SCRIPTORES EROTICI GRÆCI.

THE

GREEK ROMANCES

OF

HELIODORUS, LONGUS,

AND

ACHILLES TATIUS,

COMPRISING

THE ETHIOPICS; OR, ADVENTURES OF THEAGENES AND CHARICLEA;

THE PASTORAL AMOURS OF DAPHNIS AND CHLOE;

AND

THE LOVES OF CLITOPHO AND LEUCIPPE.

Translated from the Greek, with Notes,

BY THE REV. ROWLAND SMITH, M.A.,

FORMERLY OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

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PREFACE

By no reader of classical antiquity will any of its remains be regarded as entirely devoid of worth. The "fine gold" will naturally stand first in estimation, but the "silver and brass and iron," nay even the "iron mingled with miry clay," will each possess its respective value. Accordingly, while the foremost place will ever be assigned to its Historians, Philosophers, Orators, and Poets, the time will not be esteemed thrown away which makes him acquainted with those authors who struck out a new vein of writing, and abandoning the facts of history and the inventions of mythology, drew upon their own imagination and sought for subjects in the manners and pursuits of domestic life.

The publication of a revised translation of Heliodorus and Longus, and of a new translation of Achilles Tatius, calls for some brief prefatory observations upon the origin of fictitious narrative among the

Greeks; that department of literature which, above any other, has been prolific in finding followers, more especially in modern times; and which, according to the spirit in which it is handled, is capable of producing some of the best or worst effects upon society.

Works of fiction may, as we know, administer a poisoned cup, but they may also supply a wholesome and pleasing draught; they may be the ministers of the grossest immorality and absurdity, but they may likewise be the vehicles of sound sense and profitable instruction.

"As real *History*," says Bacon, "gives us not the success of things according to the deserts of vice and virtue *Fiction* connects it, and presents us with the fates and fortunes of persons, rewarded or punished according to merit."

"It is chiefly in the fictions of an age," says Dunlop, "that we can discover the modes of living, dress, and manners of the period;" and he goes on to say—"But even if the utility which is derived from Fiction were less than it is, how much are we indebted to it for pleasure and enjoyment! It sweetens solitude and charms sorrow—it occupies the attention of the vacant, and unbends the mind of the philosopher. Like the enchanter, Fiction shows us, as it were in a mirror, the most agreeable objects; recalls from a distance the forms which are dear to us, and soothes our own grief by awakening our sympathy for others. By its means the recluse is placed in the midst of society; and he who is harassed and agitated in the city is transported to rural tranquillity and repose. The rude are refined by an introduction, as it were, to the higher orders of mankind, and even the dissipated and selfish are, in some degree, corrected

by those paintings of virtue and simple nature, which must ever be employed by the novelist, if he wish to awaken emotion or delight."

Huet, Bishop of Avranches, was the first who wrote a regular and systematic treatise on the origin of fictitious narrative—"De origine Fabularum Romanensium."

He gives it as his opinion, that "not in Provence (Provincia Romanorum), nor yet in Spain, are we to look for the fatherland of those amusing compositions called Romances; but that it is among the people of the East, the Arabs, the Egyptians, the Persians, and the Syrians, that the germ and origin is to be found, of this species of fictitious narrative, for which the peculiar genius and poetical temperament of those nations particularly adapt them, and in which they delight to a degree scarcely to be credited; for even their ordinary discourse is interspersed with figurative expressions, and their maxims of theology and philosophy, and above all of morals and political science, are invariably couched under the guise of allegory or parable." In confirmation of this opinion he remarks, that "nearly all those who in early times distinguished themselves as writers of what are now called *Romances*, were of Oriental birth or extraction;"—and he instances "Clearchus, a pupil of Aristotle, who was a native of Soli, in Cilicia,—Iamblicus, a Syrian—Heliodorus and Lucian, natives, the one of Emessa, the other of Samosata—Achilles Tatius, of Alexandria."

This statement of Huet's is admitted to hold good, *generally*, by the author of a very interesting Article on the "*Early Greek Romances*," in No. CCCXXXIII. of Blackwood's Magazine; who however differs from the learned Bishop in some particulars.

"While fully admitting," he says, "that it is to the vivid fancy and picturesque imagination of the Orientals that we owe the origin of all those popular legends, which have penetrated under various changes of costume, into every corner of Europe, we still hold, that the invention of the Romance of ordinary life, on which the interest of the story depends upon occurrences in some measure within the bounds of probability, and in which the heroes and heroines are neither invested with superhuman qualities, nor extricated from their difficulties by supernatural means, must be ascribed to a more *European* state of society than that which produced those tales of wonder, which are commonly considered as characteristic of the climes of the East."

This difference of opinion he fortifies, by remarking that "the authors enumerated by the Bishop of Avranches himself were all denizens of Greek cities of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, and consequently, in all probability, *Greeks* by descent; and though the scene of their works is frequently laid in Asia, the costumes and characters introduced are almost invariably on the Greek model."

