temporary devotion.

Having reached the age of manhood, young Ovid found public life utterly distasteful to him, and now that he was his own master, he gave loose rein to his poetic fancy and abandoned himself to the enjoy-
ment of the gay social life of Rome. He soon gained admission to the choice circle of the poets of his day, paying unlimited devotion to the masters of his art, and quickly becoming himself the object of no small admiration on the part of younger poets. His youthful poems soon gained fame among the people also, and his love poems became the popular lyrics of the town.

Though extremely susceptible to the influences of love, he proudly boasts that his private life was above reproach. He contracted two unhappy marriages in his youth, but his third marriage was a lasting joy to him.

And now his father and his mother died. The poet, while deeply mourning their loss with true filial devotion, still cannot but rejoice that they died before that disgrace came upon him which was to darken his own life and the lives of all whom he loved. For now, as the early frosts of age were beginning to whiten his locks, in the year 8 of our era, a sudden calamity fell upon him, no less than an imperial decree against him of perpetual banishment to the far-off shores of the Euxine Sea. The cause of this decree he only hints at; but he gives us to understand that it was an error of his judgment and not of his heart.¹

Exiled to savage Tomi, far from home and friends and the delights of his beloved Rome, he was forced to live in a rigorous climate, an unlovely land, midst a society of uncultured semi-savages. His chief solace was the cultivation of his art, and in this he spent the tiresome days. He ends his autobiography

¹ Augustus, indeed, gave as his reason the immorality of Ovid's love poems, but this is generally supposed to be only a cloak for a more personal and private reason.
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with a strain of thanksgiving to his muse, and a prophecy of his world-wide fame and literary immortality.

Though Ovid says that he strove to bear his misfortunes with a manly fortitude, the poems of his exile abound in plaintive lamentations at his hard lot, petitions to his friends in Rome, and unmanly subserviency to Augustus, and later to Tiberius, in the hope of gaining his recall. These, however, were all in vain, and he died at Tomi in A.D. 18, after a banishment of nearly ten years.

Ovid’s greatest work, the fruit of the best years of the prime of his life, when his imagination had ripened and his poetic vigour was at its height, was the Metamorphoses, finished in A.D. 7, just before his banishment.

In the poet’s own judgment, however, the poem was not finished, and, in his despair on learning of his impending exile, his burned his manuscript. He himself tells us of his motive for this rash act (Tristia, i. 7): “On departing from Rome, I burned this poem as well as many others of my works, either because I was disgusted with poetry which had proved my bane, or because this poem was still rough and unfinished.” But fortunately copies of this great work still survived in the hands of friends; and in this letter he begs his friends now to publish it, and at the same time he begs his readers to remember that the poem has never received its author’s finishing touches and so to be lenient in their judgment of it.

In the Metamorphoses Ovid attempts no less a task than the linking together into one artistically harmonious whole all the stories of classical mythology. And this he does, until the whole range of wonders
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(miraculous changes, hence the name, *Metamorphoses*) is passed in review, from the dawn of creation, when chaos was changed by divine fiat into the orderly universe, down to the very age of the poet himself, when the soul of Julius Caesar was changed to a star and set in the heavens among the immortals. Every important myth is at least touched upon, and though the stories differ widely in place and time, there is no break in the sequence of narration. The poet has seized upon every possible thread of connexion as he passes on from cycle to cycle of story; and where this connexion is lacking, by various ingenious and artistic devices a connecting-link is found.

The poem thus forms a manual of classical mythology, and is the most important source of mythical lore for all writers since Ovid's time. This is the real, tangible service which he has done the literary world. Many of these stories could now be obtained from the sources whence Ovid himself drew them—from Homer, Hesiod, the Greek tragedians, the Alexandrine poets, and many others. And yet many stories, but for him, would have been lost to us; and all of them he has so vivified by his strong poetic imagination that they have come down to us with added freshness and life.

The classic myths have always had a strong fascination for later writers, and so numerous are both passing and extended references to these in English literature, and especially in the poets, that he who reads without a classical background reads with many lapses of his understanding and appreciation. While the English poets have, of course, drawn from all classic sources, they are indebted for their mythology largely to Ovid. The poet would have been
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accessible after 1567 even to writers not versed in Latin, for in that year Golding’s translation of Ovid appeared.

An admirable study of the influence of classic myth on the writings of Shakespeare has been made,\(^1\) in which the author finds that Shakespeare was thoroughly familiar with the myths, and makes very free use of them. We read: 

"Though the number of definite allusions in Shakespeare is smaller than that of the vague ones, they are yet sufficiently numerous to admit of satisfactory conclusions. Of these allusions, for which a definite source can be assigned, it will be found that an overwhelming majority are directly due to Ovid, while the remainder, with few exceptions, are from Vergil. . . . Throughout, the influence of Ovid is at least four times as great as that of Vergil; the whole character of Shakespeare’s mythology is essentially Ovidian.”

What is true of Shakespeare is still more true of numerous other English poets in respect to their use of classical mythology. They do not always, indeed, use the myths in Ovid’s manner, which is that of one whose sole attention is on the story, which he tells with eager interest, simply for the sake of telling; and yet such earlier classicists as Spenser and Milton\(^2\) have so thoroughly imbibed the spirit of the classics that they deal with the classic stories quite as subjectively as Ovid himself. But among later English poets we find a tendency to objectify the myths, to rationalize them, to philosophize upon them, draw

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lessons from them, and even to burlesque them. Perhaps the most interesting development of all is found in our own time, a decided tendency to revamp the classical stories, though not always in the classical spirit—a kind of Pre-Raphaelite movement in poetry. Prominently in this class of poets should be named Walter Savage Landor, Edmund Gosse, Lewis and William Morris, and Frederick Tennyson; while many others have caught the same spirit and written in the same form.

The Latin text of this edition is based on that of Ehwald, published by Messrs. Weidmann, of Berlin, who have generously given permission to use it. All deviations of any importance from Ehwald’s text have been noted, and Ehwald’s readings given with their sources.

CHICAGO, March 1915.
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METAMORPHOSES
METAMORPHOSEON

LIBER I

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas corpora; di, coeptis (nam vos mutastis et illas) adspirate meis primaque ab origine mundi ad mea perpetuum deducite tempora carmen!

Ante mare et terras et quod tegit omnia caelum unus erat toto naturae vultus in orbe, quem dixere chaos: rudis indigestaque moles nec quicquam nisi pondus iners congestaque eodem non bene iunctarum discordia semina rerum. nullus adhuc mundo praebebat lumina Titan, nec nova crescendo reparabat cornua Phoebe, nec circumfuso pendebat in acre tellus ponderibus librata suis, nec brachia longo margine terrarum porrexerat Amphitrite; utque erat et tellus illic et pontus et aer, sic erat instabilis tellus, innabilis unda, lucis egens aer; nulli sua forma manebat, obstabatque aliis aliud, quia corpore in uno frigida pugnabant calidis, uementia siccis, mollia cum duris, sine pondere, habentia pondus. Hanc deus et melior litem natura diremit. nam caelo terras et terris abscidit undas.
METAMORPHOSES

BOOK I

My mind is bent to tell of bodies changed into new forms. Ye gods, for you yourselves have wrought the changes, breathe on these my undertakings, and bring down my song in unbroken strains from the world's very beginning even unto the present time.

Before the sea was, and the lands, and the sky that hangs over all, the face of Nature showed alike in her whole round, which state have men called chaos: a rough, unordered mass of things, nothing at all save lifeless bulk and warring seeds of ill-matched elements heaped in one. No sun as yet shone forth upon the world, nor did the waxing moon renew her slender horns; not yet did the earth hang poised by her own weight in the circumambient air, nor had the ocean stretched her arms along the far reaches of the lands. And, though there was both land and sea and air, no one could tread that land, or swim that sea; and the air was dark. No form of things remained the same; all objects were at odds, for within one body cold things strove with hot, and moist with dry, soft things with hard, things having weight with weightless things.

God—or kindlier Nature—composed this strife; for he rent asunder land from sky, and sea from land,
et liquidum spisco secrevit ab aere caelum.
quia postquam evolvit caecoque exemit acervo,
dissociata locis concordi pace ligavit:
ignea convexi vis et sine pondere caeli
emicuit summaque locum sibi fecit in arce;
proximus est aer illi levitate locoque;
densior his tellus elementaque grandia traxit
et pressa est gravitate sua; circumfluus umor
ultima possedit solidumque coercuit orbem.

Sic ubi dispositam quisquis fuit ille deorum
congeriem secuit sectamque in membra coegit,
principio terram, ne non aequalis ab omni
parte foret, magni speciem glomeravit in orbis.
tum freta diffundi rapidisque tumescere ventis
iussit et ambitae circumdare litora terrae;
addidit et fontes et stagna inmensa lacusque
fluminaque obliquis cinxit declivia ripis,
quae, diversa locis, partim sorbentur ab ipsa,
in mare perveniunt partim campoque recepta
liberioris aquae pro ripis litora pulsant.
iussit et extendi campos, subsidere valles,
fronde tegi silvas, lapidosos surgere montes,
utque duae dextra caelum totidemque sinistra
parte secant zonae, quinta est ardentior illis,
sic onus inclusum numero distinxit eodem
cura dei, totidemque plagae tellure premuntur.
quarum quae media est, non est habitabilis aestu;
and separated the ethereal heavens from the dense atmosphere. When thus he had released these elements and freed them from the blind heap of things, he set them each in its own place and bound them fast in harmony. The fiery weightless element that forms heaven’s vault leaped up and made place for itself upon the topmost height. Next came the air in lightness and in place. The earth was heavier than these, and, drawing with it the grosser elements, sank to the bottom by its own weight. The streaming water took the last place of all, and held the solid land confined in its embrace.

When he, whoever of the gods it was, had thus arranged in order and resolved that chaotic mass, and reduced it, thus resolved, to cosmic parts, he first moulded the earth into the form of a mighty ball so that it might be of like form on every side. Then he bade the waters to spread abroad, to rise in waves beneath the rushing winds, and fling themselves around the shores of the encircled earth. Springs, too, and huge, stagnant pools and lakes he made, and hemmed down-flowing rivers within their shelving banks, whose waters, each far remote from each, are partly swallowed by the earth itself, and partly flow down to the sea; and being thus received into the expanse of a freer flood, beat now on shores instead of banks. Then did he bid plains to stretch out, valleys to sink down, woods to be clothed in leafage, and the rock-ribbed mountains to arise. And as the celestial vault is cut by two zones on the right and two on the left, and there is a fifth zone between, hotter than these, so did the providence of God mark off the enclosed mass with the same number of zones, and the same tracts were stamped upon the earth. The central zone of these may not be dwelt in by
nix tegit alta duas; totidem inter utramque locavit temperiemque dedit mixta cum frigore flamma. Inminet his aer, qui quanto est pondere terrae, pondere aquae levior, tanto est onerosior igni. illic et nebulae, illic consistere nubes iussit et humanas motura tonitura mentes et cum fulminibus facientes frigora ventos.

His quoque non passim mundi fabricator habendum aera permisit; vix nunc obsistitur illis, cum sua quisque regat diverso flamina tractu, quin lanient mundum; tanta est discordia fratrum. Eurus ad Auroram Nabataeaque regna recessit Persidaeque et radiis iuga subdita matutinis; vesper et occiduo quae litora sole tepescunt, proxima sunt Zephyro; Scythiam sefemque triones horrifer invasit Boreas; contraria tellus nubibus adsiduis pluviaque madescit ab Austro. haec super imposuit liquidum et gravitate carentem aetheram nec quicquam terrenae faecis habentem. Vix ita limitibus dissaepserat omnia certis, cum, quae pressa diu fuerant caligine caeca, sidera coeperunt toto effervescre caelo; neu regio foret ulla suis animalibus orba, astra tenent caeleste solum formaeque deorum, cesserunt nitidis habitandae piscibus undae, terra feras cepit, volucres agitabilis aer. Sanctius his animal mentisque capacius altae deerat adhuc et quod dominari in cetera posset:

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reason of the heat; deep snow covers two, two he
placed between and gave them temperate climate,
mingling heat with cold.

The air hung over all, which is as much heavier
than fire as the weight of water is lighter than the
weight of earth. There did the creator bid the
mists and clouds to take their place, and thunder,
that should shake the hearts of men, and winds which
with the thunderbolts make chilling cold. To these
also the world's creator did not allot the air that they
might hold it everywhere. Even as it is, they can
scarce be prevented, though they control their blasts,
each in his separate tract, from tearing the world to
pieces. So fiercely do these brothers strive together.
But Eurus drew off to the land of the dawn and the
realms of Araby, and where the Persian hills flush
beneath the morning light. The western shores
which glow with the setting sun are the place of
Zephyrus: while bristling Boreas betook himself
to Scythia and the farthest north. The land far
opposite is wet with constant fog and rain, the home
of Auster, the South-wind. Above these all he
placed the liquid, weightless ether, which has naught
of earthy dregs.

Scarce had he thus parted off all things within
their determined bounds, when the stars, which had
long been lying hid crushed down beneath the dark-
ness, began to gleam throughout the sky. And, that
no region might be without its own forms of animate
life, the stars and divine forms occupied the floor of
heaven, the sea fell to the shining fishes for their home,
earth received the beasts, and the mobile air the birds.

A living creature of finer stuff than these, more
capable of lofty thought, one who could have dominion
over all the rest, was lacking yet. Then man was born:
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natus homo est, sive hunc divino semine fecit
ille opifex rerum,mundi meliortis origo,
sive recens tellus seductaque nuper ab alto
aethere cognati retinebat semina caeli.
quam satus Iapeto,mixtam pluvialibus undis,
finxit in effigiem moderantum cuncta deorum,
pronaque cum spectent animalia cetera terram,
os homini sublime dedit caelumque videre
iussit et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus:
sic,modo quae fuerat rudis et sine imagine,tellus
induit ignotas hominum conversa figuras.

Aurea prima sata est aetas, quae vindice nullo,
sponte sua, sine lege fidem rectumque colebat.
poena metusque aberant, nec verba minantia fixo
aere legebantur, nec supplex turba timebat
iudicis ora sui, sed erant sine iudice tuti.
nondum caesa suis, peregrinum ut viseret orbem,
montibus in liquidas pinus descenderat undas,
nullaque mortales praeter sua litora norant;
nondum praecipites eingebant oppida fossae;
non tuba directi, non aeris cornua flexi,
non galeae, non ensis erant: sine militis usu
mollia securae peragebant otia gentes.
ipsa quoque imminus rastroque intacta nec ullis
saucia vomeribus per se dabat omnia tellus,
contentique cibus nullo cogente creatis
arbuteos fetus montanaque fraga legebant
cornaque et in duris haerentia mora rubetis
et quae deciderant patula Iovis arbore glandes.
whether the god who made all else, designing a more perfect world, made man of his own divine substance, or whether the new earth, but lately drawn away from heavenly ether, retained still some elements of its kindred sky—that earth which the son of Iapetus mixed with fresh, running water, and moulded into the form of the all-controlling gods. And, though all other animals are prone, and fix their gaze upon the earth, he gave to man an uplifted face and bade him stand erect and turn his eyes to heaven. So, then, the earth, which had but lately been a rough and formless thing, was changed and clothed itself with forms of men before unknown.

Golden was that first age, which, with no one to compel, without a law, of its own will, kept faith and did the right. There was no fear of punishment, no threatening words were to be read on brazen tablets; no suppliant throng gazed fearfully upon its judge's face; but without judges lived secure. Not yet had the pine-tree, felled on its native mountains, descended thence into the watery plain to visit other lands; men knew no shores except their own. Not yet were cities begirt with steep moats; there were no trumpets of straight, no horns of curving brass, no swords or helmets. There was no need at all of armed men, for nations, secure from war's alarms, passed the years in gentle ease. The earth herself, without compulsion, untouched by hoe or plowshare, of herself gave all things needful. And men, content with food which came with no one's seeking, gathered the arbute fruit, strawberries from the mountain-sides, cornel-cherries, berries hanging thick upon the prickly bramble, and acorns fallen from the spreading tree of Jove. Then spring was everlasting, and
ver erat aeternum, placidique tepentibus auris mulceabant zephyri natos sine semine flores; mox etiam fruges tellus inarata ferebat, nec renovatus ager gravidis canebat aristis; 110 flumina iam lactis, iam flumina nectaris ibant, flavaque de viridi stillabant ilice mella.

Postquam Saturno tenebrosa in Tartara misso sub Iove mundus erat, subiit argentea proles, auro deterior, fulvo pretiosior aere. 115 Iuppiter antiqui contraxit tempora veris perque hiemes aestusque et inaequalis autumnos et breve ver spatiis exegit quattuor annum. tum primum siccis aer fervoribus ustus canduit, et ventis glacies adstricta pependit; 120 tum primum subiere domos; domus antra fuerunt et densi frutices et vinciae cortice virgae. semina tum primum longis Cerealia sulcis obruta sunt, pressique iugo gemuere iuvenci.

Tertia post illam successit aenea proles, 125 saevior ingeniis et ad horrida promptior arma, non scelerata tamen; de duro est ultima ferro. protinus inrupit venae peorias in aevum omne nefas fugitque pudor verumque fidesque; in quorum subiere locum fraudesque dolusque 130 insidiaeqve et vis et amor sceleratus habendi. vela dabant ventis nec adhuc bene noverat illos navita, quaeque prius steterant in montibus altis, fluctibus ignotis exsultavere carinae, communemque prius ceu lumina solis et auras 135
gentle zephyrs with warm breath played with the flowers that sprang unplanted. Anon the earth, untilled, brought forth her stores of grain, and the fields, though unfallowed, grew white with the heavy, bearded wheat. Streams of milk and streams of sweet nectar flowed, and yellow honey was distilled from the verdant oak.

After Saturn had been banished to the dark land of death, and the world was under the sway of Jove, the silver race came in, lower in the scale than gold, but of greater worth than yellow brass. Jove now shortened the bounds of the old-time spring, and through winter, summer, variable autumn, and brief spring completed the year in four seasons. Then first the parched air glared white with burning heat, and icicles hung down congealed by freezing winds. In that age men first sought the shelter of houses. Their homes had heretofore been caves, dense thickets, and branches bound together with bark. Then first the seeds of grain were planted in long furrows, and bullocks groaned beneath the heavy yoke.

Next after this and third in order came the brazen race, of sterner disposition, and more ready to fly to arms savage, but not yet impious. The age of hard iron came last. Straightway all evil burst forth into this age of baser vein: modesty and truth and faith fled the earth, and in their place came tricks and plots and snares, violence and cursed love of gain. Men now spread sails to the winds, though the sailor as yet scarce knew them; and keels of pine which long had stood upon high mountain-sides, now leaped insolently over unknown waves. And the ground, which had hitherto been a common possession like the sunlight and the air, the careful surveyor now
cautus humum longo signavit limite mensor.
nec tantum segetes alimentaque debita dives
poscebatur humus, sed itum est in viscera terrae,
quasse recondiderat Stygiisque ad moverat umbris,
effodiuntur opes, inritamenta malorum. 140
iamque nocens ferrum ferroque nocentius aurum
prodierat, prodit bellum, quod pugnat utroque,
sanguineaque manu crepitantia concutit arma.
vivitur ex rapto: non hospes ab hospite tutus,
non socer a genero, fratum quoque gratia rara est;
inminet exitio vir coniugis, illa mariti,
lurida terribiles miscent aconita novercae,
filius ante diem patrios inquirit in annos:
victa iacet pietas, et virgo caede madentis
ultima caelestum terras Astraea reliquit. 146
Neve foret terris securior arduus aether,
adfectasse ferunt regnum ecaleste gigantas
altaque congestos struxisse ad sidera montis.
tum pater omnipotens misso perfregit Olympum
fulmine et excussit subiectae Pelion Ossae. 155
obruta mole sua cum corpora dira iacerent,
perfusam multo natorum sanguine Terram
immaduisse ferunt calidumque animasse cruorem
et, ne nulla suae stirpis monimenta manerent,
in faciem vertisse hominum; sed et illa propago
contemptrix superum saevaeque avidissima caedis
et violenta fuit: scires e sanguine natos.
Quae pater ut summa vidit Saturnius arce,
ingemit et facto nondum vulgata recenti

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marked out with long-drawn boundary-line. Not only did men demand of the bounteous fields the crops and sustenance they owed, but they delved as well into the very bowels of the earth; and the wealth which the creator had hidden away and buried deep amidst the very Stygian shades, was brought to light, wealth that pricks men on to crime. And now baneful iron had come, and gold more baneful than iron; war came, which fights with both, and brandished in its bloody hands the clashing arms. Men lived on plunder. Guest was not safe from host, nor father-in-law from son-in-law; even among brothers 'twas rare to find affection. The husband longed for the death of his wife, she of her husband; murderous stepmothers brewed deadly poisons, and sons inquired into their fathers' years before the time. Piety lay vanquished, and the maiden Astraea, last of the immortals, abandoned the blood-soaked earth.

And, that high heaven might be no safer than the earth, they say that the Giants essayed the very throne of heaven, piling huge mountains, one on another, clear up to the stars. Then the Almighty Father hurled his thunderbolts, shattered Olympus, and dashed Pelion down from underlying Ossa. When those dread bodies lay o'erwhelmed by their own bulk, they say that Mother Earth, drenched with their streaming blood, informed that warm gore anew with life, and, that some trace of her former offspring might remain, she gave it human form. But this new stock, too, proved contemptuous of the gods, very greedy for slaughter, and passionate. You might know that they were sons of blood.

When Saturn's son from his high throne saw this he groaned, and, recalling the infamous revels of
foeda Lycaoniae referens convivia mensae

ingentes animo et dignas Iove concipit iras

conciliumque vocat: tenuit mora nulla vocatos.

Est via sublimis, caelo manifesta sereno;
lactea nomen habet, candore notabilis ipso.
hac iter est superis ad magni tecta Tonantis

regalemque domum: dextra laevaque deorum

atria nobilium valvis celebrantur apertis.

plebs habitat diversa locis: hac parte potentes
caelicolae clarique suos posuere penates;
hic locus est, quem, si verbis audacia detur,

haud timeam magni dixisse Palatia caeli.

Ergo ubi marmoreo superi sedere recessu,
celsior ipse loco scep troque innixus eburno
terrificam capitis concussit terque quaterque
caesariem, cum qua terram, mare, sidera movit.

talibus inde modis ora indignantia solvit:

" non ego pro mundi regno magis anxius illa
tempestate fui, qua centum quique parabat
inicere anguipedum captivo brachia caelo.

nam quamquam ferus hostis erat, tamen illud ab uno
corpor et ex una pendebat origine bellum;

nunc mihi qua totum Nereus circumsonat orbem,
perdendum est mortale genus: per flumina iuro
infera sub terras Stygio labentia luco!
cuncta prius temptata, sed inmedicabile corpus

ense recidendum, ne pars sincera trahatur.
sunt mihi semidei, sunt, rustica numina, nymphae
faunique satyrique et monticolae silvani;
quos quoniam caeli nondum dignamur honore,
Lycaon’s table—a story still unknown because the deed was new—he conceived a mighty wrath worthy of the soul of Jove, and summoned a council of the gods. Naught delayed their answer to the summons.

There is a high way, easily seen when the sky is clear. 'Tis called the Milky Way, famed for its shining whiteness. By this way the gods fare to the halls and royal dwelling of the mighty Thunderer. On either side the palaces of the gods of higher rank are thronged with guests through folding-doors flung wide. The lesser gods dwell apart from these. Fronting on this way, the illustrious and strong heavenly gods have placed their homes. This is the place which, if I may make bold to say it, I would not fear to call the Palatia of high heaven.

So, when the gods had taken their seats within the marble council chamber, the king himself, seated high above the rest and leaning on his ivory sceptre, shook thrice and again his awful locks, wherewith he moved the land and sea and sky. Then he opened his indignant lips, and thus spoke he: "I was not more troubled than now for the sovereignty of the world when each one of the serpent-footed giants was in act to lay his hundred hands upon the captive sky. For, although that was a savage enemy, their whole attack sprung from one body and one source. But now, wherever old Ocean roars around the earth, I must destroy the race of men. By the infernal streams that glide beneath the earth through Stygian groves, I swear that I have already tried all other means. But that which is incurable must be cut away with the knife, lest the untainted part also draw infection. I have demigods, rustic divinities, nymphs, fauns and satyrs, and sylvan deities upon the mountain-slopes. Since we do not yet esteem them
OVID

quas dedimus, certe terras habitare sinamus. 195
an satis, o superi, tutos fore creditis illos,
cum mihi, qui fulmen, qui vos habeoque regoque,
struxerit insidias notus feritate Lycaon? "

Contremuere omnes studiisque ardentibus ausum
talia deposcunt: sic, cum manus inpia saevit 200
sanguine Caesareo Romanum extinguiere nomen,
attonitum tanto subitae terrore ruinae
humanum genus est totusque perhorruit orbis;
nec tibi grata minus pietas, Auguste, tuorum
quam fuit illa Iovi. qui postquam voce manuque 205
murmura compressit, tenuere silentia cuncti.
substitit ut clamor pressus gravitate regentis,
Iuppiter hoc iterum sermone silentia rupit:
" ille quidem poenas (curam hanc dimittite!) solvit;
quod tamen admissum, quae sit vindicta, docebo. 210
contigerat nostras infamia temporis aures;
quam cupiens falsam summo delabor Olympo
et deus humana lustro sub imagine terras.
longa mora est, quantum noxae sit ubique repertum,
enumerare: minor fuit ipsa infamia vero. 215
Maenala transieram latebris horrenda ferarum
et cum Cyllene gelidi pineta Lycaeii:
Arcadis hinc sedes et inhospita tecta tyranni
ingredior, traherent cum sera crepuscula noctem.
signa dedi venisse deum, vulgusque precari 220
coeoperat: inridet primo pia vota Lycaon,
mox ait ‘ experiar deus hic discrimine aperto
an sit mortalis: nec erit dubitabile verum.’

16
worthy the honour of a place in heaven, let us at least allow them to dwell in safety in the lands allotted them. Or do you think that they will be safe, when against me, who wield the thunderbolt, who have and rule you as my subjects, Lycaon, well known for savagery, has laid his snares?"

All trembled, and with eager zeal demanded him who had been guilty of such bold infamy. So, when an impious band was mad to blot out the name of Rome with Caesar's blood, the human race was dazed with a mighty fear of sudden ruin, and the whole world shuddered in horror. Nor is the loyalty of thy subjects, Augustus, less pleasing to thee than that was to Jove. After he, by word and gesture, had checked their outcry, all held their peace. When now the clamour had subsided, checked by his royal authority, Jove once more broke the silence with these words: "He has indeed been punished; have no care for that. But what he did and what his punishment I will relate. An infamous report of the age had reached my ears. Eager to prove this false, I descended from high Olympus, and as a god disguised in human form travelled up and down the land. It would take too long to recount how great impiety was found on every hand. The infamous report was far less than the truth. I had crossed Maenala, bristling with the lairs of beasts, Cyllene, and the pine-groves of chill Lycaeus. Thence I approached the seat and inhospitable abode of the Arcadian king, just as the late evening shades were ushering in the night. I gave a sign that a god had come, and the common folk began to worship me. Lycaon at first mocked at their pious prayers; and then he said: 'I will soon find out, and that by a plain test, whether this fellow be god or mortal. Nor
OVID

nocte gravem somno necopina perdere morte me parat: haec illi placet experientia veri; nec contentus eo, missi de gente Molossa obsidis unius iugulum mucrone resolvit atque ita semineces partim ferventibus artus mollit aquis, partim subiecto torruit igni. quod simul inposuit mensis, ego vindice flamma in dominum dignosque everti tecta penates; territus ipse fugit nactusque silentia ruris exululat frustraque loqui conatur: ab ipso colligit os rabiem solitaeque cupidine caedis utitur in pecudes et nunc quoque sanguine gaudet. in villos abeunt vestes, in crura lacerti:

fit lupus et veteris servat vestigia formae; canities eadem est, eadem violentia vultus, idem oculi lucent, eadem feritatis imago est. occidit una domus, sed non domus una perire digna fuit: qua terra patet, fera regnat Erinys. in facinus iurasse putes! dent ocius omnes, quas meruere pati, (sic stat sententia) poenas."

Dicta Iovis pars voce probant stimulosque frementi adiciunt, alii partes adsensibus inplent. est tamen humani generis iactura dolori omnibus, et quae sit terrae mortalibus orbae forma futura rogant, quis sit latus in aras tura, ferisne paret populandas tradere terras. talia quaerentes (sibi enim fore cetera curae)
shall the truth be at all in doubt.' He planned that night while I was heavy with sleep to kill me by an unexpected murderous attack. Such was the experiment he adopted to test the truth. And not content with that, he took a hostage who had been sent by the Molossian race, cut his throat, and some parts of him still warm with life, he boiled, and others he roasted over the fire. But no sooner had he placed these before me on the table than I, with my avenging bolt, o'erthrew the house upon its master and on his guilty household. The king himself flies in terror and, gaining the silent fields, howls aloud, attempting in vain to speak. His mouth of itself gathers foam, and with his accustomed greed for blood he turns against the sheep, delighting still in slaughter. His garments change to shaggy hair, his arms to legs. He turns into a wolf, and yet retains some traces of his former shape. There is the same grey hair, the same fierce face, the same gleaming eyes, the same picture of beastly savagery. One house has fallen; but not one house alone has deserved to perish. Wherever the plains of earth extend, wild fury reigns supreme. You would deem it a conspiracy of crime. Let them all pay, and quickly too, the penalties which they have deserved. So stands my purpose.'

When he had done, some proclaimed their approval of his words, and added fuel to his wrath, while others played their parts by giving silent consent. And yet they all grieved over the threatened loss of the human race, and asked what would be the state of the world bereft of mortals. Who would bring incense to their altars? Was he planning to give over the world to the wild beasts to despoil? As they thus questioned, their king bade them be of good cheer (for the rest should be his care), for
rex superum trepidare vetat subolemque priori
dissimilem populo promittit origine mira.

Iamque erat in totas sparsurus fulmina terras;
sed timuit, ne forte sacer tot ab ignibus aether
conciperet flammis longusque arderet axis: 255
esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, adfore tempus,
quo mare, quo tellus correptaque regia caeli
ardeat et mundi moles obsessa laboret.
tela reponuntur manibus fabricata cyclopum;
poena placet diversa, genus mortale sub undis 260
perdere et ex omni nimbos demittere caelo.

Protinus Aeoliis Aquilonem claudit in anris
et queacumque fugant inductas flamina nubes
emittitque Notum. madidis Notus evolat alis,
terribilem picea tectus caligine vultum; 265
barba gravis nimbis, canis fluit unda capillis;
fronte sedent nebulae, rorant pennaeque sinusque.
utque manu lata pendentia nubila pressit,
fit fragor: hinc densi funduntur ab aethere nimbi;
nuntia Iunonis varios induta colores 270
concipit Iris aquas alimentaque nubibus adfert.
steruntur segetes et deplorata coloni
vota iacent, longique perit labor inritus anni.

Nec caelo contenta suo est Iovis ira, sed illum
c aeruleus frater iuvat auxiliaribus undis. 275
convocat hic amnes: qui postquam tecta tyranni
intravere sui, " non est hortamine longo
he would give them another race of wondrous origin
far different from the first.

And now he was in act to hurl his thunderbolts
'gainst the whole world; but he stayed his hand in
fear lest perchance the sacred heavens should take
fire from so huge a conflagration, and burn from pole
to pole. He remembered also that 'twas in the fates
that a time would come when sea and land, the
unkindled palace of the sky and the beleaguered
structure of the universe should be destroyed by fire.
And so he laid aside the bolts which Cyclopean hands
had forged. He preferred a different punishment,
to destroy the human race beneath the waves and to
send down rain from every quarter of the sky.

Straightway he shuts the North-wind up in the
cave of Aeolus, and all blasts soever that put the
clouds to flight; but he lets the South-wind loose.
Forth flies the South-wind with dripping wings, his
awful face shrouded in pitchy darkness. His beard
is heavy with rain; water flows in streams down his
hoary locks; dark clouds rest upon his brow; while
his wings and garments drip with dew. And, when
he presses the low-hanging clouds with his broad
hands, a crashing sound goes forth; and next the
dense clouds pour forth their rain. Iris, the mes-
senger of Juno, clad in robes of many hues, draws
up water and feeds it to the clouds. The standing
grain is overthrown; the crops which have been the
object of the farmers' prayers lie ruined; and the
hard labour of the tedious year has come to naught.

The wrath of Jove is not content with the waters
from his own sky; his sea-god brother aids him with
auxiliary waves. He summons his rivers to council.
When these have assembled at the palace of their
king, he says: "Now is no time to employ a long
nunc " ait " utendum; vires effundite vestras: sic opus est! aperite domos ac mole remota fluminibus vestris totas inmittite habenas!" iusserat; hi redeunt ac fontibus ora relaxant et defrenato volvuntur in aequora cursu.

Ipse tridente suo terram percussit, at illa intremuit motuque vias patefecit aquarum. exspatiata ruunt per apertos flumina campos cumque satis arbusta simul pecudesque virosque tectaque cumque suis rapiunt penetralia sacris. si qua domus mansit potuitque resistere tanto indeiecta malo, culmen tamen altior huius unda tegit, pressaeque latent sub gurgite turres. iamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant: omnia pontus erant, deerant quoque litora ponto.

Occupat hic collem, cumba sedet alter adunca et ducit remos illic, ubi nuper ararat: ille supra segetes aut mersae culmina villae navigat, hic summa pescem deprendit in ulmo. figitur in viridi, si fors tuit, ancora prato, aut subiecta terunt curvae vineta carinae; et, modo qua graciles gramen carpsero capella, nunc ibi deiformes ponunt sua corpora phocae. mirantur sub aqua lucos urbesque domosque Nereides, silvasque tenent delphines et altis incursant ramis agitataque robora pulsant. nat lupus inter oves, fulvos vehit unda leones, unda vehit tigres; nec vires fulminis apro, crura nec ablato prosunt velocia cervo,
harangue. Put forth all your strength, for there is need. Open wide your doors, away with all restraining dykes, and give full rein to all your river steeds.” So he commands, and the rivers return, uncurb their fountains’ mouths, and in unbridled course go racing to the sea.

Neptune himself smites the earth with his trident. She trembles, and at the stroke flings open wide a way for the waters. The rivers overlap all bounds and flood the open plains. And not alone orchards, crops and herds, men and dwellings, but shrines as well and their sacred contents do they sweep away. If any house has stood firm, and has been able to resist that huge misfortune undestroyed, still do the overtopping waves cover its roof, and its towers lie hid beneath the flood. And now the sea and land have no distinction. All is sea, but a sea without a shore.

Here one man seeks a hill-top in his flight; another sits in his curved skiff, plying the oars where lately he has plowed; one sails over his fields of grain or the roof of his buried farmhouse, and one takes fish caught in the elm-tree’s top. And sometimes it chanced that an anchor was embedded in a grassy meadow, or the curving keels brushed over the vineyard tops. And where but now the slender goats had browsed, the ugly sea-calves rested. The Nereids are amazed to see beneath the waters groves and cities and the haunts of men. The dolphins invade the woods, brushing against the high branches, and shake the oak-trees as they knock against them in their course. The wolf swims among the sheep, while tawny lions and tigers are borne along by the waves. Neither does the power of his lightning stroke avail the boar, nor his swift limbs the stag, since both are alike swept away by the flood; and
quaesitisque diu terris, ubi sistere possit,
in mare lassatis volucris vaga decidit alis.
obruerat tumulos inmensa licentia ponti,
pulsabantque novi montana cacumina fluctus. 310
maxima pars unda rapitur; quibus unda pepercit,
illos longa domant inopi ieiunia victu.

Separat Aonios Oetaeis Phocis ab arvis,
terra ferax, dum terra fuit, sed tempore in illo
pars maris et latus subitarum campus aquarum. 315
mons ibi verticibus petit arduus astra duobus,
nomine Parnasus, superantque cacumina nubes.
hic ubi Deucalion (nam cetera texerat aequor)
cum consorte tori parva rate vectus adhaesit,
Corycidas nymphas et numina montis adorant 320
fatidicamque Themin, quae tunc oracla tenebat:
non illo melior quisquam nec amantior aequi
vir fuit aut illa metuentior ulla deorum.
Iuppiter ut liquidis stagnare paludibus orbem
et superesse virum de tot modo milibus unum, 325
et superesse vidit de tot modo milibus unam,
innocuos ambo, cultores numinis ambo,
nubila disiecit nimbisque aquilone remotis
et caelo terras ostendit et aethera terris.
nec maris ira manet, positoque tricuspide telo 330
mulcet aquas rector pelagi supraque profundum
24
the wandering bird, after long searching for a place to alight, falls with weary wings into the sea. The sea in unchecked liberty has now buried all the hills, and strange waves now beat upon the mountain-peaks. Most living things are drowned outright. Those who have escaped the water slow starvation at last o’ercomes through lack of food.

The land of Phocis separates the Boeotian from the Oetean fields, a fertile land, while still it was a land. But at that time it was but a part of the sea, a broad expanse of sudden waters. There Mount Parnasus lifts its two peaks skyward, high and steep, piercing the clouds. When here Deucalion and his wife, borne in a little skiff, had come to land—for the sea had covered all things else—they first worshipped the Corycian nymphs and the mountain deities, and the goddess, fate-revealing Themis, who in those days kept the oracles. There was no better man than he, none more scrupulous of right, nor than she was any woman more reverent of the gods. When now Jove saw that the world was all one stagnant pool, and that only one man was left from those who were but now so many thousands, and that but one woman too was left, both innocent and both worshippers of God, he rent the clouds asunder, and when these had been swept away by the North-wind he showed the land once more to the sky, and the heavens to the land. Then too the anger of the sea subsides, when the sea’s great ruler lays by his three-pronged spear and calms the waves; and, calling sea-hued Triton, showing forth above the deep, his shoulders thick o’ergrown with shell-fish, he bids him blow into his loud-resounding conch, and by that signal to recall the floods and streams. He lifts his hollow, twisted shell, which grows from the least
exstantem atque umeros innato murice tectum
caeruleum Tritona vocat conchaeque sonanti
inspirare iubet fluctusque et flumina signo
iam revocare dato: cava bucina sumitur illi,
tortilis, in latum quae turbine crescit ab imo,
bucina, quae medio concepit ubi aera ponto,
litora voce replet sub utroque iacentia Phoebo;
tum quoque, ut ora dei madida rorantia barba
contigit et cecinit iussos inflata receptus,
omnia audita est telluris et aequoris undis,
et quibus est undis audita, coercuit omnes.
iam mare litus habet, plenos capiti alveus amnes,
flumina subsidunt collesque exire videntur;
surgit humus, crescunt loca decrescentibus undis,
ponto, litora voce replet sub utroque iacentia Phoebo;
tum quoque, ut ora dei madida rorantia barba
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et quibus est undis audita, coercuit omnes.
iam mare litus habet, plenos capi alveus amnes,
flumina subsidunt collesque exire videntur;
surgit humus, crescunt loca decrescentibus undis,
and lowest to a broad-swelling whorl—the shell which, when in mid-sea it has received the Triton's breath, fills with its notes the shores that lie beneath the rising and the setting sun. So then, when it had touched the sea-god's lips wet with his dripping beard, and sounded forth the retreat which had been ordered, 'twas heard by all the waters both of land and sea; and all the waters by which 'twas heard it held in check. Now the sea has shores, the rivers, bank full, keep within their channels; the floods subside, and hill-tops spring into view; land rises up, the ground increasing as the waves decrease; and now at length, after long burial, the trees show their uncovered tops, whose leaves still hold the slime which the flood has left.

The world was indeed restored. But when Deucalion saw that it was an empty world, and that deep silence filled the desolated lands, he burst into tears and thus addressed his wife: "O sister, O my wife, O only woman left on earth, you whom the ties of common race and family, whom the marriage couch has joined to me, and whom now our very perils join: of all the lands which the rising and the setting sun behold, we two are the throng. The sea holds all the rest. And even this hold which we have upon our life is not as yet sufficiently secure. Even yet the clouds strike terror to my heart. What would be your feelings, now, poor soul, if the fates had willed that you be rescued all alone? How would you bear your fear, alone? who would console your grief? For be assured that if the sea held you also, I would follow you, my wife, and the sea should hold me also.

1 *patruelis origo.* See line 390. Deucalion and Pyrrha were cousins, a relationship which on the part of the woman is sometimes expressed by *soror.*
Ovid

o utinam possim populos reparare paternis
artibus atque animas formatae infundere terrae!
nunc genus in nobis restat mortale duobus.
365
sic visum superis: hominumque exempla manemus.”
dixerat, et flebant: placuit caeleste precari
numen et auxilium per sacras quaeerere sortes.
nulla mora est: adeunt pariter Cephesidas undas,
ut nondum liquidas, sic iam vada nota secantes:
370
inde ubi libatos inroravere liquores
vestibus et capiti, flectunt vestigia sanctae
ad delubra deae, quorum fastigia turpi
pallebant musco stabantque sine ignibus arae.
375
ut templi tетigere gradus, procumbit uterque
pronum humi gelidoque pavens dedit oscura saxo
atque ita “si precibus” dixerunt “numina iustis
victa remollescunt, si flectitur ira deorum,
dic, Themis, qua generis damnum reparatione nostri
arte sit, et mersis fer opem, mitissima, rebus!”
380
Mota dea est sortemque dedit: “discedite templo
et velate caput cinctaque resolvite vestes
ossaque post tergum magnae iactate parentis!”
obstupuere diu: rumpitque silentia voce
Pyrrha prior iussisque deae parere recusat,
detque sibi veniam pavido rogat ore pavetque
laedere iactatis maternas ossibus umbras.
interea repetunt caecis obscura latebris
verba datae sortis secum inter seque voluant.
385
inde Promethides placidis Epimethida dictis
mulcet et “aut fallax” ait. “est sollertia nobis,
390
Oh, would that by my father's arts I might restore the nations, and breathe, as did he, the breath of life into the moulded clay. But as it is, on us two only depends the human race. Such is the will of Heaven: and we remain sole samples of mankind." He spoke; and when they had wept awhile they resolved to appeal to the heavenly power and seek his aid through sacred oracles. Without delay side by side they went to the waters of Cephisus' stream, which, while not yet clear, still flowed within their familiar banks. From this they took some drops and sprinkled them on head and clothing. So having done, they bent their steps to the goddess's sacred shrine, whose gables were still discoloured with foul moss, and upon whose altars the fires were dead. When they had reached the temple steps they both fell prone upon the ground, and with trembling lips kissed the chill stone and said: "If deities are appeased by the prayers of the righteous, if the wrath of the gods is thus turned aside, O Themis, tell us by what means our race may be restored, and bring aid, O most merciful, to a world o'erwhelmed."

The goddess was moved and gave this oracle: "Depart hence, and with veiled heads and loosened robes throw behind you as you go the bones of your great mother." Long they stand in dumb amaze; and first Pyrrha breaks the silence and refuses to obey the bidding of the goddess. With trembling lips she prays for pardon, but dares not outrage her mother's ghost by treating her bones as she is bid. Meanwhile they go over again the words of the oracle, which had been given so full of dark perplexities, and turn them over and over in their minds. At last Prometheus' son comforts the daughter of Epimetheus with reassuring words: "Either my wit
aut (pia sunt nullumque nefas oracula suadent!) magna parens terra est: lapides in corpore terrae ossa reor dici; iacere hos post terga iubemur."

Coniugis augurio quamquam Titania mota est, 395 spes tamen in dubio est: adeo caelestibus ambo diffidunt monitis; sed quid temptare nocebit? descendunt: velantque caput tunicasque recingunt et iussos lapides sua post vestigia mittunt. saxa (quis hoc credat, nisi sit pro teste vetustas?) 400 ponere duritiem coepere suumque rigorem mollirique mora mollitaque ducere formam. mox ubi creverunt naturaque mitior illis contigit, ut quaedam, sic non manifesta videri forma potest hominis, sed uti de marmore coeptis 1 non exacta satis rudibusque simillima signis, 406 quae tamen ex illis aliquo pars umida suco et terrena fuit, versa est in corporis usum; quod solidum est flectique nequit, mutatur in ossa, quae modo vena fuit, sub eodem nomine mansit, 410 inque brevi spatio superorum numine saxa missa viri manibus faciem traxere virorum et de femineo reparata est femina iactu. inde genus durum sumus experiensque laborum et documenta damus qua simus origine nati. 415 Cetera diversis tellus animalia formis sponte sua peperit, postquam vetus umor ab igne percaluit solis, caenumque udaeque paludes intumuere aestu, fecundaque semina rerum

1 coeptis Merkel: coepta MSS.
is at fault, or else (oracles are holy and never counsel guilt!) our great mother is the earth, and I think that the bones which the goddess speaks of are the stones in the earth's body. 'Tis these that we are bidden to throw behind us."

Although Pyrrha is moved by her husband's surmise, yet hope still wavers; so distrustful are they both as to the heavenly command. But what harm will it do to try? They go down, veil their heads, ungird their robes, and throw stones behind them just as the goddess had bidden. And the stones—who would believe it unless ancient tradition vouched for it?—began at once to lose their hardness and stiffness, to grow soft slowly, and softened to take on form. Then, when they had grown in size and become milder in their nature, a certain likeness to the human form, indeed, could be seen, still not very clear, but such as statues just begun out of marble have, not sharply defined, and very like roughly blocked-out images. That part of them, however, which was earthy and damp with slight moisture, was changed to flesh; but what was solid and incapable of bending became bone; that which was but now veins remained under the same name. And in a short time, through the operation of the divine will, the stones thrown by the man's hand took on the form of men, and women were made from the stones the woman threw. Hence come the hardness of our race and our endurance of toil; and we give proof from what origin we are sprung.

As to the other forms of animal life, the earth spontaneously produced these of divers kinds; after that old moisture remaining from the flood had grown warm from the rays of the sun, the slime of the wet marshes swelled with heat, and the fertile
vivaci nutrita solo ceu matris in alvo creverunt faciemque aliquam cepere morando. sic ubi deseruit madidos septemfluos agros Nilus et antiquo sua flumina reddidit alveo aetherioque recens exarsit sidere limus, plurima cultores versis animalia glaebis inveniunt et in his quaedam modo coepta per ipsum nascendi spatium, quaedam imperfecta suisque trunca vident numeris, et eodem in corpore saepe altera pars vivit, rudis est pars altera tellus. quippe ubi temperiem sumpsere umorque calorque, concipiunt, et ab his oriantur cuncta duobus, cumque sit ignis aquae pugnax, vapor umidus omnes res creat, et discors concordia fetibus apta est. ergo ubi diluvio tellus lutulenta recenti solibus aetheriis almoque recanduit aestu, edidit innumeratas species; partimque figuras rettulit antiquas, partim nova monstra creavit. Illa quidem nollet, sed te quoque, maxime Python, tum genuit, populisque novis, incognita serpens, terror eras: tantum spatii de monte tenebas. hunc deus arquitenens et numquam talibus armis ante nisi in dammis capreisque fugacibus usus mille gravem telis exhausta paene pharetra perdidit effuso per vulnera nigra veneno. neve operis famam posset delere vetustas, instituit sacros celebri certamine ludos, Pythia perdomitae serpentis nomine dictos. hic iuvenum quicumque manu pedibusve rotave

1 almo Merkel: alto MSS.
seeds of life, nourished in that life-giving soil, as in a mother's womb, grew and in time took on some special form. So when the seven-mouthed Nile has receded from the drenched fields and has returned again to its former bed, and the fresh slime has been heated by the sun's rays, farmers as they turn over the lumps of earth find many animate things; and among these some, but now begun, are upon the very verge of life, some are unfinished and lacking in their proper parts, and oft-times in the same body one part is alive and the other still nothing but raw earth. For when moisture and heat unite, life is conceived, and from these two sources all living things spring. And, though fire and water are naturally at enmity, still heat and moisture produce all things, and this inharmonious harmony is fitted to the growth of life. When, therefore, the earth, covered with mud from the recent flood, became heated up by the hot and genial rays of the sun, she brought forth innumerable forms of life; in part she restored the ancient shapes, and in part she created creatures new and strange:

She, indeed, would have wished not so to do, but thee also she then bore, thou huge Python, thou snake unknown before, who wast a terror to new-created men; so huge a space of mountain-side didst thou fill. This monster the god of the glittering bow destroyed with arms never before used except against does and wild she-goats, crushing him with countless darts, well-nigh emptying his quiver, till the creature's poisonous blood flowed from the black wounds. And, that the fame of his deed might not perish through lapse of time, he instituted sacred games whose contests throngs beheld, called Pythian from the name of the serpent he had overthrown. At these games,
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vicerat, aesculeae capiebat frondis honorem.
nondum laurus erat, longoque decentia crine
tempora cingebat de qualibet arbore Phoebus.

Primus amor Phoebi Daphne Peneia, quem non
fors ignara dedit, sed saeva Cupidinis ira,
Delius hunc nuper, victa serpente superbus,
viderat adducto flectentem cornua nervo
"quid" que "tibi, lascive puer, cum fortibus
armis?"
dixerat: "ista decent umeros gestamina nostros,
qui dare certa ferae, dare vulnera possimus hosti,
qui modo pestifero tot iugera ventre prementem
stravimus innumeris tumidum Pythona sagittis.

tu face nescio quos esto contentus amores
inritare tua, nec laudes adseres nostras!"

filius huic Veneris "figat tuus omnia, Phoebe,
te meus arcus" ait; "quantoque animalia cedunt
cuncta deo, tanto minor est tua gloria nostra."

doctor et eliso percussis aere pennis
inpiger umbrosa Parnasi constitit arce
eque sagittifera prompsit duo tela pharetra
diversorum operum: fugat hoc, facit illud amorem;
quod facit, auratum est et cuspide fulget acuta,
quod fugat, obtusum est et habet sub harundine
plumbum.

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quod fugat, obtusum est et habet sub harundine
plumbum.

hoc deus in nympha Peneide fixit, at illo
laesit Apollineas traiecta per ossa medullas;
protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen amantis
silvarum latebris captivarumque ferarum
every youth who had been victorious in boxing, running, or the chariot race received the honour of an oaken garland. For as yet the laurel-tree was not, and Phoebus was wont to wreath his temples, comely with flowing locks, with a garland from any tree.

Now the first love of Phoebus was Daphne, daughter of Peneus, the river-god. It was no blind chance that gave this love, but the malicious wrath of Cupid. Delian Apollo, while still exulting over his conquest of the serpent, had seen him bending his bow with tight-drawn string, and had said: "What hast thou to do with the arms of men, thou wanton boy? That weapon befits my shoulders; for I have strength to give unerring wounds to the wild beasts, my foes, and have but now laid low the Python swollen with countless darts, covering whole acres with plague-engendering form. Do thou be content with thy torch to light the hidden fires of love, and lay not claim to my honours." And to him Venus' son replied: "Thy dart may pierce all things else, Apollo, but mine shall pierce thee; and by as much as all living things are less than deity, by so much less is thy glory than mine." So saying he shook his wings and, dashing upward through the air, quickly alighted on the shady peak of Parnasus. There he took from his quiver two darts of opposite effect: one puts to flight, the other kindles the flame of love. The one which kindles love is of gold and has a sharp, gleaming point; the other is blunt and tipped with lead. This last the god fixed in the heart of Peneus' daughter, but with the other he smote Apollo, piercing even unto the bones and marrow. Straightway he burned with love; but she fled the very name of love, rejoicing in the deep fastnesses of the woods, and in the spoils of beasts
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exuviis gaudens innuptaeque aemula Phoebes:
vitta coercebat positos sine lege capillos. 
multi illam petiere, illa aversata petentes
inpatiens expersque viri nemora avia lustrat
nec, quid Hymen, quid Amor, quid sint conubia curat.
saepe pater dixit: “generum mihi, filia, debes,” 481
saepe pater dixit: “debes mihi, nata, nepotes”; 
illa velut crimen taedas exosa iugales
pulchra verecundo suffunditur ora rubore
inque patris blandis haerens cervice lacertis 485
“da mihi perpetua, genitor carissime,” dixit
“virginitate frui! dedit hoc pater ante Dianae.”
ille quidem obsequitur, sed te decor iste quod optas
esse vetat, votoque tuo tua forma repugnat:
Phoebus amat visaeque cupit conubia Daphnes, 490
quodque cupit, sperat, suaque illum oracula fallunt,
utque leves stipulae demptis adolentur aristis,
vel nimis admovit vel iam sub luce reliquit,
sic deus in flammata abit, sic pectore toto 495
uritur et sterilem sperando nutrit amorem.
spectat inornatos collo pendere capillos
et “quid, si comantur?” ait. videt igne micantes
sideribus similes oculos, videt oscula, quae non
est vidisse satis; laudat digitosque manusque 500
brachiaque et nudos media plus parte lacertos;
si qua latent, meliora putat. fugit oior aura
illa levi neque ad haec revocantis verba resistit:
“nympha, precor, Penei, mane! non inesequor hostis;
nympha, mane! sic agna lupum, sic cerva leonem, 505
which she had snared, vying with the virgin Phoebe. A single fillet bound her locks all unarranged. Many sought her; but she, averse to all suitors, impatient of control and without thought for man, roamed the pathless woods, nor cared at all that Hymen, love, or wedlock might be. Often her father said: "Daughter, you owe me a son-in-law"; and often: "Daughter, you owe me grandsons." But she, hating the wedding torch as if it were a thing of evil, would blush rosy red over her fair face, and, clinging around her father’s neck with coaxing arms, would say: "O father, dearest, grant me to enjoy perpetual virginity. Her father has already granted this to Diana." He, indeed, yielded to her request. But that beauty of thine, Daphne, forbade the fulfilment of thy desire, and thy form fitted not with thy prayer. Phoebus loves Daphne at sight, and longs to wed her; and what he longs for, that he hopes; and his own gifts of prophecy deceive him. And as the stubble of the harvested grain is kindled, as hedges burn with the torches which some traveller has chanced to put too near, or has gone off and left at break of day, so was the god consumed with flames, so did he burn in all his heart, and feed his fruitless love on hope. He looks at her hair hanging down her neck in disarray, and says: "What if it were arrayed?" He gazes at her eyes gleaming like stars, he gazes upon her lips, which but to gaze on does not satisfy. He marvels at her fingers, hands, and wrists, and her arms, bare to the shoulder; and what is hid he deems still lovelier. But she flees him swifter than the fleeting breeze, nor does she stop when he calls after her: "O nymph, O Peneus’ daughter, stay! I who pursue thee am no enemy. Oh stay! So does the lamb flee from the wolf; the deer from the lion; so do doves on fluttering wing flee from the eagle; so every
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sic aquilam penna fugiunt trepidante columbae, hostes quaeque suos: amor est mihi causa sequendi! me miserum! ne prona cadas indignave laedi crura notent sentes et sim tibi causa doloris! aspera, qua properas, loca sunt: moderatius, oro, 510 curre fugamque inhibe, moderatius insequar ipse. cui placeas, inquire tamen: non incola montis, non ego sum pastor, non hic armenta gregresque horridus observo. nescis, temeraria, nescis, quem fugias, ideoque fugis: mihi Delphica tellus 515 et Claros et Tenedos Patareaque regia servit; Iuppiter est genitor; per me, quod eritque fuitque estque, patet; per me concordant carmina nervis. certa quidem nostra est, nostra tamen una sagittat agrigor, in vacuo quae vulnera pectore fecit! 520 inventum medicina meum est, opiferque per orbem dicor, et herbarum subiecta potentia nobis. ei mihi, quod nullis amor est sanabilis herbis nec prosunt domino, quae prosunt omnibus, artes!"

Plura locuturum timido Peneia cursu 525 fugit cumque ipso verba imperfecta reliquit, tum quoque visa decens; nudabant corpora venti, obviaque adversas vibrabat flamina vestes, et levis impulsos retro dabat aura capillos, auctaque forma fuga est. sed enim non sustinet ultra perdere blanditas iuvenis deus, utque movebat 531 ipse amor, admissos sequitur vestigia passu. ut canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo vidit, et hic praedam pedibus petit, ille salutem; alter inhaesuro similis iam iamque tenere 535
creature flees its foes. But love is the cause of my pursuit. Ah me! I fear that thou wilt fall, or brambles mar thy innocent limbs, and I be cause of pain to thee. The region here is rough through which thou hastenest. Run with less speed, I pray, and hold thy flight. I, too, will follow with less speed. Nay, stop and ask who thy lover is. I am no mountain-dweller, no shepherd I, no unkempt guardian here of flocks and herds. Thou knowest not, rash one, thou knowest not whom thou fleest, and for that reason dost thou flee. Mine is the Delphian land, and Claros, Tenedos, and the realm of Patara acknowledge me as lord. Jove is my father. By me what shall be, has been, and what is are all revealed; by me the lyre responds in harmony to song. My arrow is sure of aim, but oh, one arrow, surer than my own, has wounded my heart but now so fancy free. The art of medicine is my discovery. I am called Help-Bringer throughout the world, and all the potency of herbs is given unto me. Alas, that love is curable by no herbs, and the arts which heal all others cannot heal their lord!"

He would have said more, but the maiden pursued her frightened way and left him with his words unfinished, even in her desertion seeming fair. The winds bared her limbs, the opposing breezes set her garments a-flutter as she ran, and a light air flung her locks streaming behind her. Her beauty was enhanced by flight. But the chase drew to an end, for the youthful god would not longer waste his time in coaxing words, and urged on by love, he pursued at utmost speed. Just as when a Gallic hound has seen a hare in an open plain, and seeks his prey on flying feet, but the hare, safety; he, just about to fasten on her, now, even now thinks he has her, and
sperat et extento stringit vestigia rostro,  
alter in ambiguo est, an sit comprensus, et ipsis  
morsibus eripitur tangentiøaque ora relinquit:  
sic deus et virgo est hic spe celer, illa timore.  
qui tamen insequitur pennis adiutus Amoris,  
ocior est requiemque negat tergoque fugacis  
inminet et crinem sparsum cervicibus adflat.  
viribus absumptis expalluit illa citaeque  
victa labore fugae spectans Peneidas undas  
“fer, pater,” inquit “opem! si flumina numen habetis,  
qua nimium placui, mutando perde fiøuram!”  
vix prece finita torpor gravis occupat artus,  
mollia cinguntur tenui praecordia libro,  
in frondem crines, in ramos brachia crescent,  
pes modo tam velox pigris radicibus haeret,  
ora cacumen habet: remanet nitor unus in illa.  

Hanc quoque Phoebus amat positaque in stipite  
dextra
sentit adhuc trepidade novo sub cortice pectus  
conplexusque suis ramos ut membra lacertis  
oscula dat ligno; refugit tamen oscula lignum.  
cui deus “at, quoniam coniunx mea non potes esse,  
arbor eris certe” dixit “mea! semper habebunt  
te coma, te citharae, te nostrae, laure, pharetrae;  
tu ducibus Latiis aderis, cum laeta Triumphum  
vox canet et visent longas Capitolia pompas;  
postibus Augustis eadem fidissima custos  
ante fores stabis mediumque tuebere quercum,

1 Most MSS. have two verses for 547:

qua nimium placui, tellus, ait, hisce, vel istam  
quae facit ut laedar mutando perde fiøuram.

Probably quae facit ut laedar was first written as a gloss to qua  
nimium placui, and the line completed by an emendation.
grazes her very heels with his outstretched muzzle; but she knows not whether she be not already caught, and barely escapes from those sharp fangs and leaves behind the jaws just closing on her: so ran the god and maid, he sped by hope and she by fear. But he ran the more swiftly, borne on the wings of love, gave her no time to rest, hung over her fleeing shoulders and breathed on the hair that streamed over her neck. Now was her strength all gone, and, pale with fear and utterly overcome by the toil of her swift flight, seeing her father’s waters near, she cried: “O father, help! if your waters hold divinity; change and destroy this beauty by which I pleased o’er well.” Scarce had she thus prayed when a down-dragging numbness seized her limbs, and her soft sides were begirt with thin bark. Her hair was changed to leaves, her arms to branches. Her feet, but now so swift, grew fast in sluggish roots, and her head was now but a tree’s top. Her gleaming beauty alone remained.

But even now in this new form Apollo loved her; and placing his hand upon the trunk, he felt the heart still fluttering beneath the bark. He embraced the branches as if human limbs, and pressed his lips upon the wood. But even the wood shrank from his kisses. And the god cried out to this: “Since thou canst not be my bride, thou shalt at least be my tree. My hair, my lyre, my quiver shall always be entwined with thee, O laurel. With thee shall Roman generals wreathe their heads, when shouts of joy shall acclaim their triumph, and long processions climb the Capitol. Thou at Augustus’ portals shalt stand a trusty guardian, and keep watch over the civic crown of
OVID

utque meum intonsis caput est iuvenale capillis,
tu quoque perpetuos semper gere frondis honores!
"finierat Paean: factis modo laurea ramis
adnuit utque caput visa est agitasse cacumen.

Est nemus Haemoniae, praerupta quod undique claudit
silva: vocant Tempe; per quae Peneus ab imo
effusus Pindo spumosis volvit undis
deiectuque gravi tenues agitantia fumos
nubila conducit summisque adspergine silvis
inpluit et sonitu plus quam vicina fatigat:
haec domus, haec sedes, haec sunt penetralia magni
amnis, in his residens facto de cautibus antro, 575
undis iura dabat nymphisque colentibus undas.
conveniunt illuc popularia flumina primum,
nescia, gratentur consolenturne parentem,
populifer Sperchios et inrequietus Enipeus
Apidanusque senex lenisque Amphrysos et Aeas,
moxque amnes alii, qui, qua tuliit inpetus illos,
in mare deducunt fessas erroribus undas.
Inachus unus abest imoque reconditus antro
fletibus auget aquas natamque miserrimus Io
luget ut amissam: nescit, vitane fruatur
an sit apud manes; sed quam non invenit usquam,
esse putat nusquam atque animo peiora veretur.

Viderat a patrio redeunteim Iuppiter illam
flumine et " o virgo Iove digna tuoque beatum
nescio quem factura toro, pete" dixerat "umbras 590
altorum nemorum" (et nemorum monstraverat
umbras)
oak which hangs between. And as my head is ever young and my locks unshorn, so do thou keep the beauty of thy leaves perpetual." Paean was done. The laurel waved her new-made branches, and seemed to move her head-like top in full consent.

There is a vale in Thessaly which steep-wooded slopes surround on every side. Men call it Tempe. Through this the River Peneus flows from the foot of Pindus with foam-flecked waters, and by its heavy fall forms clouds which drive along fine, smoke-like mist, sprinkles the tops of the trees with spray, and deafens even remoter regions by its roar. Here is the home, the seat, the inmost haunt of the mighty stream. Here, seated in a cave of overhanging rock, he was giving laws to his waters, and to his water-nymphs. Hither came, first, the rivers of his own country, not knowing whether to congratulate or console the father of Daphne: the poplar-fringed Sperchios, the restless Enipeus, hoary Apidanus, gentle Amphryso and Aeas; and later all the rivers which, by whatsoever way their current carries them, lead down their waters, weary with wandering, into the sea. Inachus only does not come; but, hidden away in his deepest cave, he augments his waters with his tears, and in utmost wretchedness laments his daughter, Io, as lost. He knows not whether she still lives or is among the shades. But, since he cannot find her anywhere, he thinks she must be nowhere, and his anxious soul forbodes things worse than death.

Now Jove had seen her returning from her father's stream, and said: "O maiden, worthy of the love of Jove, and destined to make some husband happy, seek now the shade of these deep woods"—and he pointed to the shady woods—"while the sun at his
dum calet, et medio sol est altissimus orbe!
quōd si sola times latebras intrare ferarum,
praeside tuta deo nemorum secreta subibis,
nef de plebe deo, sed qui caelestia magna
sceptra manu teneo, sed qui vaga fulmina mitto.
ne fuge me!" fugiebat enim. iam pascua Lernae
consitaque arboribus Lyrcea reliquerat arva,
cum deus induc ta latas caligine terras
occultuit tenuitque fugam rapuitque pudorem.

Interea medios Iuno dispexit in Argos 1
et no tis faciem nebulae fesces volucares
sub nitido mirata die, non fluminis illas
esse, nec umenti sens it tellure remitti;
atque suus coniunx ubi sit circumspicit, ut quae
depressi totiens iam nosset furta mariti.
quem postquam caelo non repperit, " aut ego fallor
aut ego laedor " ait delapsaque ab aethere sum mo
constitit in terris nebulaque recedere iussit.
coniugis adventum praesenserat inque nitentem
Inachidos vultus mutaverat ille iuvencam
(bos quoque formosa est): speciem Saturnia vaccae,
quamquam invita, probat nec non, et cu ius et
unde
quove sit armento, veri quasi nescia quaerit.
Iuppiter e terra genitam mentitur, ut auctor
desinat inquiri: petit hanc Saturnia munus.
quid faciat? crudele suos addicere amores,
non dare suspexit est: Pudor est, qui suadeat illinc,

1 Argos Merkel and Müller: agros MSS.
zenith’s height is overwarm. But if thou fearest to go alone amongst the haunts of wild beasts, under a god’s protection shalt thou tread in safety even the inmost woods. Nor am I of the common gods, but I am he who holds high heaven’s sceptre in his mighty hand, and hurls the roaming thunderbolts. Oh, do not flee from me!”—for she was already in flight. Now had she left behind the pasture-fields of Lerna, and the Lycean plains thick-set with trees, when the god hid the wide land in a thick, dark cloud, caught the fleeing maid and ravished her.

Meanwhile Juno chanced to look down upon the midst of Argos, and marvelled that quick-rising clouds had wrought the aspect of night in the clear light of day. She knew that they were not river mists nor fogs exhaled from the damp earth; and forthwith she glanced around to see where her lord might be, as one who knew well his oft-discovered wiles. When she could not find him in the sky she said: “Either I am mistaken or I am being wronged”; and gliding down from the top of heaven, she stood upon the earth and bade the clouds disperse. But Jove had felt beforehand his spouse’s coming and had changed the daughter of Inachus into a white heifer. Even in this form she still was beautiful. Saturnia looked awhile upon the heifer in grudging admiration; then asked whose she was and whence she came or from what herd, as if she did not know full well. Jove lyingly declared that she had sprung from the earth, that so he might forestall all further question as to her origin. Thereupon Saturnia asked for the heifer as a gift. What should he do? ’Twere a cruel task to surrender his love, but not to do so would arouse suspicion. Shame on one side prompts to give her
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hinc dissuadet Amor. victus Pudor esset Amore, sed leve si munus sociae generisque torique vacca negaretur, poterat non vacca videri!

Paelice donata non protinus exuit omnem diva metum timuitque Iovem et fuit anxia furti, donec Arestoridae servandam tradidit Argo. centum luminibus cinctum caput Argus habebat inde suis vicibus capiebant bina quietem, cetera servabant atque in statione maneabant. constiterat quocumque modo, spectabat ad Io, ante oculos Io, quamvis aversus, habebat. luce sinit pasci; cum sol tellure sub alta est, claudit et indigno circumdat vincula collo. frondibus arboreis et amara pascitur herba. proque toro terrae non semper gramen habenti incubat infelix limosaque flumina potat. illa etiam supplex Argo cum brachia vellet tendere, non habuit, quae brachia tenderet Argo, et conata queri mugitus edidit ore pertimuitque sonos propriaque exterrita voce est. venit et ad ripas, ubi ludere saepe solebat, Inachidas: rictus\(^1\) novaque ut conspexit in unda cornua, pertimuit seque exsternata refugit. naides ignorant, ignorat et Inachus ipse, quae sit; at illa patrem sequitur sequiturque sorores et patitur tangi seque admirantibus offert. decerptas senior porrexit Inachus herbas: illa manus lambit patriisque dat oscula palmis nec retinet lacrimas et, si modo verba sequantur,

\(^1\) Inachidas: rictus *Merkel*: Inachidas ripas *MSS.*
up, but love on the other urges not. Shame by love would have been o’ercome; but if so poor a gift as a heifer were refused to her who was both his sister and his wife, perchance she had seemed to be no heifer.

Though her rival was at last given up, the goddess did not at once put off all suspicion, for she feared Jove and further treachery, until she had given her over to Argus, the son of Arestor, to keep for her. Now Argus’ head was set about with a hundred eyes, which took their rest in sleep two at a time in turn, while the others watched and remained on guard. In whatsoever way he stood he looked at Io; even when his back was turned he had Io before his eyes. In the daytime he allowed her to graze; but when the sun had set beneath the earth he shut her up and tied an ignominious halter round her neck. She fed on leaves of trees and bitter herbs, and instead of a couch the poor thing lay upon the ground, which was not always grassy, and drank water from the muddy streams. When she strove to stretch out suppliant arms to Argus, she had no arms to stretch; and when she attempted to voice her complaints, she only mooed. She would start with fear at the sound, and was filled with terror at her own voice. She came also to the bank of her father’s stream, where she used to play; but when she saw, reflected in the water, her gaping jaws and sprouting horns, she fled in very terror of herself. Her Naiad sisters knew not who she was, nor yet her father, Inachus himself. But she followed him and her sisters, and offered herself to be petted and admired. Old Inachus had plucked some grass and held it out to her; she licked her father’s hand and tried to kiss it. She could not restrain her tears, and, if only she could
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oret opem nomenque suum casusque loquatur; littera pro verbis, quam pes in pulvere duxit, corporis indicium mutati triste peregit. "me miserum!" exclamat pater Inachus inque gementis cornibus et niveae pendens cervice iuvencae "me miserum!" ingeminat; "tune es quaesita per omnes nata mihi terras? tu non inventa reperta luctus eras levior! retices nec mutua nostris dicta referes, alto tantum suspiria ducis pectore, quodque unum potes, ad mea verba remugis!
at tibi ego ignarus thalamos taedasque parabam, spesque fuit generi mihi prima, secunda nepotum. de grege nunc tibi vir, nunc de grege natus habendus. nec finire licet tantos mihi morte dolores; sed nocet esse deum, praeclusaque ianua leti aeternum nostros luctus extendit in aevum." talia maerentes stellatus submovet Argus ereptamque patri diversa in pascua natam abstrahit. ipse procul montis sublime cacumen occupat, unde sedens partes speculatur in omnes.
Nec superum rector mala tanta Phoronidos ultra ferre potest natumque vocat, quem lucida partu Pleias enixa est letoeque det imperat Argum. parva mora est alas pedibus virgamque potenti somniferam sumpsisse manu tegumenque capillis. haec ubi disposit, patria Iove natus ab arce desilit in terras; illic tegumenque removit et posuit pennas, tantummodo virga retenta est: hac agit ut pastor per devia rura capellas,

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speak, she would tell her name and sad misfortune, and beg for aid. But instead of words, she did tell the sad story of her changed form with letters which she traced in the dust with her hoof. “Ah, woe is me!” exclaimed her father, Inachus; and, clinging to the weeping heifer's horns and snow-white neck: “Ah, woe is me! art thou indeed my daughter whom I have sought o'er all the earth? Unfound, a lighter grief wast thou than found. Thou art silent, and givest me back no answer to my words; thou only heaviest deep sighs, and, what alone thou canst, thou dost moo in reply. I, in blissful ignorance, was preparing marriage rites for thee, and had hopes, first of a son-in-law, and then of grandchildren. But now from the herd must I find thee a husband, and from the herd must I look for grandchildren. And even by death I may not end my crushing woes. It is a dreadful thing to be a god, for the door of death is shut to me, and my grief must go on without end.” As they thus wept together star-eyed Argus separated them and drove the daughter, torn from her father's arms, to more distant pastures. There he perched himself apart upon a high mountain-top, where at his ease he could keep watch on every side.

But now the ruler of the heavenly ones can no longer bear these great sufferings of Io, and he calls his son whom the shining Pleiad bore, and bids him do Argus to death. Without delay Mercury puts on his winged sandals, takes in his potent hand his sleep-producing wand, and dons his magic cap. Thus arrayed, the son of Jove leaps down from sky to earth, where he removes his cap and lays aside his wings. Only his wand he keeps. With this, in the character of a shepherd, through the sequestered
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dum venit, adductas et structis cantat avenis. voce nova et captus custos Iunonius arte "quisquis es, hoc poteras mecum considere saxo"
Argus ait; "neque enim pecori fecundior ullo herba loco est, aptamque vides pastoribus umbram."

Sedit Atlantiades et euntem multa loquendo detinuit sermone diem iunctisque canendo vincere harundinibus servantia lumina temptat.
ille tamen pugnat molles evincere somnos et, quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus, parte tamen vigilat. quaerit quoque (namque reperta fistula nuper erat), qua sit ratione reperta.

Tum deus "Arcadiae gelidis sub montibus" inquit "inter hamadryadas celeberrima Nonacrinas naias una fuit: nymphae Syringa vocabant. non semel et satyros eluserat illa sequentes et quoscumque deos umbrosaque silva feraxque rus habet. Ortygiam studiis ipsaque colebat virginitate deam; ritu quoque cincta Dianae falleret, ut posset credi Latonia, si non corneus huic arcus, si non foret aureus illi; sic quoque fallebat.

Redeuntem colle Lycaeo Pan videt hanc pinaque caput praecinctus acuta talia verba refert"—restabat verba referre et precibus spretis fugisse per avia nympham,
country paths he drives a flock of goats which he has collected as he came along, and plays upon his reed pipe as he goes. Juno's guardsman is greatly taken with the strange sound. "You, there," he calls, "whoever you are, you might as well sit beside me on this rock; for nowhere is there richer grass for the flock, and you see that there is shade convenient for shepherds."

So Atlas' grandson takes his seat, and fills the passing hours with talk of many things; and by making music on his pipe of reeds he tries to overcome those watchful eyes. But Argus strives valiantly against his slumberous languor, and though he allows some of his eyes to sleep, still he continues to watch with the others. He asks also how the reed pipe came to be invented; for at that time it had but recently been invented.

Then said the god: "On Arcadia's cool mountainslopes, among the wood nymphs who dwelt on Nonacris, there was one much sought by suitors. Her sister nymphs called her Syrinx. More than once she had eluded the pursuit of satyrs and all the gods who dwell either in the bosky woods or fertile fields. But she patterned after the Delian goddess in her pursuits and above all in her life of maidenhood. When girt after the manner of Diana, she would deceive the beholder, and could be mistaken for Latona's daughter, were not her bow of horn, were not Diana's of gold. But even so she was mistaken for the goddess.

"One day Pan saw her as she was coming back from Mount Lycaeus, his head wreathed with a crown of sharp pine-needles, and thus addressed her. . . ." It remained still to tell what he said and to relate how the nymph, spurning his prayers, fled
donec harenosi placidum Ladonis ad amnem venerit; hic illam cursum impedientibus undis ut se mutarent liquidas orasse sorores, Panaque cum prensam sibi iam Syringa putaret, corpor pro nymphae calamos tenuisse palustres, dumque ibi suspirat, motos in harundine ventos effecisse sonum tenuem similemque querenti. arte nova vocisque deum dulcedine captum "hoc mihi concilium tecum" dixisse "manebit," atque ita disparibus calamis copaginæ cerae inter se iunctis nomen tenuisse puellæ. talia dicturus vidit Cyllenius omnes subcubuisse oculos adopertaque lumina somno; supprimit extemplo vocem firmatque soporem languida permulcens medicata lumina virga. nec mora, falcato nutantem vulnerat ense, qua collo est confine caput, saxoque cruentum deicit et maculat praeruptam sanguine rupem. Arge, iaces, quodque in tot lumina lumen habebas, extinctum est, centumque oculos nox occupat una. Excipit hos volucrisque suae Saturnia pennis collocat et gemmis caudam stellantibus inplet. protinus exarsit nec tempora distulit iae horriferamque oculis animoque obiecit Erinyn paelicis Argolicæ stimulusque in pectore caecos condidit et profugam per totum terruit orbem. ultimus inmenso restabas, Nile, labori; quem simulac tetigit, positisque in margine ripae procubuit genibus resupinoque ardua collo,
through the pathless wastes until she came to Ladon's stream flowing peacefully along his sandy banks; how here, when the water checked her further flight, she besought her sisters of the stream to change her form; and how Pan, when now he thought he had caught Syrinx, instead of her held naught but marsh reeds in his arms; and while he sighed in disappointment, the soft air stirring in the reeds gave forth a low and complaining sound. Touched by this wonder and charmed by the sweet tones, the god exclaimed: "This union, at least, shall I have with thee." And so the pipes, made of unequal reeds fitted together by a joining of wax, took and kept the name of the maiden. When Mercury was going on to tell this story, he saw that all those eyes had yielded and were closed in sleep. Straightway he checks his words, and deepens Argus' slumber by passing his magic wand over those sleep-faint eyes. And forthwith he smites with his hooked sword the nodding head just where it joins the neck, and sends it bleeding down the rocks, defiling the rugged cliff with blood. Argus, thou liest low; the light which thou hadst within thy many fires is all put out; and one darkness fills thy hundred eyes.

Saturnia took these eyes and set them on the feathers of her bird, filling his tail with star-like jewels. Straightway she flamed with anger, nor did she delay the fulfilment of her wrath. She set a terror-bearing fury to work before the eyes and heart of her Grecian rival, planted deep within her breast a goading fear, and sent her fleeing in terror through all the world. Thou, O Nile, alone didst close her boundless toil. When she reached the stream, she flung herself down on her knees upon the river bank; with head thrown back she raised her face,
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quos potuit solos, tollens ad sidera vultus
et gemitu et lacrimis et luctisono mugitu
cum Iove visa queri finemque orare malorum.
coniugis ille suae conplexus colla lacertis,
finiat ut poenas tandem, rogat "in" que "futurum
pone metus" inquit: "numquam tibi causa doloris
haec erit," et Stygias iubet hoc audire paludes.

Ut lenita dea est, vultus capit illa priores
fitque, quod ante fuit: fugiunt e corpore saetae;
cornua decrescunt, fit luminis artior orbis,
contrahitur rictus, redeunt umerique manusque,
ingulaque in quinos dilapsa absmitur ungues :
de bove nil superest formae nisi candor in illa.
officioque pedum nymphe contenta duorum
erigitur metuitque loqui, ne more iuvencae
mugiat, et timide verba intermissa retemptat.

Nunc dea linigera colitur celeberrima turba.
huic Epaphus magni genitus de semine tandem
creditur esse Iovis perque urbes iuncta parenti
templa tenet. fuit huic animis aequalis et annis
Sole satus Phaethon, quem quondam magna
loquentem
nec sibi cedentem Phoeboque parente superbum
non tulit Inachides "matri" que ait "omnia demens
credis et es tumidus genitoris imagine falsi."
erubuit Phaethon iramque pudore repressit
et tulit ad Clymenen Epaphi convicia matrem
"quo" que "magis doleas, genetrix" ait, "ille ego liber,

1 huic Heinsius: nunc MSS.
which alone she could raise, to the high stars, and with groans and tears and agonized mooings she seemed to voice her griefs to Jove and to beg him to end her woes. Thereupon Jove threw his arms about his spouse's neck, and begged her at last to end her vengeance, saying: "Lay aside all fear for the future; she shall never be source of grief to you again"; and he called upon the Stygian pools to witness his oath.

The goddess's wrath is soothed; Io gains back her former looks, and becomes what she was before. The rough hair falls away from her body, her horns disappear, her great round eyes grow smaller, her gaping mouth is narrowed, her shoulders and her hands come back, and the hoofs are gone, being changed each into five nails. No trace of the heifer is left in her save only the fair whiteness of her body. And now the nymph, able at last to stand upon two feet, stands erect; yet fears to speak, lest she moo in the heifer's way, and with fear and trembling she resumes her long-abandoned speech.

Now, with fullest service, she is worshipped as a goddess by the linen-robed throng. A son, Epaphus, was born to her, thought to have sprung at length from the seed of mighty Jove, and throughout the cities dwelt in temples with his mother. He had a companion of like mind and age named Phaëthon, child of the Sun. When this Phaëthon was once speaking proudly, and refused to give way to him, boasting that Phoebus was his father, the grandson of Inachus rebelled and said: "You are a fool to believe all your mother tells you, and are swelled up with false notions about your father." Phaëthon grew red with rage, but repressed his anger through very shame and carried Epaphus' insulting taunt straight to his mother, Clymene. "And that you
ille ferox tacui! pudet haec opprobria nobis et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli.
at tu, si modo sum caelesti stirpe creatus, ede notam tanti generis meque adsere caelo!"
dixit et implicuit materno brachia collo perque suum Meropisque caput taedasque sororum traderet oravit veri sibi signa parentis.
ambiguum Clymene precibus Phaethontis an ira 765 mota magis dicti sibi criminis utraque caelo brachia porrexit spectansque ad lumina solis " per iubar hoc " inquit " radiis insigne coruscis, nate, tibi iuro, quod nos auditque videtque, 769 hoc te, quem spectas, hoc te, qui temperat orbem, Sole satum; si ficta loquor, neget ipse videndum se mihi, sitque oculis lux ista novissima nostris! nec longus labor est patrios tibi nosse penates. unde oritur, domus est terrae contermina nostrae: si modo fert animus, gradere et scitabere ab ipso!" emicat extemplo laetus post talia matris 776 dicta suae Phaethon et concipit aethera mente Aethiopasque suos positosque sub ignibus Indos sidereis transit patriosque adit inpiger ortus.
METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

may grieve the more, mother,” he said, “I, the high-spirited, the bold of tongue, had no word to say. Ashamed am I that such an insult could have been uttered and yet could not be answered. But do you, if I am indeed sprung from heavenly seed, give me a proof of my high birth, and justify my claims to divine origin.” So spoke the lad, and threw his arms around his mother’s neck, begging her, by his own and Merops’ life, by his sisters’ nuptial torches, to give him some sure token of his birth. Clymene, moved (it is uncertain whether by the prayers of Phaëthon, or more by anger at the insult to herself), stretched out both arms to heaven, and, turning her eyes on the bright sun, exclaimed: “By the splendour of that radiant orb which both hears and sees me now, I swear to you, my boy, that you are sprung from the Sun, that being whom you behold, that being who sways the world. If I speak not the truth, may I never see him more, and may this be the last time my eyes shall look upon the light of day. But it is not difficult for you yourself to find your father’s house. The place where he rises is not far from our own land. If you are so minded, go there and ask your question of the sun himself.” Phaëthon leaps up in joy at his mother’s words, already grasping the heavens in imagination; and after crossing his own Ethiopia and the land of Ind lying close beneath the sun, he quickly comes to his father’s rising-place.
LIBER II

Regia Solis erat sublimibus alta columnis, clara micante auro flammasque imitante pyropo, cuius ebur nitidum fastigia summa tegebat, argenti bifores radiabant lumine valvae. materiam superabat opus: nam Mulciber illic aequora caelarat medias cingentia terras terrarumque orbem caelumque, quod imminet orbi. caeruleos habet unda deos, Tritona canorum Proteaque ambiguam ballenarumque prementem Aegaeona suis inmania terga lacertis Doridaque et natas, quorum pars nare videtur, pars in mole sedens viridis siccare capillos, pisce vehi quaedam: facies non omnibus una, non diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum. terra viros urbesque gerit silvasque ferasque flaminaque et nymphas et cetera numina ruris. haec super inposita est caeli fulgentis imago, signaque sex foribus dextris totidemque sinistris.

Quo simul adclivi Clymeneia limite proles venit et intravit dubitati tecta parentis, protinus ad patrios sua fert vestigia vultus consistitque procul; neque enim propiora ferebat lumina: purpurea velatus veste sedebat
BOOK II

The palace of the Sun stood high on lofty columns, bright with glittering gold and bronze that shone like fire. Gleaming ivory crowned the gables above; the double folding-doors were radiant with burnished silver. And the workmanship was more beautiful than the material. For upon the doors Mulciber had carved in relief the waters that enfold the central earth, the circle of the lands and the sky that overhangs the lands. The sea holds the dark-hued gods: tuneful Triton, changeful Proteus, and Aegaeon, his strong arms thrown over a pair of huge whales; Doris and her daughters, some of whom are shown swimming through the water, some sitting on a rock drying their green hair, and some riding on fishes. They have not all the same appearance, and yet not altogether different; as it should be with sisters. The land has men and cities, woods and beasts, rivers, nymphs and other rural deities. Above these scenes was placed a representation of the shining sky, six signs of the zodiac on the right-hand doors, and six signs on the left.

Now when Clymene's son had climbed the steep path which leads thither, and had come beneath the roof of his sire whose fatherhood had been questioned, straightway he turned him to his father's face, but halted some little space away; for he could not bear the radiance at a nearer view. Clad in a
in solio Phoebus claris lucente smaragdis.
a dextra laevaque Dies et Mensis et Annum
Saeculaque et positae spatiiis aequalibus Horae
Verque novum stabat cinctum florente corona,
stabat nuda Aestas et spicca serta gerebat,
stabat et Autumnus calcatis sordidus uvis
et glacialis Hiems canos hirsuta capillos.

Ipse loco medius rerum novitatem paventem
Sol oculis iuvenem, quibus adspicit omnia, vidit
"quae" que "viae tibi causa? quid hac" ait "arce petisti
progenies, Phaethon, haud insitianda parenti?"
ille refert: "o lux inmensi publica mundi,
Phoebe pater, si das usum mihi nominis huius,
nec falsa Clymene culpam sub imagine celat,
pignora da, genitor, per quae tua vera propago
credar, et hunc animis errorem detrahe nostris!"
dixerat, at genitor circum caput omne micantes
depositit radios propiusque accedere iussit
amplexuque dato "nec tu meus esse negari
dignus es, et Clymene veros" ait "edidit ortus,
quoque minus dubites, quodvis pete munus, ut illud
me tribuente feras! promissi testis adesto
dis iuranda palus, oculis incognita nostris!"
vix bene desierat, currus rogat ille paternos
inque diem alipedum ius et moderamen equorum.

Paenituit iurasse patrem: qui terque quaterque
concutiens inlustre caput "temeraria" dixit
"vox mea facta tua est; utinam promissa liceret
purple robe, Phoebus sat on his throne gleaming with brilliant emeralds. To right and left stood Day and Month and Year and Century, and the Hours set at equal distances. Young Spring was there, wreathed with a floral crown; Summer, all unclad with garland of ripe grain; Autumn was there, stained with the trodden grape, and icy Winter with white and bristly locks.

Seated in the midst of these, the Sun, with the eyes which behold all things, looked on the youth filled with terror at the strange new sights, and said: “Why hast thou come? What seekest thou in this high dwelling, Phaëthon—a son no father need deny?” The lad replied: “O common light of this vast universe, Phoebus, my father, if thou grantest me the right to use that name, if Clymene is not guiding her shame beneath an unreal pretence, grant me a proof, my father, by which all may know me for thy true son, and take away this uncertainty from my mind.” He spoke; and his father put off his glittering crown of light, and bade the boy draw nearer. Embracing him, he said: “Thou art both worthy to be called my son, and Clymene has told thee thy true origin. And, that thou mayst not doubt my word, ask what boon thou wilt, that thou mayst receive it from my hand. And may that Stygian pool whereby gods swear, but which mine eyes have never seen, be witness of my promise.” Scarce had he ceased when the boy asked for his father’s chariot, and the right to drive his winged horses for a day.

The father repented him of his oath. Thrice and again he shook his bright head and said: “Thy words have proved mine to have been rashly said. Would that I might retract my promise! For I confess, my
non dare! confiteor, solum hoc tibi, nate, negarem. dissuadere licet: non est tua tuta voluntas! magna petis, Phaethon, et quae nec viribus istis munera conveniant nec tam puerilibus annis:
sors tua mortalis, non est mortale, quod optas. plus etiam, quam quod superis contingere possit, nescius adfectas; placeat sibi quisque licebit, non tamen ignifero quisquam consistere in axe me valet excepto; vasti quoque rector Olympi, qui fera terribili iaculatur fulmina dextra, non aget hos currus: et quid Iove maius habemus? ardua prima via est et qua vix mane recentes enituntur equi; medio est altissima caelo, unde mare et terras ipsi mihi saepe videre fit timor et pavida trepidat formidine pectus;
ultima prona via est et eget moderamine certo: tunc etiam quae me subiectis excipit undis, ne ferar in praeceps, Tethys solet ipsa vereri. adde, quod adsidua rapitur vertigine caelum sideraque alta trahit celerique volumine torquet. nitor in adversum, nec me, qui cetera, vincit inpetus, et rapido contrarius evehor orbi. finge datos currus: quid ages? poterisne rotatis obvius ire polis, ne te citus auferat axis? forsitan et lucos illic urbesque deorum concipias animo delubraque ditia donis esse: per insidias iter est formasque ferarum! utque viam teneas nulloque errore traharis, per tamen adversi gradieris cornua tauri
son, that this alone would I refuse thee. But I may at least strive to dissuade thee. What thou desirest is not safe. Thou askest too great a boon, Phaëthon, and one which does not befit thy strength and those so boyish years. Thy lot is mortal: not for mortals is that thou askest. In thy simple ignorance thou dost claim more than can be granted to the gods themselves. Though each of them may do as he will, yet none, save myself, has power to take his place in my chariot of fire. Nay, even the lord of great Olympus, who hurls dread thunderbolts with his awful hand, could not drive this chariot; and what have we greater than Jove? The first part of the road is steep, up which my steeds in all their morning freshness can scarce make their way. In mid-heaven it is exceeding high, whence to look down on sea and land oft-times causes even me to tremble, and my heart to quake with throbbing fear. The last part of the journey is precipitous, and needs an assured control. Then even Tethys, who receives me in her underlying waters, is wont to fear lest I fall headlong. Furthermore, the vault of heaven spins round in constant motion, drawing along the lofty stars which it whirls at dizzy speed. I make my way against this, nor does the swift motion which overcomes all else overcome me; but I drive clear contrary to the swift circuit of the universe. Suppose thou hast my chariot. What wilt thou do? Wilt thou be able to make thy way against the whirling poles that their swift axis sweep thee not away? Perhaps, too, thou deemest there are groves there, and cities of the gods, and temples full of rich gifts? Nay, the course lies amid lurking dangers and fierce beasts of prey. And though thou shouldst hold the way, and not go straying from the course, still shalt
Haemoniosque arcus violentique ora Leonis
saevaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo
Scorpion atque aliter curvantem brachia Cancrum.
nec tibi quadripedes animosos ignibus illis,
quos in pectore habent, quos ore et naribus efflant, 85
in promptu regere est: vix me patiuntur, ubi acres
incaluere animi cervixque repugnat habenis.—
at tu, funesti ne sim tibi muneris auctor,
nate, cave, dum resque sinit tua corrige vota!
scilicet ut nostro genitum te sanguine credas,
pignora certa petis: do pignora certa timendo
et patrio pater esse metu probor. adspice vultus
eec meos utinamque oculos in pectora posses
inserere et patrias intus deprendere curas!
denique quidquid habet dives circumspices mundus 95
eque tot ac tantis caeli terraeque marisque
posce bonis aliquid; nullam patiere repulsam.
deprecor hoc unum, quod vero nomine poena,
non honor est: poenam, Phaethon, pro munere
poscis!
quid mea colla tenes blandis, ignare, lacertis? 100
ne dubita! dabitur (Stygias iuravimus undas),
quodcumque optaris; sed tu sapientius opta!" 105
Finierat monitus; dictis tamen ille repugnat
propositumque premit flagratque cupidine currus.
ergo, qua licuit, genitor cunctatus ad altos
deducit iuvenem, Vulcania munera, currus.
aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summae
curvatura rotae, radiorum argenteus ordo;
thou pass the horned Bull full in thy path, the Haemonian Archer, the maw of the raging Lion, the Scorpion, curving his savage arms in long sweeps, and the Crab, reaching out in the opposite direction. Nor is it an easy thing for thee to control the steeds, hot with those strong fires which they have within their breasts, which they breathe out from mouth and nostrils. Scarce do they suffer my control, when their fierce spirits have become heated, and their necks rebel against the reins. But do thou, O son, beware lest I be the giver of a fatal gift to thee, and while still there is time amend thy prayer. Dost thou in sooth seek sure pledges that thou art son of mine? Behold, I give sure pledges by my very fear; I show myself thy father by my fatherly anxiety. See! look upon my face. And oh, that thou couldst look into my heart as well, and understand a father's cares therein! Then look around, see all that the rich world holds, and from those great and boundless goods of land and sea and sky ask anything. Nothing will I deny thee. But this one thing I beg thee not to ask, which, if rightly understood, is a bane instead of blessing. A bane, my Phaëthon, dost thou seek as boon. Why dost thou throw thy coaxing arms about my neck, thou foolish boy? Nay, doubt it not, it shall be given—we have sworn it by the Styx—whatever thou dost choose. But, oh, make wiser choice!"

The father's warning ended; yet he fought against the words, and urged his first request, burning with desire to drive the chariot. So then the father, delaying as far as might be, led forth the youth to that high chariot, the work of Vulcan. Its axle was of gold, the pole of gold; its wheels had golden tyres and a ring of silver spokes. Along the yoke
per iuga chrysolithi positaque ex ordine gemmæ
clara repercusso reddebat lumina Phoebō.

Dumque ea magnanimus Phaethon miratur opusque
perspicit, ecce vigil rutilo patefecit ab ortu
purpureas Aurora fores et plena rosarum
atria: diffugiunt stellae, quarum agmina cogit
Lucifer et caeli statione novissimus exit.

Quem petere ut terras mundumque rubescere vidit
cornuaque extremae velut evanescere lunae,
iungere equos Titan velocibus imperat Horis.
iussa deae celeres peragunt ignemque vomentes,
ambrosiae suco saturos, praesepibus altis
quadripedes ducunt adduntque sonantia frena.
tum pater ora sui sacro medicamine nati
contigit et rapidae fecit patientia flammar
inposuitque comae radios praesagaque luctus
pectore sollicito repetens suspiria dixit:
“si potes his saltem monitis parere parentis
parce, puer, stimulis et fortius utere loris!
sponte sua properant, labor est inhibere volentes.
nec tibi directos placeat via quinque per arcus!
sectus in obliquum est lato curvamine limes,
zonarumque trium contentus fine polumque
effugit australēm iunctamque aquilonibus arctōn:
hac sit iter! manifesta rotae vestigia cernes.
utque ferant aequos et caelum et terra calores,
nec preme nec summum molire per aethera cursum!
alitus egressus caelestia tecta cremabis,
inferius terras; medio tutissimus ibis.
neu te dexterior tortum declinet ad Anguem,
chrysolites and jewels set in fair array gave back their bright glow to the reflected rays of Phoebus.

Now while the ambitious Phaethon is gazing in wonder at the workmanship, behold, Aurora, who keeps watch in the reddening dawn, has opened wide her purple gates, and her courts glowing with rosy light. The stars all flee away, and the morning star closes their ranks as, last of all, he departs from his watch-tower in the sky.

When Titan saw him setting and the world grow red, and the slender horns of the waning moon fading from sight, he bade the swift Hours to yoke his steeds. The goddesses quickly did his bidding, and led the horses from the lofty stalls, breathing forth fire and filled with ambrosial food, and they put upon them the clanking bridles. Then the father anointed his son's face with a sacred ointment, and made it proof against the devouring flames; and he placed upon his head the radiant crown, heaving deep sighs the while, presaging woe, and said: "If thou canst at least obey these thy father's warnings, spare the lash, my boy, and more strongly use the reins. The horses hasten of their own accord; the hard task is to check their eager feet. And take not thy way straight through the five zones of heaven: the true path runs slantwise, with a wide curve, and, confined within the limits of three zones, avoids the southern heavens and the far north as well. This be thy route. The tracks of my wheels thou wilt clearly see. And, that the sky and earth may have equal heat, go not too low, nor yet direct thy course along the top of heaven; for if thou goest too high thou wilt burn up the skies, if too low the earth. In the middle is the safest path. And turn not off too far to the right towards the writhing Serpent;
neve sinisterior pressam rota ducat ad Aram, inter utrumque tene! Fortunae cetera mando, quae iuvet et melius quam tu tibi consulat opto. dum loquor, Hesperio positas in litore metas umida nox tetigit; non est mora libera nobis! poscimur: effulget tenebris Aurora fugatis. corripe lora manu, vel, si motabile pectus est tibi, consiliis, non curribus utere nostris! dum potes et solidis etiamnum sedibus adstas, dumque male optatos nondum premis inscius axes, quae tutus spectes, sine me dare lumina terris!"

Occupat ille levem iuvenali corpore currum statque super manibusque datas contingere habenas gaudet et invito grates agit inde parenti.

Interea volucres Pyrois et Eous et Aethon, Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon hinnitibus auras flammiferis inplent pedibusque repagula pulsant. quae postquam Tethys, fatorum ignara nepotis, reppulit et facta est inmensi copia caeli, corripuere viam pedibusque per aera motis obstantes scindunt nebulas pennisque levati praetereunt ortos isdem de partibus Euros. sed leve pondus erat nec quod cognoscere possent Solis equi, solitaque iugum gravitate carebat; utque labant curvae iusto sine pondere naves perque mare instabiles nimia levitate feruntur, sic onere adsueto vacuus dat in aera saltus succutiturque alte similisque est currus inani.

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nor on the left, where the Altar lies low in the heavens, guide thy wheel. Hold on between the two. I commit all else to Fortune, and may she aid thee, and guide thee better than thou dost thyself. While I am speaking dewy night has reached her goal on the far western shore. We may no longer delay. We are summoned. Behold, the dawn is glowing, and the shadows all have fled. Here, grasp the reins, or, if thy purpose still may be amended, take my counsel, not my chariot, while still thou canst, while still thou dost stand on solid ground, before thou hast mounted to the car which thou hast in ignorance foolishly desired. Let me give light to the world, which thou mayst see in safety."

But the lad has already mounted the swift chariot, and, standing proudly, he takes the reins with joy into his hands, and thanks his unwilling father for the gift.

Meanwhile the sun's swift horses, Pyroïs, Eoüs, Aethon, and the fourth, Phlegon, fill all the air with their fiery whinnying, and paw impatiently against their bars. When Tethys, ignorant of her grandson's fate, dropped these and gave free course through the boundless skies, the horses dashed forth, and with swift-flying feet rent the clouds in their path, and, borne aloft upon their wings, they passed the east winds that have their rising in the same quarter. But the weight was light, not such as the horses of the sun could feel, and the yoke lacked its accustomed burden. And, as curved ships, without their proper ballast, roll in the waves, and, unstable because too light, are borne out of their course, so the chariot, without its accustomed burden, gives leaps into the air, is tossed aloft and is like a riderless car.
Quod simulac sensere, ruunt tritumque relinquent quadriiugi spatium nec quo prius ordine currunt. ipse pavet nec qua commissas flectat habenas nec scit qua sit iter, nec, si sciat, imperet illis. tum primum radiis gelidi caluere Triones et vetito frustra temptarunt aequore tingui, quaeque polo posita est glaciali proxima Serpens, frigore pigra prius nec formidabilis ulli, inicaluit sumpsitque novas fervoribus iras; te quoque turbatum memorant fugisse, Boote, quamvis tardus eras et te tua planstra tenebant. Ut vero summo dispexit ab aethere terras infelix Phaethon penitus penitusque patentis, palluit et subito genua intremuere timore suntque oculis tenebrae per tantum lumen orboriae, et iam mallet equos numquam tetigisse paternos, iam cognosse genus piget et valuisse rogando, iam Meropis dici cupiens ita fertur, ut acta praecipiti pinus borea, cui victa remisit frexa suus rector, quam dis votisque reliquit. quid faciat? multum caeli post terga relictum, ante oculos plus est: animo metitur utrumque et modo, quos illi fatum contingere non est, prospicit occasus, interdum respicit ortus, quidque agat ignarus stupet et nec frexa remittit nec retinere valet nec nomina novit equorum. sparsa quoque in vario passim miracula caelo vastarumque videt trepidus simulacra ferarum. est locus, in geminos ubi bracchia concavat arcus
When they feel this, the team run wild and leave the well-beaten track, and fare no longer in the same course as before. The driver is panic-stricken. He knows not how to handle the reins entrusted to him, nor where the road is; nor, if he did know, would he be able to control the steeds. Then for the first time the cold Bears grew hot with the rays of the sun, and tried, though all in vain, to plunge into the forbidden sea. And the Serpent, which lies nearest the icy pole, ever before harmless because sluggish with the cold, now grew hot, and conceived great frenzy from that fire. They say that you also, Boötes, fled in terror, slow though you were, and held back by your clumsy ox-cart.

But when the unhappy Phaëthon looked down from the top of heaven, and saw the lands lying far, far below, he grew pale, his knees trembled with sudden fear, and over his eyes came darkness through excess of light. And now he would prefer never to have touched his father's horses, and repents that he has discovered his true origin and prevailed in his prayer. Now, eager to be called the son of Merops, he is borne along just as a ship driven before the headlong blast, whose pilot has let the useless rudder go and abandoned the ship to the gods and prayers. What shall he do? Much of the sky is now behind him, but more is still in front! His thought measures both. And now he looks forward to the west, which he is destined never to reach, and at times back to the east. Dazed, he knows not what to do; he neither lets go the reins nor can he hold them, and he does not even know the horses' names. To add to his panic fear, he sees scattered everywhere in the sky strange figures of huge and savage beasts. There is one place where the Scorpion bends out his arms into
Scorpius et cauda flexisque utrimque lacertis
porrigit in spatium signorum membra duorum:
hunc puer ut nigri madidum sudore veneni
vulnera curvata minitantem cuspide vidit,
mentis inops gelida formidine lora remisit.

Quae postquam summum tetigere iacentia tergum,
exspatiantur equi nulloque inhibente per auras
ignotae regionis eunt, quaque inpetus egit,
hac sine lege ruunt altoque sub aethere fixis
incursant stellis rapiuntque per avia currum
et modo summa petunt, modo per declive viasque
praecipites spatio terrae propiore feruntur,
inferiusque suis fraternos currere Luna
admiratur equos, ambustaque nubila fumant.
corripitur flammis, ut quaeque altissima, tellus
fissaque agit rimas et sucis aret ademptis;
pabula canescunt, cum frondibus uritur arbor,
materiamque suo praebet seges arida damno.
parva queror: magnae pereunt cum moenibus
urbes,
cumque suis totas populis incendia gentis
in cinerem vertunt; silvae cum montibus ardent;
ardet Athos Taurusque Cilix et Tmolus et Oete
et tum sicca, prius celeberrima fontibus Ide
virgineusque Helicon et nondum Oeagrius Haemus:
ardet in inmensum geminatis ignibus Aetne
Parnasusque biceps et Eryx et Cynthia et Othrys
et tandem nivibus Rhodope caritura Mimasque
Dindymaque et Mycale natusque ad sacra Cithaeron.
two bows; and with tail and arms stretching out on both sides, he spreads over the space of two signs. When the boy sees this creature reeking with black poisonous sweat, and threatening to sting him with his curving tail, bereft of wits from chilling fear, down he dropped the reins.

When the horses feel these lying on their backs, they break loose from their course, and, with none to check them, they roam through unknown regions of the air. Wherever their impulse leads them, there they rush aimlessly, knocking against the stars set deep in the sky and snatching the chariot along through uncharted ways. Now they climb up to the top of heaven, and now, plunging headlong down, they course along nearer the earth. The Moon in amazement sees her brother's horses running below her own, and the scorched clouds smoke. The earth bursts into flame, the highest parts first, and splits into deep cracks, and its moisture is all dried up. The meadows are burned to white ashes; the trees are consumed, green leaves and all, and the ripe grain furnishes fuel for its own destruction. But these are small losses which I am lamenting. Great cities perish with their walls, and the vast conflagration reduces whole nations to ashes. The woods are ablaze with the mountains; Athos is ablaze, Cilician Taurus, and Tmolus, and Oete, and Ida, dry at last, but hitherto covered with springs, and Helicon, haunt of the Muses, and Haemus, not yet linked with the name of Oeagrus. Aetna is blazing boundlessly with flames now doubled, and twin-peaked Parnasus and Eryx, Cynthus and Othrys, and Rhodope, at last destined to lose its snows, Mimas and Dindyma, Mycale and Cithaeron, famed for sacred rites. Nor does its chilling clime save
nec prosunt Scythiae sua frigora: Caucasus ardet Ossaque cum Pindo maiorque ambobus Olympus aeriaeque Alpes et nubifer Appenninus.

Tum vero Phaethon cunctis e partibus orbem adspicit accensum nec tantos sustinet aestus ferventisque auras velut e fornace profunda ore trahit currusque suos candescere sentit; et neque iam cineres eiectamque favillam ferre potest calidoque involvitur undique fumo, quoque eat aut ubi sit, picea caligine tectus nescit et arbitrio volucrum raptatur equorum.

Sanguine tum erudunt in corpora summa vocato Aethiopum populos nigrum traxisse colorem; tum facta est Libye raptis umoribus aestu arida, tum nymphae passis fontesque lacusque deflevere comis; quaerit Boeotia Dirce, Argos Amymonen, Ephyre Pirenidas undas; nec sortita loco distantes flumina ripas tuta manent: mediis Tanais fumavit in undis Peneusque senex Teuthranteusque Caicus et celer Ismenos cum Phegiaco Erymantho arsurusque iterum Xanthos flavusque Lycormas, quique recurvatis ludit Maeandros in undis, Mygdoniusque Melas et Taenarius Eurotas. arsit et Euphrates Babylonius, arsit Orontes Thermodonque citus Gangesque et Phasis et Hister; aestuat Alpheos, ripae Spercheides ardent, quodque suo Tagus amne vehit, fluit ignibus aurum, et, quae Maeonias celebrarant carmine ripas, flumineae volucres medio caluere Caystro; Niles in extremum fugit perterritus orbem occuluiitque caput, quod adhuc latet: ostia septem pulverulenta vacant, septem sine flumine valles.
Scythia; Caucasus burns, and Ossa with Pindus, and Olympus, greater than both; and the heaven-piercing Alps and cloud-capped Apennines.

Then indeed does Phaëthon see the earth aflame on every hand; he cannot endure the mighty heat, and the air he breathes is like the hot breath of a deep furnace. The chariot he feels growing white-hot beneath his feet. He can no longer bear the ashes and whirling sparks, and is completely shrouded in the dense, hot smoke. In this pitchy darkness he cannot tell where he is or whither he is going, and is swept along at the will of his flying steeds.

It was then, as men think, that the peoples of Aethiopia became black-skinned, since the blood was drawn to the surface of their bodies by the heat. Then also Libya became a desert, for the heat dried up her moisture. Then the nymphs with dishevelled hair bewailed their fountains and their pools. Boeotia mourns the loss of Dirce; Argos, Amymone; Corinth, her Pirenian spring. Nor do rivers, whose lot had given them more spacious channels, remain unscathed. The Don’s waters steam; old Peneus, too, Mysian Caicus, and swift Ismenus; and Arcadian Erymanthus, Xanthus, destined once again to burn; tawny Lycormas, and Maeander, playing along upon its winding way; Thracian Melas and Laconian Eurotas. Babylonian Euphrates burns; Orontes burns, and swift Thermodon; the Ganges, Phasis, Danube; Alpheus boils; Spercheos’ banks are aflame. The golden sands of Tagus melt in the intense heat, and the swans, which had been wont to throng the Maeonian streams in tuneful company, are scorched in mid Caýster. The Nile fled in terror to the ends of the earth, and hid its head, and it is hidden yet. The seven mouths lie empty, filled with dust; seven
OVID

fors eadem Ismarios Hebrum cum Strymone siccat
Hesperiosque amnes, Rhenum Rhodanumque
Padumque
cuique fuit rerum promissa potentia, Thybrin.
dissilit omne solum, penetratque in Tartara rimis 260
lumen et infernum terret cum coniuge regem;
et mare contrahitur siccaeque est campus harenae,
quod modo pontus erat, quosque altum texerat aequor,
extisunt montes et sparsas Cycladas augent.
imae petunt pisces, nec se super aequora curvi 265
tollere consuetas audent delphines in auras;
corpora phocarum summo resupina profundo
exanimata natant: ipsum quoque Nerea fama est
Doridaque et natas tepidis latuisse sub antris.
ter Neptunus aquis cum torvo bracchia vultu 270
exserere ausus erat, ter non tulit aeris ignes.

Alma tamen Tellus, ut erat circumdata ponto,
inter aquas pelagi contractosque undique fontes,
qui se condiderant in opacae viscera matris,
sustulit oppressos collo tenus arida vultus 275
opposuitque manum fronti magnoque tremore
omnia concutiens paullum subsedit et infra,
quam solet esse, fuit sacraque ita voce locuta est:
"si placet hoc meruique, quid o tua fulmina cessant,
summe deum? liceat periturae viribus ignis 280
igne perire tuo clademque auctore levare!
vix equidem fauces haec ipsa in verba resolvo ";
(presserat ora vapor) " tostos en adspice crines
broad channels, all without a stream. The same mischance dries up the Thracian rivers, Hebrus and Strymon; also the rivers of the west, the Rhine, Rhone, Po, and the Tiber, to whom had been promised the mastery of the world. Great cracks yawn everywhere, and the light, penetrating to the lower world, strikes terror into the infernal king and his consort. Even the sea shrinks up, and what was but now a great, watery expanse is a dry plain of sand. The mountains, which the deep sea had covered before, spring forth, and increase the numbers of the scattered Cyclades. The fish dive to the lowest depths, and the dolphins no longer dare to leap curving above the surface of the sea into their wonted air. The dead bodies of sea-calves float, with upturned belly, on the water’s top. They say that Nereus himself and Doris and her daughters were hot as they lay hid in their caves. Thrice Neptune essayed to lift his arms and august face from out the water; thrice did he desist, unable to bear the fiery atmosphere.

Not so all-fostering Earth, who, encircled as she was by sea, amid the waters of the deep, amid her fast-contracting streams which had crowded into her dark bowels and hidden there, though parched by heat, heaved up her smothered face. Raising her shielding hand to her brow and causing all things to shake with her mighty trembling, she sank back a little lower than her wonted place, and then in awful tones she spoke: “If this is thy will, and I have deserved all this, why, O king of all the gods, are thy lightnings idle? If I must die by fire, oh, let me perish by thy fire and lighten my suffering by thought of him who sent it. I scarce can open my lips to speak these words”—the hot smoke was choking her—“See my
OVID

inque oculis tantum, tantum super ora favillae!
hosne mihi fructus, hunc fertilitatis honorem 285
officiique refers, quod adunci vulnera aratri
rastrorumque fero totoque exerceor anno,
quod pecori frondes alimentaque mitia, fruges,
humano generi, vobis quoque tura ministro?
sed tamen exitium fac me meruisse: quid undae,
quid meruit frater? cur illi tradita sorte 291
aequora decrescunt et ab aethere longius absunt?
quodsi nec fratris nec te mea gratia tangit,
at caeli miserere tui! circumspie utrumque:
fumat uterque polus! quos si vitiaverit ignis, 295
atia vestra ruent! Atlans en ipse laborat
vixque suis umeris candentem sustinet axem!
si freta, si terrae pereunt, si regia caeli,
in chaos antiquum confundimur! eripe flammis, 299
si quid adhuc superest, et rerum consule summae!"

Dixerat haec Tellus: neque enim tolerare vaporem
uterius potuit nec dicere plura suumque
rettulit os in se propioraque manibus antra;
at pater omnipotens, superos testatus et ipsum,
qui dederat currus, nisi opem ferat, omnia fato 305
interitura gravi, summam petit arduus arcem,
unde solet nubes latis inducere terris,
unde movet tonitrus vibrataque fulmina iacetat;
sed neque quas posset terris inducere nubes
tunc habuit, nec quos caelo dimiteret imbres:
intonat et dextra libratum fulmen ab aure
misit in aurigam pariterque animaque rotisque
80
singed hair and all ashes in my eyes, all ashes over my face. Is this the return, this the reward thou payest of my fertility and dutifulness? that I bear the wounds of the crooked plow and mattock, tormented year in, year out? that I provide kindly pasturage for the flocks, grain for mankind, incense for the altars of the gods? But, grant that I have deserved destruction, what has the sea, what has thy brother done? Why are the waters which fell to him by the third lot so shrunken, and so much further from thy sky? But if no consideration for thy brother nor yet for me has weight with thee, at least have pity on thy own heavens. Look around: the heavens are smoking from pole to pole. If the fire shall weaken these, the homes of the gods will fall in ruins. See, Atlas himself is troubled and can scarce bear up the white-hot vault upon his shoulders. If the sea perish and the land and the realms of the sky, then are we hurled back to primeval chaos. Save from the flames whatever yet remains and take thought for the safety of the universe."

So spoke the Earth and ceased, for she could no longer endure the heat; and she retreated into herself and into the depths nearer the land of shades. But the Almighty Father, calling on the gods to witness and him above all who had given the chariot, that unless he bring aid all things will perish by a grievous doom, mounts on high to the top of heaven, whence it is his wont to spread the clouds over the broad lands, whence he stirs his thunders and flings his hurtling bolts. But now he has no clouds where-with to overspread the earth, nor any rains to send down from the sky. He thundered, and, balancing in his right hand a bolt, flung it from beside the ear at the charioteer and hurled him from the car and from
expulit et saevis conpescuit ignibus ignes. consternantur equi et saltu in contraria facto colla iugo eripiunt abruptaque lora relinquunt: illic frena iacent, illic temone revulsus axis, in hac radii fractarum parte rotarum sparsaque sunt late laceri vestigia currus.

At Phaethon rutilos flamma populante capillos volvitur in praeceps longoque per aera tractu fertur, ut interdum de caelo stella sereno etsi non cecidit, potuit cecidisse videri. quem procul a patria diverso maximus orbe excipit Eridanus fumantiaque abluit ora. Naides Hesperiae trifida fumantia flamma corpora dant tumulo, signant quoque carmine saxum:

HIC · SITVS · EST · PHAETHON · CVRRVS · AVRIGA · PATERNI QVEM · SI · NON · TENVIT · MAGNIS · TAMEN · EXCIDIT · AVSIS

Nam pater obductos luctu miserabilis aegro condiderat vultus, et, si modo credimus, unum isse diem sine sole ferunt: incendia lumen praebebant aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo. at Clymene postquam dixit, quaecumque fuerunt in tantis dicenda malis, lugubris et amens et laniata sinus totum percensuit orbem exanimesque artus primo, mox ossa requirens repperit ossa tamen peregrina condita ripa incubuitque loco nomenque in marmore lectum perfudit lacrimis et aperto pectore fovit. nec minus Heliades fletus et inania morti
life as well, and thus quenched fire with blasting fire. The maddened horses leap apart, wrench their necks from the yoke, and break away from the parted reins. Here lie the reins, there the axle torn from the pole; in another place the spokes of the broken wheels, and fragments of the wrecked chariot are scattered far and wide.

But Phaëthon, fire ravaging his ruddy hair, is hurled headlong and falls with a long trail through the air; as sometimes a star from the clear heavens, although it does not fall, still seems to fall. Him far from his native land, in another quarter of the globe, Eridanus receives and bathes his steaming face. The Naiads in that western land consign his body, still smoking with the flames of that forked bolt, to the tomb and carve this epitaph upon his stone:

HERE PHAËTHON LIES: IN PHOEBUS' CAR HE FARED, 
AND THOUGH HE GREATLY FAILED, MORE GREATLY DARED.

The wretched father, sick with grief, hid his face; and, if we are to believe report, one whole day went without the sun. But the burning world gave light, and so even in that disaster was there some service. But Clymene, after she had spoken whatever could be spoken in such woe, melancholy and distraught and tearing her breast, wandered over the whole earth, seeking first his lifeless limbs, then his bones; his bones at last she found, but buried on a river-bank in a foreign land. Here she prostrates herself upon the tomb, drenches the dear name carved in the marble with her tears, and fondles it against her breast. The Heliades, her daughters, join in her lamentation, and pour out their tears in useless tribute to the dead. With bruising hands beating
munera dant, lacrimas, et caesae pectora palmis
non auditurum miserar Phaethonta querellas
nocte dieque vocant adsternunturque sepulcro.
luna quater iunctis inplerat cornibus orbem;
iliae more suo (nam morem fecerat usus) plangorem dedere: e quis Phaethusa, sororum
maxima, cum vellet terra procumbere, questa est
deriguisses pedes; ad quam conata venire
candida Lampetie subita radice retenta est;
tertia, cum crinem manibus laniare pararet,
avellit frondes; haec stipite crura teneri,
illa dolet fieri longos sua bracchia ramos,
dumque ea mirantur, complicitur inguina cortex
perque gradus uterum pectusque umerosque manusque
ambit, et exstabant tantum ora vocantia matrem. quid faciat mater, nisi, quo trahat inpetus illam,
huc eat atque illuc et, dum licet, oscula iungat?
non satis est: truncis avellere corpora temptat
et teneros manibus ramos abrumpit, at inde
sanguineae manant tamquam de vulnere guttai.
“parce, precor, mater,” quaecumque est saucia, clamat,
“parce, precor: nostrum laceratur in arbore corpus
iamque vale”—cortex in verba novissima venit.
inde fluunt lacrimae, stillataque sole rigescunt
de ramis electra novis, quae lucidus amnis
gestanda Latinis.

Adfuit huic monstro proles Stheneleia Cygnus,
qui tibi materno quamvis a sanguine iunctus,
mente tamen, Phaethon, propior fuit. ille relict
their naked breasts, they call night and day upon their brother, who nevermore will hear their sad laments, and prostrate themselves upon his sepulchre. Four times had the moon with waxing crescents reached her full orb; but they, as was their habit (for use had established habit), were mourning still. Then one day the eldest, Phaëthusa, when she would throw herself upon the grave, complained that her feet had grown cold and stark; and when the fair Lampetia tried to come to her, she was held fast as by sudden roots. A third, making to tear her hair, found her hands plucking at foliage. One complained that her ankles were encased in wood, another that her arms were changing to long branches. And while they look on those things in amazement bark closes round their loins, and, by degrees, their waists, breasts, shoulders, hands; and all that was free were their lips calling upon their mother. What can the frantic mother do but run, as impulse carries her, now here, now there, and print kisses on their lips? That is not enough: she tries to tear away the bark from their bodies and breaks off slender twigs with her hands. But as she does this bloody drops trickle forth as from a wound. And each one, as she is wounded, cries out: "Oh, spare me, mother; spare, I beg you. 'Tis my body that you are tearing in the tree. And now farewell"—the bark closed over her latest words. Still their tears flow on, and these tears, hardened into amber by the sun, drop down from the new-made trees. The clear river receives them and bears them onward, one day to be worn by the brides of Rome.

Cycnus, the son of Sthenelus, was a witness of this miracle. Though he was kin to you, O Phaëthon, by his mother's blood, he was more closely joined in
(nam Ligurum populos et magnas rexerat urbes) imperio ripas virides amnemque querellis Eridanum inplerat silvamque sororibus auctam, cum vox est tenuata viro canaeque capillos dissimulant plumae collumque a pectore longe porrigitur digitosque ligat iunctura rubentis, penna latus velat, tenet os sine acumine rostrum. fit nova Cygnus avis nec se caeloque Iovique tradit, ut iniuste missi memor ignis ab illo; stagna petit patulosque lacus ignemque perosus quae colat elegit contraria flumina flammis.

Squalidus interea genitor Phaethontis et expers ipse sui decoris, qualis, cum deficit orbem, esse solet, lucemque odit seque ipse diemque datque animum in luctus et luctibus adicit iram officiumque negat mundo. “satis” inquit “abaevi sors mea principiis fuit inrequieta, pigetque actorum sine fine mihi, sine honore laborum! quilibet alter agat portantes lumina currus! si nemo est omnesque dei non posse fatentur, ipse agat ut saltem, dum nostras temptat habenas, orbatura patres aliquando fulmina ponat! tum sciet ignipedum vires expertus equorum non meruisse necem, qui non bene rexerit illos.”

Talia dicitem circumstant omnia Solem numina, neve velit tenebras inducere rebus, supplice voce rogant; missos quoque Iuppiter ignes excusat precibusque minas regaliter addit.
METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

affection. He, abandoning his kingdom—for he ruled over the peoples and great cities of Liguria—went weeping and lamenting along the green banks of the Eridanus, and through the woods which the sisters had increased. And as he went his voice became thin and shrill; white plumage hid his hair and his neck stretched far out from his breast. A web-like membrane joined his reddened fingers, wings clothed his sides, and a blunt beak his mouth. So Cycnus became a strange new bird—the swan. But he did not trust himself to the upper air and Jove, since he remembered the fiery bolt which the god had unjustly hurled. His favourite haunts were the still pools and spreading lakes; and, hating fire, he chose the water for his home, as the opposite of flame.

Meanwhile Phoebus sits in gloomy mourning garb, shorn of his brightness, just as when he is darkened by eclipse. He hates himself and the light of day, gives over his soul to grief, to grief adds rage, and refuses to do service to the world. "Enough," he says; "from time's beginning has my lot been unrestful; I am weary of my endless and unrequited toils. Let any else who chooses drive the chariot of light. If no one will, and all the gods confess that it is beyond their power, let Jove himself do it, that, sometime at least, while he essays to grasp my reins, he may lay aside the bolts that are destined to rob fathers of their boys. Then will he know, when he has himself tried the strength of those fiery-footed steeds, that he who failed to guide them well did not deserve death."

As he thus speaks all the gods stand around him, and beg him humbly not to plunge the world in darkness. Jove himself seeks to excuse the bolt he hurled, and to his prayers adds threats in royal style.
colligit amentes et adhuc terreore paventes
Phoebus equos stimuloque dolens et verbere saevit;
saevit, erum¹ natumque obiectat et inputat illis. 400
At pater omnipotens ingentia moenia caeli

circuit et, ne quid labefactum viribus ignis
corruat, explorat. quae postquam firma suique
roboris esse videt, terras hominumque labores
perspicit. Arcadieae tamen est inpensior illi 405
cura suae: fontesque et nondum audentia labi
flumina restituit, dat terrae gramina, frondes
arboribus, laesasque iubet revirescere silvas.
dum redit itque frequens, in virgine Nonacrina
haesit, et accepti caluere sub ossibus ignes. 410
non erat huius opus lanam mollire trahendo
nec positu variare comas; ubi fibula vestem,
vitta coercuerat neglectos alba capillos;
et modo leve manu iaculum, modo sumpserat
arcum, miles erat Phoebes: nec Maenalon attigit ulla 415
gratior hac Triviae; sed nulla potentia longa est.

Ulterius medio spatium sol altus habebat,
cum subit illa nemus, quod nulla ceciderat actas;
exuit hic umero pharetram lentosque retendit
arcus inque solo, quod texerat herba, iacebat 420
et pictam posita pharetram cervice premebat.
Iuppiter ut vidit fessam et custode vacantem,
"hoc certe furtum coniunx mea nesciet" inquit,
"aut si rescierit, sunt, o sunt iurgia tanti!"

¹ erum Merkel: enim MSS.
Then Phoebus yokes his team again, wild and trembling still with fear; and, in his grief, fiercely plies them with lash and goad, fiercely he plies them, reproaching and taxing them with the death of their master, his son.

But now the Almighty Father makes a round of the great battlements of heaven and examines to see if anything has been loosened by the might of fire. When he sees that these are firm with their immortal strength, he inspects the earth and the affairs of men. Yet Arcadia, above all, is his more earnest care. He restores her springs and rivers, which hardly dare as yet to flow; he gives grass again to the ground, leaves to the trees, and bids the damaged forests grow green again. And as he came and went upon his tasks he chanced to see a certain Arcadian nymph, and straightway the fire he caught grew hot to his very marrow. She had no need to spin soft wools nor to arrange her hair in studied elegance. A simple brooch fastened her gown and a white fillet held her loose-flowing hair. And in this garb, now with a spear, and now a bow in her hand, was she arrayed as one of Phoebe's warriors. Nor was any nymph who roamed over the slopes of Maenalus in higher favour with her goddess than was she. But no favour is of long duration.

The sun was high o'erhead, just beyond his zenith, when the nymph entered the forest that all years had left unfelled. Here she took her quiver from her shoulder, unstrung her tough bow, and lay down upon the grassy ground, with her head pillowed on her painted quiver. When Jove saw her there, tired out and unprotected: "Here, surely," he said, "my consort will know nothing of my guile; or if she learn it, well bought are taunts at such a price."
protinus induitur faciem cultumque Dianae
atque ait: "o comitum, virgo, pars una mearum, in quibus es venata iugis?" de caespite virgo se levat et "salve numen, me iudice" dixit, "audiat ipse licet, maius Iove." ridet et audit et sibi praeferrí se gaudet et oscula iungit, nec moderata satis nec sic a virgine danda. qua venata foret satis nec sic a virgine danda. illa quidem contra, quantum modo femina posset (adspiceres utinam, Saturnia, mitior esses), illa quidem pugnat, sed quem superare puella, quisve Iovem poterat? superum petit aethera victor Iuppiter: huic odio nemus est et conscia silva; unde pedem referens paene est oblita pharetram tollere cum telis et quem suspenderat arcum. 

Ecce, suo comitata choro Dictynna per altum Maenalon ingrediens et caede superba ferarum adspicit hanc visamque vocat: clamata refugit et timuit primo, ne Iuppiter esset in illa; sed postquam pariter nymphas incedere vidit, sensit abesse dolos numerumque accessit ad harum. heu! quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu! vix oculos attollit humo nec, ut ante solebat, iuncta deae lateri nec toto est agmine prima, sed silet et laesi dat signa rubore pudoris; et, nisi quod virgo est, poterat sentire Diana mille notis culpam: nymphae sensisse feruntur. orbe resurgebant lunaria cornua nono,
Straightway he put on the features and dress of Diana and said: "Dear maid, best loved of all my followers, where hast thou been hunting to-day?" The maiden arose from her grassy couch and said: "Hail thou, my goddess, greater far than Jove, I say, though he himself should hear." Jove laughed to hear her, rejoicing to be prized more highly than himself; and he kissed her lips, not modestly, nor as a maiden kisses. When she began to tell him in what woods her hunt had been, he broke in upon her story with an embrace, and by this outrage betrayed himself. She, in truth, struggled against him with all her girlish might—hadst thou been there to see, Saturnia, thy judgment were more kind!—but whom could a girl o'ercome, or who could prevail against Jove? Jupiter won the day, and went back to the sky; she loathed the forest and the woods that knew her secret. As she retraced her path she almost forgot to take up the quiver with its arrows, and the bow she had hung up.

But see, Diana, with her train of nymphs, approaches along the slopes of Maenalus, proud of her trophies of the chase. She sees our maiden and calls to her. At first she flees in fear, lest this should be Jove in disguise again. But when she sees the other nymphs coming too, she is reassured and joins the band. Alas, how hard it is not to betray a guilty conscience in the face! She walks with downcast eyes, not, as was her wont, close to her goddess, and leading all the rest. Her silence and her blushes give clear tokens of her plight; and, were not Diana herself a maid, she could know her guilt by a thousand signs; it is said that the nymphs knew it. Nine times since then the crescent moon had grown full orbed, when the goddess, worn with the chase and
OVID

cum dea venatu fraternis languida flammis,
nacta nemus gelidum, de quo cum murmure labens
ibat et attritas versabat rivus harenas. 456
ut loca laudavit, summas pede contigit undas;
his quoque laudatis "procul est" ait "arbiter omnis:
nda superfusis tinguamus corpora lymphis!"
Parrhasis erubuit; cunctae velamina ponunt;
una moras quae"t: dubitanti vestis adempta est,
qua posita nudo patuit cum corpore crimen.
attonitae manibusque uterum celare volenti
"i procul hinc " dixit " nec sacros pollue fontis!
" Cynthia deque suo iussit secedere coetu. 465
Senserat hoc olim magni matrona Tonantis
distuleratque graves in idonea tempora poenas.
causa morae nulla est, et iam puer Arcas (id ipsum
indoluit Iuno) fuerat de paelice natus.
quo simul obvertit saevam cum lumine mentem, 470
" scilicet hoc etiam restabat, adultera " dixit,
" ut fecunda fores, fieretque inijuria partu
nota, Iovisque mei testatum dedecus esset.
haud inpune feres: adimam tibi namque figuram,
qua tibi, quaque places nostro, inportuna, marito."
dixit et adversam prensis a fronte capillis 476
stravit humi pronam. tendebat brachia supplex:
brachia coeperunt nigris horrescere villis
curvarique manus et aduncos crescere in unguis
officioque pedum fungi laudataque quondam 480
ora Iovi lato fieri deformia rictu.
neve preces animos et verba precantia flectant,
posse loqui eripituir: vox iracunda minaxque
plenaque terroris raudo de gutture fertur;
overcome by the hot sun's rays, came to a cool grove through which a gently murmuring stream flowed over its smooth sands. The place delighted her and she dipped her feet into the water. Delighted too with this, she said to her companions: "Come, no one is near to see; let us disrobe and bathe us in the brook." The Arcadian blushed, and, while all the rest obeyed, she only sought excuses for delay. But her companions forced her to comply, and there her shame was openly confessed. As she stood terror-stricken, vainly striving to hide her state, Diana cried: "Begone! and pollute not our sacred pool"; and so expelled her from her company.

The great Thunderer's wife had known all this long since; but she had put off her vengeance until a fitting time. And now that time was come; for, to add a sting to Juno's hate, a boy, Arcas, had been born of her rival. Whereto when she turned her angry mind and her angry eyes, "See there!" she cried, "nothing was left, adulteress, than to breed a son, and publish my wrong by his birth, a living witness to my lord's shame. But thou shalt suffer for it. Yea, for I will take away thy beauty wherewith thou dost delight thyself, forward girl, and him who is my husband." So saying, she caught her by the hair full in front and flung her face-foremost to the ground. And when the girl stretched out her arms in prayer for mercy, her arms began to grow rough with black shaggy hair; her hands changed into feet tipped with sharp claws; and her lips, which but now Jove had praised, were changed to broad, ugly jaws; and, that she might not move him with entreating prayers, her power of speech was taken from her, and only a harsh, terrifying growl came hoarsely from her throat. Still her human feelings remained, though
mens antiqua manet, (facta quoque mansit in ursa) adsiduoque suos gemitu testata dolores qualescumque manus ad caelum et sidera tollit ingratumque Iovem, nequeat cum dicere, sentit. a! quotiens, sola non ausa quiescere silva, ante domum quondamque suis erravit in agris! a! quotiens per saxa canum latratibus acta est venatrixque metu venantum territa fugit! saepe feris latuit visis, oblita quid esset, ursaque conspectos in montibus horruit ursos pertimuitque lupos, quamvis pater esset in illis. 495

Ecce Lycaoniae proles ignara parentis, Arcas adest ter quinque fere natalibus actis; dumque feras sequitur, dum saltus eligit aptos nexilibusque plagis silvas Erymanthidas ambit, incidit in matrem, quae restitit Arcade viso et cognoscenti similis fuit: ille refugit inmotosque oculos in se sine fine tenentem nescius extimuit propiusque accedere aventi vulnifico fuerat fixurus pectora telo:
arcuit omnipotens pariterque ipsosque nefasque sustulit et pariter raptos per inania vento inposuit caelo vicinaque sidera fecit.

Intumuit Iuno, postquam inter sidera paelex fulsit, et ad canam descendit in aequora Tethyn Oceanumque senem, quorum reverentia movit saepe deos, causamque viae scitantibus infit: " quaeritis, aetheriis quare regina deorum
she was now a bear; with constant moanings she shows her grief, stretches up such hands as are left her to the heavens, and, though she cannot speak, still feels the ingratitude of Jove. Ah, how often, not daring to lie down in the lonely woods, she wandered before her home and in the fields that had once been hers! How often was she driven over the rocky ways by the baying of hounds and, huntress though she was, fled in affright before the hunters! Often she hid at sight of the wild beasts, forgetting what she was; and, though herself a bear, shuddered at sight of other bears which she saw on the mountainslopes. She even feared the wolves, although her own father, Lycaon, ran with the pack.

And now Arcas, Lycaon's grandson, had reached his fifteenth year, ignorant of his mother's plight. While he was hunting the wild beasts, seeking out their favourite haunts, hemming the Arcadian woods with his close-wrought nets, he chanced upon his mother, who stopped still at sight of Arcas, and seemed like one that recognized him. He shrank back at those unmoving eyes that were fixed for ever upon him, and feared he knew not what; and when she tried to come nearer, he was just in the act of piercing her breast with his wound-dealing spear. But the Omnipotent stayed his hand, and together he removed both themselves and the crime, and together caught up through the void in a whirlwind, he set them in the heavens and made them neighbouring stars.

Then indeed did Juno's wrath wax hotter still when she saw her rival shining in the sky, and straight went down to Tethys, venerable goddess of the sea, and to old Ocean, whom oft the gods hold in reverence. When they asked her the cause of her coming, she began: "Do you ask me why I, the
OVID

sedibus huc adsim? pro me tenet altera caelum!
mentior, obscurum nisi nox cum fecerit orbem,
nuper honoratas summo, mea vulnera, caelo
515
videritis stellas illic, ubi circulus axem
ultimus extremum spatioque brevissimus ambit.
et vero quisquam Iunonem laedere nolit
offensamque tremat, quae prosum sola nocendo?
o ego quantum egi! quam vasta potentia nostra est!
esse hominem vetui: facta est dea! sic ego poenas
519
sontibus inpono, sic est mea magna potestas!
vindicet antiquam faciem vultusque ferinos
detrahat, Argolica quod in ante Phoronide fecit
cur non et pulsa ducit Iunone meoque
525
collocat in thalamo socerumque Lycaona sumit?
at vos si laesae tangit contemptus alumnae,
gurgite caeruleo septem prohibete triones
sideraque in caelo stupri mercede recepta
pellite, ne puro tinguatur in aequore paelex!"

Di maris adnuerant: habili Saturnia curru
ingreditur liquidum pavonibus aethera pictis,
tam nuper pictis caeso pavonibus Argo,
quam tu nuper eras, cum candidus ante fuisses,
corve loquax, subito nigrantis versus in alas.
535
nam fuit haec quondam niveis argentea pennis
ales, ut aequaret totas sine labe columbas,
nec servaturis vigili Capitolia voce
cederet anseribus nec amanti flumina cygno.
lingua fuit damno: lingua faciente loquaci
540
qui color albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo.
96
queen of heaven, am here? Another queen has usurped my heaven. Count my word false if tonight, when darkness has obscured the sky, you see not new constellations fresh set, to outrage me, in the place of honour in highest heaven, where the last and shortest circle encompasses the utmost pole. And is there any reason now why anyone should hesitate to insult Juno and should fear my wrath, who do but help where I would harm? Oh, what great things have I accomplished! What unbounded power is mine! She whom I drove out of human form has now become a goddess. So do I punish those who wrong me! Such is my vaunted might! It only remains for him to release her from her bestial form and restore her former features, as he did once before in Argive Io's case. Why, now that I am deposed, should he not wed and set her in my chamber, and become Lycaon's son-in-law? But do you, if the insult to your foster-child moves you, debar these bears from your green pools, disown stars which have gained heaven at the price of shame, and let not that harlot bathe in your pure stream."

The gods of the sea granted her prayer, and Saturnia, mounting her swift chariot, was borne back through the yielding air by her gaily decked peacocks, peacocks but lately decked with the slain Argus' eyes, at the same time that thy plumage, talking raven, though white before, had been suddenly changed to black. For he had once been a bird of silvery-white plumage, so that he rivalled the spotless doves, nor yielded to the geese which one day were to save the Capitol with their watchful cries, nor to the river-loving swan. But his tongue was his undoing. Through his tongue's fault the talking bird, which once was white, was now the opposite of white.
Pulchrior in tota quam Larisaea Coronis
non fuit Haemonia: placuit tibi, Delphice, certe,
dum vel casta fuit vel inobservata, sed ales
sensit adulterium Phoebeius, utque latentem
detegeret culpam, non exorabilis index,
ad dominum tendebat iter. quem garrula motis
consequitur pennis, scitetur ut omnia, cornix
auditaeque viae causa "non utile carpis"
inquit "iter: ne sperne meae praesagia linguæ!" quid fuerim quid simque vide meritumque require:
invenies nocuisse fidem. nam tempore quodam
Pallas Erichthonium, prolem sine matre creatam,
clauserat Actaeo texta de vimine cista
virginibusque tribus gemino de Cecrope natis
et legem dederat, sua ne secreta viderent.
abdita fronde levi densa speculabar ab ulmo,
quid facerent: commissa duae sine fraude tuentur,
Pandrosos atque Herse; timidas vocat una sorores
Aglauros nodosque manu diducit, et intus
infantemque vident adporrectumque draconem.
acta deae refero. pro quo mihi gratia talis
redditur, ut dicar tutela pulsa Minerva
et ponar post noctis avem! mea poena volucres
admonuisse potest, ne voce pericula quaeant. at, puto, non ultro nequiquam tale rogantem
me petii!—ipsa licet hoc a Pallade quaeras:
quamvis irata est, non hoc irata negabit.
98
In all Thessaly there was no fairer maid than Coronis of Larissa. She surely found favour in thy eyes, O Delphic god, so long as she was chaste—or undetected. But the bird of Phoebus discovered her unchastity, and was posting with all speed, hard-hearted tell-tale, to his master to disclose the sin he had spied out. The gossiping crow followed him on flapping wings and asked the news. But when he heard the real object of the trip he said: "'Tis no profitable journey you are taking, my friend. Scorn not the forewarning of my tongue. See what I used to be and what I am now, and then ask the reason for it. You will find that good faith was my undoing. Once upon a time a child was born, named Erichthonius, a child without a mother. Him Pallas hid in a box woven of Actaean osiers, and gave this to the three daughters of double-shaped Cecrops, with the strict command not to look upon her secret. Hidden in the light leaves that grew thick over an elm, I set myself to watch what they would do. Two of the girls, Pandrosos and Herse, watched the box in good faith, but the third, Aglauros, called her sisters cowards, and with her hand undid the fastenings. And within they saw a baby-boy and a snake stretched out beside him. I went and betrayed them to the goddess, and for my pains I was turned out of my place as Minerva’s attendant and put after the bird of night! My punishment ought to be a warning to all birds not to invite trouble by talking too much. But perhaps (do you say?) she did not seek me out of her own accord, when I asked no such thing? Well, you may ask Pallas herself. Though she be angry with me now, she will not deny that, for all her anger. It is a well-known story. I once was a king’s daughter, child of the famous
nam me Phocaica clarus tellure Coroneus (nota loquor) genuit, fueramque ego regia virgo 570
divitibusque procis (ne me contemne) petebar: forma mihi nocuit. nam cum per litora lentis
passibus, ut soleo, summa spatiarer harena, vidit et incaluit pelagi dei, utque precando
tempora cum blandis absumpsit inania verbis, 575
vim parat et sequitur. fugio densumque relinquo
litus et in molli nequiquam lassor harena.
inde deos hominesque voco; nec contigit ullam
vox mea mortalem: mota est pro virgine virgo
auxiliumque tulit. tendebam brachia caelo: 580
brachia coeperunt levibus nigrescere pennis;
reicere ex umerus vestem molibar, at illa
pluma erat inque cutem radices egerat imas;
plangere nuda meis conabar pectora palmis,
sed neque iam palmas nec pectora nuda gerebam;
currebam, nec, ut ante, pedes retinebat harena, 586
sed summa tollebar humo; mox alta per auras
evehor et data sum comes inculpata Minervae.
quid tamen hoc prodest, si diro facta volucris
crimine Nyctimene nostro successit honori? 590
an quae per totam res est notissima Lesbon,
non audita tibi est, patrium temerasse cubile
Nyctimenen? avis illa quidem, sed conscia culpae
conspectum lucemque fugit tenebrisque pudorem
celat et a cunctis expellitur aetheore toto.” 595
Talia dicenti “ tibi” ait “ revocamina” corvus
“sint, precor, ista malo: nos vanum spernimus omen.”
100
Coroneus in the land of Phocis, and—nay, scorn me not—rich suitors sought me in marriage. But my beauty proved my bane. For once, while I paced, as is my wont, along the shore with slow steps over the sand's top, the god of the ocean saw me and grew hot. And when his prayers and coaxing words proved but waste of time, he offered force and pursued. I ran from him, leaving the hard-packed beach, and was quickly worn out, but all to no purpose, in the soft sand beyond. Then I cried out for help to gods and men, but my cries reached no mortal ear. But the virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer and came to my aid. I was stretching my arms to heaven, when my arms began to darken with light feathers. I strove to cast my mantle from my shoulders, but it was feathers, too, which had already struck their roots deep into my skin. I tried to beat my bare breasts with my hands, but I found I had now neither breasts nor hands. I would run; and now the sand did not retard my feet as before, but I skidded lightly along the top of the ground, and soon I floated on the air, soaring high; and so I was given to Minerva to be her blameless comrade. But of what use was that to me, if, after all, Nyctimene, who was changed into a bird because of her vile sins, has been put in my place? Or have you not heard the tale all Lesbos knows too well, how Nyctimene outraged the sanctity of her father's bed? And, bird though she now is, still, conscious of her guilt, she flees the sight of men and light of day, and tries to hide her shame in darkness, outcast by all from the whole radiant sky."

In reply to all this the raven said: "On your own head, I pray, be the evil that warning portends; I scorn the idle presage," continued on his way to his
nec coeptum dimittit iter dominoque iacentem
cum iuvene Haemonio vidisse Coronida narrat.
laurea delapsa est audito crimine amantis,
et pariter vultusque deo plectrumque colorque
excidit, utque animus tumida fervebat ab ira,
arma adsueta capit flexumque a cornibus arcum
tendit et illa suo totiens cum pectore iuncta
indevitato traiecit pectora telo.

icta dedit gemitum tractoque a corpore ferro
candida puniceo perfudit membra cruore
et dixit: “ potui poenas tibi, Phoebe, dedisse,
sed peperisse prius; duo nunc moriemur in una.”
hactenus, et pariter vitam cum sanguine fudit;
corpus inane animae frigus letale secutum est.

Paenitet heu! sero poenae crudelis amantem,
seque, quod audierit, quod sic exarserit, odi;
odi avem, per quam crimen causamque dolendi
scire coactus erat, nec non arcumque manumque
odit cumque manu temperaria tela sagittas
conlapsamque foveat seraque ope vincere fata
nitus tur et medicas exercet inaniter artes.
quae postquam frustra temptata rogumque parari
vidit et arsuros supremis ignibus artus,
tum vero gemitus (neque enim caelestia tingui
ora licet lacrimis) alto de corde petitos
edidit, haud aliter quam cum spectante iuvenca
lactentis vituli dextra libratus ab aure
tempora discussit claro cava malleus ictu.
master, and then told him that he had seen Coronis lying beside the youth of Thessaly. When that charge was heard the laurel glided from the lover’s head; together countenance and colour changed, and the quill dropped from the hand of the god. And as his heart became hot with swelling anger he seized his accustomed arms, strung his bent bow from the horns, and transfixed with unerring shaft the bosom which had been so often pressed to his own. The smitten maid groaned in agony, and, as the arrow was drawn out, her white limbs were drenched with her red blood. "'Twas right, O Phoebus," she said, "that I should suffer thus from you, but first I should have borne my child. But now two of us shall die in one." And while she spoke her life ebbed out with her streaming blood, and soon her body, its life all spent, lay cold in death.

The lover, alas! too late repents his cruel act; he hates himself because he listened to the tale and was so quick to break out in wrath. He hates the bird by which he has been compelled to know the offence that brought his grief; bow and hand he hates, and with that hand the hasty arrows too. He fondles the fallen girl, and too late tries to bring help and to conquer fate; but his healing arts are exercised in vain. When his efforts were of no avail, and he saw the pyre made ready with the funeral fires which were to consume her limbs, then indeed—for the cheeks of the heavenly gods may not be wet with tears—from his deep heart he uttered piteous groans; such groans as the young cow utters when before her eyes the hammer high poised from beside the right ear crashes with its resounding blow through the hollow temples of her suckling calf. The god pours fragrant incense on her unconscious breast, gives her
OVID

ut tamen ingratos in pectora fudit odores
et dedit amplexus iniustaque iusta peregit,
non tulit in cineres labi sua Phoebus eosdem
semina, sed natum flammis uteroque parentis
eripuit geminique tulit Chironis in antrum,
sperantemque sibi non falsae praemia linguae
inter aves albas vetuit consistere corvum.

Semifer interea divinae stirpis alumno
laetus erat mixtoque oneri gaudebat honore;
ecce venit rutilis umeros protecta capillis
filia centauri, quam quandam nympha Chariclo
fluminis in rapidi ripis enisa vocavit
Ocyroen: non haec artes contenta paternas
edidicisse fuit, fatorum arcana canebat.

ergo ubi vaticinos concepit mente furores
incaluitque deo, quem clausum pectore habebat,
adspicit infantem "toto" que "salutifer orbi
cresce, puer!" dixit; "tibi se mortalia saepe
corpora deebunt, animas tibi reddere ademptas
fas erit, idque semel dis indignantibus ausus
posse dare hoc iterum flamma prohibebere avita,
eque deo corpus fies exsangue deusque,
qui modo corpus eras, et bis tua fata novabis.
tu quoque, care pater, nunc inmortalis et aevis
omnibus ut maneas nascendi lege creatus,
posse mori cupies, tum cum cruciabere dirae
sanguine serpentis per saucia membra recepto;
teque ex aeterno patientem numina mortis

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the last embrace, and performs all the fit offices unfitly for the dead. But that his own son should perish in the same funeral fires he cannot brook. He snatched the unborn child from his mother's womb and from the devouring flames, and bore him for safe keeping to the cave of two-formed Chiron. But the raven, which had hoped only for reward from his truth-telling, he forbad to take their place among white birds.

Meantime the Centaur was rejoicing in his foster-child of heavenly stock, glad at the honour which the task brought with it, when lo! there comes his daughter, her shoulders overmantled with red-gold locks, whom once the nymph, Chariclo, bearing her to him upon the banks of the swift stream, had called thereafter Ocyrhoë. She was not satisfied to have learnt her father's art, but she sang prophecy. So when she felt in her soul the prophetic madness, and was warmed by the divine fire imprisoned in her breast, she looked upon the child and cried: "O child, health-bringer to the whole world, speed thy growth. Often shall mortal bodies owe their lives to thee, and to thee shall it be counted right to restore the spirits of the departed. But having dared this once in scorn of the gods, from power to give life a second time thou shalt be stayed by thy grandsire's lightning. So, from a god shalt thou become but a lifeless corpse; but from this corpse shalt thou again become a god and twice renew thy fates. Thou also, dear father, who art now immortal and destined by the law of thy birth to last through all the ages, shalt some day long for power to die, when thou shalt be in agony with all thy limbs burning with the fatal Hydra's blood. But at last, from immortal the gods shall make thee capable
efficient, triplicesque deae tua fila resolvent."
restabat fatis aliquid: suspirat ab imis pectoribus, lacrimaeque genis labuntur obortae,
atque ita "praeventunt" inquit "me fata, vetorque
plura loqui, vocisque meae praeceditur usus.
non fuerant artes tanti, quae numinis iram
contraxere mihi: mallem nescisse futura!
iam mihi subduci facies humana videtur,
iam cibus herba placet, iam latis currere campis
impetus est: in equam cognataque corpora vertor.
tota tamen quare? pater est mihi nempe biformis."
talia dicenti pars est extrema querellae
intellecta parum confusaque verba fuerunt;
mox nec verba quidem nec equae sonus ille videtur
sed simulantis equam, parvoque in tempore certos
edidit hinnitus et brachia movit in herbas.
tum digiti coeunt et quinos alligat ungues
perpetuo cornu levis ungula, crescit et oris
et colli spatium, longae pars maxima pallae
cauda fit, utque vagi crines per colla iacebant,
in dextras abiere iubas, pariterque novata est
et vox et facies; nomen quoque monstra dedere.
Flebat ope nque tuam frustra Philyreius heros,
Delphice, posebat. nam nec rescindere magni
iussa Iovis poteras, nec, si rescindere posses,
tunc aderas: Elim Messeniaque arva colebas.
il lud erat tempus, quo te pastoria pellis
texit, onusque fuit baculum silvestre sinistrae,
alterius dispar septenis fistula cannis.
of death, and the three goddesses shall loose thy thread." Still other fates remained to tell; but suddenly she sighed deeply, and with flowing tears said: "The fates forestall me and forbid me to speak more. My power of speech fails me. Not worth the cost were those arts which have brought down the wrath of heaven upon me. I would that I had never known the future. Now my human shape seems to be passing. Now grass pleases as food; now I am eager to race around the broad pastures. I am turning into a mare, my kindred shape. But why completely? Surely my father is half human." Even while she spoke, the last part of her complaint became scarce understood and her words were all confused. Soon they seemed neither words nor yet the sound of a horse, but as of one trying to imitate a horse. At last she clearly whinnied and her arms became legs and moved along the ground. Her fingers drew together and one continuous light hoof of horn bound together the five nails of her hand. Her mouth enlarged, her neck was extended, the train of her gown became a tail; and her locks as they lay roaming over her neck were become a mane on the right side. Now was she changed alike in voice and feature; and this new wonder gave her a new name as well.

The half-divine son of Philyra wept and vainly called on thee for aid, O lord of Delphi. For thou couldst not revoke the edict of mighty Jove, nor, if thou couldst, wast thou then at hand. In those days thou wast dwelling in Elis and the Messenian fields. Thy garment was a shepherd's cloak, thy staff a stout stick from the wood, and a pipe made of seven unequal reeds was in thy hand. And while thy thoughts were all of love, and while thou didst
dumque amor est curae, dum te tua fistula mulcet, incustoditae Pylios memorantur in agros processisse boves: videt has Atlantide Maia natus et arte sua silvis occultat abactas. senserat hoc furtum nemo nisi notus in illo rure senex; Battum vicinia tota vocabat. divitis hic saltus herbosaeque paseua Nelei nobiliumque greges custos servabat equarum. hunc timuit blandaque manu seduxit et illi " quisquis es, hospes " ait, " si forte armenta requirat haec aliquis, vidisse nega neu gratia facto nulla rependatur, nitidam cape praemia vaccam! " et dedit. accepta voces hac reddidit hospes: " tutus eas! lapis iste prius tua furta loquetur," et lapidem ostendit. simulat Iove natus abire; mox dedit et versa pariter cum voce figura " rustice, vidisti si quas hoc limite " dixit " ire boves, fer opem furtoque silentia deme! " iuncta suo pariter dabitur tibi femina tauro." at senior, postquam est merces geminata, " sub illis montibus " inquit " erunt," et erant sub montibus illis. risit Atlantiades et " me mihi, perfide, prodis? me mihi prodis? " ait periuraque pectora vertit risit Atlantiades et " me mihi, perfide, prodis? me mihi prodis? " ait periuraque pectora vertit in durum silicem, qui nunc quoque dicitur index, inque nihil merito vetus est infamia saxo.
discourse sweetly on the pipe, the cattle thou wast keeping strayed, 'tis said, all unguarded into the Pylian fields. There Maia's son spied them, and by his native craft drove them into the woods and hid them there. Nobody saw the theft except one old man well known in that neighbourhood, called Battus by all the countryside. He, as a hired servant of the wealthy Neleus, was watching a herd of blooded mares in the glades and rich pasture-fields thereabouts. Mercury feared his tattling and, drawing him aside with cajoling hand, said: "Whoever you are, my man, if anyone should chance to ask you if you have seen any cattle going by here, say that you have not; and, that your kindness may not go unrewarded, you may choose out a sleek heifer for your pay"; and he gave him the heifer forthwith. The old man took it and replied: "Go on, stranger, and feel safe. That stone will tell of your thefts sooner than I"; and he pointed out a stone. The son of Jove pretended to go away, but soon came back with changed voice and form, and said: "My good fellow, if you have seen any cattle going along this way, help me out, and don't refuse to tell about it, for they were stolen. I'll give you a cow and a bull into the bargain if you'll tell." The old man, tempted by the double reward, said: "You'll find them over there at the foot of that mountain." And there, true enough, they were. Mercury laughed him to scorn and said: "Would you betray me to myself, you rogue? me to my very face?" So saying, he turned the faithless fellow into a flinty stone, which even to this day is called touch-stone; and the old reproach still rests upon the undeserving flint.
OVID

Hinc se sustulerat paribus caducifer alis, \ "Munychiosque volans agros gratamque Minervae despectabat humum cultique arbusta Lycei.  \ "illa forte die castae de more puellae vertice supposito festas in Palladis arces pura coronatis portabant sacra canistris. \ "inde revertentes deus adspicit ales iterque non agit in rectum, sed in orbem curvat eundem: \ "ut volucris visis rapidissima miluus extis, dum timet et densi circumstant sacra ministri, flectitur in gyrum nec longius audet abire spemque suam motis avidus circumvolat alis, sic super Actaeas agilis Cyllenius arces \ "inclinat cursus et easdem circinat auras. quanto splendidior quam cetera sidera fulget Lucifer, et quanto quam Lucifer aurea Phoebe, tanto virginibus praestantior omnibus Herse ibat eratque decus pompae comitumque suarum.  \ "obstipuit forma Iove natus et aethere pendens non secus exarsit, quam cum Balearica plumbum funda iacit: volat illud et incandescit eundo et, quos non habuit, sub nubibus invenit ignes. \ "vertit iter caeloque petit terrena relictto \ "nec se dissimulat: tanta est fiducia formae. quae quamquam iusta est, cura tamen adivat illam permulcetque comas chlamydemque, ut pendeat apte, collocat, ut limbus totumque adpareat aurum, ut teres in dextra, qua somnos ducit et arcet, \ "virga sit, ut tersis niteant talaria plantis. \ 110
The god of the caduceus had taken himself hence on level wings and now as he flew he was looking down upon the Munychian fields, the land that Minerva loves, and the groves of the learned Lyceum. That day chanced to be a festival of Pallas when young maidens bore to their goddess' temple mystic gifts in flower-wreathed baskets on their heads. The winged god saw them as they were returning home and directed his way towards them, not straight down but sweeping in such a curve as when the swift kite has spied the fresh-slain sacrifice, afraid to come down while the priests are crowded around the victim, and yet not venturing to go quite away, he circles around in air and on flapping wings greedily hovers over his hoped-for prey; so did the nimble Mercury fly round the Athenian hill, sweeping in circles through the same spaces of air. As Lucifer shines more brightly than all the other stars and as the golden moon outshines Lucifer, so much was Herse more lovely than all the maidens round her, the choice ornament in the solemn procession of her comrades. The son of Jove was astounded at her beauty, and hanging in mid-air he caught the flames of love; as when a leaden bullet is thrown by a Balearic sling, it flies along, is heated by its motion, and finds heat in the clouds which it had not before. Mercury now turns his course, leaves the air and flies to earth, nor seeks to disguise himself; such is the confidence of beauty. Yet though that trust be lawful, he assists it none the less with pains; he smooths his hair, arranges his robe so that it may hang neatly and so that all the golden border will show. He takes care to have in his right hand his smooth wand with which he brings on sleep or drives it away, and to have his winged sandals glittering on his trim feet.
OVID

Pars secreta domus e bore et testudine cultos
tres habuit thalamos, quorum tu, Pandrose, dextrum,
Aglauros laevum, medium possederat Herse.
quae tenuit laevum, venientem prima notavit Mercurium nomenque dei scitarier ausa est
et causam adventus; cui sic respondit Atlantis
Pleïonesque nepos "ego sum, qui iussa per auras
verba patris porto; pater est mihi Iuppiter ipse.
nec fingam causas, tu tantum fida sorori esse velis prolisque meae matertera dici:
Herse causa viae; faveas oramus amanti."

adspicit hunc oculis isdem, quibus abdita nuper viderat Aglauros flavae secreta Minervae,
proque ministerio magni sibi ponderis aurum postulat: interea tectis excedere cogit.