He concludes this part of his subject by saying; "these writers, therefore, may fairly be considered as constituting a distinct class from those more strictly Oriental—not only in birth but in language and ideas; and as being in fact the legitimate forerunners of modern novelists."

The first to imbibe a love for fictitious narrative from the Eastern people among whom they dwelt, were the Milesians, a colony of Greeks, and from them this species of narrative derived the name of "Sermo Milesius."[1] A specimen of the Milesian tale may be seen in the Stories of *Parthenius*, which are chiefly of

the amatory kind, and not over remarkable for their moral tendency. From the Greek inhabitants of Asia Minor, especially from the Milesians, it was natural that a fondness for *Fiction* should extend itself into Greece, and that pleasure should produce imitation. But it was not until the conquests of Alexander, that a greater intercourse between Greece and Asia became the means of conveying the stores of fiction from the one continent to the other.

The Romance writers, who flourished previous to Heliodorus, are known only from the summary of their compositions preserved to us by Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople, in the ninth century. We subjoin their names and the titles of their works:—

Antonius Diogenes wrote "The incredible things in Thule;" Iamblicus, the "Babylonica," comprising the formidable number of sixteen books; in addition to which there is the "Ass" of Lucian, founded chiefly upon the "Metamorphoses of Lucius."

The palm of merit, in every respect, especially "in the arrangement of his fable," has been universally assigned to HELIODORUS, Bishop of Tricca in Thessaly, who flourished A.D. 400; "whose writing," says Huet, "the subsequent novelists of those ages constantly proposed to themselves as a model for imitation; and as truly may they all be said to have drunk of the waters of this fountain, as all the Poets did of the Homeric spring."

The writers of Romance, posterior to Heliodorus, who alone are worthy of note, are Achilles Tatius, who is allowed to come next to him in merit; Longus, who has given the first example of the "Pastoral Romance;" and Xenophon, of Ephesus.

Having alluded to the various writers of fictitious

narrative, our farther remarks may be confined to Heliodorus, Longus, and Achilles Tatius. With the work of the author of the "Ethiopics" are connected some curious circumstances, which shall be given in the words of an Ecclesiastical Historian, quoted by the writer of the article in Blackwood.

Nicephorus, B. xii. c. 34, says—"This Heliodorus, Bishop of Tricca, had in his youth written certain love stories, called 'Ethiopics,' which are highly popular, even at the present day, though they are now better known by the title of 'Chariclea;' and it was by reason thereof that he lost his see. For inasmuch as many of the youths were drawn into peril of sin by the perusal of these amorous tales, it was determined by the Provincial Synod, that either these books, which kindled the fire of love, should themselves be consumed by fire, or that the author should be deposed from his episcopal functions; and this choice being propounded to him, he preferred resigning his bishoprick to suppressing his writings. —Heliodorus," continues the reviewer, "according to the same authority, was the first Thessalian Bishop who had insisted on the married clergy putting away their wives, which may probably have tended to make him unpopular; but the story of his deposition, it should be observed, rests solely on the statement of Nicephorus, and is discredited by Bayle and Huet, who argue that the silence of Socrates, (Eccles. Hist. B. v. c. 22), in the chapter where he expressly assigns the authority of the 'Ethiopics' to the '*Bishop*' Heliodorus, more than counterbalances the unsupported assertion of Nicephorus;—'an author,' says Huet, 'of more credulity than judgment.' If Heliodorus were, indeed, as has been generally supposed, the same to whom several of the Epistles of St. Jerome were addressed, this circumstance

would supply an additional argument against the probability of his having incurred the censures of the Church; but whatever the testimony of Nicephorus may be worth on this point, his mention of the work affords undeniable proof of its long continued popularity, as his Ecclesiastical History was written about A.D. 900, and Heliodorus lived under the reign of the sons of Theodosius, fully 500 years earlier."

Of the popularity of his work in more recent times, the following instances may be given. "Tasso," says Ghirardini, "became acquainted with this Romance when it was introduced at the Court of Charles the IXth of Prance, where it was read by the ladies and gentlemen in the translation made by Amiot. The poet promised the courtiers that they should soon see the work attired in the most splendid vestments of Italian poetry, and kept his promise, by transferring to the heroine Clorinda (in the tenth canto of the 'Gerusalemme') the circumstances attending the birth and early life of the Ethiopian maiden Chariclea."

"The proposed sacrifice and subsequent discovery of the birth of Chariclea have likewise," observes Dunlop, "been imitated in the Pastor Fido of Guarini, and through it, in the Astrea of D'Urfé.

"Racine had at one time intended writing a drama on the subject of this Romance, a plan which has been accomplished by Dorat, in his Tragedy of Theagenes and Chariclea, acted at Paris in the year 1762. It also suggested the plot of an old English tragi-comedy, by an unknown author, entitled the 'Strange Discovery.'"

Hardy, the French poet, wrote eight tragedies in verse on the same subject, without materially altering the ground-work of the Romance; "an instance of literary prodigality"—remarks Dunlop truly—"which is perhaps unexampled."

Nor have authors only availed themselves of the work of Heliodorus. Artists likewise have sought from his pages subjects for their canvass.

"Two of the most striking incidents have been finely delineated by Raphael in separate paintings, in which he was assisted by Julio Romano. In one he has seized the moment when Theagenes and Chariclea meet in the temple of Delphi, and Chariclea presents Theagenes with a torch to kindle the sacrifice. In the other he has chosen for his subject, the capture of the Tyrian ship, in which Calasiris was conducting Theagenes and Chariclea to the coast of Sicily. The vessel is supposed to have already struck to the Pirates, and Chariclea is exhibited, by the light of the moon, in a suppliant posture, imploring Trachinus that she might not be separated from her lover and Calasiris."

HELIODORUS, as has already been remarked, is allowed to be far superior to any of his predecessors in "the disposition of the fable;" as also, "in the artful manner in which the tale is disclosed;" and Tasso praises him for the skill which he displays in keeping the mind of his reader in suspense, and in gradually clearing up what appeared confused and perplexed. His style is, in many parts, highly poetical, abounding in expressions and turns of thought borrowed from the Greek poets, to which, indeed, it is quite impossible to do justice when translating them into another language.

The chief defects in the composition of his work, are the digressions—for instance, the adventures of Cnemon and the siege of Cyene; together with certain critical and philosophical discussions, which, while they take up considerable space distract the attention of the reader, without adding to his

interest.

He has also been blamed for making a *third* person—Calasiris—recount the adventures of the hero and heroine; instead of letting them tell their own story. As regards the two principal characters, it must be allowed that the hero, like many heroes in modern novels, is "insipid." Upon certain occasions, it is true that Theagenes "comes out:" he does battle boldly with the pirate lieutenant; distances his rival, in good style, in the running match; effectually cools the courage of the Ethiopian bully; and gives proof of the skill of reasoning man over the strength of the irrational brute in the scene of the *Taurocathapsia*; but with these exceptions, he is remarkable chiefly for his resistance to temptations, and for the constancy of his affections—no slight merits, however, especially in a heathen, and like other "quiet virtues," of greater intrinsic value than more sparkling and showy qualities.

Of Chariclea, on the other hand, it has with justice been observed,[2] that "her character makes ample amends for the defects in that of her lover. The masculine firmness and presence of mind which she evinces in situations of peril and difficulty, combined at all times with feminine delicacy; and the warmth and confiding simplicity of her love for Theagenes, attach to her a degree of interest which belongs to none of the other personages."

"The course of true love never did run smooth," says the Poet; and however defective may be the work of Heliodorus, in other respects, none of its readers will deny that the author has exemplified the words of the Bard in the perils, and escapes, separations, and unexpected reunion of the hero and heroine of the "Ethiopics."

None there are, we trust but will rejoice, when at the conclusion, they find—

"How Fate to Virtue paid her debt,
And for their troubles, bade them prove
A lengthened life of peace and love."

The forte of Heliodorus lies especially in descriptions; his work abounds in these, and apart from the general story, the most interesting portions are, the account of the haunts of the Buccaneers; the procession at Delphi, with the respective retinues and dresses of Theagenes and Chariclea; the wrestling match, and the bull fight—all these are brought before the reader with picturesque effect, and in forcible and vivid language; nor should we omit what is very curious and valuable in an antiquarian point of view, his minute description of the panoply worn by man and horse composing the flower of the Persian army, which paints to the life, the iron-clad heroes of the Crusades, so many centuries before they appeared upon the scene.

With reference to the writers of Greek Romance, in general, there is one particular point which deserves mention; the more prominent manner in which they bring forward that sex, whose influence is so powerful upon society, but whose seclusion in those early times banished them from a participation in the every day affairs of life. "The Greek Romances," says Dunlop, "may be considered as almost the first productions, in which woman is in any degree represented as assuming her proper station of the friend and companion of man. Hitherto she had been considered almost in the light of a slave, ready to bestow her affections on whatever master might happen to obtain her; but in Heliodorus and his followers, we see her an affectionate guide and

adviser. We behold an union of hearts painted as a main spring of our conduct in life—we are delighted with pictures of fidelity, constancy, and chastity."