Vertit ad hanc torvi dea bellica luminis orbem
et tanto penitus traxit suspiria motu,
ut pariter pectus positamque in pectore fortii
aegida concuteret: subit, hanc arcana profana
detexisse manu, tum cum sine matre creatam
Lemnicolae stirpem contra data foedera vidit,
et gratamque deo fore iam gratamque sorori
et ditem sumpto, quod avara pososcerat, auro.
protinus Invidiae nigro squalentia tabo
tecta petit: domus est imis in vallibus huius
abdita, sole carens, non uUi pervia vento,
tristis et ignavi plenissima frigoris et quae
igne vacet semper, caligine semper abundet.
huc ubi pervenit belli metuenda virago,
In a retired part of the house were three chambers, richly adorned with ivory and tortoise-shell. The right-hand room of these Pandrosos occupied, Aglauros the left, and Herse the room between. Aglauros first saw the approaching god and made so bold as to ask his name and the cause of his visit. He, grandson of Atlas and Pleione, replied: "I am he who carry my father's messages through the air. My father is Jove himself. Nor will I conceal why I am here. Only do you consent to be true to your sister, and to be called the aunt of my offspring. I have come here for Herse's sake. I pray you favour a lover's suit." Aglauros looked at him with the same covetous eyes with which she had lately peeped at the secret of the golden-haired Minerva, and demanded a mighty weight of gold as the price of her service; meantime, she compelled him to leave the palace.

The warrior goddess now turned her angry eyes upon her, and breathed sighs so deep and perturbed that her breast and the aegis that lay upon her breast shook with her emotion. She remembered that this was the girl who had with profaning hands uncovered the secret at the time when, contrary to her command, she looked upon the son of the Lemnian, without mother born. And now she would be in favour with the god and with her sister, and rich, besides, with the gold which in her greed she had demanded. Straightway Minerva sought out the cave of Envy, filthy with black gore. Her home was hidden away in a deep valley, where no sun shines and no breeze blows; a gruesome place and full of a numbing chill. No cheerful fire burns there, and the place is wrapped in thick, black fog. When the warlike maiden goddess came to the cave, she
constitit ante domum (neque enim succedere tectis fas habet) et postes extrema cuspide pulsat.
concussae patuere fores. videt intus edentem vipereas carnes, vitiorum alimenta suorum,
Invidiam visaque oculos avertit; at illa
surgit humo pigre semesarumque relinquit corpora serpentum passuque incedit inerti.
utque deam vidit formaque armisque decoram,
ingemuit vultumque deae ad suspiria duxit.
pallor in ore sedet, macies in corpore toto.
nusquam recta acies, livent robigine dentes,
pectora felle virent, lingua est suffusa veneno;
risus abest, nisi quem visi movere dolores;
nec fruitur somno, vigilantibus excita curis,
sed videt ingratos intabescitque videndo
successus hominum carpitque et carpitur una suppliciumque suum est. quamvis tamen oderat illam,
talibus adfata est breviter Tritonia dictis:
"infice tabe tua natarum Cecropis unam:
sic opus est. Aglauros ea est." haud plura locuta
fugit et inpressa tellurem repullit hasta.
Illa deam obliquo fugientem lumine cernens murmura parva dedit successurumque Minervae
indoluit baculumque capit, quod spinea totum vincula cingebant, adopertaque nubibus atris,
quacumque ingreditur, florentia proterit arva exuritque herbas et summa cacumina carpit
adflatuque suo populos urbesque domosque
polluit et tandem Tritonida conspicit arcem
stood without, for she might not enter that foul abode, and beat upon the door with end of spear. The battered doors flew open; and there, sitting within, was Envy, eating snakes' flesh, the proper food of her venom. At the horrid sight the goddess turned away her eyes. But that other rose heavily from the ground, leaving the snakes' carcasses half consumed, and came forward with sluggish step. When she saw the goddess, glorious in form and armour, she groaned aloud and shaped her countenance to match the goddess' sigh. Pallor o'erspreads her face and her whole body seems to shrivel up. Her eyes are all awry, her teeth are foul with mould; green, poisonous gall o'erflows her breast, and venom drips down from her tongue. She never smiles, save at the sight of another's troubles; she never sleeps, disturbed with wakeful cares; unwelcome to her is the sight of men's success, and with the sight she pines away; she gnaws and is gnawed, herself her own punishment. Although she detested the loathsome thing, yet in curt speech Tritonia spoke to her: "Infect with your venom one of Cecrops' daughters. Such the task I set. I mean Aglauros." Without more words she fled the creature's presence and, pushing her spear against the ground, sprang lightly back to heaven.

The hag, eyeing her askance as she flees, mutters awhile, grieving to think on the goddess' joy of triumph. Then she takes her staff, thick-set with thorns, and, wrapped in a mantle of dark cloud, sets forth. Wherever she goes, she tramples down the flowers, causes the grass to wither, blasts the high waving trees, and taints with the foul pollution of her breath whole peoples, cities, homes. At last she spies Tritonia's city, splendid with art and wealth
ingeniis opibusque et festa pace virentem 795
vixque tenet lacrimas, quia nil lacrimabile cernit.

sed postquam thalamos intravit Cecrope natae,
iussa facit pectusque manu ferrugine tincta
tangit et hamatis praecordia sentibus inplet
inspiratque nocens virus piceumque per ossa 800
dissipat et medio spargit pulmone venenum,
neve mali causae spatium per latius errent,
germanam ante oculos fortunatumque sororis
coniugium pulchraque deum sub imagine ponit
cunctaque magna facit; quibus inritata dolore 805
Cecropis occulto mordetur et anxia nocte
anxia luce gemit lentaque miserrima tabe
liquitur, et glacies incerto saucia sole,
felicitique bonis non lenius uritur Herses,
quam cum spinosis ignis supponitur herbis, 810
quae neque dant flammata lenique tepore cremantur.
saepe mori voluit, ne quicquam tale videret,
saepe velut crimen rigido narrare parenti;
denique in adverso venientem limine sedit
exclusura deum. cui blandimenta precesque 815
verbaque iactanti mitissima " desine! " dixit,
" hinc ego me non sum nisi te motura repulso."
" stemus " ait " pacto " velox Cyllenius " isto! "
caelestique fores virga patefecit: at illi
surgere conanti partes, quascumque sedendo 820
flectitur, ignava nequeunt gravitate moveri:
illa quidem pugnat recto se attollere trunco,
sed genuum iunctura riget, frigusque per ungues
labitur, et pallent amisso sanguine venae;

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and peaceful joy; and she can scarce restrain her tears at the sight, because she sees no cause for others' tears. But, having entered the chamber of Cecrops' daughter, she performed the goddess' bidding, touched the girl's breast with her festering hand and filled her heart with pricking thorns. Then she breathed pestilential, poisonous breath into her nostrils and spread black venom through her very heart and bones. And, to fix a cause for her grief, Envy pictured to her imagination her sister, her sister's blest marriage and the god in all his beauty, magnifying the excellence of everything. Maddened by this, Aglauros eats her heart out in secret misery; careworn by day, careworn by night, she groans and wastes away most wretchedly with slow decay, like ice touched by the fitful sunshine. She is consumed by envy of Herse's happiness; just as when a fire is set under a pile of weeds, which give out no flames and waste away with slow consumption. She often longed to die that she might not behold such happiness; often to tell it, as 'twere a crime, to her stern father. At last she sat down at her sister's threshold, to prevent the god's entrance when he should come. And when he coaxed and prayed with his most honeyed words, "Have done," she said, "for I shall never stir from here till I have foiled your purpose." "We'll stand by that bargain," Mercury quickly replied, and with a touch of his heavenly wand he opened the door. At this the girl struggled to get up, but found the limbs she bends in sitting made motionless with dull heaviness; she strove to stand erect, but her knees had stiffened; a numbing chill stole through her limbs, and her flesh was pale and bloodless. And, as an incurable cancer spreads its evil roots ever more widely and involves sound
utque malum late solet inmedicabile cancer sermonem et inlaesas vitiatis addere partes, sic letalis hiems paullatim in pectora venit vitalesque vias et respiramina clausit, nec conata loqui est nec, si conata fuisset, vocis habebat iter: saxum iam colla tenebat, oraque duruerant, signumque exsangue sedebat; nec lapis albus erat: sua mens infecerat illam.

Has ubi verborum poenas mentisque profanae cepit Atlantiades, dictas a Pallade terras linquit et ingreditur iactatis aethera pennis. sevocat hunc genitor nec causam fassus amoris "fide minister" ait "iusssorum, nate, meorum, pelle moram solitoque celer delabere cursu, quaeque tuam matrem tellus a parte sinistra suspicit (indigenae Sidonida nomine dicunt), hanc pete, quodque procul montano gramine pasci armentum regale vides, ad litora verte!

dixit, et expulsi iamdudum monte iuvenci litora iussa petunt, ubi magni filia regis ludere virginibus Tyriis comitata solebat. non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur maiestas et amor; sceptri gravitate relict a ille pater rectorque deum, cui dextra trisulcis ignibus armata est, qui nutu concutit orbem, induitur faciem tauri mixtusque iuvencis mugit et in teneris formosus obambulat herbis. quippe color nivis est, quam nec vestigia duri calcavere pedis nec solvit aquaticus auster.
with infected parts, so did a deadly chill little by little creep to her breast, stopping all vital functions and choking off her breath. She no longer tried to speak, and, if she had tried, her voice would have found no way of utterance. Her neck was changed to stone, her features had hardened—there she sat, a lifeless statue. Nor was the stone white in colour; her soul had stained it black.

When Mercury had inflicted this punishment on the girl for her impious words and spirit, he left the land of Pallas behind him, and flew to heaven on outflung pinions. Here his father calls him aside; and not revealing his love affair as the real reason, he says: "My son, always faithful to perform my bidding, delay not, but swiftly in accustomed flight glide down to earth and seek out the land that looks up at your mother's star from the left. The natives call it the land of Sidon. There you are to drive down to the sea-shore the herd of the king's cattle which you will see grazing at some distance on the mountain-side."

He spoke, and quickly the cattle were driven from the mountain and headed for the shore, as Jove had directed, to a spot where the great king's daughter was accustomed to play in company with her Tyrian maidens. Majesty and love do not go well together, nor tarry long in the same dwelling-place. And so the father and ruler of the gods, who wields in his right hand the three-forked lightning, whose nod shakes the world, laid aside his royal majesty along with his sceptre, and took upon him the form of a bull. In this form he mingled with the cattle, lowed like the rest, and wandered around, beautiful to behold, on the young grass. His colour was white as the untrodden snow, which has not yet been melted by the rainy south-wind. The muscles stood rounded
colla toris exstant, armis palearia pendent,
cornua parva quidem, sed quae contendere possis 855
facta manu, puraque magis perluçida gemma.
nullae in fronte minae, nec formidabile lumen: pacem vultus habet. miratur Agenore nata,
quod tam formosus, quod proelia nulla minetur;
SED quamvis mitem metuit contingere primo, 860
mox adit et flores ad candida porrigit ora.
gaudet amans et, dum veniat sperata voluptas,
oscula dat manibus; vix iam, vix cetera differt;
et nunc adludit viridique exsultat in herba,
nunc lates in fulvis niveum deponit harenis; 865
paullatimque metu dempto modo pectora praebet
virgine/a plaudenda\(^1\) manu, modo cornua sertis
inpedienda novis; ausa est quoque regia virgo
nescia, quem premeret, tergo considere tauri,
cum deus a terra siccoque a litore sensim 870
falsa pedum primo vestigia ponit in undis;
inde abit ulterius mediique per aequora ponti
fert praedam: pavet haec litusque ablata relictum
respicit et dextra cornum tenet, altera dorso
inposita est; tremulae sinuantur flameo vestes. 875

\(^1\) Some MSS. read palpanda.
upon his neck, a long dewlap hung down in front; his horns were small, but perfect in shape as if carved by an artist's hand, cleaner and more clear than pearls. His brow and eyes would inspire no fear, and his whole expression was peaceful. Agenor's daughter looked at him in wondering admiration, because he was so beautiful and friendly. But, although he seemed so gentle, she was afraid at first to touch him. Presently she drew near, and held out flowers to his snow-white lips. The disguised lover rejoiced and, as a foretaste of future joy, kissed her hands. Even so he could scarce restrain his passion. And now he jumps sportively about on the grass, now lays his snowy body down on the yellow sands; and, when her fear has little by little been allayed, he yields his breast for her maiden hands to pat and his horns to entwine with garlands of fresh flowers. The princess even dares to sit upon his back, little knowing upon whom she rests. The god little by little edges away from the dry land, and sets his borrowed hoofs in the shallow water; then he goes further out and soon is in full flight with his prize on the open ocean. She trembles with fear and looks back at the receding shore, holding fast a horn with one hand and resting the other on the creature's back. And her fluttering garments stream behind her in the wind.
Iamqve deus posita fallacis imagine tauri
se confessus erat Dictaeaque rura tenebat,
cum pater ignarus Cadmo perquirere raptam
imperat et poenam, si non invenerit, addit
exilium, factor pius et sceleratus eodem.
orbe pererrato (quis enim deprendere possit
furta Iovis?) profugus patriamque iramque parentis
vitat Agenorides Phoebique oracula suppplex
consulit et, quae sit tellus habitanda, requirit.
"bos tibi" Phoebus ait "solis occurret in arvis,
nullum passa iugum curvique inmunis aratri.
hac duce carpe vias et, qua requieverit herba,
moenia fac condas Boeotiaque illa vocato."
vix bene Castalio Cadmus descenderat antro,
incustoditam lente videt ire iuvencam
nullum servitii signum cervice gerentem.
subsequitur pressoque legit vestigia passu
auctoremque viae Phoebum taciturnus adorat.
iam vada Cephisi Panopesque evaserat arva:
bos stetit et tollens speciosam cornibus altis
BOOK III

And now the god, having put off disguise of the bull, owned himself for what he was, and reached the fields of Crete. But the maiden's father, ignorant of what had happened, bids his son, Cadmus, go and search for the lost girl, and threatens exile as a punishment if he does not find her—pious and guilty by the same act. After roaming over all the world in vain (for who could search out the secret loves of Jove?) Agenor's son becomes an exile, shunning his father's country and his father's wrath. Then in supplicant wise he consults the oracle of Phoebus, seeking thus to learn in what land he is to settle. Phoebus replies: "A heifer will meet you in the wilderness, one who has never worn the yoke or drawn the crooked plough. Follow where she leads, and where she lies down to rest upon the grass there see that you build your city's walls and call the land Boeotia."¹ Hardly had Cadmus left the Castalian grotto when he saw a heifer moving slowly along, all unguarded and wearing on her neck no mark of service. He follows in her track with deliberate steps, silently giving thanks the while to Phoebus for showing him the way. And now the heifer had passed the fords of Cephisus and the fields of Panope, when she halted and, lifting towards the heavens her beautiful head

¹ i.e. "the land of the heifer."
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ad caelum frontem mugitibus inpulit auras
atque ita respiciens comites sua terga sequentis
procubuit teneraque latus submisit in herba.
Cadmus agit grates peregrinaeque oscula terrae
figit et ignotos montes agrosque salutat.

Sacra Iovi facturus erat: iubet ire ministros
et petere e vivis libandas fontibus undas.
silva vetus stabat nulla violata securi,
et specus in media virgis ac vime densus
efficiens humilem lapidum conpagibus arcum
uberibus fecundus aquis; ubi conditus antro
Martius anguis erat, cristis praesignis et auro;
igne micant oculi, corpus tumet omne venenis,
tres vibrant linguae, tripli stant ordine dentes.
quem postquam Tyria lucum de gente profecti
infausto tetigere gradu, demissaque in undas
urna dedit sonitum, longo caput extulit antro
cæruleus serpens horrendaque sibila misit.
efluxe undae manibus sanguisque reliquit
corpus et attonitos subitus tremor occupat artus.
ille volubilibus squamosos nexibus orbes
torquet et inmensos saltu sinuatur in arcus
ac media plus parte leves erectus in auras
despicit omne nemus tantoque est corpore, quanto,
si totum spectes, geminas qui separat arctos.
nec mora, Phoenicas, sive illi tela parabant
sive fugam, sive ipse timor prohibebat utrumque,

with its spreading horns, she filled the air with her lowings; and then, looking back upon those who were following close behind, she kneeled and let her flank sink down upon the fresh young grass. Cadmus gave thanks, reverently pressed his lips upon this stranger land, and greeted the unknown mountains and the plains.

With intent to make sacrifice to Jove, he bade his attendants hunt out a spring of living water for libation. There was a primeval forest there, scarred by no axe; and in its midst a cave thick set about with shrubs and pliant twigs. With well-fitted stones it fashioned a low arch, whence poured a full-welling spring, and deep within dwelt a serpent sacred to Mars. The creature had a wondrous golden crest; fire flashed from his eyes; his body was all swollen with venom; his triple tongue flickered out and in and his teeth were ranged in triple row. When with luckless steps the wayfarers of the Tyrian race had reached this grove, they let down their vessels into the spring, breaking the silence of the place. At this the dark serpent thrust forth his head out of the deep cave, hissing horribly. The urns fell from the men's hands, their blood ran cold, and, horror-struck, they were seized with a sudden trembling. The serpent twines his scaly coils in rolling knots and with a spring curves himself into a huge bow; and, lifted high by more than half his length into the unsubstantial air, he looks down upon the whole wood, as huge, could you see him all, as is that serpent in the sky that lies outstretched between the twin bears. He makes no tarrying, but seizes on the Phoenicians, whether they are preparing for fighting or for flight or whether very fear holds both in check. Some he slays with his fangs, some
occupat: hos morsu, longis complexibus illos, hos necat adflatu funesti tabe veneni
  Fecerat exigas iam sol altissimus umbras:
  quae mora sit sociis, miratur Agenore natus
  vestigatque viros. tegumen derepta leoni
  pellis erat, telum splendenti lancea ferro
  et iaculum teloque animus praestantior omni.
  ut nemus intravit letataque corpora vidit
  victoremque supra spatiosi corporis hostem
  tristia sanguinea lambentem vulnera lingua,
  " aut ultor vestrae, fidissima corpora, mortis,
  aut comes " inquit " ero." dixit dextraque molarem
  sustulit et magnum magno conamine misit.
  illius inpulsu cum turribus ardua celsis
  moenia mota forent, serpens sine vulnere mansit
  loricaeque modo squamis defensus et atrae
  duritia pellis validos cute repulit ictus;
  at non duritia iaculum quoque vicit eadem,
  quod medio lentae spinae curvamine fixum
  constitit et totum descendit in ilia ferrum.
  ille dolore ferox caput in sua terga retorsit
  vulneraque adspexit fixumque hastile momordit,
  idque ubi vi multa partem labefecit in omnem,
  vix tergo eripuit; ferrum tamen ossibus haesit.
  tum vero postquam solitas accessit ad iras
  causa recens, plenis tumuerunt guttura venis,
  spumaque pestiferos circumfluit albida rictus,
  terraque rasa sonat squamis, quique halitus exit
  ore niger Stygio, vitiatas inficit auras.
  ipse modo inmensum spiris facientibus orbem
he crushes in his constricting folds, and some he stifles with the deadly corruption of his poisoned breath.

The sun had reached the middle heavens and drawn close the shadows. And now Cadmus, wondering what has delayed his companions, starts out to trace them. For shield, he has a lion's skin; for weapon, a spear with glittering iron point and a javelin; and, better than all weapons, a courageous soul. When he enters the wood and sees the corpses of his friends all slain, and victorious above them their huge-bodied foe licking their piteous wounds with bloody tongue, he cries: "O ye poor forms, most faithful friends, either I shall avenge your death or be your comrade in it." So saying, he heaved up a massive stone with his right hand and with mighty effort hurled its mighty bulk. Under such a blow, high ramparts would have fallen, towers and all; but the serpent went unscathed, protected against that strong stroke by his scales as by an iron doublet and by his hard, dark skin. But that hard skin cannot withstand the javelin too, which now is fixed in the middle fold of his tough back and penetrates with its iron head deep into his flank. The creature, mad with pain, twists back his head, views well his wound, and bites at the spear-shaft fixed therein. Then, when by violent efforts he had loosened this all round, with difficulty he tore it out; but the iron head remained fixed in the backbone. Then indeed fresh fuel was added to his native wrath; his throat swells with full veins, and white foam flecks his horrid jaws. The earth resounds with his scraping scales, and such rank breath as exhales from the Stygian cave befouls the tainted air. Now he coils in huge spiral folds; now shoots up, straight
cingitur, interdum longa trabe rectior exstat, inpete nunc vasto ceu concitus imbribus amnis fertur et obstantis proturbat pectore silvas. cedit Agenorides paullum spolioque leonis sustinet incursus instantiaque ora retardat cuspidе praetenta: furit ille et inania duro vulnerа dat ferro figitque in acumine dentes. iamque venenifero sanguis manare palato coeperat et virides adspergine tinxerat herbas; sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu laesaque collа dabat retro plagamque sedere cedendo arcebat nec longius ire sinebat, donec Agenorides coniectum in gutture ferrum usque sequens pressit, dum retro quercus eunti obstitit et fixa est pariter cum robore cervix. pondere serpensis curvata est arbor et ima parte flagellari gemuit sua robora cauda.

Dum spatium victor victi considerat hostis, vox subito audita est; neque erat cognoscere promptum, unde, sed audita est: “quid, Agenore nate, serpentem spectas? et tu spectabere serpens.” ille diu pavidus pariter cum mente colore perdiderat, gelidoque comae terrore rigebant: ecce viri fautrix superas delapsa per auras Pallas adest motaеque iubet supponere terrae vipereos dentes, populi incrementa futuri. paret et, ut presso sulcum patefecit aratro, spargit humi iussos, mortalia semina, dentes. inde (fide maius) glаebae coeperse moveri,
and tall as a tree; now he moves on with huge rush, like a stream in flood, sweeping down with his breast the trees in his path. Cadmus gives way a little, receiving his foe’s rushes on the lion’s skin, and holds in check the ravening jaws with his spear-point thrust well forward. The serpent is furious, bites vainly at the hard iron and catches the sharp spear-head between his teeth. And now from his venomous throat the blood begins to trickle and stains the green grass with spattered gore. But the wound is slight, because the serpent keeps backing from the thrust, drawing away his wounded neck, and by yielding keeps the stroke from being driven home nor allows it to go deeper. But Cadmus follows him up and presses the planted point into his throat; until at last an oak-tree stays his backward course and neck and tree are pierced together. The oak bends beneath the serpent’s weight and the stout trunk groans beneath the lashings of his tail.

While the conqueror stands gazing on the huge bulk of his conquered foe, suddenly a voice sounds in his ears. He cannot tell whence it comes, but he hears it saying: “Why, O son of Agenor, dost thou gaze on the serpent thou hast slain? Thou too shalt be a serpent for men to gaze on.” Long he stands there, with quaking heart and pallid cheeks, and his hair rises up on end with chilling fear. But behold, the hero’s helper, Pallas, gliding down through the high air, stands beside him, and she bids him plow the earth and plant therein the dragon’s teeth, destined to grow into a nation. He obeys and, having opened up the furrows with his deep-sunk plow, he sows in the ground the teeth as he is bid, a man-producing seed. Then, a thing beyond belief, the plowed ground begins to stir; and first there
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primaque de sulcis acies adparuit hastae,
tegmina mox capitum picto nutantia cono,
mox umeri pectusque onerataque brachia telis
exsistunt, crescitque seges clipeata virorum:
sic, ubi tolluntur festis aulaea theatris,
surgere signa solent primumque ostendere vultus,
cetera paulatim, placidoque educta tenore
tota patent imoque pedes in margine ponunt.

Territus hoste novo Cadmus capere arma
parabat:
   " ne cape! " de populo, quem terra creaverat, unus
exclamat " ne te civilibus insere bellis! "
atque ita terrigenis rigido de fratribus unum
comminus ense ferit, iaculo cadit eminus ipse;
hunc quoque qui leto dederat, non longius illo
vivit et exspirat modo quas acceperat auras,
exemploque pari furit omnis turba, suoque
Marte cadunt subiti per mutua vulnera fratres,
iamque brevis vitae spatium sortita iuventus
sanguineam tepido plangebat pectore matrem,
quinque superstitibibus, quorum fuit unus Echion.
is sua iecit humo monitu Tritonidis arma
fraternaeque fidem pacis petiitque deditque:
hos operis comites habuit Sidonius hospes,
cum posuit iussus Phoebeis sortibus urbem.

Iam stabant Thebae, poteras iam, Cadme, videri
exilio felix: soceri tibi Marsque Venusque
contigerant; huc adde genus de coniuge tanta,
tot natas natosque et, pignora cara, nepotes,
spring up from the furrows the points of spears, then helmets with coloured plumes waving; next shoulders of men and breasts and arms laden with weapons come up, and the crop grows with the shields of warriors. So when on festal days the curtain in the theatre is raised, figures of men rise up, showing first their faces, then little by little all the rest; until at last, drawn up with steady motion, the entire forms stand revealed, and plant their feet upon the curtain's edge.

Frightened by this new foe, Cadmus was preparing to take his arms. "Take not your arms," one of the earth-sprung brood cried out, "and take no part in our fratricidal strife." So saying, with his hard sword he clave one of his earth-born brothers, fighting hand to hand; and instantly he himself was felled by a javelin thrown from far. But he also who had slain this last had no longer to live than his victim, and breathed forth the spirit which he had but now received. The same dire madness raged in them all, and in mutual strife by mutual wounds these brothers of an hour perished. And now the youth, who had enjoyed so brief a span of life, lay writhing on their mother earth warm with their blood—all save five. One of these five was Echion, who, at Pallas' bidding, dropped his weapons to the ground and sought and made peace with his surviving brothers. These the Sidonian wanderer had as comrades in his task when he founded the city granted him by Phoebus' oracle.

And now Thebes stood complete; now thou couldst seem, O Cadmus, even in exile, a happy man. Thou hast obtained Mars and Venus, too, as parents of thy bride; add to this blessing children worthy of so noble a wife, so many sons and daughters, the pledges of thy love, and grandsons, too, now grown to budding
hos quoque iam iuvenes; sed scilicet ultima semper exspectanda dies hominis, dicique beatus ante obitum nemo supraque funera debet.

Prima nepos inter tot res tibi, Cadme, secundas causa fuit luctus, alienaque cornua fronti addita, vosque canes satiatae sanguine erili. at bene si quaeras, Fortunae crimen in illo, non scelus invenies; quod enim scelus error habebat?

Mons erat infectus variarum caede ferarum, iamque dies medius rerum contraxerat umbras et sol ex aequo meta distabat utraque, cum iuvenis placido per devia lustra vagantes particeps operum compellat Hyantius ore: "lina madent, comites, ferrumque cruore ferarum, fortunamque dies habuit satis; altera lucem cum croceis invecta rotis Aurora reducet,

propositum repetemus opus: nunc Phoebus utraque distat idem terra finditque vaporibus arva. sistite opus praesens nodosaque tollite lina!"
iussa viri faciunt intermittuntque laborem.

Vallis erat piceis et acuta densa cupressu, nomine Gargaphie succinctae sacra Dianae, cuius in extremo est antrum nemorale recessu arte laboratum nulla: simulaverat artem ingenio natura suo; nam pumice vivo et levibus tofis nativum duxerat arcum;

fons sonat a dextra tenui perlucidus unda, margine gramineo patulos incinctus hiatus.

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manhood. But of a surety man's last day must ever be awaited, and none be counted happy till his death, till his last funeral rites are paid.

One grandson of thine, Actaeon, midst all thy happiness first brought thee cause of grief, upon whose brow strange horns appeared, and whose dogs greedily lapped their master's blood. But if you seek the truth, you will find the cause of this in fortune's fault and not in any crime of his. For what crime had mere mischance?

'Twas on a mountain stained with the blood of many slaughtered beasts; midday had shortened every object's shade, and the sun was at equal distance from either goal. Then young Actaeon with friendly speech thus addressed his comrades of the chase as they fared through the trackless wastes: "Both nets and spears, my friends, are dripping with our quarry's blood, and the day has given us good luck enough. When once more Aurora, borne on her saffron car, shall bring back the day, we will resume our proposed task. Now Phoebus is midway in his course and cleaves the very fields with his burning rays. Cease then your present task and bear home the well-wrought nets." The men performed his bidding and ceased their toil.

There was a vale in that region, thick grown with pine and cypress with their sharp needles. 'Twas called Gargaphie, the sacred haunt of high-girt Diana. In its most secret nook there was a well-shaded grotto, wrought by no artist's hand. But Nature by her own cunning had imitated art; for she had shaped a native arch of the living rock and soft tufa. A sparkling spring with its slender stream babbled on one side and widened into a pool girt with grassy banks. Here the goddess of the wild woods, when weary with
hic dea silvarum venatu fessa solebat
virgineos artus liquido perfundere rore.
quo postquam subiit, nympharum tradidit uni
armigerae iaculum pharetramque arcusque retentos,
altera depositae subiecit brachchia pallae,
vincla duae pedibus demunt; nam doctior illis
Ismenis Crocale sparsos per colla capillos
colligit in nodum, quamvis erat ipsa solutis.
exitipunt laticem Nepheleque Hyaleque Rhanisque
et Psecas et Phiale funduntque capacibus urnis.
dumque ibi perluitur solita Titania lympha,
ecce nepos Cadmi dilata parte laborum
per nemus ignotum non certis passibus errans
pervenit in lucum: sic illum fata ferebant.
qui simul intravit rorantia fontibus antra,
sicut erant nudae, viso sua pectora nymphae
percussere viro subitisque ululatibus omne
inplevere nemus circumfusaeque Dianam
corporibus texere suis; tamen altior illis
ipsa dea est colloque tenus supereminent omnis.
qui color infectis adversi solis ab ictu
nubibus esse solet aut purpureae Aurorae,
is fuit in vultu visae sine veste Dianae.
quae, quamquam comitum turba stipata suarum,
in latus obliquum tamen adstitit oraque retro
flexit et, ut vellet promptas habuisse sagittas,
quas habuit sic hausit aquas vultumque virilem
perfudit spargensque comas ultricibus undis
addidit haec cladis praenuntia verba futurae:
"nunc tibi me posito visam velamine narras,
sit poteris narrare, licet!" nec plura minata
the chase, was wont to bathe her maiden limbs in the crystal water. On this day, having come to the grotto, she gives to the keeping of her armour-bearer among her nymphs her hunting spear, her quiver, and her unstrung bow; another takes on her arm the robe she has laid by; two unbind her sandals from her feet. But Theban Crocale, defter than the rest, binds into a knot the locks which have fallen down her mistress' neck, her own locks streaming free the while. Others bring water, Nephele, Hyale and Rhanis, Psecas and Phiale, and pour it out from their capacious urns. And while Titania is bathing there in her accustomed pool, lo! Cadmus' grandson, his day's toil deferred, comes wandering through the unfamiliar woods with unsure footsteps, and enters Diana's grove; for so fate would have it. As soon as he entered the grotto bedewed with fountain spray, the naked nymphs smote upon their breasts at sight of the man, and filled all the grove with their shrill, sudden cries. Then they thronged around Diana, seeking to hide her body with their own; but the goddess stood head and shoulders over all the rest. And red as the clouds which flush beneath the sun's slant rays, red as the rosy dawn, were the cheeks of Diana as she stood there in view without her robes. Then, though the band of nymphs pressed close about her, she stood turning aside a little and cast back her gaze; and though she would fain have had her arrows ready, what she had she took up, the water, and flung it into the young man's face. And as she poured the avenging drops upon his hair, she spoke these words foreboding his coming doom: "Now you are free to tell that you have seen me all unrobed—if you can tell." No more than this she spoke; but on the head which she had sprinkled she caused to grow the
dat sparso capiti vivacis cornua cervi,
dat spatium collo summasque cacuminat aures
cum pedibusque manus, cum longis brachia mutat
cruribus et velat maculoso vellere corpus;
additus et pavor est: fugit Autonoeius heros
et se tam celerem cursu miratur in ipso.
ut vero vultus et cornua vidit in unda,
"me miserum!" dicturus erat: vox nulla secuta est!
ingemuit: vox illa fuit, lacrimaeque per ora
non sua fluxerunt; mens tantum pristina mansit.
quid faciat? repetatne domum et regalia tecta
an lateat silvis? pudor hoc, timor inpedit illud.

Dum dubitat, videre canes, primique Melampus
Ichnobatesque sagax latratus signa dedere,
Gnosius Ichnobates, Spartana gente Melampus.
inde ruunt alii rapida velocius aura,
Pamphagos et Dorceus et Oribasus, Arcades omnes,
Nebrophonusque valens et trux cum Laelape Theron
et pedibus Pterelas et naribus utilis Agre
Hylaeusque fero nuper percussus ab apro
deque lupo concepta Nape pecudesque secuta
Poemenis et natis comitata Harpyia duobus
et substricta gerens Sicyonius ilia Ladon
et Dromas et Canace Sticteque et Tigris et Alce
et niveis Leucon et villis Asbolus atris
praevalidusque Lacon et cursu fortis Aello
et Thous et Cyprio velox cum fratre Lycisce
et medio nigram frontem distinctus ab albo
Harpalos et Melaneus hirsutaque corpore Lachne
et patre Dictaeo, sed matre Laconide nati
Labros et Agriodus et acutae vocis Hylactor

1 The English names of these hounds in their order would be: Black-foot, Trail-follower, Voracious, Gazelle, Mountain-ranger, Faun-killer, Hurricane, Hunter, Winged, Hunter, Sylvan, Glen, Shepherd, Seizer, Catcher, Runner, Gnasher, Spot.
horns of the long-lived stag, stretched out his neck, sharpened his ear-tips, gave feet in place of hands, changed his arms into long legs, and clothed his body with a spotted hide. And last of all she planted fear within his heart. Away in flight goes Autonoe’s heroic son, marvelling to find himself so swift of foot. But when he sees his features and his horns in a clear pool, “Oh, woe is me!” he tries to say; but no words come. He groans—the only speech he has—and tears course down his changeling cheeks. Only his mind remains unchanged. What is he to do? Shall he go home to the royal palace, or shall he stay skulking in the woods? Shame blocks one course and fear the other.

But while he stands perplexed he sees his hounds. And first come Melampus and keen-smelling Ichnobates, baying loud on the trail—Ichnobates a Cretan dog, Melampus a Spartan; then others come rushing on swifter than the wind: Pamphagus, Dorceus, and Oribasus, Arcadians all; staunch Nebrophonus, fierce Theron and Laelaps; Pterelas, the swift of foot, and keen-smelling Agre; savage Hylaeus, but lately ripped up by a wild boar; the wolf-dog Nape and the trusty shepherd Poemenis; Harpyia with her two pups; Sicyonian Ladon, thin in the flanks; Dromas, Canace, Sticte, Tigris, Alce; white-haired Leucon, black Asbolus; Lacon, renowned for strength, and fleet Aëllo; Thoüs and swift Lycisce with her brother Cyprius; Harpalos, with a white spot in the middle of his black forehead; Melaneus and shaggy Lachne; two dogs from a Cretan father and a Spartan mother, Labros and Agriodus; shrill-tongued Hylactor, and others Tigress, Might, White, Soot, Spartan, Whirlwind, Swift, Cyprian, Wolf, Grasper, Black, Shag, Fury, White-tooth, Barker, Black-hair, Beast-killer, Mountaineer.
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quosque referre mora est: ea turba cupidine praedae per rupes scopulosque adituque carentia saxa, 226 quaque est difficilis quaque est via nulla, feruntur. ille fugit per quae fuerat loca saepe secutus, heu! famulos fugit ipse suos. clamare libebat: "Actaeon ego sum: dominum cognoscite vestrum!" verba animo desunt; resonat latratibus aether. 231 prima Melanchaetes in tergo vulnera fecit, proxima Theridamas, Oresitrophus haesit in armo: tardius exierant, sed per conpendia montis anticipata via est; dominum retinentibus illis, 235 cetera turba coit confertque in corpore dentes. iam loca vulneribus desunt; gemit ille sonumque, etsi non hominis, quem non tamen edere possit cervus, habet maestisque repleit iuga nota querellis et genibus pronis supplex similisque roganti 240 circumfert tacitos tamquam sua bracchia vultus. at comites rapidum solitis hortatibus agmen ignari instigant oculisque Actaeona quaerunt et velut absentem certatim Actaeona clamant (ad nomen caput ille refert) et abesse queruntur. 245 nec capere oblatae segnem spectacula praedae. vellet abesse quidem, sed adest; velletque videre, non etiam sentire canum fera facta suorum. undique circumstant, mersisque in corpore rostris dilacerant falsi dominum sub imagine cervi, 250 140
whom it were too long to name. The whole pack, keen with the lust of blood, over crags, over cliffs, over trackless rocks, where the way is hard, where there is no way at all, follow on. He flees over the very ground where he has oft-times pursued; he flees (the pity of it!) his own faithful hounds. He longs to cry out: "I am Actaeon! Recognize your own master!" But words fail his desire. All the air resounds with their baying. And first Melanchaetes fixes his fangs in his back, Theridamas next; Oresitrophus has fastened on his shoulder. They had set out later than the rest, but by a short-cut across the mountain had outstripped their course. While they hold back their master's flight, the whole pack collects, and all together bury their fangs in his body till there is no place left for further wounds. He groans and makes a sound which, though not human, is still one no deer could utter, and fills the heights he knows so well with mournful cries. And now, down on his knees in suppliant attitude, just like one in prayer, he turns his face in silence towards them, as if stretching out beseeching arms. But his companions, ignorant of his plight, urge on the fierce pack with their accustomed shouts, looking all around for Actaeon, and call, each louder than the rest, for Actaeon, as if he were far away—he turns his head at the sound of his name—and complain that he is absent and is missing through sloth the sight of the quarry brought to bay. Well, indeed, might he wish to be absent, but he is here; and well might he wish to see, not to feel, the fierce doings of his own hounds. They throng him on every side and, plunging their muzzles in his flesh, mangle their master under the deceiving form of the deer. Nor, as they say, till he had been done to death by many
nec nisi finita per plurima vulnera vita
ira pharetratae fertur satiata Dianae.

Rumor in ambiguo est; aliis violentior aequo
visadeaest, aliilaudant dignamque severa
virginitate vocant: pars invenit utraque causas. 255
sola Iovis coniunx non tam, culpethneprobethne,
eloquitur, quam clade domus ab Agenore ductae
gaudet et a Tyria collectum paelice transfert
in generis socios odium; subit ecce priori 259
causa recens, gravidamque dolet de semine magni
esse Iovis Semelen; dum linguam ad iurgia solvit,
"profeci quid enim totiens per iurgia?" dixit,
"ipsa petenda mihi est; ipsam, si maxima Iuno
rite vocor, perdam, si me gemmantia dextra
sceptra tenere decet, si sum regina Iovisque 265
et soror et coniunx, certe soror. at, puto, furto est
contenta, et thalami brevis est injuria nostri.
concipit: id deerat; manifestaque crimina pleno
fert utero et mater, quod vix mihi contigit, uno
de Iove vult fieri: tanta est fiducia formae. 270
fallat eam faxo; nec sum Saturnia, si non
ab Iove mersa suo Stygias penetrabit in undas."

Surgit ab his solio fulvaque recondita nube
limen adit Semeles nec nubes ante removit
quam simulavit anum posuitque ad tempora canos
sulcavitque cutem rugis et curva trementi 276
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wounds, was the wrath of the quiver-bearing goddess appeased.

Common talk wavered this way and that: to some the goddess seemed more cruel than was just; others called her act worthy of her austere virginity; both sides found good reasons for their judgment. Jove's wife alone spake no word either in blame or praise, but rejoiced in the disaster which had come to Agenor's house; for she had now transferred her anger from her Tyrian rival to those who shared her blood. And lo! a fresh pang was added to her former grievance and she was smarting with the knowledge that Semele was pregnant with the seed of mighty Jove. Words of reproach were rising to her lips, but "What," she cried, "have I ever gained by reproaches? 'Tis she must feel my wrath. Herself, if I am duly called most mighty Juno, must I attack if I am fit to wield in my hand the jewelled sceptre, if I am queen of heaven, the sister and the wife of Jove—at least his sister. And yet, methinks, she is content with this stolen love, and the insult to my bed is but for a moment. But she has conceived—that still was lacking—and bears plain proof of her guilt in her full womb, and seeks—a fortune that has scarce been mine—to be made a mother from Jove. So great is her trust in beauty! But I will cause that trust to mock her: I am no daughter of Saturn if she go not down to the Stygian pool plunged thither by her Jupiter himself."

On this she rose from her seat, and, wrapped in a saffron cloud, she came to the home of Semele. But before she put aside her concealing cloud she feigned herself an old woman, whitening her hair at the temples, furrowing her skin with wrinkles, and

1 i.e. Europa, whose story has already been told.
membra tuit passu; vocem quoque fecit anilem, ipsaque erat Beroe, Semeles Epidauria nutrix. ergo ubi captato sermone diuque loquendo ad nomen venere Io vis, suspirat et "opto, Iuppiter ut sit" ait; "metuo tamen omnia: multi nomine divorum thalamos iniere pudicos. nec tamen esse Iovem satis est: det pignus amoris, si modo verus is est; quantusque et qualis ab alta Iunone excipitur, tantus talisque, rogato, det tibi complexus suaque ante insignia sumat!"

Talibus ignaram Iuno Cadmeida dictis formarat: rogat illa Iovem sine nomine munus. cui deus "elige!" ait "nullam patiere repulsam, quoque magis credas, Stygii quoque conscia sunto numina torrentis: timor et deus ille deorum est." laeta malo nimiumque potens perituraque amantis obsequio Semele "qualem Saturnia" dixit "te solet amplecti, Veneris cum foedus initis, da mihi te talem!" voluit deus ora loquentis opprimere: exierat iam vox properata sub auras. ingemuit; neque enim non haec optasse, neque ille non iurasse potest. ergo maestissimus altum aethera conscendit vultuque sequentia traxit nubila, quis nimbos inmixtaque fulgura ventis addidit et tonitrus et inevitabile fulmen;

qua tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere temptat nec, quo centimanum deiecerat igne Typhoea,
walking with bowed form and tottering steps. She spoke also in the voice of age and became even as Beroë, the Epidaurian nurse of Semele. When, after gossiping about many things, they came to mention of Jove’s name, the old woman sighed and said: “I pray that it be Jupiter; but I am afraid of all such doings. Many, pretending to be gods, have found entrance into modest chambers. But to be Jove is not enough; make him prove his love if he is true Jove; as great and glorious as he is when welcomed by heavenly Juno, so great and glorious, pray him grant thee his embrace, and first don all his splendours.”

In such wise did Juno instruct the guileless daughter of Cadmus. She in her turn asked Jove for a boon, unnamed. The god replied: “Choose what thou wilt, and thou shalt suffer no refusal. And that thou mayst be more assured, I swear it by the divinity of the seething Styx, whose godhead is the fear of all the gods.” Rejoicing in her evil fortune, too much prevailing and doomed to perish through her lover’s compliance, Semele said: “In such guise as Saturnia beholds thee when thou seekest her arms in love, so show thyself to me.” The god would have checked her even as she spoke; but already her words had sped forth into uttered speech. He groans; for neither can she recall her wish, nor he his oath. And so in deepest distress he ascends the steeps of heaven, and with his beck drew on the mists that followed, then mingling clouds and lightnings and blasts of wind, he took last the thunder and that fire that none can escape. And yet whatever way he can he essays to lessen his own might, nor arms himself now with that bolt with which he had hurled down from heaven Typhoeus
OVID

nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo est.
est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra cyclopum
saevitiae flammaeque minus, minus addidit irae:
tela secunda vocant superi; capit illa domumque
intrat Agenoream. corpus mortale tumultus
non tulit aetherios donisque iugalibus arsit.
inperfectus adhuc infans genetricis ab alvo
eripitur patrioque tener (si credere dignum est)
insuitur femori maternaque tempora conplet.
furtem illum primis Ino matertera cunis
educat, inde datum nymphae Nyseides antris
occuluere suis lactisque alimenta dedere.

Dumque ea per terras fatali lege geruntur
tutaque bis geniti sunt incunabula Bacchi,
forte Iovem memorant diffusum nectare curas
seposisse graves vacuaque agitasse remissos
cum Iunone iocos et “maior vestra profector est, quam quae contingit maribus ” dixisse “ voluptas.”
illa negat. placuit quae sit sententia docti
quaerere Tiresiae: Venus huic erat utraque nota.
nam duo magnorum viridi coeuntia siva
corpora serpentum baculi violaverat ictu
deque viro factus (mirabile) femina septem
egerat autumnos; octavo rursus eosdem
vidit, et “ est vestrae si tanta potentia plagae ”
dixit, “ ut auctoris sortem in contraria mutet,
nunc quoque vos feriam.” percussis anguibus isdem
forma prior reedit, genetivaque venit imago.

arbiter hic igitur sumptus de lite iocosa
of the hundred hands, for that weapon were too deadly; but there is a lighter bolt, to which the Cyclops' hands had given a less devouring flame, a wrath less threatening. The gods call them his "Second Armoury." With these in hand he enters the palace of Agenor's son, the home of Semele. Her mortal body bore not the onrush of heavenly power, and by that gift of wedlock she was consumed. The babe still not wholly fashioned is snatched from the mother's womb and (if report may be believed) sewed up in his father's thigh, there to await its full time of birth. In secret his mother's sister, Ino, watched over his infancy; thence he was confided to the nymphs of Nysa, who hid him in their cave and nurtured him with milk.

Now while these things were happening on the earth by the decrees of fate, when the cradle of Bacchus, twice born, was safe, it chanced that Jove (as the story goes), while warmed with wine, put care aside and bandied good-humoured jests with Juno in an idle hour. "I maintain," said he, "that your pleasure in love is greater than that which we enjoy." She held the opposite view. And so they decided to ask the judgment of wise Tiresias. He knew both sides of love. For once, with a blow of his staff he had outraged two huge serpents mating in the green forest; and, wonderful to relate, from man he was changed into a woman, and in that form spent seven years. In the eighth year he saw the same serpents again and said: "Since in striking you there is such magic power as to change the nature of the giver of the blow, now will I strike you once again." So saying, he struck the serpents and his former state was restored and he became as he had been born. He therefore, being asked to arbitrate the playful dispute of
dicta Iovis firmat: gravius Saturnia iusto
nec pro materia fertur doluisse suique
iudicis aeterna damnavit lumina nocte;
at pater omnipotens (neque enim licet inrita cuiquam
facta dei fecisse deo) pro lumine adempto
scire futura dedit poenamque levavit honore.

Ille per Aonias fama celeberrimus urbes
inreprehensa dabat populo responsa petenti;
prima fide vocisque ratae temptamina sumptit
caerula Liriope, quam quondam flumine curvo
inplicuit clausaeque suis Cephisos in undis
vim tulit: enixa est utero pulcherrima pleno
infantem nympe, iam tunc qui posset amari,
Narcissumque vocat. de quo consultus, an esset
tempora maturae visurae longa senectae,
fatidicus vates "si se non noverit" inquit.
vana diu visa est vox auguris: exitus illam
resque probat letique genus novitasque furoris.
namque ter ad quinos unum Cephisius annum
addiderat poteratque puer iuvenisque videri:
multi illum iuvenes, multae cupiere puellae;
sed fuit in tenera tam dura superbia forma,
nulli illum iuvenes, nullae tigere puellae.
adspicit hunc trepidos agitantem in retia cervos
vocalis nympe, quae nec reticere loquenti
nec prior ipsa loqui didicit, resonabilis Echo.

Corpus adhuc Echo, non vox erat et tamen usum
garrula non alium, quam nunc habet, oris habebat,
reddere de multis ut verba novissima posset.
fecerat hoc Iuno, quia, cum deprehendere posset
the gods, took sides with Jove. Saturnia, they say, grieved more deeply than she should and than the issue warranted, and condemned the arbitrator to perpetual blindness. But the Almighty Father (for no god may undo what another god has done) in return for his loss of sight gave Tiresias the power to know the future, lightening the penalty by the honour.

He, famed far and near through all the Boeotian towns, gave answers that none could censure to those who sought his aid. The first to make trial of his truth and assured utterances was the nymph, Liriope, whom once the river-god, Cephisus, embraced in his winding stream and ravished, while imprisoned in his waters. When her time came the beauteous nymph brought forth a child, whom a nymph might love even as a child, and named him Narcissus. When asked whether this child would live to reach well-ripened age, the seer replied: "If he ne'er know himself." Long did the saying of the prophet seem but empty words. But what befell proved its truth—the event, the manner of his death, the strangeness of his infatuation. For Narcissus had reached his sixteenth year and might seem either boy or man. Many youths and many maidens sought his love; but in that slender form was pride so cold that no youth, no maiden touched his heart. Once as he was driving the frightened deer into his nets, a certain nymph of strange speech beheld him, resounding Echo, who could neither hold her peace when others spoke, nor yet begin to speak till others had addressed her.

Up to this time Echo had form and was not a voice alone; and yet, though talkative, she had no other use of speech than now—only the power out of many words to repeat the last she heard. Juno had made her thus; for often when she might have
sub Iove saepe suo nymphas in monte iacentis, illa deam longo prudens sermone tenebat, dum fugerent nymphae. postquam hoc Saturnia sensit, "huius" ait "linguae, qua sum delusa, potestas parva tibi dabitur vocisque brevissimus usus," reque minas firmat. tamen haec in fine loquendi ingeminat voces auditaque verba reportat. ergo ubi Narcissum per devia rura vagantem 370 vidit et incaluit, sequitur vestigia furtim, quoque magis sequitur, flamma propiore calecit, non aliter quam cum summis circumlita taedis admotas rapiunt vivacia sulphura flammas. a quotiens voluit blandis accedere dictis 375 et mollis adhibere preces! natura repugnat nec sinit, incipiat, sed, quod sinit, illa parata est exspectare sonos, ad quos sua verba remittat. forte puer comitum seductus ab agmine fido dixerat: "ecquis adest?" et "adest" responderat Echo. 380 hic stupet, utque aciem partes dimittit in omnis, voce "veni!" magna clamat: vocat illa vocantem. respicit et rursus nullo veniente "quid" inquit "me fugis?" et totidem, quot dixit, verba recepit. perstat et alternae deceptae imagine vocis "huc coeamus" ait, nullique libertius umquam responsura sono "coeamus" rettulit Echo et verbis favet ipsa suis egressaque silva ibat, ut iniceret sperato brachia collo; ille fugit fugiensque "manus complexibus aufer! 390 ante" ait "emoriar, quam sit tibi copia nostri";
surprised the nymphs in company with her lord upon the mountain-sides, Echo would cunningly hold the goddess in long talk until the nymphs were fled. When Saturnia realized this, she said to her: "That tongue of thine, by which I have been tricked, shall have its power curtailed and enjoy the briefest use of speech." The event confirmed her threat. Nevertheless she does repeat the last phrases of a speech and returns the words she hears. Now when she saw Narcissus wandering through the fields, she was inflamed with love and followed him by stealth; and the more she followed, the more she burned by a nearer flame; as when quick-burning sulphur, smeared round the tops of torches, catches fire from another fire brought near. Oh, how often does she long to approach him with alluring words and make soft prayers to him! But her nature forbids this, nor does it permit her to begin; but as it allows, she is ready to await the sounds to which she may give back her own words. By chance the boy, separated from his faithful companions, had cried: "Is anyone here?" and "Here!" cried Echo back. Amazed, he looks around in all directions and with loud voice cries "Come!"; and "Come!" she calls him calling. He looks behind him and, seeing no one coming, calls again: "Why do you run from me?" and hears in answer his own words again. He stands still, deceived by the answering voice, and "Here let us meet," he cries. Echo, never to answer other sound more gladly, cries: "Let us meet"; and to help her own words she comes forth from the woods that she may throw her arms around the neck she longs to clasp. But he flees at her approach and, fleeing, says: "Hands off! embrace me not! May I die before I give you power o'er
OVID

reptulit illa nihil nisi "sit tibi copia nostri!" spreta latet silvis pudibundaque frondibus ora protegit et solis ex illo vivit in antris; sed tamen haeret amor crescitque dolore repulsae; et tenuant vigiles corpus miserabile curae adducitque cutem macies et in aera sucus corporis omnis abit; vox tantum atque ossa super-

sunt:

vox manet, ossa ferunt lapidis traxisse figuram. inde latet silvis nulloque in monte videtur, omnibus auditur: sonus est, qui vivit in illa. Sic hanc, sic alias undis aut montibus ortas luserat hic nymphas, sic coetus ante viriles; inde manus aliquis despectus ad aethera tollens "sic amet ipse licet, sic non potiatur amato!" dixerat: adsensit precibus Rhamnusia iustis. fons erat inlimis, nitidis argenteus undis, quem neque pastores neque pastae monte capellae contigerant aliudve pecus, quem nulla volucris nec fera turbarat nec lapsus ab arbore ramus; gramen erat circa, quod proximus umor alebat, silvaque sole locum passura tepescere nullo. hic puer et studio venandi lassus et aestu procurbuit faciemque loci fontemque secutus, dumque sitim sedare cupit, sitis altera crevit, dumque bibit, visae correptus imagine formae spem sine corpore amat, corpus putat esse, quod umbra est.
adstupet ipse sibi vultuque inmotus eodem
me!’ "I give you power o'er me!" she says, and nothing more. Thus spurned, she lurks in the woods, hides her shamed face among the foliage, and lives from that time on in lonely caves. But still, though spurned, her love remains and grows on grief; her sleepless cares waste away her wretched form; she becomes gaunt and wrinkled and all moisture fades from her body into the air. Only her voice and her bones remain: then, only voice; for they say that her bones were turned to stone. She hides in woods and is seen no more upon the mountain-sides; but all may hear her, for voice, and voice alone, still lives in her.

Thus had Narcissus mocked her, thus had he mocked other nymphs of the waves or mountains; thus had he mocked the companies of men. At last one of these scorned youth, lifting up his hands to heaven, prayed: "So may he himself love, and not gain the thing he loves!" The goddess, Nemesis, heard his righteous prayer. There was a clear pool with silvery bright water, to which no shepherds ever came, or she-goats feeding on the mountain-side, or any other cattle; whose smooth surface neither bird nor beast nor falling bough ever ruffled. Grass grew all around its edge, fed by the water near, and a coppice that would never suffer the sun to warm the spot. Here the youth, worn by the chase and the heat, lies down, attracted thither by the appearance of the place and by the spring. While he seeks to slake his thirst another thirst springs up, and while he drinks he is smitten by the sight of the beautiful form he sees. He loves an unsubstantial hope and thinks that substance which is only shadow. He looks in speechless wonder at himself and hangs there motionless in the same expression,
haeret, ut e Pario formatum marmore signum;
spectat humi positus geminum, sua lumina, sidus 420
et dignos Baccho, dignos et Apolline crines
inpubesque genas et eburnea colla decusque
oris et in niveo mixtum candore ruborem,
cunctaque miratur, quibus est mirabilis ipse:
se cupit inprudens et, qui probat, ipse probatur, 425
dumque petit, petitur, pariterque accendit et ardet.
inrita fallaci quotiens dedit oscula fonti,
in medias quotiens visum captantia collum
bracchia mersit aquas nee se deprendit in illis!
quid videat, nescit; sed quod videt, uritur illo, 430
atque oculos idem, qui decipit, incitat error.
credule, quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas?
quod petis, est nusquam; quod amas, avertere, perdes!
ista repercussae, quam cernis, imaginis umbra est:
il habet ista sui; tecum venitque manetque; 435
tecum discedet, si tu discedere possis!

Non illum Ceres, non illum cura quietis
abstrahere inde potest, sed opaca fusus in herba
spectat inexpletu mendacem lumine formam
perque oculos perit ipse suos; paullumque levatus
ad circumstantes tendens sua bracchia silvas 441
" ecquis, io silvae, crudelius " inquit " amavit?
scitis enim et multis latebra opportuna fuistis.
equem, cum vestrae tot agantur saecula vitae,
qui sic tabuerit, longo meministis in aevo? 445
et placet et video; sed quod videoque placetque,
non tamen invenio: tantus tenet error amantem.
quoque magis doleam, nec nos mare separat ingens

OVID

154
like a statue carved from Parian marble. Prone on
the ground, he gazes at his eyes, twin stars, and his
locks, worthy of Bacchus, worthy of Apollo; on his
smooth cheeks, his ivory neck, the glorious beauty
of his face, the blush mingled with snowy white:
all things, in short, he admires for which he is
himself admired. Unwittingly he desires himself;
he praises, and is himself what he praises; and while
he seeks, is sought; equally he kindles love and
burns with love. How often did he offer vain kisses
on the elusive pool? How often did he plunge his
arms into the water seeking to clasp the neck he
sees there, but did not clasp himself in them!
What he sees he knows not; but that which he sees
he burns for, and the same delusion mocks and
allures his eyes. O fondly foolish boy, why vainly
seek to clasp a fleeting image? What you seek is
nowhere; but turn yourself away, and the object of
your love will be no more. That which you behold
is but the shadow of a reflected form and has no
substance of its own. With you it comes, with you
it stays, and it will go with you—if you can go.

No thought of food or rest can draw him from the
spot; but, stretched on the shaded grass, he gazes on
that false image with eyes that cannot look their fill
and through his own eyes perishes. Raising himself
a little, and stretching his arms to the trees, he cries:
"Did anyone, O ye woods, ever love more cruelly
than I? You know, for you have been the convenient
haunts of many lovers. Do you in the ages past, for
your life is one of centuries, remember anyone who
has pined away like this? I am charmed, and I see;
but what I see and what charms me I cannot find—
so great a delusion holds my love. And, to make me
grieve the more, no mighty ocean separates us, no
nec via nec montes nec clausis moenia portis; exigua prohibemur aqua! cupit ipse teneri: nam quotiens liquidis porreximus oscula lymphis, hic totiens ad me resupino nititur ore. posse putes tangi: minimum est, quod amantibus obstat. quisquis es, hoc exi! quid me, puer unice, fallis quove petitus abis? certe nec forma nec aetas est mea, quam fugias, et amarunt me quoque nymphae!

spem mihi nescio quam vultu promittis amico, cumque ego porrexi tibi brachia, porrigis ultro, cum risi, adrides; lacrimas quoque saepe notavi me lacrimante tuas; nutu quoque signa remittis et, quantum motu formosi suspicor oris, verba referas aures non pervenientia nostras! iste ego sum: sensi, nec me mea fallit imago; uror amore mei: flamas moveoque feroque. quid faciam? roger anne rogem? quid deinde rogabo? quod cupio mecum est: inopem me copia fecit. o utinam a nostro secedere corpore possem! votum in amante novum, vellem, quod amamus, abesset. iamque dolor vires adimit, nec tempora vitae longa meae superant, primoque extinguor in aevo. nec mihi mors gravis est posituro morte dolores, hic, qui diligitur, vellem diuturnior esset; nunc duo concordes anima moriemur in una."

Dixit et ad faciem rediit male sanus eandem et lacrimis turbavit aquas, obscuraque moto.
long road, no mountain ranges, no city walls with close-shut gates; by a thin barrier of water we are kept apart. He himself is eager to be embraced. For, often as I stretch my lips towards the lucent wave, so often with upturned face he strives to lift his lips to mine. You would think he could be touched—so small a thing it is that separates our loving hearts. Whoever you are, come forth hither! Why, O peerless youth, do you elude me? or whither do you go when I strive to reach you? Surely my form and age are not such that you should shun them, and me too the nymphs have loved. Some ground for hope you offer with your friendly looks, and when I have stretched out my arms to you, you stretch yours too. When I have smiled, you smile back; and I have often seen tears, when I weep, on your cheeks. My becks you answer with your nod; and, as I suspect from the movement of your sweet lips, you answer my words as well, but words which do not reach my ears.—Oh, I am he! I have felt it, I know now my own image. I burn with love of my own self; I both kindle the flames and suffer them. What shall I do? Shall I be wooed or woo? Why woo at all? What I desire, I have; the very abundance of my riches beggars me. Oh, that I might be parted from my own body! and, strange prayer for a lover, I would that what I love were absent from me! And now grief is sapping my strength; but a brief space of life remains to me and I am cut off in my life’s prime. Death is nothing to me, for in death I shall leave my troubles; I would he that is loved might live longer; but as it is, we two shall die together in one breath.”

He spoke and, half distraught, turned again to the same image. His tears ruffled the water, and dimly
reddita forma lacu est; quam cum vidisset abire,  
“quo refugis? remane nec me, crudelis, amantem desere!” clamavit; “liceat, quod tangere non est,  
adspicere et misero praebere alimenta furori!”  
dumque dolet, summa vestem deduxit ab ora  
nudaque marmoreis percussit pectora palmis.  
pectora traxerunt roseum percussa ruborem,  
non aliter quam poma solent, quae candida parte,  
parte rubent, aut ut variis solet uva racemis  
ducere purpureum nondum matura colorem.  
quae simul adspexit liquefacta rursus in unda,  
on tuli ulterior, sed ut intabescere flavae  
igne levi cerae matutinaeque pruinae  
sole tepente solent, sic attenuatus amore  
liquitur et tecto paullatim carpitur igni;  
et neque iam color est mixto candore rubori,  
nec vigor et vires et quae modo visa placebant,  
nec corpus remanet, quondam quod amaverat Echo.  
quae tamen ut vidit quamvis irata memorque  
indoluit, quotiensque puer miserabilis “heu”  
dixerat, haec resonis iterabat vocibus “heu”;  
cumque suos manibus percurserat ille lacertos,  
haec quoque reddedebat sonitum plangoris eundem.  
ultima vox solitam fuit haec spectantis in undam:  
“heu frustra dilecte puer!” totidemque remisit  
verba locus, dictoque vale “vale” inquit et Echo.  
ille caput viridi fessum submisit in herba,  
lumina mors clausit domini mirantia formam:  
tum quoque se, postquam est inferna sede receptus,  
in Stygia spectabat aqua. planxere sorores  
naiides et sectos fratri posuere capillos,
the image came back from the troubled pool. As he saw it thus depart, he cried: "Oh, whither do you flee? Stay here, and desert not him who loves thee, cruel one! Still may it be mine to gaze on what I may not touch, and by that gaze feed my unhappy passion." While he thus grieves, he plucks away his tunic at its upper fold and beats his bare breast with pallid hands. His breast when it is struck takes on a delicate glow; just as apples sometimes, though white in part, flush red in other part, or as grapes hanging in clusters take on a purple hue when not yet ripe. As soon as he sees this, when the water has become clear again, he can bear no more; but, as the yellow wax melts before a gentle heat, as hoar frost melts before the warm morning sun, so does he, wasted with love, pine away, and is slowly consumed by its hidden fire. No longer has he that ruddy colour mingling with the white, no longer that strength and vigour, and all that lately was so pleasing to behold; scarce does his form remain which once Echo had loved so well. But when she saw it, though still angry and unforgetful, she felt pity; and as often as the poor boy says "Alas!" again with answering utterance she cries "Alas!" and as his hands beat his shoulders she gives back the same sounds of woe. His last words as he gazed into the familiar spring were these: "Alas, dear boy, vainly beloved!" and the place gave back his words. And when he said "Farewell!" "Farewell!" said Echo too. He drooped his weary head on the green grass and death sealed the eyes that marvelled at their master's beauty. And even when he had been received into the infernal abodes, he kept on gazing on his image in the Stygian pool. His naiad-sisters beat their breasts and shore their locks in sign of grief for their dear
planxerunt dryades; plangentibus adsonat Echo. iamque rogum quassasque faces feretrumque parabant:
nusquam corpus erat; croceum pro corpore florem inveniunt foliis medium cingentibus albis. 510

Cognita res meritam vati per Achaidas urbes attulerat famam, nomenque erat auguris ingens; spernit Echionides tamen hunc ex omnibus unus contemptor superum Pentheus praesagaque ridet verba senis tenebrasque et cladem lucis ademptae 515 obicit. ille movens albentia tempora canis "quam felix esses, si tu quoque luminis huius orbus " ait "fieres, ne Bacchica sacra videres! namque dies aderit, quam non procul auguror esse,
qua novus hic veniat, proles Semeleia, Liber, 520 quem nisi templorum fueris dignatus honore, mille lacer spargere locis et sanguine silvas foedabis matremque tuam matrisque sorores. eveniet! neque enim dignabere numen honore, meque sub his tenebris nimium vidisse quereris." 525 talia dicentem proturbat Echione natus; dicta fides sequitur, responsaque vatis aguntur.

Liber adest, festisque fremunt ululatibus agri: turba ruit, mixtaeque viris matresque nurusque vulgusque proceresque ignota ad sacra feruntur. 530 "Quis furor, anguigenae, proles Mavortia, vestras attonuit mentes? " Pentheus ait; "aerane tantum aere repulsa valent et adunco tibia cornu

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brother; the dryads, too, lamented, and Echo gave back their sounds of woe. And now they were preparing the funeral pile, the brandished torches and the bier; but his body was nowhere to be found. In place of his body they find a flower, its yellow centre girt with white petals.

When this story was noised abroad it spread the well-deserved fame of the seer throughout the cities of Greece, and great was the name of Tiresias. Yet Echion's son, Pentheus, the scoffer at gods, alone of all men flouted the seer, laughed at the old man's words of prophecy, and taunted him with his darkness and loss of sight. But he, shaking his hoary head in warning, said: "How fortunate wouldst thou be if this light were dark to thee also, so that thou mightst not behold the rites of Bacchus! For the day will come—nay, I foresee 'tis near—when the new god shall come hither, Liber, son of Semele. Unless thou worship him as is his due, thou shalt be torn into a thousand pieces and scattered everywhere, and shalt with thy blood defile the woods and thy mother and thy mother's sisters. So shall it come to pass; for thou shalt refuse to honour the god, and shalt complain that in my blindness I have seen all too well." Even while he speaks the son of Echion flings him forth; but his words did indeed come true and his prophecies were accomplished.

The god is now come and the fields resound with the wild cries of revellers. The people rush out of the city in throngs, men and women, old and young, nobles and commons, all mixed together, and hasten to celebrate the new rites. "What madness, ye sons of the serpent's teeth, ye seed of Mars, has dulled your reason?" Pentheus cries. "Can clashing cymbals, can the pipe of crooked horn, can
et magicae fraudes, ut, quos non bellicos ensis, non tuba terruerit, non strictis agmina telis, femineae voces et mota insania vino obscenique greges et inania tympana vincant? vosne, senes, mirer, qui longa per aequora vecti hae Tyron, hae profugos posuistis sede penates, nunc sinitis sine Marte capi? vosne, acrior aetas, o iuvenes, propiorque meae, quos arma tenere, non thyrsos, galeaque tegi, non fronde decebat? este, precor, memores, qua sitis stirpe creati, illiusque animos, qui multus perdidit unus, sumite serpentis! pro fontibus ille lacuque interiit: at vos pro fama vincite vestra! ille dedit leto fortes: vos pellite molles et patrium retinet deus! si fata vetabant stare diu Thebas, utinam tormenta virique moenia diruerent, ferrumque ignisque sonarent! essemus miserii sine crimine, sorsque querenda, non celanda foret, lacrimaeque pudore carerent; at nunc a puero Thebae capientur inermi, quem neque bella iuvant nec tela nec usus equorum, sed madidus murra crinis mollesque coronae purpuraque et pietis intextum vestibus aurum, quem quidem ego actutum (modo vos absistite) cogam adsumptumque patrem commentaque sacra fateri. an satis Acrisio est animi, contemnere vanum numen et Argolicas venienti claudere portas: Penthea terrebit cum totis advena Thebis? ite citi " (famulis hoc imperat), " ite ducemque
shallow tricks of magic, women’s shrill cries, wine-heated madness, vulgar throngs and empty drums—can all these vanquish men, for whom real war, with its drawn swords, the blare of trumpets, and lines of glittering spears, had no terrors? You, ye elders, should I give you praise, who sailed the long reaches of the sea and planted here your Tyre, here your wandering Penates, and who now permit them to be taken without a struggle? Or you, ye young men of fresher age and nearer to my own, for whom once ’twas seemly to bear arms and not the thyrsus, to be sheltered by helmets and not garlands? Be mindful, I pray, from what seed you are sprung, and show the spirit of the serpent, who in his single strength killed many foes. For his fountain and his pool he perished; but do you conquer for your glory’s sake! He did to death brave men: do you but put to flight unmanly men and save your ancestral honour. If it be the fate of Thebes not to endure for long, I would the enginery of war and heroes might batter down her walls and that sword and fire might roar around her: then should we be unfortunate, but our honour without stain; we should bewail, not seek to conceal, our wretched state; then our tears would be without shame. But now our Thebes shall fall before an untried boy, whom neither arts of war assist nor spears nor horsemen, but whose weapons are scented locks, soft garlands, purple and gold inwoven in embroidered robes. But forthwith—only do you stand aside—I will force him to confess that his father’s name is borrowed and his sacred rites a lie. Did Acrisius have spirit enough to despise his empty godhead, and to shut the gates of Argos in his face, and shall Pentheus and all Thebes tremble at this wanderer’s approach? Go quickly”—this to his
OVID

attrahite hue vincatum! iussis mora segnis abesto!"
hunc avus, hunc Athamas, hunc cetera turba suorum
corripiunt dictis frustraque inhibere laborant. 565
acrior admonitu est irritaturque retenta
et crescit rabies moderaminaque ipsa nocebant:
sic ego torrentem, qua nil obstabat eunti,
lenius et modico strepitu decurrere vidi;
at quacumque trabes obstructaque saxa tenebant, 570
spumeus et fervens et ab obice saevior ibat.

Ecce cruentati redeunt et, Bacchus ubi esset,
quaerenti domino Bacchum vidisse negarunt;
"hunc" dixere "tamen comitem famulumque
sacrorum
cepimus" et tradunt manibus post terga ligatis
sacra dei quendam Tyrrhena gente secutum.
Adspicit hunc Pentheus oculis, quos ira tremendos
fecerat, et quamquam poenae vix tempora differt,
"o periture tuaque aliis documenta dature
morte," ait, "ede tuum nomen nomenque parentum
et patriam, morisque novi cur sacra frequentes!" 581
illeg metu vacuuus "nomen mihi" dixit "Acoetes,
patria Maeonia est, humili de plebe parentes.
non mihi quae duri colerent pater arva iuvenci,
lanigerosve greges, non una armenta reliquit;
585
pauper et ipse fuit linoque solebat et hamis
decipere et calamo salientis ducere pisces.
arshillisua census erat; cum traderet artem,
' accipe, quas habeo, studii successor et heres,'
dixit 'opes' moriensque mihi nihil ille reliquit 590
164
slaves—"go, bring this plotter hither, and in chains! Let there be no dull delay to my bidding." His grandsire addresses him in words of reprimand, and Athamas, and all his counsellors, and they vainly strive to curb his will. He is all the more eager for their warning; his mad rage is fretted by restraint and grows apace, and their very efforts at control but make him worse. So have I seen a river, where nothing obstructed its course, flow smoothly on with but a gentle murmur; but, where it was held in check by dams of timber and stone set in its way, foaming and boiling it went, fiercer for the obstruction.

But now the slaves come back, all covered with blood, and, when their master asks where Bacchus is, they say that they have not seen him; "but this companion of his," they say, "this priest of his sacred rites, we have taken," and they deliver up, his hands bound behind his back, one of Etruscan stock, a votary of Bacchus. Him Pentheus eyes awhile with gaze made terrible by his wrath; and, with difficulty withholding his hand from punishment, he says: "Thou fellow, doomed to perish and by thy death to serve as a warning to others, tell me thy name, thy parents, and thy country; and why thou dost devote thyself to this new cult." He fearlessly replies: "My name is Acoetes, and my country is Maeonia; my parents were but humble folk. My father left me no fields or sturdy bullocks to till them; no woolly sheep, no cattle. He himself was poor and used to catch fish with hook and line and rod and draw them leaping from the stream. His craft was all his wealth; and when he passed it on to me he said: 'Take this craft; 'tis all my fortune. Be you my heir and successor in it.' And in dying he left me nothing but the waters. This alone can
praeter aquas: unum hoc possum adpellare paternum.
mox ego, ne scopulis, haererem semper in isdem,
addidici regimen dextra moderante carinae
flectere et Oleniae sidus pluviale capellae
Taygetenque Hyadasque oculis Arctonque notavi 595
ventorumque domos et portus puppibus aptos.
forte petens Delum Chiae telluris ad oras
adpicior et dextris adducor litora remis
doque levis saltus udaeque inmittor harenae:
ox ibi consumpta est; aurora rubescere prima 600
coeperat: exsurgo laticesque inferre recentis
admoneo monstroque viam, quae ducat ad undas;
ipse quid aura mihi tumulo promittat ab alto
prospicio comitesque voco repetoque carinam.
‘ adsumus en ’ inquit sociorum primus Opheltes, 605
utque putat, praedam deserto nactus in agro,
virginea puerum ducit per litora forma.
ille mero somnoque gravis titubare videtur
vixque sequi; specto cultum faciemque gradumque:
nil ibi, quod credi posset mortale, videbam. 610
et sensi et dixi sociis: ‘ quod numen in isto
corpore sit, dubito; sed corpore numen in isto est!
quisquis es, o faveas nostrisque laboribus adsis;
his quoque des veniam!’ ‘ pro nobis mitte precari!’
Dictys ait, quo non alius conscendere summas 615
ocior antenas prensoque rudente relabi.
hoc Libys, hoc flavus, prorae tutela, Melanthus,
hoc probat Alcimedon et, qui requiemque modumque
voce dabat remis, animorum hortator, Epopeus,
hoc omnes alii: praedae tam caeca cupidō est. 620

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I call my heritage. Soon, that I might not always stay planted on the selfsame rocks, I learned to steer ships with guiding hand; I studied the stars; the rainy constellation of the Olenian Goat, Taygete, the Hyades, the Bears; I learned the winds and whence they blow; I learned what harbours are best for ships. It chanced that while making for Delos I was driven out of my course to the shore of Chios and made the land with well-skilled oars. Light leaping, we landed on the wet shore and spent the night. As soon as the eastern sky began to redden I rose and bade my men go for fresh water, showing them the way that led to the spring. For my own task, from a high hill I observed the direction of the wind; then called my comrades and started back on board. 'Lo, here we are!' cried Opheltes, first of all the men, bringing with him a prize (so he considered it) which he had found in a deserted field, a little boy with form beautiful as a girl's. He seemed to stagger, as if o'ercome with wine and sleep, and could scarce follow him who led. I gazed on his garb, his face, his walk; and all I saw seemed more to me than mortal. This I perceived, and said to my companions: 'What divinity is in that mortal body I know not; but assuredly a divinity is therein. Whoever thou art, be gracious unto us and prosper our undertakings. Grant pardon also to these men.' 'Pray not for us,' said Dictys, than whom none was more quick to climb the topmost yard and slide down on firm-grasped rope. Libys seconded this speech; so did yellow-haired Melanthus, the look-out, and Alcimedon and Epopeus, who by his voice marked the time for the rowers and urged on their flagging spirits. And all the rest approved, so blind and heedless was their greed for booty. 'And yet I
' non tamen hanc sacro violari pondere pinum perpetiar' dixi: 'pars hic mihi maxima iuris' inque aditu obsisto: furit audacissimus omni de numero Lycabas, qui Tusca pulsus ab urbe exilium dira poenam pro caede luebat; is mihi, dum resto, iuvenali guttura pugno rupit et excussum misisset in aequora, si non haesissem, quamvis amens, in fune retentus. inopia turba probat factum; tum denique Bacchus (Bacchus enim fuerat), veluti clamore solutus sit sopor aque mero redeant in pectora sensus, 'quid facitis? quis clamor?' ait 'qua, dicite, nautae, hoc ope perveni? quo me deferre paratis?' 'pone metum' Proreus, 'et quos contingere portus ede velis!' dixit; 'terra sistere petita.' 'Naxon' ait Liber 'cursus advertite vestros! illa mihi domus est, vobis erit hospita tellus.' per mare fallaces perque omnia numina iurant sic fore meque iubent pictae dare vela carinae. dextra Naxos erat: dextra mihi lintea danti 'quid facis, o demens? quis te furor—?' inquit Opheltes; pro se quisque, 'tenet? laevam pete!' maxima nutu pars mihi significat, pars quid velit aure susurrat. obstipui 'capiat' que 'aliquis moderamina!' dixi meque ministerio scelerisque artisque removi. 'Naxon' ait Liber 'cursus advertite vestros! illa mihi domus est, vobis erit hospita tellus.' per mare fallaces perque omnia numina iurant sic fore meque iubent pictae dare vela carinae. dextra Naxos erat: dextra mihi lintea danti 'quid facis, o demens? quis te furor—?' inquit Opheltes; pro se quisque, 'tenet? laevam pete!' maxima nutu pars mihi significat, pars quid velit aure susurrat. obstipui 'capiat' que 'aliquis moderamina!' dixi meque ministerio scelerisque artisque removi.
shall not permit this ship to be defiled by such sacrilege,' I said; 'here must my authority have greater weight.' And I resisted their attempt to come on board. Then did Lycabas break out into wrath, the most reckless man of the crew, who, driven from Tuscany, was suffering exile as a punishment for the foul crime of murder. He, while I withstood him, tore at my throat with his strong hands and would have hurled me overboard, if, scarce knowing what I did, I had not clung to a rope that held me back. The godless crew applauded Lycabas. Then at last Bacchus—for it was he—as if aroused from slumber by the outcry, and as if his wine-dimmed senses were coming back, said: 'What are you doing? Why this uproar? And tell me, ye sailor-men, how did I get here and whither are you planning to take me?' 'Be not afraid,' said Proreus, 'tell me what port you wish to make, and you shall be set off at any place you choose.' 'Then turn your course to Naxos,' said Liber; 'that is my home, and there shall you find, yourselves, a friendly land.' By the sea and all its gods the treacherous fellows swore that they would do this, and bade me get the painted vessel under sail. Naxos lay off upon the right; and as I was setting my sails towards the right Opheltes said: 'What are you doing, you fool? what madness—' and each one for himself supplied the words—'holds you? Take the left tack.' The most of them by nods and winks let me know what they wanted, and some whispered in my ear. I could not believe my senses and I said to them: 'Then let someone else take the helm'; and declared that I would have nor part nor lot in their wicked scheme. They all cried
增怨于众人，全部控诉那群；
于何处有艾得利翁‘尔诚然，所有人在一个
我们安全已矣！’即刻而有同样我及那
诸神在场，得在那延缓诸事。

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因见之，而船首者对那远方沉思
是时犹似非有非无“你未向我许诺，海员，
许诺你将之，非向我许诺那北方大地
之顷，你将所有，诸子，一切人之一？’

555

因见之，而吾儿更可以：那不怅然
我眼前所见即刻。”

600

因得恐吓，非因亲身所见
因见之，而船首者对那远方沉思
是时犹似非有非无“你未向我许诺，海员，
许诺你将之，非向我许诺那北方大地
之顷，你将所有，诸子，一切人之一？’

650

因见之，而船首者对那远方沉思
是时犹似非有非无“你未向我许诺，海员，
许诺你将之，非向我许诺那北方大地
之顷，你将所有，诸子，一切人之一？’

655

因见之，而船首者对那远方沉思
是时犹似非有非无“你未向我许诺，海员，
许诺你将之，非向我许诺那北方大地
之顷，你将所有，诸子，一切人之一？’

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out upon me and kept up their wrathful mutterings. And one of them, Aethalion, broke out: ‘I’d have you know, the safety of us all does not depend on you alone!’ So saying, he came and took my place at the helm and, leaving the course for Naxos, steered off in another direction. Then the god, in mockery of them, as if he had just discovered their faithlessness, looked out upon the sea from the curved stern, and in seeming tears cried out: ‘These are not the shores you promised me, you sailor-men; and this is not the land I sought. What have I done to be so treated? And what glory will you gain if you, grown men, deceive a little boy? if you, so many, overcome just one?’ I was long since in tears; but the godless crew mocked my tears and swept the seas with speeding oars. Now by the god himself I swear (for there is no god more surely near than he) that what I speak is truth, though far beyond belief. The ship stands still upon the waves, as if a dry-dock held her. The sailors in amaze redouble their striving at the oars and make all sail, hoping thus to speed their way by twofold power. But ivy twines and clings about the oars, creeps upward with many a back-flung, catching fold, and decks the sails with heavy, hanging clusters. The god himself, with his brow garlanded with clustering berries, waves a wand wreathed with ivy-leaves. Around him lie tigers, the forms (though empty all) of lynxes and of fierce spotted panthers. The men leap overboard, driven on by madness or by fear. And first Medon’s body begins to grow dark and his back to be bent in a well-marked curve. Lycabas starts to say to him: ‘Into what strange creature are you turning?’ But as he speaks his own jaws spread wide, his nose becomes hooked, and his skin
OVID

naris erat, squamamque cutis durata trahebat. at Libys obstantis dum vult obvertere remos, in spatium resilire manus breve vidit et illas iam non esse manus, iam pinnas posse vocari. alter ad intortos cupiens dare bracchia funes bracchia non habuit truncoque repandus in undas corpore desiluit: falcata novissima cauda est, qualia dimidiae sinuantur cornua lunae. undique dant saltus multaque adsperginerorant emerguntque iterum redeuntque sub aequora rursus inque chori ludunt speciem lascivaque iactant corpora et acceptum patulis mare naribus efflant. de modo viginti (tot enim ratis illa ferebat) restabam solus: pavidum gelidumque trementi corpore vixque meum firmat deus 'excute' dicens 'corde metum Diamque tene!' delatus in illam accessi sacris Baccheaque sacra frequento."

"Praebuimus longis" Pentheus "ambagibus aures," inquit "ut ira mora vires absumere posset. praecipitem, famuli, rapite hunc cruciataque diris corpora tormentis Stygiae demittite nocti!" protinus abstractus solidis Tyrrhenus Acoetes clauditur in tectis; et dum crudelia iussae instrumenta necis ferrumque ignesque parantur, sponte sua patuisse fores lapsasque lacertis sponte sua fama est nullo solven te catenas.

Perstat Echionides, nec iam iubet ire, sed ipse vadit, ubi electus facienda ad sacra Cithaeron cantibus et clara bacchantum voce sonabat.
becomes hard and covered with scales. But Libys, while he seeks to ply the sluggish oars, sees his hands suddenly shrunk in size to things that can no longer be called hands at all, but fins. Another, catching at a twisted rope with his arms, finds he has no arms and goes plunging backwards with limbless body into the sea: the end of his tail is curved like the horns of a half-moon. They leap about on every side, sending up showers of spray; they emerge from the water, only to return to the depths again; they sport like a troupe of dancers, tossing their bodies in wanton sport and drawing in and blowing out the water from their broad nostrils. Of but now twenty men—for the ship bore so many—I alone remained. And, as I stood quaking and trembling with cold fear, and hardly knowing what I did, the god spoke words of cheer to me and said: 'Be of good courage, and hold on your course to Naxos.' Arrived there, I have joined the rites and am one of the Bacchanalian throng.'

Then Pentheus said: "We have lent ear to this long, rambling tale, that by such delay our anger might lose its might. Ye slaves, now hurry him away, rack his body with fearsome tortures, and so send him down to Stygian night." Straightway Acoetes, the Tyrrhenian, was dragged out and shut up in a strong dungeon. And while the slaves were getting the cruel instruments of torture ready, the iron, the fire—of their own accord the doors flew open wide; of their own accord, with no one loosing them, the chains fell from the prisoner's arms.

But Pentheus stood fixed in his purpose. He no longer sent messengers, but went himself to where Cithaeron, the chosen seat for the god's sacred rites, was resounding with songs and the shrill cries of wor-
OVID

ut fremit acer equus, cum bellicos aere canoro
signa dedit tubicen pugnaeque adsumit amorem, 705
Penthea sic ictus longis ululatibus aether
movit, et audito clamore recanduit ira.

Monte fere medio est, cingentibus ultima silvis,
purus ab arboribus, spectabilis undique, campus:
his oculis illum cernentem sacra profanis
primam videt, prima est insano concita cursu,
primam suum misso violavit Penthea thyrso
mater et "o geminae" clamavit "adeste sorores!
ille aper, in nostris errat qui maximus agris,
ille mihi feriendus aper." ruuit omnis in unum
715
turba furens; cunctae coeunt trepidumque sequuntur,
iam trepidum, iam verba minus violenta loquentem,
iam se damnantem, iam se peccasse fatentem.
saucius ille tamen "fer opem, matertera" dixit
"Autonoe! moveant animos Actaeonis umbrae!" 720
illa, quis Actaeon, nescit dextramque precantis
abstulit, Inoo lacerata est altera raptu.
non habet infelix quae matri bracchia tendat,
trunca sed ostendens deiectis vulnera membris
"adspice, mater!" ait. visis ululavit Agaue
725
collaque iactavit movitque per aera crinem
avulsumque caput digitis complexa cruentis
clamat: "io comites, opus haec victoria nostrum est!"
non citius frondes autumni frigore tactas
iamque male haerentes alta rapit arbores ventus, 730
quam sunt membra viri manibus direpta nefandis.
talibus exemplis monitae nova sacra frequentant
turaque dant sanctasque colunt Ismenides aras.
shippers. As a spirited horse snorts when the brazen trumpet with tuneful voice sounds out the battle and his eagerness for the fray waxes hot, so did the air, pulsing with the long-drawn cries, stir Pentheus, and the wild uproar in his ears heated his wrath white-hot.

About midway of the mountain, bordered with thick woods, was an open plain, free from trees, in full view from every side. Here, as Pentheus was spying with profane eyes upon the sacred rites, his mother was the first to see him, first to rush madly on him, first with hurled thyrsus to smite her son. "Ho, there, my sisters, come!" she cried, "see that huge boar prowling in our fields. Now must I rend him." The whole mad throng rush on him; from all sides they come and pursue the frightened wretch—yes, frightened now, and speaking milder words, cursing his folly and confessing that he has sinned. Sore wounded, he cries out: "Oh help, my aunt, Autonoë! Let the ghost of Actaeon move your heart." She knows not who Actaeon is, and tears the suppliant's right arm away; Ino in frenzy rends away his left. And now the wretched man has no arms to stretch out in prayer to his mother; but, showing his mangled stumps where his arms have been torn away, he cries: "Oh, mother, see!" Agave howls madly at the sight and tosses her head with wildly streaming hair. Off she tears his head, and holding it in bloody hands, she yells: "See, comrades, see my toil and its reward of victory!" Not more quickly are leaves, when touched by the first cold of autumn and now lightly clinging, whirled from the lofty tree by the wind than is Pentheus torn limb from limb by those impious hands. Taught by such a warning, the Thebans throng the new god's sacred rites, burn incense, and bow down before his shrines.
At non Alcithoe Minyeias orgia censet accipienda dei, sed adhuc temeraria Bacchum progeniem negat esse Iovis sociasque sorores inpietatis habet. festum celebrare sacerdos inmunesque operum famulas dominasque suorum pectora pelle tegi, crinales solvere vittas, serta coma, manibus frondentis sumere thyrsoiusserat et saevam laesi fore numinis iram vaticinatus erat: parent matresque nurusque telasque calathosque infectaque pensa reponunt turaque dant Bacchumque vocant Bromiumque 5 Lyaeumque ignigenamque satumque iterum solumque bimatrem; additur his Nyseus indetonsusque Thyoneus et cum Lenaeo genialis consitor uvae Nycteliusque Eleleusque parens et Iacchus et Euhan, et quae praeterea per Graias plurima gentes nomina, Liber, habes. tibi enim inconsumpta iuventa 10 est,

1 "The noisy one."
2 "The deliverer from care."
3 "Of Nysa," a city in India, connected traditionally with the infancy of Bacchus.
4 "Son of Thyone," the name given to his mother, Semele, after her translation to the skies.
5 "God of the wine-press."
6 So named from the fact that his orgies were celebrated in the night.

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BOOK IV

But not Minyas’ daughter Alcithoë; she will not have the god’s holy revels admitted; nay, so bold is she that she denies Bacchus to be Jove’s son! And her sisters are with her in the impious deed. The priest had bidden the people to celebrate a Bacchic festival: all serving-women must be excused from toil; with their mistresses they must cover their breasts with the skins of beasts, they must loosen the ribands of their hair, and with garlands upon their heads they must hold in their hands the vine-wreathed thyrsus. And he had prophesied that the wrath of the god would be merciless if he were disregarded. The matrons and young wives all obey, put by weaving and work-baskets, leave their tasks unfinished; they burn incense, calling on Bacchus, naming him also Bromius, Lyaeus, son of the thunderbolt, twice born, child of two mothers; they hail him as Nyseus also, Thyoneus of the unshorn locks, Lenaeus, planter of the joy-giving vine, Nyctelius, father Eleleus, Iacchus, and Euhan, and all the many names besides by which thou art known, O Liber, throughout the towns of Greece.

7 From the wild cries uttered by his worshippers in the orgies.
8 A name identified with Bacchus.
9 Either from liber, “the free,” or from libo, “he to whom libations of wine are poured.”
tu puer aeternus, tu formosissimus alto
conspicereis caelo; tibi, cum sine cornibus adstas,
virgineum caput est; Oriens tibi victus, adusque 20
decolor extremo qua tinguetur India Gange.
Penthea tu, venerande, bipenniferumque Lycurgum
sacrilegos mactas, Tyrrhenaque mittis in aequor
corpora, tu bliguem pictis insignia frenis
colla premis lynicum. bacchae satyrique sequuntur, 25
quiue senex ferula titubantis ebrios artus
sustinet et pando non fortiter haeret asello.
quacumque ingrederis, clamor iuvenalis et una
femineae voces inpulsaque tympana palmis
concavaque aera sonant longoque foramine buxus. 30
" Placatus mitisque " rogant Isemides " adsis,"
iussaque sacra colunt; solae Minyeides intus
intempestiva turbantes festa Minerva
aut ducunt lanas aut stamina pollice versant
aut haerent telae famulasque laboribus urgent. 35
e quibus una levi deducens pollice filum
" dum cessant aliae commentaque sacra frequentant,
nos quoque, quas Pallas, melior dea, detinet " inquit,
" utile opus manuum vario sermone levemus
perque vices aliquid, quod tempora longa videri 40
non sinat, in medium vacuas referamus ad aures! "
dicta probant primamque iubent narrare sorores.
illa, quid e multis referat (nam plurima norat),
cogitat et dubia est, de te, Babylonia, narret,
Derceti, quam versa squamis velantibus artus 45
stagna Palaestini credunt motasse figura,
For thine is unending youth, eternal boyhood; thou art the most lovely in the lofty sky; thy face is virgin-seeming, if without horns thou stand before us. The Orient owns thy sway, even to the bounds where remotest Ganges laves smart India. Pentheus thou didst destroy, thou awful god, and Lycurgus, armed with the two-edged battle-axe (impious were they both), and didst hurl the Tuscan sailors into the sea. Lynxes, with bright reins harnessed, draw thy car; bacchant women and satyrs follow thee, and that old man who, drunk with wine, supports his staggering limbs on his staff, and clings weakly to his misshapen ass. Where'er thou goest, glad shouts of youths and cries of women echo round, with drum of tambourine, the cymbals' clash, and the shrill piping of the flute.

"Oh, be thou with us, merciful and mild!" the Theban women cry; and perform the sacred rites as the priest bids them. The daughters of Minyas alone stay within, marring the festival, and out of due time ply their household tasks, spinning wool, thumbing the turning threads, or keep close to the loom, and press their maidens with work. Then one of them, drawing the thread the while with deft thumb, says: "While other women are deserting their tasks and thronging this so-called festival, let us also, who keep to Pallas, a truer goddess, lighten with various talk the serviceable work of our hands, and to beguile the tedious hours, let us take turns in telling stories, while all the others listen." The sisters agree and bid her be first to speak. She mused awhile which she should tell of many tales, for very many she knew. She was in doubt whether to tell of thee, Dercetis of Babylon, who, as the Syrians believe, changed to a fish, all covered with
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an magis, ut sumptis illius filia pennis
extremos albis in turribus egerit annos,
nais an ut cantu nimiumque potentibus herbis
verterit in tacitos iuvenalia corpora pisces,
donec idem passa est, an, quae poma alba ferebat
ut nunc nigra ferat contactu sanguinis arbor:
hoc placet, haec quoniam vulgaris fabula non est;
talibus orsa modis lana sua filae sequente:

"Pyramus et Thisbe, iuvenum pulcherrimus alter,
altera, quas Oriens habuit, praelata puellis,
contiguas tenuere domos, ubi dicitur altam
cocstilibus muris cinxisse Semiramis urbem.
notitiam primosque gradus vicinia fecit,
tempore crevit amor; taedae quoque iure coissent,
sed vetuere patres: quod non potuere vetare,
ex aequo captis ardebat mentibus ambo.
conscius omnis abest; nutu signisque loquuntur,
quoque magis tegit tur, tectus magis aestuat ignis.
fissus erat tenui rima, quam duxerat olim,
cum fieret, paries domui communis utrique.
id vitium nulli per saecula longa notatum—
quid non sentit amor?—primi vidistis amantes
et vocis fecistis iter, tutaque per illud
murmure blanditiae minimo transire solebant.
saepe, ubi constiterant hinc Thisbe, Pyramus illinc,
inque vices fuerat captatus anhelitus oris,
'invide' dicebant 'paries, quid amantibus obstas?'
quantum erat, ut sineres toto nos corpore iungi
aut, hoc si nimium est, vel ad oscula danda pateres?
scales, and swims in a pool; or how her daughter, changed to a pure white dove, spent her last years perched on high battlements; or how a certain nymph, by incantation and herbs too potent, changed the bodies of some boys into mute fishes, and at last herself became a fish; or how the mulberry-tree, which once had borne white fruit, now has fruit dark red, from the bloody stain. The last seems best. This tale, not commonly known as yet, she tells, spinning her wool the while.

"Pyramus and Thisbe—he, the most beautiful youth, and she, loveliest maid of all the East—dwelt in houses side by side, in the city which Semiramis is said to have surrounded with walls of brick. Their nearness made the first steps of their acquaintance. In time love grew, and they would have been joined in marriage, too, but their parents forbade. Still, what no parents could forbid, sore smitten in heart they burned with mutual love. They had no go-between, but communicated by nods and signs; and the more they covered up the fire, the more it burned. There was a slender chink in the party-wall of the two houses, which it had at some former time received when it was building. This chink, which no one had ever discovered through all these years—but what does love not see?—you lovers first discovered and made it the channel of speech. Safe through this your loving words used to pass in tiny whispers. Often, when they had taken their positions, on this side Thisbe, and Pyramus on that, and when each in turn had listened eagerly for the other’s breath, ‘O envious wall,’ they would say, ‘why do you stand between lovers? How small a thing ’twould be for you to permit us to embrace each other, or, if this be too much, to open for our kisses! But we are
nec sumus ingrati: tibi nos debere fatemur,
quod datus est verbis ad amicas transitus auris.’
talia diversa nequiquam sede locuti
sub noctem dixere ‘vale’ partique dedere
oscula quisque suae non pervenientia contra.
postera nocturnos Aurora removerat ignes,
solque pruinosas radiis siccaverat herbas:
ad solitum coiere locum. tum murmure parvo
multa prius questi statuunt, ut nocte silenti
fallere custodes foribusque excedere temptent,
cumque domo exierint, urbis quoque tecta relinquant,
neve sit errandum lato spatiantibus arvo,
convenient ad busta Nini lateantque sub umbra
arboris: arbor ibi niveis uberrima pomis
(ardua morus erat) gelido contermina fonti.
pacta placent; et lux, tarde discedere visa,
praecipitatur aquis, et aquis nox exit ab isdem.

‘Callida per tenebras versato cardine Thisbe
egreditur fallitque suos adopertaque vultum
pervenit ad tumulum dictaque sub arbore sedit.
audacem faciebat amor. venit ecce recenti
caeide leaena boum spumantis oblita rictus
depositura sitim vicini fontis in unda;
quam procul ad lunae radios Babylonia Thisbe
vidit et obscurum timido pede fugit in antrum,
dumque fugit, tergo velamina lapsa reliquit.
ut lea saeva sitim multa compescuit unda,
dum redit in silvas, inventos forte sine ipsa
ore cruentato tenues laniavit amictus.
not ungrateful. We owe it to you, we admit, that a passage is allowed by which our words may go through to loving ears.' So, separated all to no purpose, they would talk, and as night came on they said good-bye and printed, each on his own side of the wall, kisses that did not go through. The next morning had put out the starry beacons of the night, and the sun's rays had dried the frosty grass; they came together at the accustomed place. Then first in low whispers they lamented bitterly, then decided when all had become still that night to try to elude their guardians' watchful eyes and steal out of doors; and, when they had gotten out, they would leave the city as well; and that they might not run the risk of missing one another, as they wandered in the open country, they were to meet at Ninus' tomb and hide in the shade of a tree. Now there was a tree there hanging full of snow-white berries, a tall mulberry, and not far away was a cool spring. They liked the plan, and slow the day seemed to go. But at last the sun went plunging down beneath the waves, and from the same waves the night came up. "Now Thisbe, carefully opening the door, steals out through the darkness, seen of none, and arrives duly at the tomb with her face well veiled and sits down under the trysting-tree. Love made her bold. But see! here comes a lioness, her jaws all dripping with the blood of fresh-slain cattle, to slake her thirst at the neighbouring spring. Far off under the rays of the moon Babylonian Thisbe sees her, and flees with trembling feet into the deep cavern, and as she flees she leaves her cloak on the ground behind her. When the savage lioness has quenched her thirst by copious draughts of water, returning to the woods she comes by chance upon the light garment (but without the
serius egressus vestigia vidit in alto
pulvere certa ferae totoque expalluit ore
Pyramus; ut vero vestem quoque sanguine tinctam
repperit, 'una duos' inquit 'nox perdet amantes,
e quibus illa fuit longa dignissima vita;
nostra nocens anima est. ego te, miseranda, peremi,
in loca plena metus qui iussi nocte venires
nec prior hoc veni. nostrum divellite corpus
et scelerata fero consumite viscera morsu,
o quicumque sub hac habitatis rupe leones!
sed timidi est optare necem.' velamina Thisbes
tollit et ad pactae secum fert arboris umbram,
utque dedit notae lacrimas, dedit oscula vesti,
'accipe nunc' inquit 'nostri quoque sanguinis
haustus!'
quoque erat accinctus, demisit in ilia ferrum,
nec mora, ferventi moriens e vulnere traxit.
ut iacuit resupinus humo, cruor emicat alte,
non aliter quam cum vitiato fistula plumbo
scinditur et tenui stridente foramine longas
eiaculatur aquas atque ictibus aera rumpit.
arborei fetus adspergine caedis in atram
vertuntur faciem, madefactaque sanguine radix
purpureo tinguat pendentia mora colore.
"Ecce metu nondum posito, ne fallat amantem,
illa redit iuvenemque oculis animoque requirit,
quantaque vitarit narrare pericula gestit;
utque locum et visa cognoscit in arbore formam,
sic facit incertam pomi color: haeret, an haec sit.
girl herself!) and tears it with bloody jaws. Pyramus, coming out a little later, sees the tracks of the beast plain in the deep dust and grows deadly pale at the sight. But when he saw the cloak too, smeared with blood, he cried: 'One night shall bring two lovers to death. But she of the two was more worthy of long life; on my head lies all the guilt. Oh, I have been the cause of your death, poor girl, in that I bade you come forth by night into this dangerous place, and did not myself come hither first. Come, rend my body and devour my guilty flesh with your fierce fangs, O all ye lions who have your lairs beneath this cliff! But 'tis a coward's part merely to pray for death.' He picks up Thisbe's cloak and carries it to the shade of the trysting-tree. And while he kisses the familiar garment and bedews it with his tears he cries: 'Drink now my blood too.' So saying, he drew the sword which he wore girt about him, plunged the blade into his side, and straightway, with his dying effort, drew the sword from his warm wound. As he lay stretched upon the earth the spouting blood leaped high; just as when a pipe has broken at a weak spot in the lead and through the small hissing aperture sends spurting forth long streams of water, cleaving the air with its jets. The fruit of the tree, sprinkled with the blood, was changed to a dark red colour; and the roots, soaked with his gore, also tinged the hanging berries with the same purple hue.

"And now comes Thisbe from her hiding-place, still trembling, but fearful also that her lover will miss her; she seeks for him both with eyes and soul, eager to tell him how great perils she has escaped. And while she recognizes the place and the shape of the well-known tree, still the colour
dum dubitat, tremebunda videt pulsare cruentum membra solum, retroque pedem tulit, oraque buxo pallidiora gerens exhorruit aequoris instar, quod tremit, exigua cum summum stringitur aura. sed postquam remorata suos cognovit amores, percutit indignos claro plangore lacertos et laniata comas amplexaque corpus amatum vulnera supplevit lacrimis fletumque cruori miscuit et gelidis in vultibus oscula figens ‘Pyrame,’ clamavit, ‘quis te mihi casus ademit? Pyrame, responde! tua te carissima Thisbe nominat; exaudi vultusque attolle iacentes!’ ad nomen Thisbes oculos a morte gravatos Pyramus erexit visaque recondidit illa. "Quae postquam vestemque suam cognovit et ense vidit ebur vacuum, ‘tua te manus’ inquit ‘amorque perdidit, infelix! est et mihi fortis in unum hoc manus, est et amor: dabit hic in vulnera vires. persequar extinctum letique miserrima dicar causa comesque tui: quique a me morte revelli heu sola poteras, poteris nec morte revelli. hoc tamen amborum verbis estote rogati, o multum miseri meus illiusque parentes, ut, quos certus amor, quos hora novissima iunxit, conponi tumulo non invideatis eodem; at tu quae ramis arbor miserabile corpus nunc tegis unius, mox es tectura duorum, signa tene caedis pullosque et luctibus aptos semper habe fetus, gemini monimenta cruoris.'
of its fruit mystifies her. She doubts if it be this. While she hesitates, she sees somebody’s limbs writhing on the bloody ground, and starts back, paler than boxwood, and shivering like the sea when a slight breeze ruffles its surface. But when after a little while she recognizes her lover, she smites her innocent arms with loud blows of grief, and tears her hair; and embracing the well-beloved form, she fills his wounds with tears, mingling these with his blood. And as she kissed his lips, now cold in death, she wailed: ‘O my Pyramus, what mischance has reft you from me? Pyramus! answer me. ’Tis your dearest Thisbe calling you. Oh, listen, and lift your drooping head!’ At the name of Thisbe, Pyramus lifted his eyes, now heavy with death, and having looked upon her face, closed them again.

‘Now when she saw her own cloak and the ivory scabbard empty of the sword, she said: ‘ ’Twas your own hand and your love, poor boy, that took your life. I, too, have a hand brave for this one deed; I, too, have love. This shall give me strength for the fatal blow. I will follow you in death, and men shall say that I was the most wretched cause and comrade of your fate. Whom death alone had power to part from me, not even death shall have power to part from me. O wretched parents, mine and his, be ye entreated of this by the prayers of us both, that you begrudge us not that we, whom faithful love, whom the hour of death has joined, should be laid together in the same tomb. And do you, O tree, who now shade with your branches the poor body of one, and soon will shade two, keep the marks of our death and always bear your fruit of a dark colour, meet for mourning, as a memorial of our double death.’
OVID

dixit et aptato pectus mucrone sub imum
incubuit ferro, quod adhuc a caede tepebat.
vota tamen tetigere deos, tetigere parentes;
nam' color in pomo est, ubi permaturuit, ater,
quodque rogis superest, una requiescit in urna.”

Desierat: mediumque fuit breve tempus, et orsa est
dicere Leuconoe: vocem tenuere sorores.
“hunc quoque, siderea qui temperat omnia luce,
cepit amor Solem: Solis referemus amores.
primus adulterium Veneris cum Marte putatur
hic vidisse deus; videt hic deus omnia primus.
indoluit facto Iunonigenaeque marito
furta tori furtique locum monstravit, at illi
et mens et quod opus fabrilis dextra tenebat
excidit: extemplo graciles ex aere catenas
retiaque et laqueos, quae lumina fallere possent,
elimat. non illud opus tenuissima vincant
stamina, non summo quae pendet aranea tigno;
utque levis tactus momentaque parva sequantur,
efficit et lecto circumdata collocat arte.
ut venere torum coniunx et adulter in unum,
arte viri vincilisque nova ratione paratis
in mediis ambo deprensi amplexibus haerent.
Lemnius extemplo valvas patefecit eburnas
inmisitque deos; illi iacuere ligati
turpiter, atque aliquis de dis non tristibus optat
sic fieri turpis; superi risere, dique
haec fuit in toto notissima fabula caelo.

“Exigit indicii memorem Cythereia poenam

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She spoke, and fitting the point beneath her breast, she fell forward on the sword which was still warm with her lover’s blood. Her prayers touched the gods and touched the parents; for the colour of the mulberry fruit is dark red when it is ripe, and all that remained from both funeral pyres rests in a common urn.”

The tale was done. Then, after a brief interval, Leuconoë began, while her sisters held their peace. “Even the Sun, who with his central light guides all the stars, has felt the power of love. The Sun’s loves we will relate. This god was first, ’tis said, to see the shame of Mars and Venus; this god sees all things first. Shocked at the sight, he revealed her sin to the goddess’ husband, Vulcan, Juno’s son, and where it was committed. Then Vulcan’s mind reeled and the work upon which he was engaged fell from his hands. Straightway he fashioned a net of fine links of bronze, so thin that they would escape detection of the eye. Not the finest threads of wool would surpass that work; no, not the web which the spider lets down from the ceiling beam. He made the web in such a way that it would yield to the slightest touch, the least movement, and then he spread it deftly over the couch. Now when the goddess and her paramour had come thither, by the husband’s art and by the net so cunningly prepared they were both caught and held fast in each other’s arms. Straightway Vulcan, the Lemnian, opened wide the ivory doors and invited in the other gods. There lay the two in chains, disgracefully, and some one of the merry gods prayed that he might be so disgraced. The gods laughed, and for a long time this story was the talk of heaven.

“But the goddess of Cythera did not forget the one
inquè vices illum, tectos qui laesit amores, laedit amore pari. quid nunc, Hyperione nate, forma colorque tibi radiataque lumina prosunt? nempe, tuis omnes qui terras ignibus uris, ureris igne novo; quique omnia cernere debes, Leucothoen spectas et virgine figis in una, quos mundo debes, oculos. modo surgis Eoo temperius caelo, modo serius incidis undis, spectandique mora brumalis porrigis horas; defecis interdum, vitiumque in lumina mentis transit et obscurus mortalia pectora terres. nec tibi quod lunae terris propioris imago obstiterit, palles: facit hunc amor iste colorem. diligis hanc unam, nec te Clymeneque Rhodosque nec tenet Aeæae genetrix pulcherrima Circes quæque tuos Clytie quamvis despecta petebat concubitus ipsoque illo grave vulnus habebat tempore: Leucothoe multarum oblivia fecit, gentis odoriferae quam formosissima partu edidit Eurynome; sed postquam filia crevit, quam mater cunctas, tam matrem filia vicit. rexit Achaemenias urbes pater Orchaðamus isque septimus a prisco numeratur origine Belo.

"Axe sub Hesperio sunt pascua Solis equorum: ambrosiam pro gramine habent; ea fessa diurnis membra ministeriis nutrit reparatque labori. dumque ibi quadrupedes caelestia pabula carpunt noxque vicem peragit, thalamos deus intrat amatos,
who had spied on her, and took fitting vengeance on him; and he that betrayed her stolen love was equally betrayed in love. What now avail, O son of Hyperion, thy beauty and brightness and radiant beams? For thou, who dost inflame all lands with thy fires, art thyself inflamed by a strange fire. Thou who shouldst behold all things, dost gaze on Leucothoë alone, and on one maiden dost thou fix those eyes which belong to the whole world. Anon too early dost thou rise in the eastern sky, and anon too late dost thou sink beneath the waves, and through thy long lingering over her dost prolong the short wintry hours. Sometimes thy beams fail utterly, thy heart's darkness passing to thy rays, and darkened thou dost terrify the hearts of men. Nor is it that the moon has come 'twixt thee and earth that thou art dark; 'tis that love of thine alone that makes thy face so wan. Thou delightest in her alone. Now neither Clymene seems fair to thee, nor the maid of Rhodes, nor Aeaean Circes' mother, though most beautiful, nor Clytie, who, although scorned by thee, still seeks thy love and even now bears its deep wounds in her heart. Leucothoë makes thee forgetful of them all, she whom most fair Eurynome bore in the land of spices. But, after the daughter came to womanhood, as the mother surpassed all in loveliness, so did the daughter surpass her. Her father, Orphemus, ruled over the cities of Persia, himself the seventh in line from ancient Belus.

"Beneath the western skies lie the pastures of the Sun's horses. Here not common grass, but ambrosia is their food. On this their bodies, weary with their service of the day, are refreshed and gain new strength for toil. While here his horses crop their celestial pasturage and Night takes her turn of toil, the
versus in Eurynomes faciem genetricis, et inter bis sex Leucothoen famulas ad lumina cernit levia versato ducentem stamina fuso.

ergo ubi ceu mater carae dedit oscula natae, 'res' ait 'arcana est: famulae, discedite neve eripite arbitrium matri secretà loquendi.'

paruerant, thalamoq̄e deus sine teste relictò 'ille ego sum' dixit, 'qui longum metior annum, omnia qui video, per quem videt omnia tellus, mundi oculus: mihi, crede, places.' pavet illa metuque

et colus et fusus digitis cecidere remissis.
ipse timor decuit. nec longius ille moratus in veram rediit speciem solitumque nitorem;
at virgo quamvis inopino territa visu victa nitore dei posita vim passa querella est.

"Invidit Clytie (neque enim moderatus in illa Solis amor fuerat) stimulataque paelicis ira vulgat adulterium diffamatumque parenti indicat. ille ferox inmansuetusque precantem tendentemque manus ad lumina Solis et 'ille vim tulit invitae ' dicentem desodit alta crudus humo tumulumque super gravis addit harenæ.

dissipat hunc radiis Hyperione natus iterque dat tibi, qua possis defossos promere vultus; nec tu iam poteras enectum pondere terrae tollere, nympha, caput corpusque exsangué iacebas: nil illo fertur volucrum moderator equorum
god enters the apartments of his love, assuming the form of Eurynome, her mother. There he discovers Leucothoë, surrounded by her twelve maidens, spinning fine wool with whirling spindle. Then having kissed her, just as her mother would have kissed her dear daughter, he says: 'Mine is a private matter. Retire, ye slaves, and let not a mother want the right to a private speech.' The slaves obey; and now the god, when the last witness has left the room, declares: 'Lo, I am he who measure out the year, who behold all things, by whom the earth beholds all things—the world's eye. I tell thee thou hast found favour in my sight.' The nymph is filled with fear; distaff and spindle fall unheeded from her limp fingers. Her very fear becomes her. Then he, no longer tarrying, resumes his own form and his wonted splendour. But the maiden, though in terror at this sudden apparition, yet, overwhelmed by his radiance, at last without protest suffers the ardent wooing of the god.

"Clytie was jealous, for love of the Sun still burned uncontrolled in her. Burning now with wrath at the sight of her rival, she spread abroad the story, and especially to the father did she tell his daughter's shame. He, fierce and merciless, unheeding her prayers, unheeding her arms stretched out to the Sun, and unheeding her cry, 'He overbore my will,' with brutal cruelty buried her deep in the earth, and heaped on the spot a heavy mound of sand. The son of Hyperion rent this with his rays, and made a way by which you might put forth your buried head; but too late, for now, poor nymph, you could not lift your head, crushed beneath the heavy earth, and you lay there, a lifeless corpse. Naught more pitiful than that sight, they say, did the driver of the swift steeds
post Phaethonteos vidisse dolentius ignes; 
ille quidem gelidos radiorum viribus artus 
si queat in vivum temptat revocare calorem; 
sed quoniam tantis fatum conatibus obstat, 
nectare odorato sparsit corpusque locumque 
 multaque praequestus ' tanges tamen aethera ' dixit. 
protinus inbutum caelesti nectare corpus 
dilicuit terramque suo madefecit odore, 
virgaque per glaebas sensim radicibus actis 
turea surrexit tumulumque cacumine rupit. 250

   " At Clytien, quamvis amor excusare dolorem
   indiciumque dolor poterat, non amplius auctor
   lucis adit Venerisque modum sibi fecit in illa.
   tabuit ex illo dementer amoribus usa;
   nymphaeae patiens et sub Iove nocte dieque
   sedit humo nuda nudis incompta capillis,
   perque novem luces expers undaeque cibique
   rore mero lacrimisque suis ieiunia pavit
   nec se movit humo; tantum spectabat euntis
   ora dei vultusque suos flectebat ad illum. 260
   membria ferunt haesisse solo, partemque coloris
   luridus exsangues pallor convertit in herbas;
   est in parte rubor violaeque simillimus ora
   flos tegit. illa suum, quamvis radice tenetur,
   vertitur ad Solem mutataque servat amorem." 265

   Dixerat, et factum mirabile ceperat auris;
   pars fieri potuisse negant, pars omnia veros
   posse deos memorant: sed non est Bacchus in illis.
   poscitur Alcithoe, postquam siluere sorores. 270

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see since Phaëthon’s burning death. He tried, indeed, by his warm rays to recall those death-cold limbs to the warmth of life. But since grim fate opposed all his efforts, he sprinkled the body and the ground with fragrant nectar, and preluding with many words of grief, he said: ‘In spite of fate shalt thou reach the upper air.’ Straightway the body, soaked with the celestial nectar, melted away and filled the earth around with its sweet fragrance. Then did a shrub of frankincense, with deep-driven roots, rise slowly through the soil and its top cleaved the mound.

“But Clytie, though love could excuse her grief, and grief her tattling, was sought no more by the great light-giver, nor did he find aught to love in her. For this cause she pined away, her love turned to madness. Unable to endure her sister nymphs, beneath the open sky, by night and day, she sat upon the bare ground, naked, bareheaded, unkempt. For nine whole days she sat, tasting neither drink nor food, her hunger fed by naught save pure dew and tears, and moved not from the ground. Only she gazed on the face of her god as he went his way, and turned her face towards him. They say that her limbs grew fast to the soil and her deathly pallor changed in part to a bloodless plant; but in part ‘twas red, and a flower, much like a violet, came where her face had been. Still, though roots hold her fast, she turns ever towards the sun and, though changed herself, preserves her love unchanged.”

The story-teller ceased; the wonderful tale had held their ears. Some of the sisters say that such things could not happen; others declare that true gods can do anything. But Bacchus is not one of these. Alcithoë is next called for when the sisters
OVID

quae radio stantis percurrens stamina telae
"vulgatos taceo" dixit "pastoris amores
Daphnidis Idaei, quem nymphe paelicis ira
contulit in saxum: tantus dolor urit amantes;
nec loquor, ut quondam naturae iure novato
ambiguus fuerit modo vir, modo femina Sithon.
te quoque, nunc adamas, quondam fidissime parvo,
Celmi, Iovi largoque satos Curetas ab imbri
et Crocon in parvos versum cum Smilace flores
praetereo dulcique animos novitate tenebo.
"Unde sit infamis, quare male fortibus undis
Salmacis enervet tactosque remolliat artus,
discite. causa latet, vis est notissima fontis.
Mercurio puerum diva Cythereide natum
nайдes Idaeis enutrivere sub antris,
cuius erat facies, in qua materque paterque
cognosci possent; nomen quoque traxit ab illis.
is tria cum primum fecit quinquennia, montes
deseruit patrios Idaque altrice relict
ignotis errare locis, ignota videre
flumina gaudebat, studio minuente laborem.
ille etiam Lycias urbes Lyciaeque propinquos
Caras adit: videt hic stagnum lucentis ad imum
usque solum lymphae; non illic canna palustris
nec steriles ulvae nec acuta cuspide iunci;
perspicuus liquor est; stagni tamen ultima vivo
ciaespite cinguntur semperque virentibus herbis.
nympha colit, sed nec venatibus apta nec arcus
flectere quae soleat nec quae contendere cursu,
have become silent again. Running her shuttle swiftly through the threads of her loom, she said: "I will pass by the well-known love of Daphnis, the shepherd-boy of Ida, whom a nymph, in anger at her rival, changed to stone: so great is the burning smart which jealous lovers feel. Nor will I tell how once Sithon, the natural laws reversed, lived of changing sex, now woman and now man. How you also, Celmis, now adamant, were once most faithful friend of little Jove; how the Curetes sprang from copious showers; how Crocus and his beloved Smilax were changed into tiny flowers. All these stories I will pass by and will charm your minds with a tale that is pleasing because new.

"How the fountain of Salmacis is of ill-repute, how it enervates with its enfeebling waters and renders soft and weak all men who bathe therein, you shall now hear. The cause is hidden; but the enfeebling power of the fountain is well known. A little son of Hermes and of the goddess of Cythera the naiads nursed within Ida's caves. In his fair face mother and father could be clearly seen; his name also he took from them. When fifteen years had passed, he left his native mountains and abandoned his foster-mother, Ida, delighting to wander in unknown lands and to see strange rivers, his eagerness making light of toil. He came even to the Lycian cities and to the Carians, who dwell hard by the land of Lycia. Here he saw a pool of water crystal clear to the very bottom. No marshy reeds grew there, no unfruitful swamp-grass, nor spiky rushes; it is clear water. But the edges of the pool are bordered with fresh grass, and herbage ever green. A nymph dwells in the pool, one that loves not hunting, nor is wont to bend the bow or strive with speed of foot. She
solaque naiadum celeri non nota Dianae.iae
saepe suas illi linea sine est dixisse sorores
' Salmae, vel iaculum vel pictas sume pharestras
et tua cum duris venatibus otia miscere!
nee iaculum sumit nec pictas illa pharetras,
nec sua cum duris venatibus otia miscet,
se palo fonte suo formosos perlesai artus,
saepe Cytoriaco deducit pectine crines
et, quid se decaet, spectatas consulit undas;
nunc perlucenti circumdata corpus amictu
mollibus aut foliis aut mollibus incubat herbes,
saepe legit flores. et tum quoque forte legebat,
cum puerum vidit visumque optavit habere.
"Nec tamen ante adiit, etsi properabat adire,
quam se composuit, quam circumspexit amictus
et finxit vultum et meruit formosa videri.
tunc sic orsa loqui: ' puer o dignissime credi
esse deus, seu tu deus es, potes esse Cupido,
sive es mortalis, qui te genuere, beati,
et frater felix, et fortunata profecto,
lib qua tibi soror est, et quae dedit ubera nutrix;
se palo cunctis longeque beatior illa,
si qua tibi sponsa est, si quam dignabere taeda.
haec tibi sive aliquia est, mea sit furtiva voluptas,
seu nulla est, ego sim, thalamumque ineamus
eundem.'
nais ab his tacuit. pueri rubor ora notavit;
nescit, enim, quid amor; sed et erubuisse decebat:
hic color aprica pendentibus arbore pomis
aut ebori tincto est aut sub candore rubenti,
cum frustra resonant aera auxiliaria, lunae.
poscenti nymphae sine fine sororia saltem
only of the naiads follows not in swift Diana's train. Often, 'tis said, her sisters would chide her: 'Sal-macis, take now either hunting-spear or painted quiver, and vary your ease with the hardships of the hunt.' But she takes no hunting-spear, no painted quiver, nor does she vary her ease with the hardships of the hunt; but at times she bathes her shapely limbs in her own pool; often combs her hair with a boxwood comb, often looks in the mirror-like waters to see what best becomes her. Now, wrapped in a transparent robe, she lies down to rest on the soft grass or the soft herbage. Often she gathers flowers; and on this occasion, too, she chanced to be gathering flowers when she saw the boy and longed to possess what she saw.

"Not yet, however, did she approach him, though she was eager to do so, until she had calmed herself, until she had arranged her robes and composed her countenance, and taken all pains to appear beautiful. Then did she speak: 'O youth, most worthy to be believed a god, if thou art indeed a god, thou must be Cupid; or if thou art mortal, happy are they who gave thee birth, blest is thy brother, fortunate indeed any sister of thine and thy nurse who gave thee suck. But far, oh, far happier than they all is she, if any be thy promised bride, if thou shalt deem any worthy to be thy wife. If there be any such, let mine be stolen joy; if not, may I be thine, thy bride, and may we be joined in wedlock.' The maiden said no more. But the boy blushed rosy red; for he knew not what love is. But still the blush became him well. Such colour have apples hanging in sunny orchards, or painted ivory; such has the moon, eclipsed, red under white, when brazen vessels clash vainly for her relief. When the nymph begged and prayed for at least a sister's kiss,
oscula iamque manus ad eburnea colla ferenti
' desinis? aut fugio tecumque ' ait ' ista relinquo.'
Salmacis extimuit ' loca ' que ' haec tibi libera
trado,
hospes ' ait simulatque gradu discedere verso,
tum quoque respiciens, fruticumque recondita
silva
delituit flexuque genu submisit; at ille,
scilicet ut vacuis et inobservatus in herbis,
huc it et hinc illuc et in adludentibus undis
summa pedum taloque tenus vestigia tinguit;
nec mora, temperie blandarum captus aquarum
mollia de tenero velamina corpore ponit.
tum vero stupuit nudaque cupidine formae
Salmacis exarsit, flagrant quoque lumina nymphae,
non aliter quam cum puro nitidissimus orbe
opposita speculi referitur imagine Phoebus;
vixque moram patitur, vix iam sua gaudia differt,
iam cupit amplecti, iam se male continet amens.
ille cavis velox adplauso corpore palmis
desilit in latices alternaque bracchia ducens
in liquidis transluket aquis, ut eburnea si quis
signa tegat claro vel candida lilia vitro.
' vicimus et meus est ' exclamat nais, et omni
veste procul iacta mediis inmittitur undis,
pugnantemque tenet, luctantiaque oscula carpit,
subiectatque manus, invitaque pectora tangit,
et nunc hac iuveni, nunc circumfunditur illac;
denique nitentem contra elabique volentem
inplicit ut serpens, quam regia sustinet ales
sublimemque rapit: pendens caput illa pedesque
adligat et cauda spatiantes inplicit alas;
utve solent hederae longos intexere trucnos,
utque sub aequoribus deprensum polypus hostem
and was in act to throw her arms round his snowy neck, he cried: 'Have done, or I must flee and leave this spot—and you.' Salmacis trembled at this threat and said: 'I yield the place to you, fair stranger,' and turning away, pretended to depart. But even so she often looked back, and deep in a neighbouring thicket she hid herself, crouching on bended knees. But the boy, freely as if unwatched and alone, walks up and down on the grass, dips his toes in the lapping waters, and his feet. Then quickly, charmed with the coolness of the soothing stream, he threw aside the thin garments from his slender form. Then was the nymph as one spellbound, and her love kindled as she gazed at the naked form. Her eyes shone bright as when the sun's dazzling face is reflected from the surface of a glass held opposite his rays. Scarce can she endure delay, scarce bear her joy postponed, so eager to hold him in her arms, so madly incontinent. He, clapping his body with hollow palms, diverges into the pool, and swimming with alternate strokes flashes with gleaming body through the transparent flood, as if one should encase ivory figures or white lilies in translucent glass. 'I win, and he is mine!' cries the naiad, and casting off all her garments dives also into the waters: she holds him fast though he strives against her, steals reluctant kisses, fondles him, touches his unwilling breast, clings to him on this side and on that. At length, as he tries his best to break away from her, she wraps him round with her embrace, as a serpent, when the king of birds has caught her and is bearing her on high: which, hanging from his claws, wraps her folds around his head and feet and entangles his flapping wings with her tail; or as the ivy oft-times embraces great trunks of trees, or as the sea-polyp holds its enemy caught
continet ex omni dimissis parte flagellis.

perstat Atlantiades sperataque gaudia nymphae
denegat, illa premit commissaque corpore toto
sicut inhaerebat, ' pugnes licet, inprobe,' dixit,
' non tamen effugies. ita di iubeatis, et istum
nulla dies a me nec me deducat ab isto.'
vota suos habuere deos; nam mixta duorum
 corpora iunguntur, faciesque inducitur illis
una. velut, si quis conducat cortice ramos,
crescendo iungi pariterque adolescere cernit,
sic ubi complexu coierunt membra tenaci,
nec duo sunt et forma duplex, nec femina dici
nec puer ut possit, neutrumque et utrumque videntur.

"Ergo ubi se liquidas, quo vir descenderat, undas
semimarem fecisse videt mollitaque in illis
membra, manus tendens, sed iam non voce virili
Hermaphroditus ait: ' nato date munera vestro,
et pater et genetrix, amborum nomen habenti:
quisquis in hos fontes vir venerit, exeat inde
semivir et tactis subito mollescat in undis!' 

motus uterque parens nati rata verba biformis
fecit et incesto fontem medicamine tinxit."

Finis erat dictis, sed adhuc Minyeia proles
urguet opus spernitque deum festumque profanat,
tympana cum subito non adparentia raucis
obstrepuere sonis, et adunco tibia cornu
tinnulaque aera sonant; redolent murraeque crocique,
resque fide maior, coepere virescere telae
inque hederae faciem pendens frondescere vestis; 

pars abit in vites, et quae modo fila fuerunt,
beneath the sea, its tentacles embracing him on every
side. The son of Atlas resists as best he may and
denies the nymph the joy she craves; but she holds
on, and clings as if grown fast to him. ‘Strive as you
may, wicked boy,’ she cries, ‘still shall you not
escape me. Grant me this, ye gods, and may no day
ever come that shall separate him from me or me from
him.’ The gods heard her prayer. For their two
bodies, joined together as they were, were merged in
one, with one face and form for both. As when one
grafts a twig on some tree, he sees the branches grow
one, and with common life come to maturity, so were
these two bodies knit in close embrace: they were
no longer two, nor such as to be called, one, woman,
and one, man. They seemed neither, and yet both.

‘When now he saw that the waters into which he
had plunged had made him but half-man, and that
his limbs had become enfeebled there, stretching
out his hands and speaking, though not with manly
tones, Hermaphroditus cried: ‘Oh, grant this boon,
my father and my mother, to your son who bears the
names of both: whoever comes into this pool as man
may he go forth half-man, and may he weaken at
touch of the water.’ His parents heard the prayer of
their two-formed son and charged the waters with
that uncanny power.”

Alcithoë was done; but still did the daughters of
Minyas ply their tasks, despising the god and pro-
faning his holy day: when suddenly unseen timbrels
sounded harshly in their ears, and flutes, with curving
horns, and tinkling cymbals; the air was full of the
sweet scent of saffron and of myrrh; and, past all
belief, their weft turned green, the hanging cloth
changed into vines of ivy; part became grape-vines,
and what were but now threads became clinging
OVID

palmite mutantur; de stamine pampinus exit; purpura fulgorem pictis adcommodat uvis. iamque dies exactus erat, tempusque subibat, quod tu nec tenebras nec possis dicere lucem, sed cum luce tamen dubiae confinia noctis: tecta repente quati pinguesque arderede videntur lampades et rutilis conlucere ignibus aedes falsaque saevarum simulacra ululare ferarum, fumida iamdudum latitant per tecta sorores diversaeque locis ignes ac lumina vitant, dunque petunt tenebras, parvos membrana per artus porrigitur tenuique includit bracchia pinna; nec qua perdiderint veterem ratione figuram, scire sinunt tenebrae: non illas pluma levavit, sustinuere tamen se perlucentibus alis conataeque loqui minimam et pro corpore vocem emittunt peraguntque levi stridore querellas. tectaque, non silvas celebrant lucemque perosae nocte volant seroque tenent a vespere nomen.

Tum vero totis Bacchi memorabile Thebis numen erat, magnasque novi matertera vires narrat ubique dei de totque sororibus expers una doloris erat, nisi quem fecere sorores: adspicit hanc natis thalamoque Athamantis habentem sublimes animos et alumno numine Iuno nec tulit et secum: "potuit de paelice natus
tendrils; vine-leaves sprang out along the warp, and bright-hued clusters matched the purple tapestry. And now the day was ended, and the time was come when you could not say 'twas dark or light; it was the borderland of night, yet with a gleam of day. Suddenly the whole house seemed to tremble, the oil-fed lamps to flare up, and all the rooms to be ablaze with ruddy fires, while ghostly beasts howled round. Meanwhile the sisters are seeking hiding-places through the smoke-filled rooms, in various corners trying to avoid the flames and glare of light. And while they seek to hide, a skinny covering overspreads their slender limbs, and thin wings enclose their arms. And in what fashion they have lost their former shape they know not for the darkness. No feathered pinions uplift them, yet they sustain themselves on transparent wings. They try to speak, but utter only the tiniest sound as befits their shrivelled forms, and give voice to their grief in thin squeaks. Houses, not forests, are their favourite haunts; and, hating the light of day, they flit by night and from late eventide derive their name.\(^\text{1}\)

Then, truly, was the divinity of Bacchus acknowledged throughout all Thebes, and his mother's sister, Ino, would be telling of the wonderful powers of the new god everywhere. She alone of all her sisters knew naught of grief, except what she felt for them. She, proud of her children, of her husband, Athamas, and proud above all of her divine foster-son, is seen by Juno, who could not bear the sight. "That child of my rival," she said, communing with herself, "had power to change the

\(^{1}\) \textit{i.e. vespertiliones, "creatures that flit about in the twilight," i.e. bats.}
OVID

vertere Maeonios pelagoque inmergere nautas
et laceranda suae nati dare viscera matri
et triplices operire novis Minyeidas alis: 425
nil poterit Iuno nisi inultos flere dolores?
idque mihi satis est? haec una potentia nostra est?
ipse docet, quid agam (fas est et ab hoste doceri),
quidque furor valeat, Penthea caede satisque
ac super ostendit: cur non stimuletur eatque 430
per cognata suis exempla furoribus Ino? "

Est via declivis funesta nubila taxo:
ducit ad infernas per muta silentia sedes;
Styx nebulae exhalat iners, umbraeque recentes
descendunt illac simulacraque functa sepulcris: 435
pallor hiemisque tenent late loca senta, novique,
qua sit iter, manes, Stygiam quod ducat ad urbem,
ignorant, ubi sit nigri fera regia Ditis.
mille capax aditus et apertas undique portas
urbs habet, utque fretum de tota flumina terra, 440
sic omnes animas locus accipit ille nec ulli
exiguus populo est turbamve accedere sentit.
errant exsangues sine corpore at ossibus umbrae,
parsque forum celebrant, pars imi tecta tyranni,
pars aliquas artes, antiquae imitamina vitae. 1 445

Sustinet ire illuc caelesti sede relecta 447
(tantum odiis iraeque dabat) Saturnia Iuno;
quo simul intravit sacroque a corpore pressum
ingemuit limen, tria Cerberus extulit ora 450

1 446 exercent, aliam partem sua poena coercet. This line,
included in some manuscripts, is rejected by most editors.
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Maeonian sailors and plunge them in the sea, to cause the flesh of a son to be torn in pieces by his own mother, and to enwrap the three daughters of Minyas with strange wings; and shall naught be given to Juno, save to bemoan her wrongs still unavenged? Does that suffice me? Is this my only power? But he himself teaches me what to do. 'Tis proper to learn even from an enemy. To what length madness can go he has proved enough and to spare by the slaughter of Pentheus. Why should not Ino be stung to madness too, and, urged by her fury, go where her kinswomen have led the way?"

There is a down-sloping path, by deadly yew-trees shaded, which leads through dumb silence to the infernal realms. The sluggish Styx there exhalles its vaporous breath; and by that way come down the spirits of the new-dead, shades of those who have received due funeral rites. This is a wide-extending waste, wan and cold; and the shades newly arrived know not where the road is which leads to the Stygian city where lies the dread palace of black Dis. This city has a thousand wide approaches and gates open on all sides; and as the ocean receives the rivers that flow down from all the earth, so does this place receive all souls; it is not too small for any people, nor does it feel the accession of a throng. There wander the shades bloodless, without body and bone. Some throng the forum, some the palace of the underworld king; others ply some craft in imitation of their former life.

Thither, leaving her abode in heaven, Saturnian Juno endured to go; so much did she grant to her hate and wrath. When she made entrance there, and the threshold groaned beneath the weight of her sacred form, Cerberus reared up his threefold head

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et tres latratus simul edidit; illa sorores
Nocte vocat genitas, grave et inplacabile numen:
carceris ante fores clausas adamante sedebant
dequē suis atros pectebant crinibus angues.
quam simul agnorunt inter caliginis umbras,
surrexere deae; sedes scelerata vocatur:
viscera praebet Tityos lanianda novemque
iugeribus distentus erat; tibi, Tantale, nullae
dependuntur aquae, quaeque inminet, effugit
arbōs;
aut petis aut urgues rediturum, Sisyphē saxum;
volvitūr Ixion et se sequiturque fugitque,
molirique suis letum patruelibus ausae
adsiduae repetunt, quas perdant, Belides undas.
Quos omnes acie postquam Saturnia torva
vidit et ante omnes Ixiona, rursus ab illo
Sisyphon adspiciens “ cur hic e fratribus ” inquit
“ perpetuas patitur poenas, Athamanta superbum
regia dives habet, qui me cum coniuge semper
sprevit? ” et exponit causas odiique viaeque,
quidque velit: quod vellet, erat, ne regia Cadmi
staret, et in facinus traherent Athamanta sorores.
imperium, promissa, preces confundit in unum
solicitūtque deas: sic haec Iunone locuta,
Tisiphone canos, ut erat, turbata capillos
movit et obstantes reiecit ab ore colubras
atque ita “ non longis opus est ambagibus,” inquit;
“ facta puta, quae cumque iubes; inamabile regnum
desere teque refer caeli melioris ad auras.”
and uttered his threefold baying. The goddess summoned the Furies, sisters born of Night, divinities deadly and implacable. Before hell's closed gates of adamant they sat, combing the while black snakes from their hair. When they recognized Juno approaching through the thick gloom, the goddesses arose. This place is called the Accursed Place. Here Tityos offered his vitals to be torn, lying stretched out over nine broad acres. Thy lips can catch no water, Tantalus, and the tree that overhangs ever eludes thee. Thou, Sisyphus, dost either push or chase the rock that must always be rolling down the hill again. There whirls Ixion on his wheel, both following himself and fleeing, all in one; and the Belides, for daring to work destruction on their cousin-husbands, with unremitting toil seek again and again the waters, only to lose them.

On all these Saturnia looks with frowning eyes, but especially on Ixion; then, turning her gaze from him to Sisyphus, she says: "Why does this of all the brothers suffer unending pains, while Athamas dwells proudly in a rich palace—Athamas, who with his wife has always scorned my godhead?" And she explains the causes of her hatred and of her journey hither, and what she wants. What she wanted was that the house of Cadmus should fall, and that the Fury-sisters should drive Athamas to madness. Commands, promises, prayers she poured out all in one, and begged the goddesses to aid her. When Juno had done, Tisiphone, just as she was, shook her tangled grey locks, tossed back the straggling snakes from her face, and said: "There is no need of long explanations; consider done all that you ask. Leave this unlovely realm and go back to the sweeter airs of your native skies." Juno went back rejoicing;
laeta redit Iuno, quam caelum intrare parantem
roratis lustravit aquis Thaumantias Iris. 480
Nec mora, Tisiphone madefactam sanguine sumit
inportuna facem, fluidoque cruore rubentem
induitur pallam, tortoque incingitur angue
egrediturque domo. Luctus comitatur euntem
et Pavor et Terror trepidoque Insania vultu. 485
limine constiterat: postes tremuisse feruntur
Aeolii pallorque fores infecit acernas 1
solque locum fugit. monstris exterrita coniunx,
territus est Athamas, tectoque exire parabant:
obstitit infelix aditumque obsedit Erinyes,
490
nexaque vipereis distendens bracchia nodis
ciaesariem excussit: motae sonuere colubrae
parsque iacent umeris, pars circum pectora lapsae
sibila dant saniemque vomunt linguisque coruscant.
inde duos mediis abrumpit crinibus angues
495
pestiferaque manu raptos inmisit, at illi
Inoosque sinus Athamanteosque pererrant
inspirantque graves animos; nec vulnera membris
ulla ferunt: mens est, quae diros sentiat ictus.
attulerat secum liquidi quoque monstra veneni, 500
oris Cerberei spumas et virus Echidnae
erroresque vagos caecaeque oblivia mentis
et scelus et lacrimae rabiemque et caedis amorem,
omnia trita simul, quae sanguine mixta recenti
coxerat aere cavo viridi versata cicuta; 505
dumque pavent illi, vergit furiale venenum
pectus in amborum praecordiaque intima movit.

1 acernas MSS.: Avernus Merkel.
and as she was entering heaven, Iris, the daughter of Thaumus, sprinkled her o’er with purifying water.

Straightway the fell Tisiphone seized a torch which had been steeped in gore, put on a robe red with dripping blood, girt round her waist a writhing snake, and started forth. Grief went along with her, Terror and Dread and Madness, too, with quivering face. She stood upon the doomed threshold. They say the very door-posts of the house of Aeolus\(^1\) shrank away from her; the polished oaken doors grew dim and the sun hid his face. Ino was mad with terror at the monstrous sight, and her husband, Athamas, was filled with fear. They made to leave their palace, but the baleful Fury stood in their way and blocked their exit. And stretching her arms, wreathed with vipers, she shook out her locks: disturbed, the serpents hissed horribly. A part lay on her shoulders, part twined round her breast, hissing, vomiting venomous gore, and darting out their tongues. Then she tears away two serpents from the midst of her tresses, and with deadly aim hurls them at her victims. The snakes go gliding over the breasts of Ino and of Athamas and breathe upon them their pestilential breath. No wounds their bodies suffer; ’tis their minds that feel the deadly stroke. The Fury, not content with this, had brought horrid poisons too—froth of Cerberus’ jaws, the venom of the Hydra, strange hallucinations and utter forgetfulness, crime and tears, mad love of slaughter, all mixed together with fresh blood and green hemlock juice, and brewed in a brazen cauldron. And while they stood quaking there, over the breasts of both she poured this maddening poison brew, and made it sink to their being’s core.

\(^1\) The father of Athamas.
tum face iactata per eundem saepius orbem consequitur motis velociter ignibus ignes.
sic victrix iussique potens ad inania magni
regna redit Ditis sumptumque recingitur anguem.

Protinus Aeolides media furibundus in aula clamat "io, comites, his retia tendite silvis!
hic modo cum gemina visa est mihi prole leaena"
utque ferae sequitur vestigia coniugis amens
deque sinu matris ridentem et parva Learchum bracchia tendentem rapit et bis terque per auras more rotat fundae rigidoque infantia saxo
discutit ora ferox; tum denique concita mater,
seu dolor hoc fecit seu sparsi causa veneni,
exululat passisque fugit male sana capillis
teque ferens parvum nudis, Melicerta, lacertis "euhoe Bacche" sonat: Bacchi sub nomine Iuno risit et "hos usus praestet tibi" dixit "alumnus!" inminet aequoribus scopulus: pars ima cavatur
fluctibus et tectas defendit ab imbribus undas,
summa riget frontemque in apertum porrigit aequor;
occupat hunc (vires insania fecerat) Ino
seques super pontum nullo tardata timore
mittit onusque suum; percussa recanduit unda.

At Venus, inmeritae neptis miserata labores,
sic patruo blandita suo est "o numen aquarum,
proxima cui caelo cessit, Neptune, potestas,
Then, catching up her torch, she whirled it rapidly round and round and kindled fire by the swiftly moving fire. So, her task accomplished and her victory won, she retraced her way to the unsubstantial realm of mighty Dis, and there laid off the serpents she had worn.

Straightway cried Athamas, the son of Aeolus, madly raving in his palace halls: “Ho! my comrades, spread the nets here in these woods! I saw here but now a lioness with her two cubs”; and madly pursued his wife’s tracks as if she were a beast of prey. His son, Learchus, laughing and stretching out his little hands in glee, he snatched from the mother’s arms, and whirling him round and round through the air like a sling, he madly dashed the baby’s head against a rough rock. Then the mother, stung to madness too, either by grief or by the sprinkled poison’s force, howled wildly, and, quite bereft of sense, with hair streaming, she fled away, bearing thee, little Melicerta, in her naked arms, and shouting “Ho! Bacchus!” as she fled. At the name of Bacchus, Juno laughed in scorn and said: “So may your foster-son ever bless you!” A cliff o’erhung the sea, the lower part of which had been hollowed out by the beating waves, and sheltered the waters underneath from the rain. Its top stood high and sharp and stretched far out in front over the deep. To this spot—for madness had made her strong—Ino climbed, and held by no natural fears, she leaped with her child far out above the sea. The water where she fell was churned white with foam.

But Venus, pitying the undeserved sufferings of her granddaughter, thus addressed her uncle with coaxing words: “O Neptune, god of waters, whose
magna quidem posco, sed tu miserere meorum,
iactari quos cernis in Ionio inmenso,
et dis ade tuis. aliqua et mihi gratia ponto est,
si tamen in dio quondam concreta profundo
spuma fui Graiumque manet mihi nomen ab illa."
adnuit oranti Neptunus et abstulit illis,
quod mortale fuit, maiestatemque verendam
inposuit nomenque simul faciemque novavit
Leucothoeque deum cum matre Palaemon dixit.

Sidoniae comites, quantum valuere secutae
signa pedum, primo videre novissima saxo;
nec dubium de morte ratae Cadmeida palmis
deplanxere domum scissae cum veste capillos,
utque parum iustae nimiumque in paelice saevae
invidiam fecere deae. convicia Iuno
non tulit et "faciam vos ipsas maxima" dixit
"saevitiae monimenta meae"; res dicta secuta est.

nam quae praecipue fuerat pia, "persequar" inquit
"in freta reginam" saltumque datura moveri
haud usquam potuit scopuloque adfixa cohaesit;
altera, dum solito temptat plangore ferire
pectora, temptatos sensit riguisse lacertos;
illa, manus ut forte tetenderat in maris undas;
saxea facta manus in easdem porrigit undas;
huius, ut arreptum laniabat vertice crinem,
duratos subito digitos in crine videres:
power is second to heaven alone, I ask great things, I know; but do thou pity these my friends, whom thou seest plunged in the broad Ionian sea, and receive them among thy sea-deities. Some favour is due to me from the sea, if in its sacred depths my being sprang once from foam, and in the Greek tongue I have a name from this.” Neptune consented to her prayer and, taking from Ino and her son all that was mortal, gave them a being to be revered, changing both name and form; for he called the new god Palaemon, and his goddess-mother, Leucothoë.

The Theban women who had been Ino’s companions followed on her track as best they could, and saw her last act from the edge of the rock. Nothing doubting that she had been killed, in mourning for the house of Cadmus they beat their breasts with their hands, tore their hair, and rent their garments; and they upbraided Juno, saying that she was unjust and too cruel to the woman who had wronged her. Juno could not brook their reproaches and said: “I will make yourselves the greatest monument of my cruelty.” No sooner said than done. For she who had been most devoted to the queen cried: “I shall follow my queen into the sea”; and was just about to take the leap when she was unable to move at all, and stood fixed fast to the rock. A second, while she was preparing again to smite her breasts as she had been doing, felt her lifted arms grow stiff. Another had by chance stretched out her hands towards the waters of the sea, but now ’twas a figure of stone that stretched out hands to those same waters. Still another, plucking at her hair to tear it out, you might see with sudden stiffened fingers still in act to
quo quaeque in gestu deprensa est, haesit in illo. 560
pars volucres factae, quae nunc quoque gurgite in
illo
aequora destringunt summis Ismenides alis.
Nescit Agenorides natam parvumque nepotem
aequoris esse deos; luctu serieque malorum
victus et ostentis, quae plurima viderat, exit 565
conditor urbe sua, tamquam fortuna locorum,
non sua se premeret, longisque erratibus actus
contigit Illyricos profuga cum coniuge fines.
iamque malis annisque graves dum prima retractant
fata domus releguntque suos sermone labores,
" num sacer ille mea traiectus cuspide serpens "
Cadmus ait " fuerat, tum cum Sidone profectus
vipereos sparsi per humum, nova semina, dentes?
quem si cura deum tam certa vindicat ira,
ipse precor serpens in longam porrigar alvum." 575
dixit, et ut serpens in longam tenditur alvum
durataeque cuti squamas increscere sentit
nigraque caeruleis variari corpora guttis
in pectusque cadit pronus, commissaque in unum
paullatim tereti tenuantur acumine crura. 580
brachia iam restant: quae restant brachia tendit
et lacrimis per adhuc humana fluentibus ora
" accede, o coniunx, accede, miserrima " dixit,
" dumque aliquid superest de me, me tange
manumque
accipe, dum manus est, dum non totum occupat
anguis." 585
Each turned to stone and kept the pose in which she was overtaken. Still others were changed to birds, and they also, once Theban women, now on light wings skim the water over that pool.

Cadmus was all unaware that his daughter and little grandson had been changed to deities of the sea. Overcome with grief at the misfortunes which had been heaped upon him, and awed by the many portents he had seen, he fled from the city which he had founded, as if the fortune of the place and not his own evil fate were overwhelming him. Driven on through long wanderings, at last his flight brought him with his wife to the borders of Illyria. Here, overborne by the weight of woe and age, they reviewed the early misfortunes of their house and their own troubles. Cadmus said: “Was that a sacred serpent which my spear transfixed long ago when, fresh come from Sidon, I scattered his teeth on the earth, seed of a strange crop of men? If it be this the gods have been avenging with such unerring wrath, I pray that I, too, may be a serpent, and stretch myself in long snaky form——” Even as he spoke he was stretched out in long snaky form; he felt his skin hardening and scales growing on it, while iridescent spots besprinkled his darkening body. He fell prone upon his belly, and his legs were gradually moulded together into one and drawn out into a slender, pointed tail. His arms yet remained; while they remained, he stretched them out, and with tears flowing down his still human cheeks he cried: “Come near, oh, come, my most wretched wife, and while still there is something left of me, touch me, take my hand, while I have a hand, while still the serpent does not usurp me quite.” He wanted to
ille quidem vult plura loqui, sed lingua repente
in partes est fissa duas, nec verba volenti
sufficiunt, quotiensque aliquos parat edere questus,
sibilat: hanc illi vocem natura reliquit.
nuda manu feriens exclamat pectora coniunx:

" Cadme, mane teque, infelix, his exue monstris!
Cadme, quid hoc? ubi pes, ubi sunt umerieque

manusque
et color et facies et, dum loquor, omnia? cur non
me quoque, caelestes, in eandem vertitis anguem? "
dixerat, ille suae lambebat coniugis ora

inque sinus caros, veluti cognosceret, ibat
et dabat amplexus adsuetaque colla petebat.
quisquis adest (aderant comites), terrentur; at illa
lubrica permulcet cristati colla draconis,
et subito duo sunt iunctoque volumine serpunt,
donec in adpositi nemoris subiere latebras,
nunc quoque nec fugiunt hominem nec vulnere

laedunt
quidque prius fuerint, placidi meminere dracones.

Sed tamen ambobus versae solacia formae
magna nepos dederat, quem debellata colebat
India, quem positis celebrabat Achaïa templis;
solus Abantiades ab origine cretus eadem
Acrisius superest, qui moenibus arceat urbis
Argolicæ contraque deum ferat arma genusque
non putet esse deum: neque enim Iovis esse putabat
Persea, quem pluvio Danae conceperat auro.
mox tamen Acrisium (tanta est praesentia veri)
tam violasse deum quam non agnosse nepotem
say much more, but his tongue was of a sudden cleft in two; words failed him, and whenever he tried to utter some sad complaint, it was a hiss; this was the only voice which Nature left him. Then his wife, smiting her naked breasts with her hands, cried out: "O Cadmus, stay, unhappy man, and put off this monstrous form! Cadmus, what does this mean? Where are your feet? Where are your shoulders and your hands, your colour, face, and, while I speak, your—everything? Why, O ye gods of heaven, do you not change me also into the same serpent form?"

She spoke; he licked his wife's face and glided into her dear breasts as if familiar there, embraced her, and sought his wonted place about her neck. All who were there—for they had comrades with them—were filled with horror. But she only stroked the sleek neck of the crested dragon, and suddenly there were two serpents there with intertwining folds, which after a little while crawled off and hid in the neighbouring woods. Now also, as of yore, they neither fear mankind nor wound them, mild creatures, remembering what once they were.

But both in their altered form found great comfort in their grandson, whom conquered India now worshipped, whose temples Greece had filled with adoring throngs. There was one only, Acrisius, the son of Abas, sprung from the same stock, who forbade the entrance of Bacchus within the walls of his city, Argos, who violently opposed the god, and did not admit that he was the son of Jove. Nor did he admit that Perseus was son of Jove, whom Danaë had conceived of a golden shower. And yet, such is the power of truth, Acrisius in the end was sorry that he had repulsed the god and had not acknowledged his grandson. The one had now been received to a
paenitet: inpositus iam caelo est alter, at alter
viperei referens spolium memorabile monstri
aera carpebat tenerum stridentibus alis,
cumque super Libycas victor penderet harenas,
Gorgonei capitis guttae cecidere cruentae;
quas humus exceptas varios animavit in angues,
unde frequens illa est infestaque terra colubris.

Inde per inmensum ventis discordibus actus
nunc huc, nunc illuc exemplo nubis aquosae
fertur et ex alto seductas aethere longe
despectat terras totumque supervolat orbem.
ter gelidas arctos, ter cancri bracchia vidit,
saepe sub occasus, saepe est abatus in ortus,
iamque cadente die, veritus se credere nocti,
constitit Hesperio, regnis Atlantis, in orbe
exiguamque petit requiem, dum Lucifer ignes
evocet Aurorae, currus Aurora diurnos.

hic hominum cunctos ingenti corpore praestans
Iapetionides Atlas fuit: ultima tellus
rege sub hoc et pontus erat, qui Solis anhelis
eaquora subdit equis et fessos excipit axes.
mille greges illi totidemque armenta per herbas
errabant, et humum vicinia nulla premebat;
arboae frondes auro radiante nitentes
ex auro ramos, ex auro poma tegebant.
“hospes” ait Perseus illi, “seu gloria tangit
te generis magni, generis mihi Iuppiter auctor; sive es mirator rerum, mirabere nostras;
hospitium requiemque peto.” memor ille vetustae
sortis erat; Themis hanc dederat Parnasia sortem:
place in heaven; but the other, bearing the wonderful spoil of the snake-haired monster, was taking his way through the thin air on whirring wings. As he was flying over the sandy wastes of Libya, bloody drops from the Gorgon's head fell down; and the earth received them as they fell and changed them into snakes of various kinds. And for this cause the land of Libya is full of deadly serpents.