The same writer sums up his observations upon the Greek Romances, by saying: "They are less valuable than they might have been, from giving too much to adventure, and too little to manners and character; but these have not been altogether neglected, and several pleasing pictures are delineated of ancient customs and feelings. In short, these early fictions are such as might have been expected at the first effort, and must be considered as not merely valuable in themselves, but as highly estimable in pointing out the method of awaking the most pleasing sympathies of our nature, and affecting most powerfully the fancy and heart." The popularity of Heliodorus has found translators for his Romance in almost every European language—France, Spain, Italy, Poland, Germany, and Holland have contributed their versions.

Four Translations have appeared in English, by Thomas Underdowne, Lond., 1587; W. Lisle, Lond., 1622; N. Tate and another hand, 1686; lastly, the translation upon which the present one is based, 1791.

Among these, *Lisle*, who favoured the world with a *Poetical* version of the *Prose* Romance, affords us an example of an adventurous and ill fated wight.

"Carmina qui scripsit Musis et Apolline nullo."

"Apollo and the Nine; their heavy curse
On him did lay;—they bid him—*go, write verse*."

The Reviewer in Blackwood designates his production, as "one of the most precious specimens

of balderdash in existence; a perfect literary curiosity in its way." Of the truth of which any one, who will be at the trouble of turning over his pages, may satisfy himself.

The worthy man, at starting, prays earnestly for "A sip of liquor Castaline," and having done this, he mounts and does his best to get Pegasus into a canter; but it is all in vain—whip and spurs avail not; the poor jade, spavined and galled, will not budge an inch; however, nothing daunted, the rowels and scourge are most unmercifully applied; the wretched brute gets into a kind of hobbling trot, which enables the rider to say at the end of his journey—

"This have I wrought with day and nightly swinke
. . . . . .
That after-comers know, when I am dead,
I, some good thing in life endeavoured;—
. . . . . .
To keep my name undrown'd in Lethe pool;
In vain (may seem) is wealth or learning lent
To man that leaves thereof no monument."

The version upon which the present one is founded, is in many places more of a paraphrase than a translation. Several passages are entirely omitted, while of others the sense has been mistaken; it has been the endeavour of the translator to remedy these defects, and to give the meaning of his author as literally as is consistent with avoiding stiffness and ruggedness of style.

With regard to LONGUS nothing is known of his birthplace, nor is it certain at what period he flourished; he is generally supposed however to have

lived during the reign of Theodosius the Great, in the fourth century. Photius and Suidas, who have preserved the names of various Greek Romance writers, and have likewise given us summaries of their works, make no mention of him.

An extract from the work of Mr. Dunlop, on the "History of Fiction," will form a suitable Introduction to this Pastoral Romance, the first of its kind, and one which is considered to have had much influence upon the style of subsequent writers of Romance, in ancient times, as also among those of the moderns who have chosen for their theme a Pastoral subject.

After reviewing the Ethiopics of Heliodorus, Mr. Dunlop goes on to say:—

"We now proceed to the analysis of a romance different in its nature from the works already mentioned; and of a species which may be distinguished by the appellation of Pastoral Romance.

"It may be conjectured with much probability, that pastoral composition sometimes expressed the devotion, and sometimes formed the entertainment of the first generations of mankind. The sacred writings sufficiently inform us that it existed among the eastern nations during the earliest ages. Rural images are everywhere scattered through the Old Testament; and the Song of Solomon in particular beautifully delineates the charms of a country life, while it paints the most amiable affections of the mind, and the sweetest scenery of nature. A number of passages of Theocritus bear a striking resemblance to descriptions in the inspired pastoral; and many critics have believed that he had studied its beauties and transferred them to his eclogues. Theocritus was imitated in his own dialect by Moschus and Bion;

and Virgil, taking advantage of a different language copied, yet rivalled the Sicilian. The Bucolics of the Roman bard seem to have been considered as precluding all attempts of the same kind; for, if we except the feeble efforts of Calpurnius and his contemporary Nemesianus, who lived in the third century, no subsequent specimen of pastoral poetry was, as far as I know, produced till the revival of literature.

"It was during this interval that Longus, a Greek sophist, who is said to have lived soon after the age of Tatius, wrote his pastoral romance of Daphnis and Chloe, which is the earliest, and by far the finest example that has appeared of this species of composition. Availing himself of the beauties of the pastoral poets who preceded him, he has added to their simplicity of style, and charming pictures of Nature, a story which possesses considerable interest. In some respects a prose romance is better adapted than the eclogue or drama to pastoral composition. The eclogue is confined within narrow limits, and must terminate before interest can be excited. A series of Bucolics, where two or more shepherds are introduced contending for the reward of a crook or a kid, and at most descanting for a short time on similar topics, resembles a collection of the first scenes of a number of comedies, of which the commencement can only be listened to as unfolding the subsequent action. The drama is, no doubt, a better form of pastoral writing than detached eclogues, but at the same time does not well accord with rustic manners and descriptions.