From there he was driven through the vast stretches of air by warring winds and borne, now hither, now thither, like a cloud of mist. He looked down from his great height upon the lands lying below and flew over the whole world. Thrice did he see the cold Bears, and thrice the Crab's spreading claws; time and again to the west, and as often back to the east was he carried. And now, as daylight was fading, fearing to trust himself to flight by night, he alighted on the borders of the West, in the realm of Atlas. Here he sought a little rest until the morning star should wake the fires of dawn and the dawn lead out the fiery car of day. Here, far surpassing all men in huge bulk of body, was Atlas, of the stock of Iapetus. He ruled this edge of the world and the sea which spread its waters to receive the Sun's panting horses and his weary car. A thousand flocks he had, and as many herds, wandering at will over the grassy plains; and no other realm was near to hem in his land. A tree he had whose leaves were of gleaming gold, concealing golden branches and golden fruits. "Good sir," said Perseus, addressing him, "if glory of high birth means anything to you, Jove is my father; or if you admire great deeds, you surely will admire mine. I crave your hospitality and a chance to rest." But Atlas bethought him of an old oracle, which Themis of Parnasus had given:
tempus, Atla, veniet, tua quo spoliabitur auro arbor, et hunc praedae titulum Iove natus habebit.”
id metuens solidis pomaria claustratur Atlas moenibus et vasto dederat servanda draconi
arcebatque suis externos finibus omnes.
huic quoque “vade procul, ne longe gloria rerum,
quam mentiris” ait, “longe tibi Iuppiter absit!”
vimque minis addit manibusque expellere temptat
cunctantem et placidis miscentem fortia dictis.
viribus inferior (quis enim par esset Atlantis
viribus?) “at, quoniam parvi tibi gratia nostra est,
accipe munus!” ait laevaque a parte Medusae
ipse retro versus squalentia protulit ora.
quantus erat, mons factus Atlas: nam barba comaque
in silvas abeunt, iuga sunt umerique manusque,
quod caput ante fuit, summo est in monte cacumen,
ossa lapis fiunt; tum partes altus in omnes
crevit in inmensum (sic di statuistis), et omne
cum tot sideribus caelum requievit in illo.

Clauserat Hippotades aeterno carcere ventos,
admonitorque operum caelo clarissimus alto
Lucifer ortus erat: pennis ligat ille resumptis
parte ab utraque pedes teloque accingitur unco
et liquidum motis talaribus aera findit.
gentibus innumeris circumque infraque relictis
Aethiopum populos Cepheaque conspicit arva.
illic inmeritam maternae pendere linguae
Andromedan poenas iniustus iusserat Ammon;
"Atlas, the time will come when your tree will be spoiled of its gold, and he who gets the glory of this spoil will be Jove's son." Fearing this, Atlas had enclosed his orchard with massive walls and had put a huge dragon there to watch it; and he kept off all strangers from his boundaries. And now to Perseus, too, he said: "Hence afar, lest the glory of your deeds, which you falsely brag of, and lest this Jupiter of yours be far from aiding you." He added force to threats, and was trying to thrust out the other, who held back and manfully resisted while he urged his case with soothing speech. At length, finding himself unequal in strength—for who would be a match in strength for Atlas?—he said: "Well, since so small a favour you will not grant to me, let me give you a boon"; and, himself turning his back, he held out from his left hand the ghastly Medusa-head. Straightway Atlas became a mountain huge as the giant had been; his beard and hair were changed to trees, his shoulders and arms to spreading ridges; what had been his head was now the mountain's top, and his bones were changed to stones. Then he grew to monstrous size in all his parts—for so, O gods, ye had willed it—and the whole heaven with all its stars rested upon his head.

Now Aeolus, the son of Hippotas, had shut the winds in their everlasting prison, and the bright morning star that wakes men to their toil had risen in the heavens. Then Perseus bound on both his feet the wings he had laid by, girt on his hooked sword, and soon in swift flight was cleaving the thin air. Having left behind countless peoples all around him and below, he spied at last the Ethiopians and Cepheus' realm. There unrighteous Ammon had bidden Andromeda, though innocent, to
quam simul ad duras religatam bracchia cautes vidit Abantiades, nisi quod levis aura capillos moverat et tepido manabant lumina fletu, marmoreum ratus esset opus; trahit inscius ignes 675 et stupit eximiae correptus imagine formae paene suas quater est oblitus in aere pennas. ut stetit, “o” dixit “non istis digna catenis, sed quibus inter se cupidit iunguntur amantes, pande requirenti nomen terraeque tuumque, et cur vinacla geras.” primo silet illa nec audet adpellare virum virgo, manibusque modestos celasset vultus, si non religata fuisset; lumina, quod potuit, lacrimis inplevit obortis. saepius instanti, sua ne delicta fateri 680 nolle videretur, nomen terraeque suumque, quantaque maternae fuerit fiducia formae, indicat, et nondum memoratis omnibus unda insonuit, veniensque inmenso belua ponto inminet et latum sub pectore possidet aequor. 690 conclamat virgo: genitor lugubris et una mater adest, ambo miser, sed iustius illa, nec secum auxilium, sed dignos tempore fletus plangoremque ferunt vinctoque in corpore adhaerent, cum sic hospes ait “lacrimarum longa manere 695 tempora vos poterunt, ad opem brevis hora ferendam est.
hanc ego si peterem Perseus Iove natus et illa, quam clausam inplevit fecundo Iuppiter auro, Gorgonis anguicomae Perseus superator et alis aerias ausus iactatis ire per auras,
pay the penalty of her mother's words. As soon as Perseus saw her there bound by the arms to a rough cliff—save that her hair gently stirred in the breeze, and the warm tears were trickling down her cheeks, he would have thought her a marble statue—he took fire unwitting, and stood dumb. Smitten by the sight of her exquisite beauty, he almost forgot to move his wings in the air. Then, when he alighted near the maiden, he said: "Oh! those are not the chains you deserve to wear, but rather those that link fond lovers together! Tell me, for I would know, your country's name and yours, and why you are chained here." She was silent at first, for, being a maid, she did not dare address a man; she would have hidden her face modestly with her hands but that her hands were bound. Her eyes were free, and these filled with rising tears. As he continued to urge her, she, lest she should seem to be trying to conceal some fault of her own, told him her name and her country, and what sinful boasting her mother had made of her own beauty. While she was yet speaking, there came a loud sound from the sea, and there, advancing over the broad expanse, a monstrous creature loomed up, breasting the wide waves. The maiden shrieked. The grieving father and the mother are at hand, both wretched, but she more justly so. They have no help to give, but only wailings and loud beatings of the breast, befitting the occasion, and they hang to the girl's chained form. Then speaks the stranger: "There will be long time for weeping by and by; but time for helping is very short. If I sought this maid as Perseus, son of Jove and that imprisoned one whom Jove filled with his life-giving shower; if as Perseus, victor over Gorgon of the snaky locks, and as he who has dared to ride the
praeferrer cunctis certe gener; addere tantis dotibus et meritum, faveant modo numina, tempto: ut mea sit servata mea virtute, paciscor.”

accipiunt legem (quis enim dubitaret?) et orant promittuntque super regnum dotale parentes. 705

Ecce, velut navis praefixo concita rostro sulcat aquas iuvenum sudantibus acta lacertis, sic fera dimotis impulsu pectoris undis; tantum aberat scopulis, quantum Balearica torto funda potest plumo mediī transmitttere caeli, cum subito iuvenis pedibus tellure repulsa arduus in nubes abiit: ut in aequore summo umbra viri visa est, visa fera saevit in umbra, utque Iovis praepes, vacuo cum vidit in arvo praebentem Phoebo liventia terga draconem, 710

occupat aversum, neu saeva retorqueat ora, squamigeris avidos figit cervicibus ungues, sic celeri missus praeceps per inane volatu terga ferae pressit dextroque frementis in armo Inachides ferrum curvo tenus abdidit hamo. 720

vulnere laesa gravi modo se sublimis in auras attollit, modo subdit aquis, modo more ferocis versat apri, quem turba canum circumsona terret. ille avidos morsus velocibus effugit alis quaque patet, nunc terga cavis super obsita conchis, nunc laterum costas, nunc qua tenuissima cauda 726 desinit in piscem, falcato verberat ense;
winds of heaven on fluttering wings, surely I should be preferred to all suitors as your son-in-law. But now I shall try to add to these great gifts the gift of service, too, if only the gods will favour me. That she be mine if saved by my valour is my bargain.” The parents accept the condition—for who would refuse? —and beg him to save her, promising him a kingdom as dowry in addition.

But see! as a swift ship with its sharp beak plows the waves, driven by stout rowers’ sweating arms, so does the monster come, rolling back the water from either side as his breast surges through. And now he was as far from the cliff as is the space through which a Balearic sling can send its whizzing bullet; when suddenly the youth, springing up from the earth, mounted high into the clouds. When the monster saw the hero’s shadow on the surface of the sea, he savagely attacked the shadow. And as the bird of Jove, when it has seen in an open field a serpent sunning its mottled body, swoops down upon him from behind; and, lest the serpent twist back his deadly fangs, the bird buries deep his sharp claws in the creature’s scaly neck; so did Perseus, plunging headlong in a swift swoop through the empty air, attack the roaring monster from above, and in his right shoulder buried his sword clear down to the curved hook. Smarting under the deep wound, the creature now reared himself high in air, now plunged beneath the waves, now turned like a fierce wild-boar when around him a noisy pack of hounds give tongue. Perseus eludes the greedy fangs by help of his swift wings; and where the vulnerable points lie open to attack, he smites with his hooked sword, now at the back, thick-set with barnacles, now on the sides, now where the tail is most slender and changes into
OVID

belua puniceo mixtos cum sanguine fluctus
ore vomit: maduere graves adspergine pennae.
ne bibulis ultra Perseus talaribus ausus
credere conspexit scopulum, qui vertice summo
stantibus exstat aquis, operitur ab aequore moto.
nixus eo rupisque tenens iuga prima sinistra
ter quater exegit repetita per ilia ferrum.
litora cum plausu clamor superasque deorum
inplevere domos: gaudent generumque salutant
auxiliumque domus servatoremque fatentur
Cassiope Cepheusque pater; resoluta catenis
incedit virgo, pretiumque et causa laboris.
ipse manus hausta victrices abluit unda,
anguiferumque caput dura ne laedat harena,
mollit humum foliis natisque sub aequore virgas
sternit et inponit Phorcynidos ora Medusae.
virga recens bibulaque etiamnum viva medulla
vim rapuit monstri tactuque induruit huius
percepitque novum ramis et fronde rigorem.
at pelagi nymphae factum mirabile temptant
pluribus in virgis et idem contingere gaudent
seminaque ex illis iterant iactata per undas:
nunc quoque curaliis eadem natura remansit,
duritiam tacto capiunt ut ab aere quodque
vimen in aequore erat, fiat super aequora saxum.

Dis tribus ille focos totidem de caespite ponit,
laevum Mercurio, dextrum tibi, bellica virgo,
ara Iovis media est; mactatur vacca Minervae,
alipedi vitulus, taurus tibi, summe deorum,
the form of fish. The beast belches forth waters mixed with purple blood. Meanwhile Perseus' wings are growing heavy, soaked with spray, and he dares not depend further on his drenched pinions. He spies a rock whose top projects above the surface when the waves are still, but which is hidden by the roughened sea. Resting on this and holding an edge of the rock with his left hand, thrice and again he plunges his sword into the vitals of the monster. At this the shores and the high seats of the gods re-echo with wild shouts of applause. Cassiope and Cepheus rejoice and salute the hero as son-in-law, calling him prop and saviour of their house. The maiden also now comes forward, freed from chains, she, the prize as well as cause of his feat. He washes his victorious hands in water drawn for him; and, that the Gorgon's snaky head may not be bruised on the hard sand, he softens the ground with leaves, strews seaweed over these, and lays on this the head of Medusa, daughter of Phorcys. The fresh weed twigs, but now alive and porous to the core, absorb the power of the monster and hardens at its touch and take a strange stiffness in their stems and leaves. And the sea-nymphs test the wonder on more twigs and are delighted to find the same thing happening to them all; and, by scattering these twigs as seeds, propagate the wondrous thing throughout their waters. And even till this day the same nature has remained in coral so that they harden when exposed to air, and what was a pliant twig beneath the sea is turned to stone above.

Now Perseus builds to three gods three altars of turf, the left to Mercury, the right to thee, O warlike maid, and the central one to Jove. To Minerva he slays a cow, a young bullock to the winged god, and
protinus Andromedan et tanti praemia facti indotata rapit; taedas Hymenaeus Amorque praecutiant; largis satiantur odoribus ignes, sertaque dependent tectis et ubique lyraeque tibiaeque et cantus, animi felicia laetis argumenta, sonant; reseratis aurea valvis atria tota patent, pulchroque instructa paratu Cephenum proceres ineunt convivia regis.

Postquam epulis functi generosi munere Bacchi diffudere animos, cultusque genusque locorum quaerit Lyncides moresque animumque virorum; qui simul edocuit, "nunc, o fortissime," dixit "fare, precor, Perseu, quanta virtute quibusque artibus abstuleris crinita draconibus ora!" narrat Agenorides gelido sub Atlante iacentem esse locum solidae tutum munimine molis; cuius in introitu geminas habitasse sorores Phorcidas unius partitas luminis usum; id se sollerti furtim, dum traditur, astu supposita cepisse manu perque abdita longe deviaque et silvis horrentia saxa fragosis Gorgoneas tetigisse domos passimque per agros perque vias vidisse hominum simulacra ferarumque in silicem ex ipsis visa conversa Medusa. se tamen horrendae elipei, quem laeva gerebat, aere repercusso formam adspexisse Medusae, dumque gravis somnus colubrasque ipsamque tenebat, eripuisset caput collo; pennisque fugacem Pegason et fratrem matris de sanguine natos.
a bull to thee, thou greatest of the gods. Forthwith the hero claims Andromeda as the prize of his great deed, seeking no further dowry. Hymen and Love shake the marriage torch; the fires are fed full with incense rich and fragrant, garlands deck the dwellings, and everywhere lyre and flute and songs resound, blessed proofs of inward joy. The huge folding-doors swing back and reveal the great golden palace-hall with a rich banquet spread, where Cepheus' princely courtiers grace the feast.

When they have had their fill of food, and their hearts have expanded with Bacchus' generous gift, then Perseus seeks to know the manner of the region thereabouts, its peoples, customs, and the spirit of its men. The prince who answered him then said: "Now tell us, pray, O Perseus, by what wondrous valour, by what arts you won the Gorgon's snaky head." The hero, answering, told how beneath cold Atlas there was a place safe under the protection of the rocky mass. At the entrance to this place two sisters dwelt, both daughters of old Phorcys, who shared one eye between them. This eye by craft and stealth, while it was being passed from one sister to the other, Perseus stole away, and travelling far through trackless and secret ways, rough woods, and bristling rocks, he came at last to where the Gorgons lived. On all sides through the fields and along the ways he saw the forms of men and beasts changed into stone by one look at Medusa's face. But he himself had looked upon the image of that dread face reflected from the bright bronze shield his left hand bore; and while deep sleep held fast both the snakes and her who wore them, he smote her head clean from her neck, and from the blood of his mother swift-winged Pegasus and his brother sprang.
OVID

Addidit et longi non falsa pericula cursus, quae freta, quas terras sub se vidisset ab alto et quae iactatis tetigisset sidera pennis; ante exspectatum tacuit tamen. excipit unus ex numero procerum quaerens, cur sola sororum gesserit alternis inmixtos erinibus angues. hospes ait: "quoniam scitaris digna relatu, accipe quaesiti causam. clarissima forma multorumque fuit spes invidiosa procorum 795 illa, nec in tota conspectior ulla capillis pars fuit: inveni, qui se vidisse referret. hanc pelagi rector templo vitiasse Minervae dicitur: aversa est et castos aegide vultus nata Iovis textit, neve hoc inpune 800 fuisset, Gorgoneum crinem turpes mutavit in hydros. nunc quoque, ut attonitos formidine terreat hostes, pectore in adverso, quos fecit, sustinet angues."

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The hero further told of his long journeys and perils passed, all true, what seas, what lands he had beheld from his high flight, what stars he had touched on beating wings. He ceased, while they waited still to hear more. But one of the princes asked him why Medusa only of the sisters wore serpents mingled with her hair. The guest replied: "Since what you ask is a tale well worth the telling, hear then the cause. She was once most beautiful in form, and the jealous hope of many suitors. Of all her beauties, her hair was the most beautiful—for so I learned from one who said he had seen her. "Tis said that in Minerva’s temple Neptune, lord of the Ocean, ravished her. Jove’s daughter turned away and hid her chaste eyes behind her aegis. And, that the deed might be punished as was due, she changed the Gorgon’s locks to ugly snakes. And now to frighten her fear-numbed foes, she still wears upon her breast the snakes which she has made.”
LIBER V

DVMQVE ea Cepheum medio Danaeius heros agmine commemorat, fremida regalia turba atria conplentur, nec coniugialia festa qui canat est clamor, sed qui fera nuntiet arma; inque repentinios convivia versa tumultus adsimilare freto possis, quod saeva quietum ventorum rabies motis exasperat undis.

primus in his Phineus, belli temerarius auctor; fraxineam quatiens aeratae cuspidis hastam "en" ait, "en adsum praereptae coniugis ultor; nec mihi te pennaee nec falsum versus in aurum Iuppiter eripiet!" conanti mittere Cepheus "quid facis?" exclamat, "quae te, germane, furentem mens agit in facinus? meritisne haec gratia tantis redditur? haec vitam servatae dote rependis?

quam tibi non Perseus, verum si quaeris, ademit, sed grave Nereidum numen, sed corniger Ammon, sed quae visceribus veniebat belua ponti exsaturanda meis; illo tibi tempore rapta est, quo peritura fuit, nisi si, crudelis, id ipsum exigis, ut pereat, luctuque levabere nostro.

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BOOK V

While the heroic son of Danaë is relating these adventures amongst the Ethiopian chiefs, the royal halls are filled with confused uproar: not the loud sound that sings a song of marriage, but one that presages the fierce strife of arms. And the feast, turned suddenly to tumult, you could liken to the sea, whose peaceful waters the raging winds lash to boisterous waves. First among them is Phineus, brother of the king; rash instigator of strife, who brandishes an ashen spear with bronze point. "Behold," says he, "here am I, come to avenge the theft of my bride. Your wings shall not save you this time, nor Jove, changed to seeming gold."

As he was in the act of hurling his spear, Cepheus cried out: "What are you doing, brother? What mad folly is driving you to crime? Is this the way you thank our guest for his brave deeds? Is this the dower you give for the maiden saved? If 'tis the truth you want, it was not Perseus who took her from you, but the dread deity of the Nereids, but horned Ammon, but that sea-monster who came to glut his maw upon my own flesh and blood. 'Twas then you lost her when she was exposed to die; unless, perchance, your cruel heart demands this very thing—her death, and seeks by my grief to ease its own. It seems it is not enough that you saw her chained, and that you brought no aid, uncle though
OVID

scilicet haud satis est, quod te spectante revincenta est et nullam quod opem patruus sponsusve tulisti; insuper, a quoquam quod sit servata, dolebis praemiaque eripies? quae si tibi magna videntur, 25 ex illis scopulis, ubi erant adfixa, petisses.
nunc sine, qui petiit, per quem haec non orba senectus,
ferre, quod et meritis et voce est pactus, eumque non tibi, sed certae praelatum intellege morti.”

Ille nihil contra, sed et hunc et Persea vultu alterno spectans petat hunc ignorat an illum: cunctatusque brevi contortam viribus hastam, quantas ira dabat, nequiquam in Persea misit. ut stetit illa toro, stratis tum denique Perseus exsiluit teloque ferox inimica remisso pectora rupisset, nisi post altaria Phineus isset: et (indignum) scelerato profuit ara.
fronte tamen Rhoeti non inrita cuspis adhaesit, qui postquam cecidit ferrumque ex osse revulsum est calcitrat et positas adspergit sanguine mensas. tum vero indomitas ardescit vulgus in iras, telaque coniciunt, et sunt, qui Cephea dicunt cum genero debere mori; sed limine tecti exierat Cepheus testatus iusque fidemque hospitiique deos, ea se prohibente moveri. bellica Pallas adest et protegit aegide fratrem datque animos.

Erat Indus Athis, quem flumine Gange edita Limnaee vitreis peperisse sub undis

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you were, and promised husband: will you grieve, besides, that someone did save her, and will you rob him of his prize? If this prize seems so precious in your sight, you should have taken it from those rocks where it was chained. Now let the man who did take it, by whom I have been saved from childlessness in my old age, keep what he has gained by his deserving deeds and by my promise. And be assured of this: that he has not been preferred to you, but to certain death."

Phineus made no reply; but, looking now on him and now on Perseus, he was in doubt at which to aim his spear. Delaying a little space, he hurled it with all the strength that wrath gave at Perseus; but in vain. When the weapon struck and stood fast in the bench, then at last Perseus leapt gallantly up and hurled back the spear, which would have pierced his foeman's heart; but Phineus had already taken refuge behind the altar, and, shame! the wretch found safety there. Still was the weapon not without effect, for it struck full in Rhoetus' face. Down he fell, and when the spear had been wrenched forth from the bone he writhed about and sprinkled the well-spread table with his blood. And now the mob was fired to wrath unquenchable. They hurled their spears, and there were some who said that Cepheus ought to perish with his son-in-law. But Cepheus had already withdrawn from the palace, calling to witness Justice, Faith, and the gods of hospitality that this was done against his protest. Then came warlike Pallas, protecting her brother with her shield, and making him stout of heart.

There was an Indian youth, Athis by name, whom Limnaee, a nymph of Ganges' stream, is said to have
creditur, egregius forma, quam divite cultu augebat, bis adhuc octonis integer annis, 50
indutus chlamydem Tyriam, quam limbus obibat aureus; ornabant aurata monilia collum et madidos murra curvum crinale capillos; ille quidem iaculo quamvis distantia misso figere doctus erat, sed tendere doctior arcus. 55
tum quoque lenta manu flectentem cornua Perseus stipite, qui media positus fumabat in ara, perculit et fractis confudit in ossibus ora.

Hunc ubi laudatos iactantem in sanguine vultus Assyrius vidit Lycabus, iunctissimus illi 60
et comes et veri non dissimulator amoris, postquam exhalantem sub acerbo vulnere vitam deploravit Athin, quos ille tetenderat arcus arripit et "mecum tibi sint certamina!" dixit;
"nec longum pueri fato laetabere, quo plus invidiae quam laudis habes." haec omnia nondum dixerat: emicuit nervo penetrabile telum vitatumque tamen sinuosa veste pependit.
vertit in hunc harpen spectatam caede Medusae Acrisioniades adigitque in pectus; at ille 70
iam moriens oculis sub nocte natantibus atra circumspexit Athin seque adclinavit ad illum et tulit ad manes iunctae solacia mortis.

Ecce Syenites, genitus Metione, Phorbas et Libys Amphimedon, avidi committere pugman, 75 sanguine, quo late tellus madefacta tepebat, conciderant lapsi; surgentibus obstitit ensis, alterius costis, iugulo Phorbantis adactus.
brought forth beneath her crystal waters. He was of surpassing beauty, which his rich robes enhanced, a sturdy boy of sixteen years, clad in a purple mantle fringed with gold; a golden chain adorned his neck, and a golden circlet held his locks in place, perfumed with myrrh. He was well skilled to hurl the javelin at the most distant mark, but with more skill could bend the bow. When now he was in the very act of bending his stout bow, Perseus snatched up a brand which lay smouldering on the altar and smote the youth, crushing his face to splintered bones.

When Assyrian Lycabas beheld him, his lovely features defiled with blood—Lycabas, his closest comrade and his declared true lover—he wept aloud for Athis, who lay gasping out his life beneath that bitter wound; then he caught up the bow which Athis had bent, and cried: “Now you have me to fight, and not long shall you plume yourself on a boy’s death, which brings you more contempt than glory.” Before he had finished speaking the keen arrow fleshed from the bowstring; but it missed its mark and stuck harmless in a fold of Perseus’ robe. Acrisius’ grandson quickly turned on him that hook which had been fleshed in Medusa’s death, and drove it into his breast. But he, even in death, with his eyes swimming in the black darkness, looked round for Athis, fell down by his side, and bore to the shadows this comfort, that in death they were not divided.

Then Phorbas of Syene, Metion’s son, and Libyan Amphimedon, eager to join in the fray, slipped and fell in the blood with which all the floor was wet. As they strove to rise the sword met them, driven through the ribs of one and through the other’s throat.
At non Actoriden Erytum, cui lata bipennis
telum erat, hamato Perseus petit ense, sed altis
exstantem signis multaeque in pondere massae
ingentem manibus tollit cratera duabus
infligitque viro; rutilum vomit ille cruorem
et resupinus humum moribundo vertice pulsat.
inde Semiramio Polydaemona sanguine cre tum
Caucasiumque Abarin Sperchionidenque Lycetum
intonsumque comas Helicem Phlegyanque Cly tumque
sternit et exstructos morientum calc at acervos.

Nec Phineus ausus concurrere comminus hosti
intorquet iaculum, quod detulit error in Idan,
expertem frustra belli et neutra arma secutum.
ille tuens oculis inmitem Phinea torvis
"quandoquidem in partes" ait "abstrahor, accipe,
Phineu,
quem fecisti, hostem pensaque hoc vulnere vulnus!"
i amque remissurus tractum de corpore telum
sanguine defectos cecidit conlapsus in artus.

Tum quoque Cephen um post regem primus Hodites,
ense iacet Clymeni, Prothoenora perc ubit Hyp seus,
Hypsea Lyncides. fuit et grandae vu s in illis
Emathion, aequi cult or timidusque deorum,
quem quoniam prohibit anni bellare, loquendo
pugnat et incessit scelerataque devovet arma;
huic Chromis amplexo tremulis altaria palmis
decutit ense caput, quod protinus incidit aerae
atque i bi semianini verba exsecrantia lingua
edidit et medios animam ex spiravit in ignes.
But Eurytus, the son of Actor, who wielded a broad, two-edged battle-axe, Perseus did not attack with his hooked sword, but lifting high in both hands a huge mixing-bowl heavily embossed and ponderous, he hurled it crashing at the man. The red blood spouted forth as he lay dying on his back, beating the floor with his head. Then in rapid succession Perseus laid low Polydaemon, descended from Queen Semiramis, Caucasian Abaris, Lycetus who dwelt by Spercheos, Helices of unshorn locks, Phlegyas and Clytus, treading the while on heaps of dying men.

Phineus did not dare to come to close combat with his enemy, but hurled his javelin. This was ill-aimed and struck Idas, who all to no purpose had kept out of the fight, taking sides with neither party. He, gazing with angry eyes upon cruel Phineus, said: "Since I am forced into the strife, O Phineus, accept the foeman you have made, and score me wound for wound." And he was just about to hurl back the javelin which he had drawn out of his own body, when he fell fainting, his limbs all drained of blood.

Then also Hodites, first of the Ethiopians after the king, fell by the sword of Clymenus; Hypseus smote Prothoënor; Lyncides, Hypseus. Amid the throng was one old man, Emathion, who loved justice and revered the gods. He, since his years forbade warfare, fought with the tongue, and strode forward and cursed their impious arms. As he clung to the altar-horns with age-enfeebled hands Chromis struck off his head with his sword: the head fell straight on the altar, and there the still half-conscious tongue kept up its execrations and the life was breathed out in the midst of the altar-fires.
OVID

Hinc gemini frater Brotesaque et caestibus Ammon
invicta, vinci si possent caestibusenses,
Phinea cecidere manu Cererisque sacerdos
Ampycus albenti velatus tempora vitta,
tu quoque, Lampetide, non hos adhibendus ad usus,

sed qui, pacis opus, citharam cum voce moveres;
iussus eras celebrare dapes festumque canendo.
cui procul adstanti plectrumque inbelle tenenti
Pettalus inridens "Stygiis cane cetera" dixit
"manibus!" et laevo mucronem tempore fixit;
concidit et digitis morientibus ille retemptat
fila lyrae, casuque fuit miserabile carmen.
nec sinit hunc inpune ferox cecidisse Lycormas
raptaque de dextro robusta repagula posti
ossibus inlisit mediae cervicis, at ille
proscubuit terrae mactati more iuvenci.
demere temptabat laevi quoque robora postis
Cinypsylius Pelates; temptanti dextera fixa est
cuspide Marmaridae Corythi lignoque cohaesit;
haerenti latus hausit Abas, nec corruit ille,

sed retinente manum moriens et poste pependit.

sternitur et Melaneus, Perseia castra secutus,
et Nasamoniaci Dorylas ditissimus agri,
dives agri Dorylas, quo non possederat alter

latius aut totidem tollebat turis acervos.
huius in obliquo missum stetit inguine ferrum:
letifer ille locus quem postquam vulneris auctor
ingultantem animam et versantem lumina vidit
Bactrius Halcyoneus, "hoc, quod premis," inquit
"habeto"
de tot agris terrae!" corpusque exsangue relinquit.
torquet in hunc hastam calido de vulnere raptam

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Next fell two brothers by Phineus' hand, Broteas and Ammon, invincible with gauntlets, if gauntlets could but contend with swords; and Ampycus, Ceres' priest, his temples wreathed with white fillets. You, too, Lampetides, not intended for such a scene as this, but for a peaceful task, to ply lute and voice: you had been bidden to grace the feast and sing the festal song. To him standing apart and holding his peaceful quill, Pettalus mocking cried: "Go sing the rest of your song to the Stygian shades," and pierced the left temple with his steel. He fell, and with dying fingers again essays the strings, and as he fell there was a lamentable sound. Nor did Lycormas, maddened at the sight, suffer him to perish unavenged; but, tearing out a stout bar from the door-post on the right, he broke the murderer's neck with a crashing blow. And Pettalus fell to the earth like a slaughtered bull. Cinyphian Pelates essayed to tear away another bar from the left post, but in the act his right hand was pierced by the spear of Corythus of Marmarida, and pinned to the wood. There fastened, Abas thrust him through the side; nor did he fall, but, dying, hung down from the post to which his hand was nailed. Melaneus, too, was slain, one of Perseus' side; and Dorylas, the richest man in the land of Nasamonia—Dorylas, rich in land, than whom none held a wider domain, none heaped so many piles of spices. Into his groin a spear hurled from the side struck; that place is fatal. When Bactrian Halcyoneus, who hurled the spear, beheld him gasping out his life and rolling his eyes in death, he said: "This land alone on which you lie of all your lands shall you possess," and left the lifeless body. Against him Perseus, swift to avenge, hurled the spear snatched from the warm wound, which,
ultor Abantiades; media quae nare recepta
cervice exacta est in partesque eminet ambas;
dumque manum Fortuna iuvat, Clytiumque
Clanique,
matre satos una, diverso vulnere fudit:
nam Clytii per utrumque gravi librata lacerto
fraxinus acta femur, iaculum Clanis ore momor-
dit.
occidit et Celadon Mendesius, occidit Astreus
matre Palaestina dubio genitore creatus,
Aethionque sagax quondam Ventura videre,
tunc ave deceptus falsa, regisque Thoactes
armiger et caeso genitore infamis Agyrtes.
Plus tamen exhausto superest; namque omnibus
unum
opprimere est animus, consiurata undique pugnant
agmina pro causa meritum inpugnante fidemque;
hac pro parte socer frustra pius et nova coniunx
cum genetrice favent ululatuque atria conplent,
se sonus armorum superat gemitusque cadentum,
pollutosque sonus armorum superat renovataque proelia miscet.

Circueunt unum Phineus et mille securi
Phinea: tela volant hiberna grandine plura
praeter utrumque latus praeterque et lumen et
aures.

adplicat his umeros ad magnae saxa columnae
tutaque terga gerens adversaque in agmina versus
sustinet instantes: instabat parte sinistra
Chaonius Molpeus, dextra Nabataeus Ethemon.
tigris ut auditis diversa valle duorum
exstimulata fame mugitibus armentorum
nescit, utro potius ruat, et ruere ardet utroque,
sic dubius Perseus, dextra laevane feratur,
Molpea traiecti submovit vulnere cruris
striking the nose, was driven through the neck, and stuck out on both sides. And, while fortune favoured him, he slew also Clytius and Clanis, both born of one mother, but each with a different wound. For through both thighs of Clytius went the ashen spear, hurled by his mighty arm; the other dart Clanis crunched with his jaw. There fell also Mendesian Celadon; Astreus, too, whose mother was a Syrian, and his father unknown; Aethion, once wise to see what is to come, but now tricked by a false omen; Thoactes, armour-bearer of the king; Agyrtes, infamous for that he had slain his sire.

Yet more remains, faint with toil though he is; for all are bent on crushing him alone. On all sides the banded lines assail him, in a cause that repudiated merit and plighted word. On his side his father-in-law with useless loyalty and his bride and her mother range themselves, and fill all the hall with their shrieks. But their cries are drowned in the clash of arms and the groans of dying men; while Bellona drenches and pollutes with blood the sacred home, and ever renewes the strife.

Now he stands alone where Phineus and a thousand followers close round him. Thicker than winter hail fly the spears, past right side and left, past eyes and ears. He stands with his back against a great stone column and, so protected in the rear, faces the opposing crowds and their impetuous attack. The attack is made on the left by Chaonian Molpeus, and by Arabian Ethemon on the right. Just as a tigress, pricked by hunger, that hears the bellowing of two herds in two several valleys, knows not which to rush upon, but burns to rush on both; so Perseus hesitates whether to smite on right or left; he stops Molpeus with a wound through the leg and was
OVID

contentusque fuga est; neque enim dat tempus

Ethemon,
sed furit et cupiens alto dare vulnera collo non circumspectis exactum viribus ensem
fregit, in extrema percussae parte columnae:
lamina dissiluit dominique in gutture fixa est.
non tamen ad letum causas satis illa valentes
plaga dedit; trepidum Perseus et inermia frustra
bracchia tendentem Cyllenide confodit harpe.

Verum ubi virtutem turbae succumbere vidit,
" auxilium " Perseus, " quoniam sic cogitis ipsi,"
dixit " ab hoste petam : vultus avertite vestros,
si quis amicus adest!" et Gorgonis extulit ora. " quaere alium, tua quem moveant miracula " dixit
Thescelus; utque manu iaculum fatale parabat
mittere, in hoc haesit signum de marmore gestu.
proximus huic Ampyx animi plenissima magni
pectora Lyncidae gladio petit: inque petendo
dextera diriguit nec citra mota nec ultra est.
at Nileus, qui se genitum septemplice Nilo
cementitus erat, clipeo quoque flumina septem
argentum partim, partim caelaverat auro,
" adspice " ait " Perseu, nostrae primordia gentis: magna feres tacitas solacia mortis ad umbras,
a tanto cecidisse viro "; pars ultima vocis
in medio suppressa sono est, adapertaque velle
ora loqui credas, nec sunt ea pervia verbis.
increpat hos " vitio " que " animi, non viribus "
inquit

" Gorgoneis torpetis " Eryx. " incurrite mecum

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content to let him go; but Ethemon gives him no time, and comes rushing on, eager to wound him in the neck, and drives his sword with mighty power but careless aim, and breaks it on the edge of the great stone column: the blade flies off and sticks in its owner’s throat. The stroke indeed is not deep enough for death; but as he stands there trembling and stretching out his empty hands (but all in vain), Perseus thrusts him through with Mercury’s hooked sword.

But when Perseus saw his own strength was no match for the superior numbers of his foes, he exclaimed: “Since you yourselves force me to it, I shall seek aid from my own enemy. Turn away your faces, if any friend be here.” So saying, he raised on high the Gorgon’s head. “Seek someone else to frighten with your magic arts,” cried Thescelus, and raised his deadly javelin in act to throw; but in that very act he stood immovable, a marble statue. Next after him Ampyx thrust his sword full at the heart of the great-souled Perseus; but in that thrust his right hand stiffened and moved neither this way nor that. But Nileus, who falsely claimed that he was sprung from the sevenfold Nile, and who had on his shield engraved the image of the stream’s seven mouths, part silver and part gold, cried: “See, O Perseus, the source whence I have sprung. Surely a great consolation for your death will you carry to the silent shades, that you have fallen by so great a man”—his last words were cut off in mid-speech; you would suppose that his open lips still strove to speak, but they no longer gave passage to his words. These two Eryx rebuked, saying: “Tis from defect of courage, not from any power of the Gorgon’s head, that you stand rigid. Rush in with me and hurl to
et proternite humi invenem magica arma moven-

"tem!

incursurus erat: tenuit vestigia tellus,
inmotusque silex armataque mansit imago.

Hi tamen ex merito poenas subiere, sed unus 200
miles erat Persei: pro quo dum pugnat, Aconteus
Gorgone conspecta saxo concrevit oborto;
 quem ratus Astyages etiamnum vivere, longo
ense ferit: sonuit tinnitibus ensis acutis.
dum stupet Astyages, naturam traxit eandem, 205
marmoreoque manet vultus mirantis in ore.
nomina longa mora est media de plebe virorum
dicere: bis centum restabant corpora pugnae,
Gorgone bis centum riguerunt corpora visa.

Paenitet iniusti tum denique Phinea belli; 210
sed quid agat? simulacra videt diversa figuris
adgnoscitque suos et nomine quemque vocatum
poscit opem credensque parum sibi proxima tangit
corpora: marmor erant; avertitur atque ita supplex
connexasque manus obliqua brachia tendens 215
"vincis" ait, "Perseu! remove tua monstra tuaeque
saxificos vultus, quaecumque ea, tolle Medusae,
tolle, precor! non nos odium regnique cupidus
copulit ad bellum, pro coniuge movimus armā!
causa fuit meritis melior tua, tempore nostra: 220
non cessisse piget; nihil, o fortissime, praeter
hanc animam concede mihi, tua cetera sunto!"
talia dicenti neque eum, quem voce rogabat,
respicer eudenti "quod" ait, "timidissime Phineu,
METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

the earth this fellow and his magic arms!" He had begun the rush, but the floor held his feet fast and there he stayed, a motionless rock, an image in full armour.

These, indeed, deserved the punishment they received. But there was one, Aconteus, a soldier on Perseus' side, who, while fighting for his friend, chanced to look upon the Gorgon's face and hardened into stone. Astyages, thinking him still a living man, smote upon him with his long sword. The sword gave out a sharp clanging sound; and while Astyages stood amazed, the same strange power got hold on him, and he stood there still with a look of wonder on his marble face. It would take too long to tell the names of the rank and file who perished. Two hundred men survived the fight; two hundred saw the Gorgon and turned to stone.

But now at last Phineus repents him of this unrighteous strife. But what is he to do? He sees images in various attitudes and knows the men for his own; he calls each one by name, prays for his aid, and hardly believing his eyes, he touches those who are nearest him: marble, all! He turns his face away, and so stretching out sideways supplicant hands that confess defeat, he says: "Perseus, you are my conqueror. Remove that dreadful thing; that petrifying Medusa-head of yours—whosoever she may be, oh, take it away, I beg. It was not hate of you and lust for the kingly power that drove me to this war. It was my wife I fought for. Your claim was better in merit, mine in time. I am content to yield. Grant me now nothing, O bravest of men, save this my life. All the rest be yours." As he thus spoke, not daring to look at him to whom he prayed, Perseus replied: "Most craven Phineus, dismiss your
et possum tribuisse et magnum est munus inerti,—
pone metum!—tribuam: nullo violabere ferro. 226
quin etiam mansura dabo monimenta per aevum,
inque domo soceri semper spectabere nostri,
ut mea se sponsi soletur imagine coniunx.’’
dixit et in partem Phorcynida transtulit illam, 230
ad quam se trepido Phineus obverterat ore.
tum quoque conanti sua vertere lumina cervix
diriguit, saxoque oculorum induruit umor,
sed tamen os timidum vultusque in marmore supplex
submissaeque manus faciesque obnoxia mansit. 235
Victor Abantiades patrios cum coniuge muros
intrat et inmeriti vindex ultorque parentis
adgreditur Proetum; nam fratre per arma fugato
Acrisioneas Proetus possederat arces.
sed nec ope armorum nec, quam male ceperat, arce
torva colubriferi superavit lumina monstri. 241
Te tamen, o parvae rector, Polydecta, Seriphi,
nec iuvenis virtus per tot spectata labores
nec mala mollierant, sed inexorabile durus
exerces odium, nec iniqua finis in ira est; 245
detrectas etiam laudem fictamque Medusae
arguis esse necem. ‘‘ dabimus tibi pignora veri.
parcite luminibus!’’ Perseus ait oraque regis
ore Medusaeo silicem sine sanguine fecit.
Hactenus aurigenae comitem Tritonia fratri 250
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fears; what I can give (and 'tis a great boon for your coward soul), I will grant: you shall not suffer by the sword. Nay, but I will make of you a monument that shall endure for ages; and in the house of my father-in-law you shall always stand on view, that so my wife may find solace in the statue of her promised lord." So saying, he bore the Gorgon-head where Phineus had turned his fear-struck face. Then, even as he strove to avert his eyes, his neck grew hard and the very tears upon his cheeks were changed to stone. And now in marble was fixed the cowardly face, the suppliant look, the pleading hands, the whole cringing attitude.

Victorious Perseus, together with his bride, now returns to his ancestral city; and there, to avenge his grandsire, who little deserved this championship, he wars on Proetus. For Proetus had driven his brother out by force of arms, and seized the stronghold of Acrisius. But neither by the force of arms, nor by the stronghold he had basely seized, could he resist the baleful gaze of that dread snake-wreathed monster.

But you, O Polydectes, ruler of Little Seriphus, were not softened by the young man's valour, tried in so many feats, nor by his troubles; but you were hard and unrelenting in hate, and your unjust anger knew no end. You even refused him his honour, and declared that the death of Medusa was all a lie. "We will give you proof of that," then Perseus said; "protect your eyes!" (this to his friends). And with the Medusa-face he changed the features of the king to bloodless stone.

During all this time Tritonia\(^1\) had been the comrade of her brother born of the golden shower.

\(^1\) Athena.
OVID

se dedit; inde cava circumdata nube Seriphon deserit, a dextra Cythno Gyaroque relictis, quaque super pontum via visa brevissima, Thebas virgineumque Helicona petit. quo monte potita constitit et doctas sic est adfata sorores: "fama novi fontis nostras pervenit ad aures, dura Medusaei quem praepetis ungula rupit. is mihi causa viae; volui mirabile factum cernere; vidi ipsum materno sanguine nasci." excipit Uranie: "quaecumque est causa videndi has tibi, diva, domos, animo gratissima nostro es. vera tamen fama est: est Pegasus huius origo fontis" et ad latices deduxit Pallada sacros. quae mirata diu factas pedis ictibus undas silvarum lucos circumspicit antiquarum antraque et innumeris distinctas floribus herbas felicesque vocat pariter studioque locoque Mnemonidas; quam sic adfata est una sororum: "o, nisi te virtus opera ad maiora tulisset, in partem ventura chori Tritonia nostri, vera refers meritoque probas artesque locumque, et gratam sortem, tutaee modo simus, habemus. sed (vetitum est adeo sceleri nihil) omnia terrent virgineas mentes, dirusque ante ora Pyreneus vertitur, et nondum tota me mente recepi. Daulida Threicio Phoceaque milite rura ceperat ille ferox iniustaque regna tenebat; templam petebamus Parnasia: vidit euntes nostraeque fallaci veneratus numina vultu ‘Mnemonides’ (cognorat enim), ‘consistite’ dixit

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But now, wrapped in a hollow cloud, she left Seriphus, and, passing Cythnus and Gyarus on the right, by the shortest course over the sea she made for Thebes and Helicon, home of the Muses. On this mountain she alighted, and thus addressed the sisters versed in song: "The fame of a new spring has reached my ears, which broke out under the hard hoof of the winged horse of Medusa. This is the cause of my journey: I wished to see the marvellous thing. The horse himself I saw born from his mother's blood." Urania replied: "Whatever cause has brought thee to see our home, O goddess, thou art most welcome to our hearts. But the tale is true, and Pegasus did indeed produce our spring." And she led Pallas aside to the sacred waters. She long admired the spring made by the stroke of the horse's hoof; then looked round on the ancient woods, the grottoes, and the grass, spangled with countless flowers. She declared the daughters of Mnemosyne to be happy alike in their favourite pursuits and in their home. And thus one of the sisters answered her: "O thou, Tritonia, who wouldst so fitly join our band, had not thy merits raised thee to far greater tasks, thou sayest truth and dost justly praise our arts and our home. We have indeed a happy lot—were we but safe in it. But (such is the licence of the time) all things affright our virgin souls, and the vision of fierce Pyreneus is ever before our eyes, and I have not yet recovered from my fear. This bold king with his Thracian soldiery had captured Daulis and the Phocian fields, and ruled that realm which he had unjustly gained. It chanced that we were journeying to the temple on Parnasus. He saw us going, and feigning a reverence for our divinity, he said: 'O daughters of Mnemosyne' —for he knew us—'stay your steps and do not hesitate
OVID

‘ nec dubitate, precor, tecto grave sidus et imbrem ’ (imber erat) ‘ vitare meo; subiere minores saepe casas superi.’ dictis et tempore motae adnuimusque viro primasque intravimus aedes. desierant imbres, victoque aquilonibus austro fusca repurgato fugiebant nubila caelo: inpetus ire fuit; claudit sua tecta Pyreneus vimque parat, quam nos sumptis effugimus alis. ipse secuturo similis stetit arduus arce ‘qua’ que ‘ via est vobis, erit et mihi ’ dixit ‘ eadem ’ seque iacit vecors e summae culmine turris et cadit in vultus discussisque ossibus oris tundit humum mornies scelerato sanguine tinctam.”

Musa loquebatur: pennae sonuere per auras, voxque salutantum ramis veniebat ab altis. suspicet et linguae quaerit tam certa loquentes unde sonent hominemque putat Iove nata locutum; ales erat. numeroque novem sua fata querentes institerant ramis imitantes omnia picae. miranti sic orsa deae dea "nuper et istae auxerunt volucrum victae certamine turbam. Pieros has genuit Pellaeis dives in arvis, Paeonis Equipe mater fuit; illa potentem Lucinam noviens, noviens paritura, vocavit. intumuit numero stolidarum turba sororum perque tot Haemonias et per tot Achaidas urbes huc venit et tali committit proelia voce: ‘ desinite indoctum vana dulcedine vulgus fallere; nobiscum, si qua est fiducia vobis,

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to take shelter beneath my roof against the lowering sky and the rain— for rain was falling— 'gods have often entered a humbler home.' Moved by his words and by the storm, we yielded to the man and entered his portal. And now the rain had ceased, the south wind had been routed by the north, and the dusky clouds were in full flight from the brightening sky.

We were fain to go on our way; but Pyreneus shut his doors, and offered us violence. This we escaped by donning our wings. He, as if he would follow us, took his stand on a lofty battlement and cried to us: 'What way you take, the same will I take also'; and, quite bereft of sense, he leaped from the pinnacle of the tower. Headlong he fell, crushing his bones and dyeing the ground in death with his accursed blood.'

While the muse was still speaking, the sound of whirring wings was heard and words of greeting came from the high branches of the trees. Jove's daughter looked up and tried to see whence came the sound which was so clearly speech. She thought some human being spoke; but it was a bird. Nine birds, lamenting their fate, had alighted in the branches, magpies, which can imitate any sound they please. When Minerva wondered at the sight, the other addressed her, goddess to goddess: "Tis but lately those creatures also, conquered in a strife, have been added to the throng of birds. Pierus, lord of the rich domain of Pella, was their father, and Euippe of Paeonia was their mother. Nine times brought to the birth, nine times she called for help on mighty Lucina. Swollen with pride of numbers, this throng of senseless sisters journeyed through all the towns of Haemonia and all the towns of Achaia to us, and thus defied us to a contest in song: 'Cease to deceive the unsophisticated rabble with your pretence..."
OVID

Thespiades, certate, deae. nec voce, nec arte vincemur totidemque sumus: vel cedite victae fonte Medusaeo et Hyantea Aganippe, vel nos Emathii ad Paeonas usque nivosos cedemus campis! dirimant certamina nymphae.'

"Turpe quidem contendere erat, sed cedere visum turpius; electae iurant per flumina nymphae factaque de vivo pressere sedilia saxo. tunc sine sorte prior quae se certare professa est, bella canit superum falsoque in honore gigantas ponit et extenuat magnorum facta deorum; emissumque ima de sede Typhoea terrae caelitibus fecisse metum cunctosque dedisse terga fugae, donec fessos Aegyptia tellus ceperit et septem discretus in ostia Nilus. huc quoque terrigenam venisse Typhoea narrat et se mentitis superos celasse figuris; 'duxque gregis' dixit 'fit Iuppiter: unde recurvis nunc quoque formatus Libys est cum cornibus Ammon; Delius in corvo, proles Semeleia capro, fele soror Phoebi, nivea Saturnia vacca, pisce Venus latuit, Cyllenius ibidis alis.'

"Hactenus ad citharam vocalia moverat ora: poscimur Aonides,—sed forsitan otia non sint, nec nostris praebere vacet tibi cantibus aurés." "ne dubita vestrumque mihi refer ordine carmen!" Pallas ait nemorisque levi consedit in umbra; Musa refert: "dedimus summam certaminis uni; surgit et inmissos hedera collecta capillos Calliope querulas praetemptat pollice chordas"
of song. Come, strive with us, ye Thespian goddesses, if you dare. Neither in voice nor in skill can we be conquered, and our numbers are the same. If you are conquered, yield us Medusa's spring and Boeotian Aganippe; or we will yield to you the Emathian plains even to snow-clad Paeonia; and let the nymphs be judges of our strife.

"It was a shame to strive with them, but it seemed greater shame to yield. So the nymphs were chosen judges and took oath by their streams, and they set them down upon benches of living rock. Then without drawing lots she who had proposed the contest first began. She sang of the battle of the gods and giants, ascribing undeserved honour to the giants, and belittling the deeds of the mighty gods: how Typhoeus, sprung from the lowest depths of earth, inspired the heavenly gods with fear, and how they all turned their backs and fled, until weary, they found refuge in the land of Egypt and the seven-mouthed Nile. How even there Typhoeus, son of earth, pursued them, and the gods hid themselves in lying shapes: 'Jove thus became a ram,' said she, 'the lord of flocks, whence Libyan Ammon even to this day is represented with curving horns; Apollo hid in a crow's shape, Bacchus in a goat; the sister of Phoebus, in a cat, Juno in a snow-white cow, Venus in a fish, Mercury in an ibis bird.'

"So far had she sung, tuning voice to harp; we, the Aonian sisters, were challenged to reply—but perhaps you have not leisure, and care not to listen to our song?" "Nay, have no doubt," Pallas exclaimed, "but sing now your song in due order." And she took her seat in the pleasant shade of the forest. The muse replied: "We gave the conduct of our strife to one, Calliope; who rose and, with her flowing tresses
atque haec percussis subiungit carmina nervis: 340
' Prima Ceres unco glaebam dimovit aratro,
prima dedit fruges alimentaque mitia terris,
prima dedit leges; Cereris sunt omnia munus;
illa canenda mihi est. utinam modo dicere possim
carmina digna dea! certe dea carmine digna est. 345
"' Vasta giganteis ingesta est insula membris
Trinacris et magnis subjectum molibus urget
aetherias ausum sperare Typhoea sedes.
nititur ille quidem pugnatque resurgere saepe,
dextra sed Ausonio manus est subjecta Peloro, 350
laeva, Pachyne, tibi, Lilybaeo crura premuntur,
degravat Aetna caput, sub qua resupinus harenas
eiectat flammamque fero vomit ore Typhoeus.
saepe remoliri luctatur pondera terrae
oppidaque et magnos devovere corpore montes: 355
inde tremit tellus, et rex pavet ipse silentum,
ne pateat latoque solum retegatur hiatu
inmissusque dies trepidantes terreat umbras.
hanc metuens cladem tenebrosa sede tyrannus
exierat curruque atrorum vectus equorum 360
ambibat Siculae cautus fundamina terrae.
postquam exploratum satis est loca nulla labare
depositique metus, videt hunc Erycina vagantem
monte suo residens natumque amplexa volucrem
" arma manusque meae, mea, nate, potentia " dixit,
" illa, quibus superas omnes, cape tela, Cupido, 366
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bound in an ivy wreath, tried the plaintive chords with her thumb, and then, with sweeping chords, she sang this song: 'Ceres was the first to turn the glebe with the hooked plowshare; she first gave corn and kindly sustenance to the world; she first gave laws. All things are the gift of Ceres; she must be the subject of my song. Would that I could worthily sing of her; surely the goddess is worthy of my song.

"'The huge island of Sicily had been heaped upon the body of the giant, and with its vast weight was resting on Typhoeus, who had dared to aspire to the heights of heaven. He struggles indeed, and strives often to rise again; but his right hand is held down by Ausonian Pelorus and his left by you, Pachynus. Lilybaeum rests on his legs, and Aetna's weight is on his head. Flung on his back beneath this mountain, the fierce Typhoeus spouts forth ashes and vomits flames from his mouth. Often he puts forth all his strength to push off the weight of earth and to roll the cities and great mountains from his body: then the earth quakes, and even the king of the silent land is afraid lest the crust of the earth split open in wide seams and lest the light of day be let in and affright the trembling shades. Fearing this disaster, the king of the lower world had left his gloomy realm and, drawn in his chariot with its sable steeds, was traversing the land of Sicily, carefully examining its foundations. After he had examined all to his satisfaction, and found that no points were giving way, he put aside his fears. Then Venus Erycina saw him wandering to and fro, as she was seated on her sacred mountain, and embracing her winged son, she exclaimed: "O son, both arms and hands to me, and source of all my power, take now those shafts, Cupid, with which you conquer all, and shoot
inque dei pectus celeres molire sagittas, 
cui triplicis cessis fortuna novissima regni. 

tu superos ipsumque Iovem, tu numina ponti 

victa domas ipsumque, regit qui numina ponti: 370 

Tartara quid cessant? cur non matrisque tuumque 
imperium profers? agitur pars tertia mundi, 
et tamen in caelo, quae iam patientia nostra est, 
spernimur, ac mecum vires minuuntur Amoris. 
Pallada nonne vides iaculaticemque Dianam 375 
abscessisse mihi? Cereris quoque filia virgo, 
si patiemur, erit; nam spes adfectat easdem. 
at tu pro socio, si qua est ea gratia, regno 
iunge deam patruo.” dixit Venus; ille pharetram 
solvit et arbitrio matris de mille sagittis 380 
unam sepuit, sed qua nec acutior ulla 
 nec minus incerta est nec quae magis audiat arcus, 
oppositoque genu curvavit flexile cornum 
inque cor hamata percussit harundine Ditem. 

“‘Haud procul Hennaeis lacus est a moenibus altae, 
nomine Pergus, aquae: non illo plura Caystros 386 
carmina cycnorum labentibus audit in undis. 
silva coronat aquas cingens latus omne suisque 
frondibus ut velo Phoebos submovet ictus; 
frigora dant rami, tyrios humus umida flores: 390 
perpetuum ver est. quo dum Proserpina luco 
ludit et aut violas aut candida lilia carpit, 
dumque puellari studio calathosque sinumque 
inplet et aequales certat superare legendo, 
paene simul visa est diletctaque raptaque Diti: 395 
usque adeo est properatus amor. dea territa maesto
your swift arrows into the heart of that god to whom the final lot of the triple kingdom fell. You rule the gods, and Jove himself; you conquer and control the deities of the sea, and the very king that rules the deities of the sea. Why does Tartarus hold back? Why do you not extend your mother’s empire and your own? The third part of the world is at stake. And yet in heaven, such is our long-suffering, we are despised, and with my own, the power of love is weakening. Do you not see that Pallas and huntress Diana have revolted against me? And Ceres’ daughter, too, will remain a virgin if we suffer it; for she aspires to be like them. But do you, in behalf of our joint sovereignty, if you take any pride in that, join the goddess to her uncle in the bonds of love.” So Venus spoke. The god of love loosed his quiver at his mother’s bidding and selected from his thousand arrows one, the sharpest and the surest and the most obedient to the bow. Then he bent the pliant bow across his knee and with his barbed arrow smote Dis through the heart.

“Not far from Henna’s walls there is a deep pool of water, Pergus by name. Not CaÝster on its gliding waters hears more songs of swans than does this pool. A wood crowns the heights around its waters on every side, and with its foliage as with an awning keeps off the sun’s hot rays. The branches afford a pleasing coolness, and the well-watered ground bears bright-coloured flowers. There spring is everlasting. Within this grove Proserpina was playing, and gathering violets or white lilies. And while with girlish eagerness she was filling her basket and her bosom, and striving to surpass her mates in gathering, almost in one act did Pluto see and love and carry her away: so precipitate was his love. The terrified girl called
et matrem et comites, sed matrem saepius, ore clamat, et ut summa vestem laniarat ab ora, collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis, tantaque simplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis, haec quoque virgineum movit iactura dolorem. raptor agit currus et nomine quemque vocando exhortatur equos, quorum per colla iubasque excutit obscura tintas ferrugine habenas, perque lacus altos et olentia sulphure fertur stagna Palicorum rupta ferventia terra et qua Bacchiadae, bimari gens orta Corintho, inter inaequales posuerunt moenia portus.

"' Est medium Cyanes et Pisaeae Arethusae, quod coit angustis inclusum cornibus aequor: hic fuit, a cuius stagnum quoque nomine dictum est,

inter Sicelidas Cyane celeberrima nymphas. gurgite quae medio summa tenus exstitit alvo adgnovitque deam " nec longius ibitis! " inquit; " non potes invitae Cereris gener esse: roganda, non rapienda fuit. quodsi conponere magnis parva mihi fas est, et me dilexit Anapis; exorata tamen, nec, ut haec, exterrita nupsi." dixit et in partes diversas brachia tendens obstitit. haud ultra tenuit Saturnius iram terribilesque hortatus equos in gurgitis ima contortum valido sceptrum regale lacerto condidit; icta viam tellus in Tartara fecit et pronos currus medio craterre receptit.
plaintively on her mother and her companions, but more often upon her mother. And since she had torn her garment at its upper edge, the flowers which she had gathered fell out of her loosened tunic; and such was the innocence of her girlish years, the loss of her flowers even at such a time aroused new grief. Her captor sped his chariot and urged on his horses, calling each by name, and shaking the dark-dyed reins on their necks and manes. Through deep lakes he galloped, through the pools of the Palici, reeking with sulphur and boiling up from a crevice of the earth, and where the Bacchiadae, a race sprung from Corinth between two seas, had built a city between two harbours of unequal size.

"There is between Cyane and Pisaean Arethusa a bay of the sea, its waters confined by narrowing points of land. Here was Cyane, the most famous of the Sicilian nymphs, from whose name the pool itself was called. She stood forth from the midst of her pool as far as her waist, and recognizing the goddess cried to Dis: "No further shall you go! Thou canst not be the son-in-law of Ceres against her will. The maiden should have been wooed, not ravished. But, if it is proper for me to compare small things with great, I also have been wooed, by Anapis, and I wedded him, too, yielding to prayer, however, not to fear, like this maiden." She spoke and, stretching her arms on either side, blocked his way. No longer could the son of Saturn hold his wrath, and urging on his terrible steeds, he whirled his royal sceptre with strong right arm and smote the pool to its bottom. The smitten earth opened up a road to Tartarus and received the down-plunging chariot in her cavernous depths.
At Cyane, raptamque deam contemptaque fontis
iura sui maerens, inconsolabile vulnus
mente gerit tacita lacrimisque absumitur omnis
et, quarum fuerat magnus modo numen, in illas
extenuatur aquas: mollii membra videres,
ossa pati flexus, unges posuisse rigorem;
primaque de tota tenuissima quaeque liquescunt,
caerulei crines digitique et crura pedesque;
nam brevis in gelidas membris exilibus undas
transitus est; post haec umeri tergusque latusque
pectoraque in tenues abeunt evanida rivos;
denique pro vivo vitiatas sanguine venas
lympha subit, restatque nihil, quod prendere posses.

Interea pavidae nequiquam filia matri
omnibus est terris, omni quaesita profundo.
illam non udis veniens Aurora capillis
cessantem vidit, non Hesperus; illa duabus
flammiferas pinus manibus succendit ab Aetna
perque pruinosas tulit inrequieta tenebras;
rursus ubi alma dies hebetarat sidera, natam
solis ab occasu solis quaerebat ad ortus.
fessa labore sitim conlegerat, oraque nulli
conluerant fontes, cum tectam stramine vidit
forte casam parvasque fores pulsavit; at inde
prodit anus divamque videt lymphaque roganti
dulce dedit, tosta quod texerat ante polenta.
dum bibit illa datum, duri puer oris et audax
constitit ante deam risitque avidamque vocavit.
offensa est neque adhuc epota parte loquentem
cum liquido mixta perfudit diva polenta:
conbibit os maculas et, quae modo bracchia gessit,
crura gerit; cauda est mutatis addita membris,
inque brevem formam, ne sit vis magna nocendi,
"But Cyane, grieving for the rape of the goddess and for her fountain's rights thus set at naught, nursed an incurable wound in her silent heart, and dissolved all away in tears; and into those very waters was she melted whose great divinity she had been but now. You might see her limbs softening, her bones becoming flexible, her nails losing their hardness. And first of all melt the slenderest parts: her dark hair, her fingers, legs and feet; for it is no great change from slender limbs to cool water. Next after these, her shoulders, back and sides and breasts vanish into thin watery streams. And finally, in place of living blood, clear water flows through her weakened veins and nothing is left that you can touch.

"Meanwhile all in vain the affrighted mother seeks her daughter in every land, on every deep. Not Aurora, rising with dewy tresses, not Hesperus sees her pausing in the search. She kindles two pine torches in the fires of Aetna, and wanders without rest through the frosty shades of night; again, when the genial day had dimmed the stars, she was still seeking her daughter from the setting to the rising of the sun. Faint with toil and athirst, she had moistened her lips in no fountain, when she chanced to see a hut thatched with straw, and knocked at its lowly door. Then out came an old woman and beheld the goddess, and when she asked for water gave her a sweet drink with parched barley floating upon it. While she drank, a coarse, saucy boy stood watching her, and mocked her and called her greedy. She was offended, and threw what she had not yet drunk, with the barley grains, full in his face Straightway his face was spotted, his arms were changed to legs, and a tail was added to his transformed limbs; he shrank to tiny size, that he might have no great
contrahitur, parvaque minor mensura lacerta est. miranterém flentemque et tangere monstra parantem fugit anum latebramque petit aptumque pudori 460 nomen habet variis stellatus corpora guttis.

"'Quas dea per terras et quas erraverit undas, dicere longa mora est; quaerenti defuit orbis; Sicaniam repetit, dumque omnia lustrat eundo, venit et ad Cyanen. ea ni mutata fuisset, 465 omnia narrasset; sed et os et lingua volenti dicere non aderant, nec, quo loqueretur, habebat; signa tamen manifesta dedit notamque parenti, illo forte loco delapsam in gurgite sacro Persephones zonam summis ostendit in undis. 470 quam simul agnovit, tamquam tum denique raptam scisset, inornatos laniavit diva capillos et repetita suis percussit pectora palmis. nescit adhuc, ubi sit; terras tamen increpat omnes ingratasque vocat nec frugum munere dignas, 475 Trinaceriam ante alias, in qua vestigia damni repperit. ergo illic saeva vertentia glaebas fregit aratra manu parilique irata colonos ruricosaque boves leto dedit arvaeque iussit fallere depositum vitiataque semina fecit. 480 fertilitas terrae latum vulgata per orbem falsa iacet: primis segetes moriuntur in herbis, et modo sol nimius, nimius modo corripit imber; sideraeque ventique nocent, avidaeque volucres 270
power to harm, and became in form a lizard, though yet smaller in size. The old woman wondered and wept, and reached out to touch the marvellous thing, but he fled from her and sought a hiding-place. He has a name \(^{1}\) suited to his offence, since his body is starred with bright-coloured spots.

"'Over what lands and what seas the goddess wandered it would take long to tell. When there was no more a place to search in, she came back to Sicily, and in the course of her wanderings here she came to Cyane. If the nymph had not been changed to water, she would have told her all. But, though she wished to tell, she had neither lips nor tongue, nor aught wherewith to speak. But still she gave clear evidence, and showed on the surface of her pool what the mother knew well, Persephone's girdle, which had chanced to fall upon the sacred waters. As soon as she knew this, just as if she had then for the first time learned that her daughter had been stolen, the goddess tore her unkempt locks and smote her breast again and again with her hands. She did not know as yet where her child was; still she reproached all lands, calling them ungrateful and unworthy of the gift of corn; but Sicily above all other lands, where she had found traces of her loss. So there with angry hand she broke in pieces the plows that turn the glebe, and in her rage she gave to destruction farmers and cattle alike, and bade the plowed fields to betray their trust, and blighted the seed. The fertility of this land, famous throughout the world, lay false to its good name: the crops died in early blade, now too much heat, now too much rain destroying them. Stars and winds were baleful, and greedy birds ate up the seed as soon as it was

\(^{1}\) i.e. *stellio*, a lizard or newt.
semina iacta legunt; lolium tribulique fatigant; triticeas messes et inexpugnabile gramem.

"Tum caput Eleis Alpheias extulit undis rorantesque comas a fronte removit ad aures atque ait " o toto quaesitae virginis orbe et frugum genetrix, inmensos siste labores neve tibi fidae violenta irascere terrae. terra nihil meruit patuitque invita rapinae, nec sum pro patria supplex: hue hospita veni. Pisa mihi patria est et ab Elide ducimus ortus, Sicaniam peregrina colo, sed gratior omni haec mihi terra solo est: hos nunc Arethusa penates, hane habeo sedem. quam tu, mitissima, serva. mota loco cur sim tantique per aequoris undas advehar Ortygiam, veniet narratibus hora tempestiva meis, cum tu curaque levata et vultus melioris eris. mihi pervia tellus praebet iter, subterque imas ablata cavernas hic caput attollo desuetaque sidera cerno. ergo dum Stygio sub terris gurgite labor, visa tua est oculis illic Proserpina nostris: illa quidem tristis neque adhuc interritta vultu, sed regina tamen, sed opaci maxima mundi, sed tamen inferni pollens matrona tyranni! ") Mater ad auditas stupuit ceu saxea voces attonitaeque diu similis fuit, utque dolore pulsa gravi gravis est amentia, curribus oras exit in aetherias: ibi toto nubila vultu ante Iovem passis stetit invidiosa capillis
sown; tares and thorns and stubborn grasses choked the wheat.

"'Then did Arethusa, Alpheus' daughter, lift her head from her Elean pool and, brushing her dripping locks back from her brows, thus addressed the goddess: "O thou mother of the maiden sought through all the earth, thou mother of fruits, cease now thy boundless toils and do not be so grievously wroth with the land which has been true to thee. The land is innocent; against its will it opened to the robbery. It is not for my own country that I pray, for I came a stranger hither. Pisa is my native land, and from Elis have I sprung; I dwell in Sicily a foreigner. But I love this country more than all; this is now my home, here is my dwelling-place. And now, I pray thee, save it, O most merciful. Why I moved from my place and why I came to Sicily, through such wastes of sea, a fitting time will come to tell thee, when thou shalt be free from care and of a more cheerful countenance.

The solid earth opened a way before me, and passing through the lowest depths, I here lifted my head again and beheld the stars that had grown unfamiliar. Therefore, while I was gliding beneath the earth in my Stygian stream, I saw Proserpina there with these very eyes. She seemed sad indeed, and her face was still perturbed with fear; but yet she was a queen, the great queen of that world of darkness, the mighty consort of the tyrant of the underworld." The mother upon hearing these words stood as if turned to stone, and was for a long time like one bereft of reason. But when her overwhelming frenzy had given way to overwhelming pain, she set forth in her chariot to the realms of heaven. There, with clouded countenance, with dishevelled hair, and full of indignation, she appeared before Jove and said: "'I have come, O Jupiter, as
“pro” que “meo veni supplex tibi, Iuppiter,” inquit "sanguine proque tuo: si nulla est gratia matris, 515 nata patrem moveat, neu sit tibi cura, precamur, vilior illius, quod nostro est edita partu. en quaesita diu tandem mihi nata reperta est, si reperi vocas amittere certius, aut si scire, ubi sit, reperi vocas. quod rapta, feremus, 520 dummodo reddat eam! neque enim praedone marito filia digna tua est, si iam mea filia non est.”

Iuppiter excepit "commune est pignus onusque nata mihi tecum; sed si modo nomina rebus addere vera placet, non hoc iniuria factum, 525 verum amor est; neque erit nobis gener ille pudori, tu modo, diva, velis. ut desint cetera, quantum est esse Iovis fratrem! quid, quod nec cetera desunt nec cedit nisi sorte mihi? — sed tanta cupidio si tibi discidii est, repetet Proserpina caelum, 530 lege tamen certa, si nullos contigit illie ore cibos; nam sic Parcarum foedere cautum est.”

“' Dixerat, at Cereri certum est educere natam; non ita fata sinunt, quoniam ieiunia virgo solverat et, cultis dum simplex errat in hortis, 535 poeniceum curva decerpserat arbore pomum sumptaque pallenti septem de cortice grana presserat ore suo, solusque ex omnibus illud Ascalaphus vidit, quem quondam dicitur Orphne, inter Avernales haud ignotissima nymphas, 540 ex Acheronte suo silvis peperisse sub atris; vidit et indicio reditum crudelis ademit.

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suppliant in behalf of my child and your own. If you have no regard for the mother, at least let the daughter touch her father's heart. And let not your care for her be less because I am her mother. See, my daughter, sought so long, has at last been found, if you call it finding more certainly to lose her, or if you call it finding merely to know where she is. That she has been stolen, I will bear, if only he will bring her back; for your daughter does not deserve to have a robber for a husband—if now she is not mine.” And Jove replied: “She is, indeed, our daughter, yours and mine, our common pledge and care. But if only we are willing to give right names to things, this is no harm that has been done, but only love. Nor will he shame us for a son-in-law—do you but consent, goddess. Though all else be lacking, how great a thing it is to be Jove's brother! But what that other things are not lacking, and that he does not yield place to me—save only by the lot? But if you so greatly desire to separate them, Proserpina shall return to heaven, but on one condition only: if in the lower-world no food has as yet touched her lips. For so have the fates decreed.”

"'He spoke; but Ceres was resolved to have her daughter back. Not so the fates; for the girl had already broken her fast, and while, simple child that she was, she wandered in the trim gardens, she had plucked a purple pomegranate hanging from a bending bough, and peeling off the yellowish rind, she had eaten seven of the seeds. The only one who saw the act was Ascalaphus, whom Orphne, not the least famous of the Avernal nymphs, is said to have borne to her own Acheron within the dark groves of the lower-world. The boy saw, and by his cruel tattling thwarted the girl's return to earth. Then
ingemuit regina Erebi testemque profanam
fecit avem sparsumque caput Phlegethontide lympha
in rostrum et plumas et grandia lumina vertit. 545
ille sibi ablatus fulvis amicitur in alis
inque caput crescit longosque reflectitur ungues
vixque movet natus per inertia bracchia pennas
foedaque fit volucris, venturi nuntia luctus,
ignavus bubo, dirum mortalibus omen. 550

"Hic tamen indicio poenam linguaque videri
commeruisse potest; vobis, Acheloides, unde
pluma pedesque avium, cum virginis ora geratis?
an quia, cum legeret vernos Proserpina flores,
in comitum numero, doctae Sirenes, eratis?
quam postquam toto frustra quaesistis in orbe,
protinus, et vestram sentirent aequora curam,
posse super fluctus alarum insistere remis
optastis facilesque deos habuistis et artus
vidistis vestros subitis flavescre pennis. 555
ne tamen ille canor mulcendis natus ad aures
tantaque dos oris linguæ dependeret usum,
virginei vultus et vox humana remansit.

"At medius fratrisque sui maestaeque sororis
Iuppiter ex aequo volventem dividit annum: 565
nunc dea, regnorum numen commune duorum,
cum matre est totidem, totidem cum coniuge
menses.
vertitur extemplo facies et mentis et oris;
nam modo quae poterat Diti quoque maesta videri,
laeta deae frons est, ut sol, qui tectus aquosis 570
nubibus ante fuit, victis e nubibus exit.

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was the queen of Erebus enraged, and changed the informer into an ill-omened bird; throwing in his face a handful of water from the Phlegethon, she gave him a beak and feathers and big eyes. Robbed of himself, he is now clothed in yellow wings; he grows into a head and long, hooked claws; but he scarce moves the feathers that sprout all over his sluggish arms. He has become a loathsome bird, prophet of woe, the slothful screech-owl, a bird of evil omen to men.

"' He indeed can seem to have merited his punishment because of his tattling tongue. But, daughters of Acheloës, why have you the feathers and feet of birds, though you still have maidens' features? Is it because, when Proserpina was gathering the spring flowers, you were among the number of her companions, ye Sirens, skilled in song? After you had sought in vain for her through all the lands, that the sea also might know your search, you prayed that you might float on beating wings above the waves: you found the gods ready, and suddenly you saw your limbs covered with golden plumage. But, that you might not lose your tuneful voices, so soothing to the ear, and that rich dower of song, maiden features and human voice remained.

"' But now Jove, holding the balance between his brother and his grieving sister, divides the revolving year into two equal parts. Now the goddess, the common divinity of two realms, spends half the months with her mother and with her husband, half. Straightway the bearing of her heart and face is changed. For she who but lately even to Dis seemed sad, now wears a joyful countenance; like the sun which, long concealed behind dark and misty clouds, disperses the clouds and reveals his face.
OVID

"Exigit alma Ceres nata secura recepta,
quae tibi causa fugae, cur sis, Arethusa, sacer fons.
conticuere undae quaram dea sustulit alto
fonte caput viridesque manu siccata capillos
fluminis Elei veteres narravit amores.
"pars ego nympharum, quae sunt in Achaide," dixit
"una fui, nec me studiosius altera saltus
legit nec posuit studiosius altera casses.

sed quamvis formae numquam mihi fama petita est,
quamvis fortis eram, formosae nomen habebam,
nec mea me facies nimium laudata iuvabat,
quaque aliae gaudere solent, ego rustica dote
corporis erubui crimenque placere putavi.
lassa revertebar (memini) Stymphalide silva;
aestus erat, magnumque labor gemiaverat aestum:
invenio sine vertice aquas, sine murmure euntes,
perspicuas ad humum, per quas numerabilis alte
calculus omnis erat, quas tu vix ire putas.
cana salicta dabant nutritaque populus unda
sponte sua natas ripis declivibus umbras.
accessi primumque pedis vestigia tixi,
oplite deinde tenus; neque eo contenta, recingor
molliaque inpono salici velamina curvae
nudaque mergor aquis. quas dum ferioque trahoque
mille modis labens excussaque bracchia iacto,
nescio quod medio sensi sub gurgite murmum
territaque insisto propioris margine ripae.
'quo properas, Arethusa? ' suis Alpheus ab undis,
'quo properas? ' iterum rauco mihi dixerat ore.
Now kindly Ceres, happy in the recovery of her daughter, asks of you, Arethusa, why you fled, why you are now a sacred spring. The waters fall silent while their goddess lifts her head from her deep spring, and dries her green locks with her hands, and tells the old story of the Elean river's love. "I used to be one of the nymphs," she says, "who have their dwelling in Achaia, and no other was more eager in scouring the glades, or in setting the hunting-nets. But although I never sought the fame of beauty, although I was brave, I had the name of beautiful. Nor did my beauty, all too often praised, give me any joy; and my dower of charming form, in which other maids rejoice, made me blush like a country girl, and I deemed it wrong to please. Wearied with the chase, I was returning, I remember, from the Stymphalian wood; the heat was great and my toil had made it double. I came upon a stream flowing without eddy, and without sound, crystal-clear to the bottom, in whose depths you might count every pebble, waters which you would scarcely think to be moving. Silvery willows and poplars fed by the water gave natural shade to the soft-sloping banks. I came to the water's edge and first dipped my feet, then in I went up to the knees: not satisfied with this, I removed my robes, and hanging the soft garments on a drooping willow, naked I plunged into the waters. And while I beat them, drawing them and gliding in a thousand turns and tossing my arms, I though I heard a kind of murmur deep in the pool. In terror I leaped on the nearer bank. Then Alpheus called from his waters: 'Whither in haste, Arethusa? Whither in such haste?' Twice in his hoarse voice he called to me. As I was, without my robes, I fled; for my robes were
sicut eram fugio sine vestibus (altera vestes ripa meas habuit): tanto magis instat et ardet, et quia nuda fui, sum visa paratior illi. sie ego currebam, sie me ferus ille prenebat, ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columbae, 605 ut solet accipiter trepidas urguere columbas. usque sub Orchomenon Psophidaque Cyllenenque Maenaliosque sinus gelidumque Erymanthon et Elim currere sustinui, nec me velocior ille; sed tolerare diu eursus ego viribus inpar non poteram, longi patiens erat ille laboris. per tamen et campos, per opertos arbore montes, saxa quoque et rupes et, qua via nulla, eurcurri. sol erat a tergo: vidi praceedere longam ante pedes umbram, nisi si timor illa videbat; 615 sed certe sonitusque pedum terrebat et ingens erinales vittas adflabat anhelitus oris. fessa labore fugae 'fer opem, deprendimur,' inquam 'armigerae, Dictynna,\textsuperscript{1} tuae, cui saepe dedisti ferre tuos arcus inclusaque tela pharetra!' 620 mota dea est spissisque ferens e nubibus unam me super iniecit: lustrat caligine tectam amnus et ignarus circum cava nubila quae crit bisque locum, quo me dea tixerat, inscius ambit et bis 'io Arethusa' vocavit, 'io Arethusa!' 625 quid mihi tune animi miserae fuit? anne quod agnae est, si qua lupos audit cireum stabula alta frementes, aut lepori, qui vepre latens hostilia cernit ora canum nullosque audet dare corpore motus? non tamen abscedit; neque enim vestigia cernit 630 longius ulla pedum: servat nubemque locumque. occupat obsessos sudor mihi frigidus artus, caeruleaeque cadunt toto de corpore guttac,

\textsuperscript{1} Dictynna Heinsius: Diana MSS.
on the other bank. So much the more he pressed on and burned with love; naked I seemed readier for his taking. So did I flee and so did he hotly press after me, as doves on fluttering pinions flee the hawk, as the hawk pursues the frightened doves. Even past Oreomenus, past Psophis and Cyllene, past the combs of Maenalus, chill Erymanthus and Elis, I kept my flight; nor was he swifter of foot than I. But I, being ill-matched in strength, could not long keep up my speed, while he could sustain a long pursuit. Yet through level plains, over mountains covered with trees, over rocks also and cliffs, and where there was no way at all, I ran. The sun was at my back. I saw my pursuer’s long shadow stretching out ahead of me—unless it was fear that saw it—but surely I heard the terrifying sound of feet, and his deep-panting breath fanned my hair. Then, forspent with the toil of flight, I cried aloud: ‘O help me or I am caught, help thy armour-bearer, goddess of the nets, to whom so often thou hast given thy bow to bear and thy quiver, with all its arrows!’ The goddess heard, and threw an impenetrable cloud of mist about me. The river-god circled around me, wrapped in the darkness, and at fault quested about the hollow mist. And twice he went round the place where the goddess had hidden me, unknowing, and twice he called, ‘Arethusa! O Arethusa!’ How did I feel then, poor wretch! Was I not as the lamb, when it hears the wolves howling around the fold? or the hare which, hiding in the brambles, sees the dogs’ deadly muzzles and dares not make the slightest motion? But he went not far away, for he saw no traces of my feet further on; he watched the cloud and the place. Cold sweat poured down my beleaguered limbs and the dark drops rained down from my whole body.
OVID

quaque pedem movi, manat lacus, eque capillis
ros cadit, et citius, quam nunc tibi facta renarro, 635
in latices mutor. sed enim cognoscit amatas
amnis aquas positoque viri, quod sumpserat, ore
vertitur in proprias, et se mihi misceat, undas.
Delia rupit humum, caecisque ego mersa cavernis
advehor Ortygiam, quae me cognomine divae 640
grata meae superas eduxit prima sub auras.”

“‘Hac Arethusa tenus; geminos dea fertilis angues
curribus admovit frenisque coercuit ora
et medium caeli terraeque per aera vecta est
atque levem currum Tritonida misit in urbem 645
Triptolemo partimque rudi data semina iussit
spargere humo, partim post tempora longa recultae.
iam super Europen sublimis et Asida terram
vectus erat iuvenis: Scythicas advertitur oras.
rex ibi Lyncus erat; regis subit ille penates. 650
qua veniat, causamque viae nomenque rogatus
et patriam, “patria est clarae mihi” dixit “Athenae;
Triptolemus nomen; veni nec puppe per undas,
nec pede per terras: patuit mihi pervius aether.
dona fero Cereris, latos quae sparsa per agros 655
frugiferas messes alimentaque mitia reddant.”
barbarus invidit tantique ut muneris auctor
ipse sit, hospitio recipit somnoque gravatum
adgreditur ferro: conantem figere pectus
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Wherever I put my foot a pool trickled out, and from my hair fell the drops; and sooner than I can now tell the tale I was changed to a stream of water. But sure enough he recognized in the waters the maid he loved; and laying aside the form of a man which he had assumed, he changed back to his own watery shape to mingle with me. My Delian goddess cleft the earth, and I, plunging down into the dark depths, was borne hither to Ortygia, which I love because it bears my goddess' name, and this first received me to the upper air."

"'With this, Arethusa's tale was done. Then the goddess of fertility yoked her two dragons to her car, curbing their mouths with the bit, and rode away through the air midway between heaven and earth, until she came at last to Pallas' city. Here she gave her fleet car to Triptolemus, and bade him scatter the seeds of grain she gave, part in the untilled earth and part in fields that had long lain fallow. And now high over Europe and the land of Asia the youth held his course and came to Scythia, where Lyneus ruled as king. He entered the royal palace. The king asked him how he came and why, what was his name and country: he said: "'My country is far-famed Athens; Triptolemus, my name. I came neither by ship over the sea, nor on foot by land; the air opened a path for me. I bring the gifts of Ceres, which, if you sprinkle them over your wide fields, will give a fruitful harvest and food not wild.'" The barbaric king heard with envy. And, that he himself might be the giver of so great a boon, he received his guest with hospitality, and when he was heavy with sleep, he attacked him with the sword. Him, in the very act of piercing the stranger's breast, Ceres transformed into a lynx; and back
lynca Ceres fecit rursusque per aera iussit
Mopsopium iuvenem sacros agitare iugales.’
“Finierat dictos e nobis maxima cantus;
at nymphae vicisse deas Helicona colentes
concordi dixere sono: convicia victae
cum iacerent, ‘quoniam’ dixi ‘certamine vobis
supplicium meruisse parum est maledictaque culpae
additis et non est patientia libera nobis,
ibimus in poenas et, qua vocat ira, sequemur.’
rident Emathides spernuntque minacia verba,
conantesque loqui et magno clamore protervas
intentare manus pennas exire per ungues
adspexere suos, operiri brachia plumis,
alteraque alterius rigido concrescere rostro
ora videt volucreisque novas accedere silvis;
dumque volunt plangi, per brachia mota levatae
aere pendebant, nemorum convicia, picae.
Nunc quoque in alitibus facundia prisca remansit
raucaque garrulitas studiumque inmane loquendi.”
through the air she bade the Athenian drive her sacred team.

"Our eldest sister here ended the song I have just rehearsed; then the nymphs with one voice agreed that the goddesses of Helicon had won. When the conquered sisters retorted with reviling, I made answer: 'Since it was not enough that you have earned punishment by your challenge and you add insults to your offence, and since our patience is not without end, we shall proceed to punishment and indulge our resentment.' The Pierides mocked, and scorned her threatening words. But as they tried to speak, and with loud outcries brandished their hands in saucy gestures, they saw feathers sprouting on their fingers, and plumage covering their arms; each saw another’s face stiffening into a hard beak, and new forms of birds added to the woods. And while they strove to beat their breasts, uplifted by their flapping arms, they hung in the air, magpies, the noisy scandal of the woods. Even now in their feathered form their old-time gift of speech remains, their hoarse garrulity, their boundless passion for talk."
Praeberat dictis Tritonia talibus aures
carminaque Aonidum iustamque probaverat iram;
tum secum: "laudare parum est, laudemur et ipsae
numina nec sperni sine poena nostra sinamus."
Maeoniaeque animum fatis intendit Arachnes,
quam sibi lanificae non cedere laudibus artis
audierat. non illa loco nec origine gentis
clara, sed arte fuit: pater huic Colophonius Idmon
Phocaico bibulas tinguebat murice lanas;
occiderat mater, sed et haec de plebe suoque
aequa viro fuerat; Lydas tamen illa per urbes
quaeserat studio nomen memorabile, quamvis
orta domo parva parvis habitabat Hypaepis.
huius ut adspicerent opus admirabile, saepe
deseruere sui nymphae vineta Timoli,
deseruere suas nymphae Pactolides undas.
nec factas solum vestes, spectare iuvabat
tum quoque, cum fieren: tantus decor adfuit arti,
sive rudem primos lanam glomerabat in orbes,
seu digitis subigebat opus repetitaque longo
vellera mollibat nebulas aequantia tractu,
sive levi teretem versabat pollice fusum,
TRITONIA had listened to this tale, and had approved of the muses' song and their just resentment. And then to herself she said: "To praise is not enough; let me be praised myself and not allow my divinity to be scouted without punishment." So saying, she turned her mind to the fate of Maeonian Arachne, who she had heard would not yield to her the palm in the art of spinning and weaving wool. Neither for place of birth nor birth itself had the girl fame, but only for her skill. Her father, Idmon of Colophon, used to dye the absorbent wool for her with Phocaean purple. Her mother was now dead; but she was low-born herself, and had a husband of the same degree. Nevertheless, the girl, Arachne, had gained fame for her skill throughout the Lydian towns, although she herself had sprung from a humble home and dwelt in the hamlet of Hypaepa. Often, to watch her wondrous skill, the nymphs would leave their own vineyards on Timolus' slopes, and the water-nymphs of Pactolus would leave their waters. And 'twas a pleasure not alone to see her finished work, but to watch her as she worked; so graceful and deft was she. Whether she was winding the rough yarn into a new ball, or shaping the stuff with her fingers, reaching back to the distaff for more wool, fleecy as a cloud, to draw into long soft threads, or giving a twist with practised thumb to the graceful spindle, or
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seu pingebat acu; scires a Pallade doctam. quod tamen ipsa negat tantaque offensa magistra “certet” ait “me cum: nihil est, quod victa recusem!”

Pallas anum simulat: falsosque in tempora canos addit et in firmos baculo quoque sustinet artus. tum sic orsa loqui “non omnia grandior aetas, quae fugiamus, habet: seris venit usus ab annis. consilium ne sperne meum: tibi fama petatur inter mortales faciendae maxima lanae; cede deae veniamque tuis, temeraria, dictis supplice voce roga: veniam dabit illa roganti.” adspicit hanc torvis inceptaque fila relinquit vixque manus retinens confessaque vultibus iram talibus obscuram resecuta est Pallada dictis: “mentis inops longaque venis confecta senecta, et nimium vixisse diu nocet. audiat istas, si qua tibi nurus est, si qua est tibi filia, voces; consilii satis est in me mihi, neve monendo profecisse putes, eadem est sententia nobis. cur non ipsa venit? cur haec certamina vitat?” tum dea “venit!” ait formamque removit anilem Palladaque exhibuit: venerantur numina nympheae Mygdonidesque nurus; sola est non territa virgo, sed tamen exsiluit, subitusque invita notavit ora rubor rursusque evanuit, ut solet aer purpureus fieri, cum primum Aurora movetur, et breve post tempus candescere solis ab ortu.

1 Exsiluit Merkel: erubuit MSS.
embroidering with her needle: you could know that Pallas had taught her. Yet she denied it, and, offended at the suggestion of a teacher ever so great, she said: “Let her but strive with me; and if I lose there is nothing which I would not forfeit.”

Then Pallas assumed the form of an old woman, put false locks of grey upon her head, took a staff in her hand to sustain her tottering limbs, and thus she began: “Old age has some things at least that are not to be despised; experience comes with riper years. Do not scorn my advice: seek all the fame you will among mortal men for handling wool; but yield place to the goddess, and with humble prayer beg her pardon for your words, reckless girl. She will grant you pardon if you ask it.” But she regarded the old woman with sullen eyes, dropped the threads she was working, and, scarce holding her hand from violence, with open anger in her face she answered the disguised Pallas: “Doting in mind, you come to me, and spent with old age; and it is too long life that is your bane. Go, talk to your daughter-in-law, or to your daughter, if such you have. I am quite able to advise myself. To show you that you have done no good by your advice, we are both of the same opinion. Why does not your goddess come herself? Why does she avoid a contest with me?” Then the goddess exclaimed: “She has come!” and throwing aside her old woman’s disguise, she revealed Pallas. The nymphs worshipped her godhead, and the Mygdonian women; Arachne alone remained unafraid, though she did start up and a sudden flush marked her unwilling cheeks and again faded: as when the sky grows crimson when the dawn first appears, and after a little while when the sun is up it pales again. Still she persists in her
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perstat in incepto stolidaeque cupidine palmae in sua fata ruit; neque enim Iove nata recusat nec monet uterius nec iam certamina differt. haud mora, constituant diversis partibus ambae et gracili geminas intendunt stamine telas: tela iugo vincita est, stamen secernit harundo, inseritur medium radiis subtemen acutis, quod digiti expediunt, atque inter stamina ductum percuso feriunt insecti pectine dentes. utraque festinant cinctaeque ad pectora vestes brachchia docta movent, studio fallente laborem. illic et Tyrium quae purpura sensit aenum texitur et tenues parvi discriminis umbrae; qualis ab imbre solent percussis solibus arcus inificere ingenti longum curvamine caelum; in quo diversi niteant cum mille colores, transitus ipse tamen spectantia lumina fallit: usque adeo, quod tangit, idem est; tamen ultima distant. illic et lentum filis inmittitur aurum et vetus in tela deducitur argumentum.

Cecropia Pallas scopulum Mavortis in arce pingit et antiquam de terrae nomine litem. bis sex caelestes medio Iove sedibus altis augusta gravitate sedent; sua quemque deorum inscribit facies: Iovis est regalis imago; stare deum pelagi longoque ferire tridente aspera saxa facit, medioque e vulnere saxi exsiluisse fretum, quo pignore vindicet urbem; at sibi dat clipeum, dat acutae cuspidis hastam,
challenge, and stupidly confident and eager for victory, she rushes on her fate. For Jove's daughter refuses not, nor again warns her or puts off the contest any longer. They both set up the looms in different places without delay and they stretch the fine warp upon them. The web is bound upon the beam, the reed separates the threads of the warp, the woof is threaded through them by the sharp shuttles which their busy fingers ply, and when shot through the threads of the warp, the notched teeth of the hammering slay beat it into place. They speed on the work with their mantles close girt about their breasts and move back and forth their well-trained hands, their eager zeal beguiling their toil. There are inwoven the purple threads dyed in Tyrian kettles, and lighter colours insensibly shading off from these. As when after a storm of rain the sun's rays strike through, and a rainbow, with its huge curve, stains the wide sky, though a thousand different colours shine in it, the eye cannot detect the change from each one to the next; so like appear the adjacent colours, but the extremes are plainly different. There, too, they weave in pliant threads of gold, and trace in the weft some ancient tale.

Pallas pictures the hills of Mars on the citadel of Cecrops and that old dispute over the naming of the land. There sit twelve heavenly gods on lofty thrones in awful majesty, Jove in their midst; each god she pictures with his own familiar features; Jove's is a royal figure. There stands the god of ocean, and with his long trident smites the rugged cliff, and from the cleft rock sea-water leaps forth; a token to claim the city for his own. To herself

1 Ovid here confuses the Acropolis with the Areopagus. See Herod., viii. 55; Apollodorus, iii. 14, 1.
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dat galeam capiti, defenditur aegide pectus, percussamque sua simulat de cuspide terram edere cum bacis fetum canentis olivae; mirarique deos: operis Victoria finis. ut tamen exemplis intellegat aemula laudis, quod pretium speret pro tam furialibus ausis quattuor in partes certamina quattuor addit, clara colore suo, brevibus distincta sigillis: Threiciam Rhodopen habet angulus unus et Haemom, nunc gelidos montes, mortalia corpora quondam, nomina summorum sibi qui tribuere deorum; altera Pygmaeae fatum miserabile matris pars habet: hanc Iuno victam certamine iussit esse gruem populisque suis indicere bellum; pinxit et Antigonen, ausam contendere quondam cum magni consorte Iovis, quam regia Iuno in volucrem vertit, nec profuit Ilion illi Laomedonve pater, sumptis quin candida pennis ipsa sibi plaudat crepitante ciconia rostro; qui superest solus, Cinyran habet angulus orbum; isque gradus templi, natarum membra suarum, amplectens saxoque iacens lacrimare videtur. circuit extremas oleis pacalibus oras, is modus est operisque sua facit arbore finem. Maeonis elusam designat imagine tauri Europam: verum taurum, freta vera putaures; ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas et comites clamare suas tactumque vereri adsilientis aquae timidasque reducere plantas. fecit et Asterien aquila luctante teneri,
the goddess gives a shield and a sharp-pointed spear, and a helmet for her head; the aegis guards her breast; and from the earth smitten by her spear's point upsprings a pale-green olive-tree hanging thick with fruit; and the gods look on in wonder. Victory crowns her work. Then, that her rival may know by pictured warnings what reward she may expect for her mad daring, she weaves in the four corners of the web four scenes of contest, each clear with its own colours, and in miniature design. One corner shows Thracian Rhodope and Haemus, now huge, bleak mountains, but once audacious mortals who dared assume the names of the most high gods. A second corner shows the wretched fate of the Pygmaean queen, whom Juno conquered in a strife, then changed into a crane, and bade her war upon those whom once she ruled. Again she pictures how Antigone once dared to set herself against the consort of mighty Jove, and how Queen Juno changed her into a bird; Ilium availed her nothing, nor Laomedon, her father; nay, she is clothed in white feathers, and claps her rattling bill, a stork. The remaining corner shows Cinyras bereft of his daughters; there, embracing the marble temple-steps, once their limbs, he lies on the stone, and seems to weep. The goddess then wove around her work a border of peaceful olive-wreath. This was the end; and so, with her own tree, her task was done.

Arachne pictures Europa cheated by the disguise of the bull: a real bull and real waves you would think them. The maid seems to be looking back upon the land she has left, calling on her companions, and, fearful of the touch of the leaping waves, to be drawing back her timid feet. She wrought Asterie, held by the struggling eagle; she wrought Leda,
fecit olorinis Ledam recubare sub alis;
addidit, ut satyri celatus imagine pulchram
Iuppiter inplerit gemino Nyeteida fetu,
Amphitryon fuerit, cum te, Tirynthia, cepit,
aureus ut Danaen, Asopida luserit ignis,
Mnemosynen pastor, varius Deoida serpens.
te quoque mutatum torvo,

Luppiter inplerit gemino Nycteida fetu,
Amphitryon fuerit, cum te, Tirynthia, cepit,
aureus ut Danaen, Asopida luserit ignis,
Mnemosynen pastor, varius Deoida serpens.
te quoque mutatum torvo, Neptune, iuvenco

virgine in Aeolia posuit; tu visus Enipeus
gignis Aloidas, aries Bisaltida fallis,
et te flava comas frugum mitissima mater
sensit equum, sensit volucrem crinita colubris
mater equi volucris, sensit delphina Melantho:

omnibus his faciemque suam faciemque locorum
reddidit. est illic agrestis imagine Phoebus,

utque modo accipitris pennas, modo terga leonis
gesserit, ut pastor Macareida luserit Issen,
Liber ut Erigonen falsa deceperit uva,

ut Saturnus equo geminum Chirona crearit.
ultima pars telae, tenui circumdata limbo,

nexitibus flores hederis habet intertextos.

Non illud Pallas, non illud carpere Livor
possit opus: doluit successu flava virago

et rupit pictas, caelestia crimina, vestes,

utque Cytoriaco radium de monte tenebat,
ter quater Idmoniae frontem percussit Arachnes.
non tuit infelix laqueoque animosa ligavit
guttura: pendentem Pallas miserata levavit
atque ita “vive quidem, pende tamen, inproba” dixit,
“lexque eadem poenae, ne sis secura futuri,
dicta tuo generi serisque nepotibus esto!”

post ea discedens sucis Hecateidos herbae

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beneath the swan’s wings. She added how, in a satyr’s image hidden, Jove filled lovely Antiope with twin offspring; how he was Amphitryon when he cheated thee, Alcmene; how in a golden shower he tricked Danaë; Aegina, as a flame; Mnemosyne, as a shepherd; Deo’s daughter, as a spotted snake. Thee also, Neptune, she pictured, changed to a grim bull with the Aeolian maiden; now as Enipeus thou dost beget the Aloidae, as a ram deceivedst Bisaltis. The golden-haired mother of corn, most gentle, knew thee as a horse; the snake-haired mother of the winged horse knew thee as a winged bird; Melantho knew thee as a dolphin. To all these Arachne gave their own shapes and appropriate surroundings. Here is Phoebus like a countryman; and she shows how he wore now a hawk’s feathers, now a lion’s skin; how as a shepherd he tricked Macareus’ daughter, Isse; how Bacchus deceived Erigone with the false bunch of grapes; how Saturn in a horse’s shape begot the centaur, Chiron. The edge of the web with its narrow border is filled with flowers and clinging ivy intertwined.

Not Pallas, nor Envy himself, could find a flaw in that work. The golden-haired goddess was indignant at her success, and rent the embroidered web with its heavenly crimes; and, as she held a shuttle of Cytorian boxwood, thrice and again she struck Idmonian Arachne’s head. The wretched girl could not endure it, and put a noose about her bold neck. As she hung, Pallas lifted her in pity, and said: “Live on, indeed, wicked girl, but hang thou still; and let this same doom of punishment (that thou mayst fear for future times as well) be declared upon thy race, even to remote posterity.” So saying, as she turned to go she sprinkled her with
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sparsit: et extemplo tristi medicamine tactae
defluxere comae, cum quis et naris et aures,
fitque caput minimum; toto quoque corpore parva est:
in latere exiles digití pro cruribus haerent,
cetera venter habet, de quo tamen illa remittit
stamen et antiquas exercet aranea telas.

Lydia tota fremit, Phrygiaeque per oppida facti
rumor it et magnum sermonibus occupat orbem.
ante suos Niobe thalamos cognoverat illam,
tum cum Maeoniam virgo Sipylumque colebat;
nectamen admonita est poena popularis Arachnes,
cedere caelitibus verbisque minoribus uti.
multa dabant animos; sed enim nec coniugis artes
nec genus amborum magnique potentia regni
sic placuere illi, quamvis ea cuncta placerent,
ut sua progenies; et felicissima matrum
dicta foret Niobe, si non sibi visa fuisset.
nam sata Tiresia venturi praescia Manto
per medias fuerat divino concita motu
vaticinata vias: "Ismenides, ite frequentes
et date Latonae Latonigenisque duobus
cum prece tura pia lauroque innectite crinem:
ore meo Latona iubet." paretur, et omnes
Thebaides iussis sua tempora frondibus ornant
turaque dant sanctis et verba precantia flammis.

Ecce venit comitum Niobe celeberrima turba
vestibus intexto Phrygiis spectabilis auro
et, quantum ira sinit, formosa movensque decoro
cum capite inmissos umerus per utrumque capillos.
the juices of Hecate’s herb; and forthwith her hair, touched by the poison, fell off, and with it both nose and ears; and the head shrunk up; her whole body also was small; the slender fingers clung to her side as legs; the rest was belly. Still from this she ever spins a thread; and now, as a spider, she exercises her old-time weaver-art.

All Lydia is in a tumult; the story spreads throughout the towns of Phrygia and fills the whole world with talk. Now Niobe, before her marriage, had known Arachne, when, as a girl, she dwelt in Maeonia, near Mount Sipylus. And yet she did not take warning by her countrywoman’s fate to give place to the gods and speak them reverently. Many things gave her pride; but in truth neither her husband’s art nor the high birth of both and their royal power and state so pleased her, although all those did please, as her children did. And Niobe would have been called most blessed of mothers, had she not seemed so to herself. For Manto, daughter of Tiresias, whose eyes could see what was to come, had fared through the streets of Thebes inspired by divine impulse, and proclaiming to all she met: “Women of Thebes, go throng Latona’s temple, and give to her and to her children twain incense and pious prayer, wreathing your hair with laurel. By my mouth Latona speaks.” They obey; all the Theban women deck their temples with laurel wreaths and burn incense in the altar flames, with words of prayer.

But lo! comes Niobe, thronged about with a numerous following, a notable figure in Phrygian robes wrought with threads of gold, and beautiful as far as anger suffered her to be; and she tosses her shapely head with the hair falling on either shoulder. She halts and, drawn up to her full
constitit, utque oculos circumtulit alta superbos,
"quis furor auditos" inquit "praeponere visis\textsuperscript{170}
caelestes? aut cur colitur Latona per aras,
numen adhuc sine ture meum est? mihi Tantalus
auctor,
cui licuit soli superorum tangere mensas;
Pleiadum soror est genetrix mea; maximus Atlas
est avus, aetherium qui fert cervicibus axem;\textsuperscript{175}
Iuppiter alter avus; socero quoque glorior illo.
me gentes metuunt Phrygiae, me regia Cadmi
sub domina est, fidibusque mei commissa mariti
moenia cum populis a meque viroque reguntur.
in quacumque domus adverti lumina partem,\textsuperscript{180}
immensae spectantur opes; accedit eodem
digna dea facies; huc natas adice septem
et totidem iuvenes et mox generosque nurusque!
quaerite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam,
nescio quoque audete satam Titanida Coeo\textsuperscript{185}
Latonam praeferre mihi, cui maxima quondam
exiguam sedem pariturae terra negavit!
nec caelo nec humo nec aquis dea vestra recepta est:
exsul erat mundi, donec miserata vagantem
'hospita tu terris erras, ego' dixit 'in undis'\textsuperscript{190}
instabilemque locum Delos dedit. illa duorum
facta parens: uteri pars haec est septima nostri.
sum felix (quis enim neget hoc?) felixque manebo
(hoc quoque quis dubitet?): tutam me copia fecit.
maior sum quam cui possit Fortuna nocere,\textsuperscript{195}
multaque ut eripiat, multo mihi plura relinquet.
height, casts her haughty eyes around and cries: "What madness this, to prefer gods whom you have only heard of to those whom you have seen? Or why is Latona worshipped at these altars, while my divinity still waits for incense? I have Tantalus to my father, the only mortal ever allowed to touch the table of the gods; my mother is a sister of the Pleiades; most mighty Atlas is one grandfather, who supports the vault of heaven on his shoulders; my other grandsire is Jove himself, and I boast him as my father-in-law as well. The Phrygian nations hold me in reverent fear. I am queen of Cadmus' royal house, and the walls of Thebes, erected by the magic of my husband's lyre, together with its people, acknowledge me and him as their rulers. Wherever I turn my eyes in the palace I see great stores of wealth. Besides, I have beauty worthy of a goddess; add to all this that I have seven daughters and as many sons, and soon shall have sons- and daughters-in-law. Ask now what cause I have for pride; and then presume to prefer to me the Titaness, Latona, daughter of Coeus, whoever he may be—Latona, to whom the broad earth once refused a tiny spot for bringing forth her children. Neither heaven nor earth nor sea was open for this goddess of yours; she was outlawed from the universe, until Delos, pitying the wanderer, said to her: 'You are a vagrant on the land; I, on the sea,' and gave her a place that stood never still. And there she bore two children, the seventh part only of my offspring. Surely I am happy. Who can deny it? And happy I shall remain. This also who can doubt? My very abundance has made me safe. I am too great for Fortune to harm; though she should take many from me, still many more will she leave to me. My blessings have
excessere metum mea iam bona. fingite demi huic aliquid populo natorum posse meorum: non tamen ad numerum redigar spoliata duorum, Latonae turbam, qua quantum distat ab orba? ite—sat est—propere sacris laurumque capillis ponite!—deponunt et sacra infecta relinquunt, quodque licet, tacito venerantur murmure numen.

Indignata dea est summoque in vertice Cynthi talibus est dictis gemina cum prole locuta: "en ego vestra parens, vobis animosa creatis, et nisi Iunoni nulli cessura dearum, an dea sim, dubitor perque omnia saecula cultis arceor, o nati, nisi vos succurritis, aris. nec dolor hic solus; diro convicia facto Tantalis adiecit vosque est postponere natis ausa suis et me, quod in ipsam reccidat, orbam dixit et exhibuit linguam scelerata paternam." adiectura preces erat his Latona relatis: "desine!" Phoebus ait, "poenae mora longa querella est!" dixit idem Phoebe, celerique per aera lapsu contigerant tecti Cadmeida nubibus arcem.

Planus erat lateque patens prope moenia campus, adsiduis pulsatus equis, ubi turba rotarum duraque mollierat subjectas ungula glaebas. pars ibi de septem genitis Amphione fortes conscendunt in equos Tyrioque rubentia suco terga premunt auroque graves moderantur habenas. e quibus Ismenus, qui matri sarcina quondam
banished fear. Even suppose that some part of this tribe of children could be taken from me, not even so despoiled would I be reduced to the number of two, Latona's throng, with which how far is she from childlessness? Away with you, hasten, you have sacrificed enough, and take off those laurels from your hair." They take off the wreaths and leave the sacrifice unfinished; but, as they may, they still worship the goddess with unspoken words.

The goddess was angry, and on the top of Cynthus she thus addressed Apollo and Diana: "Lo, I, your mother, proud of your birth and willing to yield place to no goddess save Juno only, I have had my divinity called in question; and through all coming ages I shall be denied worship at the altar, unless you, my children, come to my aid. Nor is this my only cause for resentment. This daughter of Tantalus has added insult to her injuries: she has dared to prefer her own children to you, and has called me childless—may that fall on her head!—and by her impious speech has displayed her father's unbridled tongue." To this story of her wrongs Latona would have added prayers; but here Phoebus cried: "Have done! a long complaint is but delay of punishment!" Phoebe said the same. Then, swiftly gliding through the air, they alighted on Cadmus' citadel, covered in clouds.

There was a broad and level plain near the walls, beaten by the constant tread of horses, where a host of wheels and the hard hoof had levelled the clods beneath them. There some of Amphion's seven sons mounted their strong horses, sitting firm on their backs bright with Tyrian purple, and guided them with rich gold-mounted bridles. While one of these, Ismenus, who was his mother's first-born son,
prima suae fuerat, dum certum flectit in orbem quadripedis cursus spumantiaque ora coercet, “ei mihi!” conclamat medioque in pectore fixa tela gerit frenisque manu moriente remissis in latus a dextro paullatim defluat armo. proximus audito sonitu per inane pharetrae frena dabat Sipylus, veluti cum praescius imbris nube fugit visa pendentiaque undique rector carbasae deducit, ne qua levis effluat aura: frena tamen dantem non evitabile telum consequitur, summaque tremens cervice sagitta haesit, et exstabet nudum de gutture ferrum; ille, ut erat, pronus, per crura admissa iubasque volvitur et calido tellurem sanguine foedat. Phaedimus infelix et aviti nominis heres Tantalus, ut solito finem inposuere labori, transierant ad opus nitidae iuvenale palaestrae; et iam contulerant arto luctantia nexu pectora pectoribus; cum tento concita nervo, sicut erant iuncti, traiecit utrumque sagitta. ingemuere simul, simul incurvata dolore membra solo posuere, simul suprema iacentes lumina versarunt, animam simul exhalarunt. adspicit Alphenor laniataque pectora plangens advolat, ut gelidos complexibus adlevet artús, inque pio cadit officio; nam Delius illi intima fatifero rupit praecordia ferro. quod simul eductum est, pars et pulmonis in hamis eruta cumque anima cruor est effusus in auras. at non intonsum simplex Damasichthona vulnus
was guiding his charger’s course round the curving track and pulling hard on the foaming bit, “Ah me!” he cried, and, with an arrow fixed in his breast, he dropped the reins from his dying hands and slowly sank sidewise down to the earth over his horse’s right shoulder. Next, hearing through the void air the sound of the rattling quiver, Sipylus gave full rein; as when a shipmaster, conscious of an approaching storm, flees at the sight of a cloud and crowds on all sail that he may catch each passing breeze. He gave full rein, and as he gave it the arrow that none may escape overtook him, and the shaft stuck quivering in his neck; while the iron point showed from his throat in front. He, leaning forward, as he was, pitched over the galloping horse’s mane and legs, and stained the ground with his warm blood. Unhappy Phaedimus and Tantalus, who bore his grandsire’s name, when they had finished their wonted task had passed to the youthful exercise of the shining wrestling-match. And now they were straining together, breast to breast, in close embrace, when an arrow, sped from the drawn bow, pierced them both just as they stood clasped together. They groaned together; together they fell writhing in pain to the ground; together as they lay they moved their dying eyes; together they breathed their last. Alphenor saw them die, and beating his breast in agony, he ran to lift up their cold bodies in his arms; and in this pious duty he fell; for Apollo pierced him through the midriff with death-dealing steel. When this was removed, a piece of his lungs was drawn out sticking to the barbs, and his life-blood came rushing forth into the air. But one wound was not all that pierced youthful Damasichthon. He was struck where the
adficit: ictus erat, qua crus esse incipit et qua mollia nervosus facit internodia poples.
dumque manu temptat trahere exitiabile telum,
altera per iugulum pennis tenus acta sagitta est.
expulit hanc sanguis seque eiaculatus in altum emicat et longe terebrata prosilit aura.
ultimus Ilioneus non prefectura precando bracchia sustulerat “di” que “o communiter omnes,”
dixerat ignarus, non omnes esse rogendos “parcite!” motus erat, cum iam revocabile telum non fuit, arcitenens; minimum tamen occidit ille vulnere, non alte percuso corde sagitta.
Fama mali populique dolor lacrimaeque suorum tam subitae matrem certam fecere ruinae,
mirantem potuisset irascentemque, quod ausi hoc essent superi, quod tantum iuris haberent; nam pater Amphion ferro per pectus adacto finierat moriens pariter cum luce dolorem.
heu! quantum haec Niobe Niobe distabat ab illa, quae modo Latois populum submoverat aris et mediam tulerat gressus resupina per urbem invidiosa suis; at nunc miseranda vel hosti! corporibus gelidis incumbit et ordine nullo oscula dispensat natos suprema per omnes; a quibus ad caelum liventia bracchia tollens "pascere, crudelis, nostro, Latona, dolore," pascere " ait " satiaque meo tua pectora luctu! corque ferum satia!" dixit. " per funera septem efferor: exsulta victrixque inimica triumpha!
cur autem victrix? miserae mihi plura supersunt, quam tibi felici; post tot quoque funera vinco!”

1 Line 282 bracketed by Ehwald.
lower leg just begins, and where the sinews of the hough give a soft spot; and while he was trying to draw out the fatal shaft with his hand, a second arrow was driven clear to the feathers through his throat. The blood drove it forth and gushing out spurted high in air in a long, slender stream. Ilioneus was the last; stretching out his arms in prayer doomed to be vain, he cried: “Oh, spare me, all ye gods,” not knowing that he need not pray to them all. The archer-god was moved to pity, but too late to recall his shaft. Still the youth fell smitten by a slight wound only, since the arrow did not deeply pierce his heart.

Rumour of the trouble, the people’s grief, and the tears of her own friends informed the mother of this sudden disaster, amazed that it could have happened, and angry because the gods had dared so far, that they should have such power; for the father, Amphion, had already driven a dagger through his heart, and so in dying had ended his grief and life together. Alas, how different now was this Niobe from that Niobe who had but now driven the people from Latona’s altar, and had walked proudly through the city streets, enviable then to her friends, but now one for even her enemies to pity. She threw herself upon the cold bodies of her sons, wildly giving the last kisses to them all. From them she lifted her bruised arms to high heaven and cried: “Feed now upon my grief, cruel Latona, feed and glut your heart on my sorrow. Yes, glut your bloodthirsty heart! In my seven sons have I suffered sevenfold death. Exult, and triumph in your hateful victory. But why victory? In my misery I still have more than you in your felicity. After so many deaths, I triumph still!”
OVID

Dixerat, et sonuit contento nervus ab arcu,
qui praeter Nioben unam conterruit omnes:
illa malo est audax.—stabant cum vestibus atris
ante toros fratrum demisso crine sorores;
e quibus una trahens haerentia viscere tela
inposito fratri moribunda relanguit ore;
altera solari miseram conata parentem
conticuit subito duplicataque vulnera caeco est.
oraque compressit, nisi postquam spiritus ibat.¹
haec frustra fugiens collabitur, illa sorori
inmoritur; latet haec, illam trepidare videres.
sexque datis leto diversaque vulnera passis
ultima restabat, quam toto corpore mater,
tota veste tegens “ unam minimamque relinque!
de multis minimam posco ” clamavit “ et unam.”
dumque rogat, pro qua rogat, occidit: orba resedit
examines inter natos natasque virumque
deriguitque malis; nullos movet aura capillos,
in vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina maestis
stant inmota genis, nihil est in imagine vivum.
ipsa quoque interius cum duro lingua palato
congelat, et venae desistunt posse moveri;
nec fleti cervix nec brachia reddere motus
nec pes ire potest; intra quoque viscera saxum est.
flet tamen et validi circumdata turbine venti
in patriam rapta est: ibi fixa cacumine montis
liquitur, et lacrimas etiam nunc marmora manant.
Tum vero cuncti manifestam numinis iram
femina virque timent cultuque impensius omnes

¹ Line 294 bracketed by Ehwald.
She spoke, and the taut bowstring twanged, which terrified all save Niobe alone; misery made her bold. The sisters were standing about their brothers’ biers, with loosened hair and robed in black. One of these, while drawing out the shaft fixed in a brother’s vitals, sank down with her face upon him, fainting and dying. A second, attempting to console her grieving mother, ceased suddenly, and was bent in agony by an unseen wound. She closed her lips till her dying breath had passed. One fell while trying in vain to flee. Another died upon her sister; one hid, and one stood trembling in full view. And now six had suffered various wounds and died; the last remained. The mother, covering her with her crouching body and her sheltering robes, cried out: “Oh, leave me one, the littlest! Of all my many children, the littlest I beg you spare—just one!” And even while she prayed, she for whom she prayed fell dead. Now does the childless mother sit down amid the lifeless bodies of her sons, her daughters, and her husband, in stony grief. Her hair stirs not in the breeze; her face is pale and bloodless, and her eyes are fixed and staring in her sad face. There is nothing alive in the picture. Her very tongue is silent, frozen to her mouth’s roof, and her veins can move no longer; her neck cannot bend nor her arms move nor her feet go. Within also her vitals are stone. But still she weeps; and, caught up in a strong, whirling wind, she is rapt away to her own native land. There, set on a mountain’s peak, she weeps; and even to this day tears trickle from the marble.

Then truly do all men and women fear the wrath of the goddess so openly displayed; and all more zealously than ever worship the dread divinity of
magna gemelliparae venerantur numina divae; 315
utque fit, a facto propiore priora renarrant.
e quibus unus ait: "Lyciae quoque fertilis agris
non inpune deam veteres sprevere coloni.
res obscura quidem est ignobilitate virorum,
mira tamen: vidi praesens stagnumque locumque
prodigio notum. nam me iam grandior aevo 321
inpatiensque viae genitor deducere lectos
iusserat inde boves gentisque illius eunti
ipse ducem dederat, cum quo dum pascua lustro,
ecce lacu medio sacrorum nigra favilla
ara vetus statab tremulis circumdata cannis.
restitit et pavido 'faveas mihi!' murmure dixit
dux meus, et simili 'faveas!' ego murmure dixi.
Naiadum Faunine foret tamen ara rogabam
indigenae, dei, cum talia rettulit hospes: 330
'non hac, o iuvenis, montanum numen in ara est;
illa suam vocat hanc, cui quondam regia coniunx
orbem interdixit, quam vix erratica Delos
orantem accepit tum, cum levis insula nabat;
illic incumbens cum Palladis arbore palmae 335
edidit invita geminos Latona noverca.
hinc quoque Iunonem fugisse puerpera fertur
inque suo portasse sinu, duo numina, natos.
iamque Chimaeriferae, cum sol gravis ureret arva,
finibus in Lyciae longo dea fessa labore 340
the twin gods' mother. And, as usual, stirred by
the later, they tell over former tales. Then one
of them begins: "So also in the fertile fields of
Lycia, peasants of olden time scorned the goddess
and suffered for it. The story is little known
because of the humble estate of the men concerned,
but it is remarkable. I myself saw the pool and the
place made famous by the wonder. For my father,
who at that time was getting on in years and too
weak to travel far, had bidden me go and drive
down from that country some choice steers which
were grazing there, and had given me a man of that
nation to serve as guide. While I fared through the
grassy glades with him, there, in the midst of a lake,
an ancient altar was standing, black with the fires of
many sacrifices, surrounded with shivering reeds. My
guide halted and said with awe-struck whisper: 'Be
merciful to me!' and in like whisper I said: 'Be
merciful!' Then I asked my guide whether this
was an altar to the Naiads, or Faunus, or some
deity of the place, and he replied: 'No, young man;
no mountain deity dwells in this altar. She claims
its worship, whom the queen of heaven once shut
out from all the world, whom wandering Delos
would scarce accept at her prayer, when it was an
island, lightly floating on the sea. There, reclining
on the palm and Pallas' tree,\(^1\) in spite of their step-
mother, she brought forth her twin babes. Even
thence the new-made mother is said to have fled
from Juno, carrying in her bosom her infant children,
both divine. And now, having reached the borders
of Lycia, home of the Chimaera, when the hot sun
beat fiercely upon the fields, the goddess, weary
of her long struggle, was faint by reason of the

\(^1\) i.e. the olive.
OVID

sidereo siccata sitim collegit ab aestu, uberaque ebiberant avari lactantia nati.
forte lacum mediocris aquae prospexit in imis vallibus; agrestes illic fruticosa legebant vimina cum iuncis gratamque paludibus ulvam; 345 accessit positoque genu Titania terram pressit, ut hauriret gelidos potura liquores. rustica turba vetat; dea sic adfata vetantis:
"quid prohibetis aquis? usus communis aquarum est.
nec solem proprium natura nec aera fecit 350
nec tenues undas: ad publica munera veni;
quae tamen ut detis, supplex peto. non ego nostros ablueric hic artus lassataque membra parabam,

sed relevare sitim. caret os umore loquentis, et fauces arent, vixque est via vocis in illis. 355
haustus aquae mihi nectar erit, vitamque fatebor accepisse simul: vitam dederitis in unda.
hi quoque vos moveant, qui nostro brachia tendunt parva sinu," et casu tendebant brachia nati.

quem non blanda deae potuissent verba movere? hi tamen orantem perstat prohibere minasque, 361
ni procul abscedat, conviciaque insuper addunt.
nec satis est, ipsos etiam pedibusque manuque turbavere lacus imoque e gurgite mollem
huc illuc limum saltu movere maligno. 365
distulit ira sitim; neque enim iam filia Coei supplicat indignis nec dicere sustinet ultra verba minora dea tollensque ad sidera palmas "aeternum stagno" dixit "vivatis in isto!"
sun’s heat and parched with thirst; and the hungry children had drained her breasts dry of milk. She chanced to see a lake of no great size down in a deep vale; some rustics were there gathering bushy osiers, with fine swamp-grass and rushes of the marsh. Latona came to the water’s edge and kneeled on the ground to quench her thirst with a cooling draught. But the rustic rabble would not let her drink. Then she besought them: "Why do you deny me water? The enjoyment of water is a common right. Nature has not made the sun private to any, nor the air, nor soft water. This common right I seek; and yet I beg you to give it to me as a favour. I was not preparing to bathe my limbs or my weary body here in your pool, but only to quench my thirst. Even as I speak, my mouth is dry of moisture, my throat is parched, and my voice can scarce find utterance. A drink of water will be nectar to me, and I shall confess that I have received life with it; yes, life you will be giving me if you let me drink. These children too, let them touch your hearts, who from my bosom stretch out their little arms.” And it chanced that the children did stretch out their arms. Who would not have been touched by the goddess’ gentle words? Yet for all her prayers they persisted in denying with threats if she did not go away; they even added insulting words. Not content with that, they soiled the pool itself with their feet and hands, and stirred up the soft mud from the bottom, leaping about, all for pure meanness. Then wrath postponed thirst; for Coeus’ daughter could neither humble herself longer to those unruly fellows, nor could she endure to speak with less power than a goddess; but stretching up her hands to heaven, she cried: “Live then for ever
eveniunt optata deae: iuvat esse sub undis et modo tota cava submergere membra palude, nunc proferre caput, summo modo gurgite nare, saepe super ripam stagni consistere, saepe in gelidos resilire lacus, sed nunc quoque turpes litibus exercent linguas pulsoque pudore, quamvis sint sub aqua, sub aqua maledicere temptant. vox quoque iam rauca est, inflataque colla tumescunt, ipsaque dilatant patulos convicia rictus; turpe caput tendunt, colla intercepta videntur, spina viret, venter, pars maxima corporis, albet, limosoque novae saliunt in gurgite ranae.'”

Sic ubi nescio quis Lycia de gente virorum rettulit exitium, satyri reminiscitur alter, quem Tritoniaca Latous harundine victum adfecit poena. “quid me mihi detrahis?” inquit; “a! piget, a! non est ” clamabat “ tibia tanti.” clamanti cutis est summos direpta per artus, nec quicquam nisi vulnus erat; cruor undique manat, detectique patent nervi, trepidaeque sine ulla pelle micant venae; salientia viscera possis et perlucentes numerare in pectore fibras. illum ruricolae, silvarum numina, fauni et satyri fratres et tunc quoque carus Olympus et nymphae flerunt, et quisquis montibus illis lanigerosque greges armentaque bucera pavit. fertilis inmaduit madefactaque terra caducas concepit lacrimas ac venis perbibit imis; quas ubi fecit aquam, vacuas emisit in auras.
in that pool.” It fell out as the goddess prayed. It is their delight to live in water; now to plunge their bodies quite beneath the enveloping pool, now to thrust forth their heads, now to swim upon the surface. Often they sit upon the sedgy bank and often leap back into the cool lake. But even now, as of old, they exercise their foul tongues in quarrel, and all shameless, though they may be under water, even under the water they try to utter maledictions. Now also their voices are hoarse, their inflated throats swell up, and their constant quarrelling distends their wide jaws; they stretch their ugly heads, the necks seem to have disappeared. Their backs are green; their bellies, the largest part of the body, are white; and as new-made frogs they leap in the muddy pool.’

Then, when this unknown story-teller had told the destruction of the Lycian peasants, another recalled the satyr whom the son of Latona had conquered in a contest on Pallas’ reed, and punished. “Why do you tear me from myself?” he cried. “Oh, I repent! Oh, a flute is not worth such price!” As he screams, his skin is stripped off the surface of his body, and he is all one wound: blood flows down on every side, the sinews lie bare, his veins throb and quiver with no skin to cover them: you could count the entrails as they palpitate, and the vitals showing clearly in his breast. The country people, the sylvan deities, fauns and his brother satyrs, and Olympus, whom even then he still loved, the nymphs, all wept for him, and every shepherd who fed his woolly sheep or horned kine on those mountains. The fruitful earth was soaked, and soaking caught those tears and drank them deep into her veins. Changing these then to water, she sent them forth into the free air. Thence the stream
OVID

inde petens rapidus ripis declivibus aequor
Marsya nomen habet, Phrygiae liquidissimus amnis.

Talibus extemplo redit ad praesentia dictis
vulgus et extinctum cum stirpe Amphionā luget;
mater in invidia est: hanc tunc quoque dicitur unus
flesse Pelops umeroque, suas a pectore postquam
deduxit vestes, ebur ostendisse sinistro.

concolor hic umerus nascendi tempore dextro
corporeusque fuit; manibus mox caesa paternis
membra ferunt iunxisse deos, aliiisque repertis,
qui locus est iuguli medius summique lacerti,
defuit: inpositum est non conparentis in usum
partis ebur, factoque Pelops fuit integer illo.

Finitimi proceres coeunt, urbesque propinquae
oravere suos ire ad solacia reges,
Argosque et Sparte Pelopeiadesque Mycenae
et nondum torvae Calydon invisa Dianae
Orchomenosque ferax et nobilis aere Corinthus
Messeneque ferox Patraeque humilesque Cleonae
et Nelea Pylos neque adhuc Pittheia Troezens,
quaeque urbes aliae bimari clauduntur ab Isthmo
exteriusque sitae bimari spectantur ab Isthmo;
credere quis posset? solae cessastis Athenae.
obstitit officio bellum, subvectaque ponto
barbara Mopsopios terrebant agmina muros.

Threicius Tereus haec auxiliaribus armis
fuderat et clarum vincendo nomen habebat;
within its sloping banks ran down quickly to the sea, and had the name of Marsyas, the clearest river in all Phrygia.

Straightway the company turns from such old tales to the present, and mourns Amphion dead with his children. They all blame the mother; but even then one man, her brother Pelops, is said to have wept for her, and, drawing aside his garment from his breast, to have revealed the ivory patch on the left shoulder. This at the time of his birth had been of the same colour as his right, and of flesh. But later, when his father had cut him in pieces, they say that the gods joined the parts together again; they found all the others, but one part was lacking where the neck and upper arm unite. A piece of ivory was made to take the place of the part which could not be found; and so Pelops was made whole again.

Now all the neighbouring princes assembled, and the near-by cities urged their kings to go and offer sympathy: Argos and Sparta and Peloponnesian Mycenae; Calydon, which had not yet incurred Diana's wrath; fertile Orchomenos and Corinth, famed for works of bronze; warlike Messene, Patrae, and low-lying Cleonae; Nelean Pylos and Troezen, not yet ruled by Pittheus; and all the other cities which are shut off by the Isthmus between its two seas, and those which are outside visible from the Isthmus between its two seas.¹ But of all cities—who could believe it?—you, Athens, alone did nothing. War hindered this friendly service, and barbaric hordes from oversea held the walls of Mopsopia² in alarm. Now Tereus of Thrace had put these to flight with his relieving troops, and by the victory had a great name. And

¹ That is, the Peloponnesian and Northern Greece.
² Athens, from King Mopsopius.
OVID

quam sibi Pandion opibusque virisque potentem et genus a magno ducentem forte Gradivo conubio Proenes iunxit; non pronuba Iuno, non Hymenaeus adest, non illi Gratia lecto: Eumenides tenuere faces de funere raptas, 430
Eumenides stravere torum, tectoque profanus incubuit bubo thalamique in culmine sedit.
hac ave coniuncti Procne Tereusque, parentes hac ave sunt facti; gratata est scilicet illis Thracia, disque ipsi grates egere; diemque, 435
quaque data est claro Pandione nata tyranno quaque erat ortus Itys, festum iussere vocari: usque adeo latet utilitas.

Jam tempora Titan quinque per autumnos repetiti duxerat anni, cum blandita viro Procne "si gratia" dixit 440
"ulla mea est, vel me visendam mitte sorori, vel soror huc veniat: reedituram tempore parvo promittes socero; magni mihi muneris instar germanam vidisse dabis." iubet ille carinas in freta deduci veloque et remige portus 445
Cecropios intrat Piraeaque litora tangit.
ut primum soceri data copia, dextera dextrae iungitur, et fausto committitur omine sermo. coeperat, adventus causam, mandata referre coniugis et celeres missae spondere recursus: 450
ecece venit magno dives Philomela paratu, divitior forma; quales audire solemus naidas et dryadas mediis incedere silvis,

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since he was strong in wealth and in men, and traced his descent, as it happened, from Gradius, Pandion, king of Athens, allied him to himself by wedding him to Proene. But neither Juno, bridal goddess, nor Hymen, nor the Graces were present at that wedding. The Furies lighted them with torches stolen from a funeral; the Furies spread the couch, and the uncanny screech-owl brooded and sat on the roof of their chamber. Under this omen were Proene and Tereus wedded; under this omen was their child conceived. Thrace, indeed, rejoiced with them, and they themselves gave thanks to the gods; both the day on which Pandion's daughter was married to their illustrious king, and that day on which Itys was born, they made a festival: even so is our true advantage hidden.

Now Titan through five autumnal seasons had brought round the revolving years, when Proene coaxingly to her husband said: "If I have found any favour in your sight, either send me to visit my sister or let my sister come to me. You will promise my father that after a brief stay she shall return. If you give me a chance to see my sister you will confer on me a precious boon." Tereus accordingly bade them launch his ship, and plying oar and sail, he entered the Cecropian harbour and came to land on the shore of Piraeus. As soon as he came into the presence of his father-in-law they joined right hands, and the talk began with good wishes for their health. He had begun to tell of his wife's request, which was the cause of his coming, and to promise a speedy return should the sister be sent home with him, when lo! Philomela entered, attired in rich apparel, but richer still in beauty; such as we are wont to hear the naiads described, and dryads when they move about
si modo des illis cultus similesque paratus. non secus exarsit conspecta virgine Tereus, quam si quis canis ignem supponat aristis aut frondem positasque cremet faenilibus herbas. digna quidem facies; sed et hunc innata libido exstimulat, proumque genus regionibus illis in Venerem est: flagrat vitio gentisque suoque. impetus est illi comitum corrumpere curam nutricisque fidem nec non ingentibus ipsam sollicitare datis totumque inpendere regnum aut rapere et saevo raptam defendere bello; et nihil est, quod non effreno captus amore ausit, nec capiunt inclusas pectora flammas. iamque moras male fert cupidoque revertitur ore ad mandata Procnens et agit sua vota sub illa. facundum faciebat amor, quotiensque rogabat ulterius iusto, Procnen ita velle ferebat. addidit et lacrimas, tamquam mandasset et illas. pro superi, quantum mortalia pectora caecae noctis habent! ipso sceleris molimine Tereus creditur esse pius laudemque a crimine sumit. quid, quod idem Philomela cupit, patriosque lacertis blanda tenens uberos, ut eat visura sororem, perque suam contraque suam petit ipsa salutem. spectat eam Tereus praecinctatque videndo osculaque et collo circumpate bracchia cernens omnia pro stimulus facibusque ciboque furoris accipit, et quotiens amplectitur illa parentem, esse parenst vellet: neque enim minus inpius esset.
in the deep woods, if only one should give to them refinement and apparel like hers. The moment he saw the maiden Tereus was inflamed with love, quick as if one should set fire to ripe grain, or dry leaves, or hay stored away in the mow. Her beauty, indeed, was worth it; but in his case his own passionate nature pricked him on, and, besides, the men of his clime are quick to love: his own fire and his nation's burnt in him. His impulse was to corrupt her attendants' care and her nurse's faithfulness, and even by rich gifts to tempt the girl herself, even at the cost of all his kingdom; or else to ravish her and to defend his act by bloody war. There was nothing which he would not do or dare, smitten by this mad passion. His heart could scarce contain the fires that burnt in it. Now, impatient of delay, he eagerly repeated Procne's request, pleading his own cause under her name. Love made him eloquent, and as often as he asked more urgently than he should, he would say that Procne wished it so. He even added tears to his entreaties, as though she had bidden him to do this too. Ye gods, what blind night rules in the hearts of men! In the very act of pushing on his shameful plan Tereus gets credit for a kind heart and wins praise from wickedness. Ay, more—Philomela herself has the same wish; winding her arms about her father's neck, she coaxes him to let her visit her sister; by her own welfare (yes, and against it, too) she urges her prayer. Tereus gazes at her, and as he looks feels her already in his arms; as he sees her kisses and her arms about her father's neck, all this goads him on, food and fuel for his passion; and whenever she embraces her father he wishes that he were in the father's place—indeed, if he were, his intent would be no
vincitur ambarum genitor prece: gaudet agitque
illa patri grates et successisse duabus
id putat infelix, quod erit lugubre duabus. 485
Iam labor exiguo Phoebu restabat, equique
pulsabant pedibus spatium declivis Olympi:
regales epulae mensis et Bacchus in auro
ponitur; hinc placido dantur sua corpora somno.
at rex Odrysius, quamvis secessit, in illa
aestuat et repetens faciem motusque manusque
qualia vult fingit quae nondum vidit et ignes
ipse suos nutrit cura removente soporem.
lux erat, et generi dextram conplexus euntis
Pandion comitem lacrimis commendat abortis: 490
"hanc ego, care gener, quoniam pia causa coegit,
et voluere ambae (voluisti tu quoque, Tereu)
do tibi perque fidem cognataque pectora supplex
per superos oro patrio ut tuearis amore
et mihi sollicitae lenimen dulce senectae
quam primum (omnis erit nobis mora longa) remittas;
tu quoque quam primum (satis est procul esse
sororem),
si pietas ulla est, ad me, Philomela, redito!"
mandabat pariterque suae dabat oscula natae,
et lacrimae mites inter mandata cadebant; 500
utque fide pignus dextras utriusque poposcit
inter seque datas iunxit natamque nepotemque
absentes pro se memori rogat ore salutent;
supremumque vale pleno singultibus ore
vix dixit timuitque suae praesagia mentis. 510

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less impious. The father yields to the prayers of both. The girl is filled with joy; she thanks her father and, poor unhappy wretch, she deems that success for both sisters which is to prove a woeful happening for them both.

Now Phoebus' toils were almost done and his horses were pacing down the western sky. A royal feast was spread, wine in cups of gold. Then they lay them down to peaceful slumber. But although the Thracian king retired, his heart seethes with thoughts of her. Recalling her look, her movement, her hands, he pictures at will what he has not yet seen, and feeds his own fires, his thoughts preventing sleep. Morning came; and Pandion, wringing his son-in-law's hand as he was departing, consigned his daughter to him with many tears and said: "Dear son, since a natural plea has won me, and both my daughters have wished it, and you also have wished it, my Tereus, I give her to your keeping; and by your honour and the ties that bind us, by the gods, I pray you guard her with a father's love, and as soon as possible—it will seem a long time in any case to me—send back to me this sweet solace of my tedious years. And do you, my Philomela, if you love me, come back to me as soon as possible; it is enough that your sister is so far away." Thus he made his last requests and kissed his child good-bye, and gentle tears fell as he spoke the words; and he asked both their right hands as pledge of their promise, and joined them together and begged that they would remember to greet for him his daughter and her son. His voice broke with sobs, he could hardly say farewell, as he feared the forebodings of his mind.
Ut semel inposita est pictae Philomela carinae, admotumque fretum remis tellusque repulsa est, "vicimus!" exclamat, "mecum mea vota feruntur!" exsultatque et vix animo sua gaudia differt barbarus et nusquam lumen detorquet ab illa, non aliter quam cum pedibus praedator obuncis deposuit nido leporem Iovis ales in alto; nulla fuga est capto, spectat sua praemia raptor.

Iamque iter effectum, iamque in sua litora fessis puppibus exierant, cum rex Pandione natam in stabula alta trahit, silvis obscura vetustis, atque ibi pallentem trepidamque et cuncta timentem et iam cum lacrimis, ubi sit germana, rogantem includit fassusque nefas et virginem et unam vi superat frustra clamato saepe parente, saepe sorore sua, magnis super omnia divis. illa tremit velut agna pavens, quae saucia cani ore excussa lupi nondum sibi tuta videtur, utque columba suo madefactis sanguine plumis horret adhuc avidosque timet, quibus haeserat, unguies. mox ubi mens rediit, passos laniata capillos, lugenti similis caesis plangore lacertis intendens palmas "o diris barbare factis, o crudelis" ait, "nec te mandata parentis cum lacrimis movere piis nec cura sororis nec mea virginitas nec coniugialia iura? omnia turbasti; paelex ego facta sororis, tu geminus coniunx, hostis mihi debita Procne!
As soon as Philomela was safely embarked upon the painted ship and the sea was churned beneath the oars and the land was left behind, Tereus exclaimed: "I have won! in my ship I carry the fulfilment of my prayers!" The barbarous fellow triumphs, he can scarce postpone his joys, and never turns his eyes from her, as when the ravenous bird of Jove has dropped in his high eyrie some hare caught in his hooked talons; the captive has no chance to escape, the captor gloats over his prize.

And now they were at the end of their journey, now, leaving the travel-worn ship, they had landed on their own shores; when the king dragged off Pandion’s daughter to a hut deep hidden in the ancient woods; and there, pale and trembling and all fear, begging with tears to know where her sister was, he shut her up. Then, openly confessing his horrid purpose, he violated her, just a weak girl and all alone, vainly calling, often on her father, often on her sister, but most of all upon the great gods. She trembled like a frightened lamb, which, torn and cast aside by a grey wolf, cannot yet believe that it is safe; and like a dove which, with its own blood all smeared over its plumage, still palpitates with fright, still fears those greedy claws that have pierced it. Soon, when her senses came back, she dragged at her loosened hair, and like one in mourning, beating and tearing her arms, with outstretched hands she cried: "Oh, what a horrible thing you have done, barbarous, cruel wretch! Do you care nothing for my father’s injunctions, his affectionate tears, my sister’s love, my own virginity, the bonds of wedlock? You have confused all natural relations: I have become a concubine, my sister’s rival; you, a husband to both. Now Procne must be my enemy. Why do you not
OVID

quin animam hanc, ne quod facinus tibi, perfide, restet, eripis? atque utinam fecisses ante nefandos 540 concubitus: vacuas habuissem criminis umbras. si tamen haec superi cernunt, si numina divum sunt aliquid, si non perierunt omnia mecum, quandocumque mihi poenas dabis! ipsa pudore proiecto tua facta loquar: si copia detur, 545 in populos veniam; si silvis clausa tenebor, inplebo silvas et conscia saxa movebo; audiet haec aether et si deus ullus in illo est!"

Talibus ira feri postquam commota tyranni nec minor hac metus est, causa stimulatus utraque, quo fuit accinctus, vagina liberatensem 551 arreptamque coma fixis post terga lacertis vincla pati cogit; iugulum Philomela parabat spemque suae mortis viso conceperat ense: ille indignantem et nomen patris usque vocantem luctantemque loqui comprensam forcipe linguam 556 abstulit ense fero. radix micat ultima linguae, ipsa iacet terraeque tremens inmurmurat atrae, utque salire solet mutilatae cauda colubraë, palpitat et moriens dominæ vestigia quaerit. 560 hoc quoque post facinus (vix ausim credere) fertur saepe sua lacerum repetisse libidine corpus.

Sustinet ad Procnen post talia facta reverti; coniuge quae viso germanam quaerit, at ille 326
take my life, that no crime may be left undone, you traitor? Aye, would that you had killed me before you wronged me so. Then would my shade have been innocent and clean. If those who dwell on high see these things, nay, if there are any gods at all, if all things have not perished with me, sooner or later you shall pay dearly for this deed. I will myself cast shame aside and proclaim what you have done. If I should have the chance, I would go where people throng and tell it; if I am kept shut up in these woods, I will fill the woods with my story and move the very rocks to pity. The air of heaven shall hear it, and, if there is any god in heaven, he shall hear it too."

The savage tyrant's wrath was aroused by these words, and his fear no less. Pricked on by both these spurs, he drew his sword which was hanging by his side in its sheath, caught her by the hair, and twisting her arms behind her back, he bound them fast. At sight of the sword Philomela gladly offered her throat to the stroke, filled with the eager hope of death. But he seized her tongue with pincers, as it protested against the outrage, calling ever on the name of her father and struggling to speak, and cut it off with his merciless blade. The mangled root quivers, while the severed tongue lies palpitating on the dark earth, faintly murmuring; and, as the severed tail of a mangled snake is wont to writhe, it twitches convulsively, and with its last dying movement it seeks its mistress's feet. Even after this horrid deed—one would scarce believe it—the monarch is said to have worked his lustful will again and again upon the poor mangled form.

With such crimes upon his soul he had the face to return to Procne's presence. She on seeing him
dat gemitus fictos commentaque funera narrat, 565
et lacrimae fecere fidem. velamina Procne
deripit ex umeris auro fulgentia lato
induiturque atras vestes et inane sepulcrum
constituit falsisque piacula manibus infert
et luget non sic lugendae fata sororis. 570

Signa deus bis sex acto lustraverat anno;
quid faciat Philomela? fugam custodia claudit,
structa rigent solido stabulorum moenia saxo,
os mutum facti caret indice. grande doloris
ingenium est, miserisque venit sollertia rebus: 575
stamina barbarica suspendit callida tela
purpureaeaque notas filis intexuit albis,
indicium sceleris; perfectaque tradidit uni,
utque ferat dominae, gestu rogat; illa rogata
pertulit ad Procnen nec scit, quid tradat in illis. 580
evolvit vestes saevi matrona tyranni
fortunaeque suae carmen miserabile legit
et (mirum potuisse) silet: dolor ora repressit,
verbaque quaerenti satis indignantia linguae
defuerunt, nec flere vacat, sed fasque nefasque 585
confusura ruit poenaeque in imagine tota est.

Tempus erat, quo sacra solent trieterica Bacchi
Sithoniae celebrare nurus: (nox conscia sacris,
nocte sonat Rhodope tinnitibus aeris acuti)
nocte sua est egressa domo regina deique
ritibus instruitur furialiaque accipit arma; 590
328
at once asked where her sister was. He groaned in pretended grief and told a made-up story of death; his tears gave credence to the tale. Then Procne tore from her shoulders the robe gleaming with a broad golden border and put on black weeds; she built also a cenotaph in honour of her sister, brought pious offerings to her imagined spirit, and mourned her sister's fate, not meet so to be mourned.

Now through the twelve signs, a whole year's journey, has the sun-god passed. And what shall Philomela do? A guard prevents her flight; stout walls of solid stone fence in the hut; speechless lips can give no token of her wrongs. But grief has sharp wits, and in trouble cunning comes. She hangs a Thracian web on her loom, and skilfully weaving purple signs on a white background, she thus tells the story of her wrongs. This web, when completed, she gives to her one attendant and begs her with gestures to carry it to the queen. The old woman, as she was bid, takes the web to Procne, not knowing what she bears in it. The savage tyrant's wife unrolls the cloth, reads the pitiable tale of her misfortune, and (a miracle that she could!) says not a word. Grief chokes the words that rise to her lips, and her questing tongue can find no words strong enough to express her outraged feelings. Here is no room for tears, but she hurries on to confound right and wrong, her whole soul bent on the thought of vengeance.

It was the time when the Thracian matrons were wont to celebrate the biennial festival of Bacchus. Night was in their secret; by night Mount Rhodope would resound with the shrill clash of brazen cymbals; so by night the queen goes forth from her house, equips herself for the rites of the god and
vite caput tigitur, lateri cervina sinistro
vellera dependent, umero levis incubat hasta.
concita per silvas turba comitante suarum
terribilis Procne furiisque agitata doloris, 595
Bacche, tuas simulat: venit ad stabula avia tandem
exululatque euhoeque sonat portasque refringit
germanamque rapit raptaeque insignia Bacchi
induit et vultus hederarum frondibus abdit
attonitamque trahens intra sua moenia ducit. 600

Ut sensit tetigisse domum Philomela nefandam,
horruit infelix totoque expalluit ore;
nacta locum Procne sacrorum pignora demit
oraque develat miserae pudibunda sororis
amplexumque petit; sed non attollere contra 605
sustinet haec oculos paelex sibi visa sororis
deriectoque in humum vultu iurare volenti
testarique deos, per vim sibi dedecus illud
inlatum, pro voce manus fuit. ardet et iram
non capit ipsa suam Procne fletumque sororis 610
corripiens "non est lacrimis hoc" inquit "agendum,
sed ferro, sed si quid habes, quod vincere ferrum
possit. in omne nefas ego me, germana, paravi:
aut ego, cum facibus regalia tecta cremabo,
artificem mediis inmittam Terea flammis 615
aut linguam atque oculos et quae tibi membra
pudorem
abstulerunt ferro rapiam aut per vulnera mille
sontem animam expellam! magnum, quodcumque
paravi;
quid sit, adhuc dubito."
dons the array of frenzy; her head was wreathed with trailing vines, a deer-skin hung from her left side, a light spear rested on her shoulder. Swift she goes through the woods with an attendant throng of her companions, and driven on by the madness of grief, Procne, terrific in her rage, mimics thy madness, O Bacchus! She comes to the secluded lodge at last, shrieks aloud and cries “Euhoe!” breaks down the doors, seizes her sister, arrays her in the trappings of a Bacchante, hides her face with ivy-leaves, and, dragging her along in amazement, leads her within her own walls.

When Philomela perceived that she had entered that accursed house the poor girl shook with horror and grew pale as death. Procne found a place, and took off the trappings of the Bacchic rites and, uncovering the shame-blanchéd face of her wretched sister, folded her in her arms. But Philomela could not lift her eyes to her sister, feeling herself to have wronged her. And, with her face turned to the ground, longing to swear and call all the gods to witness that that shame had been forced upon her, she made her hand serve for voice. But Procne was all on fire, could not contain her own wrath, and chiding her sister’s weeping, she said: “This is no time for tears, but for the sword, for something stronger than the sword, if you have such a thing. I am prepared for any crime, my sister; either to fire this palace with a torch, and to cast Tereus, the author of our wrongs, into the flaming ruins, or to cut out his tongue and his eyes, to cut off the parts which brought shame to you, and drive his guilty soul out through a thousand wounds. I am prepared for some great deed; but what it shall be I am still in doubt.”
Peragit dum talia Procne, ad matrem veniebat Itys; quid possit, ab illo admonita est oculisque tuens inmitibus "a! quam es similis patri!" dixit nec plura locuta triste parat facinus tacitaque exaestuatu ira. ut tamen accessit natus matrīque salutem attulit et parvis adduxit colla lacertis mixtaque blanditiis puerilibus oscula iunxit, mota quidem est genetrix, infractaque constitit ira invitique oculi lacrimis maduere coactis; sed simul ex nimia mentem 1 pietate labare sensit, ab hoc iterum est ad vultus versa sororis inque vicem spectans ambos "cur admovet" inquit "alter blanditiias, rapta silet altera linguā? quam vocat hic matrem, cur non vocat illa sororem? cui sis nupta, vide, Pandione nata! marito degeneras? scelus est pietas in coniuge Tereo." nec mora, traxit Ityn, veluti Gaṅgetica cervae lactentem fetum per silvas tigris opacas, utque domus altae partem tenuere remotam, tendentemque manus et iam sua fata videntem et "mater! mater!" clamantem et colla petentem ense ferit Procne, lateri qua pectus adhaeret, nec vultum vertit. satis illi ad fata vel unum vulnera erat: iugulum ferro Philomela resolvit, vivaque adhuc animaeque aliquid retinentiāa membra dilaniant. pars inde cavis exsultat aenis, pars veribus stridunt; manant penetralia tabo.

His adhibet conjunx ignorum Terea mensis et patrii moris sacrum mentita, quod uni

1 mentem cod. Ciofani: matrem N. Heinsius.
While Procne was thus speaking Itys came into his mother's presence. His coming suggested what she could do, and regarding him with pitiless eyes, she said: "Ah, how like your father you are!" Saying no more, she began to plan a terrible deed and boiled with inward rage. But when the boy came up to her and greeted his mother, put his little arms around her neck and kissed her in his winsome, boyish way, her mother-heart was touched, her wrath fell away, and her eyes, though all unwilling, were wet with tears that flowed in spite of her. But when she perceived that her purpose was wavering through excess of mother-love, she turned again from her son to her sister; and gazing at both in turn, she said: "Why is one able to make soft, pretty speeches, while her ravished tongue dooms the other to silence? Since he calls me mother, why does she not call me sister? Remember whose wife you are, daughter of Pandion! Will you be faithless to your husband? But faithfulness to such a husband as Tereus is a crime." Without more words she dragged Itys away, as a tigress drags a suckling fawn through the dark woods on Ganges' banks. And when they reached a remote part of the great house, while the boy stretched out pleading hands as he saw his fate, and screamed, "Mother! mother!" and sought to throw his arms around her neck, Procne smote him with a knife between breast and side—and with no change of face. This one stroke sufficed to slay the lad; but Philomela cut the throat also, and they cut up the body still warm and quivering with life. Part bubbles in brazen kettles, part sputters on spits; while the whole room drips with gore.

This is the feast to which the wife invites Tereus, little knowing what it is. She pretends that it is a
fas sit adire viro, comites famulosque removit.
ipse sedens solio Tereus sublimis avito 650
vescitur inque suam sua viscera congerit alvum,
tantaque nox animi est, "Ityn hue accersite!" dixit.
dissimulare nequit crudelia gaudia Procne
iamque suae cupiens existere nuntia cladis 654
"intus habes, quem poscis" ait: circumspicit ille
atque, ubi sit, quaerit; quaerenti iterumque vocanti,
sicut erat sparsis furiali caede capillis,
prosiluit Ityosque caput Philomela cruentum
misit in ora patris nec tempore maluit ullo
posse loqui et meritis testari gaudia dictis. 660
Thracius ingenti mensas clamore repellit
vipereasque ciet Stygia de valle sorores
et modo, si posset, reserato pectore diras
egerere inde dapes emersaque viseera gestit,
flet modo seque vocat bustum miserabile nati, 665
nunc sequitur nudo genitas Pandione ferro.
corpora Cecropidum pennis pendere putares:
pendebant pennis. quarum petit altera silvas,
altera tecta subit, neque adhuc de pectore caedis
excessere notae, signataque sanguine pluma est. 670
ille dolore suo poenaeque cupidine velox
vertitur in volucrem, cui stant in vertice cristae.
prominet inmodicum pro longa cuspide rostrum;
nomen epops volucri, facies armata videtur.
334
sacred feast after their ancestral fashion, of which only a husband may partake, and removes all attendants and slaves. So Tereus, sitting alone in his high ancestral banquet-chair, begins the feast and gorges himself with flesh of his own flesh. And in the utter blindness of his understanding he cries: "Go, call me Itys hither!" Procris cannot hide her cruel joy, and eager to be the messenger of her bloody news, she says: "You have, within, him whom you want." He looks about and asks where the boy is. And then, as he asks and calls again for his son, just as she was, with streaming hair, and all stained with her mad deed of blood, Philomela springs forward and hurls the gory head of Itys straight into his father's face; nor was there ever any time when she longed more to be able to speak, and to express her joy in fitting words. Then the Thracian king overturns the table with a great cry and invokes the snaky sisters from the Stygian pit. Now, if he could, he would gladly lay open his breast and take thence the horrid feast and vomit forth the flesh of his son; now he weeps bitterly and calls himself his son's most wretched tomb; then with drawn sword he pursues the two daughters of Pandion. As they fly from him you would think that the bodies of the two Athenians were poised on wings: they were poised on wings! One flies to the woods, the other rises to the roof. And even now their breasts have not lost the marks of their murderous deed, their feathers are stained with blood. Tereus, swift in pursuit because of his grief and eager desire for vengeance, is himself changed into a bird. Upon his head a stiff crest appears, and a huge beak stands forth instead of his long sword. He is the hoopoë, with the look of one armed for war.
OVID

Hic dolor ante diem longaeque extrema senectae tempora Tartareas Pandionae misit ad umbras. 676 sceptra loci rerumque capit moderamen Erechtheus, iustitia dubium validisne potentior armis. quattuor ille quidem iuvenes totidemque crearat feminineae sortis, sed erat par forma duarum. 680 e quibus Aeolides Cephalus te coniuge felix, Procri, fuit; Boreae Tereus Thracesque nocebant, dilectaque diu caruit deus Orithyia, dum rogat et precibus mavult quam viribus uti; ast ubi blanditiis agitur nil, horridus ira, 685 quae solita est illi nimiumque domestica vento, "et merito!" dixit; "quid enim mea tela reliqui, saevitiam et vires iramque animosque minaces, admovique preces, quarum me dedecet usus? apta mihi vis est: vi tristia nubila pello, 690 vi freta concutio nodosaque robora vero induroque nives et terras grandine pulso; idem ego, cum fratres caelo sum nactus aperto (nam mihi campus is est), tanto molimine luctor, ut medius nostris concursibus insonet aether 695 exsiliantque cavis elisi nubibus ignes; idem ego, cum subii convexa foramina terrae supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis, sollicito manes totumque tremoribus orbem. hac ope debueram thalamos petiiisse, socerque 700 non orandus erat mihi sed faciendus Erechtheus." 336
This woe shortened the days of old Pandion and sent him down to the shades of Tartarus before old age came to its full term. His sceptre and the state's control fell to Erechtheus, equally famed for justice and for prowess in arms. Four sons were born to him and four daughters also. Of these daughters two were of equal beauty, of whom thou, Procris, didst make happy in wedlock Cephalus, the grandson of Aeolus. Boreas was not favoured because of Tereus and the Thracians; and so the god was long kept from his beloved Orithyia, while he wooed and preferred to use prayers rather than force. But when he could accomplish nothing by soothing words, rough with anger, which was the north-wind's usual and more natural mood, he said: "I have deserved it! For why have I given up my own weapons, fierceness and force, rage and threatening moods, and had recourse to use prayers, which do not at all become me? Force is my fit instrument. By force I drive on the gloomy clouds, by force I shake the sea, I overturn gnarled oaks, pack hard the snow, and pelt the earth with hail. So also when I meet my brother in the open sky—for that is my battleground—I struggle with them so fiercely that the mid-heavens thunder with our meeting and fires leap bursting out of the hollow clouds. So also when I have entered the vaulted hollows of the earth, and have set my strong back beneath her lowest caverns, I fright the ghosts and the whole world, too, by my heavings. By this means I should have sought my wife. I should not have begged Erechtheus to be my father-in-law, but made him to be so." With

1 Since the home of Boreas was in the north, he was included in the hatred felt at Athens for Tereus and the Thracians.
haec Boreas aut his non inferiora locutus
excussit pennas, quarum iactatibus omnis
adflata est tellus latumque perhorruit aequor,
pulvereamque trahens per summa cacumina pallam
verrit humum pavidadamque metu caligine tectus
Orithyian amans fulvis amplectitur alis.
dum volat, arserunt agitati fortius ignes,
nec prius aerii cursus suppressit habenas,
quam Ciconum tenuit populos et moenia raptor.
illic et gelidi coniunx Actaea tyranni
et genetrix facta est, partus enixa gemellos,
cetera qui matris, pennas genitoris haberent.
non tamen has una memorant cum corpore natas,
barbaque dum rutilis aberat subnixa capillis,
inplumes Calaisque puer Zetesque fuerunt;
mox pariter pennae ritu coepere volucrum
cingere utrumque latus, pariter flavescere malae.
ergo ubi concessit tempus puerile iuventae,
vellera cum Minyis nitido radiantia villo
per mare non notum prima petiere carina.
these words or others no less boisterous, Boreas shook his wings, whose mighty flutterings sent a blast over all the earth, and ruffled the broad ocean. And trailing along his dusty mantle over the mountain-tops, he swept the land; and wrapped in darkness, the lover embraced with his tawny wings his Orithyia, who was trembling sore with fear. As he flew his own flames were fanned and burned stronger. Nor did the robber check his airy flight until he came to the people and the city of the Cicones. There did the Athenian girl become the bride of the cold monarch, and mother, when she brought forth twins sons, who had all else of their mother, but their father's wings. Yet these wings, they say, were not born with their bodies; while the beard was not yet to be seen beneath their yellow locks, both Calais and Zetes were wingless, but soon and at the same time wings began to spring out on either side after the fashion of birds, and the cheeks began to grow tawny. So these two youths, when boyhood was passed and they had grown to man's estate, went with the Minyans over an unknown sea in that first ship to seek the bright gleaming fleece of gold.
LIBER VII

Iamque fretum Minyae Pagasaeae puppe secabant, perpetuaque trahens inopem sub nocte senectam Phineus visus erat, iuvenesque Aquilone creati virgineas volucres miseri senis ore fugarant, multaque perpessi claro sub Iasone tandem contigerant rapidas limosi Phasidos undas. dumque adeunt regem Phrixeaque vellera poscunt lexque datur Minyis magnorum horrenda laborum, concipit interea validos Aeetias ignes et luctata diu, postquam ratione furorem vincere non poterat, "frustra, Medea, repugnas: nescio quis deus obstat," ait, "mirumque, nisi hoc est, aut aliquid certe simile huic, quod amare vocatur. nam cur iussa patris nimium mihi dura videntur? sunt quoque dura nimis! cur, quem modo denique vidi, ne pereat, timeo? quae tanti causa timoris? excute virgineo conceptas pectore flammamas, si potes, infelix! si possem, sanior essem! sed gravat invitam nova vis, aliudque cupido, mens aliud suadet: video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor. quid in hospite, regia virgo,
And now the Minyans were plowing the deep in their Thessalian ship. They had seen Phineus, spending his last days helpless in perpetual night; and the sons of Boreas had driven the harpies from the presence of the unhappy king. Having experienced many adventures under their illustrious leader Jason, they reached at last the swift waters of muddy Phasis. There, while they were approaching the king and demanding the fleece that Phrixus had given to him, while the dreadful condition with its great tasks was being proposed to the Minyans, meanwhile the daughter of King Aeëtes conceived an overpowering passion. Long she fought against it, and when by reason she could not rid her of her madness she cried: "In vain, Medea, do you fight. Some god or other is opposing you; I wonder if this is not what is called love, or at least something like this. For why do the mandates of my father seem too harsh? They certainly are too harsh. Why do I fear lest he perish whom I have but now seen for the first time? What is the cause of all this fear? Come, thrust from your maiden breast these flames that you feel, if you can, unhappy girl. Ah, if I could, I should be more myself. But some strange power holds me down against my will. Desire persuades me one way, reason another. I see the better and approve it, but I follow the worse. Why do you, a
ureris et thalamos alieni concipis orbis?
haec quoque terra potest, quod ames, dare. vivat an ille
occidat, in dis est. vivat tamen! idque precari
vel sine amore licet: quid enim commisis Iason? 25
quem, nisi crudelem, non tangat Iasonis aetas
et genus et virtus? quem non, ut cetera desint,
ore movere potest? certe mea pectora movit.
at nisi opem tulero, taurorum adflabitur ore
concurretque suae segeti, tellure creatis
hostibus, aut avido dabitur fera praeda draconi.
hoc ego si patiar, tum me de tigride natam,
tum ferrum et scopulos gestare in corde fatebor!
cur non et specto perreuntem oculosque videndo
conscelero? cur non tauros exhortor in illum
terrigenasque feros insipitumque draconem?
di meliora velint! quamquam non ista precanda,
sed facienda mihi.—prodamne ego regna parentis,
atque ope nescio quis servabitur advena nostra,
ut per me sospes sine me det lintea ventis
virque sit alterius, poenae Medea relinquar?
si facere hoc aliamve potest praeponere nobis,
occidat ingratus! sed non is vultus in illo,
non ea nobilitas animo est, ea gratia formae,
ut timeam fraudem meritique oblivia nostri.
et dabit ante fidem, cogamque in foedera testes
esse deos. quid tuta times? accingere et omnem
pelle moram: tibi se semper debebit Iason,
te face sollemni iunget sibi perque Pelasgas
344
royal maiden, burn for a stranger, and think upon marriage with a foreign world? This land also can give you something to love. Whether he live or die is in the lap of the gods. Yet may he live! This I may pray for even without loving him. For what has Jason done? Who that is not heartless would not be moved by Jason's youth, his noble birth, his manhood? Who, though the rest were lacking, would not be touched by his beauty? Certainly he has touched my heart. But unless I help him he will be breathed on by the bulls' fiery breath, and he will have to meet an enemy of his own sowing sprung from the earth, or he will be given as prey like any wild beast to the greedy dragon. If I permit this, then shall I confess that I am the child of a tigress and that I have iron and stone in my heart. But why can I not look on as he dies, and why is such a sight defilement for my eyes? Why do I not urge on the bulls against him, and the fierce earth-born warriors, and the sleepless dragon? Heaven forefend! and yet that is not matter for my prayers, but for my deeds. Shall I then betray my father's throne? and shall an unknown stranger be preserved by my aid, that, when saved by me, he may sail off without me, and become another's husband, while I, Medea, am left for punishment? If he can do that, if he can prefer another woman to me, let him perish, ungrateful man. But no: his look, his loftiness of soul, his grace of form are not such that I need fear deceit or forgetfulness of my service. And he shall give me his pledge beforehand, and I will compel the gods to be witnesses of our troth. Why do you fear when all is safe? Now for action, and away with all delay! Jason shall always owe himself to you, he shall join you to himself in solemn wedlock. Then you shall
servatrix urbes matrum celebrabere turba. 50
ergo ego germanam fratremque patremque deosque et natale solum ventis ablata relinquam?
nempe pater saevus, nempe est mea barbara tellus, frater adhuc insans; stant mecum vota sororis, maximus intra me deus est! non magna relinquam, magna sequar: titulum servatae pubis Achivae 56 notitiamque soli melioris et oppida, quorum hic quoque fama viget, cultusque artesque locorum, quemque ego cum rebus, quas totus possidet orbis, Aesoniden mutasse velim, quo coniuge felix 60 et dis cara ferar et vertice sidera tangam. quid, quod nescio qui mediis concurrere in undis dicuntur montes ratibusque inimica Charybdis
nunc sorbere fretum, nunc reddere, cinctaque saevis Scylla rapax canibus Siculo latrare profundo! 65 nempe tenens, quod amo, gremioque in Jasonis
haerens per freta longa ferar; nil illum amplexa verebor aut, siquid metuam, metuam de coniuge solo.—coniugiumne vocas speciosaque nomina culpae inponis, Medea, tuae?—quin adspice, quantum 70 adgrediare nefas, et, dum licet, effuge crimen! ” dixit, et ante oculos rectum pietasque pudorque constiterant, et victa dabat iam terga Cupido.
Ibat ad antiquas Hecates Perseidos aras, quas nemus umbrosum secretaque silva tegebat, 75 et iam fortis erat, pulsusque recesserat ardor, cum videt Aesoniden extinctaque flamma reluxit.
be hailed as his deliverer through the cities of Greece by throngs of women. And shall I then sail away and leave my sister here, my brother, father, gods, and native land? Indeed my father is a stern man, indeed my native land is barbarous, my brother is still a child, my sister's goodwill is on my side; and the greatest god is within me! I shall not be leaving great things, but going to great things: the title of saviour of the Achaean youth, acquaintance with a better land, cities, whose fame is mighty even here, the culture and arts of civilized countries, and the man I would not give in exchange for all that the wide world holds—the son of Aeson; with him as my husband I shall be called the beloved of heaven, and with my head shall touch the stars. But what of certain mountains, which, they say, come clashing together in mid-sea; and Charybdis, the sailor's dread, who now sucks in and again spews forth the waves; and greedy Scylla, girt about with savage dogs, baying in the Sicilian seas! Nay, holding that which I love, and resting in Jason's arms, I shall fare over the long reaches of the sea; in his safe embrace I shall fear nothing; or if I fear at all, I shall fear for my husband only. But do you call it marriage, Medea, and do you give fair-seeming names to your fault? Nay, rather, look ahead and see how great a wickedness you are approaching and flee it while you may.” She spoke, and before her eyes stood righteousness, filial affection, and modesty; and love, defeated, was now on the point of flight.

She took her way to an ancient altar of Hecate, the daughter of Perse, hidden in the deep shades of a forest. And now she was strong of purpose and the flames of her vanquished passion had died down; when she saw the son of Aeson and the dying flame
erubuere genae, totoque recanduit ore, 
utque solet ventis alimenta adsumere, quaeque 
parva sub inducta latuit scintilla favilla 
crescere et in veteres agitata resurgere vires, 
sic iam lenis amor, iam quem languere putares, 
ut vidit iuvenem, specie praesentis inarsit. 
et et casu solito formosior Aesone natus 
illa luce fuit: posses ignoscere amanti. 
spectat et in vultu veluti tum denique viso 
lumina fixa tenet nec se mortalia demens 
ora videre putat nec se declinat ab illo; 
ut vero coepitque loqui dextramqueprehendit 
hospes et auxilium submissa voce rogavit 
promisitque torum, lacrimis ait illa profusis: 
	"quid faciam, video: non ignorantia veri 
decipiet, sed amor. servabere munere nostro, 
servatus promissa dato!" per sacra triformis 
ille deae lucoque foret quod numen in illo 
perque patrem soceri cernentem cuncta futuri 
eventusque suos et tanta pericula iurat: 
creditus accepit cantatas protinus herbas 
edidicitque usum laetusque in tecta recessit. 
Postera depulerat stellas Aurora micantes: 
conveniunt populi sacrum Mavortis in arvum 
consistuntque iugis; medio rex ipse resedit 
agmine purpureus sceptroque insignis eburno. 
ecce adamanteis Vulcanum naribus efflant 
aeripedes tauri, tactaeque vaporibus herbae 
ardent, utque solent pleni resonare camini,
leaped up again. Her cheeks grew red, then all her face became pale again; and as a tiny spark, which has lain hidden beneath the ashes, is fed by a breath of wind, then grows and regains its former strength as it is fanned to life; so now her smouldering love, which you would have thought all but dying, at sight of the young hero standing before her blazed up again. It chanced that the son of Aeson was more beautiful than usual that day: you could pardon her for loving him. She gazed upon him and held her eyes fixed on his face as if she had never seen him before; and in her infatuation she thought the face she gazed on more than mortal, nor could she turn herself away from him. But when the stranger began to speak, grasped her right hand, and in low tones asked for her aid and promised marriage in return, she burst into tears and said: "I see what I am about to do, nor shall ignorance of the truth be my undoing, but love itself. You shall be preserved by my assistance; but when preserved, fulfil your promise." He swore he would be true by the sacred rites of the threefold goddess, by whatever divinity might be in that grove, by the all-beholding father of his father-in-law who was to be, by his own successes and his mighty perils. She believed; and straight he received the magic herbs and learnt their use, then withdrew full of joy into his lodging.

The next dawn had put to flight the twinkling stars. Then the throngs gathered into the sacred field of Mars and took their stand on the heights. In the midst of the company sat the king himself, clad in purple, and conspicuous with his ivory sceptre.—See! here come the brazen-footed bulls, breathing fire from nostrils of adamant. The very grass shrivels up at the touch of their hot breath. And as full furnaces
OVID

aut ubi terrena silices fornace soluti
concipiunt ignem liquidarum adspergine aquarum,
pectora sic intus clausas volventia flammamsgutturaque usta sonant; tamen illis Aesone natus
obvius it. vertere truces venientis ad ora 111
terribiles vultus praefixaque cornua ferro
pulvereumque solum pede pulsavere bisulco
fumificisque locum mugitibus inpleverunt.
deriguere metu Minyae; subit ille nec ignes 115
sensit anhelatos; tantum medicamina possunt,
pendulaque audaci mulcet paleria dextra
suppositosque iugo pondus grave cogit aratri
ducere et insuetum ferro proscindere campum:
mirantur Colchi, Minyae clamoribus augent
adiciuntque animos. galea tum sumit aena
vipereos dentes et aratos spargit in agros.
semina mollit humus valido praetincta veneno,
et crescunt fiuntque sati nova corpora dentes,
ute hominis speciem materna sumit in alvo 125
perque suos intus numeros conponitur infans
nec nisi maturus communes exit in aras,
sic, ubi visceribus gravidae telluris imago
effecta est hominis, feto consurgit in arvo,
quodque magis mirum est, simul edita concutit arma.
quos ubi viderunt praecutae cuspidis hastas 131
in caput Haemonii iuvenis torquere parantis,
demisere metu vultumque animumque Pelasgi;
ipsa quoque extimuit, quae tutum fecerat illum.
ute peti vidit iuvenem tot ab hostibus unum, 135
350
are wont to roar, or as limestones burned in the lime-kiln hiss and grow hot when water is poured upon them; so did the bulls’ chests and parched throats rumble with the fires pent up within. Nevertheless the son of Aeson went forward to meet them. As he came towards them the fierce beasts turned upon him terrible faces and sharp horns tipped with iron, pawed the dusty earth with their cloven feet, and filled the place with their fiery bellowings. The Minyans were stark with fear; he went up to the bulls, not feeling their hot breath at all, so great is the power of charmed drugs; and stroking their hanging dew-laps with fearless hand, he placed the yoke on their necks and made them draw the heavy plow and cut through the field that had never felt steel before. The Colchians are amazed; but the Minyans shouted aloud and increased their hero’s courage. Next he took from a brazen helmet the serpent’s teeth and sowed them broadcast in the plowed field. The earth softened these seeds steeped in virulent poison and the teeth swelled up and took on new forms. And just as in its mother’s body an infant gradually assumes human form, and is perfected within through all its parts, and does not come forth to the common air until it is fully formed; so, when the forms of men had been completed in the womb of the pregnant earth, they rose up on the teeming soil and, what is yet more wonderful, each clashed weapons that had been brought forth with him. When the Greeks saw them preparing to hurl sharp-pointed spears at the head of the Thessalian hero, their faces fell with fear and their hearts failed them. She also, who had safeguarded him, was sore afraid; and when she saw him, one man, attacked by so many foes, she grew pale, and
palluit et subito sine sanguine frigida sedit, neve parum valeant a se data gramina, carmen auxiliare canit secretasque advocat artes. ille gravem medios silicem iaculatus in hostes a se depulsum Martem convertit in ipsos: terrigenae pereunt per mutua vulnera fratres civilique cadunt acie. gratantur Achivi victoremque tenent avidisque amplexibus haerent. tu quoque victorem conplecti, barbara, velles: obstitial incepto pudor, at conplexa fuisses

ded te, ne faceres, tenuit reverentia famae. quod licet, adfectu tacito laetaris agisque carminibus grates et dis auctoribus horum.

Pervigilem superest herbis sopire draconem, qui crista linguisque tribus praesignis et uncis
dentibus horrendus custos erat arboris aureae. hunc postquam sparsit Lethaei gramine suci verbaque ter dixit placidos facientia somnos, quae mare turbatum, quae concita flumina sistunt, somnus in ignotos oculos sibi venit, et auro

heros Aesonius potitur spolioque superbus muneris auctorem secum, spolia altera, portans victor Iolciacos tetigit cum coniuge portus. 

Haemoniae matres pro gnatis dona receptis grandaevique ferunt patres congestaque flamma tura liquefaciunt, inductaque cornibus aurum victima vota litat, sed abest gratantibus Aeson

1 Line 145 bracketed by Ehwald.
sat there suddenly cold and bloodless. And, lest the charmed herbs which she had given him should not be strong enough, she chanted a spell to help them and called in her secret arts. But he hurled a heavy rock into the midst of his enemies and so turned their fury away from him upon themselves. The earth-born brethren perished by each other’s wounds and fell fighting in internecine strife. Then did the Greeks congratulate the victorious youth, catching him in their arms and clinging to him in eager embraces. You also, barbarian maiden, would gladly have embraced the victor; your modesty stood in the way. Still, you would have embraced him; but respect for common talk held you back. What was allowed you did, gazing on him with silent joy and thanking your spells and the gods who gave them.

There remained the task of putting to sleep the ever-watchful dragon with magic herbs. This creature, distinguished by a crest, a three-forked tongue and hooked fangs, was the awful guardian of the golden tree. After Jason had sprinkled upon him the Lethaean juice of a certain herb and thrice had recited the words that bring peaceful slumber, which stay the swollen sea and swift-flowing rivers, then sleep came to those eyes which had never known sleep before, and the heroic son of Aeson gained the golden fleece. Proud of this spoil and bearing with him the giver of his prize, another spoil, the victor and his wife in due time reached the harbour of Iolchos.

The Thessalian mothers and aged fathers bring gifts in honour of their sons’ safe return, and burn incense heaped on the altar flames, and the victim with gilded horns which they have vowed is slain. But Aeson is absent from the rejoicing throng, being
iam propior leto fessusque senilibus annis,
cum sic Aesonides: "o cui debere salutem
confiteor, coniunx, quamquam mihi cuncta dedisti
exessitque fidem meritorum summa tuorum, 166
si tamen hoc possunt (quid enim non carmina
possunt?)
deme meis annis et demptos adde parenti!"
nec tenuit lacrimas: mota est pietate rogantis,
dissimilemque animum subiit Aeeta relictus; 170
nec tamen affectus talis confessas "quod" inquit
"excidit ore tuo, coniunx, scelus? ergo ego cuiquam
posse tuae videor spatium transcripte vitae?
nec sinat hoc Hecate, nec tu petis aequa; sed isto,
quod petis, experiar maius dare munus, Iason. 175
arte mea soceri longum temptabimus aevum,
non annis revocare tuis, modo diva triformis
adiuvet et praesens ingentibus adnuat ausis."

Tres aberant noctes, ut cornua tota coirent
efficerentque orbem; postquam plenissima fulsit 180
ac solida terras spectavit imagine luna,
egreditur tectis vestes induta recinetas,
nuda pedem, nudos umeris infusa capillos,
fertque vagos mediae per muta silentia noctis
incomitata gradus: homines volucreoque ferasque 185
solverat alta quies, nullo cum murmurum saepes,1
inmotaeque silent frondes, silet umidus aer;
sidera sola micant: ad quae sua bracchia tendens
ter se convertit, ter sumptis flumine erinem
inroravit aquis ternisque ululatibus ora 190

1 So Merkel. Ehwald with some MSS. gives two lines for 186;
solverat alta quies, nullo cum murmurum serpunt:
sopitis similes, nullo cum murmurum saepes.
now near death and heavy with the weight of years. Then says the son of Aeson: “O wife, to whom I freely own my deliverance is due, although you have already given me all, and the sum of your benefits has exceeded all my hopes; still, if your spells can do this—and what can they not do?—take some portion from my own years of life and give this to my father.” And he could not restrain his tears. Medea was moved by the petitioner’s filial love, and the thought of Aeëtes deserted came into her mind, how different from Jason’s! Still, not confessing such feelings, she replied: “What impious words have fallen from your lips, my husband? Can I then transfer to any man, think you, a portion of your life? Neither would Hecate permit this, nor is your request right. But a greater boon than what you ask, my Jason, will I try to give. By my art and not your years I will try to renew your father’s long span of life, if only the three-formed goddess will help me and grant her present aid in this great deed which I dare attempt.”

There were yet three nights before the horns of the moon would meet and make the round orb. When the moon shone at her fullest and looked down upon the earth with unbroken shape, Medea went forth from her house clad in flowing robes, barefoot, her hair unadorned and streaming down her shoulders; and all alone she wandered out into the deep stillness of midnight. Men, birds, and beasts were sunk in profound repose; there was no sound in the hedgerow; the leaves hung mute and motionless; the dewy air was still. Only the stars twinkled. Stretching up her arms to these, she turned thrice about, thrice sprinkled water caught up from a flowing stream upon her head and thrice
OVID

solvit et in dura submisso poplite terra
"Nox" ait "arcanis fidissima, quaeque diurnis
aurea cum luna succeditis ignibus astra,
tuque, triceps Hecate, quae coeptis conscia nostris
adiutrixque venis cantusque artisque magorum, 195
quaeque magos, Tellus, pollentibus instruis herbis,
auraeque et venti montesque amnesque,
dique omnes nemorum, dique omnes noctis adeste,
quorum ope, cum volui, ripis mirantibus amnes
in fontes reddie suos, concussaque sisto,
200
stantia concutio cantu freta, nubila pello
nubilaque induco, ventos abigoque vocoque,
vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces,
vivaque saxa sua convulsaque robora terrae
et silvas moveo iubeoque tremescere montis
et mugire solum manesque exire sepulcris!
te quoque, Luna, traho, quamvis Temesaea labores
aera tuos minuant; currus quoque carmine nostro
pallet avi, pallet nostris Aurora venenis!
vos mihi taurorum flammatae hebetastis et unco
210
inpatiens oneris collum pressistis aratro,
vos serpentigenis in se fera bella dedistis
custodemque rudem somni sopistis et aurum
vindice decepto Graias misistis in urbes:
nunc opus est sucis, per quos renovata senectus
215
in florem redeat primosque recolligat annos,
356
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gave tongue in wailing cries. Then she kneeled down upon the hard earth and prayed: “O Night, faithful preserver of mysteries, and ye bright stars, whose golden beams with the moon succeed the fires of day; thou three-formed Hecate, who knowest our undertakings and comest to the aid of the spells and arts of magicians; and thou, O Earth, who dost provide the magicians with thy potent herbs; ye breezes and winds, ye mountains and streams and pools; all ye gods of the groves, all ye gods of the night: be with me now. With your help when I have willed it, the streams have run back to their fountain-heads, while the banks wondered; I lay the swollen, and stir up the calm seas by my spell; I drive the clouds and bring on the clouds; the winds I dispel and summon; I break the jaws of serpents with my incantations; living rocks and oaks I root up from their own soil; I move the forests, I bid the mountains shake, the earth to rumble and the ghosts to come forth from their tombs. Thee also, Luna, do I draw from the sky, though the clanging bronze of Temesa strive to aid thy throes 1; even the chariot of the Sun, my grandsire, pales at my song; Aurora pales at my poisons. You dulled the bulls' flames at my command; you pressed under the curved plow those necks which had endured no weight. You turned the savage onslaught of the serpent-born band against themselves; you lulled the watcher who knew no sleep, and beguiling the defender sent the golden prize back to the cities of Greece. Now I have need of juices by whose aid old age may be renewed and may turn back to the bloom of youth and regain its early years. And you

1 At an eclipse it was usual to make a noise in order to frighten away the malignant influence.
et dabitis. neque enim micuerunt sidera frustra, nec frustra volucrum tractus cervice draconum currus adest." aderat demissus ab aethere currus. quo simul ascendit frenataque colla draconum permulsit manibusque leves agitavit habenas, sublimis rapitur subjictaque Thessala Tempe dispicit et certis regionibus adplicat angues: et quas Ossa tuliit, quas altum Pelion herbas Othrysque et Pindus, quas Pindo maior Olympus, perspicit et placitas partim radice revellit, partim succidit curvamine falcis aenae. multa quoque Apidani placuerunt gramina ripis, multa quoque Amphrysi, neque eras inmunis, Enipeu; nec non Peneos nec non Spercheides undae contribuere aliquid iuncosaque litora Boebes; carpisit et Euboica vivax Anthedone gramen, nondum mutato vulgatum corpore Glauci.

Et iam nona dies curru pennisque draconum nonaque nox omnes lustrantem viderat agros, cum rediit; neque erant tacti nisi odore dracones, et tamen annosae pellem posuere senectae. constitit adveniens citra limenque foresque et tantum caelo tegitur refugitque viriles contactus, statuitque aras de caespite binas, dexteriore Hecates, ast laeva parte Iuventae. has ubi verbenis silvaque incinxit agresti, haud procul egesta serobibus tellure duabus sacra facit cultrosque in guttura velleris atri conicit et patulas perfundit sanguine fossas;
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will give them; for not in vain have the stars gleamed in reply, not in vain is my car at hand, drawn by winged dragons.’* There was the car, sent down from the sky. When she had mounted therein and stroked the bridled necks of the dragon team, shaking the light reins with her hands she was whirled aloft. She looked down on Thessalian Tempe lying below, and turned her dragons towards regions that she knew. All the herbs that Ossa bore, and high Pelion, Othrys and Pindus and Olympus, greater than Pindus, she surveyed: and those that pleased her, some she plucked up by the roots and some she cut off with the curved blade of a bronze pruning-hook. Many grasses also she chose from the banks of the Apidanus, many from Amphrysus. Nor were you, Enipeus, left without toll; Peneus also, and Spercheus gave something, and the reedy banks of Boebe. From Euboean Anthedon she culled a grass that gives long life, a herb not yet made famous by the change which it produced in Glaucus’ body.

And now nine days and nine nights had seen her traversing all lands, drawn in her car by her winged dragons, when she returned. The dragons had not been touched save by the odour of the herbs, and yet they sloughed off their skins of many long years. As she came Medea stopped this side of the threshold and the door; covered by the sky alone, she avoided her husband’s embrace, and built two turf altars, one on the right to Hecate and one on the left to Youth. She wreathed these with boughs from the wild wood, then hard by she dug two ditches in the earth and performed her rites; plunging her knife into the throat of a black sheep, she drenched the open ditches with his blood. Next she poured upon
tum super invergens liquidi carchesia vini alteraque invergens tepidi carchesia lactis, verba simul fudit terrenaque numina civit umbrarumque rogat rapta cum coniuge regem, ne properent artus anima fraudare senili. 250

Quos ubi placavit precibusque et murmur longo, Aesonis effetum proferri corpus ad auras iussit et in plenos resolutum carmine somnos exanimi similem stratis porrexit in herbis. hinc procul Aesoniden, procul hinc iubet ire ministros et monet arcanis oculos removere profanos. 256 diffugiunt iussi; passis Medea capillis bacchantum ritu flagrantis circuit aras multifidasque faces in fossa sanguinis atra tinguit et infectas geminis accendit in aris 260 terque senem flamma, ter aqua, ter sulphure lustrat.

Interea validum posito medicamen aeno fervet et exsultat spumisque tumentibus albet. illic Haemonia radices Valle resectas seminaque floresque et sucos incoquit acres; 265 adicit extremo lapides Oriente petitos et quas Oceani refuum mare lavit harenas; addit et exceptas luna pernocte pruinas et strigis infamis ipsis cum carnibus alas inque virum soliti vultus mutare ferinos 270 ambiguì prosecta lupi; nec defuit illis squamea Cinyphii tenuis membrana chelydri vivacisque iecur cervi; quibus insuper addit ova caputque novem cornicis saecula passae. his et mille aliis postquam sine nomine rebus 275 360
it bowls of liquid wine, and again bowls of milk still warm, while at the same time she uttered her incantations, called up the deities of the earth, and prayed the king of the shades with his stolen bride not to be in haste to rob the old man’s body of the breath of life.

When she had appeased all these divinities by long, low-muttered prayers, she bade her people bring out under the open sky old Aeson’s worn-out body; and having buried him in a deep slumber by her spells, like one dead she stretched him out on a bed of herbs. Far hence she bade Jason go, far hence all the attendants, and warned them not to look with profane eyes upon her secret rites. They retired as she had bidden. Medea, with streaming hair after the fashion of the Bacchantes, moved round the blazing altars, and dipping many-cleft sticks in the dark pools of blood, she lit the gory sticks at the altar flames. Thrice she purified the old man with fire, thrice with water, thrice with sulphur.

Meanwhile the strong potion in the bronze pot is boiling, leaping and frothing white with the swelling foam. In this pot she boils roots cut in a Thessalian vale, together with seeds, flowers, and strong juices. She adds to these ingredients pebbles sought for in the farthest Orient and sands which the ebbing tide of Ocean laves. She adds hoar frost gathered under the full moon, the wings of the uncanny screech-owl with the flesh as well, and the entrails of a werewolf which has the power of changing its wild-beast features into a man’s. There also in the pot is the scaly skin of a slender Cinyphian water-snake, the liver of a long-lived stag, to which she adds also eggs and the head of a crow nine generations old. When with these and a thousand other nameless things the barbarian
propositum instruxit mortali barbara maius, 
arenti ramo iampridem mitis olivae 
omnia confudit summisque inmiscuit ima. 
ecce vetus calido versatus stipes aeno 
fit viridis primo nec longo tempore frondes 
induit et subito gravidis oneratur olivis:
at quacumque cavo spumas eiecit aeno 
ignis et in terram guttae cecidere calentes, 
vernat humus, floresque et mollia pabula surgunt. 
quae simul ac vidit, stricto Medea recludit 
ense senis iugulum veteremque exire cruorem 
passa replet sucis; quos postquam conbibit Aeson 
aut ore acceptos aut vulnere, barba comaeque 
canitie posita nigrum rapuere colorem, 
pulsa fugit macies, abeunt pallorque situsque, 
adieotoque cavae supplentur corpore rugae, 
membraque luxuriant: Aeson miratur et olim 
ante quater denos hunc se reminiscitur annos. 

Viderat ex alto tanti miracula monstri 
Liber et admonitus, iuvenes nutricibus annos 
posse suis reddi, capit hoc a Colchide munus. 

Neve doli cessent, odium cum coniuge falsum 
Phasias adsimulat Peliaeque ad limina supplex 
confugit; atque illam, quoniam gravis ipse senecta est, 
exciipiunt natae; quas tempore callida parvo 
Colchis amicitiae mendacis imagine cepit, 
dumque refert inter meritorum maxima demptos 
Aesonis esse situs atque hac in parte moratur, 
spes est virginibus Pelia subiecta creatis,
woman had prepared her more than mortal plan, she stirred it all up with a branch of the fruitful olive long since dry and well mixed the top and bottom together. And lo, the old dry stick, when moved about in the hot broth, grew green at first, in a short time put forth leaves, and then suddenly was loaded with teeming olives. And wherever the froth bubbled over from the hollow pot, and the hot drops fell upon the ground, the earth grew green and flowers and soft grass sprang up. When she saw this, Medea unsheathed her knife and cut the old man’s throat; then, letting the old blood all run out, she filled his veins with her brew. When Aeson had drunk this in part through his lips and part through the wound, his beard and hair lost their hoary grey and quickly became black again; his leanness vanished, away went the pallor and the look of neglect, the deep wrinkles were filled out with new flesh, his limbs had the strength of youth. Aeson was filled with wonder, and remembered that this was he forty years ago.

Now Bacchus had witnessed this marvel from his station in the sky, and learning from this that his own nurses might be restored to their youthful years, he obtained this boon from the Colchian woman.

That malice might have its turn, the Phasian woman feigned a quarrel with her husband, and fled as a suppliant to the house of Pelias. There, since the king himself was heavy with years, his daughters gave her hospitable reception. These girls the crafty Colchian in a short time won over by a false show of friendliness; and while she was relating among the most remarkable of her achievements the rejuvenation of Aeson, dwelling particularly on that, the daughters of Pelias were induced to hope that by
arte suum parili revirescere posse parentem,
idque petunt pretiumque iubent sine fine pacisci.
illa brevi spatio silet et dubitare videtur
suspenditque animos ficta gravitate rogantes.
mox ubi pollicita est, "quod sit fiducia maior
muneris huius" ait, "qui vestri maximus aevo est
dux gregis inter oves, agnus medicamine fiet."
protinus innumeris effusus laniger annis
attractitur flexo circum cava tempora cornu;
cuius ut Haemonio marcentia guttura cultro
fodit et exiguo maculavit sanguine ferrum,
membra simul pecudis validosque venefica sucos
mergit in aere cavo: minuunt ea corporis artus
cornuaque exurunt nec non cum cornibus annos,
et tener auditur medio balatus aeno:
ec mora, balatum mirantibus exsilit agnus
lascivitque fuga lactantiaque ubera quaerit.

Obstipuere satae Pelia, promissaque postquam
exhibuere fidem, tum vero inpensius instant.
ter iuga Phoebus equis in Hibero flumine mersis
dempserat et quarta radiantia nocte micabant
sidera, cum rapido fallax Aeetias igni
imponit purum laticem et sine viribus herbas.
iamque neci similis resoluto corpore regem
et cum rege suo custodes somnus habebat,
quem dederant cantus magicaeque potentia linguae;
intrarant iussae cum Colchide limina natae
skill like this their own father might be made young again. And they beg this boon, bidding her name the price, no matter how great. She made no reply for a little while and seemed to hesitate, keeping the minds of her suppliants in suspense by feigned deep meditation. When she had at length given her promise, she said to them: “That you may have the greater confidence in this boon, the oldest leader of the flock among your sheep shall become a lamb again by my drugs.” Straightway a woolly ram, worn out with untold years, was brought forward, his great horns curving round his hollow temples. When the witch cut his scrappy throat with her Thessalian knife, barely staining the weapon with his scanty blood, she plunged his carcass into a kettle of bronze, throwing in at the same time juices of great potency. These made his body shrink, burnt away his horns, and with his horns, his years. And now a thin bleating was heard from within the pot; and, even while they were wondering at the sound, out jumped a lamb and ran frisking away to find some udder to give him milk.

Pelias’ daughters looked on in amazement; and now that these promises had been performed, they urged their request still more eagerly than before. Three times had Phoebus unyoked his steeds after their plunge in Ebro’s stream, and on the fourth night the stars were shining bright in the sky, when the treacherous daughter of Aeëtes set some clear water over a hot fire and put therein herbs of no potency. And now a death-like sleep held the king, his body all relaxed, and with the king his guards, sleep which incantations and the potency of magic words had given. The king’s daughters, as they were bid, entered his chamber with the Colchian and stood
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ambierantque torum: "quid nunc dubitatis inertes? stringite" ait "gladios veteremque haurite cruorem, ut repleam vacuas iuvenali sanguine venas! in manibus vestris vita est actasque parentis: 335 si pietas ulla est nec spes agitatis inanis, officium praestate patri telisque senectam exigite, et saniem coniecto emittite ferro!" his, ut quaeque pia est, hortatibus inpia prima est et, ne sit scelerata, facit scelus: haud tamen ictus 340 ulla suos spectare potest, oculosque reflectunt, caecaque dant saevis aversae vulnera dextris. ille crure fluens, cubito tamen adlevat artus, semilacerque toro temptat consurgere, et inter tot medius gladios pallentia bracchia tendens 345 "quid facitis, gnatae? quid vos in fata parentis armat?" ait: cecidere illis animique manusque; plura locuturo cum verbis guttura Colchis abstulit et calidis laniatum mersit in undis. Quod nisi pennatis serpentibus isset in auras, 350 non exempta foret poenae: fugit alta superque Pelion umbrosum, Philyreia tecta, superque Othryn et eventu veteris loca nota Cerambi: hic ope nympharum sublatus in aera pennis, cum gravis infuso tellus foret obruta ponto, 355 Deucalionem effugit inobrutus undas. Aeoliam Pitanen a laeva parte relinquit factaque de saxo longi simulacra draconis Idaeumque nemus, quo nati furta, iuvencum, occuluit Liber falsi sub imagine cervi, 360 366
around his bed. "Why do you hesitate now, you laggards?" Medea said. "Come, draw your swords, and let out his old blood that I may refill his empty veins with young blood again. In your own hands rests your father's life and youth. If you have any filial love, and if the hopes are not vain that you are cherishing, come, do your duty by your father; drive out age at your weapon's point; let out his enfeebled blood with the stroke of the steel." Spurred on by these words, as each was filial she became first in the unfilial act, and that she might not be wicked did the wicked deed. Nevertheless, none could bear to see her own blows; they turned their eyes away; and so with averted faces they blindly struck with cruel hands. The old man, streaming with blood, still raised himself on his elbow and half mangled tried to get up from his bed; and with all those swords round him, he stretched out his pale arms and cried: "What are you doing, my daughters? What arms you to your father's death?" Their courage left them, their hands fell. When he would have spoken further, the Colchian cut his throat and plunged his mangled body into the boiling water.

But had she not gone away through the air drawn by her winged dragons, she would not have escaped punishment. High up she sped over shady Pelion, the home of Chiron, over Othrys and the regions made famous by the adventure of old Cerambus. (He, by the aid of the nymphs borne up into the air on wings, at the time when the heavy earth had sunk beneath the overwhelming sea, escaped Deucalion's flood undrowned.) Aeolian Pitane she passed by on the left, with its huge serpent image made of stone; and Ida's grove, where Bacchus, to conceal his son's theft, changed the bullock into the seeming form of
quaque pater Corythi parva tumulatus harena est, et quos Maera novo latratu terruit agros, Eurypylique urbem, qua Coae cornua matres gesserunt tum, cum discederet Herculis agmen, Phoebeamque Rhodon et Ialysios Telchinas, quorum oculos ipso vitiantes omnia visu Iuppiter exosus fraternis subdidit undis; transit et antiquae Cartheia moenia Ceae, qua pater Alcidamas placidam de corpore natae miraturus erat nasci potuisse columbam.

inde lacus Hyries videt et Cycneia Tempe, quae subitus celebravit olor: nam Phyllius illie imperio pueri volucrisque ferumque leonem tradiderat domitos; taurum quoque vincere iussus vicerat et spreto totiens iratus amore praemia poscenti taurum suprema negabat; ille indignatus "cupies dare" dixit et alto desiluit saxo; cuncti cecidisse putabant: factus olor niveis pendebat in aere pennis; at genetrix Hyrie, servatum nescia, flendo dilucuit stagnumque suo de nomine fecit. adiacet his Pleuron, in qua trepidantibus alis Ophias effugit natorum vulnera Combe; inde Calaureae Letoidos adspicit arva in volucrem versi cum coniuge conscia regis.

dextera Cyllene est, in qua cum matre Menephron concubiturus erat saevalum more ferarum; Cephison procul hinc deflentem fata nepotis
a stag; where the father of Corythus lay buried
beneath a small mound of sand; where Maera spread
terror through the fields by her strange barking;
over the city of Eurypylus where the women of Cos
wore horns what time the band of Hercules with-
drew; over Rhodes, beloved of Phoebus; and the
Telchines of Ialysus whose eyes, blighting all things
by their very glance, Jupiter in scorn and hatred
plunged beneath his brother's waves. She passed
also the walls of ancient Carthaea on the island of
Cea, where father Aleidamas was sometime to marvel
that a peaceful dove could have sprung from his
daughter's body. Next Hyrie's lake she saw, and
Tempe, which Cycnus' sudden change into a swan
made famous. For there Phyllius, at the command
of a boy, had tamed and brought him wild birds and a
savage lion; being commanded to tame a wild bull
also, he had tamed him, but angry that so often his
love was spurned, he withheld the last gift of the
bull from the boy who asked it; whereupon the boy
in anger said, "You will wish you had given it,"
and leaped forthwith from a cliff. They all thought
that he had fallen; but changed to a swan he re-
mained floating in the air on snowy wings. But
Hyrie, his mother, not knowing that her son was
saved, melted away in tears and became a pool of the
same name. Near these regions lies Pleuron, where
Combe, the daughter of Ophius, escaped death at the
hands of her sons on fluttering wings. After that,
she sees the fertile island of Calaurea, sacred to
Latona, the island that saw the king and his wife
both changed into birds. On her right lies Cyllene,
which Menephron was doomed to defile with incest
after the wild beasts' fashion. Far off from here she
looks down on the Cephisus, bewailing the fate of his
respicit in tumidam phoen ab Apolline versi
Eumelique domum lugentis in aere natum. 390

Tandem vipereis Ephyren Pirenida pennis
contigit: hic aevo veteres mortalia primo
corpora vulgarunt pluvialibus edita fungis.
sed postquam Colchis arsit nova nupta venenis
flagrantemque domum regis mare vidit utrumque, 395
sanguine natorum perfunditur inpius ensis,
ultaque se male mater Iasonis effugit arma.
hinc Titaniacis ablata draconibus intrat
Palladias arces, quae te, iustissima Phene,
tequa, senex Peripha, pariter videre volantes
innixamque novis neptem Polypemonis alis.
excipit hanc Aegeus facto dammandus in uno,
nec satis hospitium est, thalami quoque foedere iungit.

Iamque aderat Theseus, proles ignara parenti,
qui virtute sua bimarem pacaverat Isthmon: 405
huius in exitium miscet Medea, quod olim
attulerat secum Scythicis aconiton ab oris.
illud Echidneae memorant e dentibus ortum
esse canis: specus est tenebroso caecus hiatu,
est via declivis, per quam Tirynthius heros
restantem contraque diem radiosque micantes
obliquantem oculos nexis adamante catenis
Cerberon abstraxit, rabida qui concitus ira
inplevit pariter ternis latratibus auras
et sparsit virides spumis albentibus agros; 410

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grandson changed by Apollo into a plump sea-calf; and upon the home of Eumelus, who lamented that his son now dwelt in air.

At length, upborne by the snaky wings, she reached Corinth of the sacred spring. Here, according to ancient tradition, in the earliest times men's bodies sprang from mushrooms. But after the new wife had been burnt by the Colchian witchcraft, and the two seas had seen the king's palace aflame, she stained her impious sword in the blood of her sons; and then, after this horrid vengeance, the mother fled Jason's sword. Borne hence by her dragons sprung from Titans' blood, she entered the citadel of Pallas, which beheld you, most righteous Phene, and you, old Periphas, flying side by side, and the granddaughter^1 of Polypemon upborne by new-sprung wings. Aegeus received her, that one deed enough to doom him; but he was not content with hospitality: he made her his wife as well.

And now came Theseus, a son that his father knew not; who by his manly prowess had established peace on the Isthmus between its two seas. Bent on his destruction, Medea mixed in a cup a poison which she had brought long ago from the Scythian shores. This poison, they say, came from the mouth of the Echidnean dog. There is a cavern with a dark, yawning throat and a way down-sloping, along which Hercules, the hero of Tiryns, dragged Cerberus with chains wrought of adamant, while the great dog fought and turned away his eyes from the bright light of day. He, goaded on to mad frenzy, filled all the air with his threefold howls, and sprinkled the green fields with white foam. Men think that these flecks of foam grew; and,

^1 Alcyone.
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has congresse putant nactasque alimenta feracis
fecundique soli vires cepisse nocendi;
quae quia nascuntur dura vivacia caute,
agrestes aconita vocant. ea coniugis astu
ipse parens Aegeus nato porrexit ut hosti.

sumpserat ignara Theseus data pocula dextra,
cum pater in capulo gladii cognovit eburno
signa sui generis facinusque excussit ab ore.
effugit illa necem nebulis per carmina motis;

At genitor, quamquam laetatur sospite nato, attonitus tamen est, ingens discrimine parvo
committi potuisse nefas: fovet ignibus aras
muneribusque deos inplet, feriuntque secures
colla torosa boum victorium temporum vittis.
nullo Erechthidis fertur celebrator illo
inluxisse dies: agitant convivia patres
et medium vulgus nec non et carmina vino
ingenium faciente canunt: "te, maxime Theseu,
mirata est Marathon Cretaei sanguine tauri,
quodque suis securus arat Cromyona colonus,
munus opusque tuum est; tellus Epidauria per te
clavigeram vidit Vulcana occumbere prolem,
vidit et inmitem Cephisias ora Procrusten,
Cercyonis letum vidit Cerealis Eleusin.
occidit ille Sinis magnis male viribus usus,
qui poterat curvare trabes et agebat ab alto
ad terram late sparsuras corpora pinus.
tutus ad Alcathoen, Lelegeia moenia, limes
conposito Scirone patet, sparsisque latronis
drawing nourishment from the rich, rank soil, they gained power to hurt; and because they spring up and flourish on hard rocks, the country folk call them aconite. This poison, through the treachery of his wife, father Aegeus himself presented to his son as though to a stranger. Theseus had taken and raised the cup in his unwitting hand, when the father recognized the tokens of his own family on the ivory hilt of the sword which Theseus wore, and he dashed the vile thing from his lips. But Medea escaped death in a dark whirlwind her witch songs raised.

But the father, though he rejoiced at his son’s deliverance, was still horror-struck that so monstrous an iniquity could have been so nearly done. He kindled fires upon the altars, made generous gifts to the gods; his axes struck at the brawny necks of bulls with ribbons about their horns. It is said that no day ever dawned for the Athenians more glad than that. The elders and the common folk made merry together. Together they sang their songs, with wit inspired by wine: “You, O most mighty Theseus, Marathon extols for the blood of the Cretan bull; and that the farmer of Cromyon may till his fields without fear of the sow is your gift and your deed. Through you the land of Epidaurus saw Vulcan’s club-wielding son laid low; the banks of Cepheus saw the merciless Procrustes slain; Eleusis, the town of Ceres, beheld Cercyon’s death. By your hand fell that Sinis of great strength turned to evil uses, who could bend the trunks of trees, and force down to earth the pine-tops to shoot men’s bodies far out through the air. A way lies safe and open now to Alcathoe and the Lelegeian walls, now that Sciron is no more. To this robber’s scattered bones both land

1 i.e. “growing without soil.”  2 Periphetes.
terra negat sedem, sedem negat ossibus unda; quae iactata diu fertur durasse vetustas in scopulos: scopulis nomen Scironis inhaeret. si titulos annosque tuos numerare velimus, facta prement annos. pro te, fortissime, vota publica suscipimus, Bacchi tibi sumimus haustus."

consonat adsensu populi precibusque faventum regia, nec tota tristis locus ullus in urbe est.

Nec tamen (usque adeo nulla est sincera voluptas, sollicitumque aliquid laetis intervenit) Aegeus gaudia percepit nato secura recepto:

bella parat Minos; qui quamquam milite, quamquam classe valet, patria tamen est firmissimus ira Androgeique necem iustis ulciscitur armis.

ante tamen bello vires adquirit amicas, quaque potens habitus volucri freta classe pererrat:

hinc Anaphen sibi iungit et Astypaleia regna, (promissis Anaphen, regna Astypaleia bello);

hinc humilem Myconon cretosaque rura Cimoli florentemque thymo Syron planamque Seriphon marmoremque Paron, quamque inpia prodidit Arne Sithonis: accepto, quod avara poposcerat, auro

mutata est in avem, quae nunc quoque diligit aurum, nigra pedes, nigris velata monedula pennis.

At non Oliaros Didymaeque et Tenos et Andros et Gyaros nitidaeque ferax Peparethos olivae Gnosiacas iuvere rates; latere inde sinistro Oenopiam Minos petit, Aeacideia regna:

Oenopiam veteres adpellavere, sed ipse Aeacus Aeginam genetricis nomine dixit.
and sea denied a resting-place; but, long tossed about, it is said that in time they hardened into cliffs; and the cliffs still bear the name of Sciron. If we should wish to count your praises and your years, your deeds would exceed your years. For you, brave hero, we give public thanks and prayers, to you we drain our cups of wine.” The palace resounds with the applause of the people and the prayers of the happy revellers; nowhere in the whole city is there any place for gloom.

And yet—so true it is that there is no pleasure unalloyed, and some care always comes to mar our joys—Ægeus’ rejoicing over his son’s return was not unmixed with care. Minos was threatening war. Strong in men and ships, he was yet most strong in fatherly resentment and with just arms was seeking to avenge the death of his son Androgeos. But first he sought for friendly aid for his warfare; and he scoured the sea in the swift fleet in which his chief strength lay. He joined to his cause Anaphe and Astypalaea, the first by promises, the second by threats of war; the low-lying Myconus and the chalky fields of Cimolus; Æythros covered with wild thyme, level Seriphos, Paros of the marble cliffs, and that place which impious Sithonian Arne betrayed, and having received the gold which she in her greed had demanded, was changed into a bird which even now delights in gold, a black-footed, black-winged daw.

But Oliaros and Didymae, Tenos, Andros, Gyaros and Peparethos, rich in glossy olives, gave no aid to the Cretan fleet. Sailing thence to the left, Minos sought Oenopia, the realm of the Aeacidae. Men of old time had called the place Oenopia; but Æacus himself styled it Aegina by his mother’s name. At
turba ruit tantaeque virum cognoscere famae expetit; occurrunt illi Telamonque minorque quam Telamon Peleus et proles tertia Phocus; ipse quoque egreditur tardus gravitate senili Aeacus et, quae sit veniendi causa requirit. admonitus patrii luctus suspirat et illi dicta refert rector populorum talia centum: "arma iuves oro pro gnato sumpta piaeque pars sis militiae; tumulo solacia posco." huic Asopiades "petis inrita" dixit "et urbi non facienda meae; neque enim coniunctior ulla Cecropidis est hac tellus: ea foedera nobis." tristis abit "stabunt" que "tibi tua foedera magno" dixit et utilius bellum putat esse minari quam gerere atque suas ibi praeconsumere vires. classis ab Oenopiis etiamnum Lyctia muris spectari poterat, cum pleno concita velo Attica puppis adest in portusque intrat amicos, quae Cephalum patriaeque simul mandata ferebat. Aeacidae longo iuvenes post tempore visum agnovere tamen Cephalum dextrasque dedere inque patris duxere domum: spectabilis heros et veteris retinens etiamnum pignora formae ingreditur ramumque tenens popularis olivae a dextra laevaque duos aetate minores maior habet, Clyton et Buten, Pallante creatos. Postquam congressus primi sua verba tulerunt, Cecropidum Cephalus peragit mandata rogatque auxilium foedusque refert et iura parentum, imperiumque peti totius Achaidos addit.
his approach a rabble rushed forth, eager to see and know so famous a man. Him Telamon met, and Peleus, younger than Telamon, and Phocus, third in age. Aeacus himself came also, slow with the weight of years, and asked him what was the cause of his coming. Reminded of his fatherly grief, the ruler of a hundred cities sighed and thus made answer: "I beg you aid the arms which for my son's sake I have taken up; and be a part of my pious warfare. Repose for the dead I ask." To him Aeacus replied: "You ask in vain that which my city cannot give; for no land is more closely linked to the Athenians than this: so strong are the treaties between us." The other, disappointed, turned away saying: "Your treaty shall cost you dear"; for he thought it were better to threaten war than to wage it and to waste his strength there untimely. Still the Cretan fleet could be seen from the Oenopian walls, when, driven on under full sail, an Attic ship arrived and entered the friendly port, bringing Cephalus and his country's greetings. The men of the house of Aeacus, though it was long since they had seen Cephalus, yet knew him, grasped his hand, and brought him into their father's house. The hero advanced, the centre of all eyes, retaining even yet the traces of his old beauty and charm, bearing a branch of his country's olive, and, himself the elder, flanked on right and left by two of lesser age, Clytos and Butes, sons of Pallas.

After they had exchanged greetings, Cephalus delivered the message of the Athenians, asking for aid and quoting the ancestral league and treaty between their two nations. He added that not alone Athens but the sovereignty over all Greece was Minos' aim. When thus his eloquence had com-
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sic ubi mandatam iuvit facundia causam,
Aeacus, in capulo sceptri nitente sinistra,
“ne petite auxilium, sed sumite” dixit, “Athenae,
neque haece vires, quas haec habet insula, vestras
ducite et omnia, quae rerum status iste meareum.
robora non desunt; superat mihi miles et hosti;
gratia dis, felix et inexcusabile tempus.”
“immo ita sit” Cephalus, “crescat tua civibus opto
urbs” ait; “adveniens equidem modo gaudia cepi,
cum tam pulchra mihi, tam par aetate iuventus
obvia processit; multos tamen inde requiro,
quos quondam vidi vestra prius urbe receptus.”
Aeacus ingemuit tristique ita voce locutus:
“flebile principium melior fortuna secuta est;
hanc utinam possem vobis memorare sine illo!
ordine nunc repetam, neu longa ambage morer vos,
ossa cinisque iacent, memori quos mente requiris,
et quota pars illi rerum periere meareum!
dira lues ira populis Iunonis iniquae
incidit exosae dictas a paelice terras.
dum visum mortale malum tantaeque latebat
causa nocens cladis, pugnatum est arte medendi:
exitium superabat opem, quae victa iacebat.
principio caelum spissa caligine terras
pressit et ignavos inclusit nubibus aestus;
dumque quater iunctis explevit cornibus orbem
Luna, quater plenum tenuata retexuit orbem,
letiferis calidi spirarunt aestibus austri.
constat et in fontis vitium venisse lacusque,
miliaque incultos serpentum multa per agros
errasse atque suis fluviios temerasse venenis.
mended his cause, Aeacus, his left hand resting on the sceptre's hilt, exclaimed: "Ask not our aid, but take it, Athens; and boldly count your own the forces which this island holds, and all things which the state of my affairs supplies. Warlike strength is not lacking; I have soldiers enough for myself and for my enemy. Thanks to the gods, the times are happy, and without excuse for my refusal." "May it prove even so," said Cephalus, "and may your city multiply in men. In truth, as I came hither, I was rejoiced to meet youth so fair, so matched in age. And yet I miss many among them whom I saw before when last I visited your city." Aeacus groaned and with sad voice thus replied: "It was an unhappy beginning, but better fortune followed. Would that I could tell you the last without the first! Now I will take each in turn; and, not to delay you with long circumlocution, they are but bones and dust whom with kindly interest you ask for. And oh, how large a part of all my kingdom perished with them! A dire pestilence came on my people through angry Juno's wrath, who hated us for that our land was called by her rival's name. So long as the scourge seemed of mortal origin and the cause of the terrible plague was still unknown, we fought against it with the physician's art. But the power of destruction exceeded our resources, which were completely baffled. At first heaven rested down upon the earth in thick blackness, and held the sluggish heat confined in the clouds. And while the moon four times waxed to a full orb with horns complete, and four times waned from that full orb, hot south winds blew on us with pestilential breath. Consistently with this, the baleful infection reached our springs and pools; thousands of serpents crawled over our deserted fields and defiled
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strage canum primo volucrumque oviumque boumque
inque feris subiti deprensa potentia morbi.
concidere infelix validos miratur arator
inter opus tauros medioque recumbere sulco;
lanigeris gregibus balatus dantibus aegros
sponte sua lanaeque cadunt et corpora tabent;
acer equus quondam magnaemque in pulvere famae
degenerat palmas veterumque oblitus honorum
ad praesepe gemit leto moriturus inerti.
non aper irasci meminit, non fidere cursu
cerva nec armentis incurrere fortibus ursi.
omnia languor habet: silvisque agrisque viisque
corpora foeda iacent, vitiantur odoribus aurae.
mira loquar: non illa canes avidaeque volucres,
non cani tetigere lupi; dilapsa liquescunt
adflatuque nocent et agunt contagia late.

"Pervenit ad miseris damno graviore colonos
pestis et in magnaee dominatur moenibus urbis.
viscera torrentur primo, flammaeque latentis
indicium rubor est et ductus anhelitus; igni
aspera lingua tumet, tepidisque arentia ventis
ora patent, auraeque graves captantur hiatu.
non stratum, non ulla pati velamina possunt,
sed dura terra ponunt praecordia, nec fit
corpus humo gelidum, sed humus de corpore fervet.
nec moderator adest, inque ipsos saeva medentes
erumpit clades, obsuntque auctoribus artes;
quo propior quisque est servitque fidelius aegro,
in partem leti citius venit, utque salvus
our rivers with their poison. At first the swift power of the disease was confined to the destruction of dogs and birds, sheep and cattle, or among the wild beasts. The luckless plowman marvels to see his strong bulls fall in the midst of their task and sink down in the furrow. The woolly flocks bleat feebly while their wool falls off of itself and their bodies pine away. The horse, once of high courage and of great renown on the race-course, has now lost his victorious spirit and, forgetting his former glory, groans in his stall, doomed to an inglorious death. The boar forgets his rage, the hind to trust his fleetness, the bears to attack the stronger herds. Lethargy holds all. In woods and fields and roads foul carcasses lie; and the air is defiled by the stench. And, strange to say, neither dogs nor ravenous birds nor grey wolves did touch them. The bodies lie rotting on the ground, blast with their stench, and spread the contagion far and near.

"At last, now grown stronger, the pestilence attacks the wretched countrymen, and lords it within the great city's walls. As the first symptoms, the vitals are burnt up, and a sign of the lurking fire is a red flush and panting, feverish breath. The tongue is rough and swollen with fever; the lips stand apart, parched with hot respiration, and catch gasping at the heavy air. The stricken can endure no bed, no covering of any kind, but throw themselves face down on the hard ground; but their bodies gain no coolness from the ground; rather is the ground heated by their bodies. No one can control the pest, but it fiercely breaks out upon the very physicians, and their arts do but injure those who use them. The nearer one is to the sick and the more faithfully he serves them, the more quickly is he himself stricken unto death. And as the hope of life
OVID

spes abiit finemque vident in funere morbi, 565
indulgent animis et nulla, quid utile, cura est:
utile enim nil est. passim positoque pudore
fontibus et fluviiis puteisque capacibus haerent,
nec sitis est extincta prius quam vita bibendo.
inde graves multi nequeunt consurgere et ipsis 570
inmoriuntur aquis, aliquid tamen haurit et illas;
tantaque sunt miseris invisi taedia lecti,
prosiunt aut, si prohibent consistere vires,
corpora devolvunt in humum fugiuntque penates
quisque suos, sua cuique domus funesta videtur, 575
et quia causa latet, locus est in crimine parvus.
semianimes errare viis, dum stare valebant,
adspiceres, flentes alios terraque iacentes
lassaque versantes supremae lumina motu;
membraque pendentis tendunt ad sidera caeli, 580
hic illic, ubi mors deprenderat, exhalantes.

"Quid mihi tunc animi fuit? an, quod debuit esse,
ut vitam odissem et cuperem pars esse meorum?
quo se cumque acies oculorum flexerat, illic
vulgus erat stratum, veluti cum putria motis 585
poma cadunt ramis agitataque ilice glandes.
templa vides contra gradibus sublimia longis:
Iuppiter illa tenet. quis non altaribus illis
inrita tura dedit? quotiens pro coniuge coniunx,
pro gnato genitor dum verba precantia dicit, 590
non exoratis animam finivit in aris,
inque manu turis pars inconsumpta reperta est!
admoti quotiens templis, dum vota sacerdos
concipit et fundit durum inter cornua vinum,
METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

deserts them and they see the end of their malady only in death, they indulge their desires, and they have no care for what is best—for nothing is best. Everywhere, shameless they lie, in fountain-basins, in streams and roomy wells; nor by drinking is their thirst quenched so long as life remains. Many of these are too weak to rise, and die in the very water; and yet others drink even that water. To many poor wretches so great is the irksomeness of their hateful beds that they jump out, or, if they have not strength enough to stand, they roll out on the ground. They flee from their own homes: for each man's home seems a place of death to him. Since the cause of the disease is hidden, that small spot is held to blame. You might have seen them wandering half dead along the ways while they could keep on their feet, others lying on the ground and weeping bitterly, turning their dull eyes upward with a last weak effort, and stretching out their arms to the sky that hung over them like a pall—here, there, wherever death has caught them, breathing out their lives.

"What were my feelings then? Was it not natural that I should hate life and long to be with my friends? Wherever I turned my eyes there was a confused heap of dead, as mellow apples fall when the boughs are shaken, and acorns from the wind-tossed oak. You see a temple yonder, raised on high, approached by a long flight of steps. It is sacred to Jupiter. Who did not bear his fruitless offerings to those altars? How often a husband for his wife's sake, a father for his son, while still uttering his prayer, has died before the implacable altars, and in his hand a portion of the incense was unused! How often the sacrificial bulls brought to the temples, while yet the priest was praying and pouring pure wine between their
OVID

haud exspectato ceciderunt vulnera tauri! 595
ipse ego sacra Iovi pro me patriaque tribusque
cum facerem natis, mugitus victima diros
edidit et subito conlapsa sine ictibus ullis
exiguo tinxit subjectos sanguine cultros.
extra quoque aegra notas veri monitusque deorum 600
perdiderant: tristes penetrant ad viscera morbi.
ante sacros vidi proiecta cadavera postes,
ante ipsas, quo mors foret invidiosior, aras.
pars animam laqueo claudunt mortisque timorem
morte fugant ultroque vocant venientia fata. 605
corpora missa neci nullis de more feruntur
funeribus (neque enim capiebant funera portae):
aut inhumata premunt terras aut dantur in altos
indotata rogos; et iam reverentia nulla est,
deque rogis pugnant alienisque ignibus ardent. 610
qui lacriment, desunt, indefletaeque vagantur
matrumque nuruumque animae juvenumque senum-
que,
nec locus in tumulos, nec sufficit arbor in ignes.
Attonitus tanto miserarum turbine rerum,
‘ Iuppiter o!’ dixi, ‘ si te non falsa loquuntur 615
dicta sub amplexus Aeginae Asopidos isse,
nec te, magne pater, nostri pudet esse parentem,
aut mihi redde meos aut me quoque conde sepulcro!’ ille
notam fulgore dedit tonitruque secundo.
‘ accipio sintque ista precor felicia mentis 620
signa tuae!’ dixi, ‘ quod das mihi, pigneror omen.’
forte fuit iuxta patulis rarissima ramis
sacra Iovi quercus de semine Dodonaeo;

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horns, have fallen without waiting for the stroke! While I myself was sacrificing to Jove on my own behalf and for my country and my three sons, the victim uttered dreadful bellowings and, suddenly falling without any stroke of mine, it barely stained the knife with its scanty blood; the diseased entrails also had lost the marks of truth and the warnings of the gods: for to the very vitals does the grim pest go. Before the temple doors I saw the corpses cast away, nay, before the very altars, that their death might be even more odious. Some hung themselves, driving away the fear of death by death and going out to meet their approaching fate. The dead bodies were not borne out to burial in the accustomed way; for the gates would not accommodate so many funerals. They either lie on the ground unburied, or else they are piled high on funeral pyres without honours. And by this time there is no reverence for the dead; men fight for pyres, and with stolen flames they burn. There are none left to mourn the dead. Unwept they go wandering out, the souls of matrons and of brides, of men both young and old. There was no more space for graves, nor wood for fires.

"Dazed by such an overwhelming flood of woe, I cried to Jove: ‘O Jove, if it is not falsely said that thou didst love Aegina, daughter of Asopus, and if thou, great father, art not ashamed to be our father, either give me back my people or consign me also to the tomb.’ He gave a sign with lightning and a peal of thunder in assent. ‘I accept the sign,’ I said, ‘and may those tokens of thy mind towards us be happy signs. The omen which thou givest me I take as pledge.’ It chanced there was an oak near by with branches unusually widespread, sacred to Jove and of Dodona’s stock. Here we spied a swarm of grain-gathering
hic nos frugilegas adspeximus agmine longo
grande onus exiguo formicas ore gerentes 625
rugosoque suum servantes cortice callem;
dum numerum miror, 'totidem, pater optime,' dixi,
'tu mihi da cives et inania moenia supple!'
intremuit ramisque sonum sine flamine motis
alta dedit quercus: pavido mihi membra timore 630
horruerant, stabantque comae; tamen oscula terrae
roboribusque dedi, nec me sperare fatebar;
sperabam tamen atque animo mea vota fovebam.
nox subit, et curis exercita corpora somnus
occupat: ante oculos eadem mihi quercus adesse 635
et ramis totidem totidemque animalia ramis
ferre suis visa est pariterque tremescere motu
graniferumque agmen subiectis spargere in arvis;
crescere quod subito et maius maiusque videri
ac se tollere humo rectoque adsistere trunco 640
et maciem numerumque pedum nigrumque colorem
ponere et humanam membris inducere formam.
somnus abit: damno vigilans mea visa queroque
in superis opis esse nihil; at in aedibus ingens 644
murmur erat, vocesque hominum exaudire videbar
iam mihi desuetas; dum suspicor has quoque somni
esse, venit Telamon properus foribusque reclusis
'speque fideque, pater', dixit 'maiora videbis:
egredere!' egredior, qualesque in imagine somni
visus eram vidisse viros, ex ordine tales 650
adspicio noscoque: adeunt regemque salutant.
vota Iovi solvo populisque recentibus urbem
partior et vacuos priscis cultoribus agros,
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ants in a long column, bearing heavy loads with their tiny mouths, and keeping their own path along the wrinkled bark. Wondering at their numbers, I said: 'O most excellent father, grant thou me just as many subjects, and fill my empty walls.' The lofty oak trembled and moved its branches, rustling in the windless air. My limbs were horror-smit with quaking fear and my hair stood on end. Yet I kissed the earth and the oak-tree; nor did I own my hopes to myself, and yet I did hope and I cherished my desires within my mind. Night came and sleep claimed our care-worn bodies. Before my eyes the same oak-tree seemed to stand, with just as many branches and with just as many creatures on its branches, to shake with the same motion, and to scatter the grain-bearing column on the ground below. These seemed suddenly to grow larger and ever larger, to raise themselves from the ground and stand with form erect, to throw off their leanness, their many feet, their back colour, and to take on human limbs and a human form. Then sleep departed. Once awake I thought lightly of my vision, bewailing that there was no help in the gods. But there was a great confused noise in the palace, and I seemed to hear the voices of men to which I was long unused. And while I half believed that this also was a trick of sleep, Telamon came running and, throwing open the door, exclaimed: 'O father, more than you believed or hoped for shall you see. Come out!' I went without, and there just such men as I had seen in my dream I now saw and recognized with my waking eyes. They approached and greeted me as king. I gave thanks to Jove, and to my new subjects I portioned out my city and my fields, forsaken by their former occupants; and I called them
OVID

Myrmidonasque voco nec origine nomina fraudo. corpora vidisti; mores, quos ante gerebant, nunc quoque habent: parcum genus est patiensque laborum quaesitique tenax, et qui quaesita reservent. hi te ad bella pares annis animisque sequentur, cum primum qui te feliciter attulit eurus " (eurus enim attulerat)"fuerit mutatus in austrum." 660

Talibus atque aliis longum sermonibus illi inplevere diem; lucis pars ultima mensae est data, nox somnis. iubar aureus extulerat Sol, flabat adhuc eurus redituraque vela tenebat: ad Cephalum Pallante sati, cui grandior aetas, 665 ad regem Cephalus simul et Pallante creati conveniunt, sed adhuc regem sopor altus habebat. excipit Aeacides illos in limine Phocus; nam Telamon fraterque viros ad bella legebant. Phocus in interius spatium pulchrosque recessus 670 Cecropidas ducit, cum quis simul ipse resedit. adspicit Aeoliden ignota ex arbore factum ferre manu iaculum, cuius fuit aurea cuspis. paucu prius mediis sermonibus ille locutus "sum nemorum studiosus " ait " caedisque ferinae; qua tamen e silva teneas hastile recisum, 676 iamdudum dubito: certe si fraxinus esset, fulva colore foret; si cornus, nodus inesset. unde sit, ignoror, sed non formosius isto viderunt oculi telum iaculabile nostri." 680 excipit Actaeis e fratribus alter et " usum
Myrmidons, nor did I cheat the name of its origin. You have seen their bodies; the habits which they had before they still keep, a thrifty race, inured to toil, keen in pursuit of gain and keeping what they get. These men will follow you to the wars well matched in years and courage, as soon as the east wind which brought you so fortunately hither”—for the east wind it was that brought him—“shall have changed to the south.”

With such and other talk they filled the lingering day. The last hours of the day were given to feasting, the night to sleep. When the golden sun had shown his light, the east wind was still blowing and kept the sails from the homeward voyage. The sons of Pallas came to Cephalus, who was the older, and Cephalus with the sons of Pallas went together to the king. But deep sleep still held the king. Phocus, son of Aeacus, received them at the threshold; for Telamon and his brother were marshalling the men for war. Into the inner court and beautiful apartments Phocus conducted the Athenians, and there they sat them down together. There Phocus noticed that Cephalus carried in his hand a javelin with a golden head, and a shaft made of some strange wood. After some talk, he said abruptly: “I am devoted to the woods and the hunting of wild beasts. Still, I have for some time been wondering from what wood that weapon you hold is made. Surely if it were of ash it would be of deep yellow hue; if it were of cornel-wood there would be knots upon it. What wood it is made of I cannot tell; but my eyes have never seen a javelin for throwing more beautiful than that.” And one of the Athenian brothers replied: “You will admire the weapon’s use more

1 Fancifully derived from μύρμηξ, an ant.
maiorum specie mirabere " dixit " in isto. consequitur, quodcumque petit, fortunaque missum non regit, et revolat nullo referente cruentum." tum vero iuvenis Nereius omnia quaerit, cur sit et unde datum, quis tanti muneris auctor. quae petit, ille refert, sed enim narrare pudori est, qua tulerit mercede; silet tactusque dolore coniugis amissae lacrimis ita fatur obortis: " hoc me, nate dea, (quis possit credere ?) telum flere facit facietque diu, si vivere nobis fata diu dederint; hoc me cum coniuge cara perdidit: hoc utinam caruissem munere semper!

" Procris erat, si forte magis pervenit ad aures Orithyia tuas, raptae soror Orithyiae, si faciem moresque velis conferre duarum, dignior ipsa rapi! pater hanc mihi iunxit Erechtheus, hanc mihi iunxit amor: felix dicebar eramque; non ita dis visum est, aut nunc quoque forsitan essem. alter agebatur post sacra iugalia mensis, cum me cornigeris tendentem retia cervis vertice de summo semper florentis Hymetti lutea mane videt pulsis Aurora tenebris invitumque rapit. liceat mihi vera referre pace deae: quod sit roseo spectabilis ore, quod teneat lucis, teneat confinia noctis, nectareis quod alatur aquis, ego Procrin amabam; pectore Procris erat, Procris mihi semper in ore. sacra tori coitusque novos thalamosque recentes primaque deserti referebam foedera lecti:
than its beauty; it goes straight to any mark, and chance does not guide its flight; and it flies back, all bloody, with no hand to bring it.” Then indeed young Phocus was eager to know why it was so, and whence it came, who was the giver of so wonderful a gift. Cephalus told what the youth asked, but he was ashamed to tell at what price he gained it. He was silent; then, touched with grief for his lost wife, he burst into tears and said: “It is this weapon makes me weep, thou son of a goddess—who could believe it?—and long will it make me weep if the fates shall give me long life. This destroyed me and my dear wife together. And oh, that I had never had it! My wife was Procris, or, if by more likely chance the name of Orithyia has come to your ears, the sister of the ravished Orithyia. If you should compare the form and bearing of the two, Procris herself is the more worthy to be ravished away. It is she that her father, Erechtheus, joined to me; it is she that love joined to me. I was called happy, and happy I was. But the gods decreed it otherwise, or, perchance, I should be happy still. It was in the second month after our marriage rites. I was spreading my nets to catch the antlered deer, when from the top of ever-blooming Hymettus the golden goddess of the dawn, having put the shades to flight, beheld me and carried me away, against my will: may the goddess pardon me for telling the simple truth; but as truly as she shines with the blush of roses on her face, as truly as she holds the portals of the day and night, and drinks the juices of nectar, it was Procris I loved; Procris was in my heart, Procris was ever on my lips. I kept talking of my wedding and its fresh joys of love and the first union of my now deserted couch. The
mota dea est et ' siste tuas, ingrati, querellas;
Procrin habe!' dixit, 'quod si mea provida mens est,
non habuisse voles.' meque illi irata remisit.
cum redeo mecumque deae memorata retracto,
esse metus coepit, ne iura iugalia coniunx
non bene servasset: facies aetasque iubebat
credere adulterium, prohibebant credere mores;
sed tamen afueram, sed et haec erat, unde redibam,
criminis exemplum, sed cuncta timemus amantes.
quaerere, quod doleam, statuo donisque pudicam
sollicitare fidem; favet huic Aurora timori
inmutatque meam (videor sensisse) figuram.
Palladias ineo non cognoscendus Athenas
ingrediorque domum; culpa domus ipsa carebat
castaque signa dabat dominoque erat anxia rapto:
vix aditus per mille dolos ad Erechthida factus.
ut vidi, obstipui meditataque paene reliqui
temptamenta fide; male me, quin vera faterer,
continui, male, quin, et oportuit, oscula ferrem.
tristis erat (sed nulla tamen formosior illa
esse potest tristi) desiderioque dolebat
coniugis abrepti: tu collige, qualis in illa,
Phoce, decor fuerit, quam sic dolor ipse decebat!
quid referam, quotiens temptamina nostra pudici
reppulerint mores, quotiens ' ego ' dixerit ' uni
servor; ubicumque est, uni mea gaudia servo.'
cui non ista fide satis experientia sano
magna foret? non sum contentus et in mea pugno
goddess was provoked and exclaimed: 'Cease your complaints, ungrateful boy; keep your Procris! but, if my mind can foresee at all, you will come to wish that you had never had her'; and in a rage she sent me back to her. As I was going home, and turned over in my mind the goddess' warning, I began to fear that my wife herself had not kept her marriage vows. Her beauty and her youth made me fear unfaithfulness; but her character forbade that fear. Still, I had been absent long, and she from whom I was returning was herself an example of unfaithfulness; and besides, we lovers fear everything. I decided to make a cause for grievance and to tempt her chaste faith by gifts. Aurora helped me in this jealous undertaking and changed my form; (I seemed to feel the change). And so, unrecognizable I entered Athens, Pallas' sacred city, and went into my house. The household itself was blameless, showed no sign of aught amiss, was only anxious for its lost lord. With much difficulty and by a thousand wiles I gained the presence of Erechtheus' daughter; and when I looked upon her my heart failed me and I almost abandoned the test of her fidelity which I had planned. I scarce kept from confessing the truth, from kissing her as was her due. She was sad; but no woman could be more beautiful than was she in her sadness. She was all grief with longing for the husband who had been torn away from her. Imagine, Phocus, how beautiful she was, how that grief itself became her. Why should I tell how often her chastity repelled my temptations? To every plea she said: 'I keep myself for one alone. Wherever he is I keep my love for one.' What husband in his senses would not have found that test of her fidelity enough? But I was not content and strove on to my own undoing!
vulnera! cum census dare me pro nocte loquendo muneraque augendo tandem dubitare coegi,
exclamo male victor: 'adest, mala, fictus adulter! verus eram coniunx! me, perfida, teste teneris.'
illa nihil; tacito tantummodo victa pudore insidiosa malo cum coniuge limina fugit;
offensaque mei genus omne perosa virorum montibus errabat, studiis operata Dianae.
tum mihi deserto violentior ignis ad ossa pervenit: orabam veniam et peccasse fatebar et potuisse datis simili succumbere culpae me quoque muneribus, si munera tanta darentur. hoc mihi confesso, laesum prius ulta pudorem, 
redditur et dulces concorditer exigit annos; dat mihi praeterea, tamquam se parva dedisset dona, canem munus; quem cum sua traderet illi Cynthia, 'currendo superabit' dixerat 'omnes.'
dat simul et iaculum, manibus quod, cernis, habemus. muneris alterius quae sit fortuna, requiris?
accipe mirandum: novitate movebere facti!

"Carmina Laiades non intellecta priorum solverat ingeniis, et praecipitata iacebat inmemor ambagum vates obscura suarum:
protinus Aoniis inmittitur altera Thebis (scilicet alma Themis nec talia linquit inulta!)
pestis, et exitio multi pecorumque suoque rurigenae pavere feram; vicina iuventus

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By promising to give fortunes for her favour, and at last, by adding to my promised gifts, I forced her to hesitate. Then, victor to my sorrow, I exclaimed: ‘False one, he that is here is a feigned adulterer! I was really your husband! By my own witness, traitress, you are detected!’ She, not a word. Only in silence, overwhelmed with shame, she fled her treacherous husband and his house. In hate for me, loathing the whole race of men, she wandered over the mountains, devoted to Diana’s pursuits. Then in my loneliness the fire of love burned more fiercely, penetrating to the marrow. I craved pardon, owned that I had sinned, confessed that I too might have yielded in the same way under the temptation of gifts, if so great gifts were offered to me. When I had made this confession and she had sufficiently avenged her outraged feelings, she came back to me and we spent sweet years together in harmony. She gave me beside, as though she had given but small gifts in herself, a wonderful hound which her own Cynthia had given, and said as she gave: ‘He will surpass all other hounds in speed.’ She gave me a javelin also, this one which, as you see, I hold in my hands. Would you know the story of both gifts? Hear the wonderful story: you will be moved by the strangeness of the deed.

“Oedipus, the son of Laïus, had solved the riddle which had been inscrutable to the understanding of all before; fallen headlong she lay, the dark prophet, forgetful of her own riddle. Straightway a second monster was sent against Aonian Thebes (and surely kind Themis does not let such things go unpunished!) and many country dwellers were in terror of the fierce creature, fearing both for their own and their flocks’ destruction. We, the neighbouring youths,
venimus et latos indagine cinximus agros. illa levi velox superabat retia saltu
summaque transibat postarum lina plagarum: copula detrahitur canibus, quos illa sequentes
effugit et centum non segnior alite ludit. poscor et ipse meum consensu Laelapa magno
(muneris hoc nomen): iamdudum vincula pugnat
exuere ipse sibi colloque morantia tendit.
vix bene missus erat, nec iam poteramus, ubi esset, scire; pedum calidus vestigia pulvis habebat,
ipse oculis ereptus erat: non oior illo
hasta nec excussae contorto verbere glandes
nec Gortyniaço calamus levis exit ab arcu.
collis apex medii subiectis inminet arvis:
tollor eo capioque novi spectacula cursus,
quo modo deprendi, modo se subducere ab ipso
vulnere visa fera est; nec limite callida recto
in spatiumque fugit, sed decipit ora sequentis
et redit in gyrum, ne sit suus inpetus hosti:
inminet hic sequiturque parem similisque tenenti
non tenet et vanos exercet in aera morsus.
ad iaculi vertebar opem; quod dextera librat
dum mea, dum digitos amentis addere tempto,
lumina deflexi. revocataque rursus eodem
rettuleram: et medio (mirum) duo marmora campo
adspicio; fugere hoc, illud captare putares.
scilicet invictos ambo certamine cursus
esse deus voluit, si quis deus adfuit illis.”
came and encircled the broad fields with our hunting-nets. But that swift beast leaped over the nets, over the very tops of the toils which we had spread. Then we let slip our hounds from the leash; but she escaped their pursuit and mocked the hundred dogs with speed like any bird. Then all the hunters called upon me for my Laelaps (that is the name of the hound my wife had given me). Long since he had been struggling to get loose from the leash and straining his neck against the strap that held him. Scarce was he well released when we could not tell where he was. The warm dust kept the imprint of his feet, he himself had quite disappeared from sight. No spear is swifter than he, nor leaden bullets thrown by a whirled sling, or the light reed shot from a Gortynian bow. There was a high hill near by, whose top overlooked the surrounding plain. Thither I climbed and gained a view of that strange chase, in which the beast seemed now to be caught and now to slip from the dog's very teeth. Nor does the cunning creature flee in a straight course off into the distance, but it eludes the pursuer's jaws and wheels sharply round, so that its enemy may lose his spring. The dog presses him hard, follows him step for step, and, while he seems to hold him, does not hold, and snaps at the empty air. I turned to my javelin's aid. As my right hand was balancing it, while I was fitting my fingers into the loop, I turned my eyes aside for a single moment; and when I turned them back again to the same spot—oh, wonderful! I saw two marble images in the plain; the one you would think was fleeing, the other catching at the prey. Doubtless some god must have willed, if there was any god with them, that both should be unconquered in their race.” Thus far he spoke and fell silent.
hactenus, et tacuit; "iaculo quod crimen in ipso est?"

Phocus ait; iaculi sic crimina reddidit ille: " Gaudia principium nostri sunt, Phoce, doloris: illa prius referam. iuvat o meminisse beati temporis, Aeacida, quo primos rite per annos coniuge eram felix, felix erat illa marito.

mutua cura duos et amor socialis habebat, nec Iovis illa meo thalamos praeferret amori, nec me quae caperet, non si Venus ipsa veniret, ulla erat; aequales urebant pectora flammae.

sole fere radiis feriente cacumina primis venatum in silvas iuvenaliter ire solebam nec mecum famuli nec equi nec naribus acres ire canes nec lina sequi nodosa solebant:

tutus eram iaculo; sed cum satiata ferinae dextera caedis erat, repetebam frigus et umbras et quae de gelidis exibat vallibus aura:

aura petebatur medio mihi lenis in aestu, auram exspectabam, requies erat illa labori. 'aura' (recordor enim), 'venias' cantare solebam, 'meque iuves intresque sinus, gratissima, nostros, utque facis, relevare velis, quibus urimur, aestus!'

forsitan addiderim (sic me mea fata trahebant), blanditias plures et 'tu mihi magna voluptas'
dicere sim solitus, 'tu me reficisquefovesque, tu facis, ut silvas, ut amem loca sola: meoque spiritus iste tuus semper captatur ab ore.'

vocibus ambiguis deceptam praebuit aurem nescio quis nomenque aurae tam saepe vocatum
But what charge have you to bring against the javelin itself?" asked Phocus. The other thus told what charge he had against the javelin:

"My joys, Phocus, were the beginning of my woe. These I will describe first. Oh, what a joy it is, son of Aeacus, to remember the blessed time when during those first years I was happy in my wife, as I should be, and she was happy in her husband. Mutual cares and mutual love bound us together. Not Jove's love would she have preferred to mine; nor was there any woman who could lure me away from her, no, not if Venus herself should come. An equal passion burned in both our two hearts. In the early morning, when the sun's first rays touched the tops of the hills, with a young man's eagerness I used to go hunting in the woods. Nor did I take attendants with me, or horses or keen-scented dogs or knotted nets. I was safe with my javelin. But when my hand had had its fill of slaughter of wild creatures, I would come back to the cool shade and the breeze that came forth from the cool valleys. I wooed the breeze, blowing gently on me in my heat; the breeze I waited for. She was my labour's rest. 'Come, Aura,' I remember I used to cry, 'come soothe me; come into my breast, most welcome one, and, as indeed you do, relieve the heat with which I burn.' Perhaps I would add, for so my fates drew me on, more endearments, and say: 'Thou art my greatest joy; thou dost refresh and comfort me; thou makest me to love the woods and solitary places. It is ever my joy to feel thy breath upon my face.' Some one overhearing these words was deceived by their double meaning; and, thinking that the word 'Aura' so often on my lips was a nymph's name, was convinced that I was in love with
esse putat nymphae: nympham mihi credit amari.

credinmis extemplo ficti temerarius index

Procrin adit linguaque refert audita susurra.

credula res amor est: subito conlapsa dolore,

ut mihi narratur, cecidit; longoque refecta

tempore se miseram, se fati dixit iniqui

deque fide questa est et crine concita vano,
quod nil est, metuit, metuit sine corpore nomen

et dolet infelix veluti de paelice vera.
saepe tamen dubitat speratque miserrima falli

indicioque fidem negat et, nisi viderit ipsa,
damnatura sui non est delicta mariti.

postera depulerant Aurorae lumina noctem:

 egregdior silvamque peto victorque per herbas

‘ aura, veni ’ dixi ‘ nostroque medere labori!’
et subito gemitus inter mea verba videbar

nescio quos audisse; ‘ veni ’ tamen, ‘ optima!’ dixi.

fronde levem rursus strepitum faciente caduca

sum ratus esse feram telumque volatile misi:
Procris erat medioque tenens in pectore vulnus

‘ ei mihi ’ conclamat! vox est ubi cognita fidae
coniugis, ad vocem praeceps amensque cucurri.

semianimem et sparsas foedantem sanguine vestes
et sua (me miserum!) de vulnere dona trahentem

invenio corpusque meo mihi carius ulnis
mollibus attollo scissaque a pectore veste

vulnera saeva ligo conorque inhibere cruorem

neu me morte sua sceleratum deserat, oro.

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some nymph. Straightway the rash tell-tale went to Procris with the story of my supposed unfaithfulness and reported in whispers what he had heard. A credulous thing is love. Smitten with sudden pain (as I heard the story), she fell down in a swoon. Reviving at last, she called herself wretched, victim of cruel fate; complained of my unfaithfulness, and, excited by an empty charge, she feared a mere nothing, feared an empty name and grieved, poor girl, as over a real rival. And yet she would often doubt and hope in her depth of misery that she was mistaken; she refused to believe the story she had heard, and, unless she saw it with her own eyes, would not think her husband guilty of such sin. The next morning, when the early dawn had banished night, I left the house and sought the woods; there, successful, as I lay on the grass, I cried: 'Come, Aura, come and soothe my toil'—and suddenly, while I was speaking, I thought I heard a groan. 'Come, dearest one,' I cried again. And as the fallen leaves made a slight rustling sound, I thought it was some beast and hurled my javelin at the place. It was Procris, and, clutching at the wound in her breast, she cried, 'Oh, woe is me.' When I recognized the voice of my faithful wife, I rushed headlong towards the sound, beside myself with horror. There I found her dying, her disordered garments stained with blood, and oh, the pity! trying to draw the very weapon she had given me from her wounded breast. With loving arms I raised her body, dearer to me than my own, tore open the garment from her breast and bound up the cruel wound, and tried to staunch the blood, praying that she would not leave me stained with her death. She, though strength failed her, with a
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viribus illa carens et iam moribunda coegit
haec se paucá loqui: 'per nostri foedera lecti
perque deos supplex oro superosque meosque,
per si quid merui de te bene perque manentem
nunc quoque, cum pereo, causam mihi mortis amorem,
ne thalamis Auram patiare innubere nostris!'

dixit, et errorem tum denique nominis esse
et sensi et docui. sed quid docuisse iuvabat?
labitur, et parvae fugiunt cum sanguine vires,
dumque aliquid spectare potest, me spectat et in me
infelicem animam nostroque exhalat in ore;

sed vultu meliore mori secura videtur.'

Flentibus haec lacrimans heros memorabat, et ecce
Aeacus ingreditur duplici cum prole novoque
milite; quem Cephalus cum fortibus accipit armis. 865
dying effort forced herself to say these few words: 'By the union of our love, by the gods above and my own gods, by all that I have done for you, and by the love that still I bear you in my dying hour, the cause of my own death, I beg you, do not let this Aura take my place.' And then I knew at last that it was a mistake in the name, and I told her the truth. But what availed then the telling? She fell back in my arms and her last faint strength fled with her blood. So long as she could look at anything she looked at me and breathed out her unhappy spirit on my lips. But she seemed to die content and with a happy look upon her face."

This story the hero told with many years. And now Aeacus came in with his two sons and his new levied band of soldiers, which Cephalus received with their valiant arms.
Iam nitidum retegente diem noctisque fugante tempora Lucifero cadit Eurus, et umida surgunt nubila: dant placidi cursum redeuntibus Austri Aeacidis Cephaloque; quibus feliciter acti ante exspectatum portus tenuere petitos. interea Minos Lelegeia litora vastat praetemptatque sui vires Mavortis in urbe Alcathei, quam Nisus habet, cui splendidus ostro inter honoratos medioque in vertice canos crinis inhaerebat, magni fiducia regni.

Sexta resurgebant orientis cornua lunae, et pendebat adhuc belli fortuna, diuque inter utrumque volat dubii Victoria pennis. regia turris erat vocalibus addita muris, in quibus auratam proles Letoia fatur deposuisse lyram: saxo sonus eius inhaesit. saepe illuc solita est ascendere filia Nisi et petere exiguo resonantia saxa lapillo, tum cum pax esset; bello quoque saepe solebat spectare ex illa rigidi certamina Martis, iamque mora belli procerum quoque nomina norat armaque equosque habitusque Cydoniaeasque pharetras.
BOOK VIII

Now when Lucifer had banished night and ushered in the shining day, the east wind fell and moist clouds arose. The peaceful south wind offered a safe return to Cephalus and the mustered troops of Aeacus, and, speeding their voyage, brought them, sooner than they had hoped, to their desired haven. Meanwhile King Minos was laying waste the coast of Megara, and was trying his martial strength against the city of Alcathoüs,¹ where Nisus reigned. This Nisus had growing on his head, amidst his locks of honoured grey, a brilliant purple lock on whose preservation rested the safety of his throne.

Six times had the new moon shown her horns, and still the fate of war hung in the balance; so long did Victory hover on doubtful wings between the two. There was a royal tower reared on the tuneful walls where Latona’s son was said to have laid down his golden lyre, whose music still lingered in the stones. Often to this tower the daughter of King Nisus used to climb and set the rocks resounding with a pebble, in the day when peace was. Also after the war began she would often look out from this place upon the rough martial combats. And now, as the war dragged on, she had come to know even the names of the warring chieftains, their arms, their horses, their dress, their Cretan quivers. And

¹ i.e. Megara.
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noverat ante alios faciem ducis Europaei, plus etiam, quam nosse sat est: hac iudice Minos, seu caput abdiderat cristata casside pennis, in galea formosus erat; seu sumpserat aere fulgentem clipeum, clipeum sumpsisse decebatur; torserat adductis hastilia lenta lacertis: laudabat virgo iunctam cum viribus artem; inposito calamo patulos sinuaverat arcus: sic Phoebum sumptis iurabat stare sagittis; cum vero faciem dempto nudaverat aere purpureusque albi stratis insignia pictis terga premebat equi spumantiaque ora regebat, vix sua, vix sanae virgo Niseia compos mentis erat: felix iaculum, quod tangeret ille, quaeque manu premeret, felicia frena vocabatur. impetus est illi, liceat modo, ferre per agmen virgineos hostile gradus, est impetus illi turribus e summis in Gnosia mittere corpus castra vel aeratas hosti recludere portas, vel siquid Minos aliud velit. utque sedebat candida Dictaei spectans tentoria regis, "laeter," ait "doleamne geri lacrimabile bellum, in dubio est; doleo, quod Minos hostis amanti est. sed nisi bella forent, numquam mihi cognitus esset! me tamen accepta poterat deponere bellum obside: me comitem, me pacis pignus haberet. si quae te peperit, talis, pulcherrime rerum, qualis es, ipsa fuit, merito deus arsit in illa. o ego ter felix, si pennis lapsa per auras Gnosiaci possem castris insistere regis fassaque me flammasque meas, qua dote, rogarem,
above all others did she know the face of their leader, Europa's son, yes, better than she should. If he had hidden his head in a crested casque, Minos in a helmet was lovely to her eyes: or if he carried his shining golden shield, the shield became him well. Did he hurl his tough spear with tense muscles, the girl admired the strength and the skill he showed. Did he bend the wide-curving bow with arrow fitted to the string, thus she would swear that Phoebus stood with arrows in his hand. But when unhelmed he showed his face, when clad in purple he bestrode his milk-white steed gorgeous with broidered trappings, and managed the foaming bit, then was Nisus' daughter hardly her own, hardly mistress of a sane mind. Happy the javelin which he touched and happy the reins which he held in his hand, she thought. She longed, were it but allowed, to speed her maiden steps through the foemen's line; she longed to leap down from her lofty tower into the Cretan camp, to open the city's bronze-bound gates to the enemy, to do any other thing which Minos might desire. And, as she sat gazing at the white tents of the Cretan king, she said: "Whether I should rejoice or grieve at this woeful war, I cannot tell. I grieve because Minos is the foe of her who loves him; but if there were no war, he would never have been known to me. Suppose he had me as a hostage, then he could give up the war; I should be in his company, should be a pledge of peace. If she who bore you, O loveliest of all the world, was such as you are, good reason was it that the god burned for her. Oh, thrice happy should I be, if only I might fly through the air and stand within the camp of the Cretan king, and confess my love, and ask what dower he would wish to be paid for me. Only let him not ask my
vellet emi, tantum patrias ne posceret arces!
nam pereant potius sperata cubilia, quam sim proditione potens!—quamvis saepe utile vincivictoris placidi fecit clementia multis.
iusta gerit certe pro nato bella perempto:
et causaque valet causamque tenentibus armis,
et, puto, vincemur; qui si manet exitus urbem,
cur suus haec illi reseret mea moenia Mavors
et non noster amor? melius sine caede moraque
inpenasaque sui poterit superare cruoris.
non metuam certe, ne quis tua pectora, Minos,
vulneret inprudens: quis enim tam durus, ut in te dirigere inmitem non inscius audeat hastam?"
coepta placent, et stat sententia tradere secum
dotalem patriam finemque inponere bello;
verum velle parum est! " aditus custodia servat,
claustraque portarum genitor tenet: hunc ego solum
infelix timeo, solus mea vota moratur.
di facerent, sine patre forem! sibi quisque profecto
est deus: ignavis precibus Fortuna repugnat.
altera iamdudum succensa cupidine tanto
perdere gauderet, quodcumque obstaret amori.
et cur ulla foret me fortior? ire per ignes
et gladios ausim; nec in hoc tamen ignibus ullis
aut gladiis opus est, opus est mihi crine paterno.
illa mihi est auro pretiosior, illa beatam
purpura me votique mei factura potentem."

Talia dicenti curarum maxima nutrix
nox intervenit, tenebrisque audacia crevit.
prima quies aderat, qua curis fessa diurnis
country's citadel. For may all my hopes of wedlock perish ere I gain it by treachery. And yet oft-times many have found it good to be overcome, when an appeased victor has been merciful. Surely he wages a just war for his murdered son; and he is strong both in his cause and in the arms that defend his cause. We shall be conquered, I am sure. And if that doom awaits our city, why shall his warrior hand unbar these walls of ours, and not my love? Far better will it be without massacre and suspense and the cost of his own blood for him to conquer. In that case truly I should not fear lest someone should pierce your breast unwittingly, dear Minos; for, if not unwitting, who so cruel that he could bring himself to throw his pitiless spear at you?"

She likes the plan, and decides to give up herself with her country as her dowry, and so to end the war. But merely to will is not enough. "A watch guards the entry; my father holds the keys of the city gates. Him only do I fear, unhappy! Only he delays the wish of my heart. Would to God I had no father! But surely everyone is his own god; Fortune resists half-hearted prayers. Another girl in my place, fired with so great a love, would long since have destroyed, and that with joy, whatever stood in the way of her love. And why should another be braver than I? Through fire and sword would I dare go. And yet here there is no need of fire or sword. I need but my father's lock of hair. That is to me more precious than gold; that purple lock will make me blest, will give me my heart's desire."

While she thus spoke night came on, most potent healer of our cares; and with the darkness her boldness grew. The first rest had come, when sleep
pectora somnus habet: thalamos taciturna paternos
inrat et (heu facinus!) fatali nata parentem
creine suum spoliat praedaque potita nefanda
per medios hostes (meriti fiducia tanta est)
pervenit ad regem; quem sic adfata paventem est:
" suasit amor facinus: proles ego regia Nisi
Scylla tibi trado patriaeque meosque penates;
praemia nulla peto nisi te: cape pignus amoris
purpureum crinem nec me nunc tradere crinem,
sed patrium tibi crede caput!" scelerataque dextra
munera porrexit; Minos porrecta refugit
turbatusque novi respondit imagine facti:
" di te summmoveant, o nostri infamia saecli,
orbe suo, tellusque tibi pontusque negetur!
certe ego non patiar Iovis incunabula, Creten,
qui meus est orbis, tantum contingere monstrum." Dixit, et ut leges captis iustissimus auctor
hostibus inposuit, classis retinacula solvi
iuissit et aeratas impleri remige puppes.
Scylla freto postquam deductas nare carinas
nec praestare ducem sceleris sibi praemia vidit,
consumptis precibus violentam transit in iram
intendensque manus passis furibunda capillis
" quo fugis " exclamat " meritorum auctore relictia,
o patriae praelate meae, praelate parenti?
quo fugis, inimitis, cujus victoria nostrum
et scelus et meritum est? nec te data munera, nec te
noster amor movit, nec quod spes omnis in unum

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holds the heart weary with the cares of day: the daughter steals silently into her father's chamber, and—oh, the horrid crime!—she despoils him of the tress where his life lay. With this cursed prize, through the midst of her foes, so sure is she of a welcome for her deed, she goes straight to the king; and thus she addresses him, startled at her presence: "Love has led me to this deed. I, Scylla, daughter of King Nisus, do here deliver to your hands my country and my house. I ask no reward save only you. Take as the pledge of my love this purple lock, and know that I am giving to you not a lock, but my father's life." And in her sin-stained hand she held out the prize to him. Minos recoiled from the proffered gift, and, in horror at the sight of so unnatural an act, he replied: "May the gods banish you from their world, O foul disgrace of our age! May both land and sea be denied to you! Be sure that I shall not permit so vile a monster to set foot on Crete, my world, the cradle of Jove's infancy."

He spoke; and when this most upright lawgiver had imposed laws upon his conquered foes, he bade loose the hawsers of the fleet, and the rowers to man the bronze-bound ships. When Scylla saw that the ships were launched and afloat, and that the king refused her the reward of her sin, having prayed until she could pray no more, she became violently enraged, and stretching out her hands, with streaming hair and mad with passion, she exclaimed: "Whither do you flee, abandoning the giver of your success, O you whom I put before my fatherland, before my father? Whither do you flee, you cruel man, whose victory is my sin, 'tis true, but is my merit also? Does not the gift I gave move you, do not my love and
te mea congesta est? nam quo deserta revertar? in patriam? superata iacet! sed finge manere:
proditio mea clausa est mihi! patris ad ora? 115
quem tibi donavi! cives odere merentem,
finitimi exemplum metuunt: exponimur orbe
terrarum, nobis ut Crete sola pateret.
hae quoque si probes et nos, ingrata, relinquis,
non genetrix Europa tibi est, sed inhospita Syrtis, 120
Armeniae tigres austroque agitata Charybdis.
Nec Iove tu natus, nec mater imagine tauri
ducta tua est: generis falsa est ea fabula! verus
et feraus et captus nullius amore iuvenae,
qui te progenuit, taurus fuit. exige poenas,
Nise pater! gaudete malis modo prodita nostris
moenia! nam, fateor, merui et sum digna perire.
sed tamen ex illis aliquis, quos impia laesi,
me perimat! cur, qui vicisti crimine nostro,
insequeris crimen? scelus hoc patriaeque patrique,
officium tibi sit! te vere coniuge digna est,
quae torvum ligno decepit adultera taurum
discordemque utero fetum tuit. ecquid ad aures
perveniunt mea dicta tuas, an inania venti
verba ferunt idemque tuas, ingrata, carinas?
iam iam Pasiphaen non est mirabile taurum
praeposuisse tibi: tu plus feritatis habebas.
me miseram! properare iubet! divulsaque remis
unda sonat, mecumque simul mea terra recedit.
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all my hopes built on you alone? Deserted, whither shall I go? Back to my fatherland? It lies overthrown. But suppose it still remained: it is closed to me by my treachery. To my father’s presence? him whom I betrayed to you? My countrymen hate me, and with just cause; the neighbouring peoples fear my example. I am banished from all the world, that Crete alone might be open to me. And if you forbid me Crete as well, and, O ungrateful, leave me here, Europa is not your mother, but the inhospitable Syrtis, the Armenian tigress and storm-tossed Charybdis. You are no son of Jove, nor was your mother tricked by the false semblance of a bull. That story of your birth is a lie: it was a real bull that begot you, a fierce, wild thing that loved no heifer. Inflict my punishment, O Nisus, my father! Rejoice in my woes, O ye walls that I have but now betrayed! For I confess I have merited your hate and I deserve to die. But let some one of those whom I have foully injured slay me. Why should you, who have triumphed through my sin, punish my sin? Let this act which was a crime against my country and my father be but a service in your eyes. She is a true mate\(^1\) for you who with unnatural passion deceived the savage bull by that shape of wood and bore a hybrid offspring in her womb. Does my voice reach your ears? Or do the same winds blow away my words to emptiness that fill your sails, you ingrate? Now, now I do not wonder that Pasiphaë preferred the bull to you, for you were a more savage beast than he. Alas for me! He orders his men to haste away! and the waves resound as the oars dash into them, and I and my land are both fading from his sight. But it

\(^1\) Pasiphaë, the wife of Minos and mother of the Minotaur.
nil agis, o frustra meritorum oblite meorum:
insequar invitum puppimque amplexa recurvam
per freta longa trahar." Vix dixerat, insilit undis
consequiturque rates faciente cupidine vires
Gnosiacaeque haeret comes invidiosa carinae.
quam pater ut vidit (nam iam pendebat in aura
et modo factus erat fulvis haliaeetus alis),
ibat, ut haerentem rostro laceraret adunco;
ila metu puppim dimisit, et aura cadentem
sustinuisse levis, ne tangeret aequora, visa est.
pluma fuit: plumis in avem mutatà vocatur
Ciris et a tonso est hoc nomen adepta capillo.
Vota Iovi Minos taurorum corpora centum
solvit, ut egressus ratibus Curétida terram
contigit, et spoliis decorata est regia fixis.
creverat obprobrium generis, foedumque patebat
matris adulterium monstri novitate biformis;
destinat hunc Minos thalamo removere pudorem
multiplicique domo caecisque includere tectis.
Daedalus ingenio fabrae celeberrimus artis
ponit opus turbatque notas et lumina flexu
ducit in errorem variarum ambage viarum.
non secus ac liquidus Phrygiis Maeandrus in arvis
ludit et ambiguo lapsu refluitque fluitque
occurrensque sibi venturas aspicit undas
et nunc ad fontes, nunc ad mare versus apertum
incertas exercet aquas, ita Daedalus implet
is in vain; you have forgotten my deserts in vain; I shall follow you against your will, and clinging to the curving stern, I shall be drawn over the long reaches of the sea.” Scarce had she spoken when she leaped into the water, swam after the ship, her passion giving strength, and clung, hateful and unwelcome, to the Cretan boat. When her father saw her—for he was hovering in the air, having but now been changed into an osprey with tawny wings—he came on that he might tear her, as she clung there, with his hooked beak. In terror she let go her hold upon the boat, and as she fell the light air seemed to hold her up and keep her from touching the water. She was like a feather! Changed to a feathered bird, she is called Ciris, and takes this name from the shorn lock of hair.\footnote{Ciris, as if from κείρω, “I cut.”}

Minos duly paid his vows to Jove, a hundred bulls, when he disembarked upon the Cretan strand; and he hung up his spoils of war to adorn his palace. But now his family’s disgrace had grown big, and the queen’s foul adultery was revealed to all by her strange hybrid monster-child. Minos planned to remove this shame from his house and to hide it away in a labyrinthine enclosure with blind passages. Daedalus, a man famous for his skill in the builder’s art, planned and performed the work. He confused the usual passages and deceived the eye by a conflicting maze of divers winding paths. Just as the watery Maeander plays in the Phrygian fields, flows back and forth in doubtful course and, turning back on itself, beholds its own waves coming on their way, and sends its uncertain waters now towards their source and now towards the open sea: so Daedalus made those innumerable winding passages, and was
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innumeras errore vias vixque ipse reverti
ad limen potuit: tanta est fallacia tecti.

Quo postquam geminam tauri iuvenisque figuram
clausit, et Actaeo bis pastum sanguine monstrum 170
tertia sors annis domuit repetita novenis,
utque ope virginea nullis iterata priorum
ianua difficilis filo est inventa relecto,
protinus Aegides rapta Minoide Diam
vela dedit comitemque suam crudelis in illo
litore destituit; desertae et multa querenti
amplexus et opem Liber tuit utque perenni
sidere clara foret, sumptam de fronte coronam
inmisit caelo: tenues volat illa per auras
dumque volat, gemmæ nitidos vertuntur in ignes 180
consistuntque loco specie remanente coronae,
qui medius Nixique genu est Anguemque tenentis.

Daedalus interea Cretan longumque perosus
exilium tactusque loci natalis amore
clausus erat pelago. " terras licet " inquit " et undas
obstruat: et caelum certe patet; ibimus illac: 186
omnia possideat, non possidet aera Minos."
dixit et ignotas animum dimittit in artes
naturamque novat. nam ponit in ordine pennas
a minima coeptas, longam breviore sequenti,
190
ut clivo crevisses putes: sic rustica quondam
fistula disparibus paulatim surgit avenis;
tum lino medias et ceris alligat imas
atque ita conpositas parvo curvamine flectit,
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himself scarce able to find his way back to the place of entry, so deceptive was the enclosure he had built.

In this labyrinth Minos shut up the monster of the bull-man form and twice he fed him on Athenian blood; but the third tribute, demanded after each nine years, brought the creature's overthrow. And when, by the virgin Ariadne's help, the difficult entrance, which no former adventurer had ever reached again, was found by winding up the thread, straightway the son of Aegeus, taking Minos' daughter, spread his sails for Dia; and on that shore he cruelly abandoned his companion. To her, deserted and bewailing bitterly, Bacchus brought love and help. And, that she might shine among the deathless stars, he sent the crown she wore up to the skies. Through the thin air it flew; and as it flew its gems were changed to gleaming fires and, still keeping the appearance of a crown, it took its place between the Kneeler 1 and the Serpent-holder. 2

Meanwhile Daedalus, hating Crete and his long exile, and longing to see his native land, was shut in by the sea. "Though he may block escape by land and water," he said, "yet the sky is open, and by that way will I go. Though Minos rules over all, he does not rule the air." So saying, he sets his mind at work upon unknown arts, and changes the laws of nature. For he lays feathers in order, beginning at the smallest, short next to long, so that you would think they had grown upon a slope. Just so the old-fashioned rustic pan-pipes with their unequal reeds rise one above another. Then he fastened the feathers together with twine and wax at the middle and bottom; and, thus arranged, he bent them with a gentle curve, so that they looked like

1 The constellation of Hercules.  2 Ophiuchus.
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ut veras imitetur aves. puer Icarus una
stabat et ignarus, sua se tractare pericla,
ore renidenti modo, quas vaga moverat aura,
captabat plumas, flavam modo pollice ceram
mollibat lusuque suo mirabile patris
impediebat opus. postquam manus ultima coepto
inposita est, geminas opifex libravit in alas
ipse suum corpus motaque pependit in aura;
instruit et natum "medio" que "ut limite curras,
Icare," ait "moneo, ne, si demissior ibis,
unda gravet pennas, si celsior, ignis adurat:
inter utrumque vola. nec te spectare Booten
aut Helicen iubeo strictumque Orionis ensem:
me duce carpe viam!" pariter praeccepta volandi
tradit et ignotas umeris accommodat alas.
inter opus monitusque genae maduere seniles,
et patriae tremuere manus; dedit oscula nato
non iterum repetenda suo pennisque levatus
ante volat comitique timet, velut ales, ab alto
quae teneram prolem produxit in aera nido,
hortaturque sequi damnosasque erudit artes
et movet ipse suas et nati respicit alas.
hos aliquis tremula dum captat harundine pisces,
aut pastor baculo stivave innixus arator
vidit et obstipuit, quique aethera carpere possent,
credidit esse deos. et iam Iunonia laeva
parte Samos (fuerant Delosque Parosque relietae)
dextra Lebinthus erat secundaque melle Calymne,
cum puer audaci coepit gaudere volatu

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real birds' wings. His son, Icarus, was standing by and, little knowing that he was handling his own peril, with gleeful face would now catch at the feathers which some passing breeze had blown about, now mould the yellow wax with his thumb, and by his sport would hinder his father's wondrous task. When now the finishing touches had been put upon the work, the master workman himself balanced his body on two wings and hung poised on the beaten air. He taught his son also and said: "I warn you, Icarus, to fly in a middle course, lest, if you go too low, the water may weight your wings; if you go too high, the fire may burn them. Fly between the two. And I bid you not to shape your course by Boötes or Helice or the drawn sword of Orion, but fly where I shall lead." At the same time he tells him the rules of flight and fits the strange wings on his boy's shoulders. While he works and talks the old man's cheeks are wet with tears, and his fatherly hands tremble. He kissed his son, which he was destined never again to do, and rising on his wings, he flew on ahead, fearing for his companion, just like a bird which has led forth her fledglings from the high nest into the unsubstantial air. He encourages the boy to follow, instructs him in the fatal art of flight, himself flapping his wings and looking back on his son. Now some fisherman spies them, angling for fish with his flexible rod, or a shepherd, leaning upon his crook, or a plowman, on his plow-handles—spies them and stands stupefied, and believes them to be gods that they could fly through the air. And now Juno's sacred Samos had been passed on the left, and Delos and Paros; Lebinthus was on the right and Calymne, rich in honey, when the boy began to rejoice in his bold flight and, deserting his leader,
deseruitque ducem caelique cupidine tractus
altius egit iter. rapidi vicinia solis
mollit odoratas, pennarum vincula, ceras;
tabuerant cerae: nudos quatit ille lacertos,
remigioque carens non uallas percipit auras,
oraque caerulea patrium clamantia nomen
excipiuntur aqua, quae nomen traxit ab illo.
at pater infelix, nec iam pater, "Icare," dixit,
"Icare," dixit "ubi es? qua te regione requiram?"
"Icare" dicebat: pennas aspexit in undis
devovitque suas artes corpusque sepulcro
condidit, et tellus a nomine dicta sepulti.

Hunc miseri tumulo ponentem corpora nati
garrula limoso prospexit ab elice perdix
et plausit pennis testataque gaudia cantu est,
unica tunc volucris nec visa prioribus annis,
facta nuper avis longum tibi, Daedale, crimen.
namque huic tradiderat, fatorum ignara, docendam
progeniem germana suam, natalibus actis
bis puerum senis, animi ad praecepta capacis;
ille etiam medio spinas in pisce notatas
traxit in exemplum ferroque incidit acuto
perpetuos dentes et serrae repperit usum;
primus et ex uno duo ferrea bracchia nodo
vinxit, ut aequali spatio distantiis illis
altera pars staret, pars altera duceret orbem.
Daedalus invidit saecaque ex arce Minervae
praecipitem misit, lapsum mentitus; at illum,
quae favet ingenii, exceptit Pallas avemque
reddidit et medio velavit in aere pennis,
led by a desire for the open sky, directed his course to a greater height. The scorching rays of the nearer sun softened the fragrant wax which held his wings. The wax melted; his arms were bare as he beat them up and down, but, lacking wings, they took no hold on the air. His lips, calling to the last upon his father's name, were drowned in the dark blue sea, which took its name from him. But the unhappy father, now no longer father, called: "Icarus, Icarus, where are you? In what place shall I seek you? Icarus," he called again; and then he spied the wings floating on the deep, and cursed his skill. He buried the body in a tomb, and the land was called from the name of the buried boy.

As he was consigning the body of his ill-fated son to the tomb, a chattering partridge looked out from a muddy ditch and clapped her wings uttering a joyful note. She was at that time a strange bird, of a kind never seen before, and but lately made a bird; a lasting reproach to you, Daedalus. For the man's sister, ignorant of the fates, had sent him her son to be trained, a lad of teachable mind, who had now passed his twelfth birthday. This boy, moreover, observed the backbone of a fish and, taking it as a model, cut a row of teeth in a thin strip of iron and thus invented the saw. He also was the first to bind two arms of iron together at a joint, so that, while the arms kept the same distance apart, one might stand still while the other should trace a circle. Daedalus envied the lad and thrust him down headlong from the sacred citadel of Minerva, with a lying tale that the boy had fallen. But Pallas, who favours the quick of wit, caught him up and made him a bird, and clothed him with feathers in mid-air. His old quickness of wit passed
sed vigor ingenii quondam velocis in alas
inque pedes abiit; nomen, quod et ante, remansit.
non tamen haec alte volucris sua corpora tollit,
nec facit in ramis altoque cacumine nidos:
propter humum volitat ponitque in saepibus ova
antique memori metuit sublimia casus.

Iamque fatigatum tellus Aetnaea tenebat
Daedalon, et sumptis pro supplice Cocalus armis
mitis habebatur; iam lamentabile Athenae
pendere desierant Thesea laude tributum:
templa coronantur, bellatricemque Minervam
cum Iove disque vocant aliis, quos sanguine voto
muneribusque datis et acerris turis honorant;
sparerat Argolicas nomen vaga fama per urbes
Theseos, et populi, quos dives Achaia cepit,
huius opem magnis inploravere periclis,
huius opem Calydon, quamvis Meleagron haberet,
sollicita suppless petiiit prece: causa petendi
sus erat, infestae famulus vindexque Dianae.
Oenea namque ferunt pleni successibus anni
primitias frugum Cereri, sua vina Lyaeo,
Palladios flavae latices libasse Minervae;
coeptus ab agricolis superos pervenit ad omnes
ambitionibus honor: solas sine ture relictas
praeteritae cessasse ferunt Latoidos aras.
tangit et ira deos. "at non inpune feremus,
quaeque inhonorate, non et dicemur inultae"
inquit, et Oeneos ultorem spreta per agros
into his wings and legs, but he kept the name which he had before. Still the bird does not lift her body high in flight nor build her nest on trees or on high points of rock; but she flutters along near the ground and lays her eggs in hedgerows; and, remembering that old fall, she is ever fearful of lofty places.

Now the land of Aetna received the weary Daedalus, where King Cocalus took up arms in the suppliant’s defence and was esteemed most kind. Now also Athens, thanks to Theseus, had ceased to pay her doleful tribute. The temple is wreathed with flowers, the people call on Minerva, goddess of battles, with Jove and the other gods, whom they worship with sacrificial blood, with gifts and burning incense. Quick-flying fame had spread the name of Theseus through all the towns of Greece, and all the peoples of rich Achaia prayed his help in their own great perils. Suppliant Calydon sought his help with anxious prayers, although she had her Meleager. The cause of seeking was a monster boar, the servant and avenger of outraged Diana. For they say that Oeneus, king of Calydon, in thanksgiving for a bounteous harvest-time, paid the first-fruits of the grain to Ceres, paid his wine to Bacchus, and her own flowing oil to golden-haired Minerva. Beginning with the rural deities, the honour they craved was paid to all the gods of heaven; only Diana’s altar was passed by (they say) and left without its incense. Anger also can move the gods. “But we shall not bear this without vengeance,” she said; “and though unhonoured, it shall not be said that we are unavenged.” And the scorned goddess sent over Oeneus’ fields an avenging boar, as great as

1 This phrase has no point, and there seems to be something wrong with the text.
misit aprum, quanto maiores herbida tauros
non habet Epiros, sed habent Sicula arva minores:
sanguine et igne micant oculi, riget ardua cervix,
et setae similes rigidis hastilibus horrent: ¹
fervida cum rauco latos stridore per armos
spuma fluit, dentes aequantur dentibus Indis,
fulmen ab ore venit, frondes afflatibus ardent.
is modo crescentes segetes proculcat in herba,
nunc matura metit fleturi vota coloni
et Cererem in spicis intercipit: area frustra
et frustra exspectant promissas horrea messes.
sternuntur gravidi longo cum palmite fetus
bacaque cum ramis semper frondentis olivae.
saevit et in pecudes: non has pastorve canisve,
non armenta truces possunt defendere tauri.
diffugiunt populi nec se nisi moenibus urbis.
esse putant tutos, donec Meleagros et una
lecta manus iuvenum coiere cupidine laudis:
Tyndaridae gemini, spectatus caestibus alter,
alter equo, primaque ratis molitor Iason,
et cum Pirithoo, felix concordia, Theseus,
et duo Thestiai prolesque Aphaelia, Lynceus
et velox Idas, et iam non femina Caeneus,
Leucippusque ferox iaculoque insignis Acaustus
Hippothousque Dryasque et cretus Amyntore Phoenix
Actoridaeque pares et missus ab Elide Phyleus.
nec Telamon aberat magnique creator Achillis
cumque Pheretiade et Hyanteo Iolao

¹ Ehwald omits, as well as line 286:
stantque velut vallum, velut alta hastilia setae.

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the bulls which feed on grassy Epirus, and greater than those of Sicily. His eyes glowed with blood and fire; his neck was stiff and high; his bristles stood up like lines of stiff spear-shafts; amidst deep, hoarse grunts the hot foam flecked his broad shoulders; his tusks were long as the Indian elephant’s, lightning flashed from his mouth, the herbs- age shrivelled beneath his breath. Now he trampled down the young corn in the blade, and now he laid waste the full-grown crops of some farmer who was doomed to mourn, and cut off the ripe grain in the ear. In vain the threshing-floor, in vain the granary awaited the promised harvests. The heavy bunches of grapes with their trailing vines were cast down, and berry and branch of the olive whose leaf never withers. He vents his rage on the cattle, too. Neither herdsman nor dogs can protect them, nor can the fierce bulls defend their herds. The people flee in all directions, nor do they count themselves safe until protected by a city’s walls. Then at last Meleager and a picked band of youths assembled, fired with the love of glory: the twin sons of Leda, wife of Tyndarus, one famous for boxing, the other for horsemanship; Jason, the first ship’s builder; Theseus and Pirithoüs, inseparable friends; the two sons of Théstius;¹ Lynceus and swift-footed Idas, sons of Aphaeus; Caeneus,² no longer a woman; warlike Leucippus and Acastus, famed for his javelin; Hippothoüs and Dryas; Phoenix, the son of Amyntor; Actor’s two sons ³ and Elean Phyleus. Telamon was also there, and the father of great Achilles; and, along with the son of Pheres ⁴ and Boeotian Iolaüs,

¹ Plexippus and Toxeus, brothers of Althaea, the mother of Meleager.
² See xii. 189 ff. ³ Eurytus and Cleatus. ⁴ Admetus.
inpiger Eurytion et cursu invictus Echion
Naryciusque Lelex Panopeusque Hyleusque feroxque
Hippasus et primis etiamnum Nestor in annis,
et quos Hippocoon antiquis misit Amyclis,
Penelopaeque socer cum Parrhasio Ancaeo,
Ampycidesque sagax et adhuc a coniuge tutus
Oeclides nemorisque decus Tegeaea Lycae:
rasilis huic summam mordebat fibula vestem,
 crinis erat simplex, nodum conlectus in unum,
ex umero pendens resonabat eburnea laevo
telorum custos, arcum quoque laeva tenebat;
talis erat cultu, facies, quam dicere vere
virgineam in puero, puerilem in virgine possis.
hanc pariter vidit, pariter Calydonius heros
optavit renuente deo flammataque latentes
hausit et " o felix, siquem dignabitur " inquit
" ista virum! " nec plura sinit tempusque pudorque
dicere: maius opus magni certaminis urguet.

Silva frequens trabibus, quam nulla ceciderat aetas,
incipit a plano devexaque prospicit arva:
quo postquam venere viri, pars retia tendunt,
vincula pars adimunt canibus, pars pressa sequuntur:
signa pedum, cupiuntque suum reperire periculum.
concava vallis erat, quo se demittere rivi
adsuerunt pluvialis aquae; tenet ima lacunae
lenta salix ulvaeque leves iuncique palustres
viminaque et longa parvae sub harundine cannae:
were Eurytion, quick in action, and Echion, of unconquered speed; Locrian Lelex, Panopeus, Hyleus and Hippasus, keen for the fray; Nestor, then in the prime of his years; and those whom Hippocoön sent from ancient Amyclae; the father-in-law of Penelope, and Arcadian Ancaeus; Ampycus’ prophetic son, and the son of Oecleus, who had not yet been ruined by his wife; and Atalanta of Tegea, the pride of the Arcadian woods. A polished buckle clasped her robe at the neck; her hair, plainly dressed, was caught up in one knot. From her left shoulder hung an ivory quiver, resounding as she moved, with its shafts, and her left hand held a bow. Such was she in dress. As for her face, it was one which you could truly say was maidenly for a boy or boyish for a maiden. As soon as his eyes fell on her, the Calydonian hero straightway longed for her (but God forbade); he felt the flames of love steal through his heart; and “O happy man,” he said, “if ever that maiden shall deem any man worthy to be hers.” Neither the occasion nor his own modesty permitted him more words; the greater task of the mighty conflict urged him to action.

There was a dense forest, that past ages had never touched with the axe, rising from the plain and looking out on the downward-sloping fields. When the heroes came to this, some stretched the hunting-nets, some slipped the leashes from the dogs, some followed the well-marked trail as they longed to come at their dangerous enemy. There was a deep dell, where the rain-water from above drained down; the lowest part of this marshy spot was covered with a growth of pliant willows, sedge-grass and swamp-rushes, osiers and tall bulrushes, with an under-

1 Laërtes. 2 Mopsus. 3 Amphiaraüs.
hinc aper excitus medios violenter in hostes fertur, ut excussis elisi nubibus ignes.
sternitur incursu nemus, et propulsa fragorem silva dat: exclaimant iuvenes praetentaque forti tela tenent dextra lato vibrantia ferro.
ille ruit spargitque canes, ut quisque furenti obstat, et obliquo latrantes dissipat ictu.
cuspis Echionio primum contorta lacerto vana fuit truncoque dedit leve vulnus acerno;
proxima, si nimiis mittentis viribus usa non foret, in tergo visa est haesura petito:
longius it; auctor teli Pagasaeus Iason.
“Phoebe,” ait Ampycides, “si te coluique coloque, da mihi, quod petitur, certo contingere telo!”
qua potuit, precibus deus adnuit: ictus ab illo est, sed sine vulnere aper: ferrum Diana volanti abstulerat iaculo; lignum sine acumine venit.
ira feri mota est, nec fulmine lenius arsit:
emicat ex oculis, spirat quoque pectore flamma,
utque volat moles adducto concita nervo,
cum petit aut muros aut plenas milite turres,
in iuvenes certo sic impete vulinicus sus fertur et Eupalamon Pelagonaque, dextra tuentes cornua, prostonit: socii rapuere iacentes;
at non letiferos effugit Enaesimus ictus
Hippocoonte satus: trepidantem et terga parantem vertere succiso liquerunt poplite nervi.
growth of small reeds. From this covert the boar was roused and launched himself with a mad rush against his foes, like lightning struck out from the clashing clouds. The grove is laid low by his on-rush, and the trees crash as he knocks against them. The heroes raise a halloo and with unflinching hands hold their spears poised with the broad iron heads well forward. The boar comes rushing on, scatters the dogs one after another as they strive to stop his mad rush, and thrusts off the baying pack with his deadly sidelong stroke. The first spear, thrown by Echion’s arm, missed its aim and struck glancing on the trunk of a maple-tree. The next, if it had not been thrown with too much force, seemed sure of transfixing the back where it was aimed. It went too far. Jason of Pagasae was the marksman. Then Mopsus cried: “O Phoebus, if I have ever worshipped and do still worship thee, grant me with unerring spear to reach my mark.” So far as possible the god heard his prayer. His spear did strike the boar, but without injury; for Diana had wrenched the iron point from the javelin as it sped, and pointless the wooden shaft struck home. But the beast’s savage anger was roused, and it burned hotter than the lightning. Fire gleamed from his eyes, seemed to breathe from his throat. And, as a huge rock, shot from a catapult sling, flies through the air against walls or turrets filled with soldiery; so with irresistible and death-dealing force the beast rushed on the youths, and overbore Eupalamus and Pelagon, who were stationed on the extreme right. Their comrades caught them up as they lay. But Enaesimus, the son of Hippocoön, did not escape the boar’s fatal stroke. As he in fear was just turning to run he was hamstrung and his muscles gave way beneath him. Pylian
forsitan et Pylius citra Troiana perisset

tempora, sed sumpto posita conamine ab hasta
arbors insiluit, quae stabant proxima, ramis
despexitque, loco tutus, quem fugerat, hostem.
dentibus ille ferox in querno stipite tritis
inminet exitio fidensque recentibus armis

Eurytidae magni rostro femur hausit adunco.
at gemini, nondum caelestia sidera, fratres,
ambo conspicui, nive candioribus ambo
vectabantur equis, ambo vibrata per auras
hastarum tremulo quatiebant spicula motu.

vulnera fecissent, nisi saetiger inter opacas
nec iaculis isset nec equo loca pervia silvas.
persequitur Telamon studioque incautus eundi
pronus ab arborea ceedit radice retentus.
dum levat hunc Peleus, celerem Tegeaeae sagittam
iposuit nervo sinuatoque expulit arcu:
fixa sub aure feri summum destrinxit harundo
corpus et exiguo rubefecit sanguine saetas;
nec tamen illa sui successu laetior ictus
quam Meleagros erat: primus vidisse putatur
et primus sociis visum ostendisse cruorem
et "meritum" dixisse "feres virtutis honorem."
erubuere viri seque exhortantur et addunt
cum clamore animos iaciuntque sine ordine tela:
turba nocet iactis et, quos petit, impedit ictus.
ecce furens contra sua fata bipennifer Arcas
Nestor came near perishing before he ever went to the Trojan War; but, putting forth all his strength, he leaped by his spear-pole into the branches of a tree which stood near by, and from this place of safety he looked down upon the foe he had escaped. The raging beast whetted his tusks on an oak-tree's trunk; and, threatening destruction and emboldened by his freshly sharpened tusks, ripped up the thigh of the mighty Hippasus with one sweeping blow. But now the twin brothers,¹ not yet set in the starry heavens, came riding up, both conspicuous among the rest, both on horses whiter than snow, both poising their spears, which they threw quivering through the air. And they would have struck the boar had not the bristly monster taken refuge in the dense woods, whither neither spear nor horse could follow him. Telamon did attempt to follow, and in his eagerness, careless where he went, he fell prone on the ground, caught by a projecting root. While Peleus was helping him to rise, Atalanta notched a swift arrow on the cord and sent it speeding from her bent bow. The arrow just grazed the top of the boar's back and remained stuck beneath his ear, staining the bristles with a trickle of blood. Nor did she show more joy over the success of her own stroke than Meleager. He was the first to see the blood, the first to point it out to his companions, and to say: "Due honour shall your brave deed receive." The men, flushed with shame, spurred each other on, gaining courage as they cried out, hurling their spears in disorder. The mass of missiles made them of no effect, and kept them from striking as they were meant to do. Then Ancaeus, the Arcadian, armed with a two-headed axe raging to meet his fate, cried out:

¹ Castor and Pollux.
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"discite, femineis quid tela virilia praestent, o iuvenes, operique meo concedite!" dixit. "ipsa suis licet hunc Latonia proteget armis, invita tamen hunc perimet mea dextra Diana." talia magniloquo tumidus memoraverat ore ancipitemque manu tollens utraque securim institerat digitis pronus suspensus in ictus: occupat audentem, quaque est via proxima leto, summa ferus geminos direxit ad inguina dentes. concidit Ancaeus glomerataque sanguine multo viscera lapsa fluunt: madefacta est terra cruore. ibat in adversum proles Ixionis hostem Pirithous valida quatiens venabula dextra; cui "procul" Aegides "o me mihi carior" inquit pars animae consiste meae! licet eminus esse fortibus: Ancaeo nocuit temeraria virtus." dixit et aerata torsit grave cuspide cornum; quo bene librato votique potente futuro obstitit aesculea frondosus ab arbore ramus. misit et Aesonides iaculum: quod casus ab illo vertit in inmeriti fatum latrantis et inter ilia coniectum tellure per ilia fixum est. at manus Oenidae variat, missisque duabus hasta prior terra, medio stetit altera tergo. nec mora, dum saevit, dum corpora versat in orbem stridentemque novo spumam cum sanguine fundit, vulneris auctor adest hostemque inritat ad iram splendidiaque adversos venabula condit in armos.

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“Learn now, O youths, how far a man’s weapons surpass a girl’s; and leave this task to me. Though Latona’s daughter herself shield this boar with her own arrows, in spite of Diana shall my good right arm destroy him.” So, swollen with pride and with boastful lips, he spoke: and, heaving up in both hands his two-edged axe, he stood on tiptoe, poised to strike. The boar made in upon his bold enemy, and, as the nearest point for death, he fiercely struck at the upper part of the groins with his two tusks. Ancaeus fell; his entrails poured out amid streams of blood and the ground was soaked with gore. Then Ixion’s son, Pirithoüs, advanced against the foe, brandishing a hunting-spear in his strong right hand. To him Theseus cried out in alarm: “Keep away, O dearer to me than my own self, my soul’s other half; it is no shame for brave men to fight at long range. Ancaeus’ rash valour has proved his bane.” He spoke and hurled his own heavy shaft with its sharp bronze point. Though this was well aimed and seemed sure to reach the mark, a leafy branch of an oak-tree turned it aside. Then the son of Aeson hurled his javelin, which chance caused to swerve from its aim and fatally wound an innocent dog, passing clear through his flanks and pinning him to the ground. But the hand of Meleager had a different fortune: he threw two spears, the first of which stood in the earth, but the second stuck squarely in the middle of the creature’s back. Straightway, while the boar rages and whirls round and round, spouting forth foam and fresh blood in a hissing stream, the giver of the wound presses his advantage, pricks his enemy on to madness, and at last plunges his gleaming hunting-spear right through the shoulder. The others vent their joy by wild
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gaudia testantur socii clamore secundo
victricemque petunt dextrae coniungere dextram
inmanemque ferum multa tellure iacentem
mirantes spectant neque adhuc contingere tutum
esse putant, sed tela tamen sua quisque cruentat.
Ipse pede inposito caput exitiabile pressit
atque ita "sume mei spolium, Nonacria, iuris,"
dixit "et in partem veniat mea gloria tecum."
protinus exuvias rigidis horrentia saetis
terga dat et magnis insignia dentibus ora.
illi laetitiae est cum munere muneris auctor;
invidere alii, totoque erat agmine murmure.
e quibus ingenti tendentes brachia voce
"pone age nec titulos intercipe, femina, nostros,"
Thestiadae clamant, "nec te fiducia formae
decipiat, ne sit longe tibi captus amore
auctor," et huic adimunt munus, ius muneris illi.
non tuli et tumida frendens Mavortius ira
"discite, rapiroles alieni" dixit "honoris,
facta minis quantum distent," hausitque nefando
pectora Plexippi nil tale timentia ferro.
Toxea, quid faciat, dubium pariterque volentem
ulcisci fratum fraternaque fata timentem
haud patitur dubitare diu calidumque priori
cae de recalfecit consorti sanguine telum.
Dona deum templis nato victore ferebat,
cum videt extinstcos fratres Althaea referri.
quae plangore dato maestis clamoribus urbem
shouts of applause and crowd around to press the victor’s hand. They gaze in wonder at the huge beast lying stretched out over so much ground, and still think it hardly safe to touch him. But each dips his spear in the blood.

Then Meleager, standing with his foot upon that death-dealing head, spoke thus to Atalanta: “Take thou the prize that is of my right, O fair Arcadian, and let my glory be shared with thee.” And therewith he presented her with the spoils: the skin with its bristling spikes, and the head remarkable for its huge tusks. She rejoiced in the gift and no less in the giver; but the others begrudged it, and an angry murmur rose through the whole company. Then two, the sons of Thestius, stretching out their arms, cried with a loud voice: “Let be, girl, and do not usurp our honours. And be not deceived by trusting in your beauty, lest this lovesick giver be far from helping you.” And they took from her the gift, and from him the right of giving. This was more than that son of Mars could bear, and, gnashing his teeth with rage, he cried: “Learn then, you that plunder another’s rights, the difference between deeds and threats,” and plunged his impious steel deep in Plexippus’ heart, who was taken off his guard. Then, as Toxeus stood hesitating what to do, wishing to avenge his brother, but at the same time fearing to share his brother’s fate, Meleager gave him scant time to hesitate, but, while his spear was still warm with its first victim’s slaughter, he warmed it again in his comrade’s blood.

Althaea in the temple of the gods was offering thanksgiving for her son’s victory, when she saw the corpses of her brothers carried in. She beat her breast and filled the city with woeful lamentation,
inplet et auratis mutavit vestibus atras;
at simul est auctor necis editus, excidit omnis
luctus et a lacrimis in poenae versus amorem est. 450

Stipes erat, quem, cum partus enixa iaceret
Thestias, in flammam triplices posuere sorores
staminaque impresso fatalia pollice nentes
“tempora” dixerunt “eadem lignoque tibique,
o modo nate, damus.” quo postquam carmine dicto
excessere deae, flagrantem mater ab igne 456
eripuit ramum sparsitque liquentibus undis.
ille diu fuerat penetralibus abditus imis
servatusque tuos, iuvenis, servaverat annos.
protulit hunc genetrix taedasque et fragmina poni
imperat et positis inimicos admovet ignes. 461
tum conata quater flammis inponere ramum
coepta quater tenuit: pugnat materque sororque,
et diversa trahunt unum duo nomina pectus.
saepe metu sceleris pallebant ora futuri, 465
saepe suum fervens oculis dabat ira ruborem,
et modo nescio quid similis crudele minanti
vultus erat, modo quem misereri credere posses;
cumque ferus lacrimas animi siccaverat ardor,
inveniebantur lacrimae tamen, utque carina, 470
quam ventus ventoque rapit contrarius aestus,
vim geminam sentit paretque incerta duobus,
Thestias haud aliter dubiis affectibus errat
inque vices ponit positamque resuscitat iram.
incipit esse tamen melior germana parente 475
et consanguineas ut sanguine leniat umbras,
inpietate pia est. nam postquam pestifer ignis

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and changed her gold-spangled robes for black. But when she learned who was their murderer, her grief all fell away and was changed from tears to the passion for vengeance.

There was a billet of wood which, when the daughter of Théstius lay in childbirth, the three sisters threw into the fire and, spinning the threads of life with firm-pressed thumb, they sang: "An equal span of life we give to thee and to this wood, O babe new-born." When the three goddesses had sung this prophecy and vanished, the mother snatched the blazing brand from the fire, and quenched it in water. Long had it lain hidden away in a secret place and, guarded safe, had safeguarded your life, O youth. And now the mother brought out this billet and bade her servants make a heap of pine-knots and fine kindling, and lit the pile with cruel flame. Then four times she made to throw the billet in the flames and four times she held her hand. Mother and sister strove in her, and the two names tore one heart this way and that. Often her cheeks grew pale with fear of the impious thing she planned; as often blazing wrath gave its own colour to her eyes. Now she looked like one threatening some cruel deed, and now you would think her pitiful. And when the fierce anger of her heart had dried up her tears, still tears would come again. And as a ship, driven by the wind, and against the wind by the tide, feels the double force and yields uncertainly to both, so Théstius’ daughter wavered betwixt opposing passions; now quenched her wrath and now fanned it again. At last the sister in her overcomes the mother, and, that she may appease with blood the shades of her blood-kin, she is pious in impiety. For when the devouring flames grow hot, she cries: "Be that
convaluit, "rogus iste cremet mea viscera" dixit, 
utque manu dira lignum fatale tenebat, 
antecedulit, "poenarum" que "deae triplices, furialibus," inquit 
"Eumenides, sacris vultus advertite vestros! 
ulciscor facioque nefas; mors morte pianda est, 
in scelus addendum scelus est, in funera funus: 
per coacervatos pereat domus inpia luctus! 
an felix Oeneus nato victore fruetur,
Thestius orbus erit? melius lugebitis ambo.
vos modo, fraterni manes animaeque recentes, 
officium sentite meum magnoque paratas 
accipite inferias, uteri mala pignora nostri! 
ei mihi! quo rapior? fratres, ignoscite matri! 
deficiunt ad copta manus: meruisse fatemur 
illum, cur pereat; mortis mihi displicet auctor. 
ergo inpune feret vivusque et victor et ipso 
successu tumidus regnum Calydonis habebit, 
vos cinis exiguus gelidaeque iacebitis umbrae? 
haud equidem patiar: pereat sceleratus et ille 
spemque patris regnumque trahat patriaeque ruinam! 
mens ubi materna est? ubi sunt pia iura parentum 
et quos sustinui bis mensum quinque laborum? 
o utinam primis arsisses ignibus infans, 
idque ego passa forem! vixisti munere nostro; 
nunc merito moriere tuo! cape praemia facti 
bisque datam, primum partu, mox stipite rapto, 
redde animam vel me fraternis adde sepulcris! 
et cupio et nequeo. quid agam? modo vulnera fratrum 
ante oculos mihi sunt et tantae caedis imago,
the funeral pyre of my own flesh.” And, as she held
the fateful billet in her relentless hand and stood,
unhappy wretch, before the sepulchral fires, she
said: “O ye triple goddesses of vengeance, Eu-
menides, behold these fearful rites. I avenge and
I do a wicked deed: death must be atoned by
death; to crime must crime be added, death to
death. Through woes on woes heaped up let this
accursed house go on to ruin! Shall happy Oeneus
rejoice in his victorious son and Thestius be child-
less? ’Twill be better for you both to grieve. Only
do you, my brothers’ manes, fresh-made ghosts, appre-
ciate my service, and accept the sacrifice I offer at so
heavy cost, the baleful tribute of my womb. Ah me,
whither am I hurring? Brothers, forgive a mother’s
heart! My hands refuse to finish what they began.
I confess that he deserves to die; but that I should
be the agent of his death, I cannot bear. And shall
he go scathless then? Shall he live, victorious
and puffed up with his own success, and lord it in
Calydon, while you are naught but a handful of
ashes, shivering ghosts? I will not suffer it. Let
the wretch die and drag to ruin with him his
father’s hopes, his kingdom and his fatherland!
Where is my mother-love? Where are parents’
pious cares? Where are those pangs which ten long
months I bore? O that you had perished in your
infancy by those first fires, and I had suffered it!
You lived by my gift; now you shall die by your
own desert; pay the price of your deed. Give back
the life I twice gave you, once at your birth, once
when I saved the brand; or else add me to my
brothers’ pyre. I both desire to act, and cannot. Oh,
what shall I do? Now I can see only my brothers’
wounds, the sight of that deed of blood: and now
OVID

nunc animum pietas maternaque nomina frangunt. me miseram! male vincetis, sed vincite, fratres, dummodo, quae dedero vobis, solacia vosque ipsa sequar!” dixit dextraque aversa trementi funerem torrem medios coniecit in ignes: aut dedit aut visus gemitus est ipse dedisse stipes, ut invitis conreptus ab ignibus arsit. Inscius atque absens flamma Meleagros ab illa uritur et caecis torreri viscera sentit ignibus ac magnos superat virtute dolores. quod tamen ignavo cadat et sine sanguine leto, maeret et Ancaei felicia vulnera dicit grandaevumque patrem fratresque piasque sorores cum gemitu sociamque tori vocat ore supreom, forsitan et matrem. crescent ignisque dolorque languescuntque iterum; simul est extinctus uterque, inque leves abiit paulatim spiritus auras paulatim cana prunam velante favilla. Alta iacet Calydon: lugent iuvenesque senesque, vulgusque proceresque gemunt, scissaeque capillos planguntur matres Calydonides Eueninae; pulvere canitiem genitor vultusque seniles foedat humi fusus spatiosemque increpat aevum. nam de matre manus diri sibi conscia facti exegit poenas acto per viscera ferro. non mihi si centum deus ora sonantia linguis ingeniumque capax totumque Helicona dedisset, tristia persequerer miserarum dicta sororum. inmemores decoris liventia pectora tundunt, dumque manet corpus, corpus refoventque foventque,
love and the name of mother break me down. Woe is my, my brothers! It is ill that you should win, but win you shall; only let me have the solace that I grant to you, and let me follow you!” She spoke, and turning away her face, with trembling hand she threw the fatal billet into the flames. The brand either gave or seemed to give a groan as it was caught and consumed by the unwilling fire.

Unconscious, far away, Meleager burns with those flames; he feels his vitals scorching with hidden fire, and o'ercomes the great pain with fortitude. But yet he grieves that he must die a cowardly and bloodless death, and he calls Ancaeus happy for the wounds he suffered. With groans of pain he calls with his dying breath on his aged father, his brothers and loving sisters and his wife, perchance also upon his mother. The fire and his pains increase, and then die down. Both fire and pain go out together; his spirit gradually slips away into the thin air as white ashes gradually overspread the glowing coals.

Lofty Calydon is brought low. Young men and old, chieftains and commons, lament and groan; and the Calydonian women, dwellers by Euenus' stream, tear their hair and beat their breasts. The father, prone on the ground, defiles his white hair and his aged head with dust, and laments that he has lived too long. For the mother, now knowing her awful deed, has punished herself, driving a dagger through her heart. Not if some god had given me a hundred mouths each with its tongue, a master's genius, and all Helicon's inspiration, could I describe the piteous prayers of those poor sisters. Careless of decency, they beat and bruise their breasts; and, while their brother's corpse remains, they caress that corpse over and
oscula dant ipsi, posito dant oscula lecto.
post cinerem cineres haustos ad pectora pressant
adfusaeque iacent tumulo signataque saxo
nomina conplexae lacrimas in nomina fundunt.
quas Parthaonieae tandem Latonia clade
exsatiata domus praeter Gorgenque nurumque
nobilis Alcmenae natis in corpore pennis
adlevat et longas per bracchia porrigit alas
corneaque ora facit versasque per aera mittit.

Interea Theseus sociati parte laboris
functus Erechtheas Tritonidos ibat ad arces.
clausit iter fecitque moras Achelous eunti
imbre tumens: “succeede meis,” ait “inclite, tectis,
Cecropida, nec te committe rapacibus undis:
ferre trabes solidas obliquaque volvere magno
murmure saxa solent. vidi contermina ripae
cum gregibus stabula alta trahi; nec fortibus illic
profuit armentis nec equis velocibus esse.

multa quoque hic torrens nivibus de monte solutis
corpora turbineo iuvenalia flumine mersit.
tutor est requies, solito dum flumina currant
limite, dum tenues capiat suus alveus undas.”
adnuit Aegides “utar,” que “Acheloe, domoque
consilioque tuo ” respondit; et usus utroque est.
pumice multicavo nec levibus atria tophis
structa subit: molli tellus erat umida musco,
over, kiss him and kiss the bier as it stands before them. And, when he is ashes, they gather the ashes and press them to their hearts, throw themselves on his tomb in abandonment of grief and, clasping the stone on which his name has been carved, they drench the name with their tears. At length Diana, satisfied with the destruction of Parthaon's house, made feathers spring on their bodies—all save Gorge and great Alcmena's daughter-in-law—stretched out long wings over their arms, gave them a horny beak, and sent them transfigured into the air.

Meanwhile Theseus, having done his part in the confederate task, was on his way back to Tritonia's city where Erechtheus ruled. But Acheloüs, swollen with rain, blocked his way and delayed his journey. "Enter my house, illustrious hero of Athens," said the river-god, "and do not entrust yourself to my greedy waters. The current is wont to sweep down solid trunks of trees and huge boulders in zigzag course with crash and roar. I have seen great stables that stood near by the bank swept away, cattle and all, and in that current neither strength availed the ox nor speed the horse. Many a strong man also has been overwhelmed in its whirling pools when swollen by melting snows from the mountainsides. It is safer for you to rest until the waters shall run within their accustomed bounds, until its own bed shall hold the slender stream." The son of Aegeus replied: "I will use both your house, Acheloüs, and your advice." And he did use them both. He entered the river-god's dark dwelling, built of porous pumice and rough tufa; the floor was damp with soft

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1 Deianira, the wife of Hercules.
2 These birds were called Meleagrides, guinea-hens.
summa lacunabant alterno murice conchae.  
iamque duas lucis partes Hyperione menso discubuere toris Theseus comitesque laborum, hac Ixionides, illa Troezenius heros parte Lelex, raris iam sparsus tempora canis, quosque alios parili fuerat dignatus honore Amnis Acarnanum, laetissimus hospite tanto.  
protinus adpositas nudae vestigia nymphae instruxere epulis mensas dapibusque remotis in gemma posuere merum. tum maximus heros, aequora prospiciens oculis subiecta, “quis” inquit “ille locus?” (digitoque ostendit) “et insula nomen quod gerit illa, doce, quamquam non una videtur!” Amnis ad haec “non est” inquit “quod cernitis unum: quinque iacent terrae; spatium discrimina fallit. quoque minus spretae factum mirere Dianae, naides hae fuerant, quae cum bis quinque iuvenos mactassent rurisque deos ad sacra vocassent, inmemores nostri festas duxere choreas. intumui, quantusque feror, cum plurimus umquam, tantus eram, pariterque animis inmanis et undis a silvis silvas et ab arvis arva revulsi cumque loco nymphas, memores tum denique nostri, in freta provolvi. fluctus nosterque marisque continuam diduxit humum partesque resolvit in totidem, mediis quot cernis Echinadas undis. ut tamen ipse vides, procul, en procul una recessit insula, grata mihi; Perimelen navita dicit:  

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moss, conchs and purple-shells panelled the ceiling. Now had the blazing sun traversed two-thirds of his daily course, when Theseus and his comrades of the chase disposed themselves upon the couches. Ixion's son\(^1\) lay here, and there Lelex, the hero of Troezen, took his place, his temples already sprinkled with grey; and others who had been deemed worthy of equal honour by the Acarnanian river-god, who was filled with joy in his noble guest. Without delay barefoot nymphs set the feast upon the tables, and then when the food had been removed, they set out the wine in jewelled cups. Then the noble hero, looking forth upon the wide water spread before his eyes, pointed with his finger and said: "What place is that? Tell me the name which that island bears. And yet it seems not to be one island." The river-god replied: "No, what you see is not one island. There are five islands lying there together; but the distance hides their divisions. And, that you may wonder the less at what Diana did when she was slighted, those islands once were nymphs, who, when they had slaughtered ten bullocks and had invited all the other rural gods to their sacred feast, forgot me as they led the festal dance. I swelled with rage, as full as when my flood flows at the fullest; and so, terrible in wrath, terrible in flood, I tore forests from forests, fields from fields; and with the place they stood on, I swept the nymphs away, who at last remembered me then, into the sea. There my flood and the sea, united, cleft the undivided ground into as many parts as now you see the Echinades yonder amid the waves. But, as you yourself see, away, look, far away beyond the others is one island that I love: the sailors call it Perimele.

\(^1\) Pirithoës.
huic ego virgineum dilectae nomen ademi; quod pater Hippodamas aegre tulit inque profundum propulit e scopulo periturae corpora natae. excepi nantemque ferens ‘o proxima mundi regna vagae’ dixi ‘sortite, Tridentifer, undae, adfer opem mersaeque, precor, feritate paterna; da, Neptune, locum; vel sit locus ipsa licebit!’ dum loquor, amplexa est artus nova terranatantes et gravis increvit mutatis insula membris.”

Amnis ab his tacuit. factum mirabile cunctos moverat: inridet credentes, utque deorum spretor erat mentisque ferox, Ixione natus “ficta refers nimiumque putas, Acheloe, potentes esse deos,” dixit “si dant adimuntque figuras.” obstipuere omnes nec talia dicta probarunt, ante omnesque Lelex animo maturus et aevo, sic ait: “inmensa est finemque potentia caeli non habet, et quicquid superi voluere, peractum est; quoque minus dubites, tiliae contermina quercus collibus est Phrygiis modico circumdata muro; ipse locum vidi; nam me Pelopeia Pittheus misit in arva suo quondam regnata parenti. haud procul hinc stagnum est, tellus habitabilis olim, nunc celebres mergis fulicisque palustribus undae; Iuppiter huc specie mortali cumque parente venit Atlantiades positis caducifer alis. mille domos adiere locum requiemque petentes, mille domos clausere serae; tamen una recepit,
She was beloved by me, and from her I took the name of maiden. Her father, Hippodamas, was enraged with this, and he hurled his daughter to her death down from a high cliff into the deep. I caught her, and supporting her as she swam, I cried: 'O thou god of the trident, to whom the lot gave the kingdom next to the world, even the wandering waves, bring aid, I pray, to one drowned by a father's cruelty; give her a place, O Neptune, or else let her become a place herself.' While I prayed a new land embraced her floating form and a solid island grew from her transformed shape.'

With these words the river was silent. The story of the miracle had moved the hearts of all. But one mocked at their credulity, a scoffer at the gods, one reckless in spirit, Ixion's son, Pirithoüs. "These are but fairy-tales you tell, Acheloüs," he said, "and you concede too much power to the gods, if they give and take away the forms of things." All the rest were shocked and disapproved such words, and especially Lelex, ripe both in mind and years, who replied: "The power of heaven is indeed immeasurable and has no bounds; and whatever the gods decree is done. And, that you may believe it, there stand in the Phrygian hill-country an oak and a linden-tree side by side, surrounded by a low wall. I have myself seen the spot; for Pittheus sent me to Phrygia, where his father once ruled. Not far from the place I speak of is a marsh, once a habitable land, but now water, the haunt of divers and coots. Hither came Jupiter in the guise of a mortal, and with his father came Atlas' grandson, he that bears the caduceus, his wings laid aside. To a thousand homes they came, seeking a place for rest; a thousand homes were barred against them. Still one house
parva quidem, stipulis et canna tecta palustri, 630
sed pia Baucis anus parilique aetate Philemon
illa sunt annis iuncti iuvenalibus, illa
consenuere casa paupertatemque fatendo
effecere levem nec iniqua mente ferendo;
nec refert, dominos illic famulosne requiras:
tota domus duo sunt, idem parentque iubentque.
ergo ubi caelicolae parvos tetigere penates
summissoque humiles intrarunt vertice postes,
membra senex posito iussit relevare sedili;
quo superiniecit textum rude sedula Baucis
inque foco tepidum cinerem dimovit et ignes
suscitat hesternos foliisque et cortice sicco
nutrit et ad flammas anima producit anili
multifidasque faces ramaliaque arida tecto
detulit et minuit parvoque admovit aeno,
quodque suus coniunx riguo conlegerat horto,
truncat holus foliis; furca levat ille bicorni
sordida terga suis nigro pendentia tigno
servatoque diu resecat de tergore partem
exiguam sectamque domat ferventibus undis.
interea medias fallunt sermonibus horas
* * * * torus de molli fluminis ulva
inpositus lecto sponda pedibusque salignis.
vestibus hunc velant, quas non nisi tempore festo
sternere consuerant, sed et haec vilisque vetusque
vestis erat, lecto non indignanda saligno.
adcubuere dei. mensam succincta tremensque 660

1 The following lines are omitted by Ehwald:

sentirique moram prohibent. erat alveus illic
fagineus, dura clavo suspensus ab ansa:
is tepidis impletur aquis artusque fovendos
accipit, in medio torus est de mollibus ulvis.
received them, humble indeed, thatched with straw and reeds from the marsh; but pious old Baucis and Philemon, of equal age, were in that cottage wedded in their youth, and in that cottage had grown old together; there they made their poverty light by owning it, and by bearing it in a contended spirit. It was of no use to ask for masters or for servants in that house; they two were the whole household, together they served and ruled. And so when the heavenly ones came to this humble home and, stooping, entered in at the lowly door, the old man set out a bench and bade them rest their limbs, while over this bench busy Baucis threw a rough covering. Then she raked aside the warm ashes on the hearth and fanned yesterday's coals to life, which she fed with leaves and dry bark, blowing them into flame with the breath of her old body. Then she took down from the roof some fine-split wood and dry twigs, broke them up and placed them under the little copper kettle. And she took the cabbage which her husband had brought in from the well-watered garden and lopped off the outside leaves. Meanwhile the old man with a forked stick reached down a chine of smoked bacon, which was hanging from a blackened beam and, cutting off a little piece of the long-cherished pork, he put it to cook in the boiling water. Meanwhile they beguiled the intervening time with their talk * * * * a mattress of soft sedge-grass was placed on a couch with frame and feet of willow. They threw drapery over this, which they were not accustomed to bring out except on festal days; but even this was a cheap thing and well-worn, a very good match for the willow couch. The gods reclined. The old woman, with her skirts tucked up, with trembling hands set out the table.
OVID

ponit anus, mensae sed erat pes tertius inpar:
testa parem fecit; quae postquam subdita clivum
sustulit, aequatam mentae tersere virentes.
ponitur hic bicolor sincerae baca Minervae
conditaque in liquida corna autumnalia faece
intibaque et radix et lactis massa coacti
ovaque non acri leviter versata favilla,
omnia fictilibus. post haec caelatus eodem
sistitur argento crater fabricataque fago
pocula, qua cava sunt, flaventibus inlita ceris;
parva mora est, epulasque foci misere calentes,
nec longae rursus referuntur vina senectae
dantque locum mensis paulum seducta secundis:
hic nux, hic mixta est rugosis carica palmis
prunaque et in patulis redolentia mala canistris
et de purpureis conlectae vitibus uvae,
candidus in medio favus est; super omnia vultus
accessere boni nec iners pauperque voluntas.

"Interea totiens haustum cratera repleri
sponte sua per seque vident succrescere vina:
attoniti novitate pavent manibusque supinis
conciquest Baucisque preces timidusque Philemon
et veniam dapibus nullisque paratibus orant.
unicus anser erat, minimae custodia villae:
quem dis hospitibus domini mactare parabant;
ille celer penna tardos aetate fatigat
eluditque diu tandemque est visus ad ipsos
confugisse deos: superi vetuere necari.
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METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

But one of its three legs was too short; so she propped it up with a potsherd. When this had levelled the slope, she wiped it, thus levelled, with green mint. Next she placed on the board some olives, green and ripe, truthful Minerva’s berries, and some autumnal cornel-cherries pickled in the lees of wine; endives and radishes, cream cheese and eggs, lightly roasted in the warm ashes, all served in earthen dishes. After these viands, an embossed mixing-bowl of the same costly ware was set on together with cups of beechwood coated on the inside with yellow wax. A moment and the hearth sent its steaming viands on, and wine of no great age was brought out, which was then pushed aside to give a small space for the second course. Here were nuts and figs, with dried dates, plums and fragrant apples in broad baskets, and purple grapes just picked from the vines; in the centre of the table was a comb of clear white honey. Besides all this, pleasant faces were at the board and lively and abounding goodwill.