"In dramatic composition, the representation of strong passions is best calculated to produce interest or emotion, but the feelings of rural existence should

be painted as tranquil and calm. In choosing a prose romance as the vehicle of pastoral writing, Longus has adopted a form that may include all the beauties arising from the description of rustic manners, or the scenery of nature, and which, as far as the incidents of rural life admit, may interest by an agreeable fable, and delight by a judicious alternation of narrative and dialogue. Longus has also avoided many of the faults into which his modern imitators have fallen, and which have brought this style of composition into so much disrepute; his characters never express the conceits of affected gallantry, nor involve themselves in abstract reasoning; he has not loaded his romance with those long and constantly recurring episodes, which fatigue the attention, and render us indifferent to the principal story. Nor does he paint that chimerical state of society, termed the golden age, in which the characteristic traits of rural life are erased, but attempts to please by a genuine imitation of Nature, and by descriptions of the manners, the rustic occupations, or rural enjoyments of the inhabitants of the country where the scene of the pastoral is laid.

"The pastoral is in general very beautifully written;—the style, though it has been censured on account of the reiteration of the same forms of expression, and as betraying the sophist in some passages by a play on words, and affected antithesis, is considered as the purest specimen of the Greek language produced in that late period; the descriptions of rural scenery and rural occupations are extremely pleasing, and if I may use the expression, there is a sort of amenity and calm diffused over the whole romance. This, indeed, may be considered as the chief excellence in a pastoral; since we are not so much allured by the feeding of sheep as by the stillness of the country. In

all our active pursuits, the end proposed is tranquillity, and even when we lose the hope of happiness, we are attracted by that of repose; hence we are soothed and delighted with its representation, and fancy we partake of the pleasure.

"There can be no doubt that the pastoral of Longus had a considerable influence on the style and incidents of the subsequent Greek romances, particularly those of Eustathius and Theodorus Prodromus; but its effects on modern pastorals, particularly those which appeared in Italy during the sixteenth century, is a subject of more difficulty.—Huet is of opinion, that it was not only the model of the Astrea of D'Urfé, and the Diana of Montemayor, but gave rise to the Italian dramatic pastoral. This opinion is combated by Villoison, on the grounds that the first edition of Longus was not published till 1598, and that Tasso died in the year 1595. It is true that the first Greek edition of Longus was not published till 1598, but there was a French translation by Amyot, which appeared in 1559, and one in Latin verse by Gambara in 1569, either of which might have been seen by Tasso. But although this argument, brought forward by Villoison, be of little avail, he is probably right in the general notion he has adopted that Daphnis and Chloe was not the origin of the pastoral drama. The Sacrificio of Agostino Beccari, which was the earliest specimen of this style of composition, and was acted at Ferrara in 1554, was written previous to the appearance of any edition or version of Longus. Nor is there any similarity in the story or incidents of the Aminta to those in Daphnis and Chloe, which should lead us to imagine that the Greek romance had been imitated by Tasso.

"It bears, however, a stronger likeness to the more recent dramatic pastorals of Italy. These are frequently founded on the exposure of children who, after being brought up as shepherds by reputed fathers, are discovered by their real parents by means of tokens fastened to them when they were abandoned. There is also a considerable resemblance between the story of Daphnis and Chloe and that of the Gentle Shepherd: the plot was suggested to Ramsay by one of his friends, who seems to have taken it from the Greek pastoral. Marmontel, too, in his Annette and Lubin, has imitated the simplicity and inexperience of the lovers of Longus. But of all modern writers the author who has most closely followed this romance is Gessner. In his Idylls there is the same poetical prose, the same beautiful rural descriptions, and the same innocence and simplicity in the rustic characters. In his pastoral of Daphnis, the scene of which is laid in Greece, he has painted, like Longus, the early and innocent attachment of a shepherdess and swain, and has only embellished his picture by the incidents that arise from rural occupations and the revolutions of the year."

To these observations we may add, that Longus is supposed by some to have furnished to Bernardin de St. Pierre the groundwork for his beautiful tale of Paul and Virginia. Many points of resemblance may certainly be traced between the hero and heroine of the respective works; the description of their innocence—their simple and rustic mode of life, and their occupation and diversions. Among the rest may be mentioned the descriptions of the sensations of love when first arising in Virginia; and the pantomimic dance in which she and Paul take part.

An anonymous and "select" translation of Longus,

published at Truro, in 1803, has been taken as the basis of the present version. The passages (and there are many) omitted by the former translator are here given, together with a considerable fragment, first discovered by M. Paul Louis Courier, in 1810, in the Laurentian Library at Florence. It has been the endeavour of the present translator to make his version convey the sense of the original as faithful as possible, except in some few passages ("egregio inspersos corpore nævos") where it has been considered advisable to employ the veil of a learned language.

In reading the work of Longus, we must bear in mind that he was most probably a heathen, or at any rate, that he describes the heathen state of morals.