"Meanwhile they saw that the mixing-bowl, as often as it was drained, kept filling of its own accord, and that the wine welled up of itself. The two old people saw this strange sight with amaze and fear, and with upturned hands they both uttered a prayer, Baucis and the trembling old Philemon, and they craved indulgence for their fare and meagre entertainment. They had one goose, the guardian of their tiny estate; and him the hosts were preparing to kill for their divine guests. But the goose was swift of wing, and quite wore the slow old people out in their efforts to catch him. He eluded their grasp for a long time, and finally seemed to flee for refuge to the gods themselves. Then the gods told them not
‘dique sumus, meritasque luet vicinia poenas inpia’ dixerunt; ‘vobis inmunibus huius esse mali dabitur; modo vestra relinquite tecta ac nostros comitate gradus et in ardua montis ite simul!’ parent ambo baculisque levati nituntur longo vestigia ponere clivo. tantum aberant summo, quantum semeliresagitta missa potest: flexere oculos et mersa palude cetera prospecunt, tantum sua tecta manere, dumque ea mirantur, dum deflent fata suorum, illa vetus dominis etiam casa parva duobus vertitur in templum: furcas subiere columnae, stramina flavescunt aurataque tecta videntur caelataeque fores adopertaque marmore tellus. talia tum placido Saturnius edidit ore:
‘dicite, iuste senex et femina coniuge iusto digna, quid optetis.’ cum Baucide paucis locutus iudicium superis aperit commune Philemon:
‘esse sacerdotes delubraque vestra tueri poscimus, et quoniam concordes egimus annos, auferat hora duos eadem, nec coniugis umquam busta meae videam, neu sim tumulandus ab illa.’
vota fides sequitur: templi tutela fuere, donec vita data est; annis aevoque soluti ante gradus sacros cum starent forte locique narrarent casus, frondere Philemona Baucis, Baucida conspexit senior frondere Philemon. iamque super geminos crescente cacumine vultus mutua, dum licuit, reddibant dicta ‘vale’ que ‘o coniunx’ dixere simul, simul abdita teexit
to kill the goose. 'We are gods,' they said, 'and this wicked neighbourhood shall be punished as it deserves; but to you shall be given exemption from this punishment. Leave now your dwelling and come with us to that tall mountain yonder.' They both obeyed and, propped on their staves, they struggled up the long slope. When they were a bowshot distant from the top, they looked back and saw the whole country-side covered with water, only their own house remaining. And, while they wondered at this, while they wept for the fate of their neighbours, that old house of theirs, which had been small even for its two occupants, was changed into a temple. Marble columns took the place of the forked wooden supports; the straw grew yellow and became a golden roof; there were gates richly carved, a marble pavement covered the ground. Then calmly the son of Saturn spoke: 'Now ask of us, thou good old man, and thou wife, worthy of thy good husband, any boon you will.' When he had spoken a word with Baucis, Philemon announced their joint decision to the gods: 'We ask that we may be your priests, and guard your temple; and, since we have spent our lives in constant company, we pray that the same hour may bring death to both of us—that I may never see my wife's tomb, nor be buried by her.' Their request was granted. They had the care of the temple as long as they lived. And at last, when, spent with extreme old age, they chanced to stand before the sacred edifice talking of old times, Baucis saw Philemon putting forth leaves, Philemon saw Baucis; and as the tree-top formed over their two faces, while still they could they cried with the same words: 'Farewell, dear mate,' just as the bark closed over and hid
OVID

ora frutex: ostendit adhuc Thyneius illic
incola de gemino vicinos corpore truncos.
haec mihi non vani (neque erat, cur fallere vellent)
narravere senes; equidem pendentia vidi
serta super ramos ponensque recentia dixi
‘cura deum di sunt, et, qui coluere, colantur.’”

Desierat, cunctosque et res et moverat auctor, 725
Thesea praecipue; quem facta audire volentem
mira deum innixus cubito Calydonius amnis
talibus adloquitur: “sunt, o fortissime, quorum
forma semel mota est et in hoc renovamine mansit;
sunt, quibus in plures ius est transire figuras,
ut tibi, conplexi terram maris incola, Proteu.
nam modo te iuvenem, modo te videre leonem,
nunc violentus aper, nunc, quem tetigisse timerent,
anguis eras, modo te faciebant cornua taurum;
saepe lapis poteras, arbor quoque saepe videri,
interdum, faciem liquidarum imitatus aquarum,
flumen, eras, interdum undis contrarius ignis.

“Nec minus Autolyci coniunx, Erysichthonis nata,
iuris habet: pater huius erat, qui numina divum
sperneret et nullos aris adoleret odores; 740
ille etiam Cereale nemus violasse securi
dicitur et lucos ferro temerasse vetustos.
stabat in his ingens annoso robore quercus,
una nemus; vittae mediam memoresque tabellae
sertaque cingebant, voti argumenta potentis. 745
their lips. Even to this day the Bithynian peasant in that region points out two trees standing close together, and growing from one double trunk. These things were told me by staid old men who could have had no reason to deceive. With my own eyes I saw votive wreaths hanging from the boughs, and placing fresh wreaths there myself, I said: 'Those whom the gods care for are gods; let those who have worshipped be worshipped.'"

Lelex made an end: both the tale and the teller had moved them all; Theseus especially. When he would hear more of the wonderful doings of the gods, the Calydonian river-god, propped upon his elbow, thus addressed him: "Some there are, bravest of heroes, whose form has been once changed and remained in its new state. To others the power is given to assume many forms, as to thee, Proteus, dweller in the earth-embracing sea. For now men saw thee as a youth, now as a lion; now thou wast a raging boar, now a serpent whom men would fear to touch; now horns made thee a bull; often thou couldst appear as a stone, often, again, a tree; sometimes, assuming the form of flowing water, thou wast a stream, and sometimes a flame, the water's enemy.

"No less power had the wife of Autolycus, Ery- sichthon's daughter. This Erysichthon was a man who scorned the gods and burnt no sacrifice on their altars. He, so the story goes, once violated the sacred grove of Ceres with the axe and profaned those ancient trees with steel. There stood among these a mighty oak with strength matured by centuries of growth, itself a grove. Round about it hung woollen fillets, votive tablets, and wreaths of flowers, witnesses of granted prayers. Often beneath
saepe sub hac dryades festas duxere choreas,
saepe etiam manibus nexis ex ordine trunci
circuiere modum, mensuraque roboris ulnas
quinde ter inplebat, nec non et cetera tantum
silva sub hac, silva quantum fuit herba sub omni. 750
non tamen idcirco ferrum Triopeius illa
abstinuit famulosque iubet succidere sacrum
robur, et ut iussos cunctari vidit, ab uno
edidit haec rapta sceleratus verba securi:
‘ non dilecta deae solum, sed et ipsa licebit
sit dea, iam tanget frondente acumine terram.’
dixit, et obliquos dum telum librat in ictus,
contremuit gemitumque dedit Deoia quercus,
et pariter frondes, pariter pallescere glandes
eopere ac longi pallorem duere rami. 760
cuius ut in trunco fecit manus inpia vulnus,
haud aliter fluxit discusso cortice sanguis,
quam solet, ante aras ingens ubi victima taurus
concitit, abrupta cror e cervice profundi.
obstipuere omnes, aliquisque ex omnibus audet
detterere nefas saevamque inhibere bipennem: 766
aspicit hunc ‘mentis’ que ‘piae cape praemia!’ dixit
Thessalus inque virum convertit ab arbore ferrum
detruncatque caput repetitaque robora caedit,
redditus et medio sonus est de robore talis: 770
‘ nympha sub hoc ego sum Cereri gratissima ligno,
quae tibi factorum poenas instare tuorum
vaticinor moriens, nostri solacia leti.’
persequitur scelus ille suum, labefactaque tandem
ictibus innumeris adductaque funibus arbor 775
corruit et multam prostravit pondere silvam.
this tree dryads held their festival dances; often with hand linked to hand in line they would encircle the great tree whose mighty girth was full fifteen ells. It towered as high above other trees as they were higher than the grass that grew beneath. Yet not for this did Triopas' son \(^1\) withhold his axe, as he bade his slaves cut down the sacred oak. But when he saw that they shrank back, the wretch snatched an axe from one of them and said: 'Though this be not only the tree that the goddess loves, but even the goddess herself, now shall its leafy top touch the ground.' He spoke; and while he poised his axe for the slanting stroke, the oak of Deo\(^2\) trembled and gave forth a groan; at the same time its leaves and its acorns grew pale, its long branches took on a pallid hue. But when that impious stroke cut into the trunk, blood came streaming forth from the severed bark, even as when a huge sacrificial bull has fallen at the altar, and from his smitten neck the blood pours forth. All were astonished, and one, bolder than the rest, tried to stop his wicked deed and stay his cruel axe. But the Thessalian looked at him and said: 'Take that to pay you for your pious thought!' and, turning the axe from the tree against the man, lopped off his head. Then, as he struck the oak blow after blow, from within the tree a voice was heard: 'I, a nymph most dear to Ceres, dwell within this wood, and I prophesy with my dying breath, and find my death's solace in it, that punishment is at hand for what you do.' But he accomplished his crime; and at length the tree, weakened by countless blows and drawn down by ropes, fell and with its weight laid low a wide stretch of woods around.

\(^1\) Erysichthon. \(^2\) i.e. Ceres.
OVID

"Attonitae dryades damno nemorumque suoque, omnes germanae, Cererem cum vestibus atris maerentes adeunt poenamque Erysichthonis orant. adnuit his capitisque sui pulcherrima motu concussit gravis oneratos messibus agros, moliturque genus poenae miserabile, si non ille suis esset nulli miserabilis actis, pestifera lacerare Fame, quae quatenus ipsi non adeunda deae est (neque enim Cereremque

Famemque

fata coire sinunt), montani numinis unam talibus agrestem compellat oreada dictis: ‘est locus extremis Scythiae glacialis in oris, triste solum, sterlis, sine fruge, sine arbo re tellus; Frigus iners illic habitant Pallorque Tremorque et ieiuna Fames: ea se in praecordia condat sacrilegi scelerata, iube, nec copia rerum vincat eam superetque mea certamine vires, neve viae spatium te terreat, accipe currus, accipe, quos frenis alte moderere, dracones!’

et dedit; illa dato subvecta per aera curru devenit in Scythiam: rigidique cacumine montis (Caucason appellant) serpentum colla levavit quaesitamque Famem lapidoso vidit in agro unguibus et raras vellentem dentibus herbas. hirtus erat crinis, cava lumina, pallor in ore, labra incana situ, scabrae rubigine fauces, dura cutis, per quam spectari viscera possent; ossa sub incurvis exstabant arida lumbis, ventris erat pro ventre locus; pendere putares pectus et a spineae tantummodo crate teneri.
METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

"All the dryad sisters were stupefied at their own and their forest's loss and, mourning, clad in black robes, they went to Ceres and prayed her to punish Erysichthon. The beautiful goddess consented, and with a nod of her head shook the fields heavy with ripening grain. She planned in her mind a punishment that might make men pity (but that no man could pity him for such deeds), to rack him with dreadful Famine. But, since the goddess herself could not go to her (for the fates do not permit Ceres and Famine to come together), she summoned one of the mountain deities, a rustic oread, and thus addressed her: 'There is a place on the farthest border of icy Scythia, a gloomy and barren soil, a land without corn, without trees. Sluggish Cold dwells there and Pallor, Fear, and gaunt Famine. So, bid Famine hide herself in the sinful stomach of that impious wretch. Let no abundance satisfy her, and let her overcome my utmost power to feed. And, that the vast journey may not daunt you, take my chariot and my winged dragons and guide them aloft.' And she gave the reins into her hands. The nymph, borne through the air in her borrowed chariot, came to Scythia, and on a bleak mountain-top which men call Caucasus, unyoked her dragon steeds. Seeking out Famine, she saw her in a stony field, plucking with nails and teeth at the scanty herbage. Her hair hung in matted locks, her eyes were sunken, her face ghastly pale; her lips were wan and foul, her throat rough with scurf; her skin was hard and dry so that the entrails could be seen through it; her skinny hip-bones bulged out beneath her hollow loins, and her belly was but a belly's place; her breast seemed to be hanging free and just to be held by the framework of the spine;
auxerat articulos macies, genuumque tumebat orbis, et inmodico prodibant tubere tali.

"Hanc procul ut vidit, (neque enim est accedere iuxta ausa) refert mandata deae paulumque morata, quamquam aberat longe, quamquam modo venerat illuc, visa tamen sensisse famem retroque draones egit in Haemoniam versus sublimis habenis.

"Dicta Fames Cereris, quamvis contraria semper illius est operi, peragit perque aera vento ad iussam delata domum est, et protinus intrat sacrilegi thalamos altoque sopore solutum (noctis enim tempus) geminis amplectitur ulnis, seque viro inspirat, faucesque et pectus et ora adflat et in vacuis spargit ieiunia venis; functaque mandato fecundum deserit orbem inque domos inopes adsueta revertitur antra.

"Lenis adhuc Somnus placidis Erysichthona pennis mulcebat: petit ille dapes sub imagine somni, oraque vana movet dentemque in dente fatigat, exercetque cibo delusum guttur inani proque epulis tenues nequiquam devorat auras; ut vero est expulsa quies, furit ardor edendi perque avidas fauces incensaque viscera regnat. nec mora; quod pontus, quod terra, quod educat aer, poscit et adpositis queritur ieiunia mensis inque epulis epulas quaeit; quodque urbis esse, quodque satis poterat populo, non sufficit uni, plusque cupid, quo plura suam demittit in alvum. utque fretum recipit de tota flumina terra
her thinness made her joints seem large, her knees were swollen, and her ankles were great bulging lumps.

"When the nymph saw her in the distance (for she did not dare approach her), she delivered to her the goddess' commands. And, though she tarried but a little while, though she kept far from her and had but now arrived, still she seemed to feel the famine. Then, mounting high in air, she turned her course and drove the dragons back to Thessaly.

"Famine did the bidding of Ceres, although their tasks are ever opposite, and flew through the air on the wings of the wind to the appointed mansion. Straight she entered the chamber of the impious king, who was sunk in deep slumber (for it was night); there she wrapped her skinny arms about him and filled him with herself, breathing upon his throat and breast and lips; and in his hollow veins she planted hunger. When her duty was done, she left the fertile world, and returned to the homes of want and her familiar caverns.

"Still gentle Sleep, hovering on peaceful wings, soothes Erysichthon. And in his sleep he dreams of feasting, champs his jaws on nothing, wearies tooth upon tooth, cheats his gullet with fancied food; for his banquet is nothing but empty air. But when he awakes, a wild craving for food lords it in his ravenous jaws and in his burning stomach. Straightway he calls for all that sea and land and air can furnish; with loaded tables before him, he complains still of hunger; in the midst of feasts seeks other feasts. What would be enough for whole cities, enough for a whole nation, is not enough for one. The more he sends down into his maw the more he wants. And as the ocean receives the streams from a whole land
nec satiatur aquis peregrinosque ebit amnes, utque rapax ignis non umquam alimenta recusat innumerasesque faces cremat et, quo copia maior est data, plura petit turbaque voracior ipsa est: sic epulas omnes Erysichthonis ora profani accipiunt poscuntque simul. cibus omnis in illo causa cibi est, semperque locus fit inanis edendo.

"Iamque fame patrias altaque voragine ventris attenuarat opes, sed inattenuata manebat tum quoque dira fames, inplacataeque vigebat flamma gulae. tandem, demisso in viscera censu, filia restabat, non illo digna parente.

hanc quoque vendit inops: dominum generosa recusat et vicina suas tendens super aequora palmas 'eripe me domino, qui raptae praemia nobis virginitatis habes!' ait: haec Neptunus habebat; qui prece non spreta, quamvis modo visa sequenti esset ero, formamque novat vultumque virilem induit et cultus pisces capientibus aptos.

hanc dominus spectans 'o qui pendentia parvo aera cibo celas, moderator harundinis,' inquit 'sic mare conpositum, sic sit tibi piscis in unda credulus et nulos, nisi fixus, sentiat hamos: quae modo cum vili turbatis veste capillis litore in hoc steterat (nam stantem in litore vidi), dic, ubi sit: neque enim vestigia longius exstant.' illa dei munus bene cedere sensit et a se se quaeri gaudens his est resecuta rogantem:

'quisquis es, ignoscas; in nullam lumina partem
and is not filled with his waters, but swallows up the streams that come to it from afar; and as the all-devouring fire never refuses fuel, but burns countless logs, seeks ever more as more is given it, and is more greedy by reason of the quantity: so do the lips of impious Erysichthon receive all those banquets, and ask for more. All food in him is but the cause of food, and ever does he become empty by eating.

"And now famine and his belly's deep abyss had exhausted his ancestral stores; but even then ravenous Famine remained unexhausted and his raging greed was still unappeased. At last, when all his fortunes had been swallowed up, there remained only his daughter, worthy of a better father. Penniless, he sold even her. The high-spirited girl refused a master, and stretching out her hands over the neighbouring waves, she cried: 'Save me from slavery, O thou who hast already stolen my virginity.' This Neptune had taken; he did not refuse her prayer; and though her master following her had seen her but now, the god changed her form, gave her the features of a man and garments proper to a fisherman. Her master, looking at this person, said: 'Ho, you who conceal the dangling hook in a little bait, you that handle the rod; so may the sea be calm, so be the fish trustful in the wave for your catching, and feel no hook until you strike: where is she, tell me, who but now stood on this shore with mean garments and disordered hair, for I saw her standing upon the shore, and her tracks go no farther!' She perceived by this that the god's gift was working well, and, delighted that one asked her of herself, answered his question in these words: 'Whoever you are, excuse me, sir; I have not taken my eyes from this pool to look in any direction. I
gurgite ab hoc flexi studioque operatus inhaesi, 865
quoque minus dubites, sic has deus aequoris artes
adiuvet, ut nemo iamdudum litore in isto,
me tamen excepto, nec femina constitit ulla.’
credidit et verso dominus pede pressit harenam
elususque abiit: illi sua reddita forma est. 870
ast ubi habere suam transformia corpora sensit,
saepe pater dominis Triopeida tradit, at illa
nunc equa, nunc ales, modo bos, modo cervus abibat
praebebatque avido non iusta alimenta parenti.
vis tamen illa mali postquam consumpserat omnem
materiam dederatque gravi nova pabula morbo, 876
ipse suos artus lacero divellere morsu
coepit et infelix minuendo corpus alebat.—
" Quid moror externis? etiam mihi nempe novandi
est
corporis, o iuvenis, numero finita, potestas. 880
nam modo, qui nunc sum, videor, modo flector in
anguem,
armenti modo dux vires in cornua sumo,—
cornua, dum potui. nunc pars caret altera telo
frontis, ut ipse vides." gemitus sunt verba seuti.
have been altogether bent on my fishing. And that you may believe me, so may the god of the sea assist this art of mine, as it is true that for a long time back no man has stood upon this shore except myself, and no woman, either.' Her master believed, and turning upon the sands, he left the spot, completely deceived. Then her former shape was given back to her. But when her father perceived that his daughter had the power to change her form, he sold her often and to many masters. But now in the form of a mare, now bird, now cow, now deer, away she went, and so found food, though not fairly, for her greedy father. At last, when the strength of the plague had consumed all these provisions, and but added to his fatal malady, the wretched man began to tear his own flesh with his greedy teeth and, by consuming his own body, fed himself.

"But why do I dwell on tales of others? I myself, young sirs, have often changed my form; but my power is limited in its range. For sometimes I appear as you see me now; sometimes I change to a serpent; again I am leader of a herd and put my strength into my horns—horns, I say, so long as I could. But now one of the weapons of my forehead is gone, as you yourself can see." He ended with a groan.
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METAMORPHOSES
METAMORPHOSEON

LIBER IX

Qvae gemitus truncæque deo Neptunius heros
causa rogat frontis, cum sic Calydonius amnis
coepit inornatos redimitus harundine crines:
"triste petis munus. quis enim sua proelia victus
commemorare velit? referam tamen ordine, nec tam
turpe fuit vinci, quam contendisse decorum est, 6
magnaque dat nobis tantus solacia victor.
nomine siqua suo fando pervenit ad aures
Deïanira tuas, quondam pulcherrima virgo
multorumque fuit spes invidiosa procorum. 10
cum quibus ut soceri domus est intrata petiti,
'accipe me generum,' dixi ' Parthaone nate ':
dixit et Alcides. alii cesserse duobus.
ille Iovem socerum dare se, famamque laborum,
et superata suæ referebat iussa novercae. 15
contra ego 'turpe deum mortali cedere' dixi—
nondum erat ille deus—'dominum me cernis aquarum
2
The Neptunian hero asked the god why he groaned and what was the cause of his mutilated forehead. And thus the Calydonian river, binding up his rough locks with a band of reeds, made answer: "'Tis an unpleasant task you set; for who would care to chronicle his defeats? Still I will tell the story as it happened: nor was it so much a disgrace to be defeated as it was an honour to have striven at all, and the thought that my conqueror was so mighty is a great comfort to me. Deianira (if you have ever heard of her) was once a most beautiful maiden and the envied hope of many suitors. When along with them I entered the house of the father of the maid I sought, I said: 'Take me for son-in-law, O son of Parthaon.' Hercules said the same, and the others yielded their claims to us two. He pleaded the fact that Jove was his father, pleaded his famous labours and all that he had overcome at the command of his stepmother. In reply I said: 'It is a shame for a god to give place to a mortal' (Hercules had not yet been made a god); 'you behold in me the lord of the

1 Theseus was the reputed son of Aegeus; but there was a current tradition that he was really the son of Neptune.
2 Oeneus.
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cursibus obliquis inter tua regna fluentum. nec gener externis hospes tibi missus ab oris, sed popularis ego et rerum pars una tuarum. tantum ne noceat, quod me nec regia Iuno odit, et omnis abest iussorum poena laborum. nam, quo te iactas, Alcmena nate, creatum, luppiter aut falsus pater est, aut crimine verus. matris adulterio patrem petis. elige, fictum esse Iovem malis, an te per dedecus ortum.' talia dicentem iandudum lumine torvo spectat, et accensae non fortiter imperat irae, verbaque tot reddit: 'melior mihi dextera lingua. dummodo pugnando superem, tu vince loquendo' congrideturque ferox. puduit modo magna locutum cedere: reieci viridem de corpore vestem, brachiaque opposui, tenuique a pectore varas in statione manus et pugnae membra paravi. ille cavis hausto spargit me pulvere palmis, inque vicem fulvae tactu flavescit harenae. et modo cervicem, modo crura micantia captat, aut captare putes, omnique a parte lacessit. me mea defendit gravitas frustraque petebar; haud secus ac moles, magno quam murmure fluctus oppugnant; manet illa, suoque est pondere tuta. digredimur paulum, rursusque ad bella coimus, inque gradu stetimus, certi non cedere, eratque cum pede pes iunctus, totoque ego pectore pronus et digitos digitis et frontem fronte premebam. non aliter vidi fortes concurrere tauros,
waters which flow down their winding courses through your realm. If I wed your daughter, it will be no stranger from foreign shores; but I shall be one of your own countrymen, a part of your own kingdom. Only let it not be to my disadvantage that Queen Juno does not hate me and that no labours are imposed upon me in consequence of her hate. For Jove, from whom you boast that you have sprung, O son of Alcmena, is either not your father, or is so to your disgrace. Through your mother's sin you claim your father. Choose, then, whether you prefer to say that your claim to Jove is false, or to confess yourself the son of shame.' As I thus spoke he eyed me for a long while with lowering gaze and, unable to control his hot wrath longer, he answered just these words: 'My hand is better than my tongue. Let me but win in fighting and you may win in speech'; and he came at me fiercely. I was ashamed to draw back after having spoken so boldly; and so I threw off my green coat, put up my arms, held my clenched hands out in front of my breast in position, and so prepared me for the fight. He caught up some dust in the hollow of his hand and threw it over me and in turn himself became yellow with the tawny sand. And now he caught at my neck, now at my quick-moving legs (or you would think he did), and attacked me at every point. My weight protected me and I was attacked in vain. Just like a cliff I stood, which, though the roaring waves dash against it, stands secure, safe in its own bulk. We draw apart a little space, then rush together again to the fray and stand firm in our tracks, each determined not to yield. Foot locked with foot, fingers with fingers clenched, brow against brow, with all my body's forward-leaning weight I pressed upon him. Like that have I seen two strong bulls rush
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cum, pretium pugnae, toto nitidissima saltu expetitur coniunx : spectant armenta paventque nescia, quem maneant tanti victoria regni. ter sine profectu voluit nitentia contra 50 reicere Alcides a se mea pectora; quarto executit amplexus, adductaque brachia solvit,1 inpulsumque manu—certum est mihi vera fateri—protinus avertit, tergoque onerosus inhaesit. siqua fides,—neque enim fieta mihi gloria voce 55 quaeritur—inposito pressus mihi monte videbar. vix tamen inserui sudore fluentia multo brachia, vix solvi durus a pectore nexus. instat anhelanti, prohibetque resumere vires, et cervice mea potitur. tum denique tellus 60 pressa genu nostro est, et harenas ore momordi. inferior virtute, meas divertor ad artes, elaborque viro longum formatus in anguem. qui postquam flexos sinuavi corpus in orbes, cumque fero movi linguam stridore bisulcam, 65 risit, et inludens nostras Tirynthius artes 'cunarum labor est angues superare meum,' dixit 'et ut vincas alios, Acheloe, dracones, pars quota Lernaeae serpens eris unus echidnae? vulneribus fecunda suis erat illa, nec ulla 70 de centum numero caput est inpune recisum, quin gemino cervix herede valentior esset. hanc ego ramosam natis e caede colubris crescentemque malo domui, domitamque reclusi. quid fore te credas, falsum qui versus in anguem 75

1 So Merkel: Ehwald volvit.
together when they strive for the sleekest heifer in the pasture as the prize of conflict. The herd looks on in fear and trembling, not knowing to which one victory will award so great dominion. Three times without success did Alcides strive to push away from him my opposing breast; at the fourth attempt he shook off my embrace, broke my hold, and, giving me a sharp buffet with his hand (I am determined to tell it as it was), he whirled me round and clung with all his weight upon my back. If you will believe me (for I am not trying to gain any credit by exaggeration), I seemed to bear the weight of a mountain on my back. With difficulty I thrust in my arms streaming with sweat, with difficulty I broke his hard grip from my body. He pressed close upon me as I panted for breath, gave me no chance to regain my strength, and got me around the neck. Then at length I fell to my knees upon the earth and bit the dust. Finding myself no match for him in strength, I had recourse to my arts, and glided out of his grasp in the form of a long snake. But when I wound my body into twisting coils, and darted out my forked tongue and hissed fiercely at him, the hero of Tiryns only laughed, and mocking at my arts he said: 'It was the task of my cradle days to conquer snakes; and though you should outdo all other serpents, Acheleous, how small a part of that Lernaean monster would you, just one snake, be? For it throve on the wounds I gave; nor was any one of its hundred heads cut off without its neck being the stronger by two succeeding heads. This creature, branching out with serpents sprung from death and thriving on destruction, I overmastered and, having overmastered, destroyed. And what do you think will become of you who, having assumed but a lying serpent form, make use of
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arma aliena moves, quem forma precaria celat?'
dixerat, et summo digitorum vincula collo
inicit: angebar, ceu guttura forcipe pressus,
policibusque meas pugnabam evellere fauces.
sic quoque devicto restabat tertia tauri
forma trucis. tauro mutatus membra rebello.
induit ille toris a laeva parte lacertos,
admissumque trahens sequitur, depressaque dura
cornua figit humo, meque alta sternit harena.
nec satis hoc fuerat: rigidum fera dextera cornu
dum tenet, infregit, truncaque a fronte revellit.
naides hoc, pomis et odoro flore reple tum,
sacrarunt; divesque meo Bona Copia cornu est.'

Dixerat: et nymphe ritu succincta Dianae,
una ministrarum, fufis utrimque capillis,
incessit totumque tulit praedivite cornu
autumnnum et mensas, felicia poma, secundas.
lux subit; et primo feriente cacumina sole
discedunt iuvenes, neque enim dum flumina pacem
et placidos habeant lapsus totaeque residant
opperiuntur aquae. vultus Achelous agrestis
et lacerum cornu mediis caput abdidit undis.

Hunc tamen ablati domuit iactura decoris,
cetera sospes habet. capitis quoque frondesaligna
aut superinposita celatur harundine damnum.
at te, Nesse ferox, eiusdem virginis ardur
perdiderat volucri trajectum terga sagitta.
namque nova repetens patrios cum coniuge muros
borrowed arms, who are masked in a shifting form?'
So saying he fixed his vice-like grip upon my throat. I was in anguish, as if my throat were in a forceps' grip, and struggled to tear my jaws from his fingers. Conquered in this form also, there remained to me my third refuge, the form of a savage bull. And so in bull form I fought him. He threw his arms around my neck on the left, kept up with me as I ran at full speed, dragging upon me; and, finally, forced down my hard horns and thrust them into the earth and laid me low in the deep dust. Nor was this enough: holding my tough horn in his pitiless right hand, he broke it off and tore it from my forehead, mutilating me. This horn the naiads took, filled it with fruit and fragrant flowers, and hallowed it. And now the goddess of glad Abundance is enriched with my horn."

So spoke the river-god; and lo, a nymph girt like Diana, one of the attendants with locks flowing free, appeared and served them from her bounteous horn with all the fruits of Autumn, and wholesome apples for the second course. The dawn came on, and, as the first rays of the sun smote the mountain-tops, the youths took their departure; for they did not wait until the river should flow in peaceful current and all the flood-waters should subside. And Acheloüs hid his rustic features and his head, scarred from the wrenched-off horn, beneath his waves.

He was humbled indeed by the loss of his beauteous horn, which had been taken from him, though scathless in all else, a loss which he could hide with willow boughs and reeds entwined about his head. But, O savage Nessus, a passion for the same maiden utterly destroyed you, pierced through the body by a flying arrow. For, seeking his native city with his
venerat Eueni rapidas love natus ad undas.
uberior solito, nimbis hiemalibus auctus, verticibusque frequens erat atque inpervius amnis.
intrepidum pro se, curam de coniuge agentem Nessus adit, membrisque valens scitusque vadorum, "officio" que "meo ripa sistetur in illa haec," ait "Alcide. tu viribus utere nando!" pallentemque metu, fluviumque ipsumque timentem tradidit Aonius pavidam Calydonida Nesso.
mox, ut erat, pharetraque gravis spolioque leonis—nam clavam et curvos trans ripam miserat arcus—"quandoquidem coepi, superentur flumina" dixit, nec dubitat nec, qua sit clementissimus amnis, quae-rit, et obsequio deferri spernit aquarum.
iamque tenens ripam, missos cum tolleret arcus, coniugis agnovit vocem Nessoque paranti fallere depositum "quo te fiducia" clamat "vana pedum, violente, rapit? tibi, Nesse biformis, dicimus. exaudi, nec res intereipe nostras.
si te nulla mei reverentia movit, at orbes concubitus vetitos poterant inhibere paterni. haud tamen effugies, quamvis ope fidis equina; vulnere, non pedibus te consequar." ultima dicta res probat, et missa fugientia terga sagitta traicit. extabat ferrum de pectore aduncum
bride, the son of Jove had come to the swift waters of Euenus. The stream was higher than its wont, swollen with winter rains, full of wild eddies, and quite impassable. As the hero stood undaunted for himself, but anxious for his bride, Nessus came up, strong of limb and well acquainted with the fords, and said: “By my assistance, Alcides, she shall be set on yonder bank; and do you use your strength and swim across!” The Theban accordingly entrusted to Nessus’ care the Calydonian maid, pale and trembling, fearing the river and the centaur himself. At once, just as he was, burdened with his quiver and the lion’s skin (for he had tossed his club and curving bow across to the other bank), the hero said: “Since I have undertaken it, these waters shall be overcome.” And in he plunged; nor did he seek out where the stream was kindliest, and scorned to reach his goal by the courtesy of the waters. And now he had just gained the other bank, and was picking up his bow which he had thrown across, when he heard his wife’s voice calling; and to Nessus, who was in act to betray his trust, he shouted: ‘Where is your vain confidence in your fleetness carrying you, you ravisher? To you, two-formed Nessus, I am talking: listen, and do not dare come between me and mine. If no fear of me has weight with you, at least your father’s 1 whirling wheel should prevent the outrage you intend. You shall not escape, however much you trust in your horse’s fleetness. With my deadly wound, if not with my feet, I shall overtake you.” Suiting the action to his last words, he shot an arrow straight into the back of the fleeing centaur. The barbed point protruded from his

1 i.e. Ixion, who also had been guilty of an outrage for which he suffered his well-known punishment in Hades.
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quod simul evulsum est, sanguis per utrumque foramen emicuit mixtus Lernaei tabe veneni. 130
excipit hunc Nessus: "neque enim moriemur inulti" secum ait, et calido velamina tineta cruore d at munus raptae velut inritamen amoris.

Longa fuit medii mora temporis, actaque magni Herculis inplerant terras odiumque novercae. 135 victor ab Oechalia Cenaeo sacra parabat vota Iovi, cum Fama loquax praecessit ad aures, Deianira, tuas, quae veris addere falsa gaudet, et e minimo sua per mendacia crescit, Amphitryoniadem Iole ardore teneri. 140 credit amans, venerisque novae perterrita fama indulsit primo lacrimis, flendoque dolorem diffudit miseranda suum. mox deinde "quid autem flemus?" ait "paellex lacrimis laetabitur istis.
quae quoniam adveniet, properandum aliquidque novandum est, 145 dum licet, et nondum thalamos tenet altera nostros. conquerar, an sileam? repetam Calydoma, morerne? excedam tectis? an, si nihil amplius, obstem? quid si me, Meleagre, tuam menem esse sororem forte paro facinus, quantumque iniuria possit femineusque dolor, iugulata paelice testor?" incursus animus varios habet. omnibus illis praetulit inbutam Nesseo sanguine vestem

12
breast. This he tore out, and spurting forth from both wounds came the blood mixed with the deadly poison of the Lernaean hydra. Nessus caught this, and muttering, "I shall not die unavenged," he gave his tunic, soaked with his warm blood, to Deianira as a gift, potent to revive waning love.

Meanwhile, long years had passed; the deeds of the mighty Hercules had filled the earth and had sated his stepmother's hate. Returning victorious from Oechalia, he was preparing to pay his vows to Jove at Cenaeum, when tattling Rumour came on ahead to your ears, Deianira, Rumour, who loves to mingle false and true and, though very small at first, grows huge through lying, and she reported that the son of Amphitryon 1 was enthralled by love of Iole. 2 The loving wife believes the tale, and completely overcome by the report of this new love, she indulges her tears at first and, poor creature, pours out her grief in a flood of weeping. But soon she says: "Why do I weep? My rival will rejoice at my tears. But since she is on her way hither I must make haste and devise some plan while I may, and while as yet another woman has not usurped my couch. Shall I complain or shall I grieve in silence? Shall I go back to Calydon or tarry here? Shall I leave my house or, if I can nothing more, stay and oppose her? What if, O Meleager, remembering that I am your sister, I make bold to plan some dreadful deed, and by killing my rival prove how much a woman's outraged feelings and grief can do?" Her mind has various promptings; but to all other plans she prefers to send to her husband the tunic soaked in Nessus' blood, in the hope that this

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1 The husband of Alcmena and putative father of Hercules.
2 The daughter of Eurytus, king of Oechalia.
mittere, quae vires defecto reddat amor,
ignaroque Lichae, quid tradat, nescia, luctus
ipsa suas tradit blandisque miserrima verbis,
dona det illa viro, mandat. capit inseius heros,
induiturque umeris Lernaeae virus echidnae.

Tura dabat primis et verba precantia flammis,
vinaque marmoreas patera fundebat in aras:
incaluit vis illa mali, resolutaque flammis
Herculeos abiit late dilapsa per artus.
dum potuit, solita gemitum virtute repressit.
vaicta malis postquam est patientia, reppulit aras,
inplevitque suis nemorosum vocibus Oeten.
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nec mora, letiferam conatur scindere vestem:
qua trahitur, trahit illa cutem, foedumque relatu,
aut haeret membris frustra temptata revelli,
aut laceros artus et grandia detegit ossa.
ipse cruor, gelido ceu quondam lammina candens
170
tincta lacu, stridit coquiturque ardente veneno.
nec modus est, sobrent avidae praecordia flammeae,
caeruleusque fluit toto de corpore sudor,
ambustique sonant nervi, caecaque medullis
tabe liquefactis tollens ad sidera palmas
175
"cladibus," exclamat "Saturnia, pascere nostris:
pascere, et hanc pestem specta, crudelis, ab alto,
corque ferum satia. vel si miserandus et hosti,
hoc est, si tibi sum, diris cruciatibus aegram
invisamque animam natamque laboribus aufer. 180
hoc mihi munus erit; decet haec dare dona
novercam.

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may revive her husband's failing love; and to Lichas, ignorant of what he bears, with her own hands she all unwittingly commits the cause of her future woe, and with honeyed words the unhappy woman bids him take this present to her lord. The hero innocently received the gift and put on his shoulders the tunic soaked in the Lernaean hydra's poison.

He was offering incense and prayers amid the kindling flames and pouring wine from the libation bowl upon the marble altar: then was the virulence of that pest aroused and, freed by the heat, went stealing throughout the frame of Hercules. While he could, with his habitual manly courage he held back his groans. But when his endurance was conquered by his pain, he overthrew the altar and filled woody Oeta with his cries. At once he tries to tear off the deadly tunic; but where it is torn away, it tears the skin with it and, ghastly to relate, it either sticks to his limbs, from which he vainly tries to tear it, or else lays bare his torn muscles and huge bones. His very blood hisses and boils with the burning poison, as when a piece of red-hot metal is plunged into a cold pool. Without limit the greedy flames devour his vitals; the dark sweat pours from his whole body; his burnt sinews crackle and, while his very marrow melts with the hidden, deadly fire, he stretches suppliant hands to heaven and cries:

"Come, feast, Saturnia, upon my destruction; feast, I say; look down, thou cruel one, from thy lofty seat, behold my miserable end, and glut thy savage heart! Or, if I merit pity even from my enemy—that is, from thee—take hence this hateful life, sick with its cruel sufferings and born for toil. This will be a boon to me, surely a fitting boon

\(^1\) Juno.
ergo ego foedantem peregrino templo cruore 
Busirin domui? saevoque alimenta parentis
Antaeo eripui? nec me pastoris Hiberi
forma triplex, nec forma triplex tua, Cerbere, movit?
vosne, manus, validi pressistis cornua tauri?
vestrum opus Elis habet, vestrum Stymphalides undae.
Partheniumque nemus? vestra virtute relatus
Thermodontiaco caelatus balteus auro,
pomaque ab insomni concustodita dracone?
nec mihi centauri potuere resistere, nec mi
Arcadiae vastator aper? nec profuit hydrae
crescere per damnun geminasque resumere vires?
quid, quod Thracis equos humano sanguine pingues
plenaque corporibus laceris praesepia vidi,
visaque deieci, dominumque ipsosque peremi?
his elisa lacet moles Nemeaca lacertis:
hac caelum cervice tuli. defessa iubendo est
saeva Iovis coniunx: ego sum indefessus agendo.
shed nova pestis adest, cui nec virtute resisti
nec telis armisque potest. pulmonibus errat
ignis edax imis, perque omnes pascitur artus.
at valet Eurystheus! et sunt, qui credere possint
esse deos!" dixit, perque altum saucius Oeten
haud aliter graditur, quam si venabula taurus
corpore fixa gerat, factique refugerit auctor.
saepe illum gemitus edentem, saepe frementem,
saepe retemptantem totas infringere vestes
sternentemque trabes irascentemque videres
montibus aut patrio tendentem bracchia caelo.
METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

for a stepmother to bestow! Was it for this I slew Busiris, who defiled his temples with strangers' blood? that I deprived the dread Antaeus of his mother's strength? that I did not fear the Spanish shepherd's \(^1\) triple form, nor thy triple form, O Cerberus? Was it for this, O hands, that you broke the strong bull's horns? that Elis knows your toil, the waves of Stymphalus, the Parthenian woods? that by your prowess the girdle wrought of Thermonodian gold in relief was secured, and that fruit guarded by the dragon's sleepless eyes? Was it for this that the centaurs could not prevail against me, nor the boar that wasted Arcady? that it did not avail the hydra to grow by loss and gain redoubled strength? What, when I saw the Thracian's horses fat with human blood and those mangers full of mangled corpses and, seeing, threw them down and slew the master \(^2\) and the steeds themselves? By these arms the monster of Nemea lies crushed; upon this neck I upheld the sky! The cruel wife of Jove is weary of imposing toils; but I am not yet weary of performing them. But now a strange and deadly thing is at me, which neither by strength can I resist, nor yet by weapons nor by arms. Deep through my lungs steals the devouring fire, and feeds through all my frame. But Eurystheus is alive and well! And there are those who can believe that there are gods!" He spoke and in sore distress went ranging along high Oeta; just as a bull carries about the shaft that has pierced his body, though the giver of the wound has fled. See him there on the mountains oft uttering heartrending groans, oft roaring in agony, oft struggling to tear off all his garments, uprooting great trunks of trees, and raging o'er the mountains or stretching out his arms to his father's skies.

\(^1\) Geryon. \(^2\) Diomede.
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OF A SUDDEN HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF LICHAS COWERING WITH FEAR AND HIDING BENEATH A HOLLOW ROCK, AND WITH ALL THE ACCUMULATED RAGE OF SUFFERING HE CRIED: "WAS IT YOU, LICHAS, WHO BROUGHT THIS FATAL GIFT? AND SHALL YOU BE CALLED THE AUTHOR OF MY DEATH?" THE YOUNG MAN TREMBLED, GREW PALE WITH FEAR, AND TIMIDLY ATTEMPTED TO EXCUSE HIS ACT. BUT WHILE HE WAS YET SPEAKING AND STRIVING TO CLASP THE HERO'S KNEES, ALCIDES CAUGHT HIM UP AND, WHIRLING HIM THRICE AND AGAIN ABOUT HIS HEAD, HE HURLED HIM FAR OUT INTO THE EUBOEAN SEA, SWIFTER THAN A MISSILE FROM A CATAPULT. THE YOUTH STIFFENED AS HE YET HUNG HIGH IN AIR; AND AS DROPS OF RAIN ARE SAID TO CONGEAL BENEATH THE CHILLING BLAST AND CHANGE TO SNOW, THEN WHIRLING SNOWFLAKES CONDENSE TO A SOFT MASS AND FINALLY ARE PACKED IN FROZEN HAIL: SO, HURLED BY STRONG ARMS THROUGH THE EMPTY AIR, BLOODLESS WITH FEAR, HIS VITAL MOISTURE DRIED, HE CHANGED, OLD TRADITION SAYS, TO FLINTY ROCK. EVEN TO THIS DAY IN THE EUBOEAN SEA A LOW ROCK RISES FROM THE WAVES, KEEPING THE SEMBLANCE OF A HUMAN FORM; THIS ROCK, AS IF IT WERE SENTIENT, THE SAILORS FEAR TO TREAD ON, AND THEY CALL IT LICHAS. BUT YOU, ILLUSTRIOUS SON OF JOVE, CUT DOWN THE TREES WHICH GREW ON LOFTY OETA, BUILT A HUGE FUNERAL PYRE, AND BADE THE SON OF POEAS,¹ WHO SET THE TORCH BENEATH, TO TAKE IN RECOMPENSE YOUR BOW, CAPACIOUS QUIVER AND ARROWS, DESTINED ONCE AGAIN TO SEE THE REALM OF TROY. AND AS THE PYRE BEGAN TO KINDLE WITH THE GREEDY FLAMES, YOU SPREAD THE NEMEAN LION'S SKIN ON TOP OF THE PILE OF WOOD AND, WITH YOUR CLUB FOR PILLOW, LAID YOU DOWN WITH PEACEFUL COUNTENANCE, AS IF, AMID CUPS OF GENEROUS WINE AND CROWNED WITH GARLANDS, YOU WERE RECLINING ON A BANQUET-COUCH.

¹ Philoctetes.
Iamque valens et in omne latus diffusa sonabat, securosoque artus contemptoremque petebat flamma suum. timuere dei pro vindice terrae. quos ita, sensit enim, laeto Saturnius ore Iuppiter adloquitur: “nostra est timor iste voluptas, o superi, totoque libens mihi pectore grator, quod memoris populi dicor rectorque paterque et mea progenies vestro quoque tuta favore est. nam quamquam ipsius datis hoc inmanibus actis, obligor ipse tamen. sed enim nec pectora vano fida metu paveant. istas nec spernite flammis! omnia qui vicit, vincet, quos cernitis, ignes; nec nisi materna Vulcanum parte potentem sentiet. aeternum est a me quod traxit, et expratque inmune necis, nullique domabile flammae. idque ego defunctum terra caelestibus oris accipiam, cunctisque meum laetabile factum dis fore confido. siquis tamen Hercule, siquis forte deo dolituras erit, data praemia nolet, sed meruisse dari sciet, invitusque probabit.” adsensere dei. coniunx quoque regia visa est cetera non duro, duro tamen ultima vultu dicta tulisse Iovis, seque indoluisse notatam. interea quodcumque fuit populabile flammae, Mulciber abstulerat, nec cognoscenda remansit Herculis effigies, nec quicquam ab imagine ductum matris habet, tantumque Iovis vestigia servat. utque novus serpens posita cum pelle senecta luxuriare solet, squamaque nitere recenti,
And now on all sides the spreading flames were crackling fiercely, and licking at the careless limbs that scorned their power. The gods felt fear for the earth's defender. Then Saturnian Jove, well pleased (for he knew their thoughts), addressed them: "Your solicitude is a joy to me, ye gods of heaven, and I rejoice with all my heart that I am called king and 

father of a grateful race of gods, and that my offspring is safe under your protecting favour also. For, though you offer this tribute to his own mighty deeds, still I myself am much beholden to you. But let not your faithful hearts be filled with needless fear. Scorn not those flames! He who has conquered all things shall conquer these fires which you see; nor shall he feel Vulcan's power save in the part his mother gave him. Immortal is the part which he took from me, and that is safe and beyond the power of death, which no flame can destroy. And when this is done with earth I shall receive him on the heavenly shores, and I trust that this act of mine will be pleasing to all the gods. But if there is anyone, if there is anyone, I say, who is going to be sorry that Hercules is made a god, why then, he will begrudge the prize, but he will at least know that it was given deservedly, and will be forced to approve the deed." The gods assented; even Juno seemed to take all else complacently, but not complacently the last words of Jove, and she grieved that she had been singled out for rebuke. Meanwhile, whatever the flames could destroy, Mulciber had now consumed, and no shape of Hercules that could be recognized remained, nor was there anything left which his mother gave. He kept traces only of his father; and as a serpent, its old age sloughed off with its skin, revels in fresh life, and shines resplendent in its
sic ubi mortales Tirynthius exuit artus,
parte sui meliore viget, maiorque videri
coepit et augusta fieri gravitate verendus. 270
quem pater omnipotens inter cava nubila raptum
quadriiugo currus radiantis intulit astris.

Sensit Atlas pondus. neque adhuc Sthenelæus iras
solverat Eurystheus, odiumque in prole paternum
exercebat atroc. at longis anxia curis 275
Argolis Alcmena, questus ubi ponat aniles,
cui referat nati testatos orbe labores,
cuive suos casus, Iolen habet. Herculis illam
imperiis thalamoque animoque receperat Hyllus,
inplaretque uterum generoso semine; cui sic
incipit Alcmena: “faveant tibi numina saltem,
conripiantque moras tum cum matura vocabis
praepositam timidis parientibus Ilithyiam,
quem mihi difficilem Iunonis gratia fecit.
namque laboriferi cum iam natalis adesset 280
Herculis et decimum premeretur sidere signum,
tendebat gravitas uterum mihi, quodque ferebam,
tantum erat, ut posses auctorem dicere tecti
ponderis esse Iovem. nec iam tolerare labores
ulterius poteram. quin nunc quoque frigidus artus,
dum loquor, horror habet, parsque est meminisse
doloris. 285
septem ego per noctes, totidem cruciata diebus,
fessa malis, tendensque ad caelum brachia, magno
Lucinam Nixosque patres clamore vocabam.
illa quidem venit, sed praecorrupta, meumque
quae donare caput Iunoni vellet iniquae. 290

29
bright new scales; so when the Tirynthian put off his mortal frame, he gained new vigour in his better part, began to seem of more heroic size, and to become awful in his godlike dignity. Him the Almighty Father sped through the hollow clouds with his team of four, and set him amid the glittering stars.

Atlas felt his weight. But not even now did Eurystheus, the son of Sthenelus, put away his wrath; but his bitter hatred for the father he still kept up towards his race. Now, spent with long-continued cares, Argive Alcmena had in Iole one to whom she could confide her old woman's troubles, to whom she could relate her son's labours witnessed by all the world, and her own misfortunes. For by Hercules' command, Hyllus had received Iole to his arms and heart, and to him she was about to bear a child of that noble race. Thus spoke Alcmena to her: "May the gods be merciful to you at least and give you swift deliverance in that hour when in your need you call on Ilithyia, goddess of frightened mothers in travail, whom Juno's hatred made so bitter against me. For when the natal hour of toil-bearing Hercules was near and the tenth sign was being traversed by the sun, my burden was so heavy and what I bore so great that you could know Jove was the father of the unborn child; nor could I longer bear my pangs. Nay, even now as I tell it, cold horror holds my limbs and my pains return even as I think of it. For seven nights and days I was in torture; then, spent with anguish, I stretched my arms to heaven and with a mighty wail I called upon Lucina and the three guardian deities of birth. Lucina came, indeed, but pledged in advance to give my life to cruel Juno. There she sat upon the altar before the door, listening to my groans, with her
utque meos audit gemitus, subsedit in illa
ante fores ara, dextroque a poplite laevum
pressa genu et digitis inter se pectine iunctis
sustinuit partus. tacita quoque carmina voce
dixit, et inceptos tenuerunt carmina partus.
nitor, et ingrato facio convicia demens
vana Iovi, cupioque mori, moturaque duros
verba queror silices. matres Cadmeides adsunt,
votaque suscipiunt, exhortanturque dolentem.
una ministrarum, media de plebe, Galanthis,
flava comas, aderat, faciendis strenua iussis,
officiis dilecta suis. ea sensit iniqua
nescio quid Iunone geri, dumque exit et intrat
saepe fores, divam residentem vidit in ara
brachiaque in genibus digitis conexa tenentem,
et 'quaecumque es,' ait 'dominae gratare. levata est
Argolis Alemene, potiturque puerpera voto.'
exsiluit, iunctasque manus pavesfacta remisit
diva potens uteri: vinelis levor ipsa remissis.
umine decepto risisse Galanthida fama est.
ridentem prensamque ipsis dea saeva capillis
traxit, et e terra corpus relevare volentem
arciuit, inque pedes mutavit brachia primos.
strenuitas antiqua manet; nec terga colorem
amisere suum: forma est diversa priori.
quae quia mendaci parientem iuverat ore,
ore parit nostrasque domos, ut et ante, irquentat."
right knee crossed over her left, and with her fingers interlocked; and so she stayed the birth. Charms also, in low muttered words, she chanted, and the charms prevented my deliverance. I fiercely strove and, mad with pain, I shrieked out vain revilings against ungrateful Jove. I longed to die, and my words would have moved the unfeeling rocks. The Theban matrons stood around me, appealed to heaven, and strove to stay my grief. There was one of my attendants born of the common folk, Galanthis, with hair of reddish hue, active always in obedience to my commands, well loved by me for her faithful services. She felt assured that unjust Juno was working some spell against me; and as she was passing in and out the house, she saw the goddess seated on the altar holding her clinched hands upon her knees, and said to her: ‘Whoever you are, congratulate our mistress: Argive Alcmena is relieved; her prayers are answered and her child is born.’ Up leaped the goddess of birth, unclinchéd her hands and spread them wide in consternation; my bonds were loosed and I was delivered of my child. They said Galanthis laughed in derision of the cheated deity. And as she laughed the cruel goddess caught her by the hair and dragged her on the ground; and, as the girl strove to rise, she kept her there and changed her arms into the fore-legs of an animal. Her old activity remained and her hair kept its former hue; but her former shape was changed. And because she had helped her labouring mistress with her deceitful lips, through her mouth must she bring forth her young. And still, as of yore, she makes our dwelling-place her home.”

She spoke and, stirred by the warning fate of her former attendant, groaned deeply. And as she

1 Galanthis was changed into a weasel,
OVID

ingemuit. quam sic nurus est affata dolentem: 325
tectamen, o genetrix, alienae sanguine nostro
rapta movet facies. quid si tibi mira sororis
fata meae referam? quamquam lacrimaeque dolorque
impeditun, prohibentque loqui. fuit unica matri—
me pater ex alia genuit—notissima forma

Oechalidum, Dryope. quam virginitate carentem
vimque dei passam Delphos Delumque tenentis
excipit Andraemon, et habetur coniuge felix.
est lacus, adclivis devexo margine formam
litoris efficiens, summum myrteta coronant. 330
venerat hue Dryope fatorum nescia, quoque
indignere magis, nymphis latura coronas,
inque sinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum
dulce ferebat omnis tepidique ope lactis albat.
haut procul a stagno Tyrios imitata coles
in spem bacarum florebat aquatica lotos.
carpsaret hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato
porrigeret, flores, et idem factura videbar—
namque aderam—vidi guttas e flore cruentas
decidere et tremulo ramos horrore moveri. 340
scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,
Lotis in hanc nympha, fugiens obscura Priapi,
contulerat versos, servato nomine, vultus.

"Nescierat soror hoc. quae cum perterrita retro
ire et adoratis vellet discedere nymphis, 350
haeserunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat,
nec quicquam, nisi summa movet. subcrescit ab imo,
totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
26
grieved her daughter-in-law thus addressed her: "And yet, my mother, 'tis the changed form of one not of our blood you grieve for. What if I should tell you of the strange misfortunes of my own sister? And yet my tears and grief check me and almost prevent my speech. She was her mother's only child (for I was born of my father's second wife), Dryope, the most beautiful of all the Oechalian maids. Her, a maid no more through the violence of him who rules at Delphi and at Delos, Andraemon took and was counted happy in his wife. There is a pool whose shelving banks take the form of sloping shores, the top of which a growth of myrtle crowns. Dryope had come hither innocent of the fates and, that you may be the more indignant, with the intention of gathering garlands for the nymphs. In her arms she bore a pleasing burden, her infant boy not yet a full year old, and nursed him at her breast. Near the margin of the pool a plant of the water-lotus grew full of bright blossoms, the harbingers of fruit. To please her little son the mother plucked some of these blossoms, and I was in the act to do the same (for I was with her), when I saw drops of blood falling from the flowers and all the branches shivering with horror. For, you must know, as the slow rustics still relate, Lotis, a nymph, while fleeing from Priapus' vile pursuit, had taken refuge in this shape, changed as to features but keeping still her name.

"But my sister knew naught of this. And when she started back in terror and, with prayers to the nymphs, strove to leave the place, her feet clung, root-like, to the ground; she struggled to tear herself away, but nothing moved except the upper part of her body; the slow-creeping bark climbed upward from her feet and covered all her loins. When
OVID

ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos, fronde manum implevit: frondes caput omne tenebant.

at puer Amphissos, (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi addiderat nomen,) materna rigescere sentit ubera; nec sequitur ducentem lacteus umor. spectatrix aderam fati crudelis, opemque non poteram tibi ferre, soror, quantumque valebam, crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa morabar, et, fateor, volui sub eodem cortice condi.

"Ecce vir Andraemon genitorque miserrimus adsunt, et quaerunt Dryopen: Dryopen quaerentibus illis ostendi loton. tepido dant oscula ligno, adfusique suae radicibus arboris haerent. nil nisi iam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebat cara soror: lacrimae misero de corpore factis inrorant foliis; et, dum licet, oraque praestant vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra questus:

'siqua fides miseris, hoc me per numina iuro non meruisse nefas. patior sine crimine poenam. viximus innocuae. si mentior, arida perdam quas habeo frondes, et caesa securibus urar. hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis, et date nutrici, nostraque sub arbores saepe lac facitote bibat, nostraque sub arbores ludat. cumque ioqui poterit, matrem facitote salutet, et tristis dicat "latet hoc in stipite mater." stagna tamen timeat, nec carpat ab arbores flores,
she saw this, she strove to tear her hair with her hands, but only filled her hands with leaves; for leaves now covered all her head. But the boy, Amphissos (for so his grandsire, Eurytus, had named him), felt his mother's breast grow hard, nor could he any longer draw his milky feast. I stood and saw your cruel fate, my sister, nor could I bring you any aid at all. And yet, so far as I could, I delayed the change by holding your growing trunk and branches fast in my embrace; and (shall I confess it?) I longed to hide me beneath that selfsame bark.

"But lo, her husband, Andraemon, and her most unhappy father came seeking for Dryope; and Dryope, in response to their questionings, I showed them as the lotus-tree. They printed kisses on the warm wood and, prostrate on the ground, they clung about the roots of their darling tree. And now my dear sister had only her face remaining, while all the rest was tree. Her tears rained down upon the leaves made from her poor body; and while they could, and her lips afforded utterance for her voice, it poured forth these complaints into the air: 'If oaths of wretched sufferers have any force, I swear by the gods that I have not merited this dreadful thing. In utter innocence I am suffering, and in innocence I have always lived. If I say not the truth, parched with the drought may I lose my foliage and may I be cut down by the axe and burned. But take this infant from his mother's limbs and give him to a nurse. Beneath my tree let him often come and take his milk; beneath my tree let him play. And when he learns to talk, have him greet his mother and sadly say: "Here in this tree-trunk is my mother hid." Still let him fear the pool, pluck no blossoms from the trees, and think all shrubs are goddesses in
et frutices omnes corpus putet esse dearum. care vale coniunx, et tu, germana, paterque! quin, sita est pietas, ab acutae vulnere falcis, a pecoris morsu frondes defendite nostras. et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est, 385 erigite huc artus, et ad oscula nostra venite, dum tangi possum, parvumque attollite natum! plura loqui nequeo. nam iam per candida mollis colla liber serpit, summoque cacumine condor. ex oculis removete manus. sine munere vestro 390 contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex! desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse. diuque corpore mutato rami caluere recentes." Dumque refert Iole factum mirabile, dumque Eurytidos lacrimas admoto pollice siccat 395 Alcmene, (flet et ipsa tamen,) compescuit omnem res nova tristitiam. nam limine constitit alto paene puer dubiaque tegens lanugine malas, ora reformatus primos Iolaus in annos. hoc illi dederat Iunonia muneris Hebe, 400 victa viri precibus. quae cum iurare pararet, dona tributuram post hunc se talia nulli, non est passa Themis: "nam iam discordia Thebae bella movent," dixit "Capaneusque nisi ab Iove vinci haud poterit, sientque pares in vulnere fratres, 405 subductaque suos manes tellure videbit.
disguise! Farewell, dear husband, and you, sister, and my father! Nay, if you love me still, protect my branches from the sharp knife, my foliage from the browsing sheep. And, since it is not permitted me to bend down to you, reach up to me and let me kiss you while I may; and reach me once more my little son! Now I can say no more; for over my white neck the soft bark comes creeping, and I am buried in its overtopping folds. You need not close my eyes with your hands; without your service let the bark creep up and close my dying eyes!" In the same moment did she cease to speak and cease to be; and long did the new-made branches keep the warmth of the transformed body."

While Iole was telling this wonderful tale, and while Alcmena, herself also in tears, was drying with her sympathetic hand the tears of the daughter of Eurytus, a startling circumstance banished the grief of both. For there, in the deep doorway, stood a youth, almost a boy, with delicate down covering his cheeks, lolaiüs,¹ restored in features to his youthful prime. Hebe, Juno's daughter, won by her husband's² prayers, had given him this boon; and when she was on the point of swearing that to no one after him would she bestow such gifts, Themis checked her vow. "For," said she, "Thebes is even now embroiled in civil strife, Capaneus shall be invincible save by the hand of Jove himself; the two brothers³ shall die by mutual wounds; the prophet-king⁴ shall in the flesh behold his own spirits.

¹ The son of Iphicles, half-brother to Hercules.
² i.e. Hercules, to whom, after his translation to heaven, Hebe had been given in marriage.
³ Eteocles and Polynices
⁴ Amphiaræus.
vivus adhuc vates; ultusque parente parentem
natus erit facto pius et sceleratus eodem
attonitusque malis, exul mentisque domusque,
vultibus Eumenidum matrisque agitabitur umbris, 410
donec eum coniunx fatale poposcerit aurum,
cognatumque latus Phegeïus hauserit ensis.
tum demum magno petet hos Acheloia supplex
ab Iove Callirhoe natis infantibus annos,
neve necem sinat esse diu victoris inultam. 415
Iuppiter his motus privignae dona nurusque
praecipiet, facietque viros inpubibus annis."

Haec ubi faticano venturi praescia dixit
ore Themis, vario superi sermone fremebant,
et, cur non aliis eadem dare dona liceret,
murmur erat. queritur veteres Pallantias annos
coniugis esse sui, queritur canescere mitis
Iasiona Ceres, repetitum Mulciber aevum
poscit Erichthonio, Venerem quoque cura futuri
tangit, et Anchisae renovare paciscitur annos. 425
cui studeat, deus omnis habet; crescitque favore
turbida seditio, donec sua Iuppiter ora
solvit, et "o! nostri siqua est reverentia," dixit
"quo ruitis? tantumne aliiquis sibi posse videtur,
fata quoque ut superet? fatis Iolaus in annos, 430
quos egit, reidi. fatis iuvenescere debent
engulfed by the yawning earth; and his son\(^1\) shall avenge parent on parent,\(^2\) filial and accursed in the selfsame act; stunned by these evil doings, banished from reason and from home, he shall be hounded by the Furies and by his mother's ghost until his wife\(^3\) shall ask of him the fatal golden necklace and the sword of Phegeus shall have drained his kinsman's blood. And then at last shall Callirhoë, daughter of Acheloüs, by prayer obtain from mighty Jove that her infant sons may attain at once to manly years, that so their victorious father's death be not long avenged. Jove, thus prevailed upon, shall claim in advance for these the gifts of his stepdaughter\(^4\) and daughter-in-law,\(^5\) and shall in an act change beardless boys to men."

When Themis, who knew what was to come, thus spoke with prophetic lips, a confused murmur of varying demands arose among the gods, and they inquired why they were not allowed to grant the same boon to others. Pallantis\(^6\) lamented her husband's hoary age; mild Ceres bewailed Iasion's whitening locks; Mulciber demanded renewed life for Erichthonius, and Venus, too, with care for the future, stipulated that old Anchises' years should be restored. Each god had his own favourite; and the noisy, partisan strife kept on, until Jupiter opened his lips and spoke: "Oh, if you have any reverence for me, what are you coming to? Does anyone suppose that he can so far prevail as to alter Fate's decrees? 'Twas by the will of Fate that Iolaüs was restored to the years which he had passed, by Fate

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1 Alcmaeon. 2 Eriphyle. 3 Callirhoë. 4 Hebe. 5 Ibid. 6 Aurora. 7 Tithonus.
Callirhoe geniti, non ambitione nec armis.
vos etiam, quoque hoc animo meliore feratis,
me quoque fata regunt. quae si mutare valerem,
nec nostrum seri curvarent Aeacon anni, non
perpetuumque aevi florem Rhadamantius haberet
cum Minoe meo, qui propter amara senectae
pondunt despicitur, nec quo prius ordine regnat.”

Dicta Iovis movere deos; nec sustinet ullus,
cum videat fessos Rhadamanton et Aeacon annis
et Minoa, queri. qui, dum fuit integer aevi,
terruerat magnas ipso quoque nomine gentes;
tunc erat invalidus, Deionidenque iuventae
robore Miletum Phoeboque parente superbum
pertimuit, credensque suis insurgere regnis,
haut tamen est patriis arcere penatibus ausus.
sponte fugis, Miletæ, tua, celerique carina
Aegaeas metiris aquas, et in Aside terra
moenia constituis positoris habentia nomen.
hic tibi, dum sequitur patriae curvamina ripae,
filia Maeandri totiens redeuntis eodem
cognita Cyanee, praestanti corpora forma,
Byblida cum Cauno, prolem est enixa gemellam.

Byblis in exemplo est, ut ament concessa puellae,
Byblis Apollinei correpta cupidine fratris;
non soror ut fratrem, nec qua debebat, amabat.
illa quidem primo nulos intellegit ignes,
nec peccare putat, quod saepius oscula iungat,
quod sua fraterno circumdet bracchia collo;
34
also Callirhoë's sons are destined to leap to manhood from infancy, and not by any ambition or strife of theirs. You, too (I say this that you may be of better mind), and me also the Fates control. If I could change them, old age would not bend low my Aeacus; Rhadamanthus, too, would enjoy perpetual youth, together with my Minos, who, because of the galling weight of age, is now despised and no longer reigns in his former state."

Jove's words appeased the gods; nor could anyone complain when he saw Rhadamanthus, Aeacus, and Minos spent with years. Now Minos, while in his prime, had held great nations in fear of him by his very name; but at that time he was infirm with age and in fear of Miletus, son of Deione and Phoebus, proud of his youthful strength and parentage; and, though he believed that the youth was planning a rebellion against his kingdom, still he did not dare to banish him from his ancestral home. But of your own accord you fled, Miletus, and in your swift vessel crossed the Aegean sea and on the shores of Asia built a city which still bears its founder's name. There, while wandering along the banks of her father's winding stream, Cyanee, a nymph of unrivalled beauty, daughter of Maeander, who oft returns upon his former course, was known by you; and of this union Byblis and Caunus, twin progeny, were born.

Byblis is a warning that girls should not love unlawfully, Byblis, smitten with a passion for her brother, the grandson of Apollo. She loved him not as a brother, nor as a sister should. At first, indeed, she did not recognize the fires of love, nor think it wrong often to kiss him, often to throw her arms about her brother's neck, and she was long deceived
OVID

mendacique diu pietatis fallitur umbra. 460
paulatim declinat amor, visuraque fratre
ulta venit, nimiumque cupit formosa videri
et siqua est illic formosior, invidet illi.
sed nondum manifesta sibi est, nullumque sub illo
igne facit votum, verumtamen aestuat intus. 465
iam dominum appellat, iam nomina sanguinis odit,
Byblida iam mavult, quam se vocet ille sororem.

Spes tamen obscenas animo demittere non est
ausa suo vigilans; placida resoluta quiete
saepe videt quod amat: visa est quoque iungere
fratri

corpus et erubuit, quamvis sopita iacebat.
somnus abit; silet illa diu repetitque quietis
ipsa suae speciem dubiaque ita mente profatur:
"me miseram! tacitae quid vult sibi noctis imago?
quam nolim rata sit! cur haec ego somnia vidi? 475
ille quidem est oculis quamvis formosus iniquis
et placet, et possim, si non sit frater, amare,
et me dignus erat. verum nocet esse sororem.
dummodo tale nihil vigilans, committere temptem,
saepe licet simili redeat sub imagine somnus!

testis abest somno, nec obest imitata voluptas.
pro Venus et tenera volucer cum matre Cupido,
gaudia quanta tuli! quam me manifesta libido
contigit! ut iacui totis resoluta medullis!
ut meminisse iuvat! quamvis brevis illa voluptas 485
noxque fuit praeceps et coeptis invida nostris.

"O ego, si liceat mutato nomine iungi,
by the semblance of sisterly affection. But gradually this affection changed to love: carefully adorned she came to see her brother, too anxious to seem lovely in his sight; and if any other seemed more beautiful to him, she envied her. But not yet did she have a clear vision of herself, felt no desire, prayed for no joy of love; but yet the hidden fire burned on. Now she called him her lord, now hated the name of brother, and wished him to call her Byblis, rather than sister.

Still in her waking hours she does not let her mind dwell on impure desires; but when she is relaxed in peaceful slumber, she often has visions of her love: she sees herself clasped in her brother’s arms and blushes, though she lies sunk in sleep. When sleep has fled, she lies still for long and pictures again the visions of her slumber and at last, with wavering mind, she exclaims: “Oh, wretched girl that I am! What means this vision of the night? Oh, but I would not have it so! Why do I have such dreams? He is indeed beautiful, even to eyes that look unkindly on him, and is pleasing, and I could love him if he were not my brother; and he would be worthy of me; but it is my bane that I am his sister. If only when I am awake I make trial of no such thing, still may sleep often return with a dream like that! There’s no one to tell in sleep, and there is no harm in imagined joy. O Venus and winged Cupid with thy soft mother, how happy I was! How real my joy seemed! How my very heart melted within me as I lay! How sweet to remember it! And yet ’twas but a fleeting pleasure, and night was headlong and envious of the joys before me.

“Oh, if I could only change my name and be joined
quam bene, Caune, tuo poteram nurus esse parenti!
quam bene, Caune, meo poteras gener esse parenti!
omnia, di facerent, essent communia nobis,
praeter avos: tu me vellem generosior esses!
nescioquam facies igitur, pulcherrime, matrem;
at mihi, quae male sum, quos tu, sortita parentes,
nil nisi frater eris. quod obest, id habebimus unum.
quid mihi significant ergo mea visa? quod autem somnia pondus habent? an habent et somnia pondus?
di melius! di nempe suas habuere sorores.
sic Saturnus Opem iunctam sibi sanguine duxit,
Oceanus Tethyn, Iunonem rector Olympi.
sunt superis sua iura! quid ad caelestia ritus
exigere humanos diversaque foedera tempto?
aut nostro vetitus de corde fugabitur ardor,
aut hoc si nequeo, peream, precor, ante toroque
mortua componar, positaque det oscula frater.
et tamen arbitrium quae potest ista duorum!
linge placere mihi: scelus esse videbitur illi.
"At non Aeolidae thalamos timuere sororum!
unde sed hos novi? cur haec exempla paravi?
quo feror? obscenae procul hinc discedite flammeae
nec, nisi qua fas est germanae, frater ametur!
si tamen ipse meo captus prior esset amore,
forsitan illius possem indulgere furori.
ergo ego, quae fuerim non reiectura petentem,
ipsa petam! poterisne loqui? poterisne fateri?
coget amor, potero! vel, si pudor ora tenebit,
littera celatos arcana fatebitur ignes."
to you, how good a daughter, Caunus, I could be to your father, how good a son, Caunus, you could be to mine! we should have all things in common, if heaven allowed, except our grandparents. I should want you to be better born than I! You will be someone’s husband, I suppose, O most beautiful; but to me, who have unfortunately drawn the same parents as yourself, you will never be anything but brother: what is our bane, that alone we shall have in common. What then do my dreams mean for me!—But what weight have dreams? or have dreams really weight? The gods forbid!—But surely the gods have loved their sisters; so Saturn married Ops, blood-kin of his; Oceanus, Tethys; the ruler of Olympus, Juno. But the gods are a law unto themselves! Why should I try to measure human fashions by divine and far different customs? Either my passion will flee from my heart if I forbid its presence, or if I cannot do this, I pray that I may die before I yield, and be laid out dead upon my couch, and as I lie there may my brother kiss my lips. And yet that act requires the will of two! Supposing it please me, it will seem a crime to him.

"Yet the Aeolidae did not shun their sisters’ chambers! But whence do I know these? Why do I quote these examples? Whither am I tending? Get you far hence, immodest love, and let not my brother be loved at all, save in sisterly fashion! And yet if he himself had first been smitten with love for me, I might perchance smile upon his passion. Let me myself, then, woo him, since I should not have rejected his wooing! And can you speak? can you confess? Love will compel me: I can! or if shame holds my lips, a private letter shall confess my secret love."
Hoc placet, haec dubiam vicit sententia mentem. in latus erigitur cubitoque innixa sinistro "viderit: insanos" inquit "fateamur amores! ei mihi, quo labor? quem mens mea concipit ignem?" et meditata manu componit verba trementi. 521
dextra tenet ferrum, vacuum tenet altera ceram.
incipit et dubitat, scribit damnatque tabellas,
et notat et delet, mutat culpatque probatque
inque vicem sumptas ponit positasque resumit. 525
quid velit ignorat; quicquid factura videtur,
displicet. in vultu est audacia mixta pudori.
scripta "soror" fuerat; visum est delere sororem
verbaque correctis incidere talia ceris:
"quam, nisi tu dederis, non est habitura salutem, 530
hanc tibi mittit amans: pudet, a, pudet edere nomen,
et si quid cupiam quaeiris, sine nomine vellem
posset agi mea causa meo, nec cognita Byblis
ante forem, quam spes votorum certa fuisset.
"Esse quidem laesi poterat tibi pectoris index 535
et color et macies et vultus et umida saepe
lumina nec causa suspiria mota patenti
et crebri amplexus, et quae, si forte notasti,
oscula sentiri non esse sororia possent.
ipsa tamen, quamvis animo grave vulnus habebam,
quamvis intus erat furor igneus, omnia feci 541
(sunt mihi di testes), ut tandem sanior essem,
pugnavique diu violenta Cupidinis arma
effugere infelix, et plus, quam ferre puellam
posse putes, ego dura tuli. superata fateri 545
40
METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

This plan meets her approval; upon this her wavering mind decides. She half-way rises and, leaning upon her left elbow, says: “Let him see: let us confess our mad passion! Ah me! whither am I slipping? What hot love does my heart conceive?” And she proceeds to set down with a trembling hand the words she has thought out. In her right hand she holds her pen, in her left an empty waxen tablet. She begins, then hesitates and stops; writes on and hates what she has written; writes and erases; changes, condemns, approves; by turns she lays her tablets down and takes them up again. What she would do she knows not; on the point of action, she decides against it. Shame and bold resolution mingle in her face. She had begun with “sister”; but “sister” she decided to erase, and wrote these words on the amended wax: “A health to you, which, if you give it not to her, she will not have, one sends to you who loves you. Shamed, oh, she is ashamed to tell her name. And if you seek to know what I desire, I would that nameless I might plead my cause, and not be known as Byblis until my fond hopes were sure.

“You might have had knowledge of my wounded heart from my pale, drawn face, my eyes oft filled with tears, my sighs for no seeming cause, my frequent embraces and my kisses which you might have known, had you but marked them, were more than sisterly. Yet, though my heart was sore distressed, though full of hot passion, I have done everything (the gods are my witnesses) to bring myself to sanity. Long have I fought, unhappy that I am, to escape love’s cruel charge, and I have borne more than you would think a girl could bear. But I have been overborne and am forced to confess my
cogor, opemque tuam timidis exposcere votis. 
tu servare potes, tu perdere solus amantem: 
elige, utrum facias. non hoc inimica precatur, 
sed quae, cum tibi sit iunctissima, iunctior esse 
expetit et vinclo tecum propiore ligari. 
iura senes norint, et quid liceatque nefasque 
fasque sit, inquirant, legumque examina servent. 
conveniens Venus est annis temeraria nostris. 
quid liceat, nescimus adhuc, et cuncta licere 
credimus, et sequimur magnorum exempla deorum. 
nec nos aut durus pater aut reverentia famae 
aut timor impediet: tamen ut sit causa timendi, 
dulci fraterno sub nomine furta tegemus, 
est mihi libertas tecum secreta loquendi, 
et damus amplexus, et iungimus oscula coram. 
quantum est, quod desit? miserere fatentis amores, 
et non fassurae, nisi cogeret ultimus ardor, 
neve merere meo subscribi causa sepulchro.”

Talia nequiquam perarantem plena reliquit 
cera manum, summusque in margine versus adhaesit. 
protinus impressa signat sua crimina gemma, 
quam tinxit lacrimis (linguam defecerat umor): 
deque suis unum famulis pudibunda vocavit, 
et pavidum blandita “fer has, fidissimie, nostro”— 
dixit, et adiecit longo post tempore “fratri.”
cum daret, elapsae manibus cecidere tabellae. 
omine turbata est, misit tamen. apta minister
love, and with timid prayers to beg help of you. For you alone can save, you only can destroy your lover. Choose which you will do. It is no enemy who prays to you, but one who, though most closely joined to you, seeks to be more fully joined and to be bound by a still closer tie. Let old men know propriety and talk of what is fitting, what is right and wrong, and preserve the nice discrimination of the laws. But love is compliant and heedless for those of our age. What is allowed we have not yet discovered, and we believe all things allowed; and in this we do but follow the example of the gods. You and I have no harsh father, no care for reputation, no fear to hold us back. And yet even though there be cause for fear, beneath the sweet name of brother and sister we shall conceal our stolen love. I have full liberty to talk apart with you; we may embrace and kiss in open view of all. How much still is lacking? Pity her who confesses to you her love, but who would not confess if the utmost love did not compel her; and let it not be written on my sepulchre that for your sake I died.”

The tablet was full when she had traced these words doomed to disappointment, the last line coming to the very edge. Straightway she stamped the shameful letter with her seal which she moistened with her tears (for moisture failed her tongue). Then, blushing hotly, she called one of her attendants and with timorous and coaxing voice said: “Take these tablets, most faithful servant, to my—-”; and after a long silence added, “brother.” While she was giving them, the tablets slipped from her hands and fell. Though much perturbed by the omen, she still sent the letter. The servant, finding a fitting time, went to the brother and delivered to
tempora nactus adit traditque fatentia verba.
attonitus subita iuvenis Maeandrius ira
proicit acceptas lecta sibi parte tabellas,
vixque manus retinens trepidantis ab ore ministri,
“dum licet, o! vetitae scelerate libidoinis auctor,
effuge!” ait “qui, si nostrum tua fata pudorem
non traherent secum, poenas mihi morte dedisses.”
ille fugit pavidus, dominaeque ferocia Cauni
dicta refert. palles audita, Bybli, repulsa,
et pavet obsessum glaciali frigore corpus.
mens tamen ut rediit, pariter rediere furores,
linguaeque vix tales ieto dedit aëre voces:
“et merito! quid enim temeraria vulneris huius
indicum feci? quid, quae celanda fuerunt,
tam cito commisi properatis verba tabellis?
ante erat ambiguis animi sententia dictis
praetemptanda mihi. ne non sequeretur euntem,
parte aliqua veli, qualis forct aura, notare
debueram, tutoque mari decurrere, quae nunc
non exploratis inplevi linteæ ventis.
aufor in scopulos igitur, subversaque toto
obruor oceano, neque habent mea vela recursus.
“Quid quod et omnibus certis prohibebar amori
indulgere meo, tum cum mihi ferre iubenti
excidit et fecit spes nostras cera caducas?
nonne vel illa dies fuerat, vel tota voluntas,
ser potius mutanda dies? deus ipse monebat
signaque certa dabat, si non male saya fuissem.
et tamen ipsa loqui, nec me committere cerae
him the message of confession. The grandson of Maeander, in a passion of sudden rage, threw down the tablets which he had taken and read half through, and, scarcely restraining his hands from the trembling servant’s throat, he cried: “Flee while you may, you rascally promoter of a lawless love! But if your fate did not involve our own disgrace, you should have paid the penalty for this with death.” He fled in terror and reported to his mistress her brother’s savage answer. When, Byblis, you heard that your love had been repulsed, you grew pale, and your whole body trembled in the grip of an icy chill. But when your senses came back, your mad love came back with equal force; and then with choked and feeble utterance you spoke: “Deservedly I suffer! For why did I so rashly tell him of this wound of mine? Why was I in such a haste to commit to tablets what should have been concealed? I should first have tried his disposition towards me by obscure hints. That my voyage might have a favourable wind, I should first have tested with a close-reefed sail what the wind was, and so have fared in safety; but now with sails full spread I have encountered unexpected winds. And so my ship is on the rocks; with the full force of ocean am I overwhelmed, and have no power to turn back upon my course.

“Nay, by the clearest omens I was warned not to confess my love, at the time when the letter fell from my hand as I bade my servant bear it, and taught me that my hopes must fall as well. Should not that day or my whole purpose—say rather, should not the day have been postponed? God himself warned me and gave me clear signs had I not been mad with love. And yet I should have told him with my own lips, I should in person have confessed my
OVID

debueram. praesensque meos aperire furores.
vidisset lacrimas, vultum vidisset amantis;
plura loqui poteram, quam quae cepere tabellae.
invito potui circumdare bracchia collo,
et, si reicerer, potui moritura videri
amplectique pedes, adfusaque poscere vitam.
onnia fecissem, quorum si singula duram
flectere non poterant, potuissent omnia, mentem.
605
forsitan et missi sit quaedam culpa ministri:
non adiit apte, nec legit idonea, credo,
tempora, nec petiiit horamque animumque vacantem.
“Haec nociuere mihi. neque enim est de tigride natus
nec rigidas silices solidumve in pectore ferrum
aut adamanta gerit, nec lac bibit ille leaenae.
610
vincetur! repetendus erit, nec taedia coepti
ulla mei capiam, dum spiritus iste manebit.
non coepisse fuit: coepta expugnare secundum est.
quippe nec ille potest, ut iam mea voto reliquam,
non tamen ausorum semper memor esse meorum. 621
et, quia desierim, leviter voluisse videbor,
aut etiam temptasse illum insidiisque petisse,
vel certe non hoc, qui plurimus urget et urit
pectora nostra, deo, sed victa libidine credar;
625
denique iam nequeo nil commisisse nefandum.
et scripsi et petii: temerata est nostra voluntas;
ut nihil adiciam, non possum innoxia dici.
46
passion, and not have trusted my inmost heart to waxen tablets! He should have seen my tears, he should have seen his lover's face; I could have spoken more than any tablets could hold; I could have thrown my arms about his unwilling neck and, if I were rejected, I could have seemed at the point of death, could have embraced his feet and, lying prostrate there, have begged for life. I should have done all things, which together might have won his stubborn soul if one by one they could not. Perhaps the servant whom I sent made some mistake: did not approach him rightly; chose an unsuitable time, I suppose, nor sought an hour and mind that was free.

"All this has wrought against me. For he is no tigress' son; he has no heart of hard flint or solid iron or adamant; no lioness has suckled him. He shall be conquered! I must go to him again; nor shall I weary in my attempts while I have breath left in my body. For if it were not too late to undo what I have done, it was the best thing not to have begun at all; the second best is to win through with what I have begun. Though I should now abandon my suit, he cannot help remembering always how far I have already dared. And in that case, just because I did give up, I shall seem either to have been fickle in my desire, or else to have been trying to tempt him and catch him in a snare. Whichever of these he thinks of me, he certainly will not believe that I have been overcome by that god who more than all others rules and inflames our hearts, but actuated by lust alone. In short, I cannot now undo the wrong that I have done. I have both written and have wooed him and rash I was to do so. Though I do nothing more,
quod superest, multum est in vota, in crimina parvum."

dixit, et (incertae tanta est discordia mentis,) cum pigeat temptasse, libet temptare. modumque exit et infelix committit saepe repelli.
mox ubi finis abest, patriam fugit ille nefasque, inque peregrina postit nova moenia terra.

Tum vero maestam tota Miletida mente defecisse ferunt, tum vero a pectore vestem.
diripuit planxitque suos furibunda lacertos; iamque palam est demens, inconcessamque fatetur spem veneris, sine qua patriam invisosque penates deserit, et profugi sequitur vestigia frater.

utque tuo motae, proles Semeleïa, thyrso Ismariae celebrant repetita triennia bacchae, Byblida non aliter latos ululasse per agros Bubasides videre nurus. quibus illa relictis Caras et armiferos Lelegas Lyciamque pererrat. iam Cragon et Limyren Xanthique reliquerat undas, quoque Chimaera iugo mediis in partibus ignem, pectus et ora leae, caudam serpentis habebat. deficiunt silvae, cum tu lassata sequendo concidis, et dura positis tellure capillis,

Bybli, iaces, frondesque tuo premis ore caducas. saepe etiam nymphae teneris Lelegeïdes ulnis tollere conantur, saepe, ut medecatur amori, praepiunt, surdaeque adhibent solacia menti.
muta iacet, viridesque suis tenet unguibus herbas

Byblis, et unectat lacrimarum gramina rivus.

48
I cannot seem other than guilty in his sight. As for the rest, I have much to hope and naught to fear.” Thus does she argue; and (so great is her uncertainty of soul), while she is sorry that she tried at all, she wants to try again. The wretched girl tries every art within her power, but is repeatedly repulsed. At length, when there seemed to be no limit to her importunity, the youth fled from his native land and from this shameful wooing, and founded a new city

Then, they say, the wretched daughter of Miletus lost all control of reason; she tore her garments from her breast, and in mad passion beat her arms. Now before all the world she rages and publicly proclaims her hope of unlawful love, disappointed in which she forsakes her land and her hated home and follows her fleeing brother. And just as, crazed by thy thyrsus, O son of Semele, thy Ismarian worshippers throng thy triennial orgies, so the women of Bubassus beheld Byblis go shrieking through the broad fields. Leaving these behind, she wandered through the land of Caria, by the well-armed Leleges and the country of the Lycians. And now she had passed by Cragus and Limyre and Xanthus’ stream and the ridge where dwelt Chimaera, that fire-breathing monster with lion’s head and neck and serpent’s tail. Clear beyond the wooded ridge she went, and then at last, wearied with pursuing, you fell, O Byblis, and lay there with your hair streaming over the hard ground and your face buried in the fallen leaves. Often the Lelegeian nymphs try to lift her in their soft arms, often advise her how she may cure her love and offer comfort to her unheeding soul. Byblis lies without a word,

1 Caunus, in south-western Caria.
2 A town in Caria.
naidas his venam, quae numquam arescere posset, subposuisse ferunt. quid enim dare maius habebant?
protinus, ut secto piceae de cortice guttae, utve tenax gravida manat tellure bitumen;
utve sub adventu spirantis lene favoni sole remollescit quae frigore constitit unda;
sic lacrimis consumpta suis Phoebeīa Byblis vertitur in fontem, qui nunc quoque vallibus illis
nomen habet dominae, nigraque sub ilice manat. 665
Fama novi centum Creteas forsitan urbes
implessset monstri, si non miracula nuper
Iphide mutata Crete propiora tulisset.
proxima Gnosiacō nam quondam Phaestia regno
progennuit tellus ignotum nomine Ligdum,
ingenua de plebe virum, nec census in illo
nobilitate sua maior, sed vita fidesque
inculpata fuit. gravidae qui coniugis aures
vocibus his monuit, cum iam prope partus adesset.
"quae voveam, duo sunt: minimo ut relevere dolore,
utque marem parias. onerosior altera sors est, 676
et vires fortuna negat. quod abominor: ergo
edita forte tuo fuerit si femina partu,—
invitus mando; pietas, ignosce!— necetur."
dixerat, et lacrimis vultum lavere profusis,
tam qui mandabat, quam cui mandata dabantur.
sed tamen usque suum vanis Telethusa maritum
50
clutching the green herbs with her fingers, and watering the grass with her flowing tears. The naiads are said to have given her a vein of tears which could never dry; for what greater gift had they to bestow? Straightway, as drops of pitch drip forth from the gashed pine-bark; as sticky bitumen oozes from rich heavy earth; or as, at the approach of the soft breathing west-wind, the water which had stood frozen with the cold now melts beneath the sun; so Phoebean Byblis, consumed by her own tears, is changed into a fountain, which to this day in those valleys has the name of its mistress, and issues forth from under a dark ilex-tree.

The story of this unnatural passion would, perhaps, have been the talk of Crete’s hundred towns, if Crete had not lately had a wonder of its own in the changed form of Iphis. For there once lived in the Phaestian country, not far from the royal town of Gnosus, a man named Ligdus, otherwise unknown, of free-born but humble parentage; nor was his property any greater than his birth. But he was of blameless life and trustworthy. When now the time drew near when his wife should give birth to a child, he warned and instructed her with these words: “There are two things which I would ask of Heaven: that you may be delivered with the least possible pain, and that your child may be a boy. Girls are more trouble, and fortune has denied them strength. Therefore (and may Heaven save the mark!), if by chance your child should prove to be a girl (I hate to say it, and may I be pardoned for the impiety), let her be put to death.” He spoke, and their cheeks were bathed in tears, both his who ordered and hers to whom the command was given. Nevertheless, Telethusa ceaselessly implored her husband
OVID

sollicitat precibus, ne spem sibi ponat in arto.
certa sua est Ligdo sententia. iamque ferendo
vix erat illa gravem maturo pondere ventrem,
cum medio noctis spatio sub imagine somni
Inachis ante torum, pompa comitata sacrorum,
aut stetit aut visa est. inerant lunaria fronti
cornua cum spicis nitido flaventibus auro
et regale decus; cum qua latrator Anubis,
685 sanctaque Bubastis, variusque coloribus Apis,
qui premit vocem digitoque silentia suadet;
sistraque crant, numquamque satis quaesitus Osiris,
plenaque somniferis serpens peregrina venenis.
tum velut excussam somno et manifesta videntem
690 sic adfata dea est: "pars o Telethusa mearum,
pone graves curas, mandataque falle mariti.
nec dubita, cum te partu Lucina levarit,
tollere quicquid erit. dea sum auxiliaris opemque
695 exorata fero; nec te coluisse quereris
ingratum numen." monuit, thalamoque recessit.
laeta toro surgit, purasque ad sidera supplex
Cressa manus tollens, rata sint sua visa, precatur.

Ut dolor increvit, seque ipsum pondus in auras
expulit, et nata est ignaro femina patre,
700 iussit ali mater puerum mentita. fidemque
res habuit, neque erat ficti nisi conscia nutrix,
(though all in vain) not so to straiten her expectation; but Ligidus remained steadfast in his determination. And now the time was at hand when the child should be born, when at midnight, in a vision of her dreams, she saw or seemed to see the daughter\(^1\) of Inachus standing before her bed, accompanied by a solemn train of sacred beings. She had crescent horns upon her forehead, and a wheaten garland yellow with bright gold about her head, a sight of regal beauty. Near her were seen the dog Anubis, sacred Bubastis, dappled Apis, and the god\(^2\) who enjoins silence with his finger on his lips; there also were the sacred rattles, and Osiris, for whom none ever search enough, and the Egyptian serpent swelling with sleep-producing venom. She seemed to be thoroughly awake and to see all things about her clearly as the goddess spoke to her: "O Telethusa, one of my own worshippers, put away your grievous cares, and think not to obey your husband's orders. And do not hesitate, when Lucina has delivered you, to save your child, whatever it shall be. I am the goddess who bring help and succour to those who call upon me; nor shall you have cause to complain that you have worshipped a thankless deity." Having so admonished her, the goddess left the chamber. Then joyfully the Cretan woman arose from her bed, and, raising her innocent hands in suppliance to the stars, she prayed that her vision might come true.

When now her pains increased and the birth was accomplished, and the child proved to be a girl (though without the father's knowledge), the mother, with intent to deceive, bade them feed the boy. Circumstances favoured her deceit, for the nurse was

\(^1\) i.e. Io, worshipped as the goddess Isis. See I. 747.

\(^2\) Harpocrates.
OVID

**vota pater solvit, nomenque inponit avitum:**
Iphis avus fuerat. gavisa est nomine mater,
quod commune foret, nec quemquam falleret illo. 710
inde incepta pia mendacia fraude latebant.
cultus erat pueri; facies, quam sive puellae,
sive dares puero, fuerat formosus uterque.

Tertius interea decimo successerat annus:
cum pater, Iphi, tibi flavam despondet lanthen, 715
inter Phaestiadas quae laudatissima formae
dote fuit virgo, Dictaeo nata Teleste.
par aetas, par forma fuit, primasque magistris
accepte arces, elementa aetatis, ab isdem.
hinc amor ambarum tetigit rude pectus, et acqum
vulnus utrique dedit, sed erat fiducia dispar: 721
coniugium pactaeque exspectat tempora taedae,
quamque virum putat esse, virum fore credid lanthe;
Iphis amat, qua posse frui desperat, et auget
hoc ipsum flammam, ardetque in virgine virgo 725
vixque tenens lacrimas “quis me manet exitus,”
inquit
“cognita quam nulli, quam prodigiosa novaeque
cura tenet Veneris? si di mihi parcere vellent,
parcere debuerant; si non, et perdere vellent,
naturale malum saltem et de more dedissent. 730
nee vaccam vaccae, n ee equas amor urit equarum:
urit oves aries, sequitur sua femina cervum.
sic et aves cocunt, interque animalia cuncta
54
the only one who knew of the trick. The father paid his vows and named the child after its grandfather: the grandfather had been Iphis. The mother rejoiced in the name; for it was of common gender and she could use it without deceit. And so the trick, begun with pious fraud, remained undetected. The child was dressed like a boy, and its face would have been counted lovely whether you assigned it to a girl or boy.

Meanwhile thirteen years passed by; and then your father found you a bride, O Iphis, in golden-haired Ianthe, a girl the most praised among the Phaestian women for the rich dower of her beauty, the daughter of Cretan Telestes. The two were of equal age and equal loveliness, and from the same teachers had they received their first instruction in childish rudiments. Hence love came to both their hearts all unsuspected and filled them both with equal longing. But they did not both love with equal hope: Ianthe looked forward confidently to marriage and the fulfilment of her troth, and believed that she whom she thought to be a man would some day be her husband. Whereas Iphis loved without hope of her love's fulfilment, and for this very reason loved all the more—a girl madly in love with another girl. Scarcely holding back her tears, "Oh, what will be the end of me," she said, "whom a love possesses that no one ever heard of, a strange and monstrous love? If the gods wished to save me they should have saved me; if not, and they wished to ruin me, they should at least have given me some natural woe, within the bounds of experience. Cows do not love cows, nor mares, mares; but the ram desires the sheep, and his own doe follows the stag. So also birds mate, and in the whole animal world
femina femineo concepta cupidine nulla est. 
velligm nulla forem! ne non tamen omnia Crete 735 
monstra ferat, taurum dilexit filia Solis, 
femina nempe marem. meus est furiosior illo, 
si verum profitemur, amor. tamen illa secuta est 
spem Veneris; tamen illa dolis et imagine vaccae 
passa bovem est, et erat, qui deciperetur, adulter. 740 
huc licet ex toto sollertia confluat orbe, 
ipse licet revolet ceratis Daedalus alis, 
quid faciet? num me puerum de virgine doctis 
artibus efficiet? num te mutabit, Ianthe?

"Quin animum firmas, teque ipsa recolligis, Iphi, 745 
consilio et inopes et stultos excutis ignes? 
quid sis nata, vide, nisi te quoque decipis ipsa, 
et pete quod fas est, et ama quod femina debes! 
spes est, quae capiat, spes est, quae pascat amorem. 
hanc tibi res adimit. non te custodia caro 750 
arct ab amplexu, nec cauti cura mariti, 
non patris asperitas, non se negat ipsa roganti, 
nec tamen est potienda tibi, nec, ut omnia fiant, 
esse potes felix, ut dique hominesque laborent. 
nunc quoque votorum nulla est pars vana meorum, 
dique mihi faciles, quicquid valuer, dederunt; 756 
quodque ego, vult genitor, vult ipsa, socerque futurus. 
at non vult natura, potentior omnibus istis, 
quae mihi sola nocet. venit ecce optabile tempus, 
luxque iugalis adest, et iam mea siet Ianthe— 760 
nec mihi continget: mediis sitiemus in undis. 
56
there is no female smitten with love for female. I would I were no female! Nevertheless, that Crete might produce all monstrous things, the daughter\(^1\) of the Sun loved a bull—a female to be sure, and male; my passion is more mad than that, if the truth be told. Yet she had some hope of her love’s fulfilment; yet she enjoyed her bull by a trick and the disguise of the heifer, and it was the lover who was deceived. Though all the ingenuity in the world should be collected here, though Daedalus himself should fly back on waxen wings, what could he do? With all his learned arts could he make me into a boy from a girl? or could he change you, Ianthe?

"Nay, then, be strong of soul, take courage, Iphis, and banish from your heart this hopeless, foolish love. See what you were born, unless you yourself deceive yourself as well as others; seek what is lawful, and love as a woman ought to love! It is hope of fulfilment that begets love, and hope that keeps it alive. And of this hope the nature of things deprives you. No guardian keeps you from her dear embrace, no watchfulness of a jealous husband, no cruel father; nor does she herself deny your suit. And yet you cannot have her, nor can you be happy, though all things should favour you, though gods and men should work for you. And even now none of my prayers have been denied; the gods, compliant, have given me whatever was theirs to give; and what I wish my father wishes, she herself and her father all desire. But nature will not have it so, nature, more mighty than they all, who alone is working my distress. And lo, the longed-for time is come, my wedding-day is at hand, and soon Ianthe will be mine—and yet not mine. In the midst of water we

\(^1\) Pasiphaë.
OVID

pronuba quid Iuno, quid ad haec, Hymenae, venitis sacra, quibus qui ducat abest, ubi nubimus ambae?
pressit ab his vocem. nec lenius altera virgo aestuat, utque celer venias, Hymenae, precatur. 765 quod petit haec, Telethusa timens modo tempora
differt, nunc facto languore moram trahit, omnibus saepe visaque causatur. sediam consumpscrat omnem materiam ficti, dilataque tempora taedae institerant, unusque dies restabat. at illa 770 crinalem capiti vittam nataeque sibique detrahit, et passis aram complexa capillis:

"Isi, Paraetonium Mareoticaque arva Pharonque quae colis, et septem digestum in cornua Nilum: fer, precor," inquit "opem, nostroque medere timori! te, dea, te quondam tuaque haec insignia vidi 776 cunctaque cognovi, sonitum comitesque facesque... sistrorum, memorique animo tua iussa notavi.
quod videt haec lucem, quod non ego punior, ecce consilium munusque tuum est. miserere duarum, auxilioque iuva!" lacrimae sunt verba secutae. 781 visa dea est movisse suas, (et moverat,) aras, et templi tremuere fores, imitataque lunam cornua fulserunt, crepuitque sonabile sistrum.
non secura quidem, fausto tamen omine laeta 785 mater abit templo. sequitur comes Iphis euntem, quam solita est, maiore gradu, nec candor in ore permanet, et vires augentur, et acrior ipse est vultus, et incomptis brevior mensura capillis,
shall thirst. Why do you come, Juno, goddess of brides, and Hymen, to these wedding rites, where no man takes the woman for his bride, but where both are brides?" She broke off speech with these words. The other maiden burned with equal love, and prayed, Hymen, that you would make haste to come. And Telethusa, fearing what Ianthe sought, put off the time, now causing delay because of a pretended sickness, often giving for reason some ill-omened vision she had seen. But now she had exhausted every possible excuse, and the postponed wedding-day was close at hand, and but one more day remained. Then the mother took the encircling fillets from her own and her daughter's heads, and with flowing locks she prayed, clinging to the altar:

"O Isis, who dwellest in Paraetonium and the Mareotic fields and Pharos and the sevenfold waters of the Nile, help us, I pray, and heal our sore distress. Thee, goddess, thee and these thy symbols once I saw and recognized them all—the clashing sound, thy train, the torches, [the rattling] of the sistrum—and with retentive mind I noted thy commands. That this, my daughter still looks on the light, that I have not been punished, behold, is all of thy counsel and thy gift. Pity us two, and help us with thy aid!"

Tears followed on her words. The goddess seemed to move, nay, moved her altar, the doors of the temple shook, her moon-shaped horns shot forth gleams of light and the sistrum rattled noisily. Not yet quite free from care and yet rejoicing in the good omen, the mother left the temple; and Iphis walked beside her as she went, but with a longer stride than was her wont. Her face seemed of a darker hue, her strength seemed greater, her very features sharper, and her locks, all unadorned, were
OVID

plusque vigoris adest, habuit quam femina. nam quae

femina nuper eras, puer es! date munera templis,
nee timida gaudete fide! dant munera templis,
addunt et titulum: titulus breve carmen habebat:
doña • puer • solvit • quae • femina • voverat • iphis.
postera lux radiis latum patesecerat orbem, 795
cum Venus et Iuno sociosque Hymenaeus ad ignes
conveniunt, potiturque sua puer Iphis Ianthe.
shorter than before. She seemed more vigorous than was her girlish wont. In fact, you who but lately were a girl are now a boy! Go, make your offerings at the shrines; rejoice with gladness unafraid! They make their offerings at the shrines and add a votive tablet; the tablet had this brief inscription: THESE GIFTS AS MAN DID IPHIS PAY WHICH ONCE AS MAID HE VOWED. The morrow's sun had revealed the broad world with its rays, when Venus, Juno, and Hymen met at the marriage fires, and the boy Iphis gained his Ianthe.
LIBER X

INDE per inmensum croceo velatus amictu
aethera digreditur Ciconumque Hymenaeus ad oras
tendit et Orphea nequiquam voce vocatur.
adfuit ille quidem, sed nec sollemnia verba
nec laetos vultus nec felix attulit omen.

fax quoque, quam tenuit, lacrimoso stridula fumo
usque fuit nulloque invenit motibus ignes.
exitus auspicio gravior: nam nupta per herbas
dum nova naiadum turba comitata vagatur,
occidit in talum serpentis dente recepto.

quam satis ad superas postquam Rhodopeius auras
deflevit vates, ne non temptaret et umbras,
ad Styga Taenaria est ausus descendere porta
perque leves populos simulacraque functa seculero
Persephonem adiit inamoenaque regna tenentem
umbrarum dominum pulsisque ad carmina nervis
sic ait: "o positi sub terra numina mundi,
in quem reccidimus, quicquid mortale cremur,
si licet et falsi positis ambagibus oris
vera loqui sinitis, non huc, ut opaca viderem
Tartara, descendi, nec uti villosa colubris
terna Medusaei vincirem guttura monstri
BOOK X

Thence through the boundless air Hymen, clad in a saffron mantle, departed and took his way to the country of the Ciconians, and was summoned by the voice of Orpheus, though all in vain. He was present, it is true; but he brought neither the hallowed words, nor joyous faces, nor lucky omen. The torch also which he held kept sputtering and filled the eyes with smoke, nor would it catch fire for any brandishing. The outcome of the wedding was worse than the beginning; for while the bride was strolling through the grass with a group of naiads in attendance, she fell dead, smitten in the ankle by a serpent’s tooth. When the bard of Rhodope had mourned her to the full in the upper world, that he might try the shades as well he dared to go down to the Stygian world through the gate of Taenarus. And through the unsubstantial throngs and the ghosts who had received burial, he came to Persephone and him who rules those unlovely realms, lord of the shades. Then, singing to the music of his lyre, he said: “O ye divinities who rule the world which lies beneath the earth, to which we all fall back who are born mortal, if it is lawful and you permit me to lay aside all false and doubtful speech and tell the simple truth: I have not come down hither to see dark Tartarus, nor yet to bind the three necks of Medusa’s monstrous offspring, rough with serpents. The cause
causa viae est coniunx, in quam calcata venenum
vipera diffudit crescentesque abstulit annos.
possedati volui nec me temptasse negabo:
vcit Amor. supera deus hic bene notus in ora est;
an sit et hic, dubito: sed et hic tamen auguror esse,
famaque si veteris non est mentita rapinae,
vos quoque iunxit Amor. per ego haece loca plena
timoris,
per Chaos hoc ingens vastique silentia regni,
Eurydices, oro, properata retexite fata.
onnia debemur vos, paulumque morati
serius aut citius sedem properamus ad unam.
tendimus huc omnes, haec est domus ultima, vosque
humanii generis longissima regna tenetis.
haec quoque, cum iustos matura peregerit annos,
iuris erit vestri: pro munere poscimus usum;
quodsi fata negant veniam pro coniuge, certum est
nolle redire mihi: leto gaudete duorum.”

Talia dicentem nervosque ad verba moventem
exsangues flebant animae; nec Tantalus undam
captavit refugam, stupuitque Ixionis orbis,
nec carpsere iecur volucres, urnisque vacarunt
Belides, inque tuo sedisti, Sisyphe, saxo.
tunc primum lacrimis victarum carmine fama est
Eumenidum maduisse genas, nec regia coniunx
sustinet oranti nec, qui regit ima, negare,
Eurydicensque vocant: umbras erat illa recentes
inter et incessit passu de vulnere tardo.
hanc simul et legem Rhodopeius accipit Orpheus,
of my journey is my wife, into whose body a trodden serpent shot his poison and so snatched away her budding years. I have desired strength to endure, and I will not deny that I have tried to bear it. But Love has overcome me, a god well-known in the upper world, but whether here or not I do not know; and yet I surmise that he is known here as well, and if the story of that old-time ravishment is not false, you, too, were joined by Love. By these fearsome places, by this huge void and these vast and silent realms, I beg of you, unravel the fates of my Eurydice, too quickly run. We are in all things due to you, and though we tarry on earth a little while, slow or swift we speed to one abode. Hither we all make our way; this is our final home; yours is the longest sway over the human race. She also shall be yours to rule when of ripe age she shall have lived out her allotted years. I ask the enjoyment of her as a boon; but if the fates deny this privilege for my wife, I am resolved not to return. Rejoice in the death of two.”

As he spoke thus, accompanying his words with the music of his lyre, the bloodless spirits wept; Tantalus did not catch at the fleeing wave; Ixion’s wheel stopped in wonder; the vultures did not pluck at the liver; the Belides rested from their urns, and thou, O Sisyphus, didst sit upon thy stone. Then first, tradition says, conquered by the song, the cheeks of the Eumenides were wet with tears; nor could the queen nor he who rules the lower world refuse the suppliant. They called Eurydice. She was among the new shades and came with steps halting from her wound. Orpheus, the Thracian, then received his wife and with her this condition, that he

1 i.e. of Tityus.
OVID

ne flectat retro sua lumina, donec Avernas
exierit valles; aut inrita dona futura.
carpitur adclivis per muta silentia trames,
arduus, obscurus, caligine densus opaca,
nec procul asuerunt telluris margine summae:
hic, ne deficeret, metuens avidusque videndi
flexit amans oculos, et protinus illa relapsa est.
bracchiaque intendens prendique et prendere certans
nil nisi cedentes infelix arripit auras,
iamque iterum moriens non est de coniuge quicquam
questa suo (quid enim nisi se quereretur amatam?)
supremumque "vale," quod iam vix auribus ille
acciperet, dixit revolutaque rursus eodem est.

Non aliter stupuit gemina nece coniugis Orpheus,
quam tria qui timidus, medio portante catenas,
colla canis vidit, quem non pavor ante reliquit,
quam natura prior saxo per corpus oborto,
quiue in se crimen traxit voluitque videri
Olenos esse nocens, tuque, o confisa figureae
infelix Lethae tuae, iunctissima quondam
pectora, nunc lapides, quos umida sustinet Ide.
orantem frustraque iterum transire volentem
portitor arcuerat: septicem tamen ille diebus
squalidus in ripa Cereris sine munere sedit;
cura dolorque animi lacrimaeque alimenta fuere.
should not turn his eyes backward until he had gone forth from the valley of Avernus, or else the gift would be in vain. They took the up-sloping path through places of utter silence, a steep path, indistinct and clouded in pitchy darkness. And now they were nearing the margin of the upper earth, when he, afraid that she might fail him, eager for sight of her, turned back his longing eyes; and instantly she slipped into the depths. He stretched out his arms, eager to catch her or to feel her clasp; but, unhappy one, he clasped nothing but the yielding air. And now, dying a second time, she made no complaint against her husband; for of what could she complain save that she was beloved? She spake one last “farewell” which scarcely reached her husband’s ears, and fell back again to the place whence she had come.

By his wife’s double death Orpheus was stunned, like that frightened creature who saw the three-headed dog with chains on his middle neck, whose numbing terror left him only when his former nature left, and the petrifying power crept through his body; or like that Olenos, who took sin upon himself and was willing to seem guilty; and like you, luckless Lethaea, too boastful of your beauty, once two hearts joined in close embrace, but now two stones which well-watered Ida holds. Orpheus prayed and wished in vain to cross the Styx a second time, but the keeper drove him back. Seven days he sat there on the bank in filthy rags and with no taste of food. Care, anguish of soul, and tears were his nourishment. Complaining that the gods of

1 A man, unknown, who is said to have turned to stone at sight of Cerberus led in chains by Hercules.
2 See Index.
3 See Index.
esse deos Erebi crudeles questus, in altam
se recipit Rhodopen pulsumque aquilonibus Haemum.

Tertius aequoreis inclusum Piscibus annum
finierat Titan, omnemque refugerat Orpheus
femineam Venerem, seu quod male cesserat illi, 80
sive fidem dederat; multas tamen ardor habebat
iungere se vati, multae doluere repulsae
ille etiam Thracum populis fuit auctor amorem
in teneros transferre nares citraque iuventam
aetatis breve ver et primos carpere flores.

Collis erat collemque super planissima campi
area, quam viridem faciebant graminis herbae:
umbra loco deerat; qua postquam parte resedit
dis genitus vates et fila sonantia movit,
umbra loco venit: non Chaonis afsit arbor,
non nemus Heliadum, non frondibus aesculus altis,
nec tiliae molles, nec fagus et innuba laurus,
et coryli fragiles et fraxinus utilis hastis
enodisque abies curvataque glandibus ilex
et platanus genialis acerque coloribus inpar
amnicolaeque simul salices et aquatica lotos
perpetuoque virens buxum tennesque myricae
et bicolor myrtus et bacis caerula tinus
vos quoque, flexipes hederae, venistis et una
pampineae vites et amictae vitibus ulmi
ornique et piceae pomoque onerata rubenti
arbutus et lentae, victoris praemia, palmae
et succincta comas hirsutaque vertice pinus,
grata deum matri, siquidem Cybeleius Attis
exuit hac hominem truncoque induruit illo.

Adfuit huic turbae metas imitata cupressus,
Erebus were cruel, he betook himself to high Rhodope and wind-swept Haemus.

Three times had the sun finished the year and come to watery Pisces; and Orpheus had shunned all love of womankind, whether because it had gone so ill with him, or because he had so given his troth. Still, many women felt a passion for the bard; many grieved for their love repulsed. He set the example for the peoples of Thrace of giving his love to tender boys, and enjoying the springtime and first flower of their youth.

A hill there was, and on the hill a wide-extending plain, green with luxuriant grass; but the place was devoid of shade. When here the heaven-descended bard sat down and smote his sounding lyre, shade came to the place. There came the Chaonian oak, the grove of the Heliades, the oak with its deep foliage, the soft linden, the beech, the virgin laurel-tree, the brittle hazel, the ash, suitable for spear-shafts, the smooth silver-fir, the ilex-tree bending with acorns, the pleasant plane, the many-coloured maple, river-haunting willows, the lotus, lover of the pools, the evergreen boxwood, the slender tamarisk, the double-hued myrtle, the viburnum with its dark-blue berries. You also, pliant-footed ivy, came, and along with you tendrilled grapes, and the elm-trees, draped with vines; the mountain-ash, the forest-pines, the arbute-tree, loaded with ruddy fruit, the pliant palm, the prize of victory, the bare-trunked pine with broad, leafy top, pleasing to the mother of the gods, since Attis, dear to Cybele, exchanged for this his human form and stiffened in its trunk.

Amidst this throng came the cone-shaped cypress,

1 The poplar-trees.
OVID

nunc arbor, puer ante deo dilectus ab illo,
qui citharam nervis et nervis temperat arcum.
namque sacer nymphis Carthaea tenentibus arva
ingens cervus erat, lateque patentibus altas
ipse suo capiti praebebat cornibus umbras.
cornua fulgebant auro, demissaque in armos
pendebant tereti gemmata monilia collo.
bulla super frontem parvis argentea loris
vincta movebatur parilique aetate: nitebant
auribus e geminis circum cava tempora baceae;
isque metu vacuus naturalique pavore
deposito celebrare domos mulcendaque colla
quamlibet ignotis manibus praebere solebat.
sed tamen ante alios, Ceae pulcherrime gentis,
gratus erat, Cyparisse, tibi: tu pabula cervum
ad nova, tu liquidi ducebas fontis ad undam,
tu modo texebas varios per cornua flores,
nunc eques in tergo residens huc laetus et illuc
mollia purpureis frenabas ora capistris.

Aestus erat mediusque dies, solisque vapore
concava litorei fervebant bracchia Cancri:
fessus in herbosa posuit sua corpora terra
cervus et arborea frigus ducebat ab umbra.
hunc puer inprudens iaculo Cyparissus acuto
fixit et, ut saevo morientem vulnere vidit,
velle mori statuit. quae non solacia Phoebus
dixit! ut hunc, leviter pro materiaque doleret,
admonuit! gemit ille tamen munusque supremum
hoc petit a superis, ut tempore lugeat omni.
iamque per inmensos egesto sanguine fletus
in viridem verti coeperunt membra colorem,
now a tree, but once a boy, beloved by that god who strings the lyre and strings the bow. For there was a mighty stag, sacred to the nymphs who haunt the Carthaean plains, whose wide-spreading antlers gave ample shade to his own head. His antlers gleamed with gold, and down on his shoulders hung a gem-mounted collar set on his rounded neck. Upon his forehead a silver boss bound with small thongs was worn, and worn there from his birth. Pendent from both his ears, about his hollow temples, were gleaming pearls. He, quite devoid of fear and with none of his natural shyness, frequented men's homes and let even strangers stroke his neck. But more than to all the rest, O Cyparissus, loveliest of the Cean race, was he dear to you. 'Twas you who led the stag to fresh pasturage and to the waters of the clear spring. Now would you weave bright garlands for his horns; now, sitting like a horseman on his back, now here, now there, would gleefully guide his soft mouth with purple reins.

'Twas high noon on a summer's day, when the spreading claws of the shore-loving Crab were burning with the sun's hot rays. Weary, the stag had lain down upon the grassy earth and was drinking in the coolness of the forest shade. Him, all unwittingly, the boy, Cyparissus, pierced with a sharp javelin, and when he saw him dying of the cruel wound, he resolved on death himself. What did not Phoebus say to comfort him! How he warned him to grieve in moderation and consistently with the occasion! The lad only groaned and begged this as the boon he most desired from heaven, that he might mourn for ever. And now, as his life forces were exhausted by endless weeping, his limbs began to change to a green colour, and his locks, which but

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et, modo qui nivea pendebant fronte capilli, 
horrida caesaries ficii sumptoque rigore 
sidereum gracili spectare cacumine caelum. 
ingemuit tristisque deus "lugebere nobis 
lugebisque alios aderisque dolentibus" inquit.

Tale nemus vates attraxerat inque ferarum concilio medius turba voluerunque sedebat.

ut satis impulsas temptavit pollicee chordas 
et sensit varios, quamvis diversa sonarent, 
concordare modos, hoc vocem carmine movit:
“ab Iove, Musa parens, (cedunt Iovis omnia 
regno,) 
carmina nostra move! Iovis est mihi saepe potestas dicta prius: cecini plectro graviore Gigantas 
sparsaque Phlegraeis victricia fulmina campis. 
nunc opus est leviore lyra, puerosque canamus 
dilectos superis inconcessisque puellas 
ignibus attonitas meruisse libidine poenam.

“Rex superum Phrygii quondam Ganymedis amore arsit, et inventum est aliquid, quod Iuppiter esse, 
quam quod erat, mallet. nulla tamen alite verti 
dignatur, nisi quae posset sua fulmina ferre.
nec mora, percusso mendacibus aerre pennis 
abripit Iliaden; qui nunc quoque pocula miscet 
invitaque Iovi nectar Iunone ministrat.

“Te quoque, Amyclide, posuisset in aethere Phoebus, 
tristia si spatium ponendi fata dedissent.
qua licet, acternus tamen es, quotiensque repellit 
ver hiemem, Piscique Aries succedit aquoso, 

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now overhung his snowy brow, were turned to a bristling crest, and he became a stiff tree with slender top looking to the starry heavens. The god groaned and, full of sadness, said: "You shall be mourned by me, shall mourn for others, and your place shall always be where others grieve."

Such was the grove the bard had drawn, and he sat, the central figure in an assembly of wild beasts and birds. And when he had tried the chords by touching them with his thumb, and his ears told him that the notes were in harmony although they were of different pitch, he raised his voice in this song: "From Jove, O Muse, my mother—for all things yield to the sway of Jove—inspire my song! Oft have I sung the power of Jove before; I have sung the giants in a heavier strain, and the victorious bolts hurled on the Phlegraean plains. But now I need the gentler touch, for I would sing of boys beloved by gods, and maidens inflamed by unnatural love and paying the penalty of their lust.

"The king of the gods once burned with love for Phrygian Ganymede, and something was found which Jove would rather be than what he was. Still he did not deign to take the form of any bird save only that which could bear his thunderbolts. Without delay he cleft the air on his lying wings and stole away the Trojan boy, who even now, though against the will of Juno, mingles the nectar and attends the cups of Jove.

"You also, youth of Amyclae, Phoebus would have set in the sky, if grim fate had given him time to set you there. Still in what fashion you may you are immortal: as often as spring drives winter out and the Ram succeeds the watery Fish, so often

1 Hyacinthus.
tu totiens oreris viridique in caespite flores. 
te meus ante omnes genitor dilexit, et orbe 
in medio positi caruerunt praeside Delphi, 
dum deus Eurotan immunitamque frequentat 
Sparten, nec citharae nec sunt in honore sagittae: 
inmemor ipse sui non retia ferre recusat, 171 
non tenuisse canes, non per iuga montis in'qui 
ire comes, longaque alit adsuetudine flamas. 
iamque fere medius Titan venientis et actae 
oeitis erat spatioque pari distabat utrimque, 175 
corpora veste levant et suco pinguis olivi 
splendescunt latique ineunt certamina disci, 
quam prius aerias libratum Phoebus in auras 
misit et oppositas disiecit pondere nubes; 
reccidit in solitam longo post tempore terram 180 
pondus et exhibuit iunctam cum viribus artem. 
protinus inprudens actusque cupidine lusus 
tollere Taenarides orbem properabat, at illum 
dura repercussum subiecit in aera tellus 
in vultus, Hyacinthe, tuos. expalluit aeque 185 
quam puer ipse deus conlapsosque excipit artus, 
et modo te refovet, modo tristia vulnera siceat, 
nune animam admotis fugientem sustinet herbis. 
nil prosunt artes: erat inmedicabile vulnus. 
ut, siquis violas rigidumve papaver in horto 190 
liliaque infringat fulvis horrentia linguis, 
mareida demittant subito caput illa vietum 
nec se sustineant spectentque cacumine terram:
do you come up and blossom on the green turf. Above all others did my father love you, and Delphi, set at the very centre of the earth, lacked its presiding deity while the god was haunting Eurotas' stream and Sparta,¹ the unwalled. No more has he thought for zither or for bow. Entirely heedless of his usual pursuits, he refuses not to bear the nets, nor hold the dogs in leash, nor go as comrade along the rough mountain ridges. And so with long association he feeds his passion's flame. And now Titan was about midway 'twixt the coming and the banished night, standing at equal distance from both extremes; they strip themselves and, gleaming with rich olive oil, they try a contest with the broad discus. This, well poised, Phoebus sent flying through the air and cleft the opposite clouds with the heavy iron. Back to the wonted earth after long time it fell, revealing the hurler's skill and strength combined. Straightway the Taenarian² youth, heedless of danger and moved by eagerness for the game, ran out to take up the discus. But it bounded back into the air from the hard earth beneath full in your face, O Hyacinthus. The god grows deadly pale even as the boy, and catches up the huddled form; now he seeks to warm you again, now tries to staunch your dreadful wound, now strives to stay your parting soul with healing herbs. But his arts are of no avail; the wound is past all cure. Just as when in a garden, if someone should break off violets or stiff poppies or lilies, bristling with yellow stamens, fainting they suddenly droop their withered heads and can no longer stand erect, but gaze, with tops bowed low, upon the earth: so the

¹ The home of Hyacinthus.
² Poetic for Laconian, or Spartan.
OVID

sie vultus moriens iacet et defecta vigore
cmpsa sibi est oneri cervix umeroque recumbit.

'laberis, Oeabalide, prima fraudate iuventa,'
Phoebus ait 'videoque tuum, mea crimina, vulnus.

tu dolor es facinusque mcum : mea dextera leto
inscribenda tuo est. ego sum tibi funeris auctor.
quae mea culpa tamen, nisi si lusisse vocari
culpa potest, nisi culpa potest et amasse vocari?
atque utinam merito vitam tecumve liceret
reddere ! quod quoniam fatali lege tenemur,
semper eris mecum memorique haerebis in ore.
te lyra pulsa manu, te carmina nostra sonabunt,
flosque novus scripto gemitus imitabere nostros.
tempus et illud erit, quo se fortissimus heros
addat in hunc florem folioque legatur eodem.'
talia dum vero memorantur Apollinis ore,
ecce cruor, qui fusus humo signaverat herbas,
desinit esse cruor, Tyrioque nitentior ostro
flos oritur formanique capit, quam lilia, si non
purpureus color his, argenteus esset in illis.
non satis hoc Phoebo est (is enim fuit auctor honoris):
iipse suos gemitus foliis inscribit, et AI AI
flos habet inscriptum, funestaque littera ducta est.
nec genuisse pudet Sparten Hyacinthon : honorque
durat in hoc aevi, celebrandaque more priorum
annua praelata redeunt Hyacinthia pompa.

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dying face lies prone, the neck, its strength all gone, cannot sustain its own weight and falls back upon the shoulders. 'Thou art fallen, defrauded of thy youth's prime, Oebalides,'¹ says Phoebus, 'and in thy wound do I see my guilt; thou art my cause of grief and self-reproach; my hand must be proclaimed the cause of thy destruction. I am the author of thy death. And yet, what is my fault, unless my playing with thee can be called a fault, unless my loving thee can be called a fault? And oh, that I might give up my life for thee, so well-deserving, or give it up with thee! But since we are held from this by the laws of fate, thou shalt be always with me, and shalt stay on my mindful lips. Thee shall my lyre, struck by my hand, thee shall my songs proclaim. And as a new flower, by thy markings shalt thou imitate my groans. Also the time will come when a most valiant hero² shall be linked with this flower, and by the same markings shall he be known.' While Apollo thus spoke with truth-telling lips, behold, the blood, which had poured out on the ground and stained the grass, ceased to be blood, and in its place there sprang a flower brighter than Tyrian dye. It took the form of the lily, save that the one was of purple hue, while the other was silvery white. Phoebus, not satisfied with this—for 'twas he who wrought the honouring miracle—himself inscribed his grieving words upon the leaves, and the flower bore the marks, Al Al, letters of lamentation, drawn thereon. Sparta, too, was proud that Hyacinthus was her son, and even to this day his honour still endures; and still, as the anniversary returns, as did their sires, they celebrate the Hyacinthia in solemn festival.

¹ Descendant of Oebalus, Spartan.
² Ajax.
OVID

"At si forte roges fecundam Amathunta metallis, an genuisse velit Propoetidas, abnuat aeque atque illos, gemino quondam quibus aspera cornu frons erat, unde etiam nomen traxere Cerastae. ante fores horum stabat Iovis Hospitis ara; ignarus sceleris quaquiquis sanguine tinctam advena vidisset, mactatos crederet illie lactantes vitulos Amathusiacasque bidentes: hospes erat caeus! sacris offensa nefandis ipsa suas urbes Ophiusiaque arva parabat deserere alma Venus. 'sed quid loca grata, quid urbes peccavere meae quod' dixit 'crimen in illis? exilio poenam potius gens inpia pendat vel nece vel siquid medium est mortisque fugaeque. idque quid esse potest, nisi versae poena figurae? dum dubitat, quo mutet eos, ad cornua vultum flexit et admonita est haec illis posse relinqui grandiaque in torvos transformat membra invencos. "Sunt tamen obscenae Venerem Propoetides ansae esse negare deam; pro quo sua numinis ira corpora cum fama primae vulgasse feruntur, utque pudor cessit, sanguisque induruit oris, in rigidum parvo silicem discrimine versae. "Quas quia Pygmalion aevum per crimen agentis viderat, offensus vitiis, quae plurima menti femineae natura dedit, sine coniuge caelebs vivebat thalamique diu consorte carebat.

1 The text is corrupt. Of the many MS. readings and conjectures this of N. Madvig seems best. Ehwald reads in lugubris celeri.
"But if you should chance to ask Amathus, rich in veins of ore, if she is proud of her Propoetides, she would repudiate both them and those whose foreheads once were deformed by two horns, whence also they took their name, Cerastae. Before their gates there used to stand an altar sacred to Jove, the god of hospitality; if any stranger, ignorant of the crime, had seen this altar all smeared with blood, he would suppose that suckling calves or two-year-old sheep of Amathus had been sacrificed thereon. 'Twas the blood of slaughtered guests! Outraged by these impious sacrifices, fostering Venus was preparing to desert her cities and her Ophiusian plains; 'but,' she said, 'wherein have these pleasant regions, wherein have my cities sinned? What crime is there in them? Rather let this impious race pay the penalty by exile or by death, or by some punishment midway betwixt death and exile. And what other can that be than the penalty of a changed form?' While she hesitates to what she shall change them, her eyes fall upon their horns, and she reminds herself that these can still be left to them. And so she changes their big bodies into savage bulls.

"But the foul Propoetides dared to deny the divinity of Venus. In consequence of this, through the wrath of the goddess they are said to have been the first to prostitute their bodies and their fame; and as their shame vanished and the blood of their faces hardened,\(^1\) they were turned with but small change to hard stones.

"Pygmalion had seen these women spending their lives in shame, and, disgusted with the faults which in such full measure nature had given the female

\(^1\) i.e. they lost the power to blush.
interea niveum mira feliciter arte
sculpsit ebur formamque dedit, qua femina nasci
nulla potest, operisque sui concepit amorem.
virginis est verae facies, quam vivere credas,
et, si non obstet reverentia, velle moveri:
ars adeo latet arte sua. miratur et haurit
pectore Pygmalion simulati corporis ignes.
saepe manus operi temptantes admovet, an sit
corpus an illud ebur, nec adhuc ebur esse fatetur.
oscula dat reddique putat loquiturque tenetque
et credit tactis digitos insidere membris
et metuit, pressos veniat ne livor in artus,
et modo blanditias adhibet, modo grata puellis
munera fert illi conchas teretesque lapillos
et parvas volucres et flores mille colorum
liliaque pictasque pilas et ab arbore lapsas
Heliadum lacrinas; ornat quoque vestibus artus,
dat digitis gemmas, dat longa monilia collo,
aure leves baceae, redimicula pectore pendent:
cuncta decent; nec nuda minus formosa videtur.
conlocat hanc stratis concha Sidonide tinctis
dapellatque tori sociam adelinataque colla
mollibus in plumis, tamquam sensura, reponit.

"Festa dies Veneris tota celeberrima Cypro
venerat, et pandis inductae cornibus aurum
considerant ictae nivea cervice iuvencae,
turaque fumabant, cum munere functus ad aras"
mind, he lived unmarried and long was without a partner of his couch. Meanwhile, with wondrous art he successfully carves a figure out of snowy ivory, giving it a beauty more perfect than that of any woman ever born. And with his own work he falls in love. The face is that of a real maiden, whom you would think living and desirous of being moved, if modesty did not prevent. So does his art conceal his art. Pygmalion looks in admiration and is inflamed with love for this semblance of a form. Often he lifts his hands to the work to try whether it be flesh or ivory; nor does he yet confess it to be ivory. He kisses it and thinks his kisses are returned. He speaks to it, grasps it and seems to feel his fingers sink into the limbs when he touches them; and then he fears lest he leave marks of bruises on them. Now he addresses it with fond words of love, now brings it gifts pleasing to girls, shells and smooth pebbles, little birds and many-hued flowers, and lilies and coloured balls, with tears of the Heliadethat drop down from the trees. He drapes its limbs also with robes, puts gemmed rings upon its fingers and a long necklace around its neck; pearls hang from the ears and chains adorn the breast. All these are beautiful; but no less beautiful is the statue undecorated. He lays it on a bed spread with coverlets of Tyrian hue, calls it the consort of his couch, and rests its reclining head upon soft, downy pillows, as if it could enjoy them.

"And now the festal day of Venus had come, which all Cyprus thronged to celebrate; heifers with spreading horns covered with gold had fallen 'neath the death-stroke on their snowy necks, and the altars smoked with incense. Pygmalion, having

1 i.e. amber.

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constitit et timide 'si di dare cuncta potestis, sit coniunx, opto,' non ausus 'eburnea virgo' dicere, Pygmalion 'similis mea' dixit 'eburnae.' sensit, ut ipsa suis aderat Venus aurea festis, vota quid illa velint et, amici numinis omen, flamma ter accensa est apicemque per aera duxit. ut rediit, simulacra suae petit ille puellae incumbensque toro dedit oscula: visa tepere est; admovet os iterum, manibus quoque pectora temptat: temptatum mollescit ebur positoque rigore subsidit digitis ceditque, ut Hymettia sole cera remollescit tractataque pollice multas flectitur in facies ipsoque fit utilis usu. dum stupet et dubie gaudet fallique veretur, rursus amans rursusque manu sua vota retractat. corpus erat! saliunt temptatae pollice venae. tum vero Paphius plenissima concipit heros verba, quibus Veneri grates agat, oraque tandem ore suo non falsa premit, dataque oscula virgo sensit et erubuit timidumque ad lumina lumen attollens pariter cum caelo vidit amantem. coniugio, quod fecit, adest dea, iamque coactis cornibus in plenum noviens lunaribus orbem illa Paphon genuit, de qua tenet insula nomen.

"Editus hac ille est, qui si sine prole fuisset, inter felices Cinyras potuisset haberì. dira canam; procul hinc natae, procul est parentes, aut, mea si vestras mulcebunt carmina mentes, desit in hac mihi parte fides, nec eredite factum,

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brought his gift to the altar, stood and faltering prayed: 'If ye, O gods, can give all things, I pray to have as wife—' he did not dare add 'my ivory maid,' but said, 'one like my ivory maid.' But golden Venus (for she herself was present at her feast) knew what that prayer meant; and, as an omen of her favouring deity, thrice did the flame burn brightly and leap high in air. When he returned he sought the image of his maid, and bending over the couch he kissed her. She seemed warm to his touch. Again he kissed her, and with his hands also he touched her breast. The ivory grew soft to his touch and, its hardness vanishing, gave and yielded beneath his fingers, as Hymettian wax grows soft under the sun and, moulded by the thumb, is easily shaped to many forms and becomes usable through use itself. The lover stands amazed, rejoices still in doubt, fears he is mistaken, and tries his hopes again and yet again with his hand. Yes, it was real flesh! The veins were pulsing beneath his testing finger. Then did the Paphian hero pour out copious thanks to Venus, and again pressed with his lips real lips at last. The maiden felt the kisses, blushed and, lifting her timid eyes up to the light, she saw the sky and her lover at the same time. The goddess graced with her presence the marriage she had made; and ere the ninth moon had brought her crescent to the full, a daughter was born to them, Paphos, from whom the island takes its name.

"Cinyras was her son and, had he been without offspring, might have been counted fortunate. A horrible tale I have to tell. Far hence be daughters, far hence, fathers; or, if your minds find pleasure in my songs, do not give credence to this story, and believe that it never happened; or, if you do believe
vel, si credetis, facti quoque credite poenam. 305
si tamen admissum sinit hoc natura videri,
vel, si credetis, facti quoque credite poenam.
si tamen admissum sinit hoc natura videri,
vel, si credetis, facti quoque credite poenam.

gentibus Ismariis et nostro gratulor orbi,
gratulor huic terrae, quod abest regionibus illis,

gentibus Ismariis et nostro gratulor orbi,
gratulor huic terrae, quod abest regionibus illis,

quae tantum genuere nefas: sit dives amomo
quae tantum genuere nefas: sit dives amomo
cinnamaque costumque suum sudataque ligno
cinnamaque costumque suum sudataque ligno
tura ferat floresque alios Panchaia tellus,
tura ferat floresque alios Panchaia tellus,
dum ferat et murram: tanti nova non fuit arbor. 310
dum ferat et murram: tanti nova non fuit arbor.
ipse negat nociisse tibi sua tela Cupido,
ipse negat nociisse tibi sua tela Cupido,
Myrrha, facesque suas a crimine vindicat isto;
Myrrha, facesque suas a crimine vindicat isto;
stipite te Stygio tumidisque adflavit echiudnis
stipite te Stygio tumidisque adflavit echiudnis
e tribus una soror: scelus est odiisse parentem,
e tribus una soror: scelus est odiisse parentem,
hic amor est odio maius scelus.—undique lecti 315
tecupiunt procurers, totoque Oriente iuventa
tecupiunt procurers, totoque Oriente iuventa
ad thalami certamen adest: ex omnibus unum
ad thalami certamen adest: ex omnibus unum
elige, Myrrha, virum, dum ne sit in omnibus unus.
elige, Myrrha, virum, dum ne sit in omnibus unus.
illa quidem sentit foedoque repugnat amor
illa quidem sentit foedoque repugnat amor
et secum ‘quo mente feror? quid molior?’ inquit
et secum ‘quo mente feror? quid molior?’ inquit
‘di, precor, et pietas sacrataque iura parentum, 321
‘di, precor, et pietas sacrataque iura parentum,
hoc prohibete nefas scelerique resistite nostro,
hoc prohibete nefas scelerique resistite nostro,
si tamen hoc scelus est. sed enim damnare negatur
si tamen hoc scelus est. sed enim damnare negatur
hanc Venerem pietas: coeunt animalia nullo
hanc Venerem pietas: coeunt animalia nullo
cetera dilectu, nec habetur turpe iuvencae 325
cetera dilectu, nec habetur turpe iuvencae
ferre patrem tergo, fit equo sua filia coniunx,
ferre patrem tergo, fit equo sua filia coniunx,
quasque creavit init pecudes caper, ipsaque, eius
quasque creavit init pecudes caper, ipsaque, eius
semine concepta est, ex illo concepit ales.
semine concepta est, ex illo concepit ales.
felices, quibus ista licent! humana malignas
felices, quibus ista licent! humana malignas
cura dedit leges, et quod natura remittit, 330
cura dedit leges, et quod natura remittit,
invidia iura negant. gentes tamen esse feruntur,
it, believe also in the punishment of the deed. If, however, nature allows a crime like this to show itself, I congratulate the Ismarians, and this our country; I congratulate this land on being far away from those regions where such iniquity is possible. Let the land of Panchaia be rich in balsam, let it bear its cinnamon, its costum, its frankincense exuding from the trees, its flowers of many sorts, so long as it bears its myrrh-tree, too: a new tree was not worth so great a price. Cupid himself avers that his weapons did not harm you, Myrrha, and clears his torches from that crime of yours. One of the three sisters with firebrand from the Styx and with swollen vipers blasted you. 'Tis a crime to hate one’s father, but such love as this is a greater crime than hate. From every side the pick of princes desire you; from the whole Orient young men are here vying for your couch; out of them all choose one for your husband, Myrrha, only let not one be among them all. She, indeed, is fully aware of her vile passion and fights against it and says within herself: 'To what is my purpose tending? What am I planning? O gods, I pray you, and piety and the sacred rights of parents, keep this sin from me and fight off my crime, if indeed it is a crime. But I am not sure, for piety refuses to condemn such love as this. Other animals mate as they will, nor is it thought base for a heifer to endure her sire, nor for his own offspring to be a horse’s mate; the goat goes in among the flocks which he has fathered, and the very birds conceive from those from whom they were conceived. Happy they who have such privilege! Human civilization has made spiteful laws, and what nature allows, the jealous laws forbid. And

1 i.e. her father.
OVID

in quibus et nato genetrix et nata parenti
iungitur, ut pietas geminato crescat amore.
me miseram, quod non nasci mihi contigit illic,
fortunaque loci laedor!—quid in ista revolvor? 335
spes interdictae, discedite! dignus amari
ille, sed ut pater, est.—ergo, si filia magni
non essem Cinyrac, Cinyrae concumbere possem:
nunc, quia iam meus est, non est meus, ipsaque damno
est mihi proximitas, aliena potentior essem? 340
trem libet procul hinc patriaeque relinquere fines,
dum scelus effugiam; rectinet malus ardor amantem,
ut praesens spectem Cinyram tangamque loquarque
osculaque admoveam, si nil conceditur ultra.
ultra autem spectare aliquid potes, inpia virgo? 345
et quot confundas et iura et nomina, sentis!
tune eris et matris paelex et adultera patris?
tune soror nati genetrixque vocabere fratri?
 nec metues atro crinitas angue sorores,
quas facibus saevis oculos atque ora petentes 350
noxia corda vident? at tu, dum corpore non es
passa nefas, animo ne concipe neve potentis
concubitu vetito naturae pollue foedus!
velle puta: res ipsa vetat; pius ille memorque
moris—et o vellem similis furor esset in illo! 355

"Dixerat, at Cinyras, quem copia digna procorum,
quid faciat, dubitare facit, seitatur ab ipsa,
nominibus dictis, cuius velit esse mariti;
illa silet primo patriisque in vultibus haerens
aestuat et tepido suffundit lumina rore." 360

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yet they say that there are tribes among whom mother with son, daughter with father mates, so that natural love is increased by the double bond. Oh, wretched me, that it was not my lot to be born there, and that I am thwarted by the mere accident of place! Why do I dwell on such things? Avaunt, lawless desires! Worthy to be loved is he, but as a father.—Well, if I were not the daughter of great Cinyras, to Cinyras could I be joined. But as it is, because he is mine, he is not mine; and, while my very propinquity is my loss, would I as a stranger be better off? It is well to go far away, to leave the borders of my native land, if only I may flee from crime; but unhappy passion keeps the lover here, that I may see Cinyras face to face, may touch him, speak with him and kiss him, if nothing else is granted. But can you hope for aught else, you unnatural girl? Think how many ties, how many names you are confusing! Will you be the rival of your mother, the mistress of your father? Will you be called the sister of your son, the mother of your brother? And have you no fear of the sisters with black snakes in their hair, whom guilty souls see brandishing cruel torches before their eyes and faces? But you, while you have not yet sinned in body, do not conceive sin in your heart, and defile not great nature's law with unlawful union. Grant that you wish it: facts themselves forbid. He is a righteous man and heedful of moral law—and oh, how I wish a like passion were in him!

"She spoke; but Cinyras, whom a throng of worthy suitors caused to doubt what he should do, inquired of her herself, naming them over, whom she wished for husband. She is silent at first and, with gaze fixed on her father's face, wavers in doubt, while the
virginei Cinyras haec credens esse timoris, flere vetat siccatque genas atque oscula iungit; Myrrha datis nimium gaudet consultaque, qualem optet habere virum, 'similem tibi' dixit; at ille non intellectam vocem conlaudat et 'esto' tam pia semper' ait. pietatis nomine dicto demisit vultus sceleris sibi conscia virgo.

"Noctis erat medium, curasque et corpora somnus solverat; at virgo Cinyreia pervigil igni carpitur indomito furiosoque vota retractat et modo desperat, modo vult temptare, pudetque et cupid, et, quid agat, non invenit, utque securi saicia trabs ingens, ubi plaga novissima restat, quo cadat, in dubio est omnique a parte timetur, sic animus vario labefactus vulnere nutat

huc levis atque illuc momentaque sumit utroque, nec modus et requies, nisi mors, reperitur amoris. mors placet. erigitur laqueoque innectere fauces destinat et zona summo de poste revincta 'care, vale, Cinyra, causamque intellege mortis!' dixit et aptabat pallenti vincula collo.

"Murmura verborum fidas nutricis ad aures pervenisse ferunt limen servantis alumnæ. surgit anus reseratque foræ mortisque paratae instrumenta videns spatio conclamat eodem sequi ferit scinditque sinus ereptaque collo vincula dilaniat; tum denique flere vacavit, tum dare complexus laqueique requirere causam. muta silet virgo terramque inmota tuetur

OVID
warm tears fill her eyes. Cinyras, attributing this to maidenly alarm, bids her not to weep, dries her cheeks and kisses her on the lips. Myrrha is too rejoiced at this and, being asked what kind of husband she desires, says: 'One like you.' But he approves her word, not understanding it, and says: 'May you always be so filial.' At the word 'filial' the girl, conscious of her guilt, casts down her eyes.

'It was midnight, and sleep had set free men's bodies from their cares; but the daughter of Cinyras, sleepless through the night, is consumed by ungoverned passion, renews her mad prayers, is filled now with despair, now with lust to try, feels now shame and now desire, and finds no plan of action; and, just as a great tree, smitten by the axe, when all but the last blow has been struck, wavers which way to fall and threatens every side, so her mind, weakened by many blows, leans unstably now this way and now that, and falteringly turns in both directions; and no end nor rest for her passion can she find save death. She decides on death. She rises from her couch, resolved to hang herself, and, tying her girdle to a ceiling-beam, she says: 'Farewell, dear Cinyras, and know why I die,' and is in the act of fitting the rope about her death-pale neck.

'They say that the confused sound of her words came to the ears of the faithful nurse who watched outside her darling's door. The old woman rises and opens the door; and when she sees the preparations for death, all in the same moment she screams, beats her breasts and rends her garments, and seizes and snatches off the rope from the girl's neck. Then at last she has time to weep, time to embrace her and ask the reason for the noose. The girl is stubbornly silent, gazes fixedly on the ground,
et depres sa dolet tardae conamina mortis.

instat anus canosque suos et inania nudans
uber a per cunas alimenta que prima precatur,
ut sibi committat, quicquid dolet. illa rogantem
aversata gemit; certa est exquirere nutrix
nec solam spondere fidem. 'die' inquit 'opemque
me sine ferre tibi: non est mea pigra senectus. 396
seu furor est, habeo, quae carmine sanet et herbis;
sive aliquis nocuit, magico lustraberc ritu;
ira deum sive est, sacris placabilis ira.

quid rear ulterior? certe fortuna domusque
sospes et in curso est: vivunt genetrixque paterque.'

Myrrha patre audito suspiria duxit ab imo
pectore; nec nutrix etiamnum concepit illum
mente nefas aliquemque tamen praesentit amorem
propositique tenax, quodcumque est, orat, ut ipsi
indicet, et gremio lacrimantem tollit anili
atque ita conplectens infirmis membra lacertis
'sensimus,' inquit 'amas! et in hoc mea (pone
timorem)
sedulitas erit apta tibi, nec sentiet umquam
hoc pater.' exiluit gremio furibunda torumque
ore premens 'discede, precor, miseroque pudori
parce!' ait; instanti 'discede, aut desine' dixit
'quaerere, quid doleam! scelus est, quod scire laboras.'

horret anus tremulasque manus annisque metuque
tendit et ante pedes supplex procumbit alumnæ
et modo blanditur, modo, si non conscia fiat,
terret et indicium laquei coeptaeque minatur

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and grieves that her attempt at death, all too slow, has been detected. The old woman insists, bares her white hair and thin breasts, and begs by the girl’s cradle and her first nourishment that she trust to her nurse her cause of grief. The girl turns away from her pleadings with a groan. The nurse is determined to find out, and promises more than confidence. ‘Tell me,’ she says, ‘and let me help you; my old age is not without resources. If it be madness, I know one who has healing-charms and herbs; or if someone has worked an evil spell on you, you shall be purified with magic rites; or if the gods are wroth with you, wrath may be appeased by sacrifice. What further can I think? Surely your household fortunes are prosperous as usual; your mother and your father are alive and well.’ At the name of father Myrrha sighed deeply from the bottom of her heart. Even now the nurse had no conception of any evil in the girl’s soul, and yet she had a presentiment that it was some love affair, and with persistent purpose she begged her to tell her whatever it was. She took the weeping girl on her aged bosom, and so holding her in her feeble arms she said: ‘I know, you are in love! and in this affair I shall be entirely devoted to your service, have no fear; nor shall your father ever know.’ With a bound the mad girl leaped from her bosom and, burying her face in her couch, she said: ‘Go away, I pray you, and spare my unhappy shame’: still pressed, ‘Go away,’ she said again, ‘or cease asking why I grieve. It is a crime, what you want so much to know.’ The old woman is horrified and, stretching out her hands trembling with age and fear, she falls pleadingly at her nursling’s feet, now coaxing and now frightening her if she does not tell; she both threatens to report the affair of the noose and attempt at death, and promises her help.
mortis et officium commisso spondet amori.

extulit illa caput lacrinisque inplevit obortis
pectora nutricis conataque saepe fateri

saepe tenet vocem pudibundaque vestibus ora
texit et 'o' dixit 'felicem coniuge matrem!'
hactenus, et gemuit. gelidus nutricis in artus
ossaque (sensit enim) penetrat tremor, albaque toto
vertex canities rigidus stetit hirta capillis,

multaque, ut excuteret diros, si posset, amores,
addidit, at virgo scit se non falsa moneri;
certa mori tamen est, si non potiatur amore.
'vive,' ait haec, 'potiere tuo'—et, non ausa 'parente'
dicere, conticuit promissaque numine firmat.

"Festa piae Cereris celebrabant annua matres
illa, quibus nivea velatae corpora veste
primitias frugum dant spicea serta suarum
perque novem noctes venerem tactusque viriles
in vetitis numerant: turba Cenchreis in illa
regis adest coniunx arcanaque sacra frequentat.

ergo legitima vacuus dum coniuge lectus,
nacta gravem vino Cinyram male sedula nutrix,
nomine mentito veros exponit amores
et faciem laudat; quaesitis virginis annis

'par' ait 'est Myrrhae.' quam postquam adducere
iussa est

utque domum rediit, 'gaude, mea' dixit 'alumna:
vicimus!' infelix non toto pectore sentit
laetitiam virgo, praesagaque pectora maerent,

sed tamen et gaudet: tanta est discordia mentis.

"Tempus erat, quo cuncta silent, interque triones
flexerat obliquo plastrum temone Boetes:

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METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

if she will confess her love. The girl lifts her head and fills her nurse's bosom with her rising tears; often she tries to confess, and often checks her words and hides her shamed face in her robes. Then she says: 'O mother, blest in your husband!'—only so much, and groans. Cold horror stole through the nurse's frame (for she understood), and her white hair stood up stiffly over all her head, and she said many things to banish, if she might, the mad passion. The girl knew that she was truly warned; still she was resolved on death if she could not have her desire. 'Live then,' said the other, 'have your'—she did not dare say 'father'; she said no more, calling on Heaven to confirm her promises.

"It was the time when married women were celebrating that annual festival of Ceres at which with bodies robed in white raiment they bring garlands of wheaten ears as the first offerings of their fruits, and for nine nights they count love and the touch of man among things forbidden. In that throng was Cenchreis, wife of the king, in constant attendance on the secret rites. And so since the king's bed was deprived of his lawful wife, the over-officious nurse, finding Cinyras drunk with wine, told him of one who loved him truly, giving a false name, and praised her beauty. When he asked the maiden's age, she said: 'The same as Myrrha's.' Bidden to fetch her, when she had reached home she cried: 'Rejoice, my child, we win!' Not with all her heart did the unhappy girl feel joy, and her mind was filled with sad forebodings; but still she did also rejoice; so inconsistent were her feelings.

"It was the time when all things are at rest, and between the Bears Boötes had turned his wain with
OVID

ad facinus venit illa suum; fugit aurea caelo
luna, tegunt nigrae latitantia sidera nubes;
nox caret igne suo; primus tegis, Icare, vultus, 450
Erigoneque pio sacrata parentis amore.
ter pedis offensi signo est revocata, ter omen
funereus bubo letali carmine fecit:
it tamen, et tenebrae minuunt noxque atra pudorem;
nutricisque manum laeva tenet, altera motu 455
ciaecum iter explorat. thalami iam limina tangit,
iamque fores aperit, iam ducitur intus: at illi
poplite succiduo genua intremuere, fugitque
et color et sanguis, animusque relinquit euntem.
quoque suo propriior sceleri est, magis horret, et ausi
paenitet, et velit non cognita posse reverti. 461

cunctantem longaeva manu deducit et alto
admotam lecto cum traderet ‘accipe,’ dixit,
‘ista tua est, Cinyra’ devotaque corpora iunxit.
accipit obsceno genitor sua viscera lecto 465
virginoseque metus levat hortaturque timentem.
forisitan aetatis quoque nomine ‘filia’ dixit,
dixit et illa ‘pater,’ sceleri ne nomina desint.

“Plena patris thalamis excedit et inpia diro
semina fert utero conceptaque crimina portat. 470
postera nox facinus geminat, nec finis in illa est,
cum tandem Cinyras, avidus cognoscere amantem
96
She came to her guilty deed. The golden moon fled from the sky; black clouds hid the skulking stars; night was without her usual fires. You were the first, Icarus, to cover your face, and you, Erigone, deified for your pious love of your father. Thrice was Myrrha stopped by the omen of the stumbling foot; thrice did the funereal screech-owl warn her by his uncanny cry: still on she went, her shame lessened by the black shadows of the night. With her left hand she holds fast to her nurse, and with the other she gropes her way through the dark. Now she reaches the threshold of the chamber, now she opens the door, now is led within. But her knees tremble and sink beneath her; colour and blood flee from her face, and her senses desert her as she goes. The nearer she is to her crime, the more she shudders at it, repents her of her boldness, would gladly turn back unrecognized. As she holds back, the aged crone leads her by the hand to the side of the high bed and, delivering her over, says: 'Take her, Cinyras, she is yours'; and leaves the doomed pair together. The father receives his own flesh in his incestuous bed, strives to calm her girlish fears, and speaks encouragingly to the shrinking girl. It chanced, by a name appropriate to her age, he called her 'daughter,' and she called him 'father,' that names might not be lacking to their guilt.

"Forth from the chamber she went, full of her father, with crime conceived within her womb. The next night repeated their guilt, nor was that the end. At length Cinyras, eager to recognize his mistress

1 At midnight these constellations attain their highest point in the heavens, and thereafter begin their downward course.
post tot concubitus, inlato lumine vidit
et scelus et natam verbisque dolore retentis
pendenti nitidum vagina deripit ensem;

Myrrha fugit: tenebrisque et caeca munere noctis
intercepta neci est latosque vagata per agros
palmiseros Arabas Panchataeque rura relinquit
perque novem erravit redeuntis cornua lunae,
cum tandem terra requievit fessa Sabaea;
vixque uteri portabat onus. tum nescia voti
atque inter mortisque metus et tædia vitae
est tales complexa preces: 'o siqua patetis
numina confessis, merui nec triste recuso
supplicium, sed ne violem vivosque superstes
mortuaque extinctos, ambobus pellite regnis
mutataeque mihi vitamque necemque negate!'
numen confessis aliquod patet: ultima certe
vota suos habuere deos. nam crura loquentis
terra supervenit, ruptosque obliqua per ungues
porrigitur radix, longi firmamina trunci,
ossaque robur agunt, mediaque manente medulla
sanguis it in sucos, in magnos brachia ramos,
in parvos digiti, duratur cortice pellis.
iamque gravem crescent uterum perstrinxerat arbor
pectoraque obruerat collumque operire parabat: non
tulit illa moram venientique obvia ligno
subsedit mersitque suos in cortice vultus.
quae quamquam amisit veteres cum corpore sensus,
flet tamen, et tepidae manant ex arbores guttae. est
honor et lacrimis, stillataque robore murra
nomen erile tenet nulloque tacebitur aevo.
after so many meetings, brought in a light and beheld his crime and his daughter. Speechless with woe, he snatched his bright sword from the sheath which hung near by. Myrrha fled and escaped death by grace of the shades of the dark night. Groping her way through the broad fields, she left palm-bearing Arabia and the Panchaean country; then, after nine months of wandering, in utter weariness she rested at last in the Sabaean land. And now she could scarce bear the burden of her womb. Not knowing what to pray for, and in a strait betwixt fear of death and weariness of life, she summed up her wishes in this prayer: 'O gods, if any there be who will listen to my prayer, I do not refuse the dire punishment I have deserved; but lest, surviving, I offend the living, and, dying, I offend the dead, drive me from both realms; change me and refuse me both life and death!' Some god did listen to her prayer; her last petition had its answering gods. For even as she spoke the earth closed over her legs; roots burst forth from her toes and stretched out on either side the supports of the high trunk; her bones gained strength, and, while the central pith remained the same, her blood changed to sap, her arms to long branches, her fingers to twigs, her skin to hard bark. And now the growing tree had closely bound her heavy womb, had buried her breast and was just covering her neck; but she could not endure the delay and, meeting the rising wood, she sank down and plunged her face in the bark. Though she has lost her old-time feelings with her body, still she weeps, and the warm drops trickle down from the tree. Even the tears have fame, and the myrrh which distils from the tree-trunk keeps the name of its mistress and will be remembered through all the ages.
At male conceptus sub robore creverat infans quaerebatque viam, qua se genetrice reliqua exsereret; media gravidus tumet arbo re venter. 505 tendit onus matrem; neque habent sua verba dolores, nec Lucina potest parientis voce vocari. nitenti tamen est similis curvataque crebros dat gemitus arbor lacrimisque cadentibus ut met. constitit ad ramos mitis Lucina dolentis 510 admovitque manus et verba puerpera dixit: arbor agit rimas et fissa cortice vivum reddid onus, vagitque puer; quem mollibus herbis naides inpositum lacrimis unxere parentis. laudaret faciem Livor quoque; qualia namque 515 corpora nudorum tabula pinguntur Amorum, talis erat, sed, ne faciat discrimina cultus, aut huic adde leves, aut illi deme pharetras. "Labitur occulte fallitque volatilis aetas, et nihil est annis velocius: ille sorore 520 natus avoque suo, qui conditus arbo re nuper, nuper erat genitus, modo formosissimus infans, iam iuvenis, iam vir, iam se formosior ipso est, iam placet et Veneri matrisque ulciscitur ignes, namque pharetratus dum dat puer oscula matri, 525 inscius exstanti destrinxit harundine pectus; laesa manu natum dea reppulit. altius actum vulnus erat specie primoque fefellerat ipsam. capta viri forma non iam Cythereia curat litora, non alto repetit Paphon aequore cinctam 530 piscosamque Cnidon gravidamve Amathunta metallis; 100
"But the misbegotten child had grown within the wood, and was now seeking a way by which it might leave its mother and come forth. The pregnant tree swells in mid-trunk, the weight within straining on its mother. The birth-pangs cannot voice themselves, nor can Lucina be called upon in the words of one in travail. Still, like a woman in agony, the tree bends itself, groans oft, and is wet with falling tears. Pitying Lucina stood near the groaning branches, laid her hands on them, and uttered charms to aid the birth. Then the tree cracked open, the bark was rent asunder, and it gave forth its living burden, a wailing baby-boy. The naiads laid him on soft leaves and anointed him with his mother's tears. Even Envy would praise his beauty, for he looked like one of the naked loves portrayed on canvas. But, that dress may make no distinction, you should either give the one a light quiver or take it from the other.