The following passage from Dr. Nott's Preface to his translation of Catullus will illustrate the principle upon which the present translator has gone, in presenting in an English dress passages entirely omitted in the anonymous version, before referred to:—

"When an ancient classic is translated and explained, the work may be considered as forming a link in the chain of history.—History should not be falsified, we ought therefore to translate him somewhat fairly, and when he gives us the manners of his own day, however disgusting to our sensations and repugnant to our natures they may oftentimes prove, we must not, in translation, suppress or even too much gloss them over, through a fastidious regard to delicacy."[3]

ACHILLES TATIUS was a native of Alexandria,

commonly assigned to the second or third century of the Christian æra, but considered by the best critics to have flourished after Heliodorus, to whom he is looked upon as next in point of literary merit, and whom he has more or less imitated in various parts of his works, like him frequently introducing into the thread of his narrative the Egyptian buccaneers. According to Suidas, he became, towards the end of his life, a Christian and a Bishop; a statement which is however considered doubtful, as no mention is made by that lexicographer of his Episcopal see, and Photius, who mentions him in three different places, is silent upon the subject.

In point of style, Achilles Tatius is considered to excel Heliodorus and the other writers of Greek Romance. Photius says of him,—"With regard to diction and composition, Tatius seems to me to excel when he employs figurative language: it is clear and natural; his sentences are precise and limpid, and such as by their sweetness greatly delight the ear."

Like Heliodorus, one of his principal excellences lies in descriptions; and though these, as Mr. Dunlop observes, "are too luxuriant, they are in general beautiful, the objects being at once well selected, and so painted as to form in the mind of the reader a distinct and lively image. As an example of his merit in this way, may be mentioned his description of a garden, and of a tempest followed by a shipwreck; also his accounts of the pictures of Europa, Andromeda, and Prometheus, in which his descriptions and criticisms are executed with very considerable taste and feeling." The same writer, however, justly notes "the absurd and aukward manner in which the author, as if to show his various acquirements, drags in without the slightest

necessity, some of those minute descriptions, viz., those of the necklace, and of different zoological curiosities, in the Second Book, together with the invention of purple-dying, and the accounts drawn from natural history, which are interspersed in the Fourth Book."

In his discussions upon the passions of love, and its power over human nature, however we may object to the warmth of his description, we cannot but allow the ability with which the colours are laid on.

"The rise and progress of the passion of Clitopho for Leucippe," observes Mr. Dunlop, "is extremely well executed,—of this there is nothing in the romance of Heliodorus. Theagenes and Chariclea, are at first sight violently and mutually enamoured; in Tatius we have more of the restless agitation of love and the arts of courtship. Indeed this is by much the best part of the Clitopho and Leucippe, as the author discloses very considerable acquaintance with the human heart. This knowledge also appears in the sentiments scattered through the work, though it must be confessed, that in many of his remarks he is apt to subtilize and refine too much."

In the hero of his work, Achilles Tatius is more unfortunate even than Heliodorus.—"Clitopho," says a reviewer, "is a human body, uninformed with a human soul, but delivered up to all the instincts of nature and the senses. He neither commands respect by his courage, nor affection by his constancy." As in the work of HELIODORUS so in that of Achilles Tatius, it is the heroine who excites our sympathy and interest:—"Leucippe, patient, high-minded, resigned and firm, endures adversity with grace; preserving throughout the helplessness and temptations of captivity, irreproachable purity and

constancy unchangeable."

In concluding these remarks upon one of the three chief writers of Greek Romance, one more observation of Mr. Dunlop will not be out of place. —"Tatius," he says, "has been much blamed for the immorality of his Romance, and it must be acknowledged that there are particular passages which are extremely exceptionable; yet, however odious some of these may be considered, the general moral tendency of the story is good; a remark which may be extended to all the Greek Romances. Tatius punishes his hero and heroine for eloping from their father's house, and afterwards rewards them for their long fidelity."

Several French translations of Achilles Tatius have appeared; an Italian one by Coccio; also an English one published at Oxford in 1638, which the present writer, after many inquiries, has been unable to procure a sight of.

R. S.

October, 1855.

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[1] In the opening of his celebrated novel, the "*Golden Ass*," Apuleius says—"At ego tibi *sermone isto Milesio* varias fabulas conseram," &c.

[2] Author of article in Blackwood.

[3] N.B.—There have been two other English versions of the work of Longus, one by George Thornley, in 1657, another by James Craggs, in 1764.

There are translations in Italian by Caro and Gozzi, and a French one by Amyot; the first version of the Romance into a modern language, which gives the sense of the original with fidelity, and at the same time with great spirit and quaintness.

HELIODORUS.

ETHIOPICS: OR, ADVENTURES OF THEAGENES AND CHARICLEA.

SUMMARY.

As the thread of the story in the Ethiopics is rather entangled, through the author's method of telling it, the following summary from Dunlop's "History of Fiction," will be useful.