"Time glides by imperceptibly and cheats us in its flight, and nothing is swifter than the years. That son of his sister and his grandfather, who was but lately concealed within his parent tree, but lately born, then a most lovely baby-boy, is now a youth, now man, now more beautiful than his former self; now he excites even Venus' love, and avenges his mother's passion. For while the goddess' son, with quiver on shoulder, was kissing his mother, he chanced unwittingly to graze her breast with a projecting arrow. The wounded goddess pushed her son away with her hand; but the scratch had gone deeper than she thought, and she herself was at first deceived. Now, smitten with the beauty of a mortal, she cares no more for the borders of Cythera, nor does she seek Paphos, girt by the deep sea, nor fish-haunted Cnidos,
abstinet et caelo: caelo praefertur Adonis.

hunc tenet, huic comes est adsuetaque semper in
umbra

indulgere sibi formamque augere colendo,
per iuga, per silvas dumosaque saxa vagatur
fine genu vestem ritu succinta Dianae

hortaturque canes tutaque animalia praedae,
aut pronos lepores aut celsum in cornua cervum
aut agitat dammas; a fortibus abstinet apris
raptoreseque lupos armatosque unguibus ursos
vitat et armenti saturatos caede leones.

teqnoque, ut hos timeas, siquid prodesse monendo
posset, Adoni, monet, 'fortis'que 'fugacibus esto'
inquit; 'in audaces non est audacia tuta.

parce meo, iuvenis, temerarius esse periclo,
neve feras, quibus arma dedit natura, lacesse,
stet mihi ne magno tua gloria. non movet actas
nec facies nec quae Venerem movere, leones
saetigeresque sues oculosque animosque ferarum.
fulmen habent acres in adunecis dentibus apri,
impetus est fulvis et vasta leonibus ira,
invisumque mihi genus est.' quae causa, roganti
'dicam,' ait 'et veteris monstrum mirabere culpae.

sed labor insolitus iam me lassavit, et, ecce,
opportuna sua blanditute populus umbra,
datque torum caespes: libet hac requiescere tecum'
(et requievit) 'humo' pressitque et gramen et ipsum
inque sinu iuvenis posita cervice reclinis
sic ait ae mediis interserit oscula verbis:

102
nor Amathus, rich in precious ores. She stays away even from the skies; Adonis is preferred to heaven. She holds him fast, is his companion and, though her wont has always been to take her ease in the shade, and to enhance her beauty by fostering it, now, over mountain ridges, through the woods, over rocky places set with thorns, she ranges with her garments girt up to her knees after the manner of Diana. She also cheers on the hounds and pursues those creatures which are safe to hunt, such as the headlong hares, or the stag with high-branching horns, or the timid doe; but from strong wild boars she keeps away, and from ravenous wolves, and she avoids bears, armed with claws, and lions reeking with the slaughter of cattle. She warns you, too, Adonis, to fear these beasts, if only it were of any avail to warn. ‘Be brave against timorous creatures,’ she says; ‘but against bold creatures boldness is not safe. Do not be rash, dear boy, at my risk; and do not provoke those beasts which nature has well armed, lest your glory be at great cost to me. Neither youth nor beauty, nor the things which have moved Venus, move lions and bristling boars and the eyes and minds of wild beasts. Boars have the force of a lightning stroke in their curving tusks, and the impetuous wrath of tawny lions is irresistible. I fear and hate them all.’ When he asks her why, she says: ‘I will tell, and you shall marvel at the monstrous outcome of an ancient crime. But now I am aweary with my unaccustomed toil; and see, a poplar, happily at hand, invites us with its shade, and here is grassy turf for couch. I would fain rest here on the grass with you.’ So saying, she reclined upon the ground and, pillowing her head against his breast and mingling kisses with her words she told the following tale:
OVID

"Forsitan audieris aliquam certamine cursus 560 veloces superasse viros: non fabula rumor ille fuit; superabat enim. nec dicere posses, laude pedum formaene bono praestantium esset. scitanti deus huic de coniugé "coniuge" dixit "nil opus est, Atalanta, tibi: fuge coniugis usum. 565 nec tamen effugies teque ipsa viva carebis." territa sorte dei per opacas innuba silvas vivit et instantem turbam violenta procorum condizione fugat, "nee sum potienda, nisi " inquit "victa prius cursu. pedibus contendite mecum: 570 praemia veloci coniunx thalamique dabuntur, mors pretium tardis: ea lex certaminis esto." illa quidem inmitis, sed (tanta potentia formae est) venit ad hanc legem temeraria turba procorum. sederat Hippomenes cursus spectator iniqui 575 et "petitur cuiquam per tanta pericula coniunx?" dixerat ac nimios iuvenum damnarat amores; ut faciem et posito corpus velamine vidit, quale meum, vel quale tuum, si femina fias, obstipuit tollensque manus "ignoscite," dixit 580 "quos modo culpavi! nondum mihi praemia nota, quae peteretis, erant." laudando concipit ignes et, ne quis iuvenum currat velocius, optat invidiaque timet. "sed cur certaminis huius temptata mihi fortuna relinquitur?" inquit 585 "audentes deus ipse iuvat!" dum talia secum exigit Hippomenes, passu volat alite virgo.
"You may, perchance, have heard of a maid who surpassed swift-footed men in the contest of the race. And that was no idle tale, for she did surpass them. Nor could you say whether her fleetness or her beauty was more worthy of your praise. Now when this maid consulted the oracle about a husband, the god replied: "A husband will be your bane, O Atalanta; flee from the intercourse of husband; and yet you will not escape, and, though living, you will lose yourself." Terrified by the oracle of the god, she lived unwedded in the shady woods, and with harsh terms she repulsed the insistent throng of suitors. "I am not to be won," she said, "till I be conquered first in speed. Contest the race with me. Wife and couch shall be given as prize unto the swift, but death shall be the reward of those who lag behind. Be that the condition of the race." She, in truth, was pitiless, but such was the witchery of her beauty, even on this condition a rash throng of suitors came to try their fate. Now Hippomenes had taken his seat as a spectator of this cruel race, and had exclaimed: "Who would seek a wife at so great peril to himself?" and he had condemned the young men for their headstrong love. But when he saw her face and her disrobed form, such beauty as is mine, or as would be yours if you were a woman, he was amazed and, stretching out his hands, he cried: "Forgive me, ye whom but now I blamed. I did not yet realize the worth of the prize you strove for." As he praises, his own heart takes fire and he hopes that none of the youths may outstrip her in the race, and is filled with jealous fears. "But why is my fortune in this contest left untried?" he cries. "God himself helps those who dare." While thus Hippomenes was weighing the matter in his mind, the girl sped by
quae quamquam Scythica non setius ire sagitta
Aonio visa est iuveni, tamen ille decorum
miratur magis: et cursus facit ille decorum. 590
aura refert ablata citis talaria plantis,
tergaque iactantur crines per eburnea, quaeque
poplitibus suberant picto genualia limbo;
inque puellari corpus candore ruborem
traxterat, haud aliter, quam cum super atria velum
candida purpureum simulatas inficit umbras. 596
dum notat haec hospes, decursa novissima meta est,
et tegitur festa victrix Atalanta corona.
dant gemitum victi pendantque ex foedere poenas.
“Non tamen eventu iuvenis deterritus horum
constitit in medio vultuque in virgine fixo 601
“quid facilem titulum superando quaeris inertes?
me cum confer” ait. “seu me fortuna potentem
fecerit, a tanto non indignabere Vinci:
namque mihi genitor Megareus Onchestius, illi 605
est Neptunus avus, pronepos ego regis aquarum,
nec virtus citra genus est; seu vincar, habebis
Hippomene victo magnum et memorabile nomen.”
talia dicentem molli Schoeneia vultu
aspicit et dubitat, superari an vincere malit, 610
atque ita “quid Deus hunc formosis” inquit “iniquus
perdere vult caraeque iubet discrimine vitae
coniugium petere hoc? non sum, me iudice, tanti.
nec forma tangor, (poteram tamen hac quoque tangi)
sed quod adhuc puer est; non me movet ipse, sed
aetas. 615
on winged feet. Though she seemed to the Aonian youth to go not less swiftly than a Scythian arrow, yet he admired her beauty still more. And the running gave a beauty of its own. The breeze bore back the streaming pinions on her flying feet, her hair was tossed over her white shoulders; the bright-bordered ribbons at her knees were fluttering, and over her fair girlish body a pink flush came, just as when a purple awning, drawn over a marble hall, stains it with borrowed hues. While the stranger marked all this, the last goal was passed, and Atalanta was crowned victor with a festal wreath. But the conquered youths with groans paid the penalty according to the bond.

"Not deterred by the experience of these, however, Hippomenes stood forth and, fixing his eyes upon the girl, exclaimed: "Why do you seek an easily won renown by conquering sluggish youth? Come, strive with me! If fortune shall give me the victory, 'twill be no shame for you to be overcome by so great a foe. For Megareus of Onchestus is my father and his grandfather is Neptune; hence I am the great-grandson of the king of the waters. Nor is my manly worth less than my race. Or, if I shall be defeated, you will have a great and memorable name for the conquest of Hippomenes." As he said this, the daughter of Schoeneus gazed on him with softening eyes, being in a strait betwixt her desire to conquer and to be conquered. And thus she spoke: "What god, envious of beauteous youths, wishes to destroy this one, and prompts him to seek wedlock with me at the risk of his own dear life? I am not worth so great a price, if I am the judge. Nor is it his beauty that touches me—and yet I could be touched by this as well—but the fact that he is still
OVID

quid, quod inest virtus et mens interrita leti?
quid, quod ab aequorea numeratur origine quartus?
quid, quod amat tautique putat conubia nostra.

ut pereat, si me fors illi dura negarit?
dum licet, hospes, abi thalamosque relinque cruentos
coniugium crudele meum est, tibi nubere nulla 621
nolet, et optari potes a sapiente puella.—
cur tanen est mihi cura tui tot iam ante peremptis?

viderit! intereat, quoniam tot caede procorum
admonitus non est agiturse in taedia vitae.— 625
occidet hic igitur, voluit quia vivere mecum,
indignamque necem pretium patietur amoris?
non erit invidiae victoria nostra ferendae.

sed non culpa mea est! utinam desistere velles,
aut, quoniam es demens, utinam velocior esses! 630
a! quam virgineus puerili vultus in ore est!
a! miser Hippomene, nollem tibi visa fuissem!
vivere dignus eras. quodsi felicior essem,
nec mihi coniugium fata inportuna negarent,
umus eras, cum quo sociare cubilia vellem.”
635
dixerat, utque rudis primoque cupidine tacta,
quid facit ignorans, amat et non sentit amorem.

“‘iam solitos poscunt cursus populusque paterque,
cum me sollicita proles Neptunia voce
invocat Hippomenes “Cytherea,” que “conprecor,
ausis

adsit” ait “nostris et quos dedit, adiuvet ignes.””
108
but a boy. It is not he himself who moves me, but his youth. What of his manly courage and his soul fearless of death? What that he claims by birth to be the fourth from the monarch of the seas? What of his love for me, and that he counts marriage with me of so great worth that he would perish if cruel fate denies me to him? O stranger, go hence while still you may; flee from this bloody wedlock. Marriage with me is a fatal thing. No other maiden will refuse to wed you, and it may well be that a wiser girl will seek your love.—Yet why this care for you, since so many have already perished? Let him look to himself! let him perish, too, since by the death of so many suitors he was not warned, and cares so little for his life.—And shall he die, because he wished to live with me, and suffer undeserved death as the penalty of love? My victory will be attended by unbearable hatred against me. But the fault is none of mine. O sir, I would that you might desist, or, since you are so madly set upon it, would that you might prove the swifter! Ah, how girlish is his youthful face! Ah, poor Hippomenes, I would that you had never looked on me! You were so worthy of life. But if I were of happier fortune, and if the harsh fates did not deny me marriage, you were the only he with whom I should want to share my couch.” So speaks the maid; and, all untutored, feeling for the first time the impulse of love, ignorant of what she does, she loves and knows it not.

“Meanwhile the people and her father demanded the accustomed race. Then did the Neptunian youth, Hippomenes, with suppliant voice call on me: “O may Cytherea,” he said, “be near, I pray, and assist the thing I dare and smile upon the love which she has given.” A kindly breeze bore this soft prayer to
detulit aura preces ad me non invida blandas:
motaque sum, fateor, nec opis mora longa dabatur.
est ager, indigenae Tamasenum nomine dicunt,
telluris Cypriae pars optima, quam mihi prisci
sacravere senes templisque accedere dotem
hanc iussere meis; medio nitet arbor in arvo,
fulva comas, fulvo ramis crepitantibus auro:
hinc tria forte mea veniens decerpta ferebam
aurea poma manu nullique videnda nisi ipsi

Hippomenen adii docuique, quis usus in illis.
signa tubae dederant, cum carcere pronus uterque
emicat et summam celeri pede libat harenam:
posse putes illos sicco freta radere passu
et segetis canae stantes percurrere aristas.

adiciunt animos iuveni clamorque favorque
verbaque dicentum "nunc, nunc incumbere tempus!
Hippomene, propera! nunc viribus utere totis!
pelle moram: vince!" dubium, Megareius heros
gaudeat an virgo magis his Schoeneia dictis.

o quotiens, cum iam posset transire, morata est
spectatosque diu vultus invita reliquit!
aridus e lasso veniebat anhelitus ore,
metaque erat lange: tum denique de tribus unum
fetibus arboreis proles Neptunia misit.

obstipuit virgo nitidique cupidine pomi
declinat cursus aurumque volubile tollit;
praeterit Hippomenes: resonant spectacula plausu.

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me and I confess it moved my heart. And there was but scanty time to give him aid. There is a field, the natives call it the field of Tamasus, the richest portion of the Cyprian land, which in ancient times men set apart to me and bade my temples be enriched with this. Within this field there stands a tree gleaming with golden leaves and its branches crackle with the same bright gold. Fresh come from there, I chanced to have in my hand three golden apples which I had plucked. Revealing myself to no one save to him, I approached Hippomenes and taught him how to use the apples. The trumpets had sounded for the race, when they both, crouching low, flashed forth from their stalls and skimmed the surface of the sandy course with flying feet. You would think that they could graze the sea with un-wet feet and pass lightly over the ripened heads of the standing grain. The youth was cheered on by shouts of applause and the words of those who cried to him: "Now, now is the time to bend to the work, Hippomenes! Go on! Now use your utmost strength! No tarrying! You're sure to win!" It is a matter of doubt whether the heroic son of Megareus or the daughter of Schoeneus took more joy of these words. Oh, how often, when she could have passed him, did she delay and after gazing long upon his face reluctantly leave him behind! And now dry, panting breath came from his weary throat and the goal was still far away. Then at length did Neptune's scion throw one of the three golden apples. The maid beheld it with wonder and, eager to possess the shining fruit, she turned out of her course and picked up the rolling golden thing. Hippomenes passed her by while the spectators roared their applause. She by a burst of speed made
illa moram celeri cessataque tempora cursu
corrigit atque iterum iuvenem post terga relinquit:
et rursus pomi iactu remorata secundi
consequitur transitque virum. pars ultima cursus
restabat; "nunc" inquit "ades, dea muniris auctor!"
inque latus campi, quo tardius illa rediret,
iecit ab obliquo nitidum iuvenaliter aurum.
an peteret, virgo visa est dubitare: coegi
tollere et adieci sublato pondera malo
inpediique oneris pariter gravitate moraque,
neve meus sermo cursu sit tardior ipso,
praeterita est virgo: duxit sua praemia victor.

"'Dignane, cui grates ageret, cui turis honorem
ferret, Adoni, fui? nec grates inmemor egit,
nec mihi tura dedit. subitam convertor in iram,
contemptuque dolens, ne sim spernenda futuris,
exemplo caveo meque ipsa exhortor in ambos:
templa, deum Matri quae quondam clarus Echion
fecerat ex voto, nemorosis abdita silvis,
transibant, et iter longum requiescere suasit;
illic concubitus intempestiva cupidio
occupat Hippomenen a numine concita nostro.
luminis exigui fuerat prope tempula recessus,
speluncae similis, nativo pumice tectus,
religione sacer prisca, quo multa sacerdos
up for her delay and the time that she had lost, and again left the youth behind her. Again she delayed at the tossing of the second apple, followed and passed the man. The last part of the course remained. "Now be near me, goddess, author of my gift!" he said, and obliquely into a side of the field, returning whence she would lose much time, with all his youthful strength he threw the shining gold. The girl seemed to hesitate whether or no she should go after it. I forced her to take it up, and added weight to the fruit she carried, and so impeded her equally with the weight of her burden and with her loss of time. And, lest my story be longer than the race itself, the maiden was outstripped; the victor led away his prize.

"'And was I not worthy, Adonis, of being thanked and of having the honour of incense paid to me? But, forgetful of my services, he neither thanked nor offered incense to me. Then was I changed to sudden wrath and, smarting under the slight, and resolved not to be slighted in the future, I decided to make an example of them, and urged myself on against them both. They were passing by a temple deep hidden in the woods, which in ancient times illustrious Echion had built to the mother of the gods in payment of a vow; and the long journey persuaded them to rest. There incontinent desire seized on Hippomenes, who was kindled by my divinity. Hard by the temple was a dimly lighted, cave-like place, built of soft native rock, hallowed by ancient religious veneration, where the priest had set many wooden images of the olden gods. This place he entered; this holy presence he defiled by lust. The sacred images turned away their eyes. The tower-

\[1\] Cybele.
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lignea contulerat veterum simulacra deorum; 695
hunc init et vetito temerat sacraria probro.
sacra retorserunt oculos, turritaque Mater
an Stygia sones dubitavit mergeret unda:
poena levis visa est; ergo modo levia fulvae
colla iubae velant, digitu curvatur in ungues,
ex umeris armi sint, in pectora totum
pondus abit, summae cauda verruntur harenæ;
iram vultus habet, pro verbis murmura reddunt,
pro thalamis celebrant silvas aliisque timendi
dente premunt domito Cybeleia frena leones.
hostu, care mihi, cumque his genus omne serarum,
quod non terga fugae, sed pugnae pectora praebet,
effuge, ne virtus tua sit damnosa duobus!

"Illa quidem monuit iunctisque per aera cygnis
carpet iter, sed stat monitis contraria virtus.
forte suem latebris vestigia certa secuti
excivere canes, silvisque exire parantem
fixerat obliquo iuuenis Cinyreius ictu:
protinus excussit pando venabula rostro
sanguine tincta suo trepidumque et tuta petentem
trux aper insequitur totosque sub inguine dentes
abdidit et fulva moribundum stravit harena.
vecta levi curru medias Cytherea per auras
Cyproniolorinis nondum pervenerat alis:
agnovit longe gemitum morientis et albas
flexit aves illuc, utque aesthere vidit ab alto
exanimem inque suo iactantem sanguine corpus,
desiluit pariterque sinum pariterque capillos
rupit et indignis percussit pectora palmis
questaque cum fatis 'at non tamen omnia vestri

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crowned Mother was on the verge of plunging the guilty pair beneath the waves of Styx; but the punishment seemed light. And so tawny manes covered their necks but now smooth, their fingers curved into claws, their arms changed to legs, their weight went chiefly to their chests, with tails they swept the surface of the sandy ground. Harsh were their features, rough growls they gave for speech, and for marriage chamber they haunted the wild woods. And now as lions, to others terrible, with tamed mouths they champed the bits of Cybele. These beasts, and with them all other savage things which turn not their backs in flight, but offer their breasts to battle, do you, for my sake, dear boy, avoid, lest your manly courage be the ruin of us both.'

"Thus the goddess warned and through the air, drawn by her swans, she took her way; but the boy’s manly courage would not brook advice. It chanced his hounds, following a well-marked trail, roused up a wild boar from his hiding-place; and, as he was rushing from the wood, the young grandson of Cinyras pierced him with a glancing blow. Straightway the fierce boar with his curved snout rooted out the spear wet with his blood, and pursued the youth, now full of fear and running for his life; deep in the groin he sank his long tusks, and stretched the dying boy upon the yellow sand. Borne through the middle air by flying swans on her light car, Cytherea had not yet come to Cyprus, when she heard afar the groans of the dying youth and turned her white swans to go to him. And when from the high air she saw him lying lifeless and writhing in his blood, she leaped down, tore both her garments and her hair and beat her breasts with cruel hands. Reproaching fate, she said: ‘But
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iuris erunt’ dixit. ‘luctus monimenta manebunt semper, Adoni, mei, repetitaque mortis imago annua plangoris peraget simulamina nostri; at cruor in florem mutabitur. an tibi quondam femineos artus in olentes vertere mentas, Persephone, licuit: nobis Cinyreius heros invidiae mutatus erit?’ sic fata cruorem nectare odorato sparsit, qui tactus ab illo intumuit sic, ut fulvo perlucida caeno surgere bulla solet, nec plena longior hora facta mora est, cum flos de sanguine concolor ortus, qualem, quae lento celant sub cortice granum, punica ferre solent; brevis est tamen usus in illo; namque male haerentem et nimia levitate caducum excutiunt idem, qui praestant nomina, venti.”
all shall not be in your power. My grief, Adonis, shall have an enduring monument, and each passing year in memory of your death shall give an imitation of my grief. But your blood shall be changed to a flower. Or was it once allowed to thee, Persephone, to change a maiden's form to fragrant mint, and shall the change of my hero, offspring of Cinyras, be grudged to me?" So saying, with sweet-scented nectar she sprinkled the blood; and this, touched by the nectar, swelled as when clear bubbles rise up from yellow mud. With no longer than an hour's delay a flower sprang up of blood-red hue such as pomegranates bear which hide their seeds beneath the tenacious rind. But short-lived is their flower; for the winds from which it takes its name shake off the flower so delicately clinging and doomed too easily to fall."

1 The nymph Menthe.
2 Anemone, "the wind-flower."
LIBER XI

CARMINE dum tali silvas anmiosque ferarum
Threicius vates et saxa sequentia ducit,
ecce nurus Ciconum tectae lymphata ferinis
pectora velleribus tumuli de vertice cernunt
Orphea percussis sociantem carmina nervis.
e quibus una leves iactato crine per auras,
"en," ait "en, hic est nostri contemptor!" et hastam
vatis Apollinei vocalia misit in ora,
quae foliis praesuta notam sine vulnere fecit;
alterius telum lapis est, qui missus in ipso
aere concentu victus vocisque lyraeque est
ac veluti supplex pro tam furialibus ausis
ante pedes iacuit. sed enim temeraria crescunt
bella modusque abiit insanaque regnat Erinys;
cunctaque tela forent cantu mollita, sed ingens
clamor et infracto Berecyntia tibia cornu
tympanaque et plausus et Bachei ululatus
obstrepuere sono citharae, tum denique saxa
non exauditi rubuerunt sanguine vatis.
ad primum attonitas etiamnum voce canentis
innumeratas volucres anguesque agmenque ferarum
maenades Orpei titulum rapuere theatris;
inde cruentatis vertuntur in Orphea dextris
While with such songs the bard of Thrace drew the trees, held beasts enthralled and constrained stones to follow him, behold, the crazed women of the Cicones, with skins flung over their breasts, saw Orpheus from a hill-top, fitting songs to the music of his lyre. Then one of these, her tresses streaming in the gentle breeze, cried out: "See, see, here is the man who scorns us!" and hurled her spear straight at the tuneful mouth of Apollo's bard; but this, wreathed in leaves, marked without harming him. Another threw a stone, which, even as it flew through the air, was overcome by the sweet sound of voice and lyre, and fell at his feet as if 'twould ask forgiveness for its mad attempt. But still the assault waxed reckless; their passion knew no bounds; mad fury reigned. And all their weapons would have been harmless under the spell of song; but the huge uproar of the Berecyntian flutes, mixed with discordant horns, the drums, and the breast-beatings and howlings of the Bacchanals, drowned the lyre's sound; and then at last the stones were reddened with the blood of the bard whose voice they could not hear. First away went the multitudinous birds still spellbound by the singer's voice, with the snakes and the train of beasts, the glory of Orpheus' audience, harried by the Maenads; then these turned bloody hands against Orpheus and flocked around like birds when they see the bird.
et coeunt ut aves, si quando luce vagantem
noctis avem cernunt, structoque utrimque theatro 25
ceu matutina cervus periturus harena
praeda canum est, vatemque petunt et fronde virentes
coniciunt thyrsos non haec in munera factos.
hae glaebas, illae direptos arbole ramos,
pars torquent silices; neu desint tela furori, 30
forte boves presso subigeabant vomere terram,
ne procul hinc multo fructum sudore parantes
dura lacertosi fodiebant arva coloni,
agmine qui viso fugiunt operisque relinquunt
arma sui, vacuosque iacent dispersa per agros
sarculaque rastrique graves longique ligones;
quae postquam rapuere ferae cornuque minaces
divulsere boves, ad vatis fata recurrunt
tendentemque manus et in illo tempore primum
inrita dicentem nec quicquam voce moventem 40
sacrilegae perimunt, perque os, pro Iuppiter! illud
auditum saxis intellectumque ferarum
sensibus in ventos anima exhalata recessit.

Te maestae volucres, Orpheu, te turba ferarum,
te rigidi silices, te carmina saepe secutae 45
fleverunt silvae, positis te frondibus arbor
tonsa comas luxit; lacrimis quoque flumina dicunt
increvisse suis, obstrusaque carbasa pullo
naides et dryades passosque habuere capillos.
membra iacent diversa locis, caput, Hebre, lyram
excipis: et (mirum!) medio dum labitur amne, 51
of night wandering in the daylight; and as when in the amphitheatre in the early morning of the spectacle the doomed stag in the arena is the prey of dogs. They rushed upon the bard and hurled at him their wands wreathed with green leaves, not made for such use as this. Some threw clods, some branches torn from trees, and some threw stones. And, that real weapons might not be wanting to their madness, it chanced that oxen, toiling beneath the yoke, were plowing up the soil; and not far from these, stout peasants were digging the hard earth and sweating at their work. When these beheld the advancing horde, they fled away and left behind the implements of their toil. Scattered through the deserted fields lay hoes, long mattocks and heavy grubbing-tools. These the savage women caught up and, first tearing in pieces the oxen who threatened them with their horns, they rushed back to slay the bard; and, as he stretched out his suppliant hands, uttering words then, but never before, unheeded, and moving them not a whit by his voice, the impious women struck him down. And (oh, the pity of it!) through those lips, to which rocks listened, and to which the hearts of savage beasts responded, the soul, breathed out, went faring forth in air.

The mourning birds wept for thee, Orpheus, the throng of beasts, the flinty rocks, and the trees which had so often gathered to thy songs; yes, the trees shed their leaves as if so tearing their hair in grief for thee. They say that the rivers also were swollen with their own tears, and that naiads and dryads alike mourned with dishevelled hair and with dark-bordered garments. The poet’s limbs lay scattered all around; but his head and lyre, O Hebrus, thou didst receive, and (a marvel!) while they floated in
flebile nescio quid queritur lyra, flebile lingua
murmurat examinis, respondent flebile ripae.
iamque mare inventae flumen populare relinquunt
et Methymnaeae potiuntur litore Lesbi:
hic ferus expositor pererininis anguis harenis
os petit et sparsos stillanti rore capillos.
tandem Phoebus adest morsusque inferre parantem
arces et in lapidem rictus serpentis apertos
congelat et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus.

Umbra subit terras, et quae loca viderat ante,
cuncta recognoscit quaerensque per arva piorum
invenit Eurydicen cupidisque amplexitut urnis;
hic modo coniunctis spiantur passibus ambo,
nunc praecedentem sequitur, nunc praevius antei
Eurydicenque suam, iam tuto, respicit Orpheus.

Non inpune tamen scelus hoc sinit esse Lyaeus
amiscoque dolens sacrorum vate suorum
protinus in silvis matres Edonidas omnes,
quia videre nefas, torta radice ligavit;
quippe pedum digitos, in quantum est quaeque secuta,
traxit et in solidam detrusit acumina terram,
ute suum laqueis, quos callidus abdidit auceps,
crus ubi commisit volucris sensitque teneri,
plagitur ac trepidans adstringit vincula motu:
sic, ut quaeque solo defixa cohaeserat harum,
exsternata fugam frustra temptabant, at illam
lenta tenet radix exsultantemque coercet,
dumque ubi sint digitii, dum pes ubi, quaerit, et ungues,
aspicit in teretes lignum succedere suras
mid-stream the lyre gave forth some mournful notes, mournfully the lifeless tongue murmured, mournfully the banks replied. And now, borne onward to the sea, they left their native stream and gained the shore of Lesbos near the city of Methymna. Here, as the head lay exposed upon a foreign strand, a savage serpent attacked it and its streaming locks still dripping with the spray. But Phoebus at last appeared, drove off the snake just in the act to bite, and hardened and froze to stone, just as they were, the serpent’s widespread, yawning jaws.

The poet’s shade fled beneath the earth, and recognized all the places he had seen before; and, seeking through the blessed fields, found Eurydice and caught her in his eager arms. Here now side by side they walk; now Orpheus follows her as she precedes, now goes before her, now may in safety look back upon his Eurydice.

However, Lyaeus did not suffer such crime as this to go unavenged. Grieved at the loss of the bard of his sacred rites, he straightway bound fast all those Thracian women, who saw the impious deed, with twisted roots. For he prolonged their toes and, in so far as each root followed down, he thrust their tips into the solid earth. And as a bird, when it has caught its foot in the snare which the cunning fowler has set for it, and feels that it is caught, flaps and flutters, but draws its bonds tighter by its struggling; so, as each of these women, fixed firmly in the soil, had stuck fast, with wild affright, but all in vain, she attempted to flee. The tough roots held her, and though she struggled, kept firm their grasp. And when she asked where were her fingers, where her feet, her nails, she saw the bark come creeping up her shapely legs; striving to smite her thighs with
et conata femur maerenti plangere dextra
robora percussit, pectus quoque robora sunt, robora sunt umeri; longos quoque brachia versa
esse putes ramos, et non fallare putando.

Nec satis hoc Baccho est, ipsos quoque deserit agros
cumque choro meliore sui vineta Timoli
Pactolonque petit, quamvis non aureus illo
tempore nec caris erat invidiosus harenis.
hunc adsueta cohors, satyri bacchaeque, frequentant, at Silenus abest: titubantem annisque meroque
ruricolae cepere Phryges vinctumque coronis
ad regem duxere Midan, cui Thracius Orpheus
orgia tradiderat cum Cecropio Eumolpo.
qui simul agnovit socium comitemque sacrorum,
hospitis adventu festum genialiter egit
per bis quinque dies et iunctas ordine noctes,
et iam stellarum sublime coegerat agmen
Lucifer undecimus, Lydos cum laetus in agros
rex venit et iuveni Silenum reddit alumno.
Huic deus optandi gratum, sed inutile fecit
muneris arbitrium gaudens altore recepto.
ille male usurus donis ait "office, quicquid
corpore contigero, fulvum vertatur in aurum."
adnuit optatis nocituraque munera solvit
Liber et indoluit, quod non meliora petisset.
laetus abit gaudetque malo Berecyntius heros
pollieitique fidem tangendo singula temptat
vixque sibi credens, non alta fronde virentem
ilice detraxit virgam: virga aurea facta est:
hands of grief, she smote on oak. Her breasts also became of oak; oaken her shoulders. Her arms you would think had been changed to long branches—nor would your thought be wrong.

Nor is this enough for Bacchus. He leaves their very fields and with a worthier band seeks the vineyards of his own Timolus and his Pactolus; although this was not at that time a golden stream, nor envied for its precious sands. His usual company, satyrs and bacchanals, thronged round him; but Silenus was not there. Him, stumbling with the weight of years and wine, the Phrygian rustics took captive, bound him with wreaths, and led him to Midas, their king. To this Midas, together with the Athenian Eumolpus, Thracian Orpheus had taught the rites of Bacchus. When now the king recognized the comrade and assistant of his revels, right merrily to celebrate the coming of his guest he ordered a festival which they kept for ten continuous days and nights. And now the eleventh dawn had driven away the ranks of stars on high, when the king with joyful heart came to the Lydian fields and gave Silenus back to his dear foster-child.

Then did the god, rejoicing in his foster-father's safe return, grant to the king the free choice of a boon, a pleasing, but useless gift. Midas, fated to make an ill use of his gift, exclaimed: "Grant that whatsoever I may touch with my body may be turned to yellow gold." Bacchus granted his prayer and gave him the baleful gift, grieving the while that he had not asked better. The Berecyntian hero gaily went his way, rejoicing in his fatal gift, and tried its promised powers by touching this and that. Scarceley daring to believe, from a low oak-branch he broke off a green twig: the twig was
tollit humo saxum: saxum quoque palluit auro; contigit et glaebam: contactu glaeba potenti massa fit; arentis Cereris decerpsit aristas: aurea messis erat; demptum tenet arbore pomum: Hesperidas donasse putes; si postibus altis admovit digitos, postes radiare videntur; ille etiam liquidis palmas ubi laverat undis, unda fluens palmis Danaen eludere posset; vix spes ipse suas animo capit aurea fingens omnia. gaudenti mensas posuere ministri exstructas dapibus nec tostae frugis egentes: tum vero, sive ille sua Cerealia dextra munera contigerat, Cerealia dona rigebant, sive dapes avido convellere dente parabat, lammina fulva dapes admoto dente premebat; miscuerat puris auctorem muneris undis: fusile per rictus aurum fluitare videres.

Attonitus novitate mali divesque miserque effugere optat opes et quae modo voverat, odit. copia nulla famem relevat; sitis arida guttur urit, et invisum meritus torquetur ab auro ad caelumque manus et splendida bracchia tollens "da veniam, Lenaee pater! peccavimus" inquit, "sed miserere, precor, speciosoque eripe damno!" mite deum numen: Bacchus peccasse fatentem restituit pactique fide data munera solvit "neve male optato maneas circumlitus auro, 128
changed to gold. He picked up a stone from the ground: the stone, also, showed a light golden hue. He touched a clod: beneath that magic touch the clod became a mass of gold. He plucked some ripe wheat-heads: it was a golden harvest. He picked an apple from a tree and held it in his hand: you would suppose the Hesperides had given it. If he laid his fingers on the lofty pillars, the pillars gleamed before his eyes. When he bathed his hands in water, the water flowing over his hands could cheat a Danaë. His mind itself could scarcely grasp its own hopes, dreaming of all things turned to gold. As he rejoiced, his slaves set a table before him loaded with meats; nor was bread wanting. Then indeed, if he touched the gift of Ceres with his hand, the gift of Ceres went stiff and hard; or if he tried to bite a piece of meat with hungry teeth, where his teeth touched the food they touched but yellow plates of gold. He mingled pure water with the wine of Bacchus, giver of his gift; but through his jaws you would see the molten gold go trickling.

Amazed by this strange mishap, rich and yet wretched, he seeks to flee his wealth and hates what he but now has prayed for. No store of food can relieve his hunger; his throat is parched with burning thirst, and through his own fault he is tortured by hateful gold. Lifting his hands and shining arms to heaven, he cries: "Oh, pardon me, Lenaeus, father! I have sinned. Yet have mercy, I pray thee, and save me from this curse that looks so fair." The gods are kind: Bacchus restored him to his former condition when he confessed his fault, and he relieved him of the boon which he had given in fulfilment of his pledge. "And, that you may not remain encased in gold which you have so
vade" ait "ad magnis vicinum Sardibus amnem
perque iugum Lydum labentibus obviis undis
carpe viam, donec venias ad fluminis ortus,
spumigeroque tuum fonti, qua plurimus exit,
subde caput corpusque simul, simul elue crimen."
rex iussae succedit aquae: vis aurea tinxit
flumen et humano de corpore cessit in amnem;
nunc quoque iam veteris percepto semine venae
arva rigent auro madidis pallentia glaebis.

Ille perosus opes silvas et rura colebat
Panaque montanis habitantem semper in anris,
pingue sed ingenium mansit, nocturauque, ut ante,
rursus erant domino stultae praecordia mentis.
nam freta prospiciens late riget arduus alto
Tmolus in ascensu clivoque extensus utroque
Sardibus hinc, illinc parvis finitur Hypaepis.
Pan ibi dum teneris iactat sua carmina nymphis
et leve cerata modulatur harundine carmen
ausus Apollineos prae se contemnere cantus,
iudice sub Tmolo certamen venit ad inpar.

Monte suo senior iudex consedit et aures
liberat arboribus: quercu coma caerula tantum
cingitur, et pendent circum cava tempora glandes.
isque deum pecoris spectans "in iudice" dixit
"nulla mora est." calamis agrestibus insonat ille
barbaricoque Midan (aderat nam forte canenti)
carmine delenit; post hunc sacer ora retorsit
Tmolus ad os Phoebi: vultum sua silva secuta est
foolishly desired,” he said, “go to the stream which
flows by mighty Sardis town, and take your way along
the Lydian hills up the tumbling stream until you
come to the river’s source. There plunge your head
and body beneath the foaming fountain where it
comes leaping forth, and by that act wash your sin
away.” The king went to the stream as he was
bid. The power of the golden touch imbued the
water and passed from the man’s body into the
stream. And even to this day, receiving the seed of
the original vein, the fields grow hard and yellow,
their soil soaked with water of the golden touch.

But Midas, hating wealth, haunted the woods and
fields, worshipping Pan, who has his dwelling in the
mountain caves. But stupid his wits still remained,
and his foolish mind was destined again as once before
to harm its master. For Tmolus, looking far out upon
the sea, stands stiff and high, with steep sides extend-
ing with one slope to Sardis, and on the other reaches
down to little Hypaepae. There, while Pan was sing-
ing his songs to the soft nymphs and playing airy
interludes upon his reeds close joined with wax, he
dared speak slightingly of Apollo’s music in com-
parison with his own, and came into an ill-matched
contest with Tmolus as the judge.

The old judge took his seat upon his own moun-
tain-top, and shook his ears free from the trees. His
dark locks were encircled by an oak-wreath only, and
acorns hung around his hollow temples. He, looking
at the shepherd-god, exclaimed: “There is no delay
on the judge’s part.” Then Pan made music on his
rustic pipes, and with his rude notes quite charmed
King Midas, for he chanced to hear the strains. After
Pan was done, venerable Tmolus turned his face to-
wards Phoebus; and his forest turned with his face.
OVID

ille caput flavum lauro Parnaside vinctus 165
verrit humum Tyrio saturata murice palla
instrictamque fidem gemmis et dentibus Indis
sustinet a laeva, tenuit manus altera plectrum;
artificis status ipse fuit. tum stamina docto
pollice sollicitat, quorum dulcedine captus
Pana iubet Tmolus citharae submittere cannas.

Iudicium sanctique placet sententia montis
omnibus, arguitur tamen atque iniusta vocatur
unius sermone Midae; nec Delius aures
humanam stolidas patitur retinere figuram,
sed trahit in spatium villisque albentibus inplet
instabilesque imas facit et dat posse moveri:
cetera sunt hominis, partem damnatur in unam
induiturque aures lente gradientis aselli.
ille quidem celare cupit turpisque pudore
tempora purpureis temptat velare tiaris;
sed solitus longos ferro resecare capillos
viderat hoc famulus, qui cum nec prodere visum
dedecus auderet, cupiens efferre sub auras,
nec posset reticere tamen, secedit humumque
effodit et, domini quales adspexerit aures,
voce refert parva terraeque immurmurat haustae
indicumque suae vocis tellure regesta
obruit et scrobus tacitus discedit opertis.
creber harundinibus tremulis ibi surgere lucus
coepit et, ut primum pleno maturuit anno,
prodidit agricolam: leni nam motus ab austro
obruta verba refert dominique coarguit aures.

Ultus abit Tmolo liquidumque per aera vectus
angustum citra pontum Nepheleidos Helles 195
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METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

Phoebus' golden head was wreathed with laurel of Parnasus, and his mantle, dipped in Tyrian dye, swept the ground. His lyre, inlaid with gems and Indian ivory, he held in his left hand, while his right hand held the plectrum. His very pose was that of an artist. Then with trained thumb he plucked the strings and, charmed by those sweet strains, Tmolus ordered Pan to lower his reeds before the lyre.

All approved the judgment of the sacred mountain-god. And yet it was challenged and called unjust by Midas' voice alone. The Delian god did not suffer ears so dull to keep their human form, but lengthened them out and filled them with shaggy, grey hair; he also made them unstable at the base and gave them power of motion. Human in all else, in this one feature was he punished, and wore the ears of a slow-moving ass. Disfigured and ashamed, he strove to hide his temples beneath a purple turban, but the slave who was wont to trim his long hair beheld his shame. And he, since he dared not reveal the disgraceful sight, yet eager to tell it out and utterly unable to keep it to himself, went off and dug a hole in the ground and into the hole, with low, muttered words, he whispered of his master's ears which he had seen. Then by throwing back the earth he buried the evidence of his voice and, having thus filled up the hole again, he silently stole away. But a thick growth of whispering reeds began to spring up there, and these, when at the year's end they came to their full size, betrayed the sower, for, stirred by the gentle breeze, they repeated his buried words and exposed the story of his master's ears.

His vengeance now complete, Latona's son retires from Tmolus and, borne through the liquid air, without crossing the narrow sea of Helle, daughter of
OVID

Laomedonteis Latoius adstítit arvis.
dextera Sigei, Rhoetei laeva profundi
ara Panomphaecò vetus est sacrata Tonanti:
inde novae primum moliri moenia Troiae
Laomedonta videt susceptaquè magna labore
crescere difficili nec opes exposcere parvas
cumque tridentigero tumidi genitore profundi
mortalem induitur formam Phrygiaeque tyranno
aedificat muros pactus pro moenibus aurum.
stabat opus: pretium rex initiatur et addit,
perseidia cumulum, falsis periuria verbis.
“non inpune feres” rector maris inquit, et omnes
inclinavit aquas ad avarae litora Troiae
inque freti formam terras conplevit opesque
abstulit agricolis et fluctibus obruit agros.
poena neque haec satis est: regis quoque filia monstro
poscitur aequoreo, quam dura ad saxa revinctam
vindicat Alcides promissaque munera dictos
poscit equos tantique operis mercede negata
bis periura capit superatae moenia Troiae.
nec, pars militiae, Telamon sine honore recessit
Hesioneque data potitur. nam coniuge Peleus
clarus erat diva nec avi magis ille superbus
nomine quam soceri, siquidem Iovis esse nepoti
contigit haut uni, coniunx dea contigit uni.
Nephele, he came to earth in the country of Lao-
medon. Midway between the Sigean and Rhoeteanean
promontories was an ancient altar sacred to the
Panomphaean Thunderer. There Apollo saw Lao-
medon beginning to build the walls of his new city,
Troy; and, perceiving that the mighty task was pro-
ceeding with great difficulty, and demanded no
slight resources, he, together with the trident-
bearing father of the swollen sea, put on mortal
form and built the walls for the Phrygian king,
having first agreed upon a sum of gold for the walls.
There stood the work. But the king repudiated his
debt and, as a crowning act of perfidy, swore that he
had never promised the reward. "But you shall
not go unpunished," the sea-god said, and he set
all his waters flowing against the shores of miserly
Troy. He flooded the country till it looked like a
sea, swept away the farmers' crops and whelmed their
fields beneath his waters. Nor was this punishment
enough; the king's daughter also must be sacri-
ficed to a monster of the deep. But while she was
bound there to the hard rocks, Alcides set her free,
and then demanded his promised wage, the horses
that were agreed upon. But the great task's price
was again refused, and so the hero took the twice-
perjured walls of conquered Troy. Nor did Tela-
mon, the partner of his campaign, go without
reward, and Hesione was given him. For Peleus¹
was honoured with a goddess for his bride, and was
not more proud of his grandfather's name than of
his father-in-law; since it had fallen to not one alone
to be grandson of Jove, but to him alone had it
fallen to have a goddess for his wife.

¹ Peleus also had assisted Hercules in this exploit.
OVID

Namque senex Thetidi Proteus "dea" dixerat "undae,
concipe: mater eris iuvenis, qui fortibus annis
acta patris vincet maiorque vocabitur illo."

ergo, ne quicquam mundus Iove maius haberet,
quamvis haut tepidos sub pectore senserat ignes, 225
Iuppiter aequoreae Thetidis conubia fugit,
in suaque Aeaciden succedere vota nepotem
iussit et amplexus in virginis ire marinae.

_est sinus Haemoniae curvos falcatus in arcus,
bracchia procurrunt: ubi, si foret altior unda,
portus erat; summis inductum est aequor harenis;
litus habet solidum, quod nec vestigia servet
nec remoretur iter nec opertum pendeat alga;
myrtea Silva subest bicoloribus obsita bacis.
est specus in medio, natura factus an arte,
_ambiguum, magis arte tamen: quo saepe venire
frenato delphine sedens, Theti, nuda solebas.
illic te Peleus, ut somno vineta iacebas,
occupat, et quoniam precibus temptata repugnas,
vim parat, innectens ambobus colla lacertis;
quod nisi venisses variatis saepe figuris
ad solitas artes, auso foret ille potitus;

sed modo tu volucris: volucrem tamen ille tenebat;
nunc gravis arbor eras: haerebat in arbore Peleus;
tertia forma fuit maculosae tigridis: illa

territus Aeacides a corpore bracchia solvit.
usque deos pelagi vino super aequora fuso
For old Proteus had said to Thetis: "O goddess of the waves, conceive: thou shalt be the mother of a youth who, when to manhood grown, shall outdo his father's deeds and shall be called greater than he." Because of this, lest the earth should produce anything greater than himself, though he had felt the hot fires of love deep in his heart, Jove shunned the arms of Thetis, goddess of the sea, and bade his grandson, the son of Aeacus, assume the place of lover in his stead, and seek a union with this virgin of the deep.

There is a bay on the Thessalian coast, rounded like a curved sickle, with arms running out; 'twould be a safe port for ships if the water were deeper. The sea spreads smooth over the sandy bottom; the shore is firm, such as leaves no trace of feet, delays no journey, is free from seaweed. A myrtle wood grows close at hand, thick-hung with two-coloured berries. There is a grotto in this grove, whether made by nature or art one may not surely say, but rather by art. To this grot oftentimes, riding thy bridled dolphin, O Thetis, naked wast thou wont to come. There then did Peleus seize thee as thou layest wrapped in slumber; and since, though entreated by his prayers, thou didst refuse, he prepared to force thy will, entwining thy neck with both his arms. And hadst thou not, by changing oft thy form, had recourse to thine accustomed arts, he would have worked his daring will on thee. But now didst thou take the form of a bird: still he held fast to the bird. Now wast thou a sturdy tree; around the tree did Peleus tightly cling. Thy third disguise was a spotted tigress' form: in fear of that Peleus loosed his hold on thee. Then did he pray unto the gods of the sea with wine poured out

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et pecoris fibris et fumo turis adorat,
donec Carpathius medio de gurgite vates
"Aeacide," dixit "thalamis potiere petitis,
tu modo, cum rigido sopita quiescet in antro,
ignaram laqueis vincloque innecte tenaci.
nece decipiat centum mentita figuras,
sced preme, quicquid erit, dum, quod fuit ante,
reformet."
dixerat haec Proteus et condidit aequore vultum
admisitque suos in verba novissima fluctus.
Pronus erat Titan inclinatoque tenebat
Hesperium temone fretum, cum pulchra relecto
Nereis ingreditur consueta cubilia saxo;
vix bene virgineos Peleus invaserat artus:
illa novat formas, donec sua membra teneri
sentit et in partes diversas bracchia tendi.
tum demum ingemuit, "neque" ait "sine numine vincis"

exhibita estque Thetis: confessam amplectitur heros
et potitur votis ingentique inplet Achille.
Felix et nato, felix et coniuge Peleus,
et cui, si demas iugulati crimina Phoci,
onnia contigerant: fraterno sanguine soentem
expulsumque domo patria Trachinia tellus
accipit. hic regnum sine vi, sine caede regebat
Lucifer genitore satus patriumque nitorem
ore ferens Ceyx, illo qui tempore maestus
dissimilisque sui fratrem lugebat ademptum.
quo postquam Aeacides fessus curaque viaque
upon the water, with entrails of sheep, and with the smoke of incense; until the Carpathian seer from his deep pools rose and said to him: "O son of Aeacus, thou shalt yet gain the bride thou dost desire. Only do thou, when she lies within the rocky cave, deep sunk in sleep, bind her in her unconsciousness with snares and close-clinging thongs. And though she take a hundred lying forms, let her not escape thee, but hold her close, whatever she may be, until she take again the form she had at first." So spoke Proteus and hid his face beneath the waves, as he let his waters flow back again over his final words.

Now Titan was sinking low and kept the western sea beneath his down-sloping chariot, when the fair Nereid, seeking again the grot, lay down upon her accustomed couch. There scarce had Peleus well laid hold on her virgin limbs, when she began to assume new forms, until she perceived that she was held firmly bound and that her arms were pinioned wide. Then at length she groaned and said: "'Tis not without some god's assistance that you conquer," and gave herself up as Thetis. Her, thus owning her defeat, the hero caught in his embrace, attained his desire, and begat on her the great Achilles.

Peleus was blessed in his son, blessed in his wife, and to him only good befell, if you except the crime of the murdered Phocus. Driven from his father's house with his brother's blood upon his hands, he found asylum in the land of Trachis. Here ruled in peaceful, bloodless sway Ceyx, son of Lucifer, with all his father's bright gladness in his face. But at that time he was sad and unlike himself, for he was mourning the taking off of his brother. To him the son of Aeacus came, worn with his cares and
venit et intravit paucis comitantibus urbe,
quosque greges pecorum, quae secum armenta
trahebat,
haut procul a muris sub opaca valle reliquit;
copia cum facta est adeundi prima tyranni,
velamenta manu praetendens supplice, qui sit
quoque satus, memorat, tantum sua crimina celat
mentiturque fugae causam; petit, urbe vel agro
se iuvet. hunc contra placido Trachinius ore
talibus adloquitur: “mediae quoque commoda plebi
nostra patent, Peleu, nec inhospita regna tenemus;
adicis huic animo momenta potentia, clarum
nomen avumque Iovem; ne tempora perde precando!
quoque satus, omne feres tuaque haec pro parte vocato,
qualiacumque vides! utinam meliora videres!”
et flebat: moveat tantos quae causa dolores,
Peleusque comitesque rogant; quibus ille profatur:
“forsitan hanc volucrem, rapto quae vivit et omnes
terret aves, semper pennas habuisse putetis:
vir fuit (et—tanta est animi constantia—tantum
acer erat belloque ferox ad vinque paratus)
nomine Daedalion. illo genitore creatis,
qui vocat Auroram caeloque novissimus exit,
culta mihi pax est, pacis mihi cura tenendae
coniugiique fuit, fratri fera bella placebant:
illius virtus reges gentesque subegit,
quae nunc Thisbaeas agitat mutata columbas.
nata erat buie Chione, quae dotatissima forma
140
journeyings, and entered his city with but a few retainers following. He left the flocks of sheep and the cattle which he had brought with him in a shady vale not far from the city's walls; then, when first he was allowed to approach the monarch, stretching out with suppliant hand an olive-branch wound with woollen fillets, he told him who he was and from what father sprung. He concealed only his crime, and lied concerning the reason for his flight. He begged for a chance to support himself in city or in field. To him the Trachinian monarch with kind words replied: "The opportunities of our realm lie open, Peleus, even to humble folk, and we do not rule an inhospitable kingdom. To this our kindly disposition you add the strong incentive of an illustrious name and descent from Jove. Then waste no time in prayer. You shall have all you seek. Call all this your own whatsoever you see; and I would that you saw better!" He spoke and wept. When Peleus and his companions asked him the cause of his great grief, he answered them: "Perchance you think that yonder bird, which lives on rapine and is the terror of all birds, was always a feathered creature. He was once a man (and, so fixed is character, his only qualities were harshness, eagerness for war, readiness for violence), by name Daedalion. We two were born of that god who wakes the dawn and passes last from the sky. I was by nature peaceful and my care was always for preserving peace and for my wife. But cruel war was my brother's pleasure. His fierce courage subdued kings and nations, and now in changed form it pursues the doves of Thisbe.¹ He had a daughter, Chione, a girl

¹ A little town on the coast of Boeotia, famous for its wild doves.
OVID

mille procos habuit, bis septem nubilis annis.
forte revertentes Phoebus Maiaque creatus,
ille suis Delphis, hic vertice Cylleneo,
videre hanc pariter, pariter traxere calorem. 305
spem veneris differt in tempora noctis Apollo;
non fert ille moras virgaque movente soporem
virginis os tangit: tactu iacet illa potenti
vimque dei patitur; nox caelum sparserat abris:
Phoebus anum simulat praereptaque gaudia sumit.

ut sua maturus conplevit tempora venter, 311
alipedis de stirpe dei versuta propago
nascitur Autolycus furtum ingeniosus ad omne,
candida de nigris et de candentibus atra
qui facere adsuerat, patriae non degener artis; 315
nascitur e Phoebo (namque est enixa gemellos)
carmine vocali clarus citharaque Philammon.

quid peperisse duos et dis placuisse duobus
et forti genitore et progenitore nitenti
esse satam prodest? an obest quoque gloria? multis
obsuit, huic certe! quae se praefere Dianae 321
sustinuit faciemenque deae culpavit, at illi
ira ferox mota est 'factis' que 'placebimus' inquit.

nec mora, curavit cornu nervoque sagittam
inpulit et meritam traecit harundine linguam. 325
lingua tacet, nec vox temptataque verba sequuntur,
conantemque loqui cum sanguine vita reliquit;
quam miser amplexans ego tum patriumque dolorem
corde tuli fratricque pio solacia dixi,
quae pater haut aliter quam cautes murmura ponti
142
most richly dowered with beauty, who had a thousand suitors when she had reached the marriageable age of fourteen years. It chanced that Phoebus and the son of Maia, returning the one from Delphi, the other from high Cyllene, beheld her both at once and both at once were filled with love of her. Apollo put off his hope of love till night-time, but the other brooked no delay, and touched the maiden's face with his sleep-compelling wand. She lay beneath the god's magic touch and endured his violence. Now night had spangled the heavens with the stars when Phoebus, assuming an old woman's form, gained his forestalled joy. When the fullness of time was come, a son was born to the wing-footed god, Autolycus, of crafty nature, well versed in cunning wiles. For he could make white of black and black of white, a worthy heir of his father's art. To Phoebus also, for the birth was twin, was born Philammon, famous for song and zither. But what profits it that she bore two sons, that she found favour with two gods, that she herself was sprung from a brave sire and shining grandsire? Is not glory a bane as well? It has been a bane to many, surely to her! For she boldly set herself above Diana and criticized the goddess' beauty. But to her the goddess, moved by hot rage, exclaimed: 'Then by our deeds we'll please you.' Upon the word she bent her bow, sent an arrow swift flying from the string, and pierced that guilty tongue with the shaft. The tongue was stilled, nor voice nor attempted words came more. Even as she tried to speak her life fled forth with her blood. Wretched, I embraced her, feeling her father's grief in my heart, and to my dear brother I spoke words of comfort. The father heard them as the crags hear the murmurs of the sea, and kept
accipit et natam delamentatur ademptam; 331
at vero ardentem vidit, quater impetus illi
in medios fuit ire rogos, quater inde repulsus
concita membra fugae mandat similisque iuvenco
spicula crabronum pressa cervice gerenti, 335
qua via nulla, ruit. iam tum mihi currere visus
plus homine est, alasque pedes sumpsisse putares.
effugit ergo omnes veloxque cupidine leti
vertice Parnasi potitur; miseratus Apollo,
cum se Daedalion saxo misisset ab alto, 340
fecit avem et subitis pendentem sustulit alis
oraque adunca dedit, curvos dedit unguibus hamos,
virtutem antiquam, maiores corpore vires,
et nunc accipiter, nulli satis aequus, in omnes
saevit aves aliisque dolens fit causa dolore.

Quae dum Lucifero genitus miracula narrat
de consortre suo, cursu festinus anhelo
advolat armenti custos Phoecus Onetor
et "Peleu, Peleu! magnae tibi nuntius adsum
cladis" ait. quocumque ferat, iubet edere Peleus,
pendet et ipse metu trepidi Trachinius oris; 351
ille refert "fessos ad litora curva iuvencos
adpuleram, medio cum Sol altissimus orbe
tantum respiceret, quantum superesse videret,
parsque boum fulvis genua inclinarat harenis
latarumque iacens campos spectabat aquarum,
pars gradibus tardis illuc errabat et illuc;
nant alii celsoque instant super aequora collo.
templa mari subsunt nec marmore clara neque auro,
sed trabibus densis lucoque umbrosa vetusto: 360
Nereides Nereusque tenent (hos navita ponti
144
ever bewailing his lost child. But when he saw her burning, four times he made to rush into the blazing pile. Four times thrust back, he took to mad flight and, like a bullock whose neck is pierced by hornets' stings, over trackless ways he rushed. Even then he seemed to me to run faster than human powers allow, and you would have thought his feet had taken wings. So then he fled us all and quickly, bent on destruction, he gained Parnasus' top. Apollo, pitying him, when Daedalion had hurled himself from that high cliff, made him a bird, held him suspended there on sudden wings, and gave him a hooked beak, gave him curved claws, but he left him his old-time courage and strength greater than his body. And now as a hawk, friendly to none, he vents his cruel rage on all birds and, suffering himself, makes others suffer, too."

While the son of Lucifer was telling this marvelous story of his brother, Phocian Onetor, Peleus' herdsman, came running in with breathless haste, crying: "Peleus, Peleus! I come to tell you news of dreadful slaughter." Peleus bade him tell his news, while the Trachinian king himself waited in trembling anxiety. The herdsman went on: "I had driven the weary herd down to the curving shore when the high sun was midway in his course, beholding as much behind him as still lay before. A part of the cattle had kneeled down upon the yellow sands, and lying there were looking out upon the broad, level sea; part was wandering slowly here and there, while others still swam out and stood neck-deep in water. A temple stood near the sea, not resplendent with marble and gold, but made of heavy timbers, and shaded by an ancient grove. The place was sacred to Nereus and the Nereids (these a sailor told me
OVID

edidit esse deos, dum retia litore siecat);
iuneta palus huic est densis obsessa salictis,
quam restagnantis fecit maris unda paludem:
inde fragore gravi strepitus loca proxima terret:
belua vasta, lupus! mucisque palustribus exit
oblitus, et spumis et sparsus sanguine rictus
fulmineos, rubra suffusus lumina flamma.
qui quamquam saevit pariter rabieque fameque,
aeior est rabie: neque enim ieiunia curat
caede bourn diramque famem finire, sed omne
vulnerat armentum sternitque hostiliter omne.
pars quoque de nobis funesto saucia morsu,
dum defensamus, leto est data; sanguine litus
undaque prima rubet demugitaeque paludes.

sed mora damnosa est, nec res dubitare remittit:
dum superest aliquid, cuncti coeamus et arma,
arma capessamus conjunctaque tela feramus!"
dixerat agrestis: nec Pelea damna movebant,

sed memor admissi Nereida conligit orbam
damna sua inferias extincto mittere Phoco.

induere arma viros violentaque sumere tela
rex iubet Oetaeus; sum quis simul ipse parabat
ire, sed Alcyone coniunx excita tumultu
prosilit et nondum totos ornata capillos

disicit hos ipsos colloque infusa mariti,
mittat ut auxilium sine se, verbisque precatur
were the gods of that sea, as he dried his nets on the shore). Hard by this temple was a marsh thick-set with willows, which the backwater of the sea made into a marsh. From this a loud, crashing noise filled the whole neighbourhood with fear: a huge beast, a wolf! he came rushing out, smeared with marsh-mud, his great, murderous jaws all bloody and flecked with foam, and his eyes blazing with red fire. He was mad with rage and hunger, but more with rage. For he stayed not to sate his fasting and dire hunger on the slain cattle, but mangled the whole herd, slaughtering all in wanton malice. Some of us, also, while we strove to drive him off, were sore wounded by his deadly fangs and given over to death. The shore, the shallow water, and the swamps, resounding with the bellowings of the herd, were red with blood. But delay is fatal, nor is there time to hesitate. While still there's something left, let us all rush on together, and arms, let us take arms, and make a combined attack upon the wolf!" So spoke the rustic. Peleus was not stirred by the story of his loss; but, conscious of his crime, he well knew that the bereaved Nereid¹ was sending this calamity upon him as a sacrificial offering to her slain Phocus. The Oetean king bade his men put on their armour and take their deadly spears in hand, and at the same time was making ready to go with them himself. But his wife, Alcyone, roused by the loud outcries, came rushing out of her chamber, her hair not yet all arranged, and, sending this flying loose, she threw herself upon her husband's neck, and begged him with prayers and tears that he would send aid but not go himself, and

¹ Psamathe, the mother of Phocus whom Peleus had accidentally killed.
et lacrimis, animasque duas ut servant in una.
Aeacides illi: "pulchros, regina, piosque
pone metus! plena est promissi gratia vestri. 390
non placet arma mihi contra nova monstra moveri;
numen adorandum pelagi est!" erat ardua turris,
are focus summa, fessis nota grata carinis:
ascendunt illuc stratosque in litore tauros
cum gemitu adspiciunt vastatoremque cruento 395
ore ferum, longos infectum sanguine villos.
inde manus tendens in aperti litora ponti
caeculeam Peleus Psamathen, ut finiat iram,
orat, opemque ferat; nec vocibus illa rogantis
flectitur Aeacidae, Thetis hanc pro coniuge supplex
accepit veniam. sed enim revocatus ab acri 401
caede lupus perstat, dulcedine sanguinis asper,
donee inhaerentem lacerae cervice iuvenae
marmore mutavit: corpus praeterque colorem
omnia servavit, lapidis color indicat illum 405
iam non esse lupum, iam non debere timeri.
nec tamen hac profugum consistere Pelea terra
fata sinunt, Magnetas adit vagus exul et illie
sumit ab Haemonio purgamina caedis Acasto.

Interea fratrisque sui fratremque secutis 410
anxia prodigiis turbatus pectora Ceyx,
consulat ut sacras, hominum oblectamina, sortes,
so save two lives in one. Then said the son of Aeacus to her: "Your pious fears, O queen, become you; but have no fear. I am not ungrateful for your proffered help; but I have no desire that arms be taken in my behalf against the strange monster. I must pray to the goddess of the sea." There was a tall tower, a lighthouse on the top of the citadel, a welcome landmark for storm-tossed ships. They climbed up to its top, and thence with cries of pity looked out upon the cattle lying dead upon the shore, and saw the killer revelling with bloody jaws, and with his long shaggy hair stained red with blood. There, stretching out his hands to the shores of the open sea, Peleus prayed to the sea-nymph, Psamathe, that she put away her wrath and come to his help. She, indeed, remained unmoved by the prayers of Peleus; but Thetis, adding her prayers for her husband's sake, obtained the nymph's forgiveness. But the wolf, though ordered off from his fierce slaughter, kept on, mad with the sweet draughts of blood; until, just as he was fastening his fangs upon the torn neck of a heifer, the nymph changed him into marble. The body, save for its colour, remained the same in all respects; but the colour of the stone proclaimed that now he was no longer wolf, that now he no longer need be feared. But still the fates did not suffer the banished Peleus to continue in this land. The wandering exile went on to Magnesia, and there, at the hands of the Hae-monian king, Acastus, he gained full absolution from his bloodguiltiness.

Meanwhile King Ceyx was much disturbed and anxious, not alone about the strange thing that happened to his brother, but also about others that had happened since his brother's fate. Accordingly, that
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ao Clarium parat ire deum: nam templam profanum
invia cum Phlegyis faciebat Delphica Phorbas.
consilii tamen ante sui, fidiissima, certam

te facit, Alcyone; cui protinus intima frigus
ossa receperunt, buxoque simillimus ora
pallor obit, lacrimisque genae maduere profusis.
ter conata loqui ter fletibus ora rigavit
singultuque pias inturrumpente querellas
“quae mea culpa tuam,” dixit “carissime, mentem
vertit? ubi est quae cura mei prior esse solet?
iam potes Alcyone securus abesse relicta?
iam via longa placet? iam sum tibi carior absens?
at, puto, per terras iter est, tantumque dolebo,
non etiam metuam, curaeque timore carebunt.
aequora me terrent et ponti tristis imago:
et laceras nuper tabulas in litore vidi
et saepe in tumulis sine corpore nomina legi.
neve tuum fallax animum fiducia tangat,
quod socer Hippotades tibi sit, qui carcere fortes
contineat ventos, et, cum velit, aequora placet.
cum semel emissi tenuerunt aequora venti,
nil illis vetitum est: incommendaque tellus
omnis et omne fretum est, caeli quoque nubila vexant
executiuntque feris rutilos concursibus ignes.
quo magis hos novi (nam novi et saepe paterna
parva domo vidi), magis hos reor esse timendos.
he might consult the sacred oracles, the refuge of mankind in trouble, he planned to journey to the Clarian god. For the infamous Phorbas with the followers of Phlegyas was making the journey to the Delphic oracle unsafe. But before he started he told his purpose to you, his most faithful wife, Alcyone. Straightway she was chilled to the very marrow of her bones, her face grew pale as boxwood and her cheeks were wet with her flowing tears. Three times she tried to speak, three times watered her face with weeping; at last, her loving complaints broken by her sobs, she said: "What fault of mine, O dearest husband, has brought your mind to this? Where is that care for me which used to stand first of all? Can you now abandon your Alcyone with no thought of her? Is it your pleasure now to go on a long journey? Am I now dearer to you when absent from you? But, I suppose, your journey is by land, and I shall only grieve, not fear for you, and my cares shall have no terror in them. The sea affrights me, and the stern visage of the deep; and but lately I saw some broken planks upon the beach, and often have I read men's names on empty tombs. And let not your mind have vain confidence in that the son of Hippotes is your father-in-law, who holds the stout winds behind prison bars, and when he will can calm the sea. For when once the winds have been let out and have gained the open deep, no power can check them, and every land and every sea is abandoned to their will. Nay, they harry the very clouds of heaven and rouse the red lightnings with their fierce collisions. The more I know them (for I do know them, and have often seen them when a child in my father's home) the more I think them to be feared. But if no prayers can change your
quod tua si flecti precibus sententia nullis, 
care, potest, coniunx, nimiumque es certus eundi, 440 
me quoque tolle simul! certe iactabimur una, 
nec nisi quae patiar, metuam, pariterque feremus, 
quicquid erit, pariter super aequora lata feremur.”

Talibus Aeolidis dictis lacrimisque movetur 
idereus coniunx: neque enim minor ignis in ipso est; 
sed neque propositos pelagi dimittere cursus, 446 
nec vult Alcyonen in partem adhibere pericli 
multaque respondit timidum solantia pectus. 
non tamen idcirco causam probat; addidit illis 
hoc quoque lenimen, quo solo flexit amantem: 450 
“longa quidem est nobis omnis mora, sed tibi iuro 
per patrios ignes, si me modo fata remittant, 
ante reversurum, quam luna bis inpleat orbem.”

his ubi promissis spes est admota recursus, 
protinus eductam navalibus aequore tingui 455 
aptarique suis pinum iubet armamentis; 
qua rursus visa veluti praesaga futuri 
horruit Alcyone lacrimasque emisit obortas 
amplexusque dedit tristique miserrima tandem 
ore “vale” dixit conlapsaque corpore toto est; 460 
avst iuvenes quaerente moras Ceyce reducunt 
ordinibus geminis ad fortia pectora remos 
aequalique ictu scindunt freta: sustulit illa 
umentes oculos stantemque in puppe recurva 
concussaque manu dantem sibi signa maritum 465 
prima videt redditque notas; ubi terra recessit 
longius, atque oculi nequeunt cognoscere vultus,
purpose, dear husband, and if you are over-bent on going, take me with you, too! For surely we shall then be storm-tossed together, nor shall I fear save only what I feel, and together we shall endure whatever comes, together over the broad billows we shall fare."

With these words and tears of the daughter of Aeolus the star-born husband was deeply moved; for the fire of love burned no less brightly in his heart. And yet he was unwilling either to give up his proposed journey on the sea or to take Alcyone as sharer of his perils. His anxious love strove to comfort her with many soothing words, but for all that he did not win her approval. He added this comforting condition, also, by which alone he gained his loving wife's consent: "Every delay, I know, will seem long to us; but I swear to you by my father's fires, if only the fates will let me, I will return before the moon shall twice have filled her orb." When by these promises of return her hope had been awakened, straightway he ordered his ship to be launched and duly supplied with her equipment. But when Alcyone saw this, as if forewarned of what was to come, she fell to trembling again; her tears flowed afresh and, embracing her husband in the depth of woe, she said a sad farewell at last and then fainted away completely. But the young men, though Ceyx sought excuses for delay, in double rows drew back the oars to their strong breasts and rent the waters with their rhythmic strokes. Then Alcyone lifted her tear-wet eyes and saw her husband standing on the high-curved poop and waving his hand in first signal to her, and she waved tokens back again. When the land drew further off, and her eyes could no longer make out his features,
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dum licet, insequitur fugientem lumine pinum; 
haec quoque ut haut poterat spatio submota videri, 
vela tamen spectat summo fluitantia malo; 

ut nec vela videt, vacuum petit anxia lectum 
seque toro ponit: renovat lectusque locusque 
Alcyonae lacrimas et quae pars admonet absit. 

Portibus exierant, et moverat aura rudentes: 
obvertit lateri pendentes navita remos 
cornuaque in summa locat arbores totaque malo 
carbasca deduct venientesque accipit auras. 
aut minus, aut certe medium non amplius aequor 
puppe secabatur, longeque erat utraque tellus, 
cum mare sub noctem tumidis albescere coepit 
fluctibus et praeceps spirare valentius eurus. 
"ardua iamdudum demittite cornua" rector 
clamat "et antemnis totum subnectite velum." 
hic iubet; impediunt adversae iussa procellae, 
nec sinit audiri vocem fragor aequoris ullam: 
sponte tamen properant alii subducere remos, 
pars munire latus, pars ventis vela negare; 
egere hic fluctus aequorque refundit in aequor, 
hic rapit antemnas; quae dum sine lege geruntur, 
aspera crescit hiems, omnique e parte ferores 
bella gerunt venti fretaque indignantia miscent. 
ipse pavet nec se, qui sit status, ipse fatetur 
scire ratis rector, nec quid iubeatve vetetve: 
tanta mali moles tantoque potentior arte est. 
quipped sonant clamore viri, stridore rudentes, 
undarum incursu gravis unda, tonitribus æther.
while yet she could she followed with her gaze the 
fast-receding ship. When even this was now so dis- 
tant that it could not be seen, still she watched the 
sails floating along at the top of the mast. When 
she could not even see the sails, heavy-hearted she 
sought her lonely couch and threw herself upon it. 
The couch and the place renewed her tears, for they 
reminded her of the part that was gone from her. 
They had left the harbour and the breeze had set 
the cordage rattling. At that the captain shipped 
his oars, ran the yard up to the top of the mast and 
spread all his sails to catch the freshening breeze. 
The ship was now skimming along about midway of 
the sea, and the land on either side was far away, when, 
as night came on, the water began to whiten with the 
roughening waves and the wind, driving ahead, to blow 
with increased violence. "Lower the yard at once," 
the captain cries, "and tight reef the sail." So he 
orders, but the blast blowing in his face drowns out 
his orders, nor does the uproar of the sea let his voice 
be heard. Still, of their own will, some hastily draw 
in the oars, some close the oar-holes, and some reef 
the sails. Here one is bailing out the water and 
pouring the sea into the sea, while another hastily 
secures the spars. While these things are being 
done, all in confusion, the storm is increasing in vio- 
lence and from every quarter the raging winds make 
their attacks and stir up the angry waves. The 
captain himself is in terror and admits that he does 
not know how the vessel stands, nor what either to 
order or forbid; so great is the impending weight of 
destruction, so much more mighty than his skill. 
All is a confused uproar—shouts of men, rattling of 
cordage, roar of the rushing waves, and crash of 
thunder. The waves run mountain-high and seem
fluctibus erigitur caelumque aequare videtur pontus et inductas aspergine tangere nubes; et modo, cum fulvas ex imo vertit harenas, concolor est illis, Stygia modo nigror unda, sternitur interdum spumisque sonantibus albet. ipsa quoque his agitur vicibus Trachinia puppis et nunc sublimis veluti de vertice montis despicere in valles imumque Acheronta videtur, nunc, ubi demissam curvum circumstetit aestuor, suspicere inferno sumnum de gurgite caelum. saepe dat ingentem fluctu latus icta fragorem nec levius pulsata sonat, quam ferreus olim cum laceras aries balistave concutit arces, utque solent sumptis incursu viribus ire pectore in arma feri protentaque tela leones, sic, ubi se ventis admiserat unda coortis, ibat in arma ratis multoque erat altior illis; iamque labant cunei, spoliataque tegmine cerae rima patet praebetque viam letalibus undis. ecce cadunt largi resolutis nubibus imbres, inque fretum credas totum descendere caelum, inque plagas caeli tumefactum ascendere pontum. vela madent nimbis, et cum caelestibus undis aequoreae miscentur aquae; caret ignibus aether, caecaque nox premitur tenebris hiemisque suisque. discutiunt tamen has praebentque micantia lumen fulmina: fulmineis ardescunt ignibus undae. dat quoque iam saltus intra cava texta carinae
to reach the very heavens, and with their spray to sprinkle the lowering clouds. Now the water is tawny with the sands swept up from the bottom of the sea, and now blacker than the very waters of the Styx. At other times the waves spread out, white with the hissing foam. The Trachinii\textsuperscript{-}n ship herself also is driven on in the grasp of chance. Now, lifted high, as from a mountain-top she seems to look down into deep valleys and the pit of Acheron; now, as she sinks far down and the writhing waters close her in, she seems to be looking up to the top of heaven from the infernal pools. Often with mighty thuds the vessel's sides resound, beaten by crashing waves as heavily as when sometimes an iron ram or ballista smites a battered fortress. And as savage lions, gaining new strength as they come rushing to the attack, are wont to breast the hunters' arms and ready spears; so, when the waves had been lashed to fury by the opposing winds, they rushed against the bulwarks of the barque and towered high over them. And now the tightening wedges of the hull spring loose and yawning chinks appear, their covering of wax clean washed away, and give passage to the deadly tide. Behold, the rain falls in sheets from the bursting clouds; and you would think that the whole heavens were falling down into the sea and that the swollen sea was leaping up into the regions of the sky. The sails are soaked with rain, and with the waters from the sky the ocean's floods are mingled. No stars gleam in the sky and the black night is murky with its own and the tempest's gloom. Still flashing lightnings cleave the shadows and give light, and the waves gleam red beneath the lightning's glare. Now also the flood comes pouring within the vessel's hollow hull; and as a soldier, more eager
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fluctus; et ut miles, numero praestantior omni, cum saepe adsiluit defensae moenibus urbis, spe potitur tandem laudisque accensus amore inter mille viros murum tamen occupat unus, sic ubi pulsarunt noviens latera ardua fluctus, vastius insurgens decimae ruit impetus undae nec prius absistit fessam oppugnare carinam, quam velut in captae descendat moenia navis. pars igitur temptabat adhuc invadere pinum, pars maris intus erat: trepidant haud setius omnes, quam solet urbs aliis murum fodientibus extra atque aliis murum trepidare tenentibus intus. deficit ars, animique cadunt, totidemque videntur, quot veniunt fluctus, ruere atque inrumpere mortes. non tenet hic lacrimas, stupet hic, vocat ille beatos, funera quos maneant, hic votis numen adorat bracchiaque ad caelum, quod non videt, inrita tollens poscit opem; subeunt illi fraterque paresque, huic cum pignoribus domus et quodcunque relictum est; Alcyone Ceyca movet, Ceycis in ore nulla nisi Alcyone est et, cum desideret unam, gaudet abesse tamen; patriae quoque vellet ad oras respicere inque domum supremos vertere vultus, verum, ubi sit, nescit: tanta vertigine pontus fervet, et inducta piceis e nubibus umbra omne latet caelum, duplicataque noctis imago est. frangitur incursu nimbosì turbinis arbor, frangitur et regimen, spoliisque animosa superstes unda, velut victrix, sinuataque despicit undas; nec levius, quam quisquis Athon Pindumve revulsos sede sua totos in apertum everterit aequor,
than his fellows, when he has often essayed to scale a beleaguered city's walls, at last succeeds and, fired with the passion for praise, o'erleaps the wall and stands one man amidst a thousand; so, when the waves nine times have battered at the lofty sides, the tenth wave, leaping with a mightier heave, comes on, nor does it cease its attack upon the weary ship until over the ramparts of the conquered barque it leaps within. So now a part of the sea still tries to invade the ship and part is already within its hold. All are in terrified confusion, just as a city is confused when some from without seek to undermine its walls and some hold the walls within. Skill fails and courage falls; and as many separate deaths seem rushing on and bursting through as are the advancing waves. One cannot restrain his tears; another is struck dumb; still another cries they are fortunate whom burial rites await; one calls on the gods in prayer and lifts unavailing arms to the unseen heavens, begging for help; one thinks upon his brothers and his sire, one on his home and children, and each on that which he has left behind. But Ceyx thinks on Alcyone: upon the lips of Ceyx there is no one save Alcyone; and, though he longs for her alone, yet he rejoices that she is far away. How he would love to look towards his native shores again and turn his last gaze upon his home. But where he is he knows not; for the sea boils in such whirling pools and the shadows of the pitchy clouds hide all the sky and double the darkness of the night. The mast is broken by a whirling rush of wind; the rudder, too, is broken. One last wave, like a victor rejoicing in his spoils, heaves itself high and looks down upon the other waves; and, as if one should tear from their foundations Athos and Pindus and hurl them bodily into the open sea, so fell this
praecipitata cadit pariterque et pondere et ictu
mergit in ima ratem; cum qua pars magna virorum
gurgite pressa gravi neque in aera reddita fato
functa suo est, alii partes et membra carinae
trunca tenent: tenet ipse manu, qua sceptræ solebat,
fragmina navigii Ceyx socerumque patremque
invocat heu! frustra, sed plurima nantis in ore
Alcyone coniunx: illam meminitque refertque,
ilius ante oculos ut agant sua corpora fluctus
optat et examinis manibus tumuletur amicis.
dum natat, absentem, quotiens sinit hiscere fluctus,
nominat Alcyonen ipsisque inmurmurat undis.
ecce super medios fluctus niger arcus aquarum
frangitur et rupta mersum caput obruit unda.—
Lucifer obscurus nec quem cognoscere posses
illa luce fuit, quoniamque excedere caelo
non licuit, densis texit sua nubibus ora.

Aeolis interea, tantorum ignara malorum,
dinumerat noctes et iam, quas induat ille,
festinat vestes, iam quas, ubi venerit ille,
ipsa gerat, reditusque sibi promittit inanes.
omnibus illa quidem superis pia tura ferebat,
ante tamen cunctos Iunonis templæ colebat
proque viro, qui nullus erat, veniebat ad aras
utque foret sospes coniunx suus utque rediret,
optabet, nullamque sibi praeserret; at illi
hoc de tot votis poterat contingere solum.

At dea non ultra pro functo morte rogari
wave headlong, and with its overwhelming weight plunged the ship down to the very bottom; and with the ship the great part of the sailors perished, sucked down in the eddying flood, nevermore to see the light of day. But some still clung to broken pieces of the vessel. Ceyx himself, with the hand that was wont to hold the sceptre, clung to a fragment of the wreck, and called upon his father-in-law and on his father, alas! in vain. But most of all is the name of Alcyone on the swimmer's lips. He remembers her and names her o'er and o'er. He prays that the waves may bear his body into her sight and that in death he may be entombed by her dear hands. While he can keep afloat, as often as the waves allow him to open his mouth he calls the name of his Alcyone, far away, and murmurs it even as the waves close over his lips. See, a dark billow of waters breaks over the surrounding floods and buries his head deep beneath the seething waves. Dim and unrecognizable was Lucifer that dawn; and since he might not leave his station in the skies, he wrapped his face in thick clouds.

Meanwhile the daughter of Aeolus, in ignorance of this great disaster, counts off the nights; now hastens on to weave the robes which he is to put on, and now those which she herself will wear when he comes back, and pictures to herself the home-coming which can never be. She dutifully burns incense to all the gods; but most of all she worships at Juno's shrine, and approaches the altars on behalf of the man who is no more, that her husband may be kept safe from harm, that he may return once more, loving no other woman more than her. And only this prayer of all her prayers could be granted her.

But the goddess could no longer endure these
OVID

sustinet utque manus funestas arceat aris.
"Iri, meae" dixit "fidissima nuntia vocis,
vise soporiferam Somni velociter aulum
extinctique iube Ceycis imagine mittat
somnia ad Alcyonen veros narrantia casus."
dixerat: induitur velamina mille colorum
Iris et arcuato caelum curvamine signans
590
tecta petit iussi sub nube latentia regis.

Est prope Cimmerios longo spelunca recessu,
mons cavus, ignavi domus et penetralia Somni,
quo numquam radiis oriens mediusve cadensve
Phoebus adire potest: nebulae caligine mixtae
exhalantur humo dubiaeque crepuscula lucis.
non vigil ales ibi cristati cantibus oris
evocat Auroram, nec voce silentia rumpunt
sollicitive canes canibusve sagacior anser;
non fera, non pecudes, non moti flamine rami
humanaeve sonum reddunt convicia linguae.
muta quies habitat; saxo tamen exit ab imo
rivus aquae Lethes, per quem cum murmure labens
invitat somnos crepitantibus unda lapillis.
ante fores antri secunda papavera florent
600
innumeraeque herbae, quorum de lacte soporem
Nox legit et spargit per opacas umida terras.
ianua, ne verso stridores cardine reddat,
nulla domo tota, custos in limine nullus;
at medio torus est ebeno sublimis in antro,
610
plumeus, atricolor, pullo velamine tectus,
quo cubat ipse deus membris languore solutis.
hunc circa passim varias imitantia formas
Somnia vana iacent totidem, quot messis aristas,
silva gerit frondes, eiectas litus harenas.
615

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entreaties for the dead. And that she might free her altar from the touch of the hands of mourning, she said: "Iris, most faithful messenger of mine, go quickly to the drowsy house of Sleep, and bid him send to Alcyone a vision in dead Ceyx' form to tell her the truth about his fate." She spoke; and Iris put on her cloak of a thousand hues and, trailing across the sky in a rainbow curve, she sought the cloud-concealed palace of the king of sleep.

Near the land of the Cimmerians there is a deep recess within a hollow mountain, the home and chamber of sluggish Sleep. Phoebus can never enter there with his rising, noontide, or setting rays. Clouds of vapour breathe forth from the earth, and dusky twilight shadows. There no wakeful, crested cock with his loud crowing summons the dawn; no careful watch-dog breaks the deep silence with his voice, or goose, still shrewder than the dog. There is no sound of wild beast or of cattle, of branches rustling in the breeze, no clamorous tongues of men. There mute silence dwells. But from the bottom of the cave there flows the stream of Lethe, whose waves, gently murmuring over the gravelly bed, invite to slumber. Before the cavern's entrance abundant poppies bloom, and countless herbs, from whose juices dewy night distils sleep and spreads its influence over the darkened lands. There is no door in all the house, lest some turning hinge should creak; no guardian on the threshold. But in the cavern's central space there is a high couch of ebony, downy-soft, black-hued, spread with a dusky coverlet. There lies the god himself, his limbs relaxed in languorous repose. Around him on all sides lie empty dream-shapes, mimicking many forms, many as ears of grain in harvest-time, as leaves upon the trees, as sands cast on the shore.
OVID

Quo simul intravit manibusque obstantia virgo
Somnia dimovit, vestis fulgore reluxit
sacra domus, tardaque deus gravitate iacentes
vix oculos tollens iterumque iterumque relabens
summaque percutiens nutanti pectora mento
excussit tandem sibi se cubitoque levatus,
quid veniat, (cognovit enim) seitatur, at illa:
“Somne, quies rerum, placidissime, Somne, deorum,
pax animi, quem cura fugit, qui corpora duris
fessa ministeriis mulces reparasque labori,
Somnia, quae veras aequant imitamine formas,
Herculea Trachine iube sub imagine regis
Alcyonen adeant simulacraque naufraga fingant.
imperat hoc Iuno.” postquam mandata peregit,
Iris abit: neque enim ulterius tolerare soporis
im poterat, labique ut somnum sensit in artus,
effugit et remeat per quos modo venerat arcus.

At pater e populo natorum mille suorum
excitat artificem simulatoremque figure
Morphea: non illo quisquam sollertius alter
exprimit incessus vultumque sonumque loquendi;
adicit et vestes et consuetissima cuique
verba; sed hic solos homines imitatur, at alter
fit fera, fit volucris, fit longo corpore serpens:
hunc Icelon superi, mortale Phobetora vulgus
nominat; est etiam diversae tertius artis
Phantasos: ille in humum saxumque undamque tra-

bemque,
quaeque vacant anima, fallaciter omnia transit;
regibus hi ducibusque suos ostendere vultus
nocte solent, populos alii plebemque pererrant.
praeterit hos senior cunctisque e fratribus unum
When the maiden entered there and with her hands brushed aside the dream-shapes that blocked her way, the awesome house was lit up with the gleaming of her garments. Then the god, scarce lifting his eyelids heavy with the weight of sleep, sinking back repeatedly and knocking his breast with his nodding chin, at last shook himself free of himself and, resting on an elbow, asked her (for he recognized her) why she came. And she replied: “O Sleep, thou rest of all things, Sleep, mildest of the gods, balm of the soul, who puttest care to flight, soothest our bodies worn with hard ministries, and preparest them for toil again! Fashion a shape that shall seem true form, and bid it go in semblance of the king to Alcyone in Trachis, famed for Hercules. There let it show her the picture of the wreck. This Juno bids.” When she had done her task Iris departed, for she could no longer endure the power of sleep, and when she felt the drowsiness stealing upon her frame she fled away and retraced her course along the arch over which she had lately passed.

But the father rouses Morpheus from the throng of his thousand sons, a cunning imitator of the human form. No other is more skilled than he in representing the gait, the features, and the speech of men; the clothing also and the accustomed words of each he represents. His office is with men alone: another takes the form of beast or bird or the long-bodied serpent. Him the gods call Icelos, but mortals name him Phobetor. A third is Phantasos, versed in different arts. He puts on deceptive shapes of earth, rocks, water, trees, all lifeless things. These shapes show themselves by night to kings and chieftains, the rest haunt the throng of common folk. These the old sleep-god passes by, and chooses out of all the
Morphea, qui peragat Thaumantidos edita, Somnus eligit et rursus molli languore solutus depositque caput stratoque recondidit alto.

Ille volat nullos strepitus facientibus alis per tenebras intraque morae breve tempus in urbem pervenit Haemoniam, positisque e corpore pennis in faciem Ceycis abit sumptaque figura luridus, exanimi similis, sine vestibus ullis, coniugis ante torum miserae stetit: uda videtur barba viri, madidisque gravis fluere unda capillis. tum lecto incumbens fletu super ora profuso haec ait: “agnoscis Ceyca, miserrima coniunx, an mea mutata est facies nece? respice: nosces inveniesque tuo pro coniuge coniugis umbram! nil opis, Alcyone, nobis tua vota tulerunt! occidimus! falso tibi me promittere noli! nubilus Aegaeo deprendit in aequore navem Auster et ingenti iactatam flamine solvit, oraque nostra tuum frustra clamantia nomen inplerunt fluctus.—non haec tibi nuntiat auctor ambiguus, non ista vagis rumoribus audis: ipse ego fata tibi praesens mea naufragus edo. surge, age, da lacrimas lugubriaque indie nee me indeploratum sub inania Tartara mitte!”
adicit his vocem Morpheus, quam coniugis illa crederet esse sui (fletus quoque fundere veros visus erat) gestumque manu Ceycis habebat. ingemit Alcyone, lacrimas movet atque lacertos per somnum corpusque petens amplectitur auras exclamatque: “mane! quo te rapis? ibimus una.”
brethren Morpheus alone to do the bidding of Iris, Thaumas' daughter. This done, once more in soft drowsiness he droops his head and settles it down upon his high couch.

But Morpheus flits away through the darkness on noiseless wings and quickly comes to the Haemonian city. There, putting off his wings, he takes the face and form of Ceyx, wan like the dead, and stands naked before the couch of the hapless wife. His beard is wet, and water drips heavily from his sodden hair. Then with streaming eyes he bends over her couch and says: "Do you recognize your Ceyx, O most wretched wife? or is my face changed in death? Look on me! You will know me then and find in place of husband your husband's shade. No help, Alcyone, have your prayers brought to me: I am dead. Cherish no longer your vain hope of me. For stormy Auster caught my ship on the Aegean sea and, tossing her in his fierce blasts, wrecked her there. My lips, calling vainly upon your name, drank in the waves. And this tale no uncertain messenger brings to you, nor do you hear it in the words of vague report; but I myself, wrecked as you see me, tell you of my fate. Get you up, then, and weep for me; put on your mourning garments and let me not go un lamented to the cheerless land of shades." These words spoke Morpheus, and that, too, in a voice she might well believe her husband's; he seemed also to weep real tears, and had the very gesture of her Ceyx' hands. Alcyone groaned, shed tears, and in sleep seeking his arms and to clasp his body, held only air in her embrace. She cried aloud: "Wait for me! Whither do you hasten? I will go with you." Aroused by her own voice and by the image of her
voce sua specieque viri turbata soporem
excutit et primo, si sit, circumspicit, illie,
qui modo visus erat; nam moti voce ministri
intulerant lumen. postquam non invenit usquam,
percutit ora manu laniatque a pectore vestes 681
pectoraque ipsa ferit nec crines solvere curat:
scindit et altrici, quae luctus causa, roganti
"nulla est Aleyone, nulla est" ait. "occidit una
cum Ceyce suo. solantia tollite verba! 685
naufragus interiiit: vidi agnovique manusque
ad discendentem cupiens retinere tetendi.
umbra fuit, sed et umbra tamen manifesta virique
vera mei. non ille quidem, si quae, habebat
adsuetos vultus nec quo prius, ore nitebat:
pallentem nudumque et adhuc umente capillo
infelix vidi. stetit hoc miserabilis ipse
ecce loco"; (et quaerit, vestigia siqua supersint).
"hoc erat, hoc, animo quod divinante timebam,
et ne me fugeres, ventos sequerere, rogabam. 695
at certe vellem, quoniam periturus abibas,
me quoque duxisses: multum fuit utile tecum
ire mihi; neque enim de vitae tempore quiequam
non simul egissem, nec mors discreta fuisset.
nunc absens perii, iactor quoque flunctibus absens, 700
et sine me me pontus habet. crudelior ipso
sit mihi mens pelago, si vitam ducere nitar
longius et tanto pugnem superesse dolori!
sed neque pugnabo nec te, miserande, relinquam
et tibi nunc saltem veniam comes, inque sepulcro 705
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husband, she started wide awake. And first she looked around to see if he was there whom but now she had seen. For her attendants, startled by her cries, had brought a lamp into her chamber. When she did not find him anywhere, she smote her cheeks, tore off her garment from her breast and beat her breasts themselves. She stayed not to loose her hair, but rent it, and to her nurse, who asked what was her cause of grief, she cried: "Alcyone is no more, no more; she has died together with her Ceyx. Away with consoling words! He's shipwrecked, dead! I saw him and I knew him, and I stretched out my hands to him as he vanished, eager to hold him back. It was but a shade, and yet it was my husband's true shade, clearly seen. He had not, to be sure, his wonted features, nor did his face light as it used to do. But wan and naked, with hair still dripping, oh, woe is me, I saw him. See there, on that very spot, he himself stood, piteous"—and she strove to see if any footprints still remained. "This, this it was which with foreboding mind I feared, and I begged you not to leave me and sail away. But surely I should have wished, since you were going to your death, that you had taken me as well. How well had it been for me to go with you; for in that case neither should I have spent any of my life apart from you, nor should we have been separated in our death. But now far from myself I have perished; far from myself also I am tossed about upon the waves, and without me the sea holds me. My heart would be more cruel to me than the sea itself if I should strive still to live on and struggle to survive my sorrow. But I shall neither struggle nor shall I leave you, my poor husband. Now at least I shall come to be your companion; and if not the
si non urna, tamen iunget nos littera: si non
ossibus ossa meis, at nomen nomine tangam."'
plura dolor prohibet, verboque intervenit omni
plangor, et attonito gemitus a corde trahuntur.

Mane erat: egreditur tectis ad litus et illum 710
maesta locum repetit, de quo spectarat euntem,
dumque moratur ibi dumque "hic retinacula solvit,
hoc mihi discedens dedit oscula litore" dicit
dumque notata locis reminiscetur acta fretumque
prospicit, in liquida, spatio distante, tuetur 715
nescio quid quasi corpus aqua, primoque, quid illud
esset, erat dubium; postquam paulum adpulit unda,
et, quamvis aberat, corpus tamen esse liquebat,
qui foret, ignorans, quia naufragus, omine mota est
et, tamquam ignoto lacrimam daret, "heu! miser,"
inquit 720
"quisquis es, et siqua est coniunx tibi!" fluctibus
actum
fit propius corpus: quod quo magis illa tuetur,
hoc minus et minus est mentis, vae! iamque pro-

pinquae
admotum terrae, iam quod cognoscere posset,
cernit: erat coniunx! "ille est!" exclamat et una
ora, comas, vestem lacerat tendensque trementes 726
ad Ceyca manus "sic, o carissime coniunx,
sic ad me, miserande, redis?" ait. adiacet undis
facta manu moles, quae primas aequoris undas
frangit et incursus quae praedelassat aquarum. 730
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entombed urn, at least the lettered stone shall join us; if not your bones with mine, still shall I touch you, name with name.” Grief checked further speech, wailing took place of words, and groans drawn from her stricken heart.

Morning had come. She went forth from her house to the seashore and sadly sought that spot again from which she had watched him sail. And while she lingered there and while she was saying: “Here he loosed his cable, on this beach he kissed me as he was departing”; while she was thus recalling the incidents and the place and gazing seaward, away out upon the streaming waters she saw something like a corpse. At first she was not sure what it was; but after the waves had washed it a little nearer, although it was still some distance off, yet it clearly was a corpse. She did not know whose it was; yet, because it was a shipwrecked man, she was moved by the omen and, as if she would weep for the unknown dead, she cried: “Alas for you, poor man, whoever you are, and alas for your wife, if wife you have!” Meanwhile the body had been driven nearer by the waves, and the more she regarded it the less and still less could she contain herself. Ah! and now it had come close to land, now she could see clearly what it was. It was her husband! “‘Tis he!” she shrieked and, tearing her cheeks, her hair, her garments all at once, she stretched out her trembling hands to Ceyx, crying: “Thus, O dearest husband, is it thus, poor soul, you come back to me?” Near by the water was a mole built which broke the first onslaught of the waters, and took the force of the rushing waves. Thither she ran and leaped into the sea; ’twas a wonder that she could; she flew and, fluttering through the yielding
insilit hue, mirumque fuit potuisse: volabat percusientesque levem modo natis aera pennis stringebat summas ales miserabilis undas, dumque volat, maesto similem plenumque querellae ora dedere sonum tenui crepitantia rostro. 735 ut vero tetigit mutum et sine sanguine corpus, dilectos artus amplexa recentibus alis frigida nequiquam duro dedit oscula rostro. senserit hoc Ceyx, an vultum motibus undae tollere sit visus, populus dubitabat, at ille 740 senserat: et, tandem superis miserantibus, ambo alite mutantur; fatis obnoxius isdem tune quoque mansit amor nee coniugiale solutum foedus in alitibus: coeunt sintque parentes, perque dies placidos hiberno tempore septem 745 incubat Alcyone pendentibus aequore nidis. tune iacet unda maris: ventos custodit et arcet Aeolus egressu praestatque nepotibus aequor.

Hos aliquis senior inunctim freta lata volantes spectat et ad finem servatos laudat amores: 750 proximus, aut idem, si fors tulit, "hie quoque," dixit "quem mare carpentem substrictaque crura gerentem aspicis," (ostendens spatiolum in guttura mergum) "regia progenies, et si descendere ad ipsum ordine perpetuo quaeris, sunt huius origo 755 Illus et Assaraeus raptusque Iovi Ganymedes Laomedonque senex Priamusque novissima Troiae tempora sortitus; frater fuit Hectoris iste: qui nisi sensisset prima nova fata inventa, forsitan inferius non Hector nomen haberet, 760

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air on sudden wings, she skimmed the surface of the water, a wretched bird. And as she flew, her croaking mouth, with long slender beak, uttered sounds like one in grief and full of complaint. But when she reached the silent, lifeless body, she embraced the dear limbs with her new-found wings and strove vainly to kiss the cold lips with her rough bill. Whether Ceyx felt this, or whether he but seemed to lift his face by the motion of the waves, men were in doubt. But he did feel it. And at last, through the pity of the gods, both changed to birds. Though thus they suffered the same fate, still even thus their love remained, nor were their conjugal bonds loosened because of their feathered shape. Still do they mate and rear their young; and for seven peaceful days in the winter season Alcyone broods upon her nest floating upon the surface of the waters. At such a time the waves of the sea are still; for Aeolus guards his winds and forbids them to go abroad and for his grandsons' sake gives peace upon the sea.

Seeing these birds flying in loving harmony over the broad waters, some old man spoke in praise of their affection kept unbroken to the end. Then one near by, or perhaps the same speaker, pointing to a long-necked diver, said: "That bird also, which you see skimming along over the water and trailing his slender legs, is of royal birth, and his ancestors, if you wish in unbroken line to come down to him himself, were Ilus and Assaracus, Ganymede, whom Jove stole away, old Laomedon and Priam, who came by fate on Troy's last days. He there was the brother of Hector; and had he not met his strange fate in early manhood, perhaps he would have a name no less renowned than Hector's. While the daughter
quamvis est illum proles enixa Dymantis, Aesacon umbrosa furtim peperisse sub Ida fertur Alexiroe, Granico nata bicorni. oderat hic urbes nitidaque remotus ab aula secretos montes et inambitiosa colebat rura nec Iliacos coetus nisi rarus adibat. non agreste tamen nec inexpugnabile amori pectus habens silvas captatam saepe per omnes aspicit Hesperien patria Cebrenida ripa iniectos umeris siccantem sole capillos. visa fugit nympha, veluti perterrrita fulvum cerva lupum longeque laeu depressa relecto accipitrem fluvialis anas; quam Troius heros insequitur celeremque metu celer urguet amore. ecce latens herba coluber fugientis adunco dente pedem strinxit virusque in corpore liquit; cum vita suppressa fuga est: amplectitur amens examinem clamatque 'piget, piget esse secutum! sed non hoc timui, neque erat mihi vincere tanti. perdidimus miseram nos te duo: vulnus ab angue, a me causa data est! ego sum sceleratior illo, qui tibi morte mea mortis solacia mittam.' dixit et e scopulo, quem rauca subederat unda, decidit in pontum. Tethys miserata cadentem molliter exceptit nantemque per aequora pennis texit, et optatae non est data copia mortis. indignatur amans, invitum vivere cogi obstarique animae misera de sede volentif
of Dymas¹ bore the one, the other, Aesacus, is said to have been borne in secret beneath the shades of Ida by Alexiroë, daughter of the horned Granicus. He hated towns and, far from glittering palace halls, dwelt on remote mountain-sides and in lowly country places, and rarely sought the company of the men of Ilium. Still his heart was not boorish nor averse to love, and often he pursued through all the woody glades Hesperia, daughter of Cebren, whom he beheld drying her hair tossed on her shoulders in the sun upon her father’s bank. The nymph fled at sight of him as the frightened hind flees the tawny wolf, or as the wild duck, surprised far from her forsaken pool, flees from the hawk. But the Trojan hero followed her, swift on the wings of love as she was swift on the wings of fear. Behold, a serpent, hiding in the grass, pierced her foot with his curved fangs as she fled along, and left his poison in her veins. Her flight stopped with life. Beside himself, her lover embraced the lifeless form and cried: 'Oh, I repent me, I repent that I followed you! But I had no fear of this, nor was it worth so much to me to win you. We have destroyed you, poor maid, two of us: the wound was given you by the serpent, by me was given the cause! I am more guilty than he. But by my death will I send death’s consolation to you.' So saying, from a lofty cliff, where the hoarse waves had eaten it out below, he hurled himself down into the sea. But Tethys, pitying his case, received him gently as he fell, covered him with feathers as he floated on the waters, and so denied him the privilege of the death he sought. The lover was wroth that he was forced to live against his will and that his spirit was thwarted as it desired to leave its wretched

¹ Hecuba.
exire, utque novas umbris adsumpserat alas,  
subvolat atque iterum corpus super aequora mittit. 
pluma levat casus: furit Aesacos inque profundum 
pronus abit letique viam sine fine retemptat. 
fecit amor maciem: longa internodia crurum, 
longa manet cervix, caput est a corpore longe;  
aequora amat nomenque tenet, quia mergitur illo."
seat. And when he had gained on his shoulders his new-sprung wings, he flew aloft and once more hurled his body down to the sea; but his light plumage broke his fall. In wild rage Aesacus dived deep down below the water and tried endlessly to find the way to death. His passion made him lean; his legs between the joints are long, his long neck is still long, his head is far from his body. He still loves the sea and has his name because he dives beneath it.

1 Mergus, a diver.
BOOK XII
nescivs adsumptis Priamus pater Aesacon alis vivere lugebat: tumulo quoque, nomen habenti, inferias dederat cum fratribus Hector inani; defuit officio Paridis praesentia tristi,
postmodo qui rapta longum cum coninge bellum attulit in patriam: coniurataeque sequuntur mille rates gentisque simul commune Pelasgæ; nec dilata foret vindicta, nisi aequora saevi invia fecissent venti, Boeotaque tellus Aulide piscosa puddes tenuisset ituras.

hic patrio de more Iovi cum sacra parassent, ut vetus accensis incanduit ignibus ara, serpere caeruleum Danai videre draconem in platanum, coepitis quae stabat proxima sacris.
nidus erat volucrum bis quattuor arbore summa: quas simul et matrem circum sua damna volantem corripuit serpens avidoque recondidit ore, obstipuere omnes, at veri providus augur Thestorides "vincemus"; ait, "gaudete, Pelasgi! Troia cadet, sed erit nostri mora longa laboris," atque novem volucres in belli digerit annos.
BOOK XII

Father Priam, not knowing that Aesacus was still alive in feathered form, mourned for his son. At an empty tomb also, inscribed with the lost one’s name, Hector with his brothers had offered sacrifices in honour of the dead. Paris was not present at the sad rite, Paris, who a little later brought a long-continued war upon his country with his stolen wife. A thousand ships and the whole Pelasgian race, banded together, pursued him, nor would vengeance have been postponed had not stormy winds made the sea impassable, and had not the land of Boeotia kept the ships, though ready to set sail, at fish-haunted Aulis. When here, after their country’s fashion, they had prepared to sacrifice to Jove, and just as the ancient altar was glowing with the lighted fires, the Greeks saw a dark-green serpent crawling up a plane-tree which stood near the place where they had begun their sacrifices. There was a nest with eight young birds in the top of the tree, and these, together with the mother, who was flying around her doomed nestlings, the serpent seized and swallowed in his greedy maw. They all looked on in amazement. But Thestorides, the augur, who saw clearly the meaning of the portent, said: “We shall conquer. Rejoice, ye Greeks, Troy shall fall, but our task will be of long duration”; and he interpreted the nine birds as nine years of war. Meanwhile the serpent,
Ille, ut erat virides amplexus in arbores ramos,
fit lapis et servat serpentis imagine nixum.

Permanet Aoniis Nereus violentus in undis
bellaque non transfert, et sunt, qui parcer Troiae
Neptunum credant, quia moenia fecerat urbi;
at non Thestorides: nec enim nescitve tacetve
sanguine virgineo piacandam virgis iram
esse deae. postquam pietatem publica causa
rexque patrem vicit, castumque datura cruorem
flentibus ante aram stetit Iphigenia ministris,
victa dea est nubemque oculis obiecit et inter
officium turbamque sacri vocesque precantum
supposita fertur mutasse Mycenida cerva.

ergo ubi, qua decuit, lenita est caede Diana,
et pariter Phoebes, pariter maris ira recessit,
accipiunt ventos a tergo mille carinae
multaque perpessae Phrygia potiuntur harena.

Orbe locus medio est inter terrasque fretumque
caelestesque plagas, triplices confinia mundi;
unde quod est usquam, quamvis regionibus absit,
inspicitur, penetratque cavas vox omnis ad aures:
Fama tenet summaque domum sibi legit in arce,
innumerose aditus ac mille foramina tectis
addidit et nullis inclusit limina portis;
nocte dieque patet: tota est ex aere sonanti,
just as he was, coiled round the green branches of the tree, was changed to stone, and the stone kept the form of the climbing serpent.

But Nereus continued to be boisterous on the Aonian waters, and refused to transport the war. And there were some who held that Neptune was sparing Troy because he had built its walls. But not so the son of Thestor. For he was neither ignorant of the truth nor did he withhold it, that the wrath of the virgin goddess \(^1\) must be appeased with a virgin's blood. After consideration for the public weal had overcome affection, and the father had been vanquished by the king, and just as midst the weeping attendants Iphigenia was standing before the altar ready to shed her innocent blood, the goddess was moved to pity and spread a cloud before their eyes; and there, while the sacred rites went on, midst the confusion of the sacrifice and the cries of suppliants, she is said to have substituted a hind for the maiden of Mycenae. When therefore, as 'twas fitting, Diana had been appeased by the sacrifice of blood, when Phoebe's and the ocean's wrath had subsided together, the thousand ships found the winds blowing astern and, after suffering many adventures, they reached the shores of Phrygia.

There is a place in the middle of the world, 'twixt land and sea and sky, the meeting-point of the three-fold universe. From this place, whatever is, however far away, is seen, and every word penetrates to these hollow ears. Rumour dwells here, having chosen her house upon a high mountain-top; and she gave the house countless entrances, a thousand apertures, but with no doors to close them. Night and day the house stands open. It is built all of echoing

\(^1\) Diana.
tota fremit vocesque refert iteratque quod audit;
nulla quies intus nullaque silentia parte,
nec tamen est clamor, sed parvae murmura vocis,
qualia de pelagi, s quis procul audiat, undis
esse solent, qualemve sonum, cum Iuppiter atras
increpuit nubes, extrema tonitura reddunt.
atria turba tenet: veniunt, leve vulgus, euntque
mixtaque cum veris passim commenta vagantur
milia rumorum confusaque verba voluant;
e quibus hi vacuas inplent sermonibus aures,
hi narrata ferunt alio, mensuraque ficti
crescit, et auditis aliquid novus adicit auctor.
illic Credulitas, illic temerarius Error
vanaque Laetitia est consternatique Timores
Seditioque recens dubioque auctore Susurri;
ipsa, quid in caelo rerum pelagoque geratur
et tellure, videt totumque inquirit in orbem.

Fecerat haec notum, Graias cum milite forti
adventare rates, neque inexspectatus in armis
hostis adest: prohibent aditus litusque tuentur
Troes, et Hectora primus fataliter haste,
Protesilae, cadis, commissaque proelia magno
stant Danais, fortisque animae nece cognitus Hector.
nec Phryges exiguo, quid Achaica dextera posset, 70
sanguine senserunt, et iam Sigea rubebant
litora, iam leto proles Neptunia, Cygnus,
mille viros dederat, iam curru instabat Achilles
totaque Peliacae sternebat cuspidis ictu

OVID
brass. The whole place is full of noises, repeats all words and doubles what it hears. There is no quiet, no silence anywhere within. And yet there is no loud clamour, but only the subdued murmur of voices, like the murmur of the waves of the sea if you listen afar off, or like the last rumblings of thunder when Jove has made the dark clouds crash together. Crowds fill the hall, shifting throngs come and go, and everywhere wander thousands of rumours, falsehoods mingled with the truth, and confused reports flit about. Some of these fill their idle ears with talk, and others go and tell elsewhere what they have heard; while the story grows in size, and each new teller makes contribution to what he has heard. Here is Credulity, here is heedless Error, unfounded Joy and panic Fear; here sudden Sedition and unauthentic Whispers. Rumour herself beholds all that is done in heaven, on sea and land, and searches throughout the world for news.

Now she had spread the tidings that the Greek fleet was approaching full of brave soldiery; and so not unlooked for did the invading army come. The Trojans were ready to prevent the enemy's landing and to protect their shores. You first fell, Protesilaüs, before Hector's deadly spear. Those early battles proved costly to the Greeks and they soon learned Hector's warlike mettle by the slaughter that he dealt. And the Phrygians learned too, at no slight cost of blood, how puissant was the Grecian hand. And now the Sigean shores grew red; now Neptune's son, Cygnus, had given a thousand men to death; now was Achilles pressing on in his chariot and laying low whole ranks with the stroke of his spear that grew on Pelion; and, as he sought through
agmina perque acies aut Cygnum aut Hectora
quaerens
congreditur Cygno (decimum dilatus in annum Hector erat): tum colla iugo canentia pressos exhortatus equos currum direxit in hostem concutiensque suis vibrantia tela lacertis
"quisquis es, o iuvenis," dixit "solamen habeto mortis, ab Haemonio quod sis iugulatus Achille!"
hactenus Aeacides: vocem gravis hasta secuta est, sed quamquam certa nullus fuit error in hasta, nil tamen emissi profecit acumine ferri utque hebeti pectus tantummodo contudit ictu. "nate dea, nam te fama praenovimus," inquit ille "quid a nobis vulnus miraris abesse?
(mirabatur enim.) "non haec, quam cernis, equinis fulva iubis cassis neque onus, cava parma, sinistrae auxilio mihi sunt: decor est quaesitus ab istis; Mars quoque ob hoc capere arma solet! removebitur huius tegminis officium: tamen indestrictus abibo; est aliquid non esse satum Nereide, sed qui Nereaque et natas et totum temperat aequor."
dixit et haesurum clipei curvamine telum misit in Aeaciden, quod et aes et proxima rupit terga novena boum, decimo tamen orbe moratum est. excutit hoc heros rursusque trementia forti tela manu torsit: rursus sine vulnere corpus sincerumque fuit; nec tertia cuspis apertum et se praebentem valuit destringere Cygnum.
haut secus exarsit, quam circa taurus aperto,
the battle's press either Cygnus or Hector, he met with Cygnus. (Hector's fate had been postponed until the tenth year.) Then Achilles, shouting to his horses whose snowy necks were straining at the yoke, drove his chariot full at the enemy and, brandishing his spear with his strong arm, cried: "Whoever you are, O youth, have it for solace of your death that you were slain by Achilles of Thessaly." So spoke Aeacides. His heavy spear followed on the word; but, although there was no swerving in the well-aimed spear, the flying weapon struck with its sharp point without effect, and only bruised his breast as by a blunt stroke. Then Cygnus said: "O son of Thetis, for rumour has already made you known to me, why do you marvel that I am unscathed?" for he was amazed. "Neither this helmet which you behold, yellow with its horse-hair crest, nor yet this hollow shield which burdens my left arm is intended for a protection; 'tis ornament that is sought from them. Mars, too, for this cause, wear his armour. Remove the protection of this covering: still shall I escape unharmed. It is something to be the son, not of Nereus' daughter, but of him who rules both Nereus and his daughters and the whole sea besides." He spoke and hurled against Aeacides his spear, destined only to stick in the curving shield. Through brass and through nine layers of bull's hide it tore its way, but stopped upon the tenth. Shaking the weapon off, the hero again hurled a quivering spear with his strong hand. Again his foeman's body was unwounded and unharmed; nor did a third spear avail to scratch Cygnus, though he offered his body quite unprotected. Achilles raged at this just like a bull in the broad arena when with his deadly horns he rushes on the scarlet cloak, the object of his
cum sua terribili petit inritamina cornu.
poeniceas vestes, elusaque vulnera sentit:
num tamen exciderit ferrum considerat hastae:
haerebat ligno. "manus est mea debilis ergo,
quasque" ait "ante habuit vires, effudit in uno?
nam certe valuit, vel cum Lyrnesia primus
moenia deieci, vel cum Tenedonque suoque
Eetioneas inplevi sanguine Thebas,
vel cum purpureus populari caede Caicus
fluxit, opusque meae bis sensit Telephus hastae.
hic quoque tot caesis, quorum per litus acervos
et feci et video, valuit mea dextra valetque."
dixit et, ante actis veluti male crederet, hastam
misit in adversum Lycia de plebe Menoeten
loricamque simul subjectaque pectora rupit.
quo plangente gravem moribundo vertice terram
extrahit illud idem calido de vulnere telum
atque ait: "haec manus est, haec, qua modo vicimus,
hasta:
utar in hoc isdem; sit in hoc, precor, exitus idem!"
sic fatus Cygium repetit, nec fraxinus errat
inque umero sonuit non evitata sinistro,
inde velut muro solidaque a caute repulsa est;
qua tamen ictus erat, signatum sanguine Cygium
viderat et frustra fuerat gavisus Achilles:
vulnus erat nullum, sanguis fuit ille Menoetae!
tum vero praeceps curru fremebundus ab alto
desilit et nitido securum comminus hostem
ense petens parmam gladio galeamque cavari
cernit, at in duro laedi quoque corpore ferrum.
wrath, and finds it ever eluding his fierce attack. He examined the spear to see if the iron point had not been dislodged. It was still on the wooden shaft. "Is my hand then so weak," he said, "and has the strength, which it once had, ebbed away in this case alone? For surely I had strength enough when I as leader of the attack overthrew Lyrnesus' walls, or when I caused Tenedos and Thebes, the city of Eetion, to flow with their own blood, when the Caicus ran red with the slaughter of its neighbouring tribes, and when Telephus twice felt the strength of my spear. On this field also, with so many slain, heaps of whose corpses upon the shore I have both made and see, my right hand has been mighty and still is mighty." He spoke and, as if he distrusted his former prowess, he hurled the spear full at Menoetes, one of the Lycian commons, and smote clean through his breastplate and his breast beneath. As his dying victim fell clanging down head first upon the solid earth, Achilles plucked out the spear from the hot wound and cried: "This is the hand, this the spear with which I have just conquered. I likewise shall use it on this foeman, and may the outcome be the same on him, I pray." So saying, he hurled again at Cygnus, and the ashen spear went straight and struck, unshunned, with a thud upon the left shoulder, whence it rebounded as from a wall or from a solid cliff. Yet where the spear struck, Achilles saw Cygnus marked with blood, and rejoiced, but vainly: there was no wound; it was Menoetes' blood! Then truly in headlong rage he leaped down from his lofty chariot and, seeking his invulnerable foe in close conflict with his gleaming sword, he saw both shield and helmet pierced through, but on the unyielding body his sword was even blunted. The
haut tulit ulterius clipeoque adversa recti
ter quater ora viri, capulo cava tempora pulsat
cedentique sequens instat turbatque ruitque
attonitoque negat requiem: pavor occupat illum,
ante oculosque natant tenebrae retroque ferenti
aversos passus medio lapis obstitit arvo;
quem super inpulsum resupino corpore Cygnum
vi multa vertit terraeque adfixit Achilles.
tum clipeo genibusque premens praecordia duris
vincla trahit galeae, quae presso subdita mento
elidunt fauces et respiramen utrumque
eripiunt animae. vicium spoliare parabat:
arma relictâ videt; corpus deus aequoris albam
contulit in volucrem, cuius modo nomen habebat.

Hic labor, haec requiem multorum pugna dierum
attulit et positis pars utraque substitit armis.
dumque vigil Phrygios servat custodia muros,
et vigil Argolicas servat custodia fossas,
festa dies aderat, qua Cygni victor Achilles
Pallada mactatae placabat sanguine vaccae;
cuius ut inposuit prosecta calentibus aris,
et dis acceptus penetravit in aethera nidor,
sacra tulere suam, pars est data cetera mensis.
discubuere toris proceres et corpora tosta
carne replent vinoque levant curasque sitimque.
non illos citharae, non illos carmina vocum
longave multifori delectat tibia buxi,
sed noctem sermone trahunt, virtusque loquendi
hero could brook no more, but with shield and sword-hilt again and again he beat upon the face and hollow temples of his uncovered foe. As one gives way the other presses on, buffets and rushes him, gives him no pause to recover from the shock. Fear gets hold on Cygnus; dark shadows float before his eyes, and as he steps backward a stone lying on the plain blocks his way. As he lies with bent body pressed back upon this, Achilles whirls him with mighty force and dashes him to the earth. Then, pressing with buckler and hard knees upon his breast, he unlaces his helmet-thongs. With these applied beneath his chin he chokes his throat and cuts off the passage of his breath. He prepares to strip his conquered foe: he sees the armour empty; for the sea-god has changed the body into the white bird whose name he lately bore.

This struggle, this battle, brought a truce of many days, and each side laid its weapons down and rested. And while a watchful guard was patrolling the Phrygian walls and a watchful guard patrolled the trenches of the Greeks, there came a festal day when Cygnus' conqueror, Achilles, was sacrificing to Pallas with blood of a slain heifer. When now the entrails had been placed upon the blazing altars and the odour which gods love had ascended to the skies, the holy beings received their share and the rest was set upon the tables. The chiefs reclined upon the couches and ate their fill of the roasted flesh while they relieved their cares and quenched their thirst with wine. Nor were they entertained by sound of cithern, nor by the voice of song, nor by the long flute of boxwood pierced with many holes; but they drew out the night in talk, and valour was the theme of their conversation. Of battles was their talk, the
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materia est: pugnas referunt hostisque suasque, 160
inque vices adita atque exhausta pericula sæpe
commemorare iuvat; quid enim loqueretur Achilles,
aut quid apud magnum potius loquerentur Achilles?
proxima præcipue domito victoria Cygno
in sermone fuit: visum mirabile cunctis,
quod iuveni corpus nullo penetrabile telo
invictumque a vulnere erat ferrumque terebat.
hoc ipse Aeacides, hoc mirabantur Achivi,
eum sic Nestor ait: “vestro fuit unicus aevo
contemptor ferri nulloque forabilis ictu
Cygnus. at ipse olim patientem vulnera mille
corpore non laeso Perrhaebum Caenea vidi,
Caenea Perrhaebum, qui factis inclitus Othryn
incoluit, quoque id mirum magis esset in illo,
femina natus erat.”
monstri novitate moventur quisquis adest, narretque rogant: quos inter Achilles:
die age! nam cunctis eadem est audire voluntas,
o facunde senex, aevi prudentia nostri,
quis fuerit Caeneus, cur in contraria versus,
qua tibi militia, cuius certamine pugnae
cognitus, a quo sit victus, si victus abullo est.”
tum senior: “quamvis obstet mihi tarda vetustas,
multaque me fugiant primis spectata sub annis,
plura tamen memini, nec quae magis haereat ulla
pectore res nostro est inter bellique domique
acta tot, ac si quem potuit spatiosa senectus
spectatorem operum multorum reddere, vixi
annis bis centum; nunc tertia vivitur aetas.
“Clara decore fuit proles Elateia Caenis,
enemy’s and their own, and ’twas joy to tell over and over again in turn the perils they had encountered and endured. For of what else should Achilles speak, or of what else should others speak in great Achilles’ presence? Especially did the talk turn on Achilles’ last victory and Cygnus’ overthrow. It seemed a marvel to them all that a youth should have a body which no spear could penetrate, invulnerable, which blunted the sword’s edge. Aeacides himself and the Greeks were wondering at this, when Nestor said: “In this your generation there has been one only, Cygnus, who could scorn the sword, whom no stroke could pierce; but I myself long ago saw one who could bear a thousand strokes with body unharmed, Thessalian Caeneus: Caeneus of Thessaly, I say, who once dwelt on Mount Othrys, famed for his mighty deeds; and to enhance the marvel of him, he had been born a woman.” All who heard were struck with wonder at this marvel and begged him to tell the tale. Among the rest Achilles said: “Tell on, old man, eloquent wisdom of our age, for all of us alike desire to hear, who was this Caeneus, why was he changed in sex, in what campaign did you know him and fighting against whom; by whom he was conquered if he was conquered by anyone.” Then said the old man: “Though time has blurred my memory, though many things which I saw in my young years have quite gone from me, still can I remember much; nor is there anything, midst so many deeds of war and peace, that clings more firmly in my memory than this. And, if long-extended age could have made anyone an observer of many deeds, I have lived for two centuries and now am living in my third.

“Famous for beauty was Elatus’ daughter, Caenis,
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Thessalidum virgo pulcherrima, perque propinquas perque tuas urbes (tibi enim popularis, Achille), multorumque fuit spes invidiosa procorum. temptasset Peleus thalamos quoque forsitan illos: sed iam aut contigerant illi conubia matris aut fuerant promissa tuae, nec Caenis in ullos denupsit thalamos secretaque litora carpens aequorei vim passa dei est (ita fama ferebat), utque novae Veneris Neptunus gaudia cepit, 'sint tua vota licet' dixit 'secura repulsae: elige, quid voveas!' (eadem hoc quoque fama ferebat) 'magnum' Caenis ait 'facit haec inuria votum, tale pati nil posse; mihi da, femina ne sim: omnia praestiteris.' graviore novissima dixit verba sono poteratque viri vox illa videri, sicut erat; nam iam voto deus aequoris alti adnuerat dederatque super, nec saucius ullis vulneribus fieri ferrove occumbere posset. munere laetus abit studiisque virilibus aevum exigit Atracides Peneiaque arva pererrat.

"Duxerat Hippodamen audaci Ixione natus nubigenasque feros positis ex ordine mensis arboribus tecto discumbere iusserat antro. Haemonii proceres adherant, aderamus et ipsi, festaque confusa resonabat regia turba. ecce canunt Hymenaeon, et ignibus atria fumant, cinctaque adest virgo matrum nuruumque caterva,
most lovely of all the maids of Thessaly, both throughout the neighbouring cities and your own (for she was of your city, Achilles), and she was the longed-for hope of many suitors. Peleus, too, perchance, would have tried to win her; but he had either already wed your mother or she was promised to him. And Caenis would not consent to any marriage; but, so report had it, while walking along a lonely shore she was ravished by the god of the sea. When Neptune had tasted the joys of his new love, he said: 'Make now your prayers without fear of refusal. Choose what you most desire.' This, also, was a part of the same report. Then Caenis said: 'The wrong that you have done me calls for a mighty prayer, the prayer that I may never again be able to suffer so. Grant me that I be not woman: then you will have granted all.' She spoke the last words with a deeper tone which could well seem to be uttered by a man. And so it was; for already the god of the deep ocean had assented to her prayer, and had granted her besides that she should be proof against any wounds and should never fall before any sword. Atracides went away rejoicing in his gift, spent his years in manly exercises, and ranged the fields of Thessaly.

"Bold Ixion's son had wed Hippodame and had invited the cloud-born centaurs to recline at the tables, set in order in a well-shaded grotto. The Thessalian chiefs were there and I myself was there. The palace, in festal array, resounded with the noisy throng. Behold, they were singing the nuptial song, the great hall smoked with the fires, and in came the maiden escorted by a throng of matrons and young wives, herself of surpassing beauty. We congratu-

1 i.e. the Thessalian, Caeneus, the transformed Caenis.
2 Pirithoüs.
praesignis facie; felicem diximus illa
coniuge Pirithoum, quod paene fefellimus omen.
nam tibi, saevorum saevissime Centaurorum,
Euryte, quam vino pectus, tam virgine visa
ardet, et ebrietas geminata libidine regnat.
protinus eversae turbant convivia mensae,
raptaturque comis per vim nova nupta prehensis.
Eurytus Hippodamen, alii, quam quisque probabant
aut poterant, rapiunt, captaeque erat urbis imago.
femineo clamore sonat domus: ocius omnes
surgimus, et primus 'quae te vecordia,' Theseus
'Euryte, pulsat,' ait, 'qui me vivente lacessas
Pirithoum violesque duos ignarus in uno?'
[neve ea magnanimus frustra memoraverit ore,
submovet instantes raptamque furentibus aufert.]
ille nihil contra, (neque enim defendere verbis
talia facta potest) sed vindicis ora protervis
insequitur manibus generaosaque pectora pulsat.
forte fuit iuxta signis exstantibus asper
antiquus crater; quem surgens vastior ipse
sustulit Aegides adversaque misit in ora:
sanguinis ille globos pariter cerebrumque merumque
vulnere et ore vomens madida resupinus harena
calcitrat. ardescunt germani caede bimembres
certatimque omnes uno ore 'arma, arma' loquuntur.
vina dabant animos, et prima pocula pugna
missa volant fragilesque cadi curvique lebetes,
res epulis quondam, tum bello et caedibus aptae.
lated Pirithoüs upon his bride, an act which all but undid the good omen of the wedding. For your heart, Eurytus, wildest of the wild centaurs, was inflamed as well by the sight of the maiden as with wine, and it was swayed by drunken passion redoubled by lust. Straightway the tables were overturned and the banquet in an uproar, and the bride was caught by her hair and dragged violently away. Eurytus caught up Hippodame, and others, each took one for himself according as he fancied or as he could, and the scene looked like the sacking of a town. The whole house resounded with the women's shrieks. Quickly we all sprang up and Theseus first cried out: 'What madness, Eurytus, drives you to this, that while I still live you dare provoke Pirithoüs and, not knowing what you do, attack two men in one?' The great-souled hero, that he might justify his threat, thrust aside the opposing centaurs and rescued the ravished maid from their mad hands. The other made no reply, for with words he could not defend such deeds; but with unruly hands he rushed upon the avenger and beat upon his face and noble breast. There chanced to stand near by an antique mixing-vat, rough with high-wrought figures; this, Theseus, rising to his fullest height, himself caught up and hurled full into the other's face. He, spouting forth gouts of blood along with brains and wine from wound and mouth alike, stumbled backward upon the reeking ground. His twi-formed brothers, inflamed with passion at his death, cried all with one accord, 'To arms! to arms!' vying with one another. Wine gave them courage, and in the first on-slaught wine-cups and brittle flasks went flying through the air, and deep rounded basins, utensils once meant for use of feasting, but now for war and slaughter.
Primus Ophionides Amycus penetralia donis haut timuit spoliare sui et primus ab aede lampadibus densum rapuit funale coruscis elatumque alte, veluti qui candida tauri rumpere sacrificia molitur colla securi, inlisit fronti Lapithae Celadontis et ossa non cognoscendo confusa relinquit in ore. exsiluere oculi, disiectisque ossibus oris acta retro naris medioque est fixa palato. hunc pede convulso mensae Pellaeus acernae stravit humi Pelates deiecto in pectora mento cumque atro mixtos sputantem sanguine dentes vulnere Tartareas geminato mittit ad umbras.

"Proximus ut steterat spectans altaria vultu fumida terribili 'cur non' ait 'utimur istis?' cumque suis Gryneus inmanem sustulit aram ignibus et medium Lapitharum iecit in agmen depressitque duos, Brotean et Orion: Orio mater erat Mycale, quam deduxisse canendo saepe reluctantis constabat cornua lunae. 'non impune feres, teli modo copia detur!' dixerat Exadius telique habet instar, in alta quae fuerant pinu votivi cornua cervi. figitur hinc duplici Gryneus in lumina ramo eruiturque oculos, quorum pars cornibus haeret, pars fluit in barbam concretaque sanguine pendet.

"Ecce rapit mediis flagrantem Rhoetus ab aris pruniceum torrem dextraque a parte Charaxi tempora perstringit fulvo protecta capillo. correpti rapida, veluti seges arida, flamma
"First Amycus, Ophion's son, scrupled not to rob the inner sanctuary of its gifts, and first snatched from the shrine a chandelier thick hung with glittering lamps. This, lifted on high, as when one strives to break a bull's white neck with sacrificial axe, he dashed full at the head of Celadon, one of the Lapithae, crushing his face past recognition. His eyes leaped from their sockets, the bones of his face were shattered, and his nose driven back and fastened in his throat. But Pelates of Pella, wrenching off the leg of a table of maple-wood, hurled Amycus to the ground, his chin driven into his breast; and, as he spat forth dark blood and teeth commingled, his enemy with a second blow dispatched him to the shades of Tartarus.

"Then Gryneus, gazing with wild eyes upon the smoking altar near which he stood, cried out, 'Why not use this?' and, catching up the huge altar, fire and all, he hurled it amidst a throng of Lapithae and crushed down two, Broteas and Orios. Now Orios' mother was Mycale, who, men said, had by her incantations oft-times drawn down the horns of the moon, despite her struggles. 'You shall not escape unscathed, if I may but lay hand upon a weapon.' So cried Exadius, and found for weapon the antlers of a stag hung on a tall pine-tree as a votive offering. Gryneus' eyes were pierced by the double branching horns and his eyeballs gouged out. One of these stuck to the horn and the other rolled down upon his beard and hung there in a mass of clotted blood.

"Then Rhoetus caught up a blazing brand of plum-wood from the altar and, whirling it on the right, smashed through Charaxus' temples covered with yellow hair. The hair, caught by the greedy flames, burned fiercely, like a dry field of grain, and the blood
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arserunt crines, et vulnere sanguis inustus
terribilem stridore sonum dedit, ut dare ferrum
igne rubens pleurumque solet, quod forceipe curva
cum faber eduxit, lacubus demittit: at illud
stridet et in tepida submersum sibilat unda.
saucius hirsutis avidum de crinibus ignem
execit inque umeros limen tellure revulsum
tollit, onus plaustri, quod ne permittat in hostem,
ipsa facit gravitas: socium quoque saxea moles
oppressit spatio stantem propiore Cometen.
gaudia nec retinet Rhoetus: 'sic, conprecor,' inquit
'cetera sit fortis castrorum turba tuorum!'

semicremoque novat repetitum stipite vulnus
terque quaterque gravi iuncturas verticis ictu
rupit, et in liquido sederunt ossa cerebro.
"Victor ad Euagrum Corythumque Dryantaque
transit;
e quibus ut prima tectus lanugine malas
procubuit Corythus, 'puero quae gloria fuso
parta tibi est? ' Euagrus ait, nec dicere Rhoetus
plura sinit rutilasque ferox in aperta loquentis
condidit ora viri perque os in pectora flammis
te quoque, saeve Drya, circum caput igne rotato
insequitur, sed non in te quoque constitit idem
exitus: adsiduae successu caedis ovantem,
qua iuncta est umero cervix, sude figis obusta.
ingemuit duroque sudem vix osse revulsit
Rhoetus et ipse suo madefactus sanguine fugit.
fugit et Orneus Lycabasque et saucius armo
scorching in the wound gave forth a horrid sizzling sound; such as a bar of iron, glowing red in the fire, gives when the smith takes it out in his bent pincers and plunges it into a tub of water; it sizzles and hisses as it is thrust into the tepid pool. The wounded man shook off the greedy fire from his shaggy locks, then tore up from the ground and heaved upon his shoulders a threshold-stone, a weight for a team of oxen. But its very weight prevented him from hurling it to reach his enemy. The massive stone, however, did reach Charaxus' friend, Cometes, who stood a little nearer, and crushed him to the ground. At this Rhoetus could not contain his joy and said: 'So, I pray, may the rest of the throng on your side be brave!' and he redoubled his attack with the half-burned brand, and with heavy blows thrice and again he broke through the joinings of his skull until the bones sank down into his fluid brains.

"The victor next turned against Euagrus, Corythus, and Dryas. When one of these, young Corythus, whose first downy beard was just covering his cheeks, fell forward, Euagrus cried: 'What glory do you get from slaying a mere boy?' Rhoetus gave him no chance to say more, but fiercely thrust the red, flaming brand into the man's mouth while still open in speech, and through his mouth clear down into his breast. You also, savage Dryas, he pursued, whirling the brand about his head; but his attack upon you did not have the same result. As he came on, rejoicing in his successive killings, with a charred stake you thrust him through where neck and shoulder join. Rhoetus groaned aloud, with a mighty effort wrenched the stake out from the hard bone, and then fled, reeking with his own blood. Orneus also fled and Lycabas and Medon, wounded in his right shoulder,
dexteriore Medon et cum Pisenore Thaumas,
quique pedum nuper certamine vicerat omnes
Mermeros, accepto tum vulnere tardius ibat;
et Pholus et Melaneus et Abas praedator aprorum,
quique suis frustra bellum dissuaserat augur
Asbolus: ille etiam metuenti vulnera Nesso
‘ne fuge! ad Herculeos’ inquit ‘servaberis arcus.’
at non Eurynomus Lycidasque et Areos et Imbreus
effugere necem; quos omnes dextra Dryantis
perculit adversos. adversum tu quoque, quamvis
terga fugae dederas, vulnus, Crenaee, tulisti:
nam grave respiciens inter duo lumina ferrum,
qua naris fronti committitur, accipis, imae.

“In tanto fremitu cunctis sine fine iacebat
sopitus venis et inexperrectus Aphidas
languentique manu carchesia mixta tenebat,
fusus in Ossaeae villosispellibus ursae;
quem procul ut vidit frustra nulla arma moventem,
insertit amento digitos ‘miscenda’ que dixit
‘cum Styge vina bibes’ Phorbas; nec plura moratus
in iuvenem torsit iaculum, ferrataque collo
fraxinus, ut casu iacuit resupinus, adacta est.
mors caruit sensu, plenoque e gutture fluxit
inque toros inque ipsa niger carchesia sanguis.

“Vidi ego Petraeum conantem tollere terra
glandiferam quercum; quam dum complexibus ambit
et quatit huc illuc labefactaque robora iactat,
lancea Pirithoi costis inmissa Petraei
pectora cum duro luctantia robore fixit.
and Thaumas and Pisenor; and Mermeros, who but lately had surpassed all in speed of foot, now fared more slowly because of the wound he had received; Pholus also fled and Melaneus and Abas, hunter of the boar, and Asbolus, the augur, who had in vain attempted to dissuade his friends from battle. He said to Nessus, who also fled with him in fear of wounds: 'Do not you flee; you will be reserved for the bow of Hercules.' But Eurynomus and Lyceidas, Areos and Imbreus did not escape death; for all these the right hand of Dryas slew as they fought fronting him. In front you, also, Crenaeus, received your wound, although you had turned in flight; for, as you looked back, you received a heavy javelin between the eyes where nose and forehead join.

"Midst all this uproar Aphidas lay, buried in endless sleep which filled all his veins, unawakened, still holding his cup full of mixed wine in his sluggish hand and stretched at full length upon an Ossaean bear’s shaggy skin. Him, all in vain striking no blow, Phorbas spied at a distance and, fitting his fingers in the thong of his javelin, cried out: 'Mingle your wine with the Styx and drink it there.' Straightway he hurled his javelin at the youth, and the iron-tipped ash was driven through his neck as he chanced to lie with head thrown back. He was not conscious of death, and from his full throat out upon the couch and into the very wine-cup the dark blood flowed.

"I saw Petraeus striving to tear from the earth an acorn-laden oak. While he held this in both his arms, bending it this way and that, and just as he was wrenching forth the loosened trunk, Pirithoüs hurled a spear right through his ribs and pinned his writhing body to the hard oak. They say that Lycus
Pirithoi cecidisse Lycum virtute ferebant,
Pirithoi virtute Chromin, sed uterque minorem
victori titulum quam Dictys Helopsque dederunt,
fixus Helops iaculo, quod pervia tempora fecit
et missum a dextra laevam penetravit ad aurem,
Dictys ab ancipiti delapsus acumine montis,
dum fugit instantem trepidans Ixione natum,
decidit in praeceps et pondere corporis ornum
ingentem fregit suaque induit ilia fractae.

"Ultor adest Aphareus saxumque e monte revul-
sum
mittere conatur; mittentem stipite querno
occupat Aegides cubitique ingentia frangit
ossa nec ulterior dare corpus inutile leto
aut vacat aut curat tergoque Bienoris alti
insilit, haut solito quemquam portare nisi ipsum,
opposuitque genu costis prensamque sinistra
caesariem retinens vultum minitantiaque ora
robore nodoso praeduraque tempora fregit.
robore Nedymnum iaculatoremque Lycopen
sternit et inmissa protectum pectora barba
Hippason et summis exstantem Riphea silvis
Thereaque, Haemoniis qui presos montibus ursos
ferre domum vivos indignantesque solebat.
haut tulit utentem pugnae successibus ultra
Thesea Demoleon: solido divellere dumo
annosam pinum magno molimine temptat;
quod quia non potuit, praefractam misit in hostem,
sed procul a telo Theseus veniente recessit
Pallados admonitu: credi sic ipse volebat.
fell by the might of Pirithoüs; by the might of Pirithoüs, Chromis. But Dictys and Helops gave greater fame to the conqueror than either of these. Helops was thrust through by a javelin which passed through his temples and, hurled from the right, pierced to his left ear. Dictys, while fleeing in desperate haste from Ixion’s son who pressed him hard, stumbled on the edge of a steep precipice and, falling headlong, crashed into a huge ash-tree’s top with all his weight and impaled his body on the broken spikes.

“Aphareus, at hand to avenge him, essays to hurl a rock torn from the mountain-side; but, even as he hurled it, the son of Aegeus caught him with an oaken club and broke the great bones of his elbow-joint. Having no time nor care to inflict further injury on his maimed body, he sprang on tall Bienor’s back, that never before had carried any but himself; and, pressing his knees into the centaur’s sides and with his left hand clutching his flowing locks, he crushed face and mouth, screaming out threatenings, and hard temples with his knotty club. With the club he slew Nedymnus and Lycopes, famed for the javelin throw, Hippasos, his breast covered by his flowing beard, and Ripheus, who overtopped the trees in height; Thereus as well, who used to catch bears upon the Thessalian mountains and carry them home alive and struggling. Demoleon could no longer brook Theseus’ unchecked success. He had been wrenching away with all his might at an old pine, trying to tear it up, trunk and all; failing in this, he broke it off and hurled it at his foe. But Theseus, seeing the weapon coming, withdrew beyond its range, for so had Pallas directed him; at least that is what he himself would have us understand.
OVID

non tamen arbor iners cecidit; nam Crantoris alti
abscidit iugulo pectusque unerumque sinistrum:
armiger ille tui fuerat genitoris, Achille,
quem Dolopum rector, bello superatus, Amyntor
Aeacidae dederat pacis pignusque fidemque.

365 Huunc procul ut foedo disiectum vulnere Peleus
vidit, 'at inferias, iuvenum gratissime Crantor,
accipe' ait validoque in Demoleonta lacerto
fraxineam misit, mentis quoque viribus, hastam,
quae laterum cratem praerupit et ossibus haerens
intremuit: trahit ille manu sine cuspide lignum
(id quoque vix sequitur), cuspis pulmone retenta est;
ipse dolor vires animo dabat: aeger in hostem
erigitur pedibusque virum proculcat equinis.
excipit ille ictus galea clipeoque sonanti
defensatque umeros praetentaque sustinet arma
perque armos uno duo pectora perforat ictu.
ante tamen leto dederat Phlegraeon et Hylen
eminus, Iphinoum conlato Marte Claninque;
additur his Dorylas, qui tempora tecta gerebat

370 pelle lupi saevique vicem praestantia teli
cornua vara boum-mutilo rubefacta cruore.

"Huic ego (nam viris animus dabat) 'aspace,' dixi
'quantum concedant nostro tua cornua ferro'
et iaculum torsi: quod cum vitare nequiret,
380 opposuit dextram passurae vulnera fronti:
adfixa est cum fronte manus; fit clamor, at illum

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But the tree-trunk did not fall without effect, for it shore off tall Crantor's breast and left shoulder from the neck. He had been your father's armour-bearer, Achilles, whom Amyntor, king of the Dolopians, when overcome in war had given to Aeacides as a faithful pledge of peace. When Peleus at some space away saw him so horribly dismembered, he cried: 'At least receive a funeral offering, Crantor, dearest of youths.' So saying, with his sturdy arm and with all his might of soul as well, he hurled his ashen spear at Demoleon; and this burst through his framework of ribs and hung there quivering in the bones. Without the head the centaur wrenched out the wooden shaft (even the shaft scarce yields); the head stuck fast within his lungs. His very anguish gave him frantic courage: wounded as he was, he reared up against his foe and beat the hero down with his hoofs. But Peleus received the blows on helm and resounding shield and, while protecting himself, he held his own weapon ready. With this he thrust the centaur through the shoulder, with one blow piercing his two breasts. Before this encounter Peleus had already slain Phlegraeos and Hyles, hurling from a distance, and, in close conflict, Iphinoüs and Clanis. To these he now added Dorylas, who wore a cap of wolf's hide on his head and, in place of deadly spear, a notable pair of curving bull's horns, reeking red with blood.

"To him (for my courage gave me strength) I cried: 'See now how little your horns avail against my spear'; and I hurled the spear. Since he could not dodge this, he threw up his right hand to protect his forehead from the wound. And there his hand was pinned against his forehead. A mighty shout

1 i.e., where horse-form and man-form meet.
haerentem Peleus et acerbo vulnere victum
(stabat enim propior) mediam ferit ense sub alvum.
prosiluit terraque ferox sua viscera traxit
tractaque calcavit calcataque rupit et illis
crura quoque inpediit et inani concidit alvo.

"Nec te pugnantem tua, Cyllare, forma redemit,
si modo naturae formam concedimus illi.
barba erat incipiens, barbae color aureus, aurea
ex umeris medios coma dependebat in armos.
gratus in ore vigor; cervix umerique manusque
pectoraque artificium laudatis proxima signis,
et quacumque vir est; nec equi mendosa sub illo
deteriorque viro facies; da colla caputque,
Castore dignus erit: sic tergum sessile, sic sunt
pectora celsa toris. totus pice nigrior atra,
candida cauda tamen; color est quoque cruribus albus.
multae illum petiere sua de gente, sed una
abstulit Hylonome, qua nulla decentior inter
semiferos altis habitavit femina silvis;
haec et blanditiis et amando et amare fatendo
Cyllaron una tenet, cultu quoque, quantus in illis
esse potest membris, ut sit coma pectine levis,
ut modo rore maris, modo se violave rosave
implicit, interdum cudentia lilia gestet,
bisque die lapsis Pagasaeae vertice silvae
fontibus ora lavet, bis flumine corpora tinguat,
nec nisi quae deceant electarumque ferarum
aut umero aut lateri praetendat vellera laevo."
arose, but Peleus, for he was near him, while the centaur stood pinned and helpless with that sore wound, smote him with his sword full in the belly. He leaped fiercely forward, trailing his entrails on the ground; and as he trailed he trod upon them and burst them as he trod, tangled his legs in them, and fell with empty belly to the earth.

"But your beauty, Cyllarus, did not save you from death in that great fight, if indeed we grant beauty to your tribe. His beard was just in its first growth, a golden beard, and golden locks fell down from his neck upon his shoulders. He had a pleasing sprightliness of face; and his neck, shoulders, breast, and hands, and all his human parts you would praise as equal to an artist's perfect work. His equine part, too, was without blemish, no way less perfect than his human part. Give him but neck and head, and he will be worthy of Castor's use: so shaped for the seat his back, so bold stood out the muscles on his deep chest. All blacker than pitch he was; yet his tail was white; his legs also were snowy white. Many females of his own kind sought him, but Hylonome alone had won him, than whom there was no other centaur-maid more comely in all the forest depths. She, by her coaxing ways, by loving and confessing love, alone possessed Cyllarus; and by her toilet, too, so far as such a thing was possible to such a form; for now she smoothed her long locks with a comb, now twined rosemary, now violets or roses in her hair, and sometimes she wore white lilies. Twice each day she bathed her face in the brook that fell down from a wooded height by Pagasa, and twice dipped her body in the stream. Nor would she wear on shoulder or left side aught but becoming garments, skins of well-chosen beasts. They both felt equal love.
par amor est illis: errant in montibus una, antra simul subeunt; et tum Lapitheia tecta intrarant pariter, pariter fera bella gerebant: (auctor in incerto est) iaculum de parte sinistra venit et inferius, quam collo pectora subsunt, Cyllare, te fixit; parvo cor vulnera laesum corpore cum toto post tela educta refixit.
protinus Hylonome morientes excipit artus inpositaque manu vulneris foavit oraque ad ora admovet atque animae fugienti obsistere temptat; ut videt extinctum, dictis, quae clamor ad aures arcuit ire meas, telo, quod inhaeserat illi, incubuit morientesque suum conplexa maritum est.

"Ante oculos stat et ille meos, qui sena leonum vinxerat inter se conexis vellera nodis, Phaeocomes, hominemque simul protectus equumque; codice qui misso, quem vix iuga bina moverent, Tectaphon Oleniden a summo vertice fregit; fracta volubilitas capitis latissima, perque os perque cavas nares oculosque auresque cerebrum molle fluit, veluti concretum vimine querno lac solet utve liquor rari sub pondere cribri manat et exprimitur per densa foramina spissus. ast ego, dum parat hic armis nudare iacentem, (scit tuus hoc genitor) gladium spoliantis in ima ilia demisi. Chthonius quoque Teleboasque ense iacent nostro: ramum prior ille bifurcum
Together they would wander on the mountain-sides, together rest within the caves. On this occasion also they had come together to the palace of the Lapithae, and were waging fierce battle side by side. Thrown from an unknown hand, a javelin came from the left and pierced you, Cyllarus, below where the chest rises to the neck. The heart, though but slightly wounded, grew cold and the whole body also after the weapon had been drawn out. Straightway Hylonome embraced the dying body, fondled the wound with her hand and, placing her lips upon his lips, strove to hold from its passing the dying breath. But when she saw that he was dead, with some words which the surrounding uproar prevented me from hearing, she threw herself upon the spear which had pierced Cyllarus and fell in a dying embrace upon her lover.

"Still there stands clear before my eyes one who had with knotted thongs bound together six lion-hides, Phaeocomes, thus protecting both man and horse. Hurling a log which two yokes of cattle could scarce move, he struck Tectaphos, the son of Olenus, a crushing blow upon the head. The broad dome of his head was shattered, and through his mouth, through hollow nostrils, eyes, and ears oozed the soft brains, as when curdled milk drips through oaken withes,\(^1\) or a thick liquid mass trickles through a coarse sieve weighted down, and is squeezed out through the crowded apertures. But I, even as he made ready to spoil his fallen victim—your father can testify to this—thrust my sword deep into the spoiler’s groin. Chthonius also and Teleboas fell by my sword. The one had carried a forked stick as

\(^1\) Referring to the process of straining curds in cheese-making.
gesserat, hic iaculum; iaculo mihi vulnera fecit: signa vides! adparet adhuc vetus inde cicatrix. tum poteram magni, si non superare, morari Hectoris arma meis! illo sed tempore nullus, aut puer, Hector erat, nunc mea deficit aetas. quid tibi victorem gemini Periphanta Pyraethi, Ampyca quid referam, qui quadrupedantis Echecli fixit in adverso cornum sine cuspide vultu? vecte Pelethronium Macareus in pectus adacto stravit Erigdupum; memini et venabula condi inguine Nesseis manibus coniecta Cymeli.

nectu credideris tantum cecinisse futura Ampyciden Mopsum: Mopso iaculante biformis accubuit frustraque loqui temptavit Hodites ad mentum lingua mentoque ad guttura fixo. "Quinque neci Caeneus dederat Styphelumque Bromumque Antimachumque Elymumque securiferumque Pyram-

vulnera non memini, numerum nomenque notavi. provolat Emathii spoliis armatus Halesi, quem dederat leto, membris et corpore Latreus maximus: huic aetas inter iuvenemque senemque, vis iuvenalis erat, variabat tempora cani. qui clipeo gladioque Macedoniaque sarisa conspicuus faciemque obversus in agmen utrumque armaque concussit certumque equitavit in orbem
weapon; the other had a spear, and with this spear he gave me a wound—you see the mark!—the old scar is still visible. Those were the days when I should have been sent to capture Pergama; then with my arms I could have checked, if not surpassed, the arms of Hector. But at that time mighty Hector was either not yet born or was but a little boy; and now old age has sapped my strength. What need to tell you how Periphas overcame the double-formed Pyraethus? Why tell of Ampyx, who with a pointless shaft thrust through the opposing front of the four-footed Echeclus? Macareus hurled a crow-bar at the breast of Pelethronian Erigdupus and laid him low. And I remember also how a hunting spear, thrown by the hand of Nessus, was buried in the groin of Cymelus. Nor must you deem that Mopsus, the son of Ampycus, was only a seer 1 telling what was to come; for by Mopsus’ weapon the two-formed Hodites fell, striving in vain to speak, for his tongue had been pinned to his chin and his chin to his throat.

“Caeneus had already put five to death: Styphelus and Bromus, Antimachus and Elymus and Pyraecmos, armed with a battle-axe. I do not remember their wounds, but their number and names I marked well. Then forth rushed one, armed with the spoils of Emathian Halesus whom he had slain, Latreus, of enormous bulk of limb and body. His years were midway between youth and age, but his strength was youthful. Upon his temples his hair was turning grey. Conspicuous for his shield and sword and Macedonian lance, and facing either host in turn, he clashed his arms and rode round in a circle, insolently

1 He did indeed have prophetic powers, but here he is pictured as a mighty warrior.
verbaque tot fudit vacuas animosus in auras:
'et te, Caeni, feram? nam tu mihi femina semper,
tu mihi Caenis eris. nec te natalis origo
commonuit, mentemque subit, quo praemia facto
quaque viri falsam speciem mercede parasti?
vel quid nata, vide, vel quid sis passa, columque,
i, cape cum calathis et stamina pollice torque;
bella relinque viris.' iactanti talia Caeneus
extentum cursu missa latus eruit hasta,
qua vir equo commissus erat. furit ille dolore
nudaque Phyllei iuvenes ferit ora sarisa:
non secus haec resilit, quam tecti a culmine grando,
aut siquis parvo feriat cava tympana saxo.
comminus adgreditur laterique recondere duro
luctatur gladium: gladio loca pervia non sunt.
'haut tamen effugies! medio iugulaberis ense,
quandoquidem muro est hebes' inquit et in latus
ensem
obliquat longaque amplexitut ilia dextra.
plaga facit gemitus in corpore marmoris icti,
fractaque dissiluit percusso lammina callo.
ut satis inlaesos miranti praebuit artus,
'nune age' ait Caeneus 'nosto tua corpora ferro
temptemus!' capuloque tenus demisit in armos
ensem fatiferum caecumque in viscera movit
versavitque manu vulnusque in vulnere fecit.
ecce ruunt vasto rabidi clamore bimembres
telaque in hunc omnes unum mittuntque feruntque.
tela retusa cadunt: manu imperfossus ab omni
inque cruentatus Caeneus Elateius ictu.

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pouring out many boasts on the empty air: 'You too, Caenis, shall I brook? For woman shall you always be to me, Caenis shall you be. Does not your birth remind you, do you not remember for what act you were rewarded, at what price you gained this false appearance of a man? Heed well what you were born or what you have endured. Go then, take distaff and wool-basket and twist the spun thread with practised thumb; but leave wars to men.' As he thus boasted, Caeneus, hurling his spear, plowed up the centaur's side stretched in the act of running, just where man and horse were joined. Mad with the pain, the other smote the Phylleian youth full in the naked face with his long lance; but this leaped back again like a hailstone from a roof, or a pebble from a hollow drum. Then he closed up and strove to thrust his sword in his unyielding side. The sword found no place of entrance. 'But you shall not escape! with the sword's edge I'll slay you, though its point be blunt,' the centaur cried; then turned his sword edgewise and reached with his long right arm for his foeman's loins; the blow resounded on the flesh as if on stricken marble, and the blade, striking the hardened skin, broke into pieces. When long enough he had stood unharmed before his amazed enemy, Caeneus exclaimed: 'Come now, let me try your body with my steel!' and clear to the hilt he drove his deadly sword in the other's side, and there in his vitals twisted and turned the buried weapon, inflicting wound within wound. Now, quite beside themselves, the double monsters rushed on with huge uproar, and all together against that single foe they aimed and drove their weapons. The spears fell blunted, and Caeneus, the son of Elatus, still stood, for all their strokes, unwounded and unstained. The
fecerat attonitos nova res. 'heu dedecus ingens!' Monychus exclamat. 'populus superamur ab uno 499 vixque viro; quamquam ille vir est, nos segnibus actis, quod fuit ille, sumus. quid membra inmania prosunt? quid geminae vires et quod fortissima rerum in nobis duplex natura animalia iunxit? nec nos matre dea, nec nos Ixione natos esse reor, qui tantus erat, Iunonis ut altae 505 spem caperet: nos semimari superamur ab hoste! saxa trabesque super totosque involvite montes vivacemque animam missis elidite silvis! silva premat fauces, et erit pro vulnere pondus.' dixit et insanis deiectam viribus austri 510 forte trabem nactus validum coniecit in hostem exemplumque fuit, parvoque in tempore nudus arboris Othrys erat, nec habebat Pelion umbras. obrutus inmani cumulo sub pondere Caeneus aestuat arboreo congestaque robora duris 515 fert ueremis, sed enim postquam super ora caputque crevitonus neque habet, quas ducat, spiritus auras, deficit interdum, modo se super aera frustra tollere conatur iactasque evolvere silvas interdumque movet, veluti, quam cernimus, ecce, 520 ardua si terrae quatiatur motibus Ide. exitus in dubio est: alii sub inania corpus Tartara detruseum silvarum mole fercbant; abnuit Ampycides medioque ex aggere fulvis vidit avem pennis liquidas exire sub auras, 525 quae mihi tum primum, tunc est conspecta supremum- hanc ubi lustrantem leni sua castra volatu
strange sight struck them speechless. Then Monychus exclaimed: ‘Oh, what a shame is this! We, a whole people, are defied by one, and he scarcely a man. And yet he is the man, while we, with our weak attempts, are what he was before. Of what advantage are our monster-forms? What our two-fold strength? What avails it that a double nature has united in our bodies the strongest living things? We are not sons of any goddess nor Ixion’s sons, I think. For he was high-souled enough to aspire to be great Juno’s mate, while we are conquered by an enemy but half-man! Come then, let us heap stones and tree-trunks on him, mountains at a time! let’s crush his stubborn life out with forests for our missiles! Let forests smother his throat, and for wounds let weight suffice.’ He spoke and, chancing on a tree-trunk overthrown by mad Auster’s might, he hurled it at his sturdy foe. The others followed him; and in short time Othrys was stripped of trees and Pelion had lost his shade. Buried beneath that huge mound, Caeneus heaved against the weight of trees and bore up the oaken mass upon his sturdy shoulders. But indeed, as the burden mounted over lips and head, he could get no air to breathe. Gasping for breath, at times he strove in vain to lift his head into the air and to throw off the heaped-up forest; at times he moved, just as if lofty Ida, which we see yonder, should tremble with an earthquake. His end is doubtful. Some said that his body was thrust down by the weight of woods to the Tartarean pit; but the son of Ampycus denied this. For from the middle of the pile he saw a bird with golden wings fly up into the limpid air. I saw it too, then for the first time and the last. As Mopsus watched him circling round his camp in easy flight
Mopsus et ingenti circum clangore sonantem
adspexit pariterque animis oculisque secutus
‘o salve,’ dixit ‘Lapithaeae gloria gentis, 530
maxime vir quondam, sed nunc avis unica, Caeneu’
credita res auctore suo est: dolor addidit iram,
oppressumque aegre tulimus tot ab hostibus unum;
nec prius abstitimus ferro exercere dolorem,
quam data pars leto, partem fuga noxque removit.’