"The action of the romance is supposed to take place previous to the age of Alexander the Great, while Egypt was tributary to the Persian monarchs. During that period a queen of Ethiopia, called Persina, having viewed at an amorous crisis a statue of Andromeda, gives birth to a daughter of fair complexion. Fearing that her husband might not think the cause proportioned to the effect, she commits the infant in charge to Sisimithres, an Ethiopian senator, and deposits in his hands a ring and some writings, explaining the circumstances of her birth. The child is named Chariclea, and remains for seven years with her reputed father. At the end of this period he becomes doubtful of her power to preserve her chastity any longer in her native country; he therefore determines to carry her along

with him, on an embassy to which he had been appointed, to Oroondates, satrap of Egypt. In that land he accidentally meets Charicles, priest of Delphi, who was travelling on account of domestic afflictions, and to him he transfers the care of Chariclea. Charicles brings her to Delphi, and destines her for the wife of his nephew Alcamenes. In order to reconcile her mind to this alliance, he delivers her over to Calasiris, an Egyptian priest, who at that period resided at Delphi, and undertook to prepossess her in favour of the young man. About the same time, Theagenes, a Thessalian, and descendant of Achilles, comes to Delphi, for the performance of some sacred rite: Theagenes and Chariclea, having seen each other in the temple, become mutually enamoured.

"Calasiris, who had been engaged to influence the mind of Chariclea in favour of her intended husband Alcamenes, is warned in a vision by Apollo that he should return to his own country, and take Theagenes and Chariclea along with him. Henceforth his whole attention is directed to deceive Charicles, and effect his escape from Delphi. Having met with some Phœnician merchants, and having informed the lovers of his intentions, he sets sail along with them for Sicily, to which country the Phœnician vessel was bound; but soon after, passing Zacynthus, the ship is attacked by pirates, who carry Calasiris and those under his protection to the coast of Egypt.

"On the banks of the Nile, Trachinus, the captain of the pirates, prepares a feast to solemnize his nuptials with Chariclea; but Calasiris, with considerable ingenuity having persuaded Pelorus, the second in command, that Chariclea is enamoured of him, a contest naturally arises between him and Trachinus

during the feast, and the other pirates, espousing different sides of the quarrel, are all slain except Pelorus, who is attacked and put to flight by Theagenes. The stratagem of Calasiris, however, is of little avail, except to himself: for immediately after the contest, while Calasiris is sitting on a hill at some distance, Theagenes and Chariclea are seized by a band of Egyptian robbers, who conduct them to an establishment formed on an island in a remote lake. Thyamis, the captain of the banditti, becomes enamoured of Chariclea, and declares an intention of espousing her. Chariclea pretends that she is the sister of Theagenes, in order that the jealousy of the robber may not be excited, and the safety of her lover endangered. Chariclea, however, is not long compelled to assume this character of sister.

"The colony is speedily destroyed by the forces of the satrap of Egypt, who was excited to this act of authority by a complaint from Nausicles, a Greek merchant, that the banditti had carried off his mistress. Thyamis, the captain of the robbers, escapes by flight, and Cnemon, a young Athenian, who had been detained in the colony, and with whom Theagenes had formed a friendship during his confinement, sets out in quest of him.

"Theagenes and Chariclea depart soon after on their way to a certain village, where they had agreed to meet Cnemon, but are intercepted on the road by the satrap's forces.

"Theagenes is sent as a present to the King of Persia; and Chariclea, being falsely claimed by Nausicles as his mistress, is conducted to his house. Here Calasiris had accidentally fixed his abode, since his separation from Theagenes and Chariclea; and was also doing the honours of the house to Cnemon in the landlord's

absence. Chariclea being recognised by Calasiris, Nausicles abandons the claim to her which he had advanced, and sets sail with Cnemon for Greece, while Calasiris and Chariclea proceed in search of Theagenes. On arriving at Memphis, they find that with his usual good luck, he had again fallen into the power of Thyamis, and was besieging that capital along with the robber. A treaty of peace, however, is speedily concluded. Thyamis is discovered to be the son of Calasiris, and is elected high-priest of Memphis.

"Arsace, who commanded in that city, in the absence of her husband, falls in love with Theagenes; but as he perseveres in resisting all her advances, and in maintaining his fidelity to Chariclea, she orders him to be put to the torture: she also commands her nurse, who was the usual confidant of her amours and instrument of her cruelty, to poison Chariclea; but the cup-bearer having given the nurse the goblet intended for Chariclea, she expires in convulsions. This, however, serves as a pretext to condemn Chariclea as a poisoner, and she is accordingly appointed to be burnt. After she had ascended the pile, and the fire had been lighted, she is saved for that day by the miraculous effects of the stone Pantarbè, which she wore about her person, and which warded off the flames. During the ensuing night a messenger arrives from Oroondates, the husband of Arsace, who was at the time carrying on a war against the Ethiopians: he had been informed of the misconduct of his wife, and had despatched one of his officers to Memphis, with orders to bring Theagenes and Chariclea to his camp. Arsace hangs herself; but the lovers are taken prisoners, on their way to Oroondates, by the scouts of the Ethiopian army, and are conducted to Hydaspes, who was at

that time besieging Oroondates in Syene. This city having been taken, and Oroondates vanquished in a great battle, Hydaspes returns to his capital, Meröe, where, by advice of the Gymnosophists, he proposes to sacrifice Theagenes and Chariclea to the Sun and Moon, the deities of Ethiopia.

"As virgins were alone entitled to the privilege of being accepted as victims, Chariclea is subjected to a trial of chastity. Theagenes, while on the very brink of sacrifice, performs many feats of strength and dexterity. A bull, which was his companion in misfortune, having broken from the altar, Theagenes follows him on horseback and subdues him. At length, when the two lovers are about to be immolated, Chariclea, by means of the ring and fillet which had been attached to her at her birth, and had been carefully preserved, is discovered to be the daughter of Hydaspes, which is further confirmed by the testimony of Sisimithres, once her reputed father; and by the opportune arrival of Charicles, priest of Delphi, who was wandering through the world in search of Chariclea. After some demur on the part of the Gymnosophists, Chariclea obtains her own release and that of Theagenes, is united to him in marriage, and acknowledged as heiress of the Ethiopian empire."

LONGUS.

ROMANCE OF DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

SUMMARY.[1]

"In the neigbourhood of Mytilene, the principal city

of Lesbos, Lamon, a goatherd, as he was one day tending his flock, discovered an infant sucking one of his goats with surprising dexterity. He takes home the child, and presents him to his wife Myrtale; at the same time he delivers to her a purple mantle with which the boy was adorned, and a little sword with an ivory hilt, which was lying by his side. Lamon having no children of his own, resolves to bring up the foundling, and bestows on him the pastoral name of Daphnis.

"About two years after this occurrence, Dryas, a neighbouring shepherd, finds in the cave of the Nymphs, a female infant, nursed by one of his ewes. The child is brought to the cottage of Dryas, receives the name of Chloe, and is cherished by the old man as if she had been his daughter.

"When Daphnis had reached the age of fifteen and Chloe that of twelve, Lamon and Dryas, their reputed fathers, had corresponding dreams on the same night. The Nymphs of the cave in which Chloe had been discovered appear to each of the old shepherds, delivering Daphnis and Chloe to a winged boy, with a bow and arrows, who commands that Daphnis should be sent to keep goats, and the girl to tend the sheep. Daphnis and Chloe have not long entered on their new employments, which they exercise with a care of their flocks increased by a knowledge of the circumstances of their infancy, when chance brings them to pasture on the same spot. Daphnis collects the wandering sheep of Chloe, and Chloe drives from the rocks the goats of Daphnis. They make reeds in common, and share together their milk and their wine;—their youth, their beauty, the season of the year, everything tends to inspire them with a mutual passion: at length Daphnis having one day fallen into

a covered pit which was dug for a wolf, and being considerably hurt, receives from Chloe a kiss, which serves as the first fuel to the flame of love.

"Chloe had another admirer, Dorco the cowherd, who having in vain requested her in marriage from Dryas, her reputed father, resolves to carry her off by force; for this purpose he disguises himself as a wolf, and lurks among some bushes near a place where Chloe used to pasture her sheep. In this garb he is discovered and attacked by the dogs, but is preserved from being torn to pieces by the timely arrival of Daphnis.

"In the beginning of autumn some Tyrian pirates, having landed on the island, seize the oxen of Dorco, and carry off Daphnis whom they meet sauntering on the shore. Chloe hearing him calling for assistance from the ship, flies for help to Dorco, and reaches him when he is just expiring of the wounds inflicted by the corsairs of Tyre. Before his death he gives her his pipe, on which, after she had closed his eyes, she plays according to his instructions a certain tune, which being heard by the oxen in the Tyrian vessel, they all leap overboard and overset the ship. The pirates being loaded with heavy armour are drowned, but Daphnis swims safe to shore.

"Here ends the first book; and in the second the author proceeds to relate, that during autumn Daphnis and Chloe were engaged in the labours, or rather the delights, of the vintage. After the grapes had been gathered and pressed, and the new wine treasured in casks, having returned to feed their flocks, they are accosted one day by an old man, named Philetas, who tells them a long story of seeing Cupid in a garden, adding, that Daphnis and Chloe were to be dedicated to his service; the lovers

naturally enquire who Cupid is, for, although they had felt his influence, they were ignorant of his name. Philetas describes his power and his attributes, and points out the remedy for the pain he inflicts.

"The progress of their love was on one occasion interrupted by the arrival