Haece inter Lapithas et semihomines Centauros 536
proelia Tlepolemus Pylio referente dolorem
praeteriti Alcidae tacito non pertulit ore
atque ait: “Herculeae mirum est oblivia laudis
acta tibi, senior; certe mihi saepe referre 540
nubigenas domitos a se pater esse solebat.”
tristis ad haec Pylius: “quid me meminisse malorum
cogis et obductos annis rescindere luctus
inque tuum genitorem odium offensasque fateri?
ille quidem maior fide, di! gessit et orbem 545
inplevit meritis, quod mallem posse negare;
sed neque Deiphobum nec Polydamanta nec ipsum
Hectora laudamus: quis enim laudaverit hostem?
ille tuus genitor Messenia moenia quondam
stravit et inmeritas urbes Elimque Pylumque 550
diruit inque meos ferrum flammamque penatis
inpulit, utque alios taceam, quos ille peremit,
bis sex Nelidae fuimus, conspecta juventus,
bis sex Herculeis ceciderunt me minus uno
viribus; atque alios vinci potuisse ferendum est: 555
mira Periclymeni mors est, cui posse figuras
sumere, quas vellet, rursusque reponere sumptas
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and heard the loud clangour of his wings, he followed him both with soul and eyes and cried: 'All hail, Caeneus, thou glory of the Lapithaean race, once most mighty hero, now sole bird of thy kind!' This story was believed because of him who told it. Then grief increased our wrath and we were indignant that one man should be overwhelmed by so many foes. Nor did we cease to ply sword on behalf of our mad grief till half our foes were slain and flight and darkness saved all the rest.'

As Pylian Nestor told this tale of strife betwixt the Lapithae and half-human Centaurs, Tlepolemus could not restrain his resentment that Alcides had been passed by without a word, and said: "Old sir, 'tis strange that you have forgotten to speak in praise of Hercules; for surely my father used often to tell me of the cloud-born creatures he had overcome." And sternly the Pylian answered him: "Why do you force me to remember wrongs, to reopen a grief that was buried by the lapse of years, and to rehearse the injuries that make me hate your father? He has done deeds beyond belief, Heaven knows! and filled the earth with well-earned praise, which I would gladly deny him if I could. But neither Deiphobus nor Polydamas nor even Hector do we praise; for who cares to praise his enemy? That sire of yours once laid low Messene's walls, brought undeserved destruction upon Elis and Pylos, and devastated my own home with fire and sword. To say nothing of the others whom he slew, there were twelve of us sons of Neleus, a noble band of youths; and all twelve, save me alone, fell by Hercules' might. That others could be conquered must be borne; but strange was the death of Periclymenus; for to him

See Index s.v. "Centaurs."
OVID

Neptunus dederat, Nelei sanguinis auctor.
hic ubi nequiquam est formas variatus in omnes,
vertitur in faciem volucris, quae fulmina curvis
ferre solet pedibus divum gratissima regi;
viribus usus avis pennis rostroque redunco
hamatisque viri laniaverat unguibus ora.
tendit in hanc nimium certos Tirynthius arcus
atque inter nubes sublimia membra ferentem
pentemque ferit, lateri qua iungitur ala;
nec grave vulnus erat, sed rupti vulnere nervi
deficiunt motumque negant viresque volandi.
decidit in terram, non concipientibus aeros
infirmis pennis, et qua levis haesperat alae
corporis adfixi pressa est gravitate sagitta
perque latus summum ingulo est exacta sinistro
nunc videor debere tui praecizia rebus
Herculis, o Rhodiae ductor pulcherrime classis?
nec tamen ulterior, quam fortia facta silendo
ulciscor fratres: solida est mihi gratia tecum.”

Haec postquam dulci Neleius edidit ore,
a sermone senis repetito munere Bacchi
surrexere toris: nocx est data cetera somno.

At deus, aequoureas qui cuspide temperat undas,
in volucrem corpus nati Phaethontida versum
mente dolet patria saevumque perosus Achillem
exercet memores plus quam civiliter iras.
iamque fere tracto duo per quinquennia bello
Neptune, father of Neleus, had given power to assume any form he pleased and to put it off again at will. When now he had vainly changed to each of his forms in turn, he took the form of the bird which carries the thunderbolts in his hooked talons, a bird most dear to the king of the gods. With all his might of wings, of curved beak and hooked claws, he had torn the hero's face. Then the Tirynthian aimed his too unerring bow at him as he bore his body high into the clouds and hung poised there, and smote him where wing joins side. The wound was not severe; but the sinews severed by the wound failed of their office and refused motion and power of flight. Down to the earth he fell, his weakened wings no longer catching the air; and the arrow, where it had lightly pierced the wing, pressed by the weight of the body in which it hung, was driven clear through the upper breast from the left side into the throat. And now, O fairest leader of the Rhodian fleet, what cause have I, think you, to sing the praises of your Hercules? Yet for my brothers I seek no other vengeance than to ignore his mighty deeds. 'Twixt me and you there is unbroken amity.'

When Nestor with sweet speech had told this tale, at the conclusion of the old man's words the wine-cup went around once more and they rose from the couches. The remainder of the night was given to sleep.

But the god who rules the waters of the sea with his trident was still filled with a father's grief for his son whose body he had changed into the bird of Phaëthon. And, hating the murderous Achilles, he indulged his unforgetting wrath excessively. And

1 The swan. See Index s.v. "Phaëthon."
talibus intonsum compellat Sminthea dictis:
"o mihi de fratris longe gratissime natis,
inrita qui mecum posuisti moenia Troiae,
ecquid, ubi has iamiam casuras adspicis arces,
ingemis? aut ecquid tot defendentia muros
milia caesa doles? ecquid, ne persequar omnes,
Hectoris umbra subit circum sua Pergama tracti?
cum tamen ille ferox belloque cruentior ipso
vivit adhuc, operis nostri populator, Achilles.
det mihi se: faxo, triplici quid cuspide possim,
sentiat; at quoniam concurrere comminus hosti
non datur, occulta necopinum perde sagitta!
adnuit atque animo pariter patruique suoque
Delius indulgens nebula velatus in agmen
pervenit Iliacum mediaque in caede virorum
rara per ignotos spargentem cernit Achivos
tela Parin fassusque deum, "quid spicula perdis
sanguine plebis?" ait. "sique est tibi cura tuorum,
vertere in Aeaciden caesosque ulciscere fratres!"
dixit et ostendens sternentem Troica ferro
corpora Peliden, arcus obvertit in illum
certaque letifera direxit spicula dextra.
quod Priamus gaudere senex post Hectora posset,
hoc fuit; ille igitur tantorum victor, Achille,
victus es a timido Graiae raptore maritae!
at si femineo fuerat tibi Marte cadendum,
Thermodontiaca malles cecidisse bipenni.
now for nine ten years the war had been prolonged, when he thus addressed Sminthean Apollo of the unshorn locks: "O thou, by far the best beloved of my brother's sons, thou who with me (though vainly) didst build the walls of Troy, dost thou not groan at sight of these battlements so soon to fall? Dost thou not grieve that so many thousands have been slain in defending these walls? Not to name them all, does not Hector's image come before thee, dragged around his own Pergama? But Achilles, fierce and more cruel than war itself, still lives, the destroyer of our handiwork. Let him but come within my reach. I'll make him feel what I can do with my three-forked spear. But since it is not granted me to meet my enemy face to face, do thou bring him to sudden death by thy unseen arrow!"

The Delian nodded assent and, indulging equally his own and his uncle's desire, wrapped in a cloud came to the Trojan lines. There midst the bloody strife of heroes he saw Paris taking infrequent shots at the nameless crowd. Revealing his divinity, he said: "Why do you waste your arrows in killing common folk? If you would serve your people, aim at Aeacus and avenge your slaughtered brothers!"

He spoke and, pointing where Pelides was working havoc on the Trojans with his spear, he turned the bow in his direction and guided the well-aimed shaft with his death-dealing hand. This was the first cause for joy which old Priam had since Hector's death. So then, Achilles, thou conqueror of the mightiest, thou art thyself o'ercome by the cowardly ravisher of a Grecian's wife! But if thou hadst been fated to fall by a woman's battle-stroke, how gladly wouldst thou have fallen by the Amazon's double axe!

OVID

Iam timor ille Phrygum, decus et tutela Pelasgi nominis, Aeacides, caput insuperabile bello, arserat: armarat deus idem idemque cremarat; iam cinis est, et de tam magno restat Achille nescio quid parvum, quod non bene conpleat urnam, at vivit totum quae gloria conpleat orbem. haec illi mensura viro respondet, et hae est par sibi Pelides nec inania Tartara sentit. ipse etiam, ut, cuius fuerit, cognoscere possis, bella movet clipeus, deque armis arma feruntur. non ea Tydides, non audet Oileos Aiax, non minor Atrides, non bello maior et aevo poscere, non alii: solis Telamone creato Laerteque fuit tantae fiducia laudis. a se Tantalides onus invidiamque removit Argolicosque duces mediis considere castris iussit et arbitrium litis traecit in omnes.
And now that terror of the Phrygians, that ornament and bulwark of the Pelasgian name, Aeacides, the invincible captain of the war, was burned. One and the same god armed him and consumed him too. Now he is but dust; and of Achilles, once so great, there remains a pitiful handful, hardly enough to fill an urn. But his glory lives, enough to fill the whole round world. This is the true measure of the man; and in this the son of Peleus is still his real self, and does not know empty Tartarus. His very shield, that you might know to whom it once belonged, still wages war, and for his arms arms are taken up. Neither Tydides nor Ajax, Oileus’ son, dares to claim them, nor the lesser¹ Atrides, nor the greater² in prowess and in age, nor other chieftains. Only the son ³ of Telamon and Laërtes’ son ⁴ were bold enough to claim so great a prize. To escape the hateful burden of a choice between them, Tantalides ⁵ bade the Grecian captains assemble in the midst of the camp, and he referred to all the decision of the strife.

¹ Menelaüs ² Agamemnon ³ Ajax
⁴ Ulysses ⁵ Agamemnon
LIBER XIII

Consedere duces et vulgi stante corona surgit ad hos clipei dominus septemplicis Aiax, utque erat inpatiens irae, Sigeia torvo litora respexit classemque in litore vultu intendensque manus "agimus, pro Iuppiter!" inquit "ante rates causam, et mecum consertur Ulixes! 6 at non Hectoreis dubitavit cedere flammis, quas ego sustinui, quas hac a classe fugavi. tutius est igitur fictis contendere verbis, quam pugnare manu, sed nec mihi dicere promptum, nec facere estisti: quantumque ego Marte feroci 11 inque acie valeo, tantum valet iste loquendo. nec memoranda tamen vobis mea facta, Pelasgi, esse reor: vidistis enim; sua narret Ulixes, quae sine teste gerit, quorum nox conscia sola est 15 praemia magna peti fateor; sed demit honorem aemulus: Aiaci non est tenuisse superbum, sit licet hoc ingens, quicquid speravit Ulixes; iste tulit pretium iam nunc temptaminis huius, quod, cum victus erit, mecum certasse feretur. 20 "Atque ego, si virtus in me dubitabilis esset, nobilitate potens essem, Telamone creatus, moenia qui forti Troiana sub Hercule cepit litoraque intravit Pagasaea Colcha carina;
The chiefs took their seats, while the commons stood in a ring about them. Then up rose Ajax, lord of the sevenfold shield. With uncontrolled indignation he let his lowering gaze rest awhile on the Sigean shores and on the fleet; then, pointing to these, "By Jupiter!" he cried, "in the presence of these ships I plead my cause, and my competitor is—Ulysses! But he did not hesitate to give way before Hector's torches, which I withstood, nay, which I drove away from this fleet. 'Tis safer, then, to fight with lying words than with hands. But I am not prompt to speak, as he is not to act; and I am as much his master in the fierce conflict of the battle-line as he is mine in talk. As for my deeds, O Greeks, I do not think I need rehearse them to you, for you have seen them. Let Ulysses tell of his, done without witness, done with the night alone to see them! I own that it is a mighty prize I strive for; but such a rival takes away the honour of it. It is no honour for Ajax to have gained a prize, however great, to which Ulysses has aspired. Already he has gained reward enough in this contest because, when conquered, he still can say he strove with me.

"And even if my valour were in doubt, I should still be his superior in birth; for Telamon was my father, who in company with valiant Hercules took the walls of Troy and with the Pagasaean ship sailed to Colchis.
OVID

Aeacus huic pater est, qui iura silentibus illic reddit, ubi Aeoliden saxum grave Sisyphon urget; Aeacon agnoscit summus prolemque fatetur Iuppiter esse suam: sic ab Iove tertius Ajax.
nec tamen haec series in causam prosit, Achivi, si mihi cum magno non est communis Achille:
frater erat, fratrna peto! quid sanguine cre tus Sisyphio furtisque et friaude simillimus illi inseris Aeacidis alienae nomina gentis?

"An quod in arma prior nulloque sub indice veni, arma neganda mihi, potiorque videbitur ille, ultima qui cepit detractavitque furore militiam facto, donee sollertior isto, sem sibi inutilior timidi commenta retexit Naupliades animi vitataque traxit ad arma?
optima num sumat, quia sumere noluit ulla:
nos inhonorati et donis patruelibus orbi,
obtulimus quia nos ad prima pericula, simus?

"Atque utinam aut verus furor ille, aut creditus esset,
nec comes hic Phrygias umquam venisset ad arces hortator scelerum! non te, Poeantia proles,
expositum Lemnos nostro cum crime haberet:
qui nunc, ut memorant, silvestribus abditus antris saxa moves gemitu Laertiadaeque precaris,
quae meruit, quae, si di sunt, non vana precaris.
et nunc ille eadem nobis iuratus in arma,
heu! pars una ducum, quo successore sagittae Herculis utuntur, fractus morboque fameque velaturque aliturque avibus, volucresque petendo
His father was Aeacus, who is passing judgment in that silent world where Sisyphus Aeolides strains to his heavy stone; and most high Jupiter acknowledges Aeacus as his son. Thus Ajax is the third remove from Jove. But let this descent be of no avail to my cause, O Greeks, if I do not share it with the great Achilles. He was my cousin; a cousin's arms I seek. Why do you, the son of Sisyphus, exactly like him in his tricks and fraud, seek to associate the Aeacidae with the name of an alien family?

"Aye, is it because I came first to arms needing no detection, that arms are denied me? And shall he appear the better man who came last to arms and by feigned madness shirked the war, till one more shrewd than he, but not to his own advantage, the son of Nauplius, uncovered this timid fellow's trick and dragged him forth to the arms that he shunned? Shall he take the best because he wanted to take none? And shall I go unhonoured, denied my cousin's gifts, just because I was the first to front the danger?

"And oh, that his madness either had been real, or had never been detected, and that this criminal had never come with us against the Phrygians! Then, son of Poeas, Lemnos would not possess you, landed there to our sin and shame, you who, they say, hidden in forest lairs, move the very rocks with your groans and call down curses on Laërtes' son which he has richly merited, and which, if there are any gods, you do not call down in vain. And now he, who took oath with us for this same war, alas! one of our chieftains, who fell heir to Alcides' shafts, now, broken with disease and hunger, is clothed and fed by the birds, and in pursuit of birds uses those arrows which fate intended

1 Referring to Palamedes, who had exposed Ulysses' feigned madness and brought him to the war. See Index.
debita Troianis exercet spicula fatis.
ille tamen vivit, quia non comitavit Ulixen;
mallet et infelix Palamedes esse relictus:
viveret aut certe letum sine crimine haberet;
quem male convicti nimium memor iste furoris
prodere rem Danaam finxit fictumque probavit
crimen et ostendit, quod iam praefoderat, aurum.

ergo aut exilio vires subduxit Achivis,
aut nece: sic pugnat, sic est metuendus Ulixes!

"Qui licet eloquio fidum quoque Nestora vincat,
haut tamen efficiet, desertum ut Nestora crimen
esse rear nullum; qui cum inploraret Ulixen
vulnere tardus equi fessusque senilibus annis,
proditus a socio est; non haec mihi crimina fingi
scit bene Tydides, qui nomine saepe vocatum
corripuit trepidoque fugam exprobravit amico.
aspiciunt oculis superi mortalia iustis!
en eget auxilio, qui non tulit, utque reliquit,
sic linquendus erat: legem sibi dixerat ipse.
conclamat socios: adsum videoque trementem
pallentemque metu et trepidantem morte futura;
oppusui molem clipei texique iacentem
servavique animam (minimum est hoc laudis) inerem.
si perstas certare, locum redeamus in illum:
redde hostem vulnusque tuum solitumque timorem
post clipeumque late et mecum contende sub illo!
at postquam eripui, cui standi vulnera vires
non dederant, nullo tardatus vulnere fugi.
for Troy! But yet he lives at least, because he did not keep on with Ulysses. Ill-fated Palamedes, too, would prefer to have been left behind. He would be living still, or at least would have died without dishonour, whom that fellow there, all too mindful of the unfortunate exposure of his madness, charged with betraying the Greek cause, and in proof of his false charge showed the gold which he had already hidden there. So then, either by exile or by death he has been drawing off the Grecian strength. So does Ulysses fight, so must he be feared!

"Though he should surpass even trusty Nestor in his eloquence, he will never make me believe that his desertion of Nestor was other than a crime. For when he, slow from his horse's wound and spent with extreme age, appealed to Ulysses, he was deserted by his friend. And that I am not making up this tale Tydides knows full well, for he repeatedly called upon him by name and chided his timid friend for flight. But the gods regard the affairs of men with righteous eyes. Behold he is in need of aid who rendered none; and as he left another, so was he fated to be left. He had established his own precedent. He cried aloud upon his friends. I came and saw him trembling, pale with fear, shrinking from impending death I thrust forward my massive shield and covered him where he lay, and I saved his worthless life—small praise in that. If you persist in this contention let us go back to that spot; bring back the enemy, your wound and your accustomed fear; hide behind my shield and contend with me beneath it. But after I rescued him, he, who because of his wounds had had no strength to stand, now fled away not hindered by his wounds at all!"
"Hector adest secumque deos in proelia ducit, quaque ruit, non tu tantum terreris, Ulixe, sed fortes etiam: tantum trahit ille timoris. hunc ego sanguineae successu caedis ovantem eminus ingenti resupinum pondere fudi, hunc ego poscentem, cum quo concurreret, unus sustinui: sortemque meam vovistis, Achivi, et vestrae valueru preces. si quaeritis huius fortunam pugnae, non sum superatus ab illo. ecce ferunt Troes ferrumque ignesque Iovemque in Danaas classes: ubi nunc facundus Ulixes? nempe ego mille meo protexi pectore puppes, spem vestri reditus: date pro tot navibus arma. "Quodsi vera licet mihi dicere, quaeritur istis quam mihi maior honos, coniunctaque gloria nostra est, atque Aiax armis, non Aiaci arma petuntur, conferat his Ithacus Rhesum inbellemque Dolona Priamidenque Helenum rapta cum Pallade captum: luce nihil gestum, nihil est Diomede remoto; si semel ista datis meritis tam vilibus arma, dividite, et pars sit maior Diomedis in illis. "Quo tamen haec Ithaco, qui clam, qui semper inermis rem gerit et furtis ineautum decipit hostem? ipse nitor galeae claro radiantis ab auro insidias prodet manifestabitque latentem; sed neque Dulichius sub Achillis casside vertex pondera tanta feret, nec non onerosa gravisque Pelias hasta potest inbellibus esse lacertis, nec clipeus vasti caelatus imagine mundi."
"Here is Hector, and he brings the gods with him into battle; and where he rushes on, not you alone are terrified, Ulysses, but brave men also; so much terror does he inspire. Him, rejoicing in the success of his bloody slaughter, I laid low upon the ground with a huge stone which I threw; and when he challenged one to meet him, I alone bore the brunt of his attack. You prayed, O Greeks, that the lot might fall to me, and your prayers were heard. If you ask the outcome of the battle, at least I was not overcome by him. Behold, the Trojans bring sword and fire and Jove against the Greek ships. Where now is the eloquent Ulysses? But I with my own breast stood bulwark for the thousand ships, the hope of your return. Grant me these arms for all those ships.

"But if I may speak truth, the arms claim greater honour than do I; they share my glory, and the arms seek Ajax, not Ajax the arms. Let the Ithacan compare with these deeds his Rhesus and unwarlike Dolon, his Helenus, Priam's son, taken captive, and the stolen Palladium: nothing done in the light of day, nothing apart from Diomede. If you are really giving that armour for so cheap deserts, divide it and let the larger share in them be Diomede's.

"But why give them to the Ithacan, who always does things stealthily, always unarmed, relying upon tricks to catch the enemy off his guard? The very glint of the helmet gleaming with bright gold will betray his snares and discover him as he hides. But neither will the Dulichian's head beneath the helmet of Achilles be able to bear so great a weight, nor can the spear-shaft, cut on Pelion, be otherwise than burdensome and heavy to his unwarlike arm. The shield also, a moulded picture of the vast universe, will not
OVID

conveniet timidae nataeque ad furta sinistre:

debilitaturum quid te petis, inprobec, munus,
quod tibi si populi donaverit error Achivi,
cur spoliieris, erit, non, cur metuaris ab hoste,
et fuga, qua sola cunctos, timidissime, vincis, tarda futura tibi est gestamina tanta trahenti?
adde quod iste tuus, tam raro proelia passus,
integer est clipeus; nostro, qui tela ferendo
mille patet plagis, novus est successor habendus.

"Denique (quid verbis opus est?) spectemur
agendo!

arma viri fortis medios mittantur in hostes:

inde iubete peti et referentem ornate relatis."

Finierat Telamone satus, vulgique secutum
ultima murmur erat, donec Laertius heros
adstitit atque oculos paulum tellure moratos

sustulit ad proceres exspectatoque resolvit
ora sono, neque abest facundis gratia dictis.

"Si mea cum vestris valuiissent vota, Pelasgi,
non foret ambiguus tanti certaminis heres,
tuque tuis armis, nos te poteremur, Achille,
quem quoniam non aequa mihi vobisque negarunt
fata," (manuque simul veluti lacrimantia tersit
lumina) "quis magno melius succedit Achilli,
quam per quem magnus Danais successit Achilles?

huic modo ne prosit, quod, uti est, hebes esse vide-
tur,

neve mihi noceat, quod vobis semper, Achivi,
profuit ingenium, meaque haec facundia, siqua est

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become his timid hand, the left one, made for stealing. Why do you seek a prize, you shameless fellow, that will overtax your strength; a prize which, if by some mistake the Greeks should give it to you, will be reason for the foe to spoil, not fear you? And flight, in which alone you surpass all others, most timid as you are, will prove but slow for you if you carry such a weight. Consider also that that shield of yours, so rarely used in battle, is quite uninjured; while mine, pierced in a thousand places by the thrusts of spears, needs a fresh shield to take its place.

"Finally, what need of words? Let us be seen in action! Let the brave hero's arms be sent into the enemy's midst; bid them be recovered, and to their rescuer present the rescued arms."

The son of Telamon finished, and the applause of the crowd followed his closing words. At length Laërtes' heroic son stood up and, holding his eyes for a little on the ground, he raised them to the chiefs and broke silence with the words for which they waited; nor was grace of manner lacking to his eloquent speech.

"If my prayers and yours had availed, O Greeks, there would be no question as to the next heir in this great strife, and you, Achilles, would still have your own armour, and we should still have you. But since the unjust fates have denied him to me and you" (and with his hand he made as if to wipe tears from his eyes), "who would better receive the great Achilles' arms than he through whom the Greeks received the great Achilles? Only let it not be to this fellow's profit that he seems to be, as indeed he is, slow of wit; and let it not be, O Greeks, to my hurt that I have always used my wit for your advantage. And let this eloquence of mine, if I
quae nunc pro domino, pro vobis saepe locuta est, invidia careat, bona nec sua quisque recuset.

“Nam genus et proavos et quae non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco, sed enim, quia rettulit Aiax esse Iovis pronepos, nostri quoque sanguinis auctor Iuppiter est, totidemque gradus distamus ab illo: nam mihi Laertes pater est, Arcesius illi, Iuppiter huic, neque in his quisquam damnatus et exul;
est quoque per matrem Cyllenius addita nobis altera nobilitas: deus est in utroque parente.
sed neque materno quod sum generosior ortu, nec mihi quod pater est frateni sanguinis insons, proposita arma peto: meritis expendite causam, dummodo, quod fratres Telamon Peleusque fuerunt, Aiacis meritum non sit nec sanguinis ordo, sed virtutis honor spoliis quaeratur in istis!
aut si proximitas primusque requiritur heres, est genitor Peleus, est Pyrrhus filius illi:
quis locus Aiaci? Phthiam haec Scyrumve ferantur! nec minus est isto Teucer patruelis Achilli:
num petit ille tamen? num, si petat, auferat illa?
ergo, operum quoniam nudum certamen habetur, plura quidem feci, quam quae comprehendere dictis in promptu mihi sit, rerum tamen ordine ducar.

“Praescia venturi genetrix Nereia leti dissimulat cultu natum, et deceperat omnes, in quibus Aiatem, sumptae fallacia vestis: arma ego femineis animum motura virilem

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have any, which now speaks for its owner, but often for you as well, incur no enmity, and let each man make the most of his own powers.

"For as to race and ancestry and the deeds that others than ourselves have done, I call those in no true sense our own. But the truth is, since Ajax claims to be great-grandson of Jove, Jove is the founder of my race as well, and I am just as many steps removed from him. For Laërtes is my father, Arcesius, his, and he, the son of Jupiter; nor in this line is there any exiled criminal. I have also on my mother's side another claim to noble birth, Cyllenius. Through both my parents have I divine descent. But, neither because through my mother I am more nobly born, nor because my father is guiltless of his brother's blood, do I seek the armour that lies there. Weigh the cause on desert alone. Only count it not any desert of Ajax that Telamon and Peleus were brothers, and let not strains of blood, but the honour of manhood be considered in the award. Or, if you seek for next of kin and lawful heir, Peleus is Achilles' father, Pyrrhus his son. What room is there for Ajax? Bear the armour hence to Phthia or to Scyrus. And Teucer is no less Achilles' cousin than he. Yet does he seek the arms, and if he did seek would he gain them? So then, since 'tis a sheer strife of deeds, I have done more deeds than I can well enumerate. Still I will tell them in their order.

"Achilles' Nereid mother, foreseeing her son's destruction, had disguised him, and the trick of the clothing that he wore deceived them all, Ajax among the rest. But I placed among women's wares some

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1 Mercury.  
2 The home of Peleus.  
3 The home of Pyrrhus.
mercibus inserui, neque adhuc proiecerat heros
virgineos habitus, cum parmam hastamque tenenti
‘nate dea,’ dixi ‘tibi se peritura reservant
Pergama! quid dubitas ingentem evertere Troiam?’
inieicique manum fortemque ad fortia misi. 170
ergo opera illius mea sunt: ego Telephon hasta
pugnantem domui victum orantemque refeci;
quod Thebae cecidere, meum est; me credite Lesbon,
me Tenedon Chrysenque et Cillan, Apollinis urbes,
et Scyrum cepisse; mea concussa putate 175
procubuisse solo Lynnesia moenia dextra,
utque alios taceam, qui saevum perdere posset
Hectora, nempe dedi: per me iacet inclitus Hector!
illis haec armis, quibus est inventus Achilles,
arma peto: vivo dederam, post fata reposco. 180

“Ut dolor unius Danaos pervenit ad omnes,
Aulidaque Euboicam conplerunt mille carinae,
exspectata diu, nulla aut contraria classi
flamina erant, duraeque iubent Agamemnona sortes
inmeritam saevae natam mactare Dianae. 185
denegat hoc genitor divisque irascitur ipsis
atque in rege tamen pater est, ego mite parentis
ingenium verbis ad publica commoda verti:
hanc equidem (fateor, fassoque ignoscat Atrides)
dificilem tenui sub iniquo iudice causam. 190
hunc tamen utilitas populi fraterque datique
summa movet sceptri, laudem ut cum sanguine penset;
mittor et ad matrem, quae non hortanda, sed astu
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arms such as would attract a man. The hero still wore girl’s clothing when, as he laid hands on shield and spear, I said to him: ‘O son of Thetis, Pergama, doomed to perish, is keeping herself for you! Why do you delay the fall of mighty Troy?’ And I laid my hand on him and sent the brave fellow forth to do brave deeds. So then, all that he did is mine. ’Twas I who conquered the warring Telephus with my spear and healed him, vanquished and begging aid. That Thebes fell is my deed; credit Lesbos to me, to me Tenedos, Chryse and Cilla, cities of Apollo, and Scyrus too. Consider that by my hand the walls of Lynnesus were battered to the ground. And, not to mention others, ’twas I, indeed, who gave the man who could destroy the warlike Hector. Through me illustrious Hector lies low! These arms I seek in return for those by which Achilles was discovered. Arms I gave the living; after his death I ask them back.

"When the sorrow of one man came to all the Greeks, and a thousand ships were gathered at Euboean Aulis, there were no winds, though they waited for them long, or they blew contrary to the fleet. Then a cruel oracle bade Agamemnon sacrifice his innocent daughter to pitiless Diana. This the father refused to do and was angry at the gods themselves, having a father’s feelings though he was a king. It was I who by my words turned the kind father-heart to a consideration of the public weal; I indeed (I confess it, and may Atrides pardon as I confess) had a difficult cause to plead, and that, too, before a partial judge; still the people’s good, his brother, and the chief place of command assigned to him, all moved upon him to balance praise with blood. Then I was sent to the mother, who was not to be exhorted,
decipienda fuit, quo si Telamonius isset, orba suis essent etiam nunc linea ventis. 195

"Mittor et Iliacas audax orator ad arces, visaque et intrata est altae mihi curia Troiae, plenaque adhuc erat illa viris; interritus egi, quam mihi mandarat communis Graecia, causam 199 accusoque Parin praedamque Helenamque reposco et moveo Priamum Priamoque Antenora iunctum; at Paris et fratres et qui rapiere sub illo, vix tenuere manus (scis hoc, Menelae) nefandas, primaque lux nostri tecum fuit illa pericli.

"Longa referre mora est, quae consilioque manuque utiliter feci spatiosi tempore belli. 206 post acies primas urbis se moenibus hostes continuere diu, nec aperti copia Martis ulla fuit; decimo demum pugnavimus anno: quid facis interea, qui nil nisi proelia nosti? 210 quis tuus usus erat? nam si mea facta requiris, hostibus insidior, fossa munimina cingo, consolor socios, ut longi taedia belli mente ferant placida, doceo, quo simus alendi armandique modo, mittor, quo postulat usus. 215

"Ecce Iovis monitu deceptus imagine somni rex iubet incepti curam dimittere belli; ille potest auctore suam defendere vocem: non sinat hoc Aiax delendaque Pergama poscat, 219 quodque potest, pugnet! cur non remoratur ituros?
but deceived by craft. But if the son of Telamon had gone to her, our sails would even now be destitute of their winds.

"I was sent also as a bold ambassador to Ilium's stronghold and visited and entered the senate-house of lofty Troy. It was still full of heroes. Undaunted, I pleaded the cause which united Greece had entrusted to me, I denounced Paris, demanded the return of Helen and the booty, and I prevailed on Priam and Antenor who sided with Priam. But Paris and his brothers and his companions in the robbery scarce restrained their impious hands from me (you know that, Menelaüs). That was the first day of my dangers shared with you.

"It would take a long time to tell the things I accomplished for your good both with thought and deed during the long-drawn war. After the first battles the enemy kept himself for a long time within his city's walls and there was no chance for open conflict. At last in the tenth year we fought. What were you doing in the meantime, you whose only knowledge is of battles? Of what service were you then? If you ask what I was doing, I laid snares for the enemy, I surrounded the fortifications with a trench, I encouraged our allies so that they might bear patiently the tedium of the long war, I advised as to how we should be fed and armed, I was sent on missions where circumstance demanded.

"Behold, at Jove's command, being deceived by a vision of the night, the king bids us give up the burden of the war we have undertaken. He can defend his order by quoting the source of it. Now let Ajax prevent this movement; let him demand that Pergama be destroyed and, what he can do, let him fight! Why does he not stay those who are
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cur non arma capit, dat, quod vaga turba sequatur?
non erat hoc nimium numquam nisi magna loquenti.
quid, quod et ipse fugit? vidi, puduitque videre,
cum tu terga dares inhonestaque vela parares;
nec mora, 'quid facitis? quae vos dementia' dixi
'concitat, o socii, captam dimittere Troiam,
quadque domum fertis decimo, nisi dedecus, anno?'
talibus atque aliis, in quae dolor ipse disertum
fecerat, aversos profuga de classe reduxi.
convocat Atrides socios terrore paven:
nec Telamoniades etiam nunc hiscere quicquam
audet, at ausus erat reges incessere dietis
Thersites etiam, per me haut impune protervus'
erigor et trepidos cives exhortor in hostem
amissamque mea virtutem voce repono.
tempore ab hoc, quodcumque potest fecisse videri
fortiter iste, meum est, qui dantem terga retraxi.

"Denique de Danais quis te laudatve petitve?
at sua Tydides mecum communicat acta,
me probat et socio semper confidit Ulixe.
est aliquid, de tot Graiorum milibus unum
a Diomede legi! nec me sors ire iubebat:
sic tamen et spreto noctisque hostisque periculo
ausum eadem, quae nos, Phrygia de gente Dolona
interim, non ante tamen, quam cuncta coegi
prodere et edidici, quid perfida Troia pararet.

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starting home? Why does he not take arms and give something for the straggling mob to rally round? This was not too much for one who never speaks except in boasting. But what of the fact that he himself fled also? I saw you, and I was ashamed to see, when you turned your back and were for spreading your dishonoured sails. Instantly I cried: 'What are you doing? What madness, my friends, is driving you to abandon Troy, which is already captured? What are you taking home after ten years of war except disgrace?' With such and other words, to which my very grief had made me eloquent, I turned them from their intended flight and led them back. Atrides assembled the allies still perturbed and fearful; and even then the son of Telamon did not dare utter a single syllable. But Thersites dared, indeed, and chid the kings with words, unruly fellow, but, thanks to me, not without punishment! I arose and urged my faint-hearted comrades against the enemy, and by my words I aroused again their courage. From that time on, whatever brave deed my rival here can claim to have accomplished belongs to me who brought him back from flight.

"Finally, who of the Greeks praises you or seeks your company? But Diomede shares his deeds with me, approves me, and is ever confident with Ulysses at his side. Surely, 'tis something, alone out of the many thousand Greeks, to be picked out by Diomede! And it was not the casting of lots that bade me go. Still, spurning all perils of night and of the enemy, I went forth and slew Phrygian Dolon, who was on the same perilous errand with ourselves. And yet I did not slay him till I had forced him to tell all he knew and had learned what treacherous Troy was planning.
omnia cognoram nec, quod specularer, habebam et iam promissa poteram cum laude reverti:
haut contentus eo petii tentoria Rhesi
inque suis ipsum castris comitesque peremi
atque ita captivo, victor votisque potitus,
ingredior curru laetos imitante triumphos;
cuius equos pretium pro nocte poposcerat hostis,
arma negate mihi, fueritque benignior Aiax.—
quid Lycii referam Sarpedonis agmina ferro
devastata meo? cum multo sanguine fudi
Coeranone Iphitiden et Alastoraque Chromiumque
Alcandrumeque Haliumque Noemonaque Prytanimque
exitioque dedi cum Chersidamante Thoona
et Charopem fatisque inmitibus Ennomon actum
qui que minus celebres nostra sub moenibus urbis
procubuerent manu. sunt et mihi vulnera, cives,
ipso pulchra loco; nec vanis credite verbis,
aspicite! en "vestemque manu deduxit et "haec sunt
pectora semper" ait "vestris exercita rebus!
at nil inpendit per tot Telamonius annos
sanguinis in socios et habet sine vulnere corpus!

"Quid tamen hoc refert, si se pro classe Pelasga
arma tulisse refert contra Troasque Iovemque?
confiteorque, tulit (neque enim benefacta maligne
detractare meum est), sed ne communia solus
occupet atque aliquem vobis quoque reddat honorem,
reppulit Actorides sub imagine tutus Achillis.
I had found out all and had no further cause for spying, and I could now go back with the praise which I had striven for; but not content with this, I turned to Rhesus' tents and in his very camp I slew the captain and his comrades too. And so, victorious and with my prayers accomplished, I went on my way in my captured chariot in manner of a joyful triumph. Now refuse his arms to me, whose horses my enemy had demanded as the price of his night's work, and let Ajax be the kinder! Why should I mention the Lycian Sarpedon's ranks which my sword cut to pieces? I laid low in bloody slaughter Coeranos, the son of Iphitus, Alastor and Chromius, Alcander, Halius, Noémon, Prytanis, slew Thoön and Chersidamas, Charopes, Ennomos, driven by the pitiless fates; and others less renowned fell by my hand beneath their city's walls. I, too, have wounds, my comrades, noble for the very place of them. And trust no empty words of mine for that. See here!" and he threw open his garment with his hand; "here is my breast which has ever suffered for your cause! But the son of Telamon in all these years has lost no blood in his friends' behalf and his body can show no wound at all.

"And what matters it if he says that he stood up in arms for the Greek fleet against the Trojans and the power of Jove? I grant he did; for it is not my way maliciously to belittle the good that he has done. But let not him alone claim the honour that belongs to all, and let him give some credit to you also. 'Twas the son of Actor, safe 'neath the semblance of Achilles, who drove off the Trojans from

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1 This is a reference to Ajax' ironical proposition in 1. 102, to divide the armour between Ulysses and Diomedes.
2 Patroclus.
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Troas ab arsuris cum defensore carinis.—
ausum etiam Hectoris solum concurrere telis
se putat, obitus regisque ducumque meique,
nonus in officio et praelatus munere sortis.
sed tamen eventus vestrae, fortissime, pugnae
quis fuit? Hector abit violatus vulnere nullo!

“Me miserum, quanto cogor meminisse dolore
temporis illius, quo, Graium murus, Achilles
procubuit! nec me lacrimae luctusve timorve
tardarunt, quin corpus humo sublime referrem:
his umeris, his inquam, umeris ego corpus Achillis
et simul arma tuli, quae nunc quoque ferre laboro,
sunt mihi, quae valeant in talia pondera, vires,
est animus certe vestros sensurus honores:
scilicet idcirco pro nato caerula mater
ambitiosa suo fuit, ut caelestia dona,
artis opus tantae, rudis et sine pectore miles
indueret? neque enim clipei caelamina novit,
Oceanum et terras cumque alto sidera caelo
Pleiadasque Hyadasque inmunemque aequoris Arcton
diversasque urbes nitidumque Orionis ensem:
postulat, ut capiat, quae non intellegit, arma!

“Quid, quod me duri fugientem munera belli
arguit incepto serum accessisse labori
nec se magnanimo maledicere sentit Achilli?
si simulasse vocas crimen, simulavimus ambo;
si mora pro culpa est, ego sum maturior illo.

me pia detinuit coniunx, pia mater Achillem,
primaque sunt illis data tempora, cetera vobis:
haut timeo, si iam nequeam defendere, crimen
the fleet, which else had burned together with its defender. He thinks that he alone dared to stand up against Hector's spear, ignoring the king, the chieftains, and myself, he but the ninth in proffered service and by the lot's grace preferred to us. But what was the outcome of your battle, bravest of men? Hector retired without a wound.

"Ah me, with what grief am I forced to recall that time when Achilles fell, the bulwark of the Greeks! And yet neither tears nor grief nor fear kept me from lifting up his body from the ground. On these shoulders, yes, on these very shoulders, I bore Achilles' body, armour and all, arms which now also I seek to bear. I have strength enough to bear their ponderous weight and I have a mind that can appreciate the honour you would do me. Was it for this, forsooth, that the hero's mother, goddess of the sea, was ambitious for her son, that those heavenly gifts, the work of heavenly art should clothe a rough and stupid soldier? For he knows nothing of the relief-work of the shield: the sea, the lands, the deep starry heavens, the Pleiades, the Hyades, Arctos forbidden the sea, the scattered cities, and Orion's gleaming sword. He asks that he may receive armour which he cannot appreciate.

"What of his chiding me with trying to shun the hardships of the war and of coming late when the struggle had begun? Does he not know that he is reviling the great Achilles also? If you call it a crime to have pretended, we both pretended. If delay is culpable, I was the earlier of the two. A loving wife detained me; a loving mother detained Achilles. Our first time was given to them, the rest to you. I do not fear a charge—even granted I could not answer it—which I share with so great a hero. Yet he was
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cum tanto commune viro: deprensus Ulixis ingenio tamen ille, at non Aiacis Ulixes.

"Neve in me stolidae conviae fundere linguae admirationem eum, vobis quoque digna pudere obicit. an falsa Palameden crimine turpe accusasse mihi, vobis damnasse decorum est? sed neque Naupliades facinus defendere tantum tantoque patens valuit, nec vos audistis in illo crimine, vidistis, pretioque obiecta patebant.

"Nec, Poeantiaden quod habet Vulcania Lemnos, esse reus merui (factum defendite vestrum! consensistis enim,) nec me suasisse negabo, ut se subtraheret bellique viaeque labori temptaretque feros requie lenire dolores. paruit—et vivit! non haec sententia tantum fida, sed et felix, cum sit satis esse fidelem. quem quoniam vates delenda ad Pergama poscunt, ne mandate mihi! melius Telamonius ibit eloquioque virum morbis iraque furentem molliet aut aliqua producet callidus arte! ante retro Simois fluet et sine frondibus Ide stabit, et auxilium promittet Achaia Troiae, quam, cessante meo pro vestris pectore rebus, Aiacis stolidi Danais sollertia prosit. sis licet infestus sociis regique mihiique dure Philoctete, licet exsecrere meumque devoveas sine fine caput cupiasque dolenti me tibi forte dari nostrumque haurire cruorem,
discovered by Ulysses' wit; but not by Ajax' wit, Ulysses.

"And let us not wonder that he pours out against me the insults of his stupid tongue; for he vents on you also shameful words. Was it base for me to have accused Palamedes on a false charge, and honourable for you to have condemned him? But neither was the son of Nauplius able to defend a crime so great, so clearly proved, nor did you merely hear the charge against him: you saw the proof, as it lay clearly revealed by the bribe.

"Nor should I be blamed because Vulcanian Lemnos holds the son of Poeas. Defend your own deed, for you consented to it. But I will not deny that I advised that he withdraw from the hardships of the war and the journey thither, and seek to soothe his terrible anguish by a time of rest. He took the advice—and lives! And not alone was this advice given in good faith, but it was fortunate as well; though it is enough that it was given in good faith. Now, since our seers say that he is necessary for the fall of Pergama, do not entrust the task to me! Telamon's son will better go, and by his eloquence he will calm the hero, mad with pain and rage, or else by some shrewd trick will bring him to us. Nay, Simois will flow backward, Ida stand without foliage, and Greece send aid to Troy before the craft of stupid Ajax would avail the Greeks in case I should cease to work for your advantage. Though you have a deadly hatred, O harsh Philoctetes, for the allied Greeks and the king and me myself; though you heap endless curses on my head and long in your misery to have me in your power, to drink my blood, and pray that, as I was given a

1 Palamedes. 2 Philoctetes.
utque tui mihi sic fiat, tibi copia nostri:
tamen adgrediari mecumque reducere nitar
tamque tuis potier (faveat Fortuna) sagittis,
quam sum Dardanio, quem cepi, vate potitus,
quam responsa deum Troianaque fata retexi,
quam rapui Phrygiae signum penetrare Minervae
hostibus e mediis. et se mihi comparat Aiax?
nempe capi Troiam prohibebant fata sine illo:
fortis ubi est Aiax? ubi sunt ingentia magni
verba viri? cur hic metuis? cur audet Ulixes
ire per excubias et se committere nocti
perque feros enses non tantum moenia Troum,
verum etiam summas arces intrare suaque
eripere aede deam raptamque adferre per hostes?
quae nisi fecissem, frustra Telamone creatus
gestasset laeua taurorum tergora septem.
illa nocte mihi Troiae victoria parta est:
Pergama tune vici, cum vinci posse coegi.

"Desine Tydiden vultuque et murmure nobis
ostentare meum: pars est sua laudis in illo!
nec tu, cum socia clipeum pro classe tenebas,
solus eras: tibi turba comes, mihi contigit unus.
qui nisi pugnacem sciret sapiente minorem
esse nec indomitae deberi praemia dextrae,
ipse quoque haec peteret; peteret moderator Aiax
Eurypylusque ferox claroque Andraemone natus
nec minus Idomeneus patriaque creatus eadem
Meriones, peteret maioris frater Atridae:
chance at you, so you may have a chance at me; still would I go to you and strive to bring you back with me. And I should get possession of your arrows (should Fortune favour me), just as I got possession of the Dardanian seer, whom I made captive; just as I discovered the oracles of the gods and the fates of Troy; just as I stole away from the midst of the enemy the enshrined image of Phrygian Minerva. And does Ajax compare himself to me? The fact is, the fates declared that we could not capture Troy without this sacred statue. Where now is the brave Ajax? Where are those big words of the mighty hero? Why do you fear in such a crisis? Why does Ulysses dare to go out beyond the sentinels, commit himself to the darkness and, through the midst of cruel swords, enter not alone the walls of Troy but even the citadel’s top, steal the goddess from her shrine and bear her captured image through the enemy? Had I not done this, in vain would the son of Telamon have worn on his left arm the sevenfold bulls’-hide shield. On that night I gained the victory over Troy; at that moment did I conquer Pergama when I made it possible to conquer her.

"Cease by your looks and mutterings to remind us that Tydides was my partner. He has his share of praise. You, too, when you held your shield in defence of the allied fleet, were not alone. You had a throng of partners; I, but one. And if Diomedes did not know that a fighter is of less value than a thinker, and that the prize was not due merely to a right hand, however dauntless, he himself also would be seeking it; so would the lesser Ajax, warlike Eurypylus and the son of illustrious Andraemon, and no less so Idomeneus and his fellow-countryman, Meriones; yes, Menelaüs, too, would seek the prize.
quippe manu fortes nec sunt mihi Marte secundi, 360
consiliis cessere meis. tibi dextera bello
utilis, ingenium est, quod eget moderamine nostro;
tu vires sine mente geris, mihi cura futuri;
tu pugnare potes, pugnandi tempora mecum
eligit Atrides; tu tantum corpore prodes, 365
nos animo; quantoque ratem qui temperat, anteit
remigis officium, quanto dux milite maior,
tantum ego te supero, nec non in corpore nostro
pectora sunt potiora manu: vigor omnis in illis.

"At vos, o proceres, vigili date praemia vestro, 370
proque tot annorum cura, quibus anxius egi,
hunc titulum meritis pensandum reddite nostris:
iam labor in fine est; obstantia fata removi
altaque posse capi faciendo Pergama, cepi.
per spes nunc socias casuraque moenia Troum 375
perque deos oro, quos hosti nuper ademi,
per siqquid superest, quod sit sapienter agendum,
siquid adhuc audax ex praecipitique petendum est,
si Troiae fatis aliquid restare putatis,
este mei memores! aut si mihi non datis arma, 380
huic date!" et ostendit signum fatale Minervae.

Mota manus procerum est, et quid facundia posset,
re patuit, fortisque viri tulit arma disertus.
But all these men, though stout of hand, fully my equals on the battlefield, have yielded to my intelligence. Your right arm is useful in the battle; but when it comes to thinking you need my guidance. You have force without intelligence; while mine is the care for to-morrow. You are a good fighter; but it is I who help Atrides select the time of fighting. Your value is in your body only; mine, in mind. And, as much as he who directs the ship surpasses him who only rows it, as much as the general excels the common soldier, so much greater am I than you. For in these bodies of ours the heart\(^1\) is of more value than the hand; all our real living is in that.

"But do you, O princes, award the prize to your faithful guardian. In return for the many years which I have spent in anxious care, grant me this honour as the reward of all my services. And now my task is at an end; I have removed the obstructing fates and, by making it possible to take tall Pergama, I have taken her. Now, by our united hopes, by the Trojan walls doomed soon to fall, by the gods of whom but lately I deprived the foe, by whatever else remains still to be done with wisdom, if still some bold and hazardous deed must be attempted, if you think aught still is lacking to the fate of Troy, I beg you remember me! Or, if you do not give the arms to me, give them to her!" and he pointed to the fateful statue of Minerva.

The company of chiefs was moved, and their decision proved the power of eloquence: and the eloquent man bore off the brave man's arms. Then he who had so often all alone withstood great

\(^1\) i.e. the mind or understanding. We should make the contrast between head and hand.
Hectora qui solus, qui ferrum ignesque Iovemque sustinuit totiens, unam non sustinet iram, invictumque virum vicit dolor: arripit ensem et "meus hic certe est! an et hunc sibi poseit Ulixes? hoc" ait "utendum est in me mihi, quique cruore saepe Phrygum maduit, domini nunc caede madebit, ne quisquam Aiacem possit superare nisi Aiax." dixit et in pectus tum demum vulnera passum, qua patuit ferro, letalem condidit ensem. nec valuere manus infixum educere telum: expulit ipse cruor, rubefactaque sanguine tellus purpureum viridi genuit de caespite florem, qui prius Oebalio fuerat de vulnere natus; littera communis mediis pueroque viroque inscripta est foliis, haec nominis, illa querellae. Victor ad Hypsipyles patriam clarique Thoantis et veterum terras insames caede virorum vela dat, ut referat Tirynthia tela, sagittas; quae postquam ad Graios domino comitante revexit, inposita est sero tandem manus ultima bello. Troia simul Priamusque cadunt. Priameia coniunx perdidit infelix hominis post omnia formam externasque novo latratu terruit auras, longus in angustum qua clauditur Hellespontus. Ilion ardebat, neque adhuc consederat ignis exignumque senis Priami Iovis ara cruorem conbiberat, tractatque comis antistita Phoebi non prefecturas tendebat ad aethera palmas. Dardanidas matres patriarchum signa deorum,
Hector, so often sword and fire and Jove, could not withstand passion only; and resentment conquered the unconquered hero. Then, snatching out his sword, he cried: "But this at least is mine; or does Ulysses claim this also for himself? This I must employ against myself; and the sword which has often reeked with Phrygian blood will now reek with its master's, lest any man save Ajax ever conquer Ajax." He spoke and deep in his breast, which had not until then suffered any wound, where the way was open for the blow, he plunged his fatal sword. No hand was strong enough to draw away the deep-driven steel; the blood itself drove it out. The ensanguined ground produced from the green sod a purple flower, which in old time had sprung from Hyacinthus' blood. The petals are inscribed with letters, serving alike for hero and for boy: this one a name,¹ and that, a cry of woe.²

To the land³ of Queen Hypsipyle and the illustrious Thoas, once infamous for its murdered men of olden time, victorious Ulysses now set sail to bring thence the Tirynthian⁴ arrows. After he had brought these to the Greeks, and their master⁵ with them, the final blow was at last given to the long-drawn war. Troy fell and Priam with it. The poor wife of Priam after all else lost her human form and with strange barking affrighted the alien air where the long Hellespont narrows to a strait. Ilium was in flames, nor had its fires yet died down, and Jove's altar had drunk up the scanty blood of aged Priam. The priestess⁶ of Apollo, dragged by the hair, was stretching to the heavens her unavailing hands. The Trojan women, embracing the

¹ ΑΙΑΣ. ² ΑΙΑΙ. ³ Lemnos. ⁴ i.e. of Hercules. ⁵ Philoctetes. ⁶ Cassandra.
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dum licet, amplexas succeensaque templata tenentes
invidiosa trahunt victores praemia Grai;
mittitur Astyanax illis de turribus, unde
pugnantem pro se proavitaque regna tuentem
saepe videre patrem monstratum a matre solet.
iamque viam suadet Boreas, flatuque secundo
carbasa mota sonant: iubet uti navita ventis;
"Troia, vale! rapimur" clamant, dant oscula terrae
Troades et patriae fumantia tecta relinquunt.
ultima conscendit classem—miscrabile visu!—
in mediis Hecube natorum inventa sepulcris:
prensantem tumulos atque ossibus oscula dantem
Dulichiae traxere manus, tamen unius hausit
inque sinu cineres secum tulit Hectoris haustos;
Hectoris in tumulo canum de vertice crinem,
inferias inopes, crinem lacrimasque reliquit.

Est, ubi Troia fuit, Phrygiae contraria tellus
Bistoniis habitata viris: Polymestoris illic
regia dives erat, cui te commisit alendum
clam, Polydore, pater Phrygiisque removit ab armis,
consilium sapiens, sceleris nisi praemia magnas
adiecisset opes, animi inritamen avari.
ut cecidit fortuna Phrygum, capit inpius ensem
rex Thracum iuguloque sui demisit alumni
et, tamquam tolli cum corpore crimina possent,
exanimem scopulo subiectas misit in undas.

Litore Threicio classem religarat Atrides,
dum mare pacatum, dum ventus amicior esset:
images of their country's gods while still they might and crowding their burning temples, the victorious Greeks dragged off, an enviable booty. And Astyanax was hurled down from that tower where he was wont often to sit and watch his father whom his mother pointed out fighting for honour and safeguarding his ancestral realm. And now the North-wind called them on their way and the sails flapped loud, swelled by the favouring breeze. The mariner gives command to sail. "O Troy, farewell! we are forced away," the Trojan women cry; they kiss their land, and turn their backs upon their smoking homes. The last to go on board, a pitiable sight, was Hecuba, discovered midst the sepulchres of her sons. There, as she clung to their tombs, striving to give her farewell kisses to their bones, the hands of the Dulichian dragged her away. Yet she rescued Hector's ashes only, and bore the rescued dust with her in her bosom. And on Hector's tomb she left locks of her hoary hair, a meagre offering, her hair and tears.

Opposite to Phrygia where Troy stood, there lies a land where dwelt the Bistones. There was the luxurious court of Polymestor, to whom your father, Polydorus, secretly commended you for care, sending you far from Phrygia's strife; a prudent plan, if he had not sent with you a great store of treasure, the prize of crime, a temptation to a greedy soul. When the Phrygian fortunes waned, the impious Thracian king took his sword and thrust it into his young charge's throat; and just as if a murder could be disposed of with the victim's body, he threw the corpse from a cliff into the waves below.

On this Thracian coast Atrides had moored his fleet until the sea should quiet down and the winds
OVID

hic subito, quantus, cum viveret, esse solembat, exit humo late rupta similisque minanti temporis illius vultum referebat Achilles, quo ferus injusto petiit Agamemnona ferro "innemores" que "mei disceditis," inquit "Achivi, obrutaque est mecum virtutis gratia nostrae! ne facite! utque meum non sit sine honore sepulcrum, placet Achilleos mactata Polyxena manes!", dixit, et inmiti sociis parentibus umbrae, rapta sinu matris, quam iam prope sola fovebat, fortis et infelix et plus quam femina virgo ducitur ad tumulum direque fit hostia busto. quae memori ipsa sui postquam crudelibus aris admota est sensitque sibi fera sacra parari, utque Neoptolemmum stantem ferrumque tenentem; inque suo vidit figentem lumina vultu, "utere iandudum generouso sanguine" dixit "(nulla mora est), aut tu ingulo vel pectore telum conde meo": (iugulumque simul pectusque retexit. scilicet haud ulli servire Polyxena vellet!) "haud per tale sacrum numen placabis vellem! mors tantum vellem matrem mea fallere posset: mater obest minuitque necis mihi gaudia, quamvis non mea mors illi, verum sua vita tremenda est. vos modo, ne Stygiros adeam non libera manes, ite procul, si iusta peto, tactuque viriles virgineo removete manus! acceptior illi, quisquis is est, quem caede mea placare paratis, liber erit sanguis. siquos tamen ultima nostri verba movent oris (Priami vos filia regis, non captiva rogat), genetrici corpus inemptum 260
be more favourable. Here on a sudden, up from the wide-gaping earth, Achilles sprang, large as he was in life. He had a threatening manner and a look as on that day when with his hostile sword he fiercely challenged Agamemnon. "And are you, then, departing, ye Greeks," he cried, "forgetful of me? And have your thanks for my services been buried with me? It shall not be! And, that my tomb may not lack its fitting honour, let Polyxena be sacrificed and so appease Achilles' shade." He spoke, and the allied Greeks obeyed the pitiless ghost. Torn from her mother's arms, of whom she was well-nigh the only comfort left, the brave, ill-fated maid, with more than woman's courage, was led to the fatal mound and there was sacrificed upon the cruel tomb. Self-possessed she was, even when she had been placed before the fatal altar and knew the grim rites were preparing for her; and when she saw Neoptolemus standing, sword in hand, with his eyes fixed upon her face, she exclaimed: "Spill at last my noble blood, for I am ready; or plunge your sword deep in my throat or breast!" (and she bared her throat and breast. Polyxena, be sure, would not desire to live in slavery to any man!) "Not by such a rite as this will you appease any god! Only I would that my mother may know nothing of my death. My mother prevents and destroys my joy of death. And yet she should not deprecate my death, but rather her own life. Only do you, that I may go free to the Stygian spirits, stand back, if my request is just, and let no hand of man touch my virgin body. More acceptable to him, whoever he is, whom by my sacrifice you are seeking to appease, will my free blood be. But if my last words move any of you ('tis the daughter of King Priam and not a captive maid who asks it),
reddite, neve auro redimat ius triste sepulcri, 
    sed lacrimis! tunc, cum poterat, redimebat et auro.
"
dixerat, at populus lacrimas, quas illa tenebat, 
non tenet; ipse etiam flens invitusque sacerdos praebita coniecto rupit praecordia ferro. 
illa super terram defecto poplite labens:
    pertulit intrepidos ad fata novissima vultus; 
tunc quoque cura fuit partes velare tegendas, 
cum caderet, castique decus servare pudoris. 

 Troades excipiunt deploratosque recensent 
Priamidas et quot dederit domus una cruores, 
teque gemunt, virgo, teque, o modo regia coniunx, 
regia dicta parens, Asiae florentis imago, 
nunc etiam praedae mala sors; quam victor Ulixes 
esse suam nollet, nisi quod tamen Hectora partu ediderat: dominum matri vix repperit Hector 
quae corpus complexa animae tam fortis inane, 
quas totiens patriae dederat natisque viroque, 
huic quoque dat lacrimas; lacrimas in vulnera fundit 
osculaque ore tegit consuetaque pectora plangit 
canitiemque suam concreto in sanguine verrens 
plura quidem, sed et haec laniato pectore, dixit:
"nata, tuae—quid enim superest?—dolor ulter i
matris, 
nata, iaces, videoque tuum, mea vulnera, vulnus: 
en, ne perdiderim quemquam sine caede meorum, 
tu quoque vulner habes; at te, quia femina, rebar 
a ferro tutam: cecidisti et femina ferro,
restore my body to my mother without ransom; and let her pay in tears and not in gold for the sad privilege of sepulture. She did pay in gold also when she could.” She spoke, and the throng could not restrain their tears, though she restrained her own. Then did the priest, himself also weeping and remorseful, with deep-driven weapon pierce her proffered breast. She, sinking down to earth with fainting knees, kept her look of dauntless courage to the end. And even then, as she was falling, she took care to cover her body and to guard the honour of her modesty.

The Trojan women take up her body and count one by one the lamented Priamidae, and all the woes which this one house has suffered. You, royal maid, they weep, and you, who but yesterday were called queen-consort and queen-mother, you, once the embodiment of proud Asia, but now suffering hard lot even for a captive, one whom victorious Ulysses would not desire, save that she had given birth to Hector. A lord for his mother Hector scarcely found! She, embracing the lifeless body of that brave spirit, gives to it also the tears which she has shed so often for country, sons and husband. She pours her tears into her daughter’s wound, covers her face with kisses, and beats the breasts that have endured so many blows. Then sweeping her white hair in the clotted blood and tearing her breast, this and much more she cried: “O child, your mother’s last cause for grief—for what else is left me—my child, low you lie, and I see your wound, my wound. Behold, that I might lose none of my children without violence, you also have your wound. But you, because you were a woman, I thought safe from the sword; even though
totque tuos idem fratres, te perdidit idem,
exitium Troiae nostrique orbator, Achilles;
at postquam cecidit Paridis Phoebique sagittis,
‘nunc certe,’ dixi, ‘non est metuendus Achilles’: nunc quoque mi metuendus erat; cinis ipse sepulti in genus hoc saevit, tumulo quoque sensimus hostem; Aeacidae fecunda fui! iacet Ilion ingens,
eventuque gravi finita est publica clades, sed finita tamen; soli mihi Pergama restant.
in cursuque meus dolor est: modo maxima rerum, tot generis natisque potens nuribusque viroque nunc trahor exul, inops, tumulis avulsa meorum, Penelopae munus, quae me data pensa trahentem matribus ostendens Ithacis ‘haec Hectoris illa est clara parens, haec est’ dicet ‘Priameia coniunx,’ postque tot amissos tu nunc, quae sola levabas maternos luctus, hostilia busta piasti!
inferias hosti peperi! quo ferrea resto? quidve moror? quo me servas, annosa senectus? quo, di crudeles, nisi uti nova funera cernam, vivacem differtis anum? quis posse putaret felicem Priamum post diruta Pergama dici? felix morte sua est! nec te, mea nata, peremptam adspicit et vitam pariter regnumque reliquit. at, puto, funeribus dotabere, regia virgo, condeturque tuum monumentis corpus avitis!
non haec est fortuna domus: tibi munera matris
a woman, you have fallen by the sword; and that
same Achilles, who had destroyed all your brothers,
has destroyed you, too, that curse of Troy, bereaver of
my heart. But when he fell by Paris' and by Phoebus'
arrows, 'Surely,' I said, 'now is Achilles to be feared
no more.' But even now I was still to fear him.
His very ashes, though he is dead and buried, are
savage against our race; even in the tomb we have
felt him for our enemy; for Achilles have I been
fruitful! Great Troy lies low, and by a woeful issue
the public calamity was ended; yet it was ended; for
me alone Pergama still survives; my woes still run
their course. But late on the pinnacle of fame,
strong in my many sons, my daughters, and my
husband, now, exiled, penniless, torn from the tombs
of my loved ones, I am dragged away as prize for
Penelope. And as I sit spinning my allotted task of
wool, she will point me out to the dames of Ithaca
and say: 'This woman is Hector's noble mother, this
is Priam's queen.' And now after so many have been
lost, you, who alone were left to console your mother's
grief, you have been sacrificed upon our foeman's
tomb. Yes, I have but borne a victim for my enemy.
And to what end do I, unfeeling wretch, live on?
Why do I linger? To what end, O wrinkled age, do
you keep me here? To what end, ye cruel gods, save
that I still may see fresh funerals, do you prolong an
old woman's life? Who would suppose that Priam
could be called happy when Pergama was o'erthrown?
Happy is he in death. He does not see you, my
daughter, lying murdered here; he left his life and
kingdom, both at once. But I suppose, O royal
maiden, you will be dowered with funeral rites
and your body buried in your ancestral tomb.
Such is no longer the fortune of our house. Your
contingent fletus peregrinaeque haustus harenae!
onnia perdidimus: superest, cur vivere tempus
in breve sustineam, proles gratissima matri,
nunc solus, quondam minimus de stirpe virili,
has datus Ismario regi Polydorus in oras.

quid moror interea crudelia vulnera lymphis
abluere et sparsos inmiti sanguine vultus?"

Dixit et ad litus passu processit anili,
albentes lacerata comas. "date, Troades, urnam!"
dixerat infelix, liquidas hauriret ut undas:
adspicit eiectum Polydori in litore corpus
factaque Threiciis ingentia vulnera telis;
Troades exclamant, obmutuit illa dolore,
et pariter vocem lacrimasque introrsus obortas
devorat ipse dolor, duroque simillima saxo
torpet et adversa figit modo lumina terra,
interdum torvos sustollit ad aethera vultus,
nunc positi spectat vultum, nunc vulnera nati,
vulnera praecipue, seque armat et instruit iram.
quaque simul exarsit, tamquam regina maneret,
ulcisci statuit poenaeque in imagine tota est,
utque furit catulo lactente orbata leaena
signaque nacta pedum sequitur, quem non videt,
hostem,
sic Hecube, postquam cum luctu miscuit iram,
non oblita animorum, annorum oblita suorum,
vadit ad artificem dirae, Polymestora, caedis
conloquiumque petit; nam se monstrare relictum
velle latens illi, quod nato redderet, aurum.

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funeral gifts shall be your mother's tears; your burial, the sand of an alien shore! We have lost all; but still there's something left, some reason why for a brief span I may endure to live: his mother's dearest, now her only child, once youngest of my sons, my Polydorus, sent to these shores to the Thracian king. But why do I delay, meanwhile, to wash my daughter's cruel wounds with water, her face bespattered with unpitying blood?"

She spoke and with tottering steps of age went to the shore, tearing her grey hair as she went. "Give me an urn, ye Trojan women," the wretched creature said, intending to dip up some water from the sea. And there she saw the body of Polydorus, cast up upon the shore, covered with gaping wounds made by Thracian spears. The Trojan women shrieked at the sight; but she was dumb with grief; her very grief engulfed her powers of speech, her rising tears. Like a hard rock, immovable she stood, now held her gaze fixed upon the ground, and at times lifted her awful face to the heavens; now she gazed upon the features of her son as he lay there in death, now on his wounds, but mostly on his wounds, arming herself and heaping up her rage. When now her rage blazed out, as if she still were queen, she fixed on vengeance and was wholly absorbed in the punishment her imagination pictured. And as a lioness rages when her suckling cub has been stolen from her, and follows the discovered tracks of her enemy, whom she does not see, so Hecuba, wrath mingling with her grief, regardless of her years but not her deadly purpose, went straight to Polymestor, who wrought the heartless murder, and sought an audience with him, pretending that she wished to show him a store of gold which she had hoarded for her son and
credidit Odrysium praedaeque adsuetus amore
in secreta venit: tum blando callidus ore
“tolle moras, Hecube,” dixit “da munera nato!
onne fore illius, quod das, quod et ante dedisti,
per superos iuro.” spectat truculenta loquentem
falsaque iurantem tumidaque exaequat ira
atque ita correpto captivarum agmina matrum
invocat et digitos in perfida lumina condit
expellitque genis oculos (facit ira potentem)
inmergitque manus foedataque sanguine santis
non lumen (neque enim superest), loca luminis haurit.
clade sui Thracum gens inritata tyranni
Troada telorum lapidumque incessere iactu
coeptit, at haec missum rauco cum murmur saxum
morsibus insequitur rictaque in verba parato
latravit, conata loqui: locus exstat et ex re
nomen habet, veterumque diu memori illa malorum
tum quoque Sithonios ululavit maesta per agros.
illius Troasque suos hostesque Pelasgos,
illius fortuna deos quoque moverat omnes,
sic omnes, ut et ipsa Iovis coniunxque sororum
eventus Hecubam meruisse negaverit illos.
Non vacat Aurorae, quamquam isdem faverat armis,
eladibus et casu Troiaeque Hecubaeque moveri.
cura deam propior luctusque domesticus angit
Memnonis amissi, Phrygiis quem lutea campis
vidit Achillesa pereuntem cuspide mater; 
vidit, et ille color, quo matutina rubescunt
now would give him. The Thracian was deceived and, led by his habitual lust for gain, he came to the hiding-place. Then craftily, with smooth speech he said: “Come, Hecuba, make haste, give me the treasure for your son! I swear by the gods of heaven, all shall be his, what you give now and what you have given before.” She grimly eyed him as he spoke and swore his lying oath. Then did her rising wrath boil over, and, calling the captive women to the attack, she seized upon him, dug her fingers into his lying eyes and gouged his eyeballs from their sockets—so mighty did wrath make her. Then she plunged in her hands and, stained with his guilty blood, she plucked out, not his eyes, for they were gone, but the places of his eyes. The Thracians, incensed by their king’s disaster, began to set upon the Trojan with shafts and stones. But she, with hoarse growls, bit at the stones they threw and, though her jaws were set for words, barked when she tried to speak. The place still remains and takes its name from this incident, where she, long remembering her ancient ills, still howled mournfully across the Sithonian plains. Her sad fortune touched the Trojans and her Grecian foes and all the gods as well; yes, all, for even Juno, sister and wife of Jove, declared that Hecuba had not deserved such an end.

But Aurora, though she had lent her aid to the Trojan arms, had no time to lament the ruin and the fall of Troy and Hecuba. A nearer care, grief for her own son, harassed her, the loss of Memnon, whom she, his bright mother, had seen dead by Achilles’ spear on the Phrygian plain. She saw and those bright hues

1 Cynossema (κυνός σῆμα), the Sign (or Monument) of the Dog.
tempora, palluerat, latuitque in nubibus aether.
at non inpositos supremis ignibus artus
sustinuit spectare parens, sed crine soluto
sicut erat, magni genibus procumbere non est
dedignata Iovis lacrimisque has addere voces:
“omnibus inferior, quas sustinet aureus aether,
(nam mihi sunt totum rarissima templum per orbem)
diva tamen, veni, non ut delubra diesque
des mihi sacrificos caliturasque ignibus aras:
si tamen adspicias, quantum tibi femina praestem,
tum cum luce nova noctis confinia servo,
praemia danda putes; sed non ea cura neque hic est
nunc status Aurorae, meritos ut poscat honores:
Memnonis orba mei venio, qui fortia frustra
pro patruo tulit arma suo primisque sub annis
occidit a forti (sic vos voluistis) Achille.
da, precor, huic aliquem, solacia mortis, honorem,
summe deum rector, maternaque vulnera leni!
Iuppiter adnuerat, cum Memnonis arduus alto
corruit igne rogus, nigrique volumina fumi
infecere diem, veluti cum flumina natas
exhalant nebulas, nec sol admittitur infra;
atra favilla volat glomerataque corpus in unum
densetur faciemque capit sumitque calorem
atque animam ex igni (levitas sua praebuit alas)
et primo similis volucri, mox vera volucris
insonuit pennis, pariter sonuere sorores
innumerae, quibus est eadem natalis origo,
by which the morning skies flush rosy red grew dull, and the heavens were overcast with clouds. And when his corpse was laid upon the funeral pyre his mother endured not to look upon it, but, with streaming hair, just as she was, she disdained not to throw herself at the knees of mighty Jove and with many tears to pray: “Though I am least of all whom the golden heaven upholds (for in all the world but few and scattered temples rise to me), still as a goddess I come I ask not that thou give me shrines and sacred days and altars to flame with sacrificial fires. And yet, shouldst thou consider what service I, though but a woman, render thee, when each new dawn I guard the borders of the night, then wouldst thou deem that I should have some reward. But that is not my care nor is that Aurora’s errand, to demand honours which she may have earned. Bereft of my Memnon I come, who bore brave arms (though all in vain) in his uncle’s service, and in his early years has fallen by Achilles’ warlike hand (for so you willed it). Grant then, I beg, some honour to him as solace for his death, O most high ruler of the gods, and soothe a mother’s wounded heart.” Jove nodded his consent, when Memnon’s lofty pyre, wrapped in high-leaping flames, crumbled to earth, and the day was darkened by the thick black smoke, as when rivers send forth the fogs they have begotten, beneath whose pall the sunlight cannot come. Dark ashes whirled aloft and there, packed and condensed, they seemed to take on form, drew heat and vitality from the fire. (Its own lightness gave it wings.) At first, ’twas like a bird; but soon, a real bird, it flew about on whirring pinions. And along with it were countless sisters winging their noisy flight; and all were sprung from the same source.
OVID

terque rogum lustrant, et consonus exit in auras 610
ter plangor, quarto seducunt castra volatu;
tum duo diversa populi de parte feroces
bella gerunt rostrisque et aduncis unguibus iras
exercet alasque adversaque pectora lassant,
inferiaeque cadunt cineri cognata sepulto 615
corpora seque viro fortì meminere creatas.
preatpetibus subitis nomen facit auctor: ab illo
Memnonides dictae, cum sol duodena peregit
signa, parentali moriturae more rebellant.—
ergo aliis latrasse Dymantida fìebile visum est; 620
luctibus est Aurora suis intenta piasque
nunc quoque dat lacrimas et toto rorat in orbe.

Non tamen eversam Troiae cum moenibus esse
spem quoque fata sinunt: sacra et, sacra altera,
patrem
fert umeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros. 625
de tantis opibus praedam pius eligit illam
Ascaniumque suum profugaque per aequora classe
fertur ab Antandro scelerataque limina Thracum
et Polydoreo manantem sanguine terram
linquit et utilibus ventis aestuque secundo 630
intrat Apollineam sociis comitantibus urbem.
hunc Anius, quo rege homines, antistite Phoebus
rite colebatur, temploque domoque recepit
urbemque ostendit delubraque nota duasque
Latona quondam stirpes pariente retentas. 635
ture dato flammis vinoque in tua profuso
cæsarumque boum fibris de more crematis
272
Thrice round the pyre they flew and thrice their united clamour rose into the air. At the fourth flight the flock divided and in two warring bands the fierce contestants fought together, plying beak and hooked talons in their rage, wearying wing and breast in the struggle. At last these shapes kin to the buried ashes fell down as funeral offerings and remembered that they were sprung from that brave hero. The author of their being gave his name to the new-sprung birds, and they were called Memnonides from him; and still, when the sun has completed the circuit of his twelve signs, they fight and die again in honour of their father’s festival. And so others wept while the daughter of Dymas bayed; but Aurora was all absorbed in her own grief; and even to this day she weeps pious tears and bedews the whole world with them.

And yet the fates did not permit Troy’s hopes to perish with her walls. The heroic son of Cytherea bore away upon his shoulders her sacred images and, another sacred thing, his father, a venerable burden. Of all his great possessions, the pious hero chose that portion, and his son, Ascanius. Then with his fleet of refugees he set sail from Antandros, left behind the sinful homes of Thrace and the land dripping with Polydorus’ blood, and, with favouring winds and tides assisting, reached with his accompanying friends the city of Apollo. Him Anius, who ruled over men as king and served Phoebus as his priest, received in the temple and his home. He showed his city, the new-erected shrines and the two sacred trees beneath which Latona had once brought forth her children. There they burned incense in the flames, poured out wine upon the incense and, according

1 Aeneas.  
2 In Delos.  
3 See vi. 335.
regia tecta petunt, positisque tapetibus altis
munera cum liquido capiunt Cerealia Baccho.
tum pius Anchises: "o Phoebi lecte sacerdos, 640
fallor, an et natum, cum primum haec moenia vidi,
quisque duas natas, quantum reminiscor, habebas?"
huic Anius niveis circumdata tempora vittis
concutiens et tristis ait: "non falleris, heros
maxime; vidisti natorum quinque parentem, 645
quem nunc (tanta homines rerum inconstantia versat)
paene vides orbum. quod enim mihi filius absens
auxilium, quem dicta suo de nomine tellus
Andros habet pro patre locumque et regna tenentem?
Delius augurium dedit huic, dedit altera Liber 650
femineae stirpi voto maior a fideque
munera: nam tactu natarum cuncta meum
in segetem laticemque meri canaeque Minervae
transformabuntur, divesque erat usus in illis.
hoc ubi cognovit Troiae populator Atrides, 655
(ne non ex aliqua vestram sensisse procellam
nos quoque parte putes), armorum viribus usus
abstrahit invitas gremio genitoris alantque
imperat Argolicam caelesti munere classem.
effugiunt, quo quaeque potest: Euboea duabus 660
et totidem natis Andros fraterna petita est.
miles adest et, ni dedantur, bella minatur:
victa metu pietas consortia corpora poenae
dedidit; et timido possis ignoscere fratri:
non hic Aeneas, non, qui defenderet Andron, 665
Hector erat, per quem decimum durastis in annum.
to the customary rite, they slaughtered cattle and burned their entrails in the altar-fire; then sought the palace-hall and, reclining on the high couches, they partook of Ceres' bounty and the wine of Bacchus. Then pious Anchises said: "O chosen priest of Phoebus, am I mistaken, or did you have, when first I saw your city, a son and four daughters as I recall?" And Anius, shaking his head bound with snowy fillets, sadly replied: "No, mightiest of heroes, you are not mistaken; you did see me the father of five children, whom now, such is the shifting nature of men's fates, you see well-nigh bereft. For of what help to me is my absent son, whom the land of Andros, named from him, holds in place of his father; for he rules the land as king. The Delian gave him the power of augury; but to my daughters Bacchus gave other gifts, greater than they could pray or hope to gain. For at my daughters' touch all things were turned to corn and wine and the oil of grey-green Minerva,\(^1\) and there was rich profit in them. When Agamemnon, ravager of Troy, learned this (that you may know that we also have felt some share of your destructive storm), using armed force, he dragged my unwilling daughters from their father's arms, and bade them feed the Grecian army with their heavenly gift. They escaped, each as she could. Two sought Euboea; two fled to their brother's Andros. Armed bands pursued and threatened war unless they were surrendered. Fear conquered brotherly affection, and he gave up to punishment the persons of his kindred. And you could forgive the timid brother; for Aeneas was not here to succour Andros, nor Hector, through whom you held your own for ten years. And now they

\(^1\) i.e. olives.
OVID

iamque parabantur captivis vincla lacertis:
illae tollentes etiamnum libera caelo
bracchia 'Bacche pater, fer opem!' dixere, tulitque
muneris auctor opem,—si miro perdere more 670
ferre vocatur opem, nec qua ratione figuram
perdiderint, potui scire aut nunc dicere possum;
summa mali nota est: pennas sumpsere tuaeque
coniugis in volucre, niveas abiere columbas.'

Talibus atque aliis postquam convivia dictis 675
inplerunt, mensa somnum petiere remota
cumque die surgunt adeuntque oracula Phoebi,
qui petere antiquam matrem cognataque iussit
litora; prosequitur rex et dat munus ituris,
Anchisae sceptra, chlamydem pharetramque
nepoti,

cratera Aeneae, quem quondam transtulit illi
hospes ab Aoniis Therses Isnieniis oris:
miserat hunc illi Therses, fabricaverat Alcon
Hyleus et longo caelaverat argumento.
urbs erat, et septem posses ostendere portas: 685
hae pro nomine erant, et quae foret illa, docebant;
ante urbe exequiae tumulique ignesque pyraeque
effusaeque comas et apertae pectora matres
significant luctum; nymphae quoque flere videntur
siccatosque queri fontes: sine frondibus arbor 690
nuda riget, rodunt arentia saxa capellae.
ecce facit mediis nata Orione Thebis
hanc non femineum ingulo dare vulnus aperto,
illam demisso per inertia vulnera telo
276
were preparing fetters for the captives' arms, when they, stretching their still free arms to heaven, cried: 'O father Bacchus, help!' And he who gave their gift did bring them aid—if you call it aid, in some strange sort to lose their human form. For never did I know, nor can I now describe, how they lost it. But the outcome of my sad mishap I do know: covered with plumage, they were changed to snow-white doves, your consort's birds."

With such and other themes they filled up the feast, then left the banquet board and retired to rest; and on the morrow they rose and sought the oracle of Phoebus. He bade them seek their ancient mother and kindred shores. On their departure the king went forth with them and gave them parting gifts: a sceptre to Anchises, a robe and quiver to his grandson, and a goblet to Aeneas which Ismenian Therses, a guest, had once brought to the king from the Aonian coast. Therses had sent him the cup, but 'twas the handiwork of Hylean Alcon, who had engraved upon it a long pictured story. There was a city, on which you could discern seven gates. These served to name it and tell you what it was. Before the city funeral rites were seen, with sepulchres and blazing funeral pyres; and women with dishevelled hair and naked breasts, proclaiming grief. Nymphs also seemed to weep and bewail their dried-up springs. The trees stood bare and leafless; goats nibbled in the parched and stony fields. See, in the Theban streets he represents Orion's daughters, one dealing a wound not apt for maiden's hands to her bared throat, the other dealing clumsy wounds with her weaving-shuttle, both falling as victims in the people's stead; then borne in funeral pomp through

1 i.e. Thebes.
pro populo cecidisse suo pulchrisque per urbem funeribus ferri celebrique in parte cremari. tum de virginea geminos exire favilla, ne genus intereat, iuvenes, quos fama Coronos nominat, et cineri materno ducere pompam. haec tenus antiquo signis fulgentibus aere, summus inaurato crater erat asper acantho. nec leviora datis Troiani dona remittunt dantque sacerdoti custodem turis acerram, dant pateram claramque auro gemmisque coronam.

Inde recordati Teucros a sanguine Teucri ducere principium, Cretam tenuere locique ferre diu nequiere Iovem centumque relictis urbis Ausonios optant contingere portus, saevit hiems iactatque viros, Strophadumque receptos portus infidis exterruit ales Aello. nec leviora datis Troiani dona remittunt dantque sacerdoti custodem turis acerram, dant pateram claramque auro gemmisque coronam.

et iam Dulichios portus Ithacamque Samonque Neritiasque domus, regnum fallacis Ulixis, praeter erant vecti : certatam lite deorum Ambraciam versique vident sub imagine saxum iudicis, Actiaco quae nunc ab Apolline nota est, vocalemque sua terram Dodonida quercu Chaoniosque sinus, ubi nati rege Molosso inpia subiectis fugere incendia pennis.

Proxima Phaeacum felicibus obsita pomis rura petunt, Epiros ab his regnataque vati Buthrotos Phrygio simulataque Troia tenetur; inde futurorum certi, quae cuncta fideli
the town and burned to ashes midst the mourning throngs. Then, that their race may not perish with them, from their virgin ashes spring two youths, whom fame has named Coroni. These join in the solemn rites due to their mother's dust. Such was the story told in figures gleaming on the antique bronze. Round the goblet's top, rough-carved, golden acanthus ran. The Trojans make presents in return of no less worth: an incense-casket for the priest, a libation-saucer and a crown, gleaming with gems and gold.

Thence, remembering that the Teucrians sprang from Teucer's stock, they sailed away to Crete. Here, unable to endure for long the climate of the place, they abandoned Crete with its hundred cities and set out with eager spirit for the Ausonian shores. The wintry seas raged and tossed the heroic band; and, when they came to the treacherous harbour of the Strophades, Aëllo, the harpy, frightened them. And now Dulichium's anchorage, Ithaca and Samos, the homes of Neritos, the false Ulysses' kingdom—past all these they sailed. Ambracia next, once object of heaven's strife, they saw, and the image of the judge once changed to stone—Ambracia, now famed for Actian Apollo's sake; Dodona's land, with its speaking oaks; Chaonia's sheltered bay, where the sons of King Molossus on new-grown wings escaped impious fires.

Next they sought the land of the Phaeacians, set with fertile orchards, and landed at Buthrotos in Epirus with its mimic Troy, a city ruled by the Phrygian seer. There having learned all that awaited them from the friendly prophecies of Helenus,

1 This, in accordance with their interpretation of the advice given in l. 678.
Priamides Helenus monitu praedixerat, intrant Sicaniam: tribus haec excurrit in aequora pennis, e quibus imbriferos est versa Pachynos ad austros, 725 mollibus expositum zephyris Lilybaeon, at arctos aequoris expertes spectat boreamque Peloros. hac subeunt Teucri, et remis aestuque secundo sub noctem potitur Zanclaea classis harena: Scylla latus dextrum, laevum inrequieta Charybdis 730 infestat; vorat haec raptas revomitque carinas, illa feris atram canibus succingitur alvum, virginis ora gerens, et, si non omnia vates facta reliquerunt, aliquo quoque tempore virgo: hanc multi petiere proci, quibus illa repulsis ad pelagi nymphas, pelagi gratissima nymphis, ibat et elusos iuvenum narrabat amores. cui dum pectendos praebet Galatea capillos, talibus adloquitur repetens suspiria dictis: "te tamen, o virgo, genus haut inmite virorum expetit, utque facis, potes his inpune negare; at mihi, cui pater est Nereus, quam caerula Doris enixa est, quae sum turba quoque tuta sororum, non nisi per luctus licuit Cyclopis amorem effugere." et lacrimae vocem inpediere loquentis. 745 quas ubi marmoreo detersit pollice virgo et solata deam est, "refer, o carissima" dixit "neve tui causam tege (sic sum fida) doloris!" Nereis his contra resecuta Crataeide natam est: "Acis erat Fauno nymphaque Symaethide cretus magna quidem patrisque sui matrisque voluptas, nostra tamen maior; nam me sibi iunxerat uni. pulcher et octonis iterum natalibus actis signarat teneras dubia lanugine malas. 280
Priam's son, they came to Sicily. This land runs out into the sea in three capes. Of these, Pachynos faces to the rainy south, Lilybaeon feels the soft western breeze, and Peloros looks to the northern Bears, who never go beneath the sea. Hither the Teucri came and with oars and favouring tides the fleet reached the sandy beach of Zancle as darkness fell. Scylla infests the right-hand coast, unresting Charybdis the left. The one sucks down and vomits forth again the ships she has caught; the other's uncanny waist is girt with ravening dogs. She has a virgin's face and, if all the tales of poets are not false, she was herself once a virgin. Many suitors sought her; but she scorned them all and, taking refuge with the sea-nymphs (for the sea-nymphs loved her well), she would tell them of the disappointed wooing of her lovers. There once Galatea, while she let the maiden comb her hair, first sighing deeply, thus addressed her: "You truly, maiden, are wooed by a gentle race of men, and you can repulse them without fear, even as you do. But I, whose father is Nereus and whose mother the sea-hued Doris, who am safe also in a throng of sisters, I was not allowed to shun the Cyclops' love without grievous consequence." Tears checked her further speech. When the maid with her white fingers had dried the goddess' tears and had consoled her, she said: "Tell me, O dearest one, and do not conceal the cause of your woe, for I am faithful to you." And the Nereid answered Crataeis' daughter in these words: "Acis was son of Faunus and the nymph Symaethis, great joy to his father and his mother, but greater joy to me; for he loved me with whole-hearted love. Beautiful he was, and his sixteenth birthday past, a faint down had marked his youthful cheeks. Him dic
OVID

hunc ego, me Cyclops nulla cum fine petebat.  

nec, si quaesieris, odium Cyclopis amore  
Acidis in nobis fuerit praesentior, edam:  

par utrumque fuit. pro! quanta potentia regni  
est, Venus alma, tui! nempe ille inmitis et ipsis  
horrendus silvis et visus ab hospite nullo  

inpune et magni cum dis contemtor Olympi,  

quid sit amor, sensit validaque cupidine captus  
uritur oblitus pecorum antrorumque suorum.  

iamque tibi formae, iamque est tibi cura placendi,  

iam rigidos pectis rastris, Polypheme, capillos,  

iam libet hirsutam tibi falce recidere barbam  
et spectare feros in aqua et conponere vultus.  

caedis amor feritasque sitisque immensa cruoris  
cessant, et tutae veniuntque abeuntque carinae.  

Telemus interea Siculam delatus ad Aetnen,  

Telemus Eurymides, quem nulla fefellerat ales,  
terriblem Polyphemon adit 'lumen' que, 'quod unum  
fronte geris media, rapiet tibi' dixit 'Ulixes.'  

risit et 'o vatum stolidissime, falleris,' inquit,  

'altera iam rapuit.' sic frustra vera monentem  

spernit et aut gradiens ingenti litora passu  
degrat, aut fessus sub opaca revertitur antra.  

prominet in pontum cuneatus acumine longo  
collis (utrumque latus circumfluit aequoris unda):  
hue ferus ascescendit Cyclops mediusque resedit;  

lanigerae pecudes nullo ducente secutae.  
cui postquam pinus, baculi quae praebuit usum,  
ante pedes posita est antennis apta ferendis  
sumptaque harundinibus compacta est fistula centum,  
senserunt toti pastoria sibila montes,
I love, but the Cyclops loved me with endless wooing. Nor, if you should ask me, could I tell which was stronger in me, my hate of Cyclops or my love of Acis; for both were in equal measure. O mother Venus, how mighty is thy sway! Behold, that savage creature, whom the very woods shudder to look upon, whom no stranger has ever seen save to his own hurt, who despises great Olympus and its gods, he feels the power of love and burns with mighty desire, forgetful of his flocks and of his caves. And now, Polyphemus, you become careful of your appearance, now anxious to please; now with a rake you comb your shaggy locks, and now it is your pleasure to cut your rough beard with a reaping-hook, gazing at your rude features in some clear pool and composing their expression. Your love of slaughter falls away, your fierce nature and your quenchless thirst for blood; and ships come and go in safety. Meanwhile Telemus had come to Sicilian Aetna, Telemus, the son of Eurymus, whom no bird had deceived; and he said to grim Polyphemus: ‘That one eye, which you have in the middle of your forehead, Ulysses will take from you.’ He mocked and answered: ‘O most stupid seer, you are wrong; another has already taken it.’ Thus did he scoff at the man who vainly sought to warn him, and stalked with huge, heavy tread along the shore, or returned, weary, to his shady cave. A wedge-shaped promontory with long, sharp point juts out into the sea, both sides washed by the waves. Hither the fierce Cyclops climbed and sat down on the cliff’s central point, and his woolly sheep, all unheeded, followed him. Then, laying at his feet the pine-trunk which served him for a staff, fit for a vessel’s mast, he took his pipe made of a hundred reeds. All the mountains felt the sound of his rustic pipings; the waves felt it too. I, hiding
senserunt undae; latitans ego rupe meique
Acidis in gremio residens procul auribus hausi
talia dicta meis auditaque verba notavi:

"Candidior folio nivei Galatea ligustri,
floridior pratis, longa procerior alno,
790
splendidior vitreo, tenero lascivor haedo,
levior adsiduo detritis aequore conchis,
solibus hibernis, aestiva gratior umbra,
nobilior pomis, platano conspectior alta,
lucidior glacie, matura dulciorn uva,
mollior et cygni plumis et lacte coacto,
et si non fugias, riguo formosior horto;

"Saevior indomitis eadem Galatea iuvencis,
durior annosa quercu, fallacior undis,
lentior et salicis virgis et vitibus albis,
800
his inmobilior scopulis, violentior amne,
laudato pavone superbior, aerior igni,
asperior tribulis, feta truculentior ursa,
surdior aequoribus, calcato inmitior hydro,
et, quod praecipue vellem tibi demere possem,
805
non tantum cervo claris latratibus acto,
verum etiam ventis volucerique fugacior aura,
(at bene si noris, pigeat fugisse, morasque
ipsa tuas damnes et me retinere labores).
sunt mihi, pars montis, vivo pendentia saxo
810
antra, quibus nec sol medio sentitur in aestu,
nec sentitur hiems; sunt poma gravantia ramos,
sunt auro similis longis in vitibus uvae,
sunt et purpureae: tibi et has servamus et illas.
beneath a rock and resting in my Acis' arms, at a great distance heard the words he sang and well remember them:

"O Galatea, whiter than snowy privet-leaves, more blooming than the meadows, surpassing the alder in your tall slenderness, more sparkling than crystal, more frolicsome than a tender kid, smoother than shells worn by the constant waves, more welcome than the winter's sun and summer's shade, more goodly than orchard-fruit, fairer than the tall plane-tree, more shining-clear than ice, sweeter than ripened grapes, softer than swan's down and curdled milk, and, if only you would not flee from me, more beauteous than a well-watered garden.

"Yet you, the same Galatea, are more obstinate than an untamed heifer, harder than aged oak, falser than water, tougher than willow-twigs and white briony-vines, more immovable than these rocks, more boisterous than a stream, vainer than a praised peacock, more cruel than fire, sharper than thorns, more savage than a she-bear with young, deader than the sea, more pitiless than a trodden snake, and, what I would most of all that I could take from you, swifter not only than the stag driven before the baying hounds, but also than the winds and the fleeting breeze! But, if only you knew me well, you would regret that you have fled from me; you would yourself condemn your coy delays and seek to hold me. I have a whole mountain-side for my possessions, deep caves in the living rock, where neither the sun is felt in his midsummer heat, nor the winter's cold. I have apples weighing down their branches, grapes yellow as gold on the trailing vines, and purple grapes as well. Both these and those I am keeping for your use. With your own hand you
ipsa tuis manibus silvestri nata sub umbra
mollia fraga leges, ipsa autumnalia corna
prunaque non solum nigro liventia suco,
verum etiam generosa novasque imitantia ceras.
nec tibi castaneae me coniuge, nec tibi deerunt
arbutei fetus: omnis tibi serviet arbor.

"'Hoc pecus omne meum est, multae quoque
vallibus errant,
multas Silva tegit, multae stabulantur in antris,
nec, si forte roges, possim tibi dicere, quot sint:
apuperis est numerare pecus; de laudibus harum
nil mihi credideris, praesens potes ipsa videre,

ut vix circumeant distentum cruribus uber.
sunt, fetura minor, tepidis in ovilibus agni.
sunt quoque, par aetas, aliis in ovilibus haedi.
lac mihi semper adest niveum: pars inde bibenda
servatur, partem liquefacta coagula durant.

"'Nec tibi deliciae faciles vulgataque tantum
munera contingent, dammae leporesque caperque,
parve columbarum demptusve cacumine nidus:
inveni geminos, qui tecum ludere possint,
inter se similes, vix ut dignoscere possis,
villosae catulos in summis montibus ursae:
inveni et dixi "dominae servabimus istos."

"'Iam modo caeruleo nitidum caput exere ponto,
iam, Galatea, veni, nec munera despice nostra!
certe ego me novi liquidaeque in imagine vidi
nuper aquae, placuitque mihi mea forma videnti.
adspice, sim quantus: non est hoc corpore maior
Iuppiter in caelo, nam vos narrare soletis
nescio quem regnare Iovem; coma plurima torvos
shall gather the luscious strawberries that grow within the woody shade, cherries in autumn-time and plums, both juicy and purple-black and the large yellow kind, yellow as new wax. Chestnuts also shall be yours and the fruit of the arbute-tree, if you will take me for your husband; and every tree shall yield to your desire.

"And all this flock is mine. Many besides are wandering in the valleys, many are in the woods, still others are safe within their cavern-folds. Nay, should you chance to ask, I could not tell you how many in all I have. 'Tis a poor man's business to count his flocks. And you need not believe my praises of them; here you can see for yourself how they can hardly walk for their distended udders. And I have, coming on, lambs in my warm folds and kids, too, of equal age, in other folds. There's always a plenty of snow-white milk. Some of it is kept for drinking, and some the rennet hardens into curds.

"And you shall have no easily gotten pets or only common presents, such as does and hares and goats, or a pair of doves, or a nest taken from the cliff. I found on the mountain-top two cubs of a shaggy bear for you to play with, so much alike that you can scarcely tell them apart. I found them and I said: 'I'll keep these for my mistress!'

"And now, Galatea, do but raise your glistening head from the blue sea. Now come and don't despise my gifts. Surely I know myself; lately I saw my reflection in a clear pool, and I liked my features when I saw them. Just look, how big I am! Jupiter himself up there in the sky has no bigger body; for you are always talking of some Jove or other as ruling there. A wealth of hair
OVID

prominet in vultus, umerosque, ut lucus, obumbrat; nec mea quod rigidis horrent densissima saetis corpora, turpe puta: turpis sine frondibus arbor, turpis equus, nisi colla iubae flaventia velent; pluma tegit volucres, ovibus sua lana decori est: barba viros hirtaeque decent in corpore saetae. unum est in media lumen mihi fronte, sed instar ingenti clipei. quid? non haec omnia magnus Sol videt e caelo? Soli tamen unicus orbis.

"'Adde, quod in vestro genitor meus aequore regnat:
hunc tibi do socerum; tantum miserere precesque supplicis exaudi! tibi enim succumbimus uni, quique Iovem et caelum sperno et penetrabile fulmen, Nerei, te vereor, tua fulmine saevior ira est. atque ego contemptus essem patientior huius, si fugeres omnes; sed cur Cyclope repulso Acin amas praefersque meis complexibus Acin? ille tamen placeatque sibi placeatque licebit, quod nollem, Galatea, tibi; modo copia detur: sentiet esse mihi tanto pro corpore vires' viscera viva traham divulsaque membra per agros perque tuas spargam (sic se tibi misceat !) undas. uror enim, laesusque exaestuat acrius ignis, cumque suis videor translatam viribus Aetnam pectore ferre meo, nec tu, Galatea, moveris.'

"Talia nequiquam questus (nam cuncta videbam) surgit et ut taurus vacca furibundus adempta stare nequit silvaeque et notis saltibus errat,
overhangs my manly face and it shades my shoulders like a grove. And don’t think it ugly that my whole body is covered with thick, bristling hair. A tree is ugly without its leaves and a horse is ugly if a thick mane does not clothe his sorrel neck; feathers clothe the birds, and their own wool is becoming to sheep; so a beard and shaggy hair on his body well become a man. True, I have but one eye in the middle of my forehead, but it is as big as a good-sized shield. And what of that? Doesn’t the great sun see everything here on earth from his heavens? And the sun has but one eye.

“Furthermore, my father is king over your own waters; and him I am giving to you for father-in-law. Only pity me and listen to my humble prayer; for I bow to you alone; I, who scorn Jove and his heaven and his all-piercing thunderbolt, I fear you alone, O Nereid; your anger is more deadly than the lightning-flash. And I could better bear your scorning if you fled from all your suitors. But why, though you reject Cyclops, do you love Acis, and why do you prefer Acis to my arms? And yet he may please himself and please you too, Galatea; but oh, I wish he didn’t please you. But only let me have a chance at him! Then he’ll find that I am as strong as I am big. I’ll tear his vitals out alive, I’ll rend him limb from limb and scatter the pieces over the fields and over your waves—so may he mate with you! For oh, I burn, and my hot passion, thus scorned, rages more fiercely within me; I seem to carry Aetna in my breast, borne thither with all his violence. And you, Galatea, do not care at all.’

“Such vain complaints he uttered, and rose up (I saw it all), just as a bull which, furious when the cow has been taken from him, cannot stand still, but
OVID

cum feras ignaros nec quicquam tale timentes
me videt atque Acin 'video' que exclamat 'et ista
ultima sit, faciam, Veneris concordia vestrae.'
tantaque vox, quantam Cyclops iratus habere
deuit, illa fuit: clamore perhorruit Aetne.
ast ego vicino pavefacta sub aequore mergor;
terga fugae dederat conversa Symaethius heros
et 'fer opem, Galatea, precor, mihi! ferte, parentes,'
dixerat 'et vestris periturum admittite regnis!' 881
insequitur Cyclops partemque e monte revulsam
mittit, et extremus quamvis pervenit ad illum
angulus et saxo, totum tamen obruit Acin.
at nos, quod fieri solum per fata licebat,
885
secimus, ut vires adsumeret Acis avitas.
puniceus de mole cruor manabat, et intra
temporis exiguum rubor evanescere coepit,
fitque color primo turbati fluminis imbre
purgaturque mora; tum moles iacta dehiscit,
vivaque per rimas proceraque surgit harundo,
osque cavum saxi sonat exsultantibus undis,
miraque res, subito media tenus exstitit alvo
incinctus iuvenis flexis nova cornua cannis,
qui, nisi quod maior, quod toto caerulus ore,
895
Acis erat, sed sic quoque erat tamen Acis, in annem
versus, et antiquum tenuerunt flumina nomen.'

Desierat Galatea loqui, coetuque soluto
discedunt placidisque natant Nereides undis.
Scylla reedit; neque enim medio se credere ponto 900
audet, et aut bibula sine vestibus errat harena
290
wanders through the woods and familiar pasture-lands. Then the fierce giant spied me and Acis, neither knowing nor fearing such a fate, and he cried: 'I see you, and I'll make that union of your loves the last.' His voice was big and terrible as a furious Cyclops' voice should be. Aetna trembled with the din of it. But I, in panic fright, dived into the sea. My Symaethian hero had already turned to run, and cried: 'Oh, help me, Galatea, I pray; help me, my parents, and take me, doomed now to perish, to your kingdom. Cyclops ran after him and hurled a piece wrenched from the mountain-side; and, though that merest corner of the mass reached Acis, still it was enough to bury him altogether. But I (the only thing that fate allowed to me) caused Acis to assume his ancestral powers. Crimson blood came trickling from beneath the mass; then in a little while its ruddy colour began to fade away and it became the colour of a stream swollen by the early rains, and it cleared entirely in a little while. Then the mass that had been thrown cracked wide open and a tall, green reed sprang up through the crack, and the hollow opening in the rock resounded with leaping waters, and, wonderful! suddenly a youth stood forth waist-deep from the water, his new-sprung horns wreathed with bending rushes. The youth, save that he was larger and his face of dark sea-blue, was Acis. But even so he still was Acis, changed to a river-god; and his waters kept their former name.'

When Galatea had finished her story, the group of Nereids broke up and went swimming away on the peaceful waves. But Scylla, not daring to trust herself to the outer deep, returned to the shore, and there either wandered all unrobed along
OVID

aut, ubi lassata est, seductos nacta recessus
gurgitis, inclusa sua membra refrigerat unda
ece freto stridens, alti novus incola ponti,
nuper in Euboica versis Anthedone membris,
Glaucus adest, visaeque cupidine virginis haeret
et, quaeecumque putat fugientem posse morari,
verba refert; fugit illa tamen veloxque timore
pervenit in summum positi prope litora montis.
ante fretum est ingens, apicem conlectus in unum
longa sub arboribus convexus in aequora vertex:
constitit hic et tuta loco, monstrumne deusne
ille sit, ignorans admiraturque colorem
caesariemque umeros subiectaque terga tegentem,
ultimaque excipiat quod tortilis inguina piscis.
sensit et innitens, quae stabat proxima, moli
“non ego prodigium nec sum fera belua, virgo,
sed deus” inquit “aquae: nec maius in aequora Proteus
ius habet et Triton Athamantiadesque Palaemon,
ante tamen mortalis eram, sed, scilicet altis
deditus aequoribus, tantum exercerbar in illis;
nam modo ducemam ducentia retia pisces,
nunc in mole sedens moderabar harundine linum.
sunt viridi prato confinia litora, quorum
altera pars undis, pars altera cingitur herbis,
quas neque cornigerae morsu laesere iuvencae,
nec placidae carpsistis oves hirtaeve capellae;
on apis inde tulit conlectos sedula1 flores,

1 So Vulg. Ehwald conjectures semina; Merkel semine.
the thirsty sands or, when she was wearied, she would seek out some deep sequestered pool and there refresh her limbs in its safe waters. Behold Glaucus, sounding with his shell upon the sea, a new-come dweller in the deep waters; for his form had been but lately changed near Anthedon in Euboea. He saw the maid and straightway burned with love, and said whatever things he thought might stay her flight. Nevertheless, she fled him and, her speed increased by fear, she came to the top of a mountain which stood near the shore. It was a huge mountain facing the sea, rising into one massive peak, its shady top reaching far out over the water. Here Scylla stayed her flight and, protected by her position, not knowing whether he was a monster or a god, looked in wonder at his colour, his hair which covered his shoulders and his back, and at his groins merging into a twisted fish-form. He saw her and, leaning on a mass of rock which lay at hand, he said: "Maiden, I am no monster or wild creature; I am a sea-god; and neither Proteus nor Triton nor Palaemon, son of Athamas, has greater power over the deeps than I. I was mortal once, but even then devoted to the sea, and there my life was spent. Now I would draw in the nets full of fish, and now, sitting on some projecting rock, I would ply rod and line. There is a shore fringed by verdant meadows, one side of which is hemmed in by the waves and the other by herbage, which neither horned cattle have ever disturbed in grazing nor have your peaceful sheep nor hairy she-goats cropped it. No busy bee ever gathered flowers 1 from there

1 i.e. either the honey from the flowers, or, according to Aristotle (de An. Hist., V. xxii. 4), the flowers themselves, out of which the bees made the honeycombs.
OVID

non data sunt capiti genialia sarta, neque umquam falciferae secuere manus; ego primus in illo 930
caespite consedi, dum lina madentia sicco,
utque recenserem captivos ordine pisces,
isuper exposui, quos aut in retia casus
aut sua credulitas in aduncos egerat hamos,
res similis fictae, sed quid mihi fingere prodest? 935
gramine contacto coepit mea praeda moveri
et mutare latus terraque ut in aequore niti.
dumque moror miroque simul, fugit omnis in undas
turba suas dominumque novum litusque relinquent.
obstipui dubitoque diu causamque requiro, 940
num deus hoc aliquis, num sucus fecerit herbae:
‘quae tamen has’ inquam ‘vires habet herba?’
manuque
pabula decerpsi decerptaque dente momordi.
vix bene conbiberant ignotos guttura sucos,
cum subito trepidare intus praecordia sensi 945
alteriusque rapi naturae pectus amore;
nec potui restare diu ‘repetenda’ que ‘numquam
terra, vale!’ dixi corpusque sub aequora mersi.
di maris exceptum socio dignantur honore,
utque mihi, quaecumque feram, mortalia demant, 950
Oceanum Tethynque rogant: ego lustror ab illis,
et purgante nefas noviens mihi carmine dicto
pectora fluminibus iubeor supponere centum;
nec mora, diversis lapsi de partibus amnes
totaque vertuntur supra caput aequora nostrum. 955
hactenus acta tibi possum memoranda referre,
hactenus haec memini, nee mens mea cetera sensit.
quae postquam rediit, alium me corpore toto,
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and bore them off; no festal wreaths for the head were ever gathered there, no hands with sickles ever mowed its grasses. I was the first to seat me on that turf, drying my dripping lines and spreading out upon the bank to count them the fish that I had caught, which either chance had brought to my nets or their own guilelessness had fixed upon my hooks. It sounds like an idle tale; but what advantage have I in deceiving you? My catch, on touching the grass, began to stir, then to turn over and to move about on land as in the sea. And while I paused in wonder they all slipped down into their native waters, abandoning their new master and the shore. I stood a long time in amaze and doubt, seeking the cause of this. Had some god done it, or was it the grasses' juice? 'And yet what herb could have such potency?' I said, and plucking some of the herbage with my hands, I chewed what I had plucked. Scarce had I swallowed the strange juices when suddenly I felt my heart trembling within me, and my whole being yearned with desire for another element. Unable long to stand against it, I cried aloud: 'Farewell, O Earth, to which I shall nevermore return!' and I plunged into the sea. The sea-divinities received me, deeming me worthy of a place with them, and called on Oceanus and Tethys to purge my mortal nature all away. And then they purged me, first with a magic song nine times repeated to wash all evil from me, and next they bade me bathe my body in a hundred streams. Straightway the rivers that flow from every side poured all their waters upon my head. So far I can recall and tell you what befell me; so far can I remember. But of the rest my mind retains no knowledge. When my senses came back to me I was far different from what I was but lately in all
OVID

ac fueram nuper, neque eundem mente recepi:
hanc ego tum primum viridi ferrugine barbam 960
caesariemque meam, quam longa per aequora verro
ingentesque umeros et caerula bracchia vidi
cruraque pinnigero curvata novissima pisce.
quid tamen haec species, quid dis placuisse marinis,
quid iuvat esse deum, si tu non tangeris istis? " 965
talia dicentem, dicturum plura, reliquit
Scylla deum; furit ille inritatusque repulsa
prodigiosa petit Titanidos atria Circes.
my body, nor was my mind the same. Then for the first time I beheld this beard of dark green hue, these locks which I sweep on the long waves, these huge shoulders and bluish arms, these legs which twist and vanish in a finny fish. And yet, what boots this form, what, that I pleased the sea-divinities, what profits it to be a god, if you are not moved by these things?" As he thus spoke and would have spoken more, Scylla fled from the god, and he, stung to mad rage by his repulse, betook him to the wondrous court of Circe, daughter of the Sun.
BOOK XIV
Iamque Giganteis iniectam faucibus Aetnen
arvaque Cyclopuum, quid rastra, quid usus aratri
nescia nec quicquam iunctis debentia bubus
liquerat Euboicus tumidarum cultor aquarum,
liquerat et Zanclen adversaque moenia Regi
navifragumque fretum, gemino quod litore pressum
Auszoniae Siculaeque tenet confinia terrae.
inde manu magna Tyrrhena per aequora vectus
herbiferos adiit colles atque atria Glaucus
Sole satae Circes, vanarum plena ferarum.
quam simul adspexit, dicta acceptaque salute,
"diva, dei miserere, precor! nam sola levare
tu potes hunc," dixit "videar modo dignus, amorem.
quanta sit herbarum, Titani, potencia, nulli
quam mihi cognitius, qui sum mutatus ab illis.
neve mei non nota tibi sit causa furoris:
litore in Italico, Messenia moenia contra,
Scylla mihi visa est. pudor est promissa precesque
blendantiasque meas contemptaque verba referre;
at tu, sive aliquid regni est in carmine, carmen
ore move sacro, sive expugnacior herba est,
utere temptatis operosae viribus herbae
nec medeare mihi sanesque haec vulnera mando,
BOOK XIV

And now Aetna, heaped upon the giant’s head, and the fields of the Cyclops, which knew naught of the harrow or the plow, which owed no debt to yoked cattle, all these the Euboean haunter of the swelling waves had left behind; he had left Zancle also, and the walls of Rhegium which lay opposite, and the shipwrecking strait which, confined by double shores, hems in the Ausonian and Sicilian land. Thence, swimming along with mighty strength through the Tyrrhene sea, Glaucus came to the herb-clad hills and the courts of Circe, daughter of the Sun, full of phantom beasts. When he beheld her, and a welcome had been given and received, he thus addressed the goddess: “O goddess, pity a god, I pray you! for you alone, if I but seem worthy of it, can help this love of mine. What magic potency herbs have, O Titaness, no one knows better than myself, for I was changed by them. That the cause of my mad passion may be known to you, on the Italian coast, opposite Messene’s walls, I saw Scylla. I am ashamed to tell of the promises and prayers, the coaxing words I used, all scornfully rejected. But do you, if there is any power in charms, sing a charm with your sacred lips; or, if herbs are more effectual, use the tried strength of efficacious herbs. And I do not pray that you cure me or heal me of these wounds, nor end my

1 See v. 346 &
OVID

fineque nil opus est: partem ferat illa caloris." at Circe (neque enim flammis habet aptius ulla
talibus ingenium, seu causa est huius in ipsa, 25
seu Venus indicio facit hoc offensa paterno,)
talia verba refert: "melius sequerere volentem
optantemque eadem parilique cupidine captam.
dignus eras ultro (poteras certeque) rogari,
et, si spem dederis, mihi crede, rogaberis ultro.
neu dubites adsitque tuae fiducia formae,
en ego, cum dea sim, nitidi cum filia Solis,
carmine cum tantum, tantum quoque gramine possim,
ut tua sim, voveo. spernentem sperne, sequenti 35
redde vices, unoque duas uleciscere facto."
talia temptanti "prius" inquit "in aequore frondes" 40
Glaucus "et in summis nascentur montibus algeae,
sospite quam Scylla nostri mutentur amores."
indignata dea est et laedere quatenus ipsum
non poterat, (nec vellet amans), irascitur illi,
quae sibi praelata est; venerisque offensa repulsa,
protinus horrendis infamia pabula sucis
conterit et tritis Hecateia carmina miscet
caerulaque induitur velamina perque ferarum
agmen adulantum media procedit ab aula
oppositumque petens contra Zancleia saxa
Region ingreditur ferventes aestibus undas,
in quibus ut solida ponit vestigia terra
summaque decurrit pedibus super aequora siccis. 45
parvus erat gurges, curvos sinuatus in arcus,
grata quies Scyllae: quo se referebat ab aestu
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love; let her but bear her part of this burning heat.' But Circe (for no one has a heart more susceptible to such flames than she, whether the cause of this is in herself, or whether Venus, offended by her father's tattling, made her so) replied: "Much better would you follow one whose strong desire and prayer was even as your own, whose heart burned with an equal flame. You were worthy on your own part to be wooed, and could be, of a truth; and, if you give some hope, I tell you truly you shall indeed be wooed. That you may believe this, and have some faith in your own power to charm, lo, I, goddess though I be, though the daughter of the shining Sun, though I have such magic powers in song and herb, I pray that I may be yours. Scorn her who scorns, and requite her love who loves you; and so in one act repay us both." But to her prayer Glaucus replied: "Sooner shall foliage grow on the sea, and sooner shall seaweeds spring up on the mountain-tops, than shall my love change while Scylla lives." The goddess was enraged; and, since she could not harm the god himself (and would not because of her love for him), she turned her wrath upon the girl who was preferred to her. In hurt anger at the refusal of her love, she straightway bruised together uncanny herbs with juices of dreadful power, singing while she mixed them Hecate's own charms. Then, donning an azure cloak, she took her way from her palace through the throng of beasts that fawned upon her as she passed, and made for Rhegium, lying opposite Zancle's rocky coast. She fared along the seething waters, on which she trod as on the solid ground, skimming dry-shod along the surface of the sea. There was a little pool, curving into a deep bow, a peaceful place where Scylla loved to come. Thither would she betake her
et maris et caeli, medio cum plurimus orbe
sol erat et minimas a vertice fecerat umbras.
hunc dea praeviat portentificisque venenis
inquinat; his fusis latices radice nocenti
spargit et obscurum verborum ambage novorum
ter noviens carmen magico demurmurat ore.
Scylla venit mediaque tenus descenderat alvo,
cum sua foedari latrantibus inguina monstris
adspicit ac primo credens non corporis illas
esse sui partes, refugitque abigitque timetque
ora proterva canum, sed quos fugit, attrahit una
et corpus quaerens femorum crurumque pedumque
Cerbereos rictus pro partibus invenit illis:
statque canum rabie subiectaque terga ferarum
inguinibus truncis uteroque extantce coercet.

Flevit amans Glaucus nimiumque hostiliter usae
viribus herbarum fugit conubia Circes;
Scylla loco mansit cumque est data copia, primum
in Circes odium sociis spoliavit Ulixen;
mox eadem Teucras fuerat mersura carinas,
ni prius in scopulum, qui nunc quoque saxeus exstat,
transformata foret: scopulum quoque navita vitat.

Hunc ubi Troianaee remis avidamque Charybdin
evicere rates, cum iam prope litus adessent
Ausonium, Libycas vento referuntur ad oras.
excipit Aenean illie animoque domoque
non bene discidium Phrygii latura mariti

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from the heat of sea and sky, when the sun at his strongest was in mid-heaven, and from his zenith had drawn the shadows to their shortest compass. This pool, before the maiden's coming, the goddess befouls and tinctures with her baleful poisons. When these had been poured out she sprinkles liquors brewed from noxious roots, and a charm, dark with its maze of uncanny words, thrice nine times she murmurs over with lips well skilled in magic. Then Scylla comes and wades waist-deep into the water; when all at once she sees her loins disfigured with barking monster-shapes. And at the first, not believing that these are parts of her own body, she flees in fear and tries to drive away the boisterous, barking things. But what she flees she takes along with her; and, feeling for her thighs, her legs, her feet, she finds in place of these only gaping dogs' heads, such as a Cerberus might have. She stands on ravening dogs, and her docked loins and her belly are enclosed in a circle of beastly forms.

Glaucus, her lover, wept at the sight and fled the embrace of Circe, who had used too cruelly her potent herbs. But Scylla remained fixed in her place and, when first a chance was given her to vent her hate on Circe, she robbed Ulysses of his companions. She also would have wrecked the Trojan ships had she not before their coming been changed into a rock which stands there to this day. The rock also is the sailors' dread.

When the Trojan vessels had successfully passed this monster and greedy Charybdis too, and when they had almost reached the Ausonian shore, the wind bore them to the Libyan coast. There the Sidonian queen received Aeneas hospitably in heart and home,

\[1\] Dido.
Sidonis; inque pyra sacri sub imagine facta incubuit ferro deceptaque decipit omnes. rursus harenosae fugiens nova moenia terrae ad sedemque Erycis fidumque relatus Acesten sacrificat tumulumque sui genitoris honorat. quasque rates Iris lunonia paene cremarat, solvit et Hippotadae regnum terrasque calenti sulphure fumantis Acheloiaenumque relinquit Sirenum scopulos, orbataque praeside pinus Inarimen Prochytenque legit sterilique locatas colle Pitheicusas, habitantum nomine dictas. quippe deum genitor, fraudem et periuria quondam Cercopum exosus gentisique admissa dolosae, in deforme viros animal mutavit, ut idem dissimiles homini possent similesque videri, membrapaque contraxit naresque a fronte resimas contudit et rugis peraravit anilibus ora totaque velatos flaventi corpora villo misit in has sedes nec non prius abstulit usum verborum et natae dira in periuria linguae; posse queri tantum rauco stridore reliquit. Has ubi praeteriit et Parthenopeia dextra moenia deseruit, laeva de parte canori Aeolidae tumulum et, loca feta palustribus undis, litora Cumarum vivacisque antra Sibyllae intrat, et ad manes veniat per Averna paternos, orat. at illa diu vultum tellure moratum
doomed ill to endure her Phrygian lord’s departure
On a pyre, built under pretence of sacred rites, she
fell upon his sword; and so, herself disappointed, she
disappointed all. Leaving once more the new city
built on the sandy shore, Aeneas returned to the land
of Eryx and friendly Acestes, and there he made
sacrifice and paid due honours to his father’s tomb.
Then he cast off the ships which Iris, Juno’s messe-
ger, had almost burned, and soon had sailed past the
kingdom\(^1\) of Hippotades, past the lands smoking
with hot sulphur fumes, and the rocky haunt of the
Sirens, daughters of Acheloës. And now, his vessel
having lost her pilot, he coasts along Inarime and
Prochyte and Pithecusae, situate on a barren hill,
called from the name of its inhabitants. For the
father of the gods, hating the tricks and lies of the
Cercopians and the crimes committed by that treach-
erous race, once changed the men to ugly animals in
such a way that they might be unlike human shape
and yet seem like them. He shortened their limbs,
blunted and turned back their noses, and furrowed
their faces with deep wrinkles as of age. Then he sent
them, clothed complete in yellow hair, to dwell in
these abodes. But first he took from them the power
of speech, the use of tongues born for vile perjuries,
leaving them only the utterance of complaint in
hoarse, grating tones.

When he had passed these by and left the walled
city of Parthenope upon the right, he came upon the
left to the mound-tomb of the tuneful son of Aeolus\(^2\)
and the shores of Cumae, teaming with marshy waters,
and, entering the grotto of the long-lived sibyl, prayed
that he might pass down through Avernus’ realm and
see his father’s shade. The sibyl held her eyes long

\(^1\) The Aeolian Isles.  
\(^2\) Misenus.
erexit tandemque deo furibunda recepto
"magna petis," dixit, "vir factis maxime, cuius
dextera per ferrum, pietas spectata per ignes.
pone tamen, Troiane, metum: potiere petitis
Elysiasque domos et regna novissima mundi
me duce cognosces simulacraque cara parentis.
invia virtuti nulla est via." dixit et auro
fulgentem ramum silva Iunonis Avernae
monstravit iussitque suo divellere trunco.
paruit Aeneas et formidabilis Orci
vidit opes atavosque suos umbramque senilem
magnanimi Anchisae; didicit quoque iura locorum,
quaeque novis essent adeunda pericula bellis.
inde ferens lassos adverso tramite passus
cum duce Cumaea mollit sermone laborem.
dumque iter horrendum per opaca crepuscula carpit,
"seu dea tu praesens, seu dis gratissima," dixit,
"numinis instar eris semper mihi, meque fatebor
muneris esse tui, quae me loca mortis adire,
quae loca me visae voluisti evadere mortis.
pro quibus aerias meritis evectus ad auras
templa tibi statuam, tribuam tibi turis honores."
respicit hunc vates et suspiratibus haustis
"nee dea sum," dixit "nee sacri turis honore
humanum dignare caput, neu nescius erres,
lux aeterna mihi carituraque fine dabatur,
mea virginitas Phoebi patuisset amanti.
dum tamen hanc sperat, dum praeccorrumpere donis
me cupit, 'elige,' ait 'virgo Cumaea, quid optes:'
fixed upon the earth, then lifted them at last and, full of mad inspiration from her god, replied: “Great things do you ask, you man of mighty deeds, whose hand, by sword, whose piety, by fire, has been well tried. But have no fear, Trojan; you shall have your wish, and with my guidance you shall see the dwellings of Elysium and the latest kingdom of the universe; and you shall see your dear father’s shade. There is no way denied to virtue.” She spoke and showed him, deep in Avernal Juno’s forest, a bough gleaming with gold, and bade him pluck it from its trunk. Aeneas obeyed; then saw grim Orcus’ possessions, and his own ancestral shades, and the aged spirit of the great-souled Anchises. He learned also the laws of those places, and what perils he himself must undergo in new wars. As he retraced his weary steps along the upward way he beguiled the toil with discourse with his Cumaean guide; and as he fared along the dismal road in the dim dusk he said: “Whether thou art a goddess in very truth, or a maid most pleasing to the gods, to me shalt thou always seem divine, and I shall confess that I owe my life to thee, through whose will I have approached the world of death, have seen and have escaped in safety from the world of death. And for these services, when I have returned to the upper regions, I will erect a temple to thee and there burn incense in thine honour.” The sibyl regarded him and, sighing deeply, said: “I am no goddess, nor do thou deem any mortal worthy of the honour of the sacred incense. But, lest you mistake in ignorance, eternal, endless life was offered me, had my virgin modesty consented to Phoebus’ love. While he still hoped for this and sought to break my will with gifts, he said: ‘Chose what you will,
OVID
optatis potiere tuis. ego pulveris hausti
ostendi cumulum: quot haberet corpora pulvis,
tot mihi natales contingere vana rogavi;
excidit, ut peterem iuvenes quoque protinus annos.
hos tamen ille mihi dabat aeternamque iuventam,
si Venerem paterer: contempto munere Phoebi
innuba permaneo; sed iam felicior actas
terga dedit, tremuloque gradu venit aegra senectus,
qua patienda diu est. nam iam mihi saecula septem
acta vides: superest, numeros ut pulveris aequam,
ter centum messages, ter centum musta videre.
tempus erit, cum de tanto me corpore parvam
longa dies faciet, consumptaque membra senecta
ad minimum redigentur onus: nec amata videbor
nec placuisse deo, Phoebus quoque forsitan ipse
vel non cognoscet, vel dilexisse negabit:
usque adeo mutata ferar nullique videnda,
voce tamen noscar; vocem mihi fata relinquent."  
Talia convexum per iter memorante Sibylla
sedibus Euboicam Stygiis emergit in urbem
Troius Aeneas sacrisque ex more litatis
litora adit nondum nutricis habentia nomen.
hic quoque substiterat post taedia longa laborum
Neritius Macareus, comes experientis Ulixei.
desertum quondam mediis sub rupibus Aetnae
noscit Achaemeniden inprovisoque repertum

maiden of Cumae, and you shall have your choice.' Pointing to a heap of sand, I made the foolish prayer that I might have as many years of life as there were sand-grains in the pile; but I forgot to ask that those years might be perpetually young. He granted me the years, and promised endless youth as well, if I would yield to love. I spurned Phoebus' gift and am still unwedded. But now my joyous springtime of life has fled and with tottering step weak old age is coming on, which for long I must endure. Even now you see me after seven centuries of life, and, ere my years equal the number of the sands, I still must behold three hundred harvest-times, three hundred vintages. The time will come when length of days will shrivel me from my full form to but a tiny thing, and my limbs, consumed by age, will shrink to a feather's weight. Then will I seem never to have been loved, never to have pleased the god. Phoebus himself, perchance, will either gaze unknowing on me or will deny that he ever loved me. Even to such changes shall I come. Though shrunk past recognition of the eye, still by my voice shall I be known, for the fates will leave me my voice."

While thus along the hollow way the sibyl told her story, out of the Stygian world Trojan Aeneas emerged near the Euboean city.¹ Making due sacrifices here, he next landed on a shore which did not yet bear his nurse's² name. Here also Neritian Macareus, a comrade of all-suffering Ulysses, had stayed behind after the long weariness of his wanderings. He recognizes Achaemenides,³ whom they had left long since abandoned midst the rocks of Aetna. Amazed thus suddenly to find him still

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¹ Cumaean.
² Caieta.
³ Aeneas had taken him on board near Aetna.
OVID

vivere miratus, "qui te casusve deusve
servat, Achaemenide? cur" inquit "barbara Graium
prora vehit? petitur vestra quae terra carina?"
talia quaerenti, iam non hirsutus amictu,
iam suus et spinis conserto tegmine nullis,
fatur Achaemenides: "iterum Polyphemon et illos
adspiciam fluidos humano sanguine rictus,
hae mihi si potior domus est Ithaceque carina,
si minus Aenean veneror genitore, nec umquam esse satis potero, praestem licet omnia, gratus.
quod loquor et spiro caelumque et sidera solis
respicio, possimne ingratus et inmemor esse?
ille dedit, quod non anima haec Cyclopis in ora
venit, et ut iam nunc lumen vitale relinquam,
aut tumulo aut certe non illa condar in alvo.
quid mihi tunc animi (nisi si timor abstulit omnem
sensum animumque) fuit, cum vos petere alta relictus
aequora conspexi? volui inclamare, sed hosti
prodere me timui: vestrae quoque clamor Ulixis
paene rati nocuit. vidi, cum monte revulsum
inmanem scopulum medias permisit in undas;
vidi iterum veluti tormenti viribus acta
vasta Giganteo iaculantem saxa lacerto
et, ne deprimeret fluctus ventusve carinam,
pertimui, iam me non esse oblitus in illa.
ut vero fuga vos a certa morte reduxit,
ille quidem totam gemebundus obambulat Aetnam
praetemptatque manu silvas et luminis orbis
rupibus incursat foedataque bracchia tabo
in mare protendens gentem exsecratur Achivam
atque ait: 'o si quis referat mihi casus Ulixen,
alive, he says: "What chance, what god has saved you, Achaemenides? Why does a Greek sail in a Trojan ship? What land does your vessel seek?"

And to his questions Achaemenides, no longer roughly clad, his garments no longer pinned with thorns, but his own man once more, replied: "May I look on Polyphemus yet again, and those wide jaws of his, dripping with human gore, if I prefer my home and Ithaca to this ship, if I revere Aeneas less than my own father. Nor can I ever pay my debt of gratitude, though I should give my all. That I speak and breathe and see the heavens and the constellations of the sun, for this can I cease to thank him, and be mindful of him? 'Tis due to him that my life came not into the Cyclops' jaws, and though even now I should leave the light of life, I should be buried in a tomb, but surely not in that monster's maw. What were my feelings then (except that fear took away all sense and feeling) when, left behind, I saw you making for the open sea? I longed to call out to you, but I feared to betray myself to the enemy. Even your vessel Ulysses' cry almost wrecked. I saw when Cyclops tore up a huge rock from the mountain-side and hurled it far out to sea. I saw him again throwing great stones with his gigantic arms as from a catapult, and I feared lest the waves or the wind should sink the ship, forgetting that I was not in her. But when you escaped by flight from certain death, he, groaning the while, went prowling all over Aetna, groping through the woods with his hands, and blindly dashing against the rocks. Then would he stretch out his bleeding arms to the sea and curse the whole Greek race, and say: 'Oh, that some chance would but bring

1 i.e. of the stone.
aut aliquem e sociis, in quem mea saeviat ira,
viscera cuius edam, cuius viventia dextra
membra mea laniem, cuius mihi sanguis inundet
guttur, et elisi trepident sub dentibus artus:
quam nullum aut leve sit damnun mihi lucis
ademptae!

haec et plura ferox, me luridus occupat horror
spectantem vultus etiamnum caede madentes
crudelesque manus et inanem luminis orbem
membraque et humano concretam sanguine barbam.
mors erat ante oculos, minimum tamen illa malorum,
et iam prensurum, iam nunc mea viscera rebar
in sua mersurum, mentique haerebat imago
temnoris illius, quo vidi bina meorum
ter quater adfligi sociorum corpora terrae,
cum super ipse iacens hirsutis more leonis
visceraque et carnes cunque albis ossa medullis
semianimesque artus a vidam condedebat in alvum;
me tremor invasit: stabam sine sanguine maestus,
mandentemque videns eictantemque cruences
ore dapes et frusta mero glomerata vomentem

talia fingebam misero mihi fata parari
perque dies multos latitans omnemque tremiscens
ad strepitum mortemque timens cupidusque moriri
glande famem pellens et mixta frondibus herba
solus inops exspes leto poenaeque relictus
hanc procul adspexi longo post tempore navem
oravique fugam gestu ad litusque cucurri,
et movi: Graiumque ratis Troiana recepti
Ulysses back to me, or some one of his friends, against whom my rage might vent itself, whose vitals I might devour, whose living body I might tear asunder with my hands, whose gore might flood my throat, and whose mangled limbs might quiver between my teeth! How nothing at all, or how slight a thing would the loss of my sight appear! This and much more in fury. Pale horror filled me as I looked upon his face still smeared with blood, and his cruel hands, his sightless eye, his limbs and his beard, matted with human gore. Death was before my eyes, but that was the least of all my troubles. I kept always thinking: now he'll catch me, now he'll make my flesh part of his; and the picture stuck in my mind of that time when I saw him catch up two of my friends at once and dash them thrice and again upon the ground; and when, crouching like a shaggy lion over them, he filled his greedy maw with their vitals and their flesh, their bones full of white marrow, and their limbs still warm with life. A quaking terror seized me and I stood pale with horror as I watched him now chewing, now ejecting his bloody feast, now disgorging his scraps of food mingled with wine. Such fate I pictured as in store for wretched me. For many days I kept myself in hiding, trembling at every sound, fearing death and yet longing to die, keeping off starvation with acorns and grass and leaves, alone, helpless and hopeless, abandoned to suffering and death. And then, after a long time, far in the distance I saw this ship, and I begged them by my gestures to save me, I rushed down to the shore and I touched their hearts: a Trojan ship received a Greek! Now do you also tell of your adventures, best of comrades, what your leader
tu quoque pände tuos, comitum gratissime, casus et ducis et turbæ, quæ tecum est credita ponto."

Aeolon ille refert Tusco regnare profundo, Aeolon Hippotaden, cohibentem carcere ventos; quos bovis inclusos tergo, memorabile munus, Dulichium sumpsisse ducem flatuque secundo lucibus isse novem et terram aspexisse petitam; proxima post nonam cum sese aurora moveret, invidia socios praedaeque cupidine victos esse; ratos aurum, dempsisse ligamina ventis; cum quibus isse retro, per quas modo venerat undas, Aeolique ratem portus repetisse tyranni. "inde Lami veterem Laestrygonis" inquit "in urblem venimus: Antiphates terra regnabat in illa. missus ad hunc ego sum, numero comitante duorum, vixque fuga quaesita salus comit'que mihi, tertius e nobis Laestrygonis inpia tinxit ora cruore suo. fugientibus instat et agmen concitat Antiphates; coeunt et saxa trabesque coniciunt merguntque viros merguntque carinas: una tamen, quæ nos ipsumque vehebat Ulixen, effugit. amissa sociorum parte dolentes multaque conquesti terris adlabimur illis, quas procul hine cernis (procul est, mihi crede, videnda insula visa mihi !) tuque o iustissime Troum, nate dea, (neque enim finito Marte vocandus hostis es, Aenea) moneo, fuge litora Circes! nos quoque Circaeo religata in litore pinu, Antiphatae memores inmansuetique Cyclopis,
suffered and the company which put to sea with you."

Then Macareus told how Aeolus ruled over the Tuscan waters, Aeolus, son of Hippotes, confining the winds in prison. These winds, enclosed in a bag of bull's hide, the Dulichian captain had received, a memorable gift. Nine days they had sailed along with a good stern breeze and had sighted the land they sought; but when the tenth morning dawned, Ulysses' comrades were overcome by envy and by lust of booty; thinking that gold was in the bag, they untied the strings that held the winds. These blew the vessel back again over the waves they had just crossed, and she re-entered the harbour of the Aeolian tyrant. "After that," he said, "we came to the ancient city of Laestrygonian Lamus. Antiphates was ruling in that land. I was sent to him with two companions. One comrade and myself by flight barely reached a place of safety; but the third of us stained with his blood the Laestrygonians' impious mouths. Antiphates pursued us as we fled and urged his band after us. They came on in a mob, hurling stones and heavy timbers, and they sank our men and sank our ships. One of them, however, in which I and Ulysses himself sailed, escaped. Grieving for our lost companions and with many lamentations, we finally reached that land which you see at some distance yonder. (And, trust my word, I found 'twas best to see it at a distance.) And you, most righteous Trojan, son of Venus (for now that the war is over, you are no longer to be counted foe, Aeneas), I warn you, keep away from Circe's shores! We also, having moored our vessel on Circe's shore, and remembering Antiphates and the cruel Cyclops, refused to go further, but were
ire negabamus; sed tecta ignota subire
sorte sumus lecti: sors me fidumque Politen
Eurylochumque simul nimioque Elpenora vino
bisque novem socios Circaeae ad moenia misit.
quae simul attigimus stetimusque in limine tecti,
nette lupi mixtaeque lupis ursaeque leaeque
occursu fecere metum, sed nulla timenda
nullaque erat nostro factura in corpore vulnus;
quen etiam blandas movere per aera caudas
ostaque adulantes comitant vestigia, donec
exciipient famulae perque atria marmore tecta
ad dominam ducunt: pulchro sedet illa recessu
sollemni solio pallamque induta nitentem
insuper aurato circumvelatur amictu.
Nereides nymphaeque simul, quae vellera motis
nulla trahunt digitis nec fila sequentia ducunt:
gramina disponunt sparsosque sine ordine flores
secernunt calathis variasque coloribus herbas;
ipsa, quod hae faciunt, opus exigit, ipsa, quis usus
quove sit in folio, quae sit concordia mixtis,
novit et advertens pensas examinat herbas.
haec ubi nos vidit, dicta acceptaque salute
diffudit vultus et reddidit omena votis.
nec mora, misceri tosti iubet hordea grani
mellaque vimque meri cum lacte coagula passo,
quiue sub hac lateant furtim dulcedine, sucos
adicit. accipimus sacra data pocula dextra.
quae simul arenti sitientes hausimus ore,
et tetigit summos virga dea dira capillos,
(et pudet et referam) saetis horrescere coepi,
nec iam posse loqui, pro verbis edere raucum
chosen by lot to approach the unknown houses. The lot sent me and the trusty Polites, Eurylochus also and Elpenor, too much given to wine, and eighteen others to Circe's city. When we arrived and stood within her courts, a thousand wolves and she-bears and lionesses in a mixed throng rushed on us, filling us with terror. But not one of them was to be feared; not one of them was to give us a single scratch upon our bodies. Why, they even wagged their tails in show of kindness, and fawned upon us as they followed us along, until attendant maidens took us in charge and led us through the marble halls to their mistress' presence. She sat in a beautiful retreat on her throne of state, clad in a gleaming robe, with a golden veil above. Her attendants were Nereids and nymphs, who card no fleece and spin no woollen threads with nimble fingers; their only task, to sort out plants, to select from a jumbled mass and place in separate baskets flowers and herbs of various colours. She herself oversees the work they do; she herself knows what is the value of each leaf, what ingredients mix well together, directs the tasks, and weighs the herbs. When she saw us and when welcome had been given and received, she smiled upon us and seemed to promise us the friendship we desired. At once she bade her maidens spread a feast of parched barley-bread, of honey, strong wine, and curdled milk; and in this sweet drink, where they might lie unnoticed, she slyly squeezed some of her baleful juices. We took the cup which was offered by her divine hand. As soon as we had thirstily drained the cup with parched lips, the cruel goddess touched the tops of our heads with her magic wand; and then (I am ashamed to tell, yet will I tell) I began to grow rough with bristles, and I could speak no longer, but in
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murmur et in terram toto procumbere vultu,
osque meum sensi pando occallescere rostro,
colla tumere toris, et qua modo pocula parte
sumpta mihi fuerant, illa vestigia feci
cumque eadem passis (tantum medicamina possunt!)
claudor hara, solumque suis caruisse figura
vidimus Eurylochum: solus data pocula fugit;
quae nisi vitasset, pecoris pars una manerem
nunc quoque saetigeri, nec tantae cladis ab illo
certior ad Circen ultor venisset Ulixes.
pacifer huic dederat florem Cyllenius album:
moly vocant superi, nigra radice tenetur;
tutus eo monitisque simul caelestibus intrat
ille domum Circes et ad insidiosa vocatus
pocula conantem virga mulcere capillos
reppulit et stricto pavidam deterruit ense.
inde fides dextraeque datae thalamoque receptus
coniugii dotem sociorum corpora poscit.
spargimur ignotae sucis melioribus herbae
percutimurque caput conversae verbere virgae,
verbaque dicuntur dictis contraria verbis.
quo magis illa canit, magis hoc tellure levati
erigimur, saetaeque cadunt, bifidosque relinquit
rima pedes, redeunt umeri et subiecta lacertis
bracchia sunt: flentem flentes amplectimur ipsi
haeremusque ducis collo nec verba locuti
ulla priora sumus quam nos testantia gratos.
annua nos illic tenuit mora, multaque praesens
place of words came only hoarse, grunting sounds, and I began to bend forward with face turned entirely to the earth. I felt my mouth hardening into a long snout, my neck swelling in brawny folds, and with my hands, with which but now I had lifted the goblet to my lips, I made tracks upon the ground. And then I was shut up in a pen with others who had suffered the same change (so great was the power of her magic drugs!). We saw that Eurylochus alone was without the pig form; for he alone had refused to take the cup. If he had not refused it, I should even now be one of the bristly herd, and Ulysses would never have been informed by him of our great calamity, and come to Circe to avenge us. Peace-bringing Cyllenius had given him a white flower which the gods call moly. It grows up from a black root. Safe with this and the directions which the god had given him, Ulysses entered Circe’s palace and, when he was invited to drink of the fatal bowl, he struck aside the wand with which she was attempting to stroke his hair, and threatened the quaking queen with his drawn sword. Then faith was pledged and right hands given and, being accepted as her husband, he demanded as a wedding gift the bodies of his friends. We were sprinkled with the more wholesome juices of some mysterious herb, our heads received the stroke of her reversed rod, and words were uttered over us which counteracted the words said before. And as she sang, more and still more raised from the ground we stood erect, our bristles fell away, our feet lost their cloven hoofs, our shoulders came back to us, and our arms resumed their former shape. Weeping, we embraced him, weeping too, and clung to our chieftain’s neck; and the first words we uttered were of gratitude to him. We tarried in that country for a year, and in so long a
tempore tam longo vidi, multa auribus hausi,
hoc quoque cum multis, quod clam mihi ret tulit una
quattuor e famulis ad talia sacra paratis. 311
cum duce namque meo Circe dum sola moratur,
illa mihi niveo factum de marmore signum
ostendit iuvenale gerens in vertice picum,
aede sacra positum multisque insigne coronis. 315
quis foret et quare sacra coleretur in aede,
cur hanc ferret avem, quaerenti et scire volenti
‘accipe’ ait, ‘Macareu, dominaeque potentia quae
sit
hinc quoque disce meae; tu dictis adice mentem!

“Picus in Ausoniis, proles Saturnia, terris 320
rex fuit, utilium bello studiosus equorum;
forma viro, quam cernis, erat: licet ipse decorem
adspicias fictaque probes ab imagine verum;
par animus formae; nec adhuc spectasse per annos
quinquennem poterat Graia quater Elide pugnam.
ille suos dryadas Latiiis in montibus ortas 326
verterat in vultus, illum fontana petebant
numina, naiades, quas Albula, quasque Numici,
quas Anienis aquae cursuque brevissimus Almo
Narve tulit praeceps et opacae Farfarus umbrae, 330
quaeque colunt Scythicae stagnum nemorale Dianae
finitimosque lacus; spretis tamen omnibus unam
ille colit nymphen, quam quondam in colle Palati
dicitur ancipiti peperisse Venilia Iano.
haec ubi nubilibus primum maturuit annis, 335
praeposto cunctis Laurenti tradita Pico est,
time many were the things I saw with my own eyes and many were the tales I heard. Here is one of the many which one of the four attendants appointed for such offices as have been mentioned¹ told me privately. For, while Circe was dallying alone with our leader, this nymph pointed out to me a snow-white marble statue of a young man with a woodpecker on his head. The statue was set in a sacred fane and attracted attention for its many wreaths. When in my curiosity I asked who it was and why he was worshipped in that holy place and why he had the bird upon his head, she told me this story: 'Listen, Macareus, and learn from this how strong is my mistress' magic. And do you give diligent heed to what I say.

"'Picus, the son of Saturn, was once the king of the Ausonian country and was very fond of horses fit for war. The hero's form was as you see it. And, though you should look upon his living beauty, still would you approve the true in comparison with his mimic form. His spirit was equal to his body. He could not yet have seen, as the years went by, four quinquennial contests at Grecian Elis; but already had he attracted to his beauty all the dryads sprung from the hills of Latium; the nymphs of the fountains pined for him, and the naiads who dwell in the Albula, beneath Numicus' stream and Anio's, short-coursing Almo, headlong Nar, and Farfar's shady waters; and those who haunt the wooded pool of Taurian Diana and the neighbouring lakes. But, spurning all these, he loved one nymph alone, whom once on the Palatine Venilia is said to have borne to two-headed Janus. This maid, when she had ripened into marriageable years, was given

¹ See ll. 266 ff.
rara quidem facie, sed rarius arte canendi, 
de unde Canens dicta est: silvas et saxa movere 
et mulcere feras et flumina longa morari 
ore suo volucreisque vagas retinere solebat. 
quae dum feminea modulatur carmina voce, 
exierat tecto Laurentes Picus in agros 
indigenas fixurus aports tergumque premebat 
acris equi laevaque hastilia bina ferebat 
poineiceam fulvo chlamydem contractus ab auro. 
venerat in silvas et filia Solis easdem, 
uteque novas legeret fecundis collibus herbas, 
nomine dicta suo Circeae reliquerat arva. 
quae simul ac iuvenem virgultis abdita vidit, 
obstipuit: cecidere manu, quas legerat, herbae, 
flammaque per totas visa est errare medullas. 
ut primum valido mentem conlegit ab aestu, 
quid cuperet, fassura sult: ne posset adire, 
cursus equi fecit circumfususque satelles. 
"non" ait "effugies, vento rapiare licebit, 
si modo me novi, si non evanuit omnis 
herbarum virtus, et non mea carmina fallunt." 
dixit et effigiem nullo cum corpore falsi 
fingit apri praeterque oculos transcurrere regis 
iussit et in densum trabibus nemus ire videri, 
plurima qua silver est et equo loca pervia non sunt. 
haut mora, continuo praedae petit inscius umbram 
Picus equique celer spumantia terga relinquit 
spemque sequens vanam silver pedes errat in alta.
to Laurentian Picus, preferred above all suitors. Rare was her beauty, but rarer still her gift of song, whence was her name, Canens. She used to move woods and rocks, soften wild beasts, stop the long rivers with her singing, and stay the wandering birds. Once, while she was singing her songs with her maidenly voice, Picus had sallied forth from home into the Laurentian fields to hunt the native boar. He bestrode a prancing courser, carrying in his left hand a brace of spears and wearing a purple mantle caught with a brooch of gold. The daughter of the Sun also had come to those selfsame woods and, to gather fresh herbs on the fertile hills, she had left the fields called Circaean from her name. As soon as she saw the youth from her leafy hiding-place she was struck with wonder. The herbs which she had gathered fell from her hands and burning fire seemed to creep through her whole frame. As soon as she could master her passion and collect her thoughts she was on the point of confessing her desire; but his swift-speeding horse and his thronging retinue prevented her approach to him. "You shall not escape me so," she cried, "not though the wind itself should bear you off, if I know myself, if my herbs' magic power has not wholly vanished, and if my charms have not failed." She spoke and fashioned an unsubstantial image of a boar and bade it rush across the trail before the prince's eyes and seem to take cover in a grove thick with fallen trees, where the woods were dense, places where a horse could not penetrate. The thing was done, and straightway Picus, all unconscious of the trick, made after his shadowy prey and, swiftly dismounting from his foaming steed, followed the empty lure

1 Circe.
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concipit illa preces et verba precantia dicit. 365
ignotosque deos ignoto carmine adorat,
quo solet et niveae vultum confundere Lunae
et patrio capiti bibulas subtexere nubes.
tum quoque cantato densetur carmine caelum
et nebulas exhalat humus, caecisque vagantur 370
limitibus comites, et abest custodia regis.
nacta locum tempusque "per o, tua lumina," dixit
"quae mea ceperunt, perque hanc, pulcherrime,
formam,
quae facit, ut supplex tibi sim dea, consule nostris
ignibus et socerum, qui pervidet omnia, Solem 375
accipec nec durus Titanida despice Circen."
dixerat; ille ferox ipsamque precesque repellit
et "quaecumque es," ait "non sum tuus; altera captum
me tenet et teneat per longum, conprecor, aevum,
nec Venere externa socialia foedera laedam, 380
dum mihi Ianigenam servabunt fata Canentem
"saepe retemptatis precibus Titania frustra
"non impune feres, neque" ait "reddere Canenti,
laesaque quid faciat, quid amans, quid femina, disces
[rebus," ait "sed amans est laesa et femina Circe !"]
tum bis ad occasus, bis se convertit ad ortus, 386
ter iuvenem baculo tetigit, tria carmina dixit.
ille fugit, sed se solito velocius ipse
currere miratur: pennas in corpore vidit,
seque novam subito Latiis accedere silvis 390
326
and went wandering on foot amid the forest depths. She utters prayers and fell to muttering incantations, worshipping her weird gods with a weird charm with which it was her wont to obscure the white moon’s features, and hide her father’s face behind misty clouds. Now also by her magic song the heavens are darkened, and thick fogs spring up from the ground, while the retainers wander in the dim trails far from their king’s defence. Having secured a fitting place and time, she says: “Oh, by those eyes which have enthralled my own, and by that beauty, fairest of youths, which has made even me, a goddess, suppliant to you, look with favour on my passion and accept the Sun, who beholds all things, as your father-in-law; and do not cruelly reject Circe, the Titaness.” But he fiercely repelled her and her prayers, and said: “Whoever you are, I am not for you. Another has taken and holds my love in keeping, and I pray that she may keep it through all coming time. Nor will I violate my plighted troth by any other love so long as the fates shall preserve to me my Canens, Janus’ daughter.” Having tried oft-repeated prayers in vain, the Titaness exclaimed: “But you shall not go scathless, nor shall your Canens ever have you more; and you shall learn by experience not alone what any woman, loving and scorned, can do, but what the woman, Circe, loving and scorned, can do!” Then twice she turned her to the west and twice to the east; thrice she touched the youth with her wand and thrice she sang her charms. He turned in flight, but was amazed to find himself running more swiftly than his wont, and saw wings spring out upon his body. Enraged at his sudden change to a strange bird in his Latian woods, he
indignatus avem duro fera robora rostro
figit et iratus longis dat vulnera ramis;
purpureum chlamydis pennae traxere colorem;
fibula quod fuerat vestemque momorderat aurum,
pluma fit, et fulvo cervix praecingitur auro,
nec quicquam antiquum Pico nisi nomina restat.

"'Interea comites, clamato saepe per agros
nequiquam Pico nullaque in parte reperto,
inveniunt Circen (nam iam tenuaverat auras
passaque erat nebulas ventis ac sole recludi)
criminibusque premunt veris regemque reposcunt
vimque ferunt saevisque parant incessere telis:
illa nocens spargit virus sucosque veneni
et Noctem Noctisque deos Ereboque Chaoque
convocat et longis Hecaten ululatibus orat.
exsiluere loco (dictu mirabile) silvae,
ingemuitque solum, vincinaque palluit arbor,
sparsaque sanguineis maduerunt pabula guttis,
et lapides visi mugitus edere raucos
et latrare canes et humus serpentibus atri
squalere et tenues animae volitare silentum:
attonitum monstris vulgus pavet; illa paventis
ora venenata tetigit mirantia virga,
cuius ab attactu variarum monstra ferarum
in iuvenes veniunt: nulli sua mansit imago.

"'Sparserat occiduus Tartessia litora Phoebus,
et frustra coniunx oculis animoque Canentis
exspectatus erat: famuli populusque per omnes
pecked at the rough oak-trees with his hard beak and wrathfully inflicted wounds on their long branches. His wings took the colour of his bright red mantle, and what had been a brooch of gold stuck through his robe was changed to feathers, and his neck was circled with a golden-yellow band; and naught of his former self remained to Picus except his name.

"Meanwhile his companions, calling often and vainly for Picus throughout the countryside and finding him nowhere, came upon Circe (for now she had cleared the air and had permitted the clouds to be dispelled by wind and sun), charged her flatly with her crime, demanded back their king with threats of force, and were preparing to attack her with their deadly spears. But she sprinkled upon them her baleful drugs and poisonous juices, summoning to her aid Night and the gods of Night from Erebus and Chaos, and calling on Hecate in long-drawn, wailing cries. The woods, wonderful to say, leaped from their place, the ground rumbled, the neighbouring trees turned white, and the herbage where her poisons fell was stained with clots of blood. The stones also seemed to voice hoarse bellowings; the baying of dogs was heard, the ground was foul with dark, crawling things, and the thin shades of the silent dead seemed to be flitting about. The astounded crowd quaked at the monstrous sights and sounds; but she touched the frightened, wondering faces with her magic wand, and at the touch horrid, beast-like forms of many shapes came upon the youths, and none kept his proper form.

"Now the setting sun had bathed the Tartessian shores, and vainly had Canens watched for her lord's return with eyes and heart. Her slaves and her
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discurrunt silvas atque obvia lumina portant; nec satis est nymphae flere et lacerare capillos et dare plangorem (facit haec tamen omnia) seque proripit ac Latios errat vesana per agros. sex illam noctes, totidem redeuntia solis lumina viderunt inopem somnique cibique per iuga, per valles, qua fors ducebat, euntem; ultimus adspexit Thybris luctuque viaque fessam et iam longa ponentem corpora ripa. illic cum lacrimis ipso modulata dolore verba sono tenui maerens fundebat, ut olim carmina iam moriens canit exequialia cygnus; luctibus extremum tenues liquefacta medullas tabuit inque leves paulatim evanuit auras, fama tamen signata loco est, quem rite Canentem nomine de nymphae veteres dixere Camenae.' "Talia multa mihi longum narrata per annum visaque sunt. resides et desuetudine tardi rursus inire fretum, rursus dare vela iubemur, ancipitesque vias et iter Titania vastum dixerat et saevi restare pericula ponti: pertimui, fateor, nactusque hoc litus adhaesi." Finierat Macareus, urnaque Aeneia nutrix condita marmorea tumulo breve carmen habebat:

solvitur herboso religatus ab aggere funis, et procul insidias infamataeque relinquent
people scattered through all the woods, bearing torches in hope to meet him. Nor was the nymph content to weep, to tear her hair and beat her breasts; (all these she did, indeed) and, rushing forth, she wandered madly through the Latian fields. Six nights and as many returning dawns beheld her wandering, sleepless and fasting, over hills, through valleys, wherever chance directed. The Tiber was the last to see her, spent with grief and travel-toil, laying her body down upon his far-stretching bank. There, with tears, in weak, faint tones, she poured out her mournful words attuned to grief; just as sometimes, in dying, the swan sings a last funeral-song. Finally, worn to a shade by woe, her very marrow changed to water, she melted away and gradually vanished into thin air. Still her story has been kept in remembrance by the place which ancient muses fitly called Canens from the name of the nymph.'

"Many such things I heard and saw during a long year. At length, grown sluggish and slow through inactivity, we were ordered to go again upon the sea and again to spread our sails. The Titaness had told us of the dubious pathways of the sea, their vast extent, and all the desperate perils yet to come. I own I was afraid to face them and, having reached this shore, I stayed behind."

Macareus had finished his story; and Aeneas' nurse, buried in a marble urn, had a brief epitaph carved on her tomb:

Here me, Caieta, snatched from Grecian flames,  
My pious son consumed with fitting fire.

Loosing their cables from the grass-grown shore, they kept far out from the treacherous island, the
tecta deae lucosque petunt, ubi nubilus umbra
in mare cum flava prorumpit Thybris harena;
Faunigenaeque domo potitur nataque Latini,
non sine Marte tamen. bellum cum gente feroci
suscipitur, pactaque furit pro coniuge Turnus.
concurrit Latio Tyrrenhia tota, diuque
ardua sollicitis victoria quaeritur armis.
auget uterque suas externo robore vires,
et multi Rutulos, multi Troiana tuentur
455
castra, neque Aeneas Euandri ad moenia frusta,
at Venulus frusta profugi Diomedis ad urbem
venerat: ille quidem sub Iapyge maxima Dauno
moenia considerat dotaliaque arva tenebat;
sed Venulus Turni postquam mandata peregit
auxiliumque petit, vires Aetolius heros
excusat: nec se aut soceri committere pugnae
velle sui populos, aut quos e gente suorum
armct habere ullos, “neve haec commenta putetis,
admonitu quamquam luctus renoventur amari,
perpetiar memorare tamen. postquam alta cremata
est
Ilios, et Danaas paverunt Pergama flammam,
Naryciusque heros, a virgine virgine rapta,
quam meruit poenam solus, digessit in omnes,
spargimur et ventis inimica per aequora rapti
470
fulmina, noctem, imbres, iram caelique marisque
perpetimur Danai cumulumque Capherea cladis,
home of the ill-famed goddess, and headed for the wooded coast where shady Tiber pours forth his yellow, silt-laden waters into the sea. There did Aeneas win the daughter and the throne of Latinus, Faunus' son; but not without a struggle. War with a fierce race is waged, and Turnus fights madly for his promised bride. All Etruria rushes to battle-shock with Latium, and with long and anxious struggle hard victory is sought. Both sides augment their strength by outside aid; and many defend the Rutuli and many the Trojan camp. Aeneas had not gone in vain to Evander's home, but Venulus had vainly sought the city of the exiled Diomede. He had founded a large city within Iapygian Daunus' realm, and was ruling the fields granted to him as a marriage portion. But when Venulus had done Turnus' bidding and asked for aid, the Aetolian hero pleaded his lack of resources as his excuse, saying that he was not willing to expose himself or his father-in-law's people to the risk of battle, nor did he have men of his own nation whom he might equip for war. "And, that you may not think my excuses false, although the very mention of my woes renews my bitter grief, still will I endure the telling of them. After high Ilium had been burned and Pergama had glutted the furious passions of the Greeks; and after the Narycian hero from a virgin goddess for a violated virgin had brought on us all the punishment which he alone deserved, we Greeks were scattered and, blown by winds over the angry waters, we suffered lightning blasts, thick darkness, storms, the rage of sky and sea and Caphereus, the climax of our

1 Arpi.
2 Ajax, the son of Oileus, who violated Cassandra.
3 Minerva.
neve morer referens tristes ex ordine casus,
Graecia tum potuit Priamo quoque flenda videri.
me tamen armiferae servatum cura Minervae 475
fluctibus eripuit, patriis sed rursus ab Argis
pellor, et antiquo memores de vulnere poenas
exigit alma Venus, tantosque per alta labores
aequora sustinui, tantos terrestribus armis,
ut mihi felices sint illi saepe vocati,
quos communis hiems inportunusque Capheereus
mersit aquis, vellemque horum pars una fuissem.

"Ultima iam passi comites belloque fretoque
deficiunt finemque rogant erroris, at Acmon
fervidus ingenio, tum vero et cladibus asper,
‘quid superest, quod iam patientia vestra recuset
ferre, viri?’ dixit ‘quid habet Cytherea, quod ultra,
velle puta, faciat? nam dum peiora timentur,
est locus in vulnus: sors autem ubi pessima rerum,
sub pedibus timor est securaque summa malorum. 490
audiat ipsa licet et, quod facit, oderit omnes
sub Diomede viros, odium tamen illius omnes
spennimus, et magno stat magna potentia nobis.'
talibus irritans Venerem Pleuronius Acmon
instimulat verbis veteremque resuscitat iram. 495
dicta placent paucis, numeri majoris amici
Acmona conripimus; cui respondere volenti
vox pariter vocisque via est tenuata, comaeque
in plumas abeunt, plumis nova colla teguntur
pectoraque et tergum, maiores brachia pennas 500
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disasters. Not to delay you by telling our sad mis-haps in order, Greece at that time could have moved even Priam's tears. Well-armed Minerva's care, however, saved me from the waves; but again I was driven forth from my native Argos, for fostering Venus, still mindful of the old wound I had given her, now exacted the penalty. So great toils did I endure on the high seas and so great toils of war on land that often did I call those blessed of heaven whom the storm, which all had suffered, and cruel Caphereus drowned beneath the waves; and I wished that I, too, had been one of them.

"And now my companions, having endured the uttermost in war and sea, became disheartened and begged me to make an end of wandering. But Acmon, who was naturally hot-headed and who was then especially intractable because of our sufferings, exclaimed: 'What is there left, men, for your long-suffering to refuse to bear? What is there left for Venus to do further, supposing she wishes it? For, so long as we fear worse fortunes, we lie open to wounds; but when the worst possible lot has fallen, then is fear beneath our feet and the utmost misfortune can bring us no further care. Though she herself should hear and, as indeed she does, should hate all the followers of Diomede, still do we all scorn her hatred; and much we reck of her mighty power!' With such insulting words did Pleuronian Acmon rouse Venus and revive her former anger. But few approved his words. We, the greater number of his friends, upbraided Acmon; and when he would have replied, his voice and throat together grew thin; his hair was changed to feathers, and feathers clothed a new-formed neck and breast

1 The phrase is ironical and the variant parvo gives the same sense.
accipiunt, cubitique leves sinuantur in alas; magna pedum digitos pars occupat, oraque cornu indurata rigent finemque in acumine ponunt. hunc Lycus, hunc Idas et cum Rheksenore Nycteus, hunc miratur Abas, et dum mirantur, eandem accipiunt faciem, numerosque ex agmine maior subvolat et remos plausis circumvolat alis: si volucrum quae sit dubiarum forma requiris, ut non cygnorum, sic albis proxima cygnis. vix equidem has sedes et Iapygis arida Dauni arva gener teneo minima cum parte meorum.”

Hactenus Oenides, Venulus Calydonia regna Peucetiosque sinus Messapiaque arva relinquit. in quibus antra videt, quae, multa nubila silva et levibus cannis latitantia, semicaper Pan nunc tenet, at quodam tenuerunt tempore nymphae. Apulus has illa pastor regione fugatas terruit et primo subita formidine movit, mox, ubi mens reidiit et contempsere sequentem, ad numerum motis pedibus duxere choreas; inprobat has pastor saltuque imitatus agresti addidit obscenis convicia rustica dictis, nec prius os tacuit, quam guttura condidit arbor: arbor enim est, sucoque licet cognoscere mores. quippe notam linguae bacis oleaster amaris exhibet: asperitas verborum cessit in illas.

Hinc ubi legati rediere, negata ferentes arma Aetola sibi, Rutuli sine viribus illis.
and back. His arms acquired large pinion-feathers and his elbows curved into nimble wings; his toes were replaced by webbed feet and his face grew stiff and horny, ending in a sharp-pointed beak. Lycus viewed him in wonder, so also Idas, Rhexenor and Nycteus and Abas too; and, while they wondered, they became of the same form. The greater number of the flock flew up and circled round the rowers with flapping wings. If you ask of what sort were these questionable birds, while they were not swans, they were very like snowy swans. And now, as son-in-law of Iapygian Daunus, I have hard work to hold this settlement and this parched countryside with but a pitiful remnant of my friends.”

So spoke the grandson of Oeneus. And Ventilus departed from the Calydonian realm, passing the Peucetian bay and the regions of Messapia. Here he saw a cavern, dark with forest shades and hidden by a growth of waving reeds. The half-goat Pan now claims the place, but at one time the nymphs dwelt there. An Apulian shepherd of that region caused them to run away in terror, filling them at first with sudden fear. But soon, when their courage returned and they saw with scorn who was pursuing them, they returned to their choral dancing again with nimble feet. Still did the shepherd mock them, imitating their dance with his clownish steps, adding to this boorish insults and vulgar words. Nor did he cease speaking until the rising wood covered his mouth. For now he is a tree. You could tell his character from the savour of its fruit; for the wild olive bears the traces of his tongue in its bitter berries. The sharpness of his words has passed to them.

When the ambassadors returned with the news that Aetolian help had been refused them, the Runtuli
bella instructa gerunt, multumque ab utraque cruoris parte datur; fert ecce avidas in pinea Turnus texta faces, ignesque timent, quibus unda pepercit. iamque picem et ceras alimentaque cetera flammas Mulciber urebat perque altum ad carbasa malum ibat, et incurvae fumabant transtra carinae, cum memor has pinus Idaeo vertice caesas sancta deum genetrix tinnitibus aera pulsi aeris et inflati conplevit murmure buxi perque leves domitis invecta leonibus auras "inrita sacrilega iactas incendia dextra, Turne!" ait. "eripiam: nec me patiente cremabit ignis edax nemorum partes et membra meorum." intonuit dicente dea, tonitrumque securi cum saliente graves ceciderunt grandine nimbi, aeraque et tumidum subitis concursibus aequor Astraei turbant et eunt in proelia fratres. e quibus alma parens unius viribus usa stuppea praerupit Phrygiae retinacula classis, fertque rates pronas medioque sub aequore mergit; robore mollito lignoque in corpora verso in capitum facies puppes mutantur aduncae, in digitos abeunt et crura natantia remi, quodque prius fuerat, latus est, medisisque carina subdita navigiis spinae mutatur in usum, lina comae molles, antennae bracchia fiunt, caerulus, ut fuerat, color est; quasque ante timebant, illas virgineis exerceunt lusibus undas 338
without that help went on with the war they had begun; and much blood was spilled on both sides. But lo, Turnus brought devouring torches against the pine fabric of the ships, and what the waves had spared feared the flames. And now Mulciber was burning the pitchy, resinous mass and other rich food for flames, and was spreading even to the tall masts and sails, while the cross-banks of the curving hulls were smoking; when the holy mother of the gods, mindful that these pines were felled on Ida's top, filled the air with the harsh beat of brazen cymbals and the shrill music of the boxwood flute. Then, borne by her tamed lions through the yielding air, she cried: "Vainly, O Turnus, with impious hand you hurl those brands. For I shall rescue the burning ships, nor with my consent shall the greedy flames devour what was once part and parcel of my sacred woods." While yet the goddess spoke it thundered and, following the thunder, a heavy shower of rain began to fall, mingled with leaping hail, and the winds, Astraean brothers, wrought wild confusion in the air and on the waves, swollen by the sudden rush of waters, and mingled in the fray. The all-fostering mother, with the help of one of these, broke the hempen fastenings of the Phrygian ships and, forcing them head down, plunged them beneath the water. Straightway the wood softened and turned to flesh, the ships' curved prows changed to heads, the oars to toes and swimming legs; what had been body before remained as body and the deep-laid keel was changed into a spine; cordage became soft hair, and sail-yards, arms; the sea-green colour was unchanged. And now, as water-nymphs, with maiden glee they sport in the waters which they feared before. Though born on the rough mountain-tops, they now throng
Naides aequoreae durisque in montibus ortae
molle fretum celebrant nec eas sua tangit origo;
non tamen oblitae, quam multa pericula saepe
pertulerint pelago, iactatis saepe carinis
subposuere manus, nisi siqua vehebat Achivos:
cladis adhuc Phrygiae memores odere Pelasgos
Neritiaeque ratis viderunt fragmina laetis
vultibus et laetis videre rigescere puppim
vultibus Alcinoi saxumque increscere ligno.

Spes erat, innyphas animata classe marinas
posse metu monstris Rutulum desistere bello:
perstat, habetque deos pars utraque, quodque deorum

instar, habent animos; nec iam dotalia regna,
nec sceptrum soceri, nec te, Lavinia virgo,
sed vicisse petunt deponendique pudore
bella gerunt, tandemque Venus victoria nati
arma videt, Turnusque cadit: cadit Ardea, Turno
sospite dicta potens; quem postquam barbarus ensis
abstulit et tepida latuerunt tecta favilla,
congerie e media tum primum cognita praepes
subvolat et cineres plausis everberat alis.
et sonus et macies et pallor et omnia, captam
quae deceant urbem, nomen quoque mansit in illa
urbis, et ipsa suis deplangiturn Ardea pennis.

Iamque deos omnes ipsamque Aeneia virtus
Iunonem veteres finire coegerat iras,
cum, bene fundatis opibus crescentis Iuli,
tempestivus erat caelo Cythereius heros.
ambieratque Venus superos colloque parentis
the yielding waves and no trace of their first state troubles them. And yet, remembering the many perils they have often suffered on the deep, they often place helping hands beneath storm-tossed barques, except such as carried Greeks. Remembering still the Phrygian calamity, they hated the Pelasgian race and they rejoiced to see the broken timbers of Ulysses' ship, rejoiced to see the vessel of Alcinoüs grow stiff and its wood turn to stone.

After the fleet had been changed to living water-nymphs, there was hope that the Rutuli, in awe of the portent, would desist from war. But the war went on and both sides had their gods to aid them, and, what is as good as gods, they had courage too. And now neither a kingdom given in dowry, nor the sceptre of a father-in-law, nor you, Lavinian maiden, did they seek, but only victory, and they kept on warring through sheer shame of giving up. At length Venus saw her son's arms victorious and Turnus fell. Ardea fell, counted a powerful city in Turnus' lifetime. But after the outlander's sword destroyed it and warm ashes hid its ruins, from the confused mass a bird flew forth of a kind never seen before, and beat the ashes with its flapping wings. Its sound, its meagre look, its deathly paleness, all things which become a captured city, yes, even the city's name remained in the bird; and Ardea's self is beaten in lamentation by its wings.

Now had Aeneas' courageous soul moved all the gods and even Juno to lay aside their ancient anger, and, since the fortunes of the budding Iulus were well established, the heroic son of Cytherea was ripe for heaven. Venus had approached the heavenly gods and, throwing her arms around her father's

1 i.e. Ardea, a heron.
circumfusa sui "numquam mihi" dixerat "ullo
tempore dure pater, nunc sis mitissimus, opto,
Aeneaeque meo, qui te de sanguine nostro
fecit avum, quamvis parvum des, optime, numen,
dummodo des aliquod! satis est inamabile regnum 590
adspexisse semel, Stygios semel isse per amnes."
adsensere dei, nec coniunx regia vultus
inmotos tenuit placatoque adnuit ore;
tum pater "estis" ait "caelesti munere digni,
quaeque petis pro quoque petis: cape, nata, quod
optas!"

fatus erat: gaudet gratesque agit illa parenti
perque leves auras iunctis injecta columba
litus adit Laurens, ubi tectus harundine serpit
in freta flumineis vicina Numicius undis.
hunc iubet Aeneae, quaecumque obnoxia morti, 600
ablueret et tacito deferre sub aequora cursu;
corniger exsequitur Veneris mandata suisque,
quicquid in Aenea fuerat mortale, repurgat
et respersit aquis; pars optima restitit illi.
lustratum genetrix divino corpus odore
unxit et ambrosia cum dulci nectar mixta
contigit os fecitque deum, quem turba Quirini
nuncupat Indigetem temploque arisque recepit.

Inde sub Ascanii dicione binominis Alba
resque Latina fuit. succedit Silvius illi. 610
quo satus antiquo tenuit repetita Latinus
nomina cum sceptro, clarus subit Alba Latinum.
Epytus ex illo est; post hunc Capetusque Capysque,
sed Capys ante fuit; regnum Tiberinus ab illis
neck, had said: "O father, who hast never at any time been harsh to me, now be most kind, I pray. To my Aeneas, who is thy grandson and of our blood, grant, O most excellent, some divinity, however small I care not, if only thou grant any. It is enough once to have looked upon the unlovely kingdom, once to have crossed the Stygian stream." The gods all gave assent; nor did the queen-consort keep an unyielding face, but peacefully consented. Then Father Jove declared: "You are both worthy of this heavenly boon, both thou who prayest and he for whom thou prayest. Have then, my daughter, what thou dost desire." He spoke, and Venus, rejoicing, gave her father thanks. Then, borne aloft through the yielding air by her harnessed doves, she came to the Laurentian coast, where the river Numicius, winding through beds of sheltering reeds, pours its fresh waters into the neighbouring sea. She bade the river-god wash away from Aeneas all his mortal part and carry it down in his silent stream into the ocean depths. The horned god obeyed Venus' command and in his waters cleansed and washed quite away whatever was mortal in Aeneas. His best part remained to him. His mother sprinkled his body and anointed it with divine perfume, touched his lips with ambrosia and sweet nectar mixed, and so made him a god, whom the Roman populace styled Indiges and honoured with temple and with sacrifice.

Next Alba and the Latin state came under the sway of Ascanius of the double name.\textsuperscript{1} Silvius succeeded him; his son, Latinus, took a name inherited with the ancient sceptre. Illustrious Alba succeeded Latinus; Epytus next, and after him Capetus and Capys, but Capys first.\textsuperscript{2} Tiberinus received the

\textsuperscript{1} i.e. Iulus.

\textsuperscript{2} The metre prevents the proper order of these names.
OVID

cepit et in Tusci demersus fluminis undis
nomina fecit aquae; de quo Remulusque feroxque
Acrota sunt geniti. Remulus maturior annis
fulmineo periit, imitator fulminis, ictu.
fratre suo sceptrum moderatior Acrota forti
tradit Aventino, qui, quo regnaret, eodem
monte iacet positus tribuitque vocabula monti;
iamque Palatinae summam Proca gentis habebat.

Rege sub hoc Pomona fuit, qua nulla Latinas
inter hamadryadas coluit sollertius hortos
nec fuit arborei studiosior altera fetus;
unde tenet nomen: non silvas illa nec amnes,
rus amat et ramos felicia poma ferentes;
nec iaculo gravis est, sed adunca dextera falce,
qua modo luxuriem premit et spartantia passim
brachchia compescit, fisso modo cortice lignum
inscrit et sucos alio praestat alumno;
nec sentire sitim patitur bibulaeque recurvas
radicis fibras labentibus inrigat undis.

hic amor, hoc studium, Veneris quoque nulla cupidio

est;
vim tamen agrestum metuens pomaria claudit
intus et accessus prohibet refugitque viriles
quid non et Satyri, saltatibus apta iuventus,
sectere et pinu praecincti cornua Panes
Silenusque, suis semper iuvenilior annis,
quique deus fures vel falce vel inguine terret,

ut poterentur ea? sed enim superabat amando
hos quoque Vertumnus neque erat felicior illis.
o quotiens habitu duri messoris aristas
kingdom after them, and he, drowned in the waters of the Tuscan stream, gave his name to that river. His sons were Remulus and warlike Acrota. Remulus, the elder, perished by a thunderbolt while striving to imitate the thunder. Acrota, less daring than his brother, resigned the sceptre to brave Aventus. He lies buried on the same hill where he had reigned and has given his name to the hill. And now Proca held dominion over the Palatine race.

Pomona flourished under this king, than whom there was no other Latian wood-nymph more skilled in garden-culture nor more zealous in the care of fruitful trees. Hence was her name. She cared nothing for woods and rivers, but only for the fields and branches laden with delicious fruits. She carried no javelin in her hand, but the curved pruning-hook with which now she repressed the too luxuriant growth and cut back the branches spreading out on every side, and now, making an incision in the bark, would engraft a twig and give juices to an adopted bough. Nor would she permit them to suffer thirst, but watered the twisted fibres of the thirsty roots with her trickling streams. This was her love; this was her chief desire; nor did she have any care for Venus; yet, fearing some clownish violence, she shut herself up within her orchard and so guarded herself against all approach of man. What did not the Satyrs, a young dancing band, do to win her, and the Pans, their horns encircled with wreaths of pine, and Silenus, always more youthful than his years, and that god 1 who warns off evil-doers with his sickle or his ugly shape? But, indeed, Vertumnus surpassed them all in love; yet he was no more fortunate than they. Oh, how often in the garb of a rough reaper did

1 Priapus.
OVID

corbe tulit verique fuit messoris imago!
tempora saepe gœrens facio religata recenti
desectum poterat gramen versasse videri;
saepe manu stimulus rigida portabat, ut illum
iurares fessos modo disiunxisse iuvencos.
falce data frondator erat vitisque putator;
inducerat scalas: lecturum poma putares;
miles erat gladio, piscator harundine sumpta;
denique per multas aditum sibi saepe figuras
repperit, ut caperet spectatae gaudia formae.
ille etiam picta redimitus tempora mitra,
ininitens baculo, positis per tempora canis,
adsimulavit anum cultosque intravit in hortos
pomaque mirata est "tanto" que "potentior!" inquit
paucaque laudatae dedit oscula, qualia numquam
vera dedisset anus, glæbaque incurva resedit
suspicieus pandos autumni pondere ramos.
ulmus erat contra speciosa nitentibus uvis:
quam socia postquam pariter cum vite probavit,
"at si staret" ait "cælebs sine palmite truncus,
nil praeter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet;
haec quoque, quæ iuncta est, vitis requiescit in
ulmo:

si non nupta foret, terrae acclinata iacoret;
tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris huius
concubitusque fugis nec te coniungere curas.
atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus esset
846
he bring her a basket of barley-ears! And he was the perfect image of a reaper, too. Often he would come with his temples wreathed with fresh hay, and could easily seem to have been turning the new-mown grass. Again he would appear carrying an ox-goad in his clumsy hand, so that you would swear that he had but now unyoked his weary cattle. He would be a leaf-gatherer and vine-pruner with hook in hand; he would come along with a ladder on his shoulder and you would think him about to gather apples. He would be a soldier with a sword, or a fisherman with a rod. In fact, by means of his many disguises, he obtained frequent admission to her presence and had much joy in looking on her beauty. He also put on a wig of grey hair, bound his temples with a gaudy head-cloth, and, leaning on a staff, came in the disguise of an old woman, entered the well-kept garden and, after admiring the fruit said: “But you are far more beautiful,” and having praised he kissed her several times as no real old woman ever would have done. The bent old creature sat down on the grass, gazing at the branches bending beneath the weight of autumn fruits. There was a shapely elm-tree opposite, covered with gleaming bunches of grapes. After he had looked approvingly at this awhile, together with its vine companion, he said: “But if that tree stood there unmated to the vine, it would not be sought save for its leaves alone; and this vine, which clings to and rests safely on the elm, if it were not thus wedded, it would lie languishing, flat upon the ground. But you are not touched by the vine’s example and you shun wedlock and do not desire to be joined to another. And I would that you did desire it! Then would you have more suitors than ever Helen had, or she ¹

¹ Hippodamia.
OVID
sollicitata procis nec quae Lapietheia movit
proelia nec coniunx timidi, haud audacis Ulixis.
nunc quoque, cum fugias averserisque petentes,
mille viri cupiunt et semideique deique
et quaecumque tenent Albanos numina montes.

sed tu si sapies, si te bene iungere anumque
hanc audire voles, quae te plus omnibus illis,
plus, quam credis, amo: vulgares reice taedas
Vertumnunmque tori socium tibi selige! pro quo
me quoque pignus habes: neque enim sibi notior ille
est,
quam mihi; nec passim toto vagus errat in orbe, 680
haec loca magna colit; nec, uti pars magna procorum,
quam modo vidit, amat: tu primus et ultimus illi
ardor eris, solique suos tibi devovet annos.
adde, quod est iuvenis, quod naturale decoris
munus habet formasque apte fingetur in omnes, 685
et quod erit iussus, iubeas licet omnia, fiet.
quid, quod amatis idem, quod, quae tibi poma coluntur,
primus habet laetaque tenet tua munera dextra!
sed neque iam fetus desiderat arbore demptos
nec, quas hortus alit, cum sucis mitibus herbas 690
nec quicquam nisi te: miserere ardentis et ipsum,
quod petit, ore meo praesentem crede precari.
ulioresque deos et pectora dura perosam
Idalien memoremque time Rhamnusidis iram!
quoque magis timeas, (et enim mihi multa vetustas 695
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for whom the Lapithae took arms, or the wife of the timid, not the bold, Ulysses. And even as it is, though you shun them and turn in contempt from their wooing, a thousand men desire you, and half-gods and gods and all the divinities that haunt the Alban hills. But if you will be wise, and consent to a good match and will listen to an old woman like me, who love you more than all the rest, yes, more than you would believe, reject all common offers and choose Vertumnus as the consort of your couch. You have me also as guaranty for him; for he is not better known to himself than he is to me. He does not wander idly throughout the world, but he dwells in the wide spaces here at hand; nor, as most of your suitors do, does he fall in love at sight with every girl he meets. You will be his first love and his last, and to you alone he will devote his life. Consider also that he is young, blest with a native charm, can readily assume whatever form he will, and what you bid him, though without stint you bid, he will perform. Moreover your tastes are similar, and the fruit which you so cherish he is the first to have and with joyful hands he lays hold upon your gifts. But neither the fruit of your trees, nor the sweet, succulent herbs which your garden bears, nor anything at all does he desire save you alone. Pity him who loves you so, and believe that he himself in very presence through my lips is begging for what he wants. And have a thought for the avenging gods and the Idalian, goddess who detests the hard of heart, and the unforgetting wrath of Nemesis! And that you may the more fear these (for my long life has brought me knowledge of many things), I will tell you a story that is well known all over

1 i.e. Cyprian an epithet of Venus.
OVID

scire dedit) referam tota notissima Cypro
facta, quibus flecti facile et mitescere possis.

"Viderat a veteris generosam sanguine Teucri
Iphis Anaxareten, humili de stirpe creatus,
viderat et totis perceperat ossibus aestum
luctatusque diu, postquam ratione furorem
vincere non potuit, supplex ad limina venit
et modo nutrici miserum confessus amorem,
ne sibi dura foret, per spes oravit alumnae,
et modo de multis blanditus cuique ministris
sollicita petiiit propensum voce favorem;
saepe ferenda dedit blandis sua verba tabellis,
interdum madidas lacrimarum rore coronas
postibus intendit posuitque in limine duro
molle latus tristesque serae convicia fecit.
saevior illa freto surgente cadentibus Haedis,
durior et ferro, quod Noricus excoquit ignis,
et saxo, quod adhuc vivum radice tenetur,
spernit et inridet, factisque inmitibus addit
verba superba ferox et spe quoque fraudat amantem.
non tuit impatiens longi tormenta doloris
Iphis et ante fores haec verba novissima dixit:
'vincis, Anaxarete, neque erunt tibi taedia tandem
ulla ferenda mei: laetos molire triumphos
et Paeana voca nitidaque incingere lauru!
vincis enim, moriorque libens: age, ferrea, gaude!
certe aliquid laudare mei cogeris amoris,
quo tibi sim gratus, meritumque fatebere nostrum.
non tamen ante tui curam excessisse memento
quam vitam geminaque simul mihi luce carendum."
Cyprus, by which you may learn to be easily persuaded and to be soft of heart.

"Iphis, a youth of humble birth, had chanced to see Anaxarete, a proud princess of old Teucer's line. He saw her, and at once felt the fire of love through all his frame. Long did he fight against it; but when he found he could not overcome his passion by the power of reason, he came as a suppliant to her door. Now he confessed his unhappy love to her nurse and begged her by her fond hopes for her dear foster-child not to be hard towards him; now, coaxing some one of her many servants, he earnestly begged her to do him a kindly turn; often he gave them coaxing messages on tablets to bear to her; at times he would hang garlands of flowers upon her door, wet with his tears, and lay his soft body down upon her hard threshold, complaining bitterly of her unfeeling bars. But she, more savage than the waves that rise at the setting of the Kids, harder than steel tempered in Noric fire, or living rock, which still holds firmly to its native bed, spurns him and mocks at him. And to her heartless deeds she adds insolent, haughty words, and utterly deprives her lover of hope itself. Unable to bear further the torment of his long agony, before her door Iphis cries these words as his last message to her: 'You win, Anaxarete, and no more need you be annoyed on my account. Celebrate your glad triumph, sing songs of victory, set a gleaming wreath of laurel on your head! For you have won, and I die gladly. Come then, rejoice, you of the iron heart! Surely you will be forced to admit that there is some feature of my love in which I am pleasing to you, and you will confess my merit. But remember that my love for you ended only with my life and that I must
neque tibi fama mei ventura est nuntia leti:
ipse ego, ne dubites, adero prae sensque videbor,
corpore ut examini crudelia lumina pascas.
si tamen, o superi, mortalia facta videtis,
este mei memores (nihil ultra lingua precari sustinet) et longo facite ut narremur in aevo,
et, quae dempsistis vitae, date tempora famae!
dixit, et ad postes ornatos saepe coronis
umentes oculos et pallida bracchia tollens,
cum foribus laquei reliigaret vincula summis,
haec tibi serra placent, crudelis et inpia!
dixit inseruitque caput, sed tum quoque versus ad illam,
atque onus infelix elisa fauce pependit.
icta pedum motu trepidantum ut multa gementem
visa dedisse sonum est adapertaque ianua factum
prodidit, exclamant famuli frustraque levatum
(nam pater occiderat) referunt ad limina matris;
accipit illa sinu complexaque frigida nati
membra sui postquam miserarum verba parentum
edidit et matrum miserarum facta peregit,
funera ducebat mediam lacrimosa per urbem
luridaque arsuro portabat membra feretro.
forte viae vicina domus, qua flebilis ibat
pompa, fuit, duraeque sonus plangoris ad aures
venit Anaxaretes, quam iam deus ultor agebat.
mota tamen 'videamus' ait 'miserabile funus'
et patulis iniit tectum sublime fenestris
suffer the loss of two lights at once. And 'twill be no mere rumour that comes to announce my death to you; I shall myself be there, be well assured, and that, too, in visible presence, that you may feast your cruel eyes upon my lifeless body. But if, O gods, you see the things we mortals do, remember me (nothing further can my tongue hold out to pray) and have my story told long ages hence; and what time you have taken from my life give to my fame.'

He spoke, and raising his tearful eyes and pale arms to the door-posts that he had often decorated with his floral wreaths, he fastened a rope to the topmost beam, saying the while: 'Does this garland please you, cruel and wicked girl?' Then he thrust his head into the noose, even in that act turning his face towards her, and then, poor fellow, hung there, a lifeless weight with broken neck. The door was struck by the convulsive motion of his feet; it seemed to give out a sound suggesting many fearful things and, being thrown open, showed what had happened there. The servants cried out in horror and took him down, but all in vain. Then (for his father was dead) they bore him to his mother's house. She took him in her arms and embraced her son's cold limbs. And after she had said the words which wretched parents say, and done the things which wretched mothers do, through the midst of the city she led his tearful funeral, and bore the pale corpse on a bier to the funeral pyre. Anaxarete's house chanced to be near the street where the mournful procession was passing, and the sound of mourning came to the ears of the hard-hearted girl, whom already an avenging god was driving on. Yet, moved by the sound, she said: 'Let us go see this tearful funeral.' And she went into her high dwelling with
vixque bene inpositum lecto prospecerat Iphin:
deriguere oculi, calidusque e corpore sanguis
inducto pallore fugit, conatæque retro
ferre pedes haesit, conata avertere vultus
hoc quoque non potuit, paulatimque occupat artus,
quod fuit in duro iam pridem pectore, saxum.
neve ea ficta putes, dominae sub imagine signum
servat adhuc Salamis, Veneris quoque nomine
templum
Prospicientis habet.—quorum memor, o mea, lentos
pone, precor, fastus et amanti iungere, nympha:
sic tibi nec vernum nascentia frigus adurat
poma, nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti!

Hace ubi nequiquam formae deus aptus anili edidit, in iuvenem redivit et anilia demit
instrumenta sibi talisque apparuit illi,
qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima solis imago
evicit nubes nullaque obstante relaxit,
vimque parat: sed vi non est opus, inque figura
capta dei nympha est et mutua vulnera sensit.

Proximus Ausonis inuiusti miles Amuli
rexit opes, Numitorque senex amissa nepotis
munere regna capit, festisque Palilibus urbis
moenia conduntur; Tatiusque patresque Sabini bella gerunt, arcisque via Tarpeia reclusa
dignam animam poena congestis exuit armis; inde sati Curibus tacitorum more luporum
ore premunt voces et corpora victa sopore
invadunt portasque petunt, quas obice firmo elauerat Iliades: unam tamen ipsa reclusit
its wide-open windows. Scarce had she gained a good look at Iphis, lying there upon the bier, when her eyes stiffened at the sight and the warm blood fled from her pale body. She tried to step back from the window, but she stuck fast in her place. She tried to turn her face away, but this also she could not do; and gradually that stony nature took possession of her body which had been in her heart all along. And that you may not think this story false, Salamis still keeps a marble statue, the image of the princess. It has a temple in honour of the Gazing Venus also. Have thought of these things, I pray you, and put away, dear nymph, your stubborn scorn; yield to your lover. So may no late spring frost ever nip your budding fruit, and may no rude winds scatter them in their flower.”

When the god in the form of age had thus pleaded his cause in vain, he returned to his youthful form, put off the old woman’s trappings, and stood revealed to the maiden as when the sun’s most beaming face has conquered the opposing clouds and shines out with nothing to dim his radiance. He was all ready to force her will, but no force was necessary; and the nymph, smitten by the beauty of the god, felt an answering passion.

Next false Amulius by force of arms rules the Ausonian state; but old Numitor by the aid of his grandson gains the kingdom he has lost, and the walls of the City are founded on the shepherd’s festal day. Tatius and the Sabine fathers wage their war, and Tarpeia, having betrayed the passage to the citadel, gives up her life as forfeit beneath the arms heaped on her. Then the men of Cures, like silent wolves, with hushed voices steal on the Romans buried in slumber, and try the gates which Ilia’s son has
OVID

nec strepitu verso Saturnia cardine fecit;
sola Venus portae cecidisse repagula sensit
et clausura fuit, nisi quod rescindere numquam
dis licet acta deum. Iano loca iuncta tenebant
naiides Ausoniae gelido rorantia fonte:
has rogat auxilium, nec nymphae iusta petentem
sustinuere deam venasque et flumina fontis
elicuere sui; nondum tamen invia Iani
ora patentis erant, neque iter praecluserat unda:
lurida subponunt fecundo sulphura fonti
incenduntque cavas fumante bitumine venas.
viribus his alisque vapor penetravit ad ima
fontis, et Alpino modo quae certare rigori
audebatis aquae, non ceditis ignibus ipsis!
flammisera gemini fumant aspergine postes,
portaque nequiquam rigidis promissa Sabinis
fonte fuit praestructa novo, dum Martius arma
indueret miles; quae postquam Romulus ultro
obtulit, et strata est tellus Romana Sabinis
corporibus strata estque suis, generique cruorem
sanguine cum soceri permiscuit inpius ensis.
pace tamen sisti bellum nec in ultima ferro
decertare placet Tatiumque accedere regno.

Occiderat Tatius, populisque aequata duobus,
Romule, iura dabas: posita cum casside Mavors
talibus adfatur divumque hominumque parentem:
"tempus adest, genitor, quoniam fundamine magno
res Romana valet nec praeside pendet ab uno,
fastened with strong bars. But Saturnian Juno herself unfastened one of these, opening the gate on noiseless hinges. Venus alone perceived that the gate's bars had fallen, and would have closed it; but it is never permitted to gods to undo the acts of gods. Now the Ausonian water-nymphs held a spot near Janus' fane, where a cold spring bubbled forth. Venus asked aid of these, nor did the nymphs refuse the goddess her just request, but opened up their fountain's streaming veins. Up to that time the pass of Janus was still open, nor had the water ever blocked the way. Now they placed yellow sulphur beneath their living spring and heated the hollow veins with burning pitch. By these and other means the reeking steam filled the fountain through and through, and you waters, which dared but now to vie with Alpine cold, did not yield in heat to fire itself! The two gate-posts smoked with the hot fumes; and the gate, which had been opened (but now in vain) to the hardy Sabines, was made impassable by the new fountain, until the Roman soldiery could arm themselves. Then Romulus took the offensive, and soon the Roman plain was strewn with the Sabine dead and with its own as well, and the impious swords mingled the blood of son-in-law with blood of father-in-law. At last it was their will to end the war in peace, and not strive with the sword to the bitter end; and 'twas agreed that Tatius should share the throne.

Tatius had fallen and now, Romulus, you were meting equal laws to both the tribes, when Mars put off his gleaming helmet and thus addressed the father of gods and men: "The time is come, O father, since the Roman state stands firm on strong foundations and no longer hangs on one man's
praemia, (sunt promissa mihi dignoque nepoti) 810
solvere et ablatum terris inponere caelo.
tu mihi concilio quondam praesente deorum
(nam memoro memorique animo pia verba notavi)
‘unus erit, quem tu tolles in caerula caeli’
dixisti: rata sit verborum summa tuorum!

adnuit omnipotens et nubibus aera caecis
occultit tonitruque et fulgure terruit orbem.
quaes iibi promissae sensit rata signa rapinae,
innixusque hastae pressos temone cruento
inpavidus conscendit equos Gradivus et ictu
verberis increpuit pronusque per aera lapsus
constitit in summo nemorosi colle Palati
reddentemque suo non regia iura Quiriti
abstulit Iliaden: corpus mortale per auras
dilapsum tenues, ceu lata plumbea funda
missa solet medio glans intabescere caelo;
pulchra subit facies et pulvinaribus altis
dignior, est qualis trabeati forma Quirini.

Flebat ut amissum coniunx, cum regia Iuno
Irin ad Hersilien descendere limite curvo
imperat et vacuae sua sic mandata referre:
“o et de Latia, o et de gente Sabina
praecipuum, matrona, decus, dignissima tanti
ante fuisse viri coniunx, nunc esse Quirini,
siste tuos fletus, et, si tibi cura videndi
coniugis est, duce me lucum pete, colle Quirini

835

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strength alone, to grant the reward which was promised to me and to thy worthy grandson, to take him from earth and set him in the heavens. Once to me, in full council of the gods (for I treasured up thy gracious words in retentive mind, and now recall them to thee), thou didst declare: 'One shall there be whom thou shalt bear up to the azure blue of heaven.' Now let the full meaning of thy words be ratified.” The omnipotent Father nodded his assent; then, hiding all the sky with his dark clouds, he filled the earth with thunder and lightning. Gradivus knew this for the assured sign of the translation which had been promised him; and, leaning on his spear, dauntless he mounted his chariot drawn by steeds straining beneath the bloody yoke, and swung the loud-resounding lash. Gliding downward through the air, he halted on the summit of the wooded Palatine. There, as Ilia's son was giving kindly judgment to his citizens, he caught him up from earth. His mortal part dissolved into thin air, as a leaden bullet hurled by a broad sling is wont to melt away in the mid-heavens. And now a fair form clothes him, worthier of the high couches of the gods, such form as has Quirinus, clad in the sacred robe.

His wife was mourning him as lost, when regal Juno bade Iris go down to Hersilia on her arching way with these directions for the widowed queen: “O queen, bright glory both of the Latin and of the Sabine race, most worthy once to have been the consort of so great a man, and now of divine Quirinus, cease your laments and, if you would indeed behold your husband, come with me to yonder grove which stands green on Quirinus' hill, shading the temple of

1 i.e. not kingly or tyrannical.
OVID

qui viret et templum Romani regis obumbrat"; paret et in terram pictos delapsa per arcus, Hersilien iussis compellat vocibus Iris; illa verecundo vix tollens lumina vultu "o dea (namque mihi nec, quae sis, dicere promptum est, et liquet esse deam) duc, o duc" inquit "et offer coniugis ora mihi, quae si modo posse videre fata semel dederint, caelum accepisse fatebor!" nec mora, Romuleos cum virgine Thaumantea ingreditur colles: ibi sidus ab aethere lapsum decidit in terras; a cuius lumine flagrans Hersilie crinis cum sidere cessit in auras: hanc manibus notis Romanae conditor urbis excipit et priscum pariter cum corpore nomen mutat Horamque vocat, quae nunc dea iuncta Quirino est.
the king of Rome." Iris obeyed and, gliding to earth along her rainbow arch, accosted Hersilia in the words which had been given her. She, scarce lifting her eyes and with modest look, replied: "O goddess (for I may not tell who thou art, and yet 'tis plain thou art a goddess), lead, oh, lead me on, and show me my husband's face. If only the fates grant me but once to see him, then shall I say I have gained heaven indeed." Straightway she fared along with Thaumas' daughter to the hill of Romulus. There a star from high heaven came gliding down to earth, and Hersilia, her hair bursting into flame from its light, goes up together with the star into thin air. Her with dear, familiar hands Rome's founder receives, and changes her mortal body and her old-time name. He calls her Hora, and now as goddess is she joined once more to her Quirinus.
QVAERITVR interea quis tantae pondera molis sustineat tantoque queat succedere regi: destinat imperio clarum praenuntia veri Fama Numam; non ille satis cognosse Sabinae gentis habet ritus, animo maiora capaci concepit et, quae sit rerum natura, requirit. huius amor curae patria Curibusque relictis fecit ut Herculei penetraret ad hospitis urbem. Graia quis Italicis auctor posuisset in oris moenia, quaerenti sic et senioribus unus rettulit indigenis, veteris non inscius aevi: "dives ab Oceano bobus Iove natus Hiberis litora felici tenuisse Lacinia cursu fertur, et armento teneras errante per herbas ipse domum magni nec in hospita tecta Crotonis intrasse et requie longum relevasse laborem atque ita discedens, 'aevo' dixisse 'nepotum hic locus urbis erit,' promissaque vera fuerunt. nam fuit Argolico generatus Alemone quidam Myscelus, illius dis acceptissimus aevi. hunc super incumbens pressum gravitate soporis claviger adloquitur: 'patrias, age, desere sedes.
Meanwhile it is a question who can sustain the burden of so great a task, who can succeed so great a king. Then Fame as a faithful herald selects illustrious Numa for the throne. He, not content with knowing the usages of the Sabine race, conceives larger plans in his generous soul, and seeks to know what is Nature's general law. His great fondness for this pursuit caused him to leave his native Cures and take his way to the city which once gave hospitality to Hercules. There, when he asked who was the founder of this Grecian city on Italian soil, one of the old inhabitants of the place, well versed in its ancient lore, thus answered him: "'Tis said that the son of Jove, returning from the Ocean enriched with the herds of Spain, came by good fortune to the borders of Lacinium, and there, while his cattle grazed upon the tender grass, he entered the home and beneath the friendly roof of the great Croton and refreshed himself by quiet rest from his long toil. And as he took his leave he said: 'Here, ages hence, shall stand the city of your descendants.' And the words proved true. For there was a certain Myscelus, son of Alemon of Argos, the man of all that generation most beloved of heaven. Standing over him as he lay buried in deep slumber, the club-bearer thus addressed him: 'Up and away from

1 Crotona.  
2 Hercules.
et pete diversi lapidosas Aesaris undas!
et, nisi paruerit, multa ac metuenda minatur;
post ea discedunt pariter somnusque deusque
surgit Alemónides tacitaque recentia mente
visa refert, pugnatque diu sententia secum:
numen abire iubet, prohibent discedere leges,
poenaque mors posita est patriam mutare volenti.
candidus Oceanó nitidum caput abdiderat Sol,
et caput extulerat densissima sidereum Nox:
visus adesse idem deus est cademque monere
et, nisi paruerit, plura et graviora minari.
et timuit patriumque simul transferre parabat
in sedes penetrale novas: fit murmur in urbe,
spretarumque agitur legum reus, utque peracta est
causa prior, crimenque patet sine teste probatum,
squalidus ad superos tollens reus ora manusque
'o cui ius caeli bis sex fecere labores,
fer, precor' inquit 'opem! nam tu mihi criminis
auctor.'

mos erat antiquus niveis atrisque lapillis,
his damnare reos, illis absolvere culpa;
tune quoque sic lata est sententia tristis, et omnis
calculus inmitem demittitur ater in urnam:
quae simul effudit numerandos versa lapillos,
omnibus e nigro color est mutatus in album,
candidaque Herculeo sententia numine facta
your native land; go, seek out the rocky channel of the distant Aesar'; and he threatened him with many fearful things should he not obey. Then did his slumber and the presence of the god withdraw together. The son of Alemon arose and silently recalled the vision which was still vivid in his memory. Long was he in great stress of doubt: the god bade him depart, his country's laws prohibited his departure. The punishment of death was appointed to the man who should desire to change his fatherland. The bright Sun had hidden his shining face beneath the sea, and thick Night had raised her starry face from the waters, when the same god seemed to stand before him, to give the same commands, and to threaten worse and heavier penalties if he should not obey. He was sore afraid. And as soon as he made ready to move his household belongings to a new abode, the rumour got abroad in the town, and he was tried as a breaker of the laws. When the case for the prosecution had been closed and the charge was clearly proved without need of witnesses, the wretched culprit, raising his face and hands to heaven, cried out: 'O thou to whom thy twelve great labours gave thee a claim to heaven, help me, I pray! for thou art responsible for my sin.' It was the custom in ancient times to use white and black pebbles, the black for condemning prisoners and the white for freeing them from the charge. At this time also the fatal vote was taken in this way; and every pebble that was dropped into the pitiless urn was black! But when the urn was turned and the pebbles poured out for counting, the colour of them all was changed from black to white; and so, by the will of Hercules, the vote was made favourable, and Alemon's son was
OVID

solvit Alemoniden: gratas agit ille parenti
Amphitryoniadæ ventisque faventibus aequor
navigat Ionium Sallentinumque Neretum 50
praeterit et Sybarin Lacedaemoniumque Tarentum
Sirinosque sinus Crimenque et Iapygis arva,
vixque pererratis, quae spectant litora, terris,
invenit Aesarei fatalia fluminis ora
nee procul hinc tumulum, sub quo sacrata Crotonis 55
ossa tegebat humus, iussaque ibi moenia terra
condidit et nomen tumulati traxit in urbem."
talia constabat certa primordia fama
esse loci positaque Italis in finibus urbis.

Vir fuit hic ortu Samius, sed fugerat una 60
et Samon et dominos odioque tyrannidis exul
sponte erat isque, licet caeli regione remotos,
mente deos adiit et, quae natura negabat
visibus humanis, oculis ea pectoris hausit,
cumque animo et vigili perspexerat omnia cura, 65
in medium discenda dabat coetusque silentum
dictaque mirantium magni primordia mundi
et rerum causas et, quid natura, docebat,
quid deus, unde nives, quae fulminis esset origo,
Iuppiter an venti discussa nube tonarent,
quid quateret terras, qua sidera lege mearent,
et quodcumque latet, primusque animalia mensis
arcuit inponi, primus quoque talibus ora
docta quidem solvit, sed non et credita, verbis:
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freed. He first gave thanks to his patron, Amphi-tryon's son, and soon with favouring winds was sailing over the Ionian sea. He passed by Salentine Neretum, and Sybaris and Spartan Tarentum, the bay of Siris, Crimisa, and the Iapygian coast; and scarcely had he passed the lands which border on that coast when he found the destined mouth of Aesar's stream, and near by this a mound of earth which guarded the consecrated bones of Croton. There in that land, as the god had bidden him, he laid his city's walls and named it from him who had been buried there.” Such was the ancient tale, confirmed by established fame, both of the place and the founding of the city on Italian soil.

There was a man here, a Samian by birth, but he had fled forth from Samos and its rulers, and through hatred of tyranny was living in voluntary exile. He, though the gods were far away in the heavenly regions, still approached them with his thought, and what Nature denied to his mortal vision he feasted on with his mind's eye. And when he had surveyed all things by reason and wakeful diligence, he would give out to the public ear the things worthy of their learning and would teach the crowds, which listened in wondering silence to his words, the beginnings of the great universe, the causes of things and what their nature is: what God is, whence come the snows, what is the origin of lightning, whether it is Jupiter or the winds that thunder from the riven clouds, what causes the earth to quake, by what law the stars perform their courses, and whatever else is hidden from men's knowledge. He was the first to decry the placing of animal food upon our tables. His lips, learned indeed but not believed in this, he was the first to open in such words as these:
OVID

"Pareite, mortales, dapibus temerare nefandis corpora! sunt fruges, sunt deducentia ramos pondere poma suo tumidaeque in vitibus uvae, sunt herbae dulces, sunt quae mitescere flamma mollirique queant; nec vobis lacteus umor eripitur, nec mella thymi redolentia flore:
prodiga divitias alimentaque mitia tellus suggerit atque epulas sine caede et sanguine praebet. carne ferae sedant ieiunia, nec tamen omnes: quippe equus et pecudes armentaque gramine vivunt; at quibus ingenium est inmansuetumque ferumque, Armeniae tigres iracundique leones cumque lupis ursi, dapibus cum sanguine gaudent. heu quantum seclus est in viscera viscera condi congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus alteriusque animantem animantis vivere leto! scilicet in tantis opibus, quas, optima matrum, terra parit, nil te nisi tristia mandere saevo vulnera dente iuvat ritusque referre Cyclopum, nec, nisi perdideris alium, placare voracis et male morati poteris ieiunia ventris!

"At vetus illa aetas, cui fecimus aurea nomen, fetibus arboreis et, quas humus educat, herbis fortunata fuit nec polluit ora cruore. tunc et aves tutae movere per aera pennas, et lepus inpavidus mediis erravit in arvis, nec sua credulitas piscem suspenderat hamo: cuncta sine insidiis nullamque timentia fraudem plenaque pacis erant. postquam non utilis auctor 370
"O mortals, do not pollute your bodies with a food so impious! You have the fruits of the earth, you have apples, bending down the branches with their weight, and grapes swelling to ripeness on the vines; you have also delicious herbs and vegetables which can be mellowed and softened by the help of fire. Nor are you without milk or honey, fragrant with the bloom of thyme. The earth, prodigal of her wealth, supplies you her kindly sustenance and offers you food without bloodshed and slaughter. With flesh the wild beasts appease their hunger, and yet not all, since the horse, the sheep and cattle live on grass; but those whose nature is savage and untamed, Armenian tigers, raging lions, bears and wolves, all these delight in bloody food. Oh, how criminal it is for flesh to be stored away in flesh, for one greedy body to grow fat with food gained from another, for one live creature to go on living through the destruction of another living thing! And so in the midst of the wealth of food which Earth, the best of mothers, has produced, it is your pleasure to chew the piteous flesh of slaughtered animals with your savage teeth, and thus to repeat the Cyclops' horrid manners! And you cannot, without destroying other life, appease the cravings of your greedy and insatiable maw!

"But that pristine age, which we have named the golden age, was blessed with the fruit of the trees and the herbs which the ground sends forth, nor did men defile their lips with blood. Then birds plied their wings in safety through the heaven, and the hare loitered all unafraid in the tilled fields, nor did its own guilelessness hang the fish upon the hook. All things were free from treacherous snares, fearing no guile and full of peace. But after someone, an
victibus invidit, quisquis fuit ille, leonum
corporeasque dapes avidum demersit in alvum,
fecit iter sceleri, primoque e caede ferarum
incaluisse potest maculatum sanguine ferrum
(idque satis fuerat) nostrumque petentia letum
corpora missa neci salva pietate fatemur:

"Longius inde nefas abiit, et prima putatur
hostia sus meruisse mori, quia semina pando
eruerit rostro spemque interceperit anni;
vite caper morsa Bacchi maclatus ad aras
dicitur ultoris: nocuit sua culpa duobus!

quid meruistis oves, placidum pecus inque tuendos
natum homines, pleno quae fertis in ubere nectar,
mollia quae nobis vestras velamina lanas
praebetis vitaque magis quam morte iuvatis?
quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,
innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores?
inmemor est demum nec frugum munere dignus,
qui potuit curvi dempto modo pondere aratri
ruricolam mactare suum, qui trita labore
illa, quibus totiens durum renovaverat arvum,
tot dederat messes, percussit colla securi.
nec satis est, quod tale nefas committitur: ipsos
inscripsere deos sceleri numenque supernum
caede laboriferi credunt gaudere iuvenci!
victim a labe carens et praestantissima forma

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ill exemplar, whoever he was, envied the food of lions, and thrust down flesh as food into his greedy stomach, he opened the way for crime. It may be that, in the first place, with the killing of wild beasts the steel was warmed and stained with blood. This would have been justified, and we admit that creatures which menace our own lives may be killed without impiety. But, while they might be killed, they should never have been eaten.

"Further impiety grew out of that, and it is thought that the sow was first condemned to death as a sacrificial victim because with her curved snout she had rooted up the planted seeds and cut off the season's promised crop. The goat is said to have been slain at the avenging altars because he had browsed the grape-vines. These two suffered because of their own offences! But, ye sheep, what did you ever do to merit death, a peaceful flock, born for man's service, who bring us sweet milk to drink in your full udders, who give us your wool for soft clothing, and who help more by your life than by your death? What have the oxen done, those faithful, guileless beasts, harmless and simple, born to a life of toil? Truly inconsiderate he and not worthy of the gift of grain who could take off the curved plow's heavy weight and in the next moment slay his husbandman; who with his axe could smite that neck which was worn with toil for him, by whose help he had so often renewed the stubborn soil and planted so many crops. Nor is it enough that we commit such infamy: they made the gods themselves partners of their crime and they affected to believe that the heavenly ones took pleasure in the blood of the toiling bullock! A victim without blemish and of perfect form (for beauty proves his
OVID

(nam placuisse nocet) vittis insignis et auro
sistitur ante aras auditque ignara precantem
inponique suae videt inter cornua fronti,
quas coluit, fruges percussaque sanguine cultros
inficit in liquida praevisos forsitan unda.

protinus ereptas viventi pectore fibras
inspiciunt mentesque deum scrutantur in illis;
inde (fames homini vetitorum tanta ciborum est!)
audetis vesci, genus o mortale! quod, oro,
ne facite, et monitis animos advertite nostris!
cumque boum dabitis caesorum membra palato,
mandere vos vestros seite et sentite colonos.

"Et quoniam deus ora movet, sequar ora moventem
rite deum Delphosque meos ipsumque recludam
aethera et augustae reserabo oracula mentis:
magna nee ingeniis investigata priorum
quaeque diu latuere, canam; iuvat ire per alta
astra, iuvat terris et inerti sede relictanube vehi validique umeris insistere Atlantis
palantesque homines passim et rationis egentes
despectare procul trepidosque obitumque timentes
sic exhortari seriemque evolvere fati!

"O genus attonitum gelidae formidine mortis,
quid Styga, quid tenebras et nomina vana timetis,
materiem vatum falsique pericula mundi?
corpora, sive rogus flamma seu tabe vetustas
bene), marked off with fillets and with gilded horns, is set before the altar, hears the priest's prayer, not knowing what it means, watches the barley-meal sprinkled between his horns, barley which he himself laboured to produce, and then, smitten to his death, he stains with his blood the knife which he has perchance already seen reflected in the clear pool. Straightway they tear his entrails from his living breast, view them with care, and seek to find revealed in them the purposes of heaven. Thence (so great is man's lust for forbidden food!) do you dare thus to feed, O race of mortals! I pray you, do not do it, but turn your minds to these my words of warning, and when you take the flesh of slaughtered cattle in your mouths, know and realize that you are devouring your own fellow-labourers.

"Now, since a god inspires my lips, I will dutifully follow the inspiring god; I'll open Delphi and the heavens themselves and unlock the oracles of the sublime mind. Great matters, never traced out by the minds of former men, things that have long been hidden, I will sing. It is a delight to take one's way along the starry firmament and, leaving the earth and its dull regions behind, to ride on the clouds, to take stand on stout Atlas' shoulders and see far below men wandering aimlessly, devoid of reason, anxious and in fear of the hereafter, thus to exhort them and unroll the book of fate!

"O race of men, stunned with the chilling fear of death, why do you dread the Styx, the shades and empty names, the stuff that poets manufacture, and their fabled sufferings of a world that never was? As for your bodies, whether the burning pyre or long lapse of time with its wasting power shall
abstulerit, mala posse pati non ulla putetis!
morte carent animae semperque priore relieta
sede novis domibus vivunt habitantque receptae:
ipse ego (nam memini) Troiani tempore belli
Panthoides Euphorbus eram, cui pectore quondam
haesit in adverso gravis hasta minoris Atridae;
cognovi clipeum, laevae gestamina nostrae,
nuper Abanteis templo Iunonis in Argis!
omnia mutantur, nihil interit: errat et illinc
huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus
spiritus eque feris humana in corpora transit
inque feras noster, nec tempore deperit ullo,
utque novis facilis signatur eera figuris
nec manet ut fuerat nec formas servat easdem,
sed tamen ipsa eadem est, animam sic semper eandem
esse, sed in varias doceo migrare figuras.
ergo, ne pietas sit victa cupidine ventris,
parcite, vaticinor, cognatas caede nefanda
exturbare animas, nec sanguine sanguis alatur!

"Et quoniam magno feror aequore plenaque ventis
vela dedi: nihil est toto, quod perstet, in orbe.
cuncta fluunt, omnisque vagans formatur imago;
ipsa quoque adsiduo labuntur tempora motu,
non secus ac flumen; neque enim consistere flumen
nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda inpellit unda
urgueturque eadem veniens urgetque priorem,
tempora sic fugiunt pariter pariterque sequuntur
et nova sunt semper; nam quod fuit ante, relictum
est
fitque, quod haut fuerat, momentaque cuncta novantur."
have consumed them, be sure they cannot suffer any ills. Our souls are deathless, and ever, when they have left their former seat, do they live in new abodes and dwell in the bodies that have received them. I myself (for I well remember it) at the time of the Trojan war was Euphorbus, son of Panthoüs, in whose breast once hung the heavy spear of the younger Atrides. Recently, in Juno’s temple in Argos, Abas’ city, I recognized the shield which I once wore on my left arm! All things are changing; nothing dies. The spirit wanders, comes now here, now there, and occupies whatever frame it pleases. From beasts it passes into human bodies, and from our bodies into beasts, but never perishes. And, as the pliant wax is stamped with new designs, does not remain as it was before nor keep the same form long, but is still the selfsame wax, so do I teach that the soul is ever the same, though it passes into ever-changing bodies. Therefore, lest your piety be overcome by appetite, I warn you as a seer, do not drive out by impious slaughter what may be kindred souls, and let not life be fed on life.

“And since I am embarked on the boundless sea and have spread my full sails to the winds, there is nothing in all the world that keeps its form. All things are in a state of flux, and everything is brought into being with a changing nature. Time itself flows on in constant motion, just like a river. For neither the river nor the swift hour can stop its course; but, as wave is pushed on by wave, and as each wave as it comes is both pressed on and itself presses the wave in front, so time both flees and follows and is ever new. For that which once existed is no more, and that which was not has come to be; and so the whole round of motion is gone through again.
OVID

"Cernis et emensas in lucem tendere noctes, et iubar hoc nitidum nigrae succedere nocti; nec color est idem caelo, cum lassa quiete cuncta iacent media cumque albo Lucifer exit clarus equo rursusque alius, cum praevia lucis tradendum Phoebo Pallantias inficit orbem. ipse dei clipeus, terra cum tollitur ima, mane rubet, terraque rubet cum conditur ima, candidus in summo est, melior natura quod illie aetheris est terraeque procul contagia fugit. nec par aut eadem nocturnae forma Dianae esse potest umquam semperque hodierna sequente, si crescit, minor est, maior, si contrahit orbem. "Quid? non in species succedere quattuor annum adspicis, aetatis peragentem imitamina nostrae? nam tener et lactens puerique simillimus aevi vere novo est: tunc herba nitens et roboris expers turget et insolida est et spe delectat agrestes; omnia tunc florent, florumque coloribus almus ludit ager, neque adhuc virtus in frondibusulla est. transit in aestatem post ver robustior annus fitque valens iuvenis: neque enim robustior aetas ulla nec uberior, nec quae magis ardeat, ulla est. excipit autumnus, posito fervore iuventae maturus mitisque inter iuvenemque senemque temperie medius, sparsus quoque tempora canis. inde senilis hiems tremulo venit horrida passu, aut spoliata suos, aut, quos habet, alba capillos. 878
"You see how the spent nights speed on to dawn, and how the sun’s bright rays succeed the darkness of the night. Nor have the heavens the same appearance when all things, wearied with toil, lie at rest at midnight and when bright Lucifer comes out on his snowy steed; there is still another aspect when Pallantias, 1 herald of the morning, stains the sky bright for Phoebus’ coming. The god’s round shield itself is red in the morning when it rises from beneath the earth and is red when it is hidden beneath the earth again; but in its zenith it is white, because there the air is of purer substance and it is far removed from the debasing presence of the earth. Nor has Diana, goddess of the night, the same phase always. She is always less to-day than she will be to-morrow if she is waxing, but greater if she is waning.

“Then again, do you not see the year assuming four aspects, in imitation of our own lifetime? For in early spring it is tender and full of fresh life, just like a little child; at that time the herbage is bright, swelling with life, but as yet without strength and solidity, and fills the farmers with joyful expectation. Then all things are in bloom and the fertile fields run riot with their bright-coloured blossoms; but as yet there is no strength in the green foliage. After spring has passed, the year, grown more sturdy, passes into summer and becomes like a strong young man. For there is no hardier time than this, none more abounding in rich, warm life. Then autumn comes, with its first flush of youth gone, but ripe and mellow, midway in mood between youth and age, with sprinkled grey showing on the temples. And then comes aged winter, with faltering step and shivering, its locks all gone or hoary.

1 Aurora, see Index.
"Nostra quoque ipsorum semper requieque sine ulla corpora vertuntur, nec quod fuimusve sumusve, cras erimus; fuit illa dies, qua semina tantum spesque hominum primae matris habitavimus alvo: artifices natura manus admovit et angī corpora visceribus distentae condita matris noluit eque domo vacuas emisit in auras. editus in lucem iacuit sine viribus infans; mox quadrupes rītuque tulit sua membra ferarum, paulatimque tremens et nondum poplīte firmo constitit adiūtis alique conamine nervīs. inde valens veloxque fuit spatiumque iuventae transit et eremītis medī quoque temporīs annīs labītur occiduāe per iter declīve senectae. subruit haec aevi demolīturque prīoris robora: fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes, illos, qui fuerant solidorum mole tororum Herculeiī similes, fluidos pendere lacertos; flet quoque, ut in speculo rugas adspexit anīles, Tyndaris et secum, cur sit bis rapta, requīrit. tempus edax rerum, tuque, invidiosā vetūstas, omnia destruītis vitiataque dентibus aevī paulatim lenta consumeītis omnia morte!

"Haec quoque non persistant, quae nos elementa vocamus, quasque vices peragant, animos adhibete: docebo. quattuor aeternus genitalia corpora mundus continet; ex illīs duo sunt onerosa suoque pondere in inferius, tellus atque unda, feruntur, et totidem gravitāte carent nulloque premente"
Our own bodies also go through a ceaseless round of change, nor what we have been or are to-day shall we be to-morrow. There was a time when we lay in our first mother's womb, mere seeds and hopes of men. Then Nature wrought with her cunning hands, willed not that our bodies should lie cramped in our strained mother's body, and from our home sent us forth into the free air. Thus brought forth into the light, the infant lay without strength; but soon it lifted itself up on all fours after the manner of the beasts; then gradually in a wabbling, weak-kneed fashion it stood erect, supported by some convenient prop. Thereafter, strong and fleet, it passed over the span of youth; and when the years of middle life also have been spent, it glides along the downhill path of declining age. This undermines and pulls down the strength of former years; and Milon, grown old, weeps when he looks at those arms, which once had been like the arms of Hercules with their firm mass of muscles, and sees them now hanging weak and flabby. Helen also weeps when she sees her aged wrinkles in the looking-glass, and tearfully asks herself why she should twice have been a lover's prey. O Time, thou great devourer, and thou, envious Age, together you destroy all things; and, slowly gnawing with your teeth, you finally consume all things in lingering death!

"And even those things which we call elements do not persist. What changes they undergo, listen and I will tell you. In the eternal universe there are four elemental substances. Two of these, earth and water, are heavy and of their own weight sink down to lower levels. And two, air and fire, purer still than air, are without weight and, if unopposed, fly to the upper realms. These elements, although
alta petunt, aer atque aere purior ignis.
quae quamquam spatio distent, tamen omnia fiunt
ex ipsis et in ipsa cadunt: resolutaque tellus
in liquidas rarescit aquas, tenuatus in auras
aeraque umor abit, dempto quoque pondere rursus
in superos aer tenuissimus emicat ignes;
inde retro redeunt, idemque retexitur ordo.
ignis enim densum spissatus in aera transit,
hic in aquas, tellus glomerata cogitum unda.

"Nec species sua cuique manet, rerumque novatrix
ex aliis alias reparat natura figuras:
nec perit in toto quicquam, mihi credite, mundo,
se variat faciemque novat, nascique vocatur
incipere esse aliud, quam quod fuit ante, morique
desinere illud idem. cum sint huc forsitan illa,
haec translata illuc, summa tamen omnia constant.

"Nil equidem durare diu sub imagine eadem
crediderim: sic ad ferrum venistis ab auro,
saeacula, sic totiens versa est fortuna locorum.
vidi ego, quod fuerat quondam solidissima tellus,
esse fretum, vidi factas ex aequore terras;
et procul a pelago conchae iacuere marinae,
et vetus inventa est in montibus ancora summis;
quodque fuit campus, vallem decursus aquarum
fecit, et eluvie mons est deductus in aequor,
eque paludosa siccis humus aret harenis,
quaeque sitim tulerant, stagnata paludibus uement.
hic fontes natura novos emisit, at illie
clausit, et aut imis commota tremoribus orbis
far separate in position, nevertheless are all derived each from the other, and each into other falls back again. The element of earth, set free, is rarefied into liquid water, and, thinned still further, the water changes into wind and air. Then, losing weight again, this air, already very thin, leaps up to fire, the highest place of all. Then they come back again in reversed order; for fire, condensed, passes into thick air, thence into water; and water, packed together, solidifies into earth.

"Nothing retains its own form; but Nature, the great renewer, ever makes up forms from other forms. Be sure there's nothing perishes in the whole universe; it does but vary and renew its form. What we call birth is but a beginning to be other than what one was before; and death is but cessation of a former state. Though, perchance, things may shift from there to here and here to there, still do all things in their sum total remain unchanged.

"Nothing, I feel sure, lasts long under the same appearance. Thus the ages have come from gold to iron; thus often has the condition of places changed. I have myself seen what once was solid land changed into sea; and again I have seen land made from the sea. Sea-shells have been seen lying far from the ocean, and an ancient anchor has been found on a mountain-top. What once was a level plain, down-flowing waters have made into a valley; and hills by the force of floods have been washed into the sea. What was once marsh is now a parched stretch of dry sand, and what once was dry and thirsty now is a marshy pool. Here Nature sends forth fresh fountains, there seals them up; and rivers, stirred by some inward quakings of the
OVID

flumina prosiliunt, aut exsiccata residunt.
sic ubi terreno Lycus est epotus hiatu,
existit procul hinc aliisque renascitur ore;
sic modo conhibititur, tecto modo gurgite lapsus
redditur Argolicis ingens Erasinus in arvis,
et Mysum capitisque sui ripaeque prioris
paenituisse ferunt, alia nunc ire Caicum;
nec non Sicanias volvens Amenanus harenas
nunc fluit, interdum suppressis fontibus aret.

ante bibebatur, nunc, quas contingere nolis,
fundit Anigrus aquas, postquam, nisi vatibus omnis
eripienda fides, illie lavere bimembres
vulnera, clavigeri quae fecerat Herculis arcus.
quid? non et Scythicis Hypanis de montibus ortus,
qui fuerat dulcis, salibus vitiatur amaris?

"Fluctibus ambitae fuerant Antissa Pharosque
et Phoenissa Tyros: quarum nunc insula nulla est.
Leucada continuam veteres habuere coloni:
nunc freta circueunt; Zancle quoque iuncta fuisse
dicitur Italiae, donec confinia pontus

abstulit et media tellurem reppulit unda;
si quaeras Helicen et Burin, Achaidas urbes,
invenies sub aquis, et adhuc ostendere nautae
inclinata solent cum moenibus oppida mersis.
est prope Pittheam tumulus Troezena, sine ullis
arduus arboribus, quondam planissima campi
area, nunc tumulus; nam (res horrenda relatu)
vis fera ventorum, caecis inclusa cavernis,
exspirare aliqua cupiens luctataque frustra
earth, leap forth or, dried up, sink out of sight. So, when Lycus is swallowed up by the yawning earth, he emerges far away and springs forth again with different appearance. So Erasinus is now engulfed and now, gliding along in a hidden stream, reappears as a lordly river in the Argolic fields. And they say that the Mysus, ashamed of his source and former banks, now flows in another region as Cai'cus. The Amenanus now flows full over the Sicilian sands, and at times, its sources quenched, is dry. The Anigrus was once wholesome to drink, but now it pours down waters which you would not wish to taste since there (unless all credence is to be denied to bards) the twi-formed centaurs bathed their wounds which the arrows of club-bearing Hercules had dealt. Further, is not the Hypanis, sprung from the Scythian mountains, which once was fresh and sweet, now spoiled with brackish water?

"Antissa and Pharos and Phoenician Tyre were once surrounded by the waters of the sea; but now not one of them is an island. The old inhabitants of that region once possessed Leucas as part of the mainland; but now the waves wash clear around it. Zancle also is said to have been a part of Italy until the sea washed away their common boundary and thrust back the land by the intervening water. If you seek for Helice and Buris, once cities of Achaia, you will find them beneath the waves; and the sailors still show you the sloping cities with their buried walls. Near Troezen, ruled by Pittheus, there is a hill, high and treeless, which once was a perfectly level plain, but now a hill; for (horrible to relate) the wild forces of the winds, shut up in dark regions underground, seeking an outlet for their flowing and striving vainly to obtain a
liberiore frui caelo, cum carcere rima
nulla foret toto nec pervia flatibus esset,
extentam tume fecit humum, ceu spiritus oris
tendere vesicam solet aut derepta bicorni
terga capro; tumor ille loci permansit et alii 305
collis habet speciem longoque induruit aevo.

"Plurima cum subeant audita et cognita nobis,
pauca super referam. quid? non et lympha figuras
datque capitque novas? medio tua, corniger Ammon,
unda die gelida est, ortuque obituque caleseit 310
admotis Athamanas aquis accendere lignum
narratur, minimos cum luna recessit in orbes.
flumen habent Cicones, quod potum saxea reddit
viscera, quod tactis inducit marmora rebus;
Crathis et hinc Sybaris nostris conterminus oris 315
electro similis faciunt auroque capillos;
quodquemagismirum est, sunt, quinon corporatantum,
verum animos etiam valeant mutare liquores:
cui non audita est obscenae Salmacis undae
Aethiopesque lacus? quos si quis faucibus hausit, 320
aut furit aut patitur mirum gravitate soporem;
Clitorio quicumque sitim de fonte levavit,
vina fugit gaudetque meris abstemius undis,
seu vis est in aqua calido contraria vino,
sive, quod indigenae memorant, Amythaone natus, 325
Proetidas attotitas postquam per carmen et herbas
eripuit furiis, purgamina mentis in illas
misit aquas, odiumque meri permansit in undis.
huic fluit effectu dispar Lyncestius amnis,
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freer space, since there was no chink in all their prison through which their breath could go, puffed out and stretched the ground, just as when one inflates a bladder with his breath, or the skin of a horned goat. That swelling in the ground remained, has still the appearance of a high hill, and has hardened as the years went by.

"Though many instances that I have heard of and known suggest themselves to me, I shall tell bet a few more. Why, does not even water give and receive strange forms? Thy stream, horned Ammon, at midday is cold, but warm in the morning and at eventide; and they say that the Athamanians set wood on fire by pouring water on it when the moon has reached her last point of waning. The Cicones have a river whose waters, if drunk, turn the vitals into stone, make marble of everything they touch. Crathis and Sybaris, a stream not far from our own region, make hair like amber and gold; and, what is still more wonderful, there are streams whose waters have power to change not alone the body, but the mind as well. Who has not heard of the ill-famed waves of Salmacis and of the Aethiopian lakes? Whoever drinks of these waters either goes raving mad or falls into a strange, deep lethargy. Whoever slakes his thirst from Clitor's spring shuns the wine-cup and abstemiously enjoys pure water only; whether there is a power in the water which counteracts the heating wine, or whether, as the natives say, Amythaon's son,¹ after he had freed the frenzied daughters of Proetus of madness by his magic songs and herbs, threw into those waters his mind-purifying herbs, and the hate of wine remained in the spring. The Lyncestian river produces

¹ Melampus.
OVID

quam quicumque parum moderato guttare traxit, 330
haut aliter titubat, quam si mera vina bibisset.
est locus Arcadiae, Pheneon dixere priores,
ambiguis suspectus aquis, quas nocte timet:o;
nocte nocent potae, sine noxa luce bibuntur;
sie alias aliasque lacus et flumina vires
concipiunt.—tempusque fuit, quo navit in undis,
nunc sedet Ortygie; timuit concursibus Argo
undarum sparsas Symplegadas elisarum,
quae nunc inmotae perstans ventisque resistunt.
nec quae sulphureis ardet fornacibus Aetna,
ignea semper erit, neque enim fuit ignea semper.
nam sive est animal tellus et vivit habetque
spiramenta locis flammam exhalantia multis,
spirandi mutare vias, quotiensque movetur,
has finire potest, illas aperiere cavernas;
sive leves imis venti cohibentur in antris
saxaque cum saxis et habentem semina flammae
materiam iactant, ea concipit ictibus ignem,
antra relinquentur sedatis frigida ventis;
sive bitumineae rapiunt incendia vires,
luteave exiguis ardescunt sulphura fumis,
nempe, ubi terra cibos alimentaque pinguis flammae
non dabit absumptis per longum viribus aevum,
naturaeque suum nutrimen deerit edaci,
non feret illa famem desertaque deseret ignis. 355
"Esse viros fama est in Hyperborea Pallene,
qui soleant levibus velari corpora plumis,
an effect the opposite of this; for if one drinks too copiously of its waters, he staggers in his walk just as if he had drunk undiluted wine. There is a place in Arcadia which the ancients called Pheneus, mistrusted for its uncertain waters. Shun them by night, for, drunk by night, they are injurious; but in the daytime they may be drunk without harm. So lakes and streams have now these, now those effects. There was a time when Ortygia floated on the waves, but now she stands firm. The Argo feared the Symplegades, which at that time clashed together with high-flung spray; but now they stand immovable and resist the winds. And Aetna, which now glows hot with her sulphurous furnaces, will not always be on fire, neither was it always full of fire as now. For if the earth is of the nature of an animal, living and having many breathing-holes which exhale flames, she can change her breathing-places and, as often as she shakes herself, can close up these and open other holes; or if swift winds are penned up in deep caverns and drive rocks against rocks and substance containing the seeds of flame, and this catches fire from the friction of the stones, still the caves will become cool again when the winds have spent their force; or if it is pitchy substances that cause the fire, and yellow sulphur, burning with scarce-seen flames, surely, when the earth shall no longer furnish food and rich sustenance for the fire, and its strength after long ages has been exhausted, and greedy Nature shall feel lack of her own nourishment, then she will not endure hunger and, being deserted, will desert her fires.

"There is a story of certain men in Hyperborean Pallene who gain a covering of light feathers for their bodies after they have nine times plunged in
OVID

cum Tritoniacam noviens subiere paludem;
haut equidem credo: sparsae quoque membra venenis
exercere artes Scythides memorantur easdem. 360

"Siqua fides rebus tamen est addenda probatis,
nonne vides, quaeecumque mora fluidove calore
corpora tabuerint, in parva animalia verti?
in scrobe delectos maectatos obrue tauros
(cognita res usu): de putri viscere passim 365
florilegæe nascentur apes, quae more parentum
rura colunt operique favent in spemque laborant.
pressus humo bellator equus crabronis origo est;
concava litoreo si demas bracchia cancro,
cetera supponas terræ, de parte sepulta 370
scorpius exibit caudaque minabitur unica;
quaeque solent canis frondes intexere filis
agrestes tineæ (res observata colonis),
ferali mutant cum papilione figuram.

"Semina limus habet virides generantia ranas, 375
et generat truncas pedibus, mox apta natando
crura dat, utque eadem sint longis saltibus apta,
posterior partes superat mensura priores.
nec catulus, partu quem reddidit ursa recenti,
sed male viva caro est; lambendo mater in artus 380
fingit et in formam, quantam capit ipsa, reducit.
nonne vides, quos cera tegit sexangula fetus
melliferarum apium sine membris corpora nasci
390
Minerva's pool. I do not vouch for it, but the Scythian women also are said to sprinkle their bodies with certain magic juices and produce the same effect.

"Still, if credence is to be given to things that have actually been tested, do you not see that, whenever dead bodies by lapse of time or by the liquefying power of heat have become thoroughly putrid, tiny animals are bred in them? Bury the carcasses of choice bulls in a ditch after they have been offered in sacrifice (it is a well-known experiment), and from the putrid entrails everywhere will spring flower-culling bees which, after the fashion of their progenitors, frequent the country fields, are fond of work, and toil in hope of their reward. A horse, which is a warlike animal, buried in the ground will produce hornets. If you cut off the hollow claws of a sea-crab and bury the rest in the ground, from the buried part a scorpion will come forth threatening with his hooked tail. And worms that weave their white cocoons on the leaves of trees (a fact well known to country-folk) change into funereal butterflies.\(^1\)

"Slimy mud contains seeds that produce green frogs, without legs at first, but soon it gives them legs adapted to swimming, and, that these may be fitted for taking long leaps also, the hind-legs are longer than the fore. A cub that a she-bear has just brought forth is not a cub, but a scarce-living lump of flesh; but the mother licks it into shape, and in this way gives it as much of a form as she has herself. Do you not see how the larvae of the honey-bearing bees, which the hexagonal waxen cell protects, are

\(^1\) The departed soul is sometimes represented on tombstones as a butterfly.
et serosque pedes serasque adsumere pennas?
Iunonis volucrem, quae cauda sidera portat, 385
armigerumque Iovis Cythereiadasque columbas
et genus omne avium mediis e partibus ovi,
ni sciret fieri, quis nasci posse putaret?
sunt qui, cum clauso putrefacta est spina sepulcro,
mutari credant humanas angue medullas. 390

"Haec tamen ex aliis generis primordia ducunt,
una est, quae reparet seque ipsa reseminet, ales:
Assyrii phoenica vocant; non fruge neque herbis,
sed turis lacrimis et suco vivit amomi.
haec ubi quinque suae complevit saecula vitae,
ilicet in ramis tremulaeque cacumine palmae
unguibus et puro nidum sibi construit ore,
quo simul ac casias et nardi lenis aristas
quassaque cum fulva substravit cinnama murra,
se super inponit finitque in odoribus aevum. 400
inde ferunt, totidem qui vivere debeat annos,
corpore de patrio parvum phoenica renasci;
cum dedit huic actas vires, onerique ferendo est,
ponderibus nidi ramos levat arboris altae
fertque pius cunasque suas patriumque sepulcrum
perque leves auras Hyperionis urbe potitus
ante fores sacras Hyperionis aede reponit.

"Si tamen est aliquid mirae novitatis in istis,
alternare vices et, quae modo femina tergo
passa marem est, nunc esse marem miremur hyaenam; 392
born mere memberless bodies and later put on feet and wings? Juno's bird, which wears starry spots on its tail, and the weapon-bearing bird of Jove, and Cytherea’s doves, and the whole family of birds—who would believe, who did not know the facts, that these could be born from the inside of an egg? There are some who think that when the backbone of a man has decomposed in the narrow tomb the spinal marrow is changed into a snake.

"Now all these things get their life's beginning from some other creature; but there is one bird which itself renews and reproduces its own being. The Assyrians call it the phoenix. It does not live on seeds and green things, but on the gum of frankincense and the juices of amomum. This bird, you may know, when it has completed five centuries of its life, builds for itself a nest in the topmost branches of a waving palm-tree, using his talons and his clean beak; and when he has covered this over with cassiabark and spikes of smooth nard, broken cinnamon and yellow myrrh, he takes his place upon it and so ends his life amidst the odours. And from his father’s body, so they say, a little phoenix springs up which is destined to attain the same length of years. When age has given him strength, and he is able to carry burdens, he relieves the tall palm’s branches of the heavy nest, piously bears his own cradle and his father’s tomb through the thin air, until, having reached the city of the Sun, he lays the nest down before the sacred doors of the Sun’s temple.

“But if there is anything to wonder at in such novelties as these, we might wonder that the hyena changes her nature and that a creature which was but now a female and mated with a male is now a
id quoque, quod ventis animal nutritur et aura, prostinus adsimulat, tetigit quoscumque colores. victa racemifero lyncas dedit India Baccho: e quibus, ut memorant, quicquid vesica remisit, vertitur in lapides et congelat aere tacto. sic et euralium quo primum contigit auras tempore, durescit: mollis fuit herba sub undis. "Desinet ante dies et in alto Phoebus anhelos aequore tinguet equos, quam consequar omnia verbis in species translata novas: sic tempora verti cernimus atque illas adsimulere robora gentes, concidere has; sic magna fuit censuque virisque perque decem potuit tantum dare sanguinis annos, nunc humilis veteres tantummodo Troia ruinas et pro divitiis tumulos ostendit avorum; clara fuit Sparte, magnae viguere Mycenae, nec non et Cecropis, nec non Amphilios arcis. [vile solum Sparte est, aliae cecidere Mycenae, Oedipodioniae quid sunt, nisi nomina, Thebae? quid Pandioniae restant, nisi nomen, Athenae? ] nunc quoque Dardaniam fama est consurgere Romam, Appenninigenae quae proxima Thybridis undis mole sub ingenti verum fundamina ponit: haec igitur formam crescendo mutat et olim inmensi caput orbis erit! sic dicere vates faticinasque ferunt sortes, quantumque recordor, dixerat Aeneae, cum res Troiana labaret, Priamides Helenus flenti dubioque salutis: 'nate dea, si nota satis praesagia nostrae mentis habes, non tota cadet te sospite Troia'
male herself. That little animal, also, which gets its nourishment from wind and air immediately takes the colour of whatever thing it rests upon. Conquered India gave to cluster-crowned Bacchus some lynxes as a present, whose watery secretions, as they say, change into stones and harden in contact with the air. So also coral hardens at the first touch of air, whereas it was a soft plant beneath the water.

"The day will come to an end and Phoebus will bathe his panting horses in the deep waters of the sea before I tell of all the things which have assumed new forms. So we see times changing, and some nations putting on new strength and others falling into weakness. So was Troy great in wealth and men, and for ten years was able to give so freely of her blood; but now, humbled to earth, she has nought to show but ancient ruins, no wealth but ancestral tombs. Sparta was at one time a famous city; great Mycenae flourished, and Cecrops' and Amphion's citadels. Sparta is now a worthless countryside, proud Mycenae has fallen; and what is the Thebes of Oedipus except a name? What is left of Pandion's Athens but a name? And now fame has it that Dardanian Rome is rising, and laying deep and strong foundations by the stream of Tiber sprung from the Apennines. She therefore is changing her form by growth, and some day shall be the capital of the boundless world! So, they tell us, seers and fate-revealing oracles are declaring. And, as I myself remember, when Troy was tottering to her fall, Helenus, the son of Priam, said to Aeneas, who was weeping and doubtful of his fate: 'O son of Venus, if you keep well in mind my soul's prophetic visions, while you live Troy shall not wholly

1 The chameleon.
OVID

flamma tibi ferrumque dabunt iter: ibis et una
Pergama rapta feres, donec Troiaeque tibique
externum patria contingat amicius arvum,
urbem et iam cerno Phrygios debere nepotes,
quanta nec est nec erit nec visa prioribus annis. 445
hanc alii proceres per saecula longa potentem,
sed dominar rerum de sanguine natus Iuli
efficiet, quo cum tellur erit usa, fruentur
aetheriae sedes, caelumque erit exitus illi."
haec Helenum cecinisse penatigero Aeneae
mente memor refero cognataque moenia laetor
crescere et utiliter Phrygibus vicisse Pelasgos.

"Ne tamen oblitis ad metam tendere longe
exspatiemur equis, caelum et quodcumque sub illo
est,
inmutat formas, tellusque et quicquid in illa est, 455
nos quoque, pars mundi, quoniam non corpora solum,
verum etiam volucres animae sumus, inque ferinas
possimus ire domos pecudumque in corpora condi.
corpora, quae possint animas habuisse parentum
aut fratrum aut aliquo iunctorum foedere nobis 460
aut hominum certe, tuta esse et honesta sinamus
neve Thyesteis cumulemus viscera mensis!
quam male consuescit, quam se parat ille cruori
inpius humano, vituli qui guttura ferro
rumpit et inmotas præbet mugitibus aures,
aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus haedum
edentem iugulare potest aut alite vesci,
eui dedit ipse cibos! quantum est, quod desit in istis
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perish! Fire and sword shall give way before you. You shall go forth and with you shall you catch up and bear away your Pergama, until you shall find a foreign land, kinder to Troy and you than your own country. I see even now a city destined to the descendants of the Phrygians, than which none greater is or shall be, or has been in past ages. Other princes through the long centuries shall make her powerful, but a prince sprung from Iulus' blood shall make her mistress of the world. When earth shall have had her share of him, the celestial regions shall enjoy him and heaven shall be his goal.' These things I well remember that Helenus prophesied to Aeneas as he bore with him his guardian gods, and I rejoice that my kindred walls are rising and that the Greeks conquered to the profit of the Phrygians.

"But, not to wander too far out of my course, my steeds forgetting meanwhile to speed towards the goal, the heavens and whatever is beneath the heavens change their forms, the earth and all that is within it. We also change, who are a part of creation, since we are not bodies only but also winged souls, and since we can enter wild-beast forms and be lodged in the bodies of cattle. We should permit bodies which may possibly have sheltered the souls of our parents or brothers or those joined to us by some other bond, or of men at least, to be uninjured and respected, and not load our stomachs as with a Thyestean banquet! What an evil habit he is forming, how surely is he impiously preparing to shed human blood, who cuts a calf's throat with the knife and listens all unmoved to its piteous cries! Or who can slay a kid which cries just like a little child, or feed on a bird to which he himself has just given food! How much does such a deed as that fall short
OVID

ad plenum facinus? quo transitus inde paratur?
bos aret aut mortem senioribus inputet annis,
horriferum contra borcan ovis arma ministret,
ubera dent satureae manibus pressanda capillae!
retia cum pedeis laqueosque artesque dolosas
tollite! nec volucrem viscata fallite virga
nec formidatis cervos inludite pinnis
nec celate cibis uncos fallacibus ham;
perdite sita nocument, verum haec quoque perdite
tantum:
ora vacent opulis alimentaque mitia carpant!"

Talibus atque aliis instructo pectore dictis
in patriam remeasse ferunt ulturnque petitum
accepisse Numam populi Latialis habenas.
coniuge qui felix nympha ducibusque Camenis
sacrificios docuit ritus gentemque feroci
adsuctam bello pacis traduxit ad artes.
qui postquam senior regnumque aevumque peregit,
exstinctum Latialaque nurus populusque patresque
deflevere Numam; nam coniunx urbe relieta
vallis Aricinace densis latet abdita silvis
sacraque Orestaeae gemitu questuque Dianae
impedit. a! quotiens nympheae nemorisque lacusque,
ze faceret, monuere et consolantia verba
dixerunt! quotiens flenti Theseius heros
"siste modum," dixit "neque enim fortuna querenda
sola tua est; similes aliorum respice casus:
mitius ista feres, utinamque exempla dolentem
non mea te possent relevare! sed et mea possunt.
of actual murder? What is the end of such a course? Let the bull plow and let him owe his death to length of days; let the sheep arm you against the rough north wind; let the she-goats give full udders to the milking. Have done with nets and traps, snares and deceptive arts. Catch not the bird with the limed twig; no longer hem in the deer with fear-compelling feathers,¹ nor conceal the barbed hook beneath fair-seeming food. Kill creatures that work you harm, but even in the case of these let killing suffice. Make not their flesh your food, but seek a more harmless nourishment."

They say that Numa, with mind filled with these and other teachings, returned to his own land and, being urged thereto, assumed the guidance of the Latin state. He, blessed with a nymph ² for wife, blessed with the Muses' guidance, taught holy rites and trained a fierce, warlike people in the arts of peace. When he, now ripe in years, laid down his sceptre and his life, the Latin mothers, the commons, and the fathers all mourned for the departed Numa. For his wife fled from the city and hid herself away in the dense forests of the Arician vale, and by her groans and lamentations she disturbed the worship of Orestean Diana. Oh, how often the nymphs of wood and lake urged her to desist and spoke words of consolation! How often to the weeping nymph the heroic son of Theseus said: "Have done with tears, for yours is not the only lot to be lamented. Think upon others who have borne equal losses; then will you bear your own more gently. And I would that I had no experience of my own whereby to comfort you in your grief! But even mine can comfort you.

¹ Hung on trees to scare the deer towards the nets. ² Egeria.
"Fando aliquem Hippolytum vestras, puto, contigit aures
credulitate patris, sceleratae fraude novercae
occubuisse neci: mirabere, vixque probabo,

sed tamen ille ego sum. me Pasiphaeia quondam

temptatum frustra patriorum temerare cubile,
quod voluit, finxit voluisse et, crimen verso
(indiciine metu magis offensane repulsae?)

damnavit, meritumque nihil pater eicit urbe

hostiliique caput prece detestatur euntis.

Pittheam profugo curru Troezena petebam

iamque Corinthia carpebam litora ponti,
cum mare surrexit, cumulusque inmanis aquarum

in montis speciem curvari et crescere visus

et dare mugitus summoque cacumine findi;
corniger hinc taurus ruptis expellitur undis

pectoribusque tenus molles erectus in auras

naribus et patulo partem maris evomit ore.
corda pavent comitum, mihi mens interricta mansit

exiliis intenta suis, cum colla feroces

ad fretas converutunt adrectisque auribus horrent

quadrupedes monstrique metu turbantur et altis

praecipitant currum scopulis; ego ducere vana
frena manu spumis albentibus oblita luctor

et retro lentas tendo resupinus babenas.

nec tamen has vires rabies superasset equorum,

ni rota, perpetuum qua circumvertitur axem,
stipitis occursu fracta ac disiecta fuisset.
executior curru, lorisque tenentibus artus

viscera viva trahi, nervos in stipe teneri,
"You may have heard some mention of Hippolytus, how he met his death through the easy credence of his father and the wiles of his accursed stepmother. You will be amazed and I shall scarce prove my statement, but nevertheless I myself am he. Pasiphæ’s daughter once, when she had tried in vain to tempt me to defile my father’s couch, perverting truth, pretended that I had willed what she herself had willed (was it through fear of discovery or offence at her repulse?), and, guiltless though I was, my father drove me from the city and cursed me as I went with a deadly curse. Banished from home, I was making for Troezen, Pittheus’ city, in my chariot, and now was coursing along the beach of the Corinthian bay, when the sea rose up and a huge mound of water seemed to swell and grow to mountain size, to give forth bellowings, and to be cleft at its highest point. Then the waves burst and a horned bull was cast forth, and, raised from the sea breast-high into the yielding air, he spouted out great quantities of water from his nostrils and wide mouth. The hearts of my companions quaked with fear; but my own soul was unterrified, filled with its own thoughts of exile. Then suddenly my spirited horses faced towards the sea and, with ears pricked forward, quaked and trembled with fear at the monstrous shape; then dashed with the chariot at headlong speed over the steep, rocky way. I vainly strove to check them with the reins, flecked with white foam, and, leaning backward, strained at the tough thongs. Still would the horses’ mad strength not have surpassed my own had not a wheel, striking its hub against a projecting stock, been broken and wrenched off from the axle. I was thrown from my car, and while the reins held my legs fast, you might
membra rapi partim, partim reprensa relinqui, ossa gravem dare fracta sonum fessamque videres exhalari animam nullasque in corpore partes, noscere quas posses: unumque erat omnia vulnus, num potes aut audes eladi conponere nostrae, nympha, tuam? vidi quoque luce carentia regna et lacerum fovi Phlegethontide corpus in unda, nec nisi Apollineae valido medicamine prolis reddita vita foret; quam postquam fortibus herbis atque ope Paeonia Dite indignante recepi, tum mihi, ne praesens angerem muneris huius invidiam, densas obiecit Cynthia nubes, utque forum tutus possemque inpune videri, addidit aetatem nec cognoscenda reliquit ora mihi Cretemque diu dubitavit habendum traderet an Delon: Creta Deloque relictis hic posuit nomenque simul, quod possit equorum admonuisse, inbet deponere ‘qui’ que ‘fuisti Hippolytus,’ dixit ‘nunc idem Virbius esto!’ hoc nemus inde colo de disque minoribus unus numine sub dominae lateo atque accenseor illi.’

Non tamen Egeriae luctus aliena levare damna valent; montisque iacens radicibus imis liquitur in lacrimas, donec pietate dolentis mota soror Phoebi gelidum de corpore fontem fecit et aeternas artus tenuavit in undas.

Et nymphas tetigit nova res, et Amazone natus
see my living flesh dragged along, my sinews held on the sharp stake, my limbs partly drawn on and in part caught fast and left behind, and my bones broken with a loud, snapping sound. You might see my spent spirit breathed out and there was no part of my body which you could recognize, but it all was one great wound. Now can you, dare you, nymph, compare your loss with my disaster? Further, I saw the rayless world of death and bathed my torn body in the waves of Phlegethon. And there should I still be had not Apollo’s son by his potent remedies given me back my life. And when I had regained it by the help of strong herbs and medicinal aid, though ’twas against the will of Dis, then Cynthia threw a thick cloud around me, lest I be seen and stir up envy of my gift of life. And, that I might be safe and able to be seen without fear of punishment, she gave me the look of age and left me no features that could be recognized. She debated long whether to give me Crete or Delos for my home. But, deciding against Crete and Delos, she placed me here and bade me lay aside the name which could remind me of my horses, and said: ‘You who were Hippolytus shall now be Virbius.’ From that time I have dwelt within this grove and, one of the lesser deities, I hide beneath my mistress’ deity and am accepted as her follower.”

But Egeria’s grief could not be assuaged by the woes of others, and, lying prostrate at the mountain’s base, she melted away in tears; until Phoebus’ sister, in pity of her faithful sorrow, made her body into a cool spring and dissolved her slender limbs into unfailing streams.

This strange event struck the nymphs with wonder; and the son of the Amazon was no less
OVID

haut aliter stupuit, quam cum Tyrhenum arator
fatalem glæbam mediis adspexit in arvis
sponte tua primum nulloque agitante moveri,
sumere mox hominis terracque amittere formam
oraque venturis aperire recentia fatis:
indigenae dixere Tagen, qui primus Etruscam
edocuit gentem casus aperire futuros;
utve Palatinis haerentem collibus olim
cum subito vidit frondescere Romulus hastam,
quae radice nova, non ferro stabant adacto
et iam non telum, sed lenti viminis arbor
non exspectatas dabat admirantibus umbras;
aut sua fluminea cum vidit Cipus in unda
cornua (vidit enim) falsamque in imagine credens
esse fidem, digitis ad frontem sæpe relatis,
quae vidit, tetigit, nec iam sua lumina damnans
restitit, ut victor domito veniebat ab hoste,
ad caelumque manus et eodem lumina tollens
"quicquid," ait "superi, monstro portenditur isto,
seu lactum est, patriæ lactum populoque Quirini,
sive minax, mihi sit." viridique e caespite factas
placat odoratis herbosae ignibus aras
vinaque dat pateris mactatarumque bidentum,
quid sibi significent, trepidantia consulit exta;
quae simul adspexit Tyrhenae gentis haruspex,
magna quidem rerum molimina vidit in illis,
non manifesta tamen; cum vero sustulit acre
a pecudis fibris ad Cipi cornua lumen,
"rex," ait "o! salve! tibi enim, tibi, Cipe, tuisque
amazed than was the Tyrrhene plowman when he saw in his fields a clod, big with fate, first moving of its own accord, and with no one touching it, then taking on the form of man and losing its earthy shape, and finally opening its new-made mouth to speak things that were to be. The natives called him Tages, who first taught the Etruscan race how to read the future. And no less amazed than was Romulus when of old he saw his spear, which he had planted on the Palatine hill, suddenly putting forth leaves, and standing, not with iron point driven in the earth, but with new-grown roots; and now 'twas not a spear at all, but a tough-fibred tree, giving unexpected shade to those who gazed on it in wonder; or than was Cipus when in the river water he saw horns springing from his head. For he saw them and, thinking that he was deceived by the reflection, lifting his hands again and again to his forehead, he touched what he saw; and now no longer disbelieving his eyes he halted on his triumphal march and lifting his hands and eyes to the heavens cried: "O ye gods, whatever is portended by this monstrous thing, if it be fortunate, let the good fortune befall my country and the people of Quirinus; but if it threaten ill, may the ill be mine." Then, making an altar of green turf, he appeased the gods with a fragrant burnt-offering, made a libation of wine, and consulted the quivering entrails of the slaughtered victims as to what they might mean for him. When the Etruscan seer inspected these he saw the signs of great enterprises there, but not yet clearly visible. But when he raised his keen eyes from the sheep's entrails to the horns of Cipus, he cried: "All hail, O king! for to thee, to thee, Cipus, and to thy horns
hie locus et Latiae parebunt cornibus arces.
tu modo rumpe moras portasque intrare patentes
adprorea! sic fata iubent; namque urbe receptus
rex eris et sceptro tutus potiere perenni.” 585
rettulit ille pedem torvamque a moenibus urbis
avertens faciem “procul, a! procul omnia” dixit
“talia di pellant! multoqae ego iustius aevum
exul agam, quam mc videant Capitolia regem.”
dixit et extemplo populumque gravemque senatum
convocat, ante tamen pacali cornua lauro 59!
velat et aggeribus actis a militae forti
insistit priscosque deos e more precatus
“est” ait “hie unus, quem vos nisi pellitis urbe,
rex erit: is qui sit, signo, non nomine dicam: 595
cornua fronte gerit! quem vobis indicat augur,
si Romam intrurit, famularia iura daturum.
ille quidem potuit portas inrumpere apertas,
sed nos obstitimus, quamvis coniunctior illo
nemo mihi est: vos urbe virum prohibete, Quirites,
vel, si dignus erit, gravibus vincite catenis 601
aut finite metum fatalis morte tyranni!”
qualia succinetis, ubi trux insibilat eurus,
murmura pinetis sint, aut qualia fluctus
aequorei faciunt, siquis procul audiat illos, 605
tale sonat populus; sed per confusa frementis
verba tamen vulgi vox eminet una “quis ille est?”
et spectant frontes praedictaque cornua quaerunt.
rursus ad hos Cipus “quem poscitis,” inquit
“habetis” 406
shall this place and Latium's citadels bow down. Only delay not and make speed to enter the open gates! Such is fate's command; for, received within the city, thou shalt be king and wield the sceptre in safe and endless sway.” He started back and, keeping his gaze stubbornly turned from the city's walls, he said: “Far, oh, far from me may the gods keep every such fate. Better far it is that I should spend my days exiled from home than that the Capitol should see me king.” He spoke and straightway called a joint assembly of the people and the reverend senate. But first he hid his horns with a wreath of peaceful laurel; then, standing on a mound raised by the brave soldiery and praying to the ancient gods according to the rite, he said: “There is one here who will be king unless you drive him from your city. Who he is, not by his name but by a sign I will disclose to you: he wears horns upon his brow! The augur declares that if once he enters Rome he will reduce you to the rank of slaves. He might have forced his way through your gates, for they stand open; but I withstood him, though no one is more closely bound to him than I. Do you, Quirites, keep him from your city, or, if he deserves it, bind him with heavy fetters, or end your fear of the fated tyrant by his death!” At this such a murmur arose among the people as comes from the high-girt pine-groves when the boisterous wind whistles through them, or as the waves of the sea make heard from afar. But, midst the confused words of the murmuring throng, one cry rose clear: “Who is the man?” They looked at each other's foreheads, and sought to find the horns that had been spoken of. Then Cipus spoke again and said: “Him whom you seek you have”; and removing the wreath from
et dempta capiti populo prohibente corona
exhibuit gemino praesignia tempora cornu.
demisere oculos omnes gemitumque dedere
atque illud meritis clarum (quis credere possit ?)
inviti videre caput : nec honore carere
ulterius passi festam inposuere coronam ;
at proceres, quoniam muros intrare vetaris,
ruris honorati tantum tibi, Cipe, dedere,
quantum depresso subiectis bobus aratro
conplecti posses ad finem lucis ab ortu.
cornuaque aeratis miram referentia formam
postibus inculpunt, longum mansura per aevum.

Pandite nunc, Musae, praesentia numina vatum,
(scitis enim, nec vos fallit spatiosa vetustas,)
unde Coroniden circumflua Thybridis alti
insula Romuleae sacris adiecerit urbis.

Dira lues quondam Latias vitiaverat auras,
pallidaque exsangui squalebant corpora morbo.
funeribus fessi postquam mortalia cernunt
temptamenta nihil, nihil artes posse medentum,
auxilium caeleste petunt medianque tenentis
orbis humum Delphos adeunt, oracula Phoebi,
utque salutifera miseris succurrere rebus
sorte velit tantaque urbis mala finiat, orant :
et locus et laurus et, quas habet ipse pharetras,
intremuere simul, cortinaque reddidit imo
hanc adyto vocem pavesfactaque pectora movit.

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his head, while the people sought to stay him, he showed to them his temples marked with the two horns. All cast down their eyes and groaned aloud, and (who could believe it?) reluctantly looked upon that deservedly illustrious head. Then, not suffering him further to stand dishonoured, they replaced upon his head the festal wreath. But the senate, since you might not come within the walls, gave you, Cipus, as a gift of honour, as much land as you could enclose with a yoke of oxen and a plow from dawn till close of day. And the horns in all their wondrous beauty they engraved upon the bronze pillars of the gates, there to remain through all the ages.

Reveal to me now, O Muses, ye ever-helpful divinities of bards (for you know, nor has far-stretching time dimmed your memory), whence did the island bathed by the deep Tiber bring Coronis' son¹ and set him midst the deities of Rome.

In olden time a deadly pestilence had corrupted Latium's air, and men's bodies lay wasting and pale with a ghastly disease. When, weary with caring for the dead, men saw that their human efforts were as nothing, and that the healers' arts were of no avail, they sought the aid of heaven, and, coming to Delphi, situate in the earth's central spot, the sacred oracle of Phoebus, they begged that the god would vouchsafe with his health-bringing lots to succour them in their wretchedness and end the woes of their great city. Then did the shrine and the laurel-tree and the quiver which the god himself bears quake together, and the tripod from the inmost shrine gave forth these words and stirred their hearts trembling with fear: "What you seek

¹ Aesculapius.
OVID

"quod petis hinc, propiore loco, Romane, petisses, et pete nune propiore loco: nec Apolline vobis, qui minuat luctus, opus est, sed Apolline nato. ite bonis avibus prolemque accersite nostram." 640

iussa dei prudens postquam accepere senatus, quam colat, explorant, iuvenis Phoebieius urbem, quique petant ventis Epidauria litora, mittunt; quae simul incurva missi tетigere carina, concilium Graiosque patres adiere, darentque, 645 oravere, deum, qui praesens funera gentis finiat Ausoniae: certas ita dicere sortes.

dissidet et variat sententia, parsque negandum non putat auxilium, multi retinere suamque non emittere opem nec numina tradere suident: 650
dum dubitant, seram pepulere crepuscula lucem;
umbraque telluris tenebras induxerat orbi,
cum deus in somnis opifer consistere visus ante tuum, Romane, torum, sed qualis in aede esse solet, baculumque tenens agreste sinistra 655
caesariem longae dextra deducere barbae et placido tales emittere pectore voces:

"pone metus! veniam simulacraque nostra relinquam. hunc modo serpentem, baculum qui nexibus ambit, perspice et usque nota visu, ut cognoscere possis! 660
vertar in hunc: sed maior ero tantusque videbor, in quantum debent caelestia corpora verti."

extemplo cum voce deus, cum voce deoque somnus abit, somnique fugam lux alma secuta est. postera sidereos aurora fugaverat ignes: 665

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from this place you should have sought, O Roman, from a nearer place. And even now seek from that nearer place. Nor have you any need of Apollo to abate your troubles, but of Apollo's son. Go with kindly auspices and call on my son." When the senate, rich in wisdom, heard the commands of the god, they sought in what city the son of Phoebus dwelt, and sent an embassy by ship to seek out the coast of Epidaurus. When the embassy had beached their curved keel upon that shore, they betook them to the council of the Grecian elders and prayed that they would give the god who with his present deity might end the deadly woes of the Ausonian race; for thus the oracle distinctly bade. The elders disagreed and sat with varying minds. Some thought that aid should not be refused; but the many advised to keep their god and not let go the source of their own wealth nor deliver up their deity. And while they sat in doubt the dusk of evening dispelled the lingering day and the darkness spread its shadows over the world. Then did the health-giving god seem in your dreams to stand before your couch, O Roman, even as he is wont to appear in his own temple, holding his rustic staff in his left hand and with his right stroking his flowing beard, and with calm utterance to speak these words: "Fear not! I shall come and leave my shrine. Only look upon this serpent which twines about my staff, and fix it on your sight that you may know it. I shall change myself to this, but shall be larger and shall seem as great as celestial bodies should be when they change." Straightway the god vanished as he spoke, and with the voice and the god sleep vanished too, and the kindly day dawned as sleep fled. The next morning had put the gleaming
incerti, quid agant, proceres ad templo petiti
convenient operosa dei, quaque ipse morari
sedevelit, signis caelestibus indicet, orant.
vix bene desierant, cum cristis aureus altis
in serpente deus praenuntia sibila misit
adventuque suo signumque arasque foresque
marmoreumque solum fastigiaque aurea movit
pectoribusque tenus media sublimis in aede
constitit atque oculos circumtulit igne micantes:
territa turba pavet, cognovit numina castos
evinctus vitta crines albente sacerdos;
"en deus est, deus est! animis linguisque favete,
quisquis adest!" dixit "sis, o pulcherrime, visus
utiliter populosque iuves tua sacra colentes!"
quisquis adest, iussum venerantur numen, et omnes
verba sacerdotis referunt geminata piumque
Aeneadae praestant et mente et voce favorem.
adnuit his motisque deus rata pignora cristis
et repetita dedit vibrata sibila lingua;
tum gradibus nitidis delabitur oraque retro
flectit et antiquas abiturus respicit aras
adsuetasque domos habitataque templaque salutat.
inde per iniectis adopertam floribus ingens
serpit humum flectitque sinus mediamque per urbem
tendit ad incurvo munitos aggere portus.
restitit hic agmenque suum turbaequesequentis
officium placido visus dimittere vultu
corpus in Ausonia posuit rate: numinis illa
stars to flight when the chiefs, still uncertain what to do, assembled at the sumptuous temple of the sought-for god and begged him by heavenly tokens to reveal where he himself wished to abide. Scarce had they ceased to speak when the golden god, in the form of a serpent with high crest, uttered hissing warnings of his presence, and at his coming the statue, altars, doors, the marble pavement and gilded roof, all rocked. Then, raised breast-high in the temple’s midst, he stood and gazed about with eyes flashing fire. The terrified multitude quaked with fear; but the priest, with his sacred locks bound with a white fillet, recognized the divinity and cried: “The god! behold the god! Think holy thoughts and stand in reverent silence, all ye who are in this presence. And, O thou most beautiful, be this vision of thee expedient for us and bless thou this people who worship at thy shrine.” All in the divine presence worshipped the god as they were bid, repeating the priest’s words after him, and the Romans, too, performed their pious devotions with heart and lips. The god nodded graciously to them and, moving his crest, assured them of his favour and with darting tongue gave forth repeated hisses. Then he glided down the polished steps and with backward gaze looked fixedly upon the ancient altars which he was about to leave, and saluted his well-known home and the shrine where he had dwelt so long. Thence the huge serpent wound his way along the ground covered with scattered flowers, bending and coiling as he went, and proceeded through the city’s midst to the harbour guarded by a curving embankment. Here he halted and, seeming with kindly expression to dismiss his throng of pious followers, he took his place within the Ausonian ship. It felt the burden
sensit onus, pressa est que dei gravitate carina;
Aeneadae gaudent caesque in litore tauro
torta coronatae solvunt retinacula navis.
inpulerat levis aura ratem: deus eminet alte
inpositaque premens puppis cervice recurvam
daeruleas despectat aquis medicisque per aequor
Ionium zephyris sextae Pallantidos ortu
Italianam tenuit praeterque Lacinia templo
nobilitata deae Scytaceaque litora fertur;
linquit Iapygium laevisque Amphrisia remis
saxa fugit, dextra praerupta Cocinthia parte,
Romethiumque legit Caulonaque Naryciamque
evincitque fretum Siculique augusta Pelori
Hippotadaeque domos regis Temesesque metallae
Leucosiamque petit tepidique rosaria Paesti.
inde legit Capreas promunturiumque Minervae
et Surrentino generosos palmite colles
Herculiamque urbeem Stabiasque et in otia natam
Parthenopen et ab hac Cumaceae templae Sibyllae.
hinc calidi fontes lentisciferumque tenetur
Liternum multanque trahens sub gurgite harenam
Volturnus niveisque frequens Sinuessa columbis
Minturnaeque graves et quam tumulavit alumnus
Antiphataeque domus Trachasque obsessa palude
et tellus Circeae et spissi litoris Antium.
huc ubi veliferam nautae advertere carinam,
(asper enim iam pontus erat), deus explicat orbes
perque sinus crebros et magna volumina labens
of the deity and the keel was forced deep down by the god's weight. The Romans were filled with joy and, after sacrificing a bull upon the beach, they wreathed their ship with flowers and cast loose from the shore. A gentle breeze bore the vessel on, while the god, rising on high and reclining heavily with his neck resting upon the ship's curving stern, gazed down upon the azure waters. With fair winds he sailed through the Ionian sea and on the sixth morning he reached Italy, sailed past the shores of Lacinium, famed for Juno's temple, past Scylaceum, left Iapygia behind, and, avoiding the Amphrisian rocks upon the left and the Cœinthian crags upon the right, skirted Romethium and Caulon and Narycia; then passed the Sicilian sea and Pelorus' narrow strait, sailed by the home of King Hippotades, past the coppermines of Temesa, and headed for Leucosia and mild Paestum's rose-gardens. Thence he skirted Capreæ, Minerva's promontory, and the hills of Surrentum rich in vines; thence sailed to Herculaneum and Stabiae and Partenope, for soft pleasure founded, and from there to the temple of the Cumaean Sibyl. Next the hot pools were reached, and Liternum, thick grown with mastic-bearing trees, and the Volturnus, sweeping along vast quantities of sand beneath its whirling waters; Sinuessa, with its thronging flocks of snow-white doves; unwholesome Minturnæ and the place named for her whose foster-son entombed her there; the home of Antiphates, marsh-encompassed Trachas, Circe's land also, and Antium with its hard-packed shore. When to this place the sailors turned their ship with sails full spread (for the sea was rough) the god unfolded his coils and, gliding on with many a sinuous curve and mighty fold, entered

1 i.e. Naples. 2 Of Baiae. 3 Caieta. 4 Aeneas.
OVID

*templā parentis init flavum tangentia litus.*
aequore placato patrias Epidaurius aras
linquit et hospitio iuncti sibi numinis usus
litoream tractu squamae crepitantis harenam
sulcat et innixus moderamine navis in alta
puppe caput posuit, donec Castrumque sacrasque
Lavini sedes Tiberinaque ad ostia venit.
huc omnis populi passim matrumque patrumque
obvia turba ruit, quaeque ignes, Troica, servant,
Vesta, tuos, laetoque deum clamore salutant.
quaque per adversas navis cita ducitur undas,
tura super ripas aris ex ordine factis
parte ab utraque sonant et odorant aera fumis,
ictaque coniectos incalfacit hostia cultros.
iamque caput rerum, Romanam intraverat urbem:
erigitur serpens summoque acclinia malo
colla movet sedesque sibi circumspicit aptas.
scinditur in geminas partes circumfluus amnis
(Insula nomen habet) laterumque a parte duorum
porrigit aequales media tellure lacertos:
huc se de Latia pinu Phoebeiua anguis
contulit et finem specie caeleste resumpta
luctibus inposuit venitque salutifer urbi.

Hic tamen accessit delubris advena nostris:
Caesar in urbe sua deus est; quem Marte togaque
praecipuum non bella magis finita triumphis
resque domi gestae properataque gloria rerum
in sidus vertere novum stellamque comantem,
quam sua progenies; neque enim de Caesaris actis

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his father's temple set on the tawny strand. When
the sea had calmed again, the Epidaurian god left
his paternal altars and, having enjoyed the hospitality
of his kindred deity, furrowed the sandy shore as he
dragged his rasping scales along and, climbing up
the rudder, reposed his head on the vessel’s lofty
stern, until he came to Castrum, the sacred seats of
Lavinium and the Tiber’s mouth. Hither the whole
mass of the populace came thronging to meet him
from every side, matrons and fathers and the maids
who tend thy fires, O Trojan Vesta, and they saluted
the god with joyful cries. And where the swift ship
floated up the stream incense burned with a crackling
sound on altars built in regular order on both the
banks, the air was heavy with sweet perfumes, and
the smitten victim warmed the sacrificial knife with
his blood. And now the ship had entered Rome,
the capital of the world. The serpent raised himself
aloft and, resting his head upon the mast’s top,
moved it from side to side, viewing the places fit for
his abode. The river, flowing around, separates at
this point into two parts, forming the place called
the Island; on each side it stretches out two equal
arms with the land between. On this spot the
serpent-son of Phoebus disembarked from the Latian
ship and, resuming his heavenly form, put an end
to the people’s woes and came to them as health-
bringer to their city.

Now he came to our shrines as a god from a foreign
land; but Caesar is god in his own city. Him, illustri-
ous in war and peace, not so much his wars trium-
phantly achieved, his civic deeds accomplished,
and his glory quickly won, changed to a new
heavenly body, a flaming star; but still more his
offspring deified him. For there is no work among
ullum maius opus, quam quod pater exstitit huius: scilicet aequoreos plus est domuisse Britannos perque papyriferi septemflua flumina Nili victrices egisse rates Numidasque rebelles Cinyphiumque Iubam Mithridateisque tumentem 755 nominibus Pontum populo adiecisse Quirini et multos meruisse, aliquos egisse triumphos, quam tantum genuisse virum, quo praeside rerum humano generi, superi, favistis abunde! ne foret hic igitur mortali semine cretus, 760 ille deus faciendus erat; quod ut aurea vidit Aeneae genetrix, vidit quoque triste parari pontifici letum et conjurata arma moveri, palluit et cunctis, ut cuique erat obvia, divis "adspice," dicebat "quanta mihi mole parentur 765 insidia, quantaque caput cum fraude petatur, quod de Dardanio solum mihi restat Iulo. solane semper ero iustis exercita curis, quam modo Tydidae Calydonia vulneret hasta, nunc male defensae confundant moenia Troiae, 770 quae videam natum longis erroribus actum iactarique freto sedesque intrare silentum bellaque cum Turno gerere, aut, si vera fatemur, cum lunone magis? quid nunc antiqua recordor damna mei generis? timor hic meminisse priorum non sinit; en acui sceleratos cernitis enses? 776 quos prohibete, precor, facinusque repellite neve caede sacerdotis flammans extinguite Vestae!"
all Caesar's achievements greater than this, that he became the father of this our Emperor. Is it indeed a greater thing to have subdued the sea-girt Britons, to have led his victorious fleet up the seven-mouthed stream of the papyrus-bearing Nile, to have added the rebellious Numidians, Libyan Juba, and Pontus, swelling with threats of the mighty name of Mithridates, to the sway of the people of Quirinus, to have celebrated some triumphs and to have earned many more—than to have begotten so great a man? With him as ruler of the world, you have indeed, O heavenly ones, showered rich blessings upon the human race! So then, that his son might not be born of mortal seed, Caesar must needs be made a god. When the golden mother of Aeneas saw this, and saw also that dire destruction was being plotted against her high-priest and that an armed conspiracy was forming, she paled with fear and cried to all the gods as she met them in turn: "Behold what a crushing weight of plots is prepared against me, and with what snares that life is sought which alone remains to me from Dardanian Iulus. Shall I alone for ever be harassed by well-founded cares, since now the Calydonian spear of Diomede wounds me and now the falling walls of ill-defended Troy overwhelm me, since I see my son driven by long wanderings, tossed on the sea, entering the abodes of the silent shades and waging war with Turnus, or, if we speak plain truth, with Juno rather? But why do I now recall the ancient sufferings of my race? This present fear of mine does not permit me to remember former woes. Look! do you not see that impious daggers are being whetted? Ward them off, I pray, prevent this crime and let not Vesta's fires be extinguished by her high-priest's blood!"
OVID

Talia nequiquam toto Venus anxia caelo
verba iacit superosque movet, qui rumpere quamquam
ferrea non possunt veterum decreta sororum,
signa tamen luctus dant haut incerta futuri;
arma ferunt inter nigras crepitantia nubes
terribilesque tubas auditaque cornua caelo
praemonuisset nefas; solis quoque tristis imago
lurida sollicitis praebebat lumina terris;
saepe faces visae mediis ardere sub astris,
saepe inter nimbos guttae cecidere cruentae;
caerulus et vultum ferrugine Lucifer atra
sparsus erat, sparsi lunares sanguine currus;
tristia mille locis Stygius dedit omnia bubo,
mille locis lacrimavit ebur, cantusque feruntur
auditi sanctis et verba minantia lucis.
victima nulla litat, magnosque instare tumultus
fibra monet, caesiumque caput reperitur in extis,
inque foro circumque domos et templae deorum
nocturnos ululasse canes umbrasque silentum
erravisse ferunt motamque tremoribus urbe.
non tamen insidias venturaque vincere fata
praemonitus potuere deum, strictique feruntur
in templum gladii: neque enim locus ullus in urbe
ad facinus diramque placet nisi curia caedem.
tum vero Cytherea manu percussit utraque
pectus et Aeneaden molitur condere nube,
qua prius infesto Paris est ereptus Atridae,
et Diomedeos Aeneas fugerat enses.
talibus hanc genitor: "sola insuperabile fatum,
The anxious goddess cried these complaints throughout the sky, but all in vain. The gods were moved indeed; and although they were not able to break the iron decrees of the ancient sisters, still they gave no uncertain portents of the woe that was at hand. They say that the clashing of arms amid the dark storm-clouds and fear-inspiring trumpets and horns heard in the sky forewarned men of the crime; also the darkened face of the sun shone with lurid light upon the troubled lands. Often firebrands were seen to flash amidst the stars; often drops of blood fell down from the clouds; the morning-star was of dusky hue and his face was blotted with dark red spots, and Luna's chariot was stained with blood. In a thousand places the Stygian owl gave forth his mournful warnings; in a thousand places ivory statues dripped tears, and in the sacred groves wailing notes and threatening words were heard. No victim sufficed for expiation; the liver warned that portentous struggles were at hand and its lobe was found cleft amidst the entrails. In the marketplace and around men's houses and the temples of the gods, they say, dogs howled by night, the shades of the silent dead walked abroad and the city was shaken with earthquakes. Yet even so, the warnings of the gods were unable to check the plots of men and the advancing fates. Naked swords were brought into the sacred curia; for no place in the whole city would do for this crime, this dreadful deed of blood, save only that. Then indeed did Cytherea smite on her breast with both her hands and strive to hide her Caesar in a cloud in which of old Paris had been rescued from the murderous Atrides and in which Aeneas had escaped the sword of Diomede. Then thus the Father spoke: "Dost thou, by thy sole
nata, movere paras? intres licet ipsa sororum
tecta trium: cernes illis molimine vasto
ex aere et solido rerum tabularia ferro,
quae neque concussum caeli neque fulminis iram
nec metuunt uillas tua atque aeterna ruinas;
invenies illis incisa adamante perenni
fata tui genereis: legi ipse animoque notavi
et referam, ne sis etiamnum ignara futuri.
hic sua conplevit, pro quo, Cytherea, laboras,
tempora, perfectis, quos terrae debuit, annis.
ut deus accedat caelo templisque colatur,
tu facies natusque suus, qui nominis heres
inpositum feret unus onus caesique parentis
nos in bella suos fortissimus ultor habebit.
ilius auspiciis obsessae moenia pacem
victa petent Mutinae, Pharsalia sentiet illum,
Emathiiique iterum madefient caede Philippi,
et magnum Siculis nomen superabitur undis,
Romanique ducis coniunx Aegyptia taedae
non bene fisca cadet, frustraque erit illa minata,
servitura suo Capitolia nostra Canopo.
quid tibi barbariem gentesque ab utroque iacentes
oceano numerem? quodcumque habitabile tellus
sustinet, huius erit: pontus quoque serviet illi!

1 i.e. Macedonian; Emathia was a district of Macedonia.
2 Though Philippi is in Macedonia and Pharsalus in
Thessaly, Ovid with poetic daring practically identifies the
two great battlefields.
power, my daughter, think to move the changeless fates? Thou thyself mayst enter the abode of the three sisters. Thou shalt there behold the records of all that happens on tablets of brass and solid iron, a massive structure, tablets which fear neither the crashings of the sky, nor the lightning's fearful power, nor any destructive shocks which may befall, being eternal and secure. There shalt thou find engraved on everlasting adamant thy descendant's fates. I have myself read these and marked them well in mind; and these will I relate, that thou mayst be no longer ignorant of that which is to come. This son of thine, goddess of Cythera, for whom thou grievest, has fulfilled his allotted time, and his years are finished which he owed to earth. That as a god he may enter heaven and have his place in temples on the earth, thou shalt accomplish, thou and his son. He as successor to the name shall bear alone the burden placed on him, and, as the most valiant avenger of his father's murder, he shall have us as ally for his wars. Under his command the conquered walls of leaguered Mutina shall sue for peace; Pharsalia shall feel his power; Emathian Philippi shall reek again with blood; and he of the great name shall be overcome on Sicilian waters. A Roman general's Egyptian mistress, who did not well to rely upon the union, shall fall before him, and in vain shall she have threatened that our Capitol shall bow to her Canopus. But why should I recall barbaric lands to you and nations lying on either ocean-shore? Nay, whatsoever habitable land the earth contains shall be his, and the sea also shall come beneath his sway.

3 Sextus Pompeius, youngest son of Pompey the Great. He seems also to have assumed the name Magnus.
"Pace data terris animum ad civilia vertet iura suum legesque seret iustissimus auctor exemploque suo mores reget inque futuri temporis aetatem venturorumque nepotum prospeciens prolem sancta de coniuge natam ferre simul nomenque suum eurasque iubebit, nec nisi cum senior Pylios aequaverit annos, aetherias sedes cognataque sidera tanget. hanc animam interea caeso de corpore raptam fac iubar, ut semper Capitolia nostra forumque divus ab excelsa prospectet Iulius aede!"

Vix ea fatus erat, media cum sede senatus constituitor alma Venus nulli cernenda suique Caesaris eripuit membris nec in aera solvi passa recentem animam caelestibus intulit astris dumque tulit, lumen capere atque ignescere sensit emisitque sinu: luna volat altius illa flamiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem stella micat natique videns bene facta fatetur esse suis maiora et Vinci gaudet ab illo.

hic sua praeferri quamquam vetat acta paternis, libera fama tamen nullisque obnoxia iussis invitum praefert unaque in parte repugnat:
sic magnus cedit titulis Agamemnonis Atreus, Aegea sic Theseus, sic Pelea vicit Achilles; denique, ut exemplis ipsos aequantibus utar, sic et Saturnus minor est Iove: Iuppiter arces
"When peace has been bestowed upon all lands he shall turn his mind to the rights of citizens, and as a most righteous jurist promote the laws. By his own good example shall he direct the ways of men, and, looking forward to future time and coming generations, he shall bid the son, born of his chaste wife, to bear at once his name and the burden of his cares; and not till after he as an old man shall have equalled Nestor's years shall he attain the heavenly seats and his related stars. Meanwhile do thou catch up this soul from the slain body and make him a star in order that ever it may be the divine Julius who looks forth upon our Capitol and Forum from his lofty temple."

Scarce had he spoken when fostering Venus took her place within the senate-house, unseen of all, caught up the passing soul of her Caesar from his body, and not suffering it to vanish into air, she bore it towards the stars of heaven. And as she bore it she felt it glow and burn, and released it from her bosom. Higher than the moon it mounted up and, leaving behind it a long fiery train, gleamed as a star. And now, beholding the good deeds of his son, he confesses that they are greater than his own, and rejoices to be surpassed by him. And, though the son forbids that his own deeds be set above his father's, still fame, unfettered and obedient to no one's will, exalts him spite of his desire, and in this one thing opposes his commands. So does the great Atreus yield in honour to his son, Agamemnon; so does Theseus rival Aegeus, and Achilles, Peleus; finally, to quote an instance worthy of themselves, is Saturn less than Jove. Jupiter controls the heights

1 Tiberius, son of Livia and Ti. Claudius Nero.
2 i.e. of Julius Caesar.
temperat aetherias et mundi regna triformis, terra sub Augusto est; pater est et rector uterque. di, precor, Aeneae comites, quibus ensis et ignis cesserunt, dique Indigetes genitorque Quirine urbis et invicti genitor Gradive Quirini Vestaque Caesareos inter sacra penates, et cum Caesarea tu, Phoebe domestice, Vesta, quique tenes altus Tarpeias Iuppiter arces, quosque alios vati fas appellare piumque est: tarda sit illa dies et nostro serior aevo, qua caput Augustum, quem temperat, orbe relictum accedat caelo faveatque precantibus absens!

Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira nec ignis nec poterit ferrum nec edax abolere vetustas. cum volet, illa dies, quae nil nisi corporis huius ius habet, incerti spatium mihi finiat aevi: parte tamen meliore mei super alta perennis astra ferar, nomenque erit indelebile nostrum, quaque patet domitis Romana potentia terris, ore legar populi, perque omnia saecula fama, siquid habent veri vatuum praesagia, vivam.
of heaven and the kingdoms of the triformed universe; but the earth is under Augustus' sway. Each is both sire and ruler. O gods, I pray you, comrades of Aeneas, before whom both fire and sword gave way, and ye native gods of Italy, and thou, Quirinus, father of our city, and Gradivus, invincible Quirinus' sire, and Vesta, who hast ever held a sacred place midst Caesar's household gods, and thou Apollo, linked in worship with our Caesar's Vesta, and Jupiter, whose temple sits high on Tarpeia's rock, and all ye other gods to whom it is fitting for the bard to make appeal: far distant be that day and later than our own time when Augustus, abandoning the world he rules, shall mount to heaven and there, removed from our presence, listen to our prayers!

And now my work is done, which neither the wrath of Jove, nor fire, nor sword, nor the gnawing tooth of time shall ever be able to undo. When it will, let that day come which has no power save over this mortal frame, and end the span of my uncertain years. Still in my better part I shall be borne immortal far beyond the lofty stars and I shall have an undying name. Wherever Rome's power extends over the conquered world, I shall have mention on men's lips, and, if the prophecies of bards have any truth, through all the ages shall I live in fame.
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Nestor, son of Neleus, king of Pylos, one of twelve brothers, all of whom were killed by Hercules except himself, viii. 365; xii. 550 ff.; in his youth he participated in the Calydonian boar hunt, viii. 313; he was famous among the Greeks at Troy for his wisdom and eloquence, xii. 178, 577; after the death of Cycnus, he tells the story of Caenis, a girl changed into the invulnerable youth Caeneus, xii. 169 ff.; he explains to Tlepolemus the cause of his hatred for Hercules, xii. 542 ff.; was deserted in his need by Ulysses on the battlefield, xiii. 63

Nileus, an opponent of Perseus, who boasted that he descended from the Nilus river-god, v. 187

Nilus, the great river and river-god of Egypt, r. 423, 728; ii. 254; v. 187, 324; ix. 774; xv. 753

Ninus, an Assyrian king, husband of Semiramis, iv. 88

Niobe, daughter of the Phrygian king Tantalus and of Dione, one of the Pleiades, daughter of Atlas, vi. 172, 174, 211; wife of Amphion, king of Thebes, vi. 178, 271; mother of seven sons and seven daughters, on account of her boastful pride in whom she aroused the wrath of Latona (see Latona), vi. 165 ff.; at last, in her stony grief, she was changed to a stone and carried to her native Mount Sipylus, where the tears still flow down her stony face, vi. 305 ff.

Niseia virgo, Scylla, the daughter of Nisos, viii. 35

Nisos, a king of Megara, besieged by Minos; he had a purple lock of hair upon the preser-

vation of which his life and kingdom depended; this lock his daughter Scylla, secretly in love with Minos, cut off and gave to her father’s enemy, viii. 8 ff.

Nixi patres, three guardian deities of women in labour; their statues stood in the Capitol at Rome, representing the gods in a kneeling posture, ix. 294

Nixus genu, “the one bending his knee,” the constellation of the kneeling Hercules, viii. 182

Noëmon, a Lycian, xiii. 258

Nonaeria, Nonaerinus, from Nona-cris, a mountain and city in Arcadia, = Arcadian, i. 690; ii. 409; viii. 425

Noricus, of Noricum, a country lying between the Danube and the Alps, xiv. 712

Notius, the south wind, bringer of rain, i. 264

Nóx, goddess of Night, daughter of Chaos, mother of the Furies, iv. 452; xiv. 404

Nümblius, the second king of Rome, goes to Crotona to study the philosophy of Pythagoras, xv. 4 ff.; marries the nymph Egerla, xv. 482; dies at a ripe old age, xv. 485

Numícius, a small river in Latium, xiv. 328, 599

Numídae, a people in Northern Africa, conquered by Caesar in 46 B.C. at the battle of Thapsus, xv. 754

Numitor, king of Alba, driven from his throne by his brother Amulius, but restored by his grandsons, Romulus and Remus, xiv. 773

Nyæcis, Antlope, daughter of the Boeotian king Nyæsus; mother by Jupiter of Zethus and Amphion, vi. 111
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Nyctellus, a name of Bacchus from the fact that his mysteries were performed at night, iv. 15

Nycteus (not the father of Antiope), a companion of Diomedes, changed by Venus into a bird, xiv. 504

Nyctimene, daughter of Epopeus, king of Lesbos, who unknowingly had intercourse with her father; in despair she fled into the forest, where she was changed by Minerva into an owl, ii. 890 ff.

Nyseides, the nymphs of Mount Nysa in India, who cared for the infant Bacchus in their caves, iii. 314; Bacchus obtained their rejuvenation from Medea, vii. 295

Nyseus, an epithet of Bacchus from Mount Nysa, iv. 13

Oceanus, the great all-encircling sea, the ocean, vii. 267; ix. 594; xiii. 292; xv. 12; personified, a deity, son of Coeus and Terra, husband of his sister, Tethys, ii. 510; ix. 499; xiii. 951

Ocyrhoë, a daughter of Chiron endowed with the gift of prophecy; she foretells the fates of Aesculapius, ii. 635 ff.; is changed into a mare, ii. 657 ff.

Odrysus, an epithet from a tribe in Thrace, used for Thracian in general, referring to Tereus, vi. 490; Polymestor, xiii. 554

Oeagrius, an epithet from Oeagrus, an old king of Thrace; nondum Oeagrius = before the time of Oeagrus, vii. 219

Oealkides. See Hyacinthus

Oebalis. See Hyacinthus

Oechalla, a city in Euboea, ix. 188, 331

Oechallides, the women of Oechalla, ix. 331

Oeclides, Amphiaraüs as the son of Oecles. See Amphiaraüs

Oedipodontaæ, an epithet of Thebes as the city of Oedipus, xv. 429. See Laïades

Oeneus, king of Calydon, son of Parthaon, husband of Althaea, father of Meleager, Tydeus, and Deianira, vii. 486; ix. 12; incurred the wrath of Diana, who sent a huge boar to ravage his country, vii. 273 ff.

Oenides, a male descendant of Oeneus; Meleager, his son, viii. 414; Diomedes, his grandson, xiv. 612

Oenopia, an older name for the island of Aegina, vii. 472, 490

Oetaeus, an epithet of King Ceyx, because his city of Trachin lay near Mount Oeta, xi. 383

Oeta (Oeta), a mountain range between Thessaly and Aetolia, i. 313; ii. 217; ix. 165, 204, 230, 249; xi. 333

Oileus, king of the Locrians, father of Ajax (2), xiii. 622

Olenides, Tectaphus, the son of Olenus, xii. 433

Olenius, of Olenus, an ancient city in Achaia, iii. 594

Olenus, the husband of Lethaea, changed with her into a stone, wishing thus, though innocent, to share her guilt and punishment, x. 69

Oliarus, an island of the Cyclades, vii. 469

Olympus: (1) a mountain in Northern Thessaly, supposed in the Homeric age to be the home of the gods, i. 154, 212; ii. 60, 225; vi. 476; vii. 225; ix. 499; xiii. 761; (2) a pupil and friend of Marsyas, vi. 393
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Ophetes, a companion of Acoetes, III. 605
Ophias, Combe, daughter of Ophius, vii. 383
Ophionides, Amycus, a centaur, son of Ophion, xii. 245
Ophiuchus, a constellation in the north-eastern heavens, the "Serpent-holder," viii. 182
Ophius, of Ophiussa, an old name for Cyprus, x. 229
Ops, an old Italian deity, goddess of plenty, patroness of husbandry, the wife of Saturn, ix. 498
Orchamus, an ancient king of Babylon, father of Leucothoë, iv. 212; buries his daughter alive on learning of her amour with the Sun-god, iv. 240
Orchomenus, a city in Arcadia, v. 607; vi. 416
Orcus, the underworld, abode of the dead; also a name for Pluto, as god of the underworld, xiv. 116
Oreas, one of the mountain-nymphs, viii. 787
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Orion, a celebrated giant, once a mighty hunter on earth, now set as a constellation in the heavens with his two hunting-dogs near him, and with a glittering sword girt about his waist, viii. 207; xiii. 294; the two daughters of Orion were Menippe and Metioche, who at a time of pestilence at Thebes slew themselves as a voluntary offering in the people's stead, xiii. 692
Orrios, one of the Lapithae, xii. 262
Orithyla, daughter of the Athenian king Erechtheus, sister of Procris, wooed and roughly carried off by Boreas, vi. 683, 707; vii. 695
Orneus, a centaur, xii. 302
Orontes, a river of Syria, ii. 248
Orphnes, a famous mythical musician of Thrace, son of Oeagrus (or of Apollo, xi. 8) and Calliope, husband of Eurydice; after her death he goes to the underworld to gain her back, x. 3 ft.; losing her a second time, he is inconsolable, and spends his time in playing on his lyre, x. 72 ff.; he is torn in pieces by the Ciconian women, xi. 1 ff.; his shade rejoins Eurydice in the underworld, xi. 61; he is called Rhodopius, x. 11; Threueus, xi. 2; Apollinells, xi. 8; Thracius, xi. 92
Orphne, a nymph of the underworld, mother of Ascalaphus by Acheron, v. 539
Ortygia: (1) one of the earlier names of the island of Delos, from ὀρτυς, a quail, xv. 337; hence an epithet of Diana, who was born on Delos, i. 694; (2) a part of the city of Syracuse, lying on an island in the harbour, v. 499, 640
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Paestum, a city in Italy, in Lucania, xv. 708
Pagasaenus, from Pagasa, a maritime town of Thessaly, where the Argo was built, vii. 1; xii. 412; xiii. 24; an epithet of Jason from his native district, viii. 349
Palaemon, the sea-god into whom Melicerta was changed, iv. 542; called Athamantiades, since as a mortal he was the son of Athamas, xiii. 919
Palaestinus, of Palestine, and in general—Syrian, iv. 46; v. 145
Palamedes, the son of Nauplius, Naupliades, xiii. 39; he disclosed Ulysses' trick of assumed madness before the Trojan war, xiii. 36 ff.; he himself suffered for this, for he was done to death through the treachery of Ulysses, who hid a store of gold in Palamedes' tent and pretended that it was a bribe from Priam, xiii. 38, 56 ff., 308 ff.
Palatinus, of or belonging to the Palatine Hill, Palatine, xv. 560; = Latin, xiv. 622
Palatium, one of the seven hills of Rome, the Palatine Hill, xiv. 332, 882; since Augustus built his palace on this hill, the imperial palace came to be called Palatia, i. 176
Palici, sons of Jupiter and the nymph Thalia, worshipped in Sicily at Palica, where a temple and two lakes were sacred to them, v. 406
Palilia, the feast of Palcs, the god of shepherds, celebrated on April 21, the day on which Rome was founded, xiv. 774
Palladium, an image of Pallas, said to have fallen from heaven at Troy; upon its preservation the safety of Troy was said by an oracle to depend; the image was captured by Ulysses and Dionysus, xiii. 99, 337, 381
Palladius, belonging to Pallas, vii. 399, 723; viii. 275
Pallantias and Pallantis, Aurora as daughter of the Titan, Pallas, ix. 421; xv. 191, 700
Pallas (gen. Palladis), a surname of the Greek goddess Athene, corresponding to the Roman Minerva, used in Ovid interchangeably with Minerva; she hides the infant Erichthonius in a box and gives this to the daughters of Cecrops to guard, ii. 553 ff.; her festival at Athens, ii. 712; sends the hag Envy to punish Aglauros, ii. 752 ff.; Athens is named from her, ii. 834; bids Cadmus sow the teeth of the slain dragon in the ground, iii. 102; daughters of Minyas, scorning Bacchus, worship Pallas as representing household arts, iv. 38; she helps Persis, who is here called her brother, v. 46; visits the Muses on Mount Helicon, who entertain her with various tales, v. 254 ff.; is a virgin goddess, v.
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Pallas (gen. Pallantis): (1) an Athenian prince, son of Pandion, vii. 500, 665; (2) a Titan, father of Aurora; see Pallantis and Pallantis

Pallene, a peninsula of Macedonia, xv. 356

Pam, the god of woods and shepherds, xi. 160; is himself half goat in form, xiv. 516; lives in mountain caves, xi. 147; xiv. 514; wears a wreath of pine-needles, i. 699; pursues the nymph Syrinx, who escapes him by being changed into marsh reeds, i. 701 ff.; makes the syrinx or "pipes of Pan" out of these reeds, i. 709 ff.; worshipped by Midas, xi. 147; challenges Apollo and is defeated in a contest with pipes and lyre, xi. 153 ff.; in plural, classed with Fauns and Satyrs, xiv. 638

Panchaeus, of Panchaia, an island east of Arabia, x. 309, 480

Pandion, a king of Athens, father of Procne and Philomela, vi. 426; gives Procne in marriage to the Thracian Tereus, vi. 428; entrusts Philomela to Tereus' care, vi. 483; dies of woe for his daughters' wrongs, vi. 676

Pandionidae, an epithet of Athens from its king, Pandion, xv. 430

Pandrosos, one of the daughters of Cecrops, ii. 559, 738

Panomphaeus, "author of all oracles," an epithet of Jupiter, xi. 198

Panope, a city in Phocis, iii. 19

Panopeus, one of the Calydonian hunters, viii. 312

Panthoides, Euphorbus, son of Panthoüs, xv. 161

Paphius, belonging to Paphos, a city in the island of Cyprus sacred to Venus, Paphlus heros, Pymaljon, x. 290

Paphos: (1) a city on the island of Cyprus, x. 290, 530; (2) son of Pymaljon and his ivory statue which was changed by Venus into a woman, x. 297

Paracontium, a seaport town in Northern Africa, ix. 778

Parcae, three sisters, arbiters of human destiny, personification of fate; their decrees are unalterable, may be known and revealed by Jupiter, but he is powerless to change them, v. 532; viii. 452; x. 781, 808; they were present at the birth of Meleager, viii. 452

Paris, the son of Priam and Hecuba, brother of Hector; stole away Helen, the wife of Menelaüs, and so brought war upon his country, xii. 4, 609; xiii. 200; by Apollo's direction he shoots the fatal arrow at Achilles, xii. 601; saved by Venus in a cloud from death at the hands of Menelaüs, xv. 805

Parnassus, from or belonging to Parnassus, a mountain in Phocis, sacred to Apollo and the Muses; at its foot was the city of Delphi, where were Apollo's temple and oracle, hence templum Parnasia, v. 278; Themis had held this oracle in ancient times before Apollo, i. 321; hence she also is called Parnasia, iv. 643

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Parthenope, an old name for the city of Naples, xiv. 101; xv. 712
Pasiphae, Phaedra, daughter of Jove, father of Minos, mother of Phaedra, xv. 500; through the spite of Venus she was inspired with a mad passion for a beautiful bull, viii. 136; ix. 736; which she gratified by means of a wooden cow framed for her by Daedalus, viii. 132; ix. 740; of this union the Minotaur was born, viii. 133, 169. See Minotaur and Theseus
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Patara, a city in Lydia, i. 516
Patrae, an ancient city in Achaia, vi. 417
Pentheus, a friend of Achilles; clad in the armour of the latter, drives back the Trojans, xiii. 273. See Actorides
Peacock, the bird sacred to Juno; after the death of Argus Juno places his numerous eyes in the peacock's tail, i. 723; ii. 533
Pegasus, a winged horse sprung from the blood of Medusa when her head was struck off by Perseus; at the same time there came forth Chrysaor, brother of Pegasus, iv. 786; v. 259; Neptune is said to have been the father of these, vi. 119; the spring Hippocrene, "horse's fountain," on Mount Helicon sprung forth from the stroke of his hoof, v. 257
Pelagon, one of the Calydonian hunters, viii. 360
Pelias, one of the most ancient peoples of Greece, = Grecians, vii. 49, 133; xi. 7, 19, 612; xiii. 128, 268; xiv. 562; xv. 452
Pelates: (1) a companion of Phineus, v. 124; (2) one of the Lapithae, xii. 255
Pelethronius, belonging to a region of Thessaly inhabited by the centaurs and the Lapithae, xii. 452
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Pelops, son of Tantalus, brother of Niobe; in his childhood his father cut him in pieces and served him to the gods in order to test their divinity; the gods perceived the hoax at once, but Ceres abstractedly ate a piece of the boy's shoulder; the boy was made whole again by the gods, and the lost shoulder replaced by a piece of ivory, vi. 404 ff.
Peloruns, a promontory on the northeast coast of Sicily, v. 350; xiii. 727; xv. 706
Penates, old Latin guardian deities of the household whose images were kept within the central part of the house, i. 231; iii. 539; viii. 91; xv. 864; used more commonly by metonomy for the house or home itself, i. 174, 773; v. 155, 498, 650; vii. 574; viii. 637; ix. 446, 639; xii. 551
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Perdicx, son of the sister of Daedalus, very inventive; his uncle in envy pushed him off a cliff, but Minerva saved him from death by changing him into a bird, viii. 237 ff.
Pergamum, Perga, the citadel of Troy, more frequently used for Troy itself, xii. 445, 591; xiii. 169, 219, 320, 574, 607, 520; xiv. 467; xv. 442
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Periphas, a monstrous son of Vulcan who lived at Epidaurus and slew all travellers with an iron club until he was himself slain by Theseus, vii. 437

Perseis, Hecate, daughter of the Titan Perses, vii. 74

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Persephone, the Greek name for Proserpina, v. 470; x. 15, 730

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Pettalus, a companion of Phineus, v. 115

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Philippi, a city in Macedonia, where Octavius and Antony defeated Brutus and Cassius in 42 B.C., xv. 824
Philoctetes, son of Pecas, ix. 233; xiii. 45, 313; a friend of Hercules, set fire to the hero's pyre on Mount Oeta, and received the famous bow and arrows, ix. 233; xiii. 51; on the way to Troy he was bitten by a snake at Lemnos, and by the advice of Ulysses he was abandoned there by the Greeks, xiii. 46, 313 ff.; here he dragged out a wretched existence until in the tenth year of the war, in accordance with an oracle that Troy could not be taken without the arrows of Hercules, Ulysses went to Lemnos and persuaded Philoctetes to join the Greeks at Troy, xiii. 54, 313, 329, 402
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Philyra, a nymph, daughter of Oceanus, whom Saturn loved, changing her into a mare and himself into a horse; their son was Chiron, the centaur, ii. 676; vi. 126

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Philyreins heros, Chiron, son of Philyra, ii. 676; Philyrcia tecta = the home of Chiron, vii. 353

Phineus: (1) brother of the Ethiopian king Cepheus, uncle of Andromeda, to whom he had been betrothed before the coming of Perseus; with a hand of followers he attacks Perseus at the wedding feast, and with all his companions is finally repulsed, petrified by the sight of the Gorgon-head, v. 1 ff.; (2) a king of Salmydessus in Thrace, a blind prophet who had received the gift of prophecy from Apollo; he was tormented by the Harpies, who were sent to punish him because of his cruelty towards his sons; when the Argonauts asked instruction from him on their way to Colchis, he promised this if they would deliver him from the Harpies; accordingly the winged sons of Boreas, Zetes and Calais, drove the pests far away to the island of the Strophades, vili. 3

Phlegethon, a river of the lower world, v. 544; xv. 532

Phlegraeus, a centaur, xii. 378

Phlegraeus, of Phlegra, a region of Macedoia, x. 151

Phlegyae, a robber people of Thessaly who destroyed the temple at Delphi, xi. 414

Phlegyas, a companion of Phineus, v. 87

Phobetor, a son of Somnus, xi. 640

Phocis, a country in Greece between Boeotia and Aetolia, i. 313; ii. 569; v. 276; xi. 348

Phocis, son of Acacus and the Neried Psamathe, half-brother of Telamon and Peleus, vii. 477, 668, 685, 690: he was accidentally killed by Peleus, xi. 267

Phoebe, a name for Diana, twin sister of Phoebus Apollo, vi. 216; xii. 36: the goddess of the moon, ii. 723; virgin huntress, i. 476; ii. 415: by metonymy for the moon, i. 11. See Diana

Phoebus, a familiar name of Apollo, i. 451, 463; v. 330; vi. 122, 215; xv. 450; especially as the Sun-god, i. 752; ii. 24, 36, 399; hence frequently by metonymy for the sun itself, i. 338; ii. 110; iii. 151; iv. 349, 715; xi. 595; xiv. 416; the oracular god, iii. 8, 10, 18; xii. 677; xv. 631: Cassandra is called antistitis Phoebi, "the high priestess of Phoebus," because the god had given her the power of prophecy, xiii. 410: Anius is antistitis or high priest at Delos, xiii. 632: as god of the harp he contests against the pipes of Pan, xi. 164; god of the bow, viii. 31, 350; xiii. 501: called domesticus, because Augustus in 12 B.C. erected a temple to the god on the Palatine and included him among his penates, xv. 865

Phoenissa, Phoenix, of Phoenicia, Phoenician, iii. 46; xv. 288

Phoenix, son of Amyntor of Thessaly, companion of Achilles, present at the Calydonian boar-hunt, viii. 307

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Pholus, a centaur, xii. 306

Phorbas: (1) a companion of Phineus, v. 74; (2) leader of the Phlegyae, who plundered the temple of Apollo at Delphi, xt. 414; (3) a centaur, xii. 322

Phorcidones, the Graeae, daughters of Phorcys, who had but one eye among them, iv. 775

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Phrixea veliera, "the fleece of Phrixus"—that is, the golden fleece of the ram on which Phrixus, son of Athamas and Nephele, brother of Icicle, escaped with her sister from his stepmother's machinations and fled through the air to Colchis, where he sacrificed the ram to Jupiter and gave the wonderful fleece to King Aeetes, vii. 7
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Phyllius, friend of Cycnus (2), vii. 372
Phius, son of Saturn, ancient king of Latium, husband of Canens, repulsed the love of Circe and was changed by her into a woodpecker, xiv. 320 ff.
Phius, a king of Emathia; he had nine daughters, called Emathides from the name of their country, v. 669; these daughters also called (though not in the Metamorphoses) by the patronymic epithet Pierides, a name borne by the Muses also from Pieria, the earliest seat of the worship of the Muses; the daughters of Pierus challenge the Muses to a contest in song, are defeated and changed into magpies, v. 300 ff.
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Piraeus, the harbour of Athens, vi. 446
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Pirithoüs, son of Ixion, viii. 403, 566, 613; xii. 210; king of the Lapithae in Thessaly, friend of Theseus, viii. 303, 404; xii. 229; was present with his friend at the Calydonian boar-hunt, vii. 404; was in the group entertained by Acheloüs, viii. 567; his marriage with Hippodamia was the occasion of the great battle of the centaurs (who had been invited to the wedding, and one of whom attempted violence on the bride) and the Lapithae, followers of Pirithoüs, xii. 210 ff.
Pisa, a city in Elys, v. 409, 494
Pisces, a constellation, the Fish, the twelfth sign of the Zodiac, x. 78; used also collectively in the singular, Pisces, x. 165
Pisenor, a centaur, xii. 303
Pitane, a city on the Aeolic coast of Asia Minor, vii. 357
Pithecusa, an island not far from Cumæ, xiv. 90
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Plexippus, son of Thesius, brother of Althaea, killed by his nephew, Meleager, for insulting Atalanta, viii. 440.

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Polydamas, a Trojan, son of Pantholos and friend of Hector, xii. 517.

Polydeuces, a ruler of Seriphus, petrified by a look at the Gorgonhead, v. 242.

Polydeucmon, a companion of Phineus, v. 85.

Polydorus, son of Priam and Hecuba; when the Trojan war came on he was sent with a large treasure for safe keeping to Polymestor, but later was murdered by him and his dead body cast out upon the seashore, xiii. 432 ff.; Hecuba thinks of him as her only comfort left after the death of Polyxena, xiii. 530; and immediately thereafter finds his dead body on the shore, xiii. 536; Aeneas sails past the scene of his murder, xiii. 629.

Polymestor, a king of Thrace, husband of Ilione, daughter of Priam; murders Polydorus to gain the treasure consigned with him, xiii. 430; Hecuba, finding out the crime, works terrible vengeance on the murderer, xiii. 549 ff.

Polypemon, father of Sciron, grandfather of Alyone (neptun Poly- pemonis); Sciron pushed his daughter into the sea, charging her with unchastity, and she was changed into a halycon, vii. 401.

Polyphemus, one of the Cyclopes, sons of Neptune, a race of fabulous one-eyed giants living in Sicily; his wooing of Galatea, xiii. 744 ff.; warned by Tele- mus that he is destined to lose his eye at the hands of Ulysses, xiii. 771; his encounter with Ulysses' band described by Achaemenidis, xiv. 167 ff.

Polyxena, daughter of Priam and Hecuba; at the command of the shade of Achilles she was sacrificed upon his tomb, xiii. 448 ff.

Pomona, a beautiful wood-nymph of Latium, devoted to horticulture, wooed by many suitors and won by Vertumnus, xiv. 623 ff.

Pompeius Sextus, the second son of Pompey the Great, conquered in the year 36 B.C., in a sea-fight off Sicily between Mylae and Nanlochus, by Agrippa, the admiral of Augustus, xv. 825.

Pontus, the Black Sea, hence a kingdom in Asia Minor bordering on that sea, xv. 756.

Priameia coniunx, Hecuba, wife of Priam, xiii. 404.
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Priamides, Helenus, son of Priam, xiii. 99, 723; xv. 438; in plural, Priamidae, the sons of Priam, xiii. 482

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Proca, an Alban king, father of Numitor and Amulius, xiv. 622

Prochyte, an island off the coast of Campania, xiv. 89

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Procrustes, a famous robber who compelled all passers-by to lie on a couch to which he fitted them either by cutting off or stretching out their bodies; he was slain by Theseus, vii. 438

Proetides, daughters of Proetus; being punished with madness by Juno for their pride, they imagined themselves to be cows; they were restored to sanity by the soothsayer, Melampus, the son of Amythaon, xv. 326

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Pyrrhus, son of Achilles and Deidamia, daughter of Lycomedes, king of Scyros, at whose court Achilles’ mother had hidden her son disguised as a girl, xiii. 155

Pythagoras, a famous Greek philosopher of Samos who took up his residence at Crotona in Italy, where Numa came to be his pupil; his philosophy recounted at length, xv. 60 ff.; he claimed to be the reincarnation of Euphorbus, xv. 161

Pythia, the Pythian games, celebrated at Delphi in honour of Apollo every four years in commemoration of his conquest of the Python, i. 447

Python, a huge serpent spontaneously generated from the fresh slime of the earth after the flood, killed by Apollo, i. 438 ff.; gave name to Pythian games, i. 447

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Samains, an epithet of Pythagoras, a celebrated philosopher of Samos, xv. 60. See Pythagoras

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Telchines, a fabled family of priests in Ialysus, an ancient city of Rhodes, who by the glance of their eyes could change things into ugly shapes; Jupiter plunged them into the sea, vii. 365

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Theselus, a companion of Phineus, v. 182

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Theseus, son of Aegaeus, king of Athens, xv. 856; called thence Aegides, viii. 174, 405; according to another story he was the son of Neptune, hence Neptunius heros, ix. 1; his mother, with whom he spent his boyhood, was Aethra, daughter of Pitthens, king of Troezen; when grown to manhood he made his way to Athens to his father; on this journey he slew a number of murderous robber giants who infested the road, vii. 433 ft.; he came to Athens unknown to his father; Medea, whom Aegaeus had lately married, sought to poison Theseus, but his father,
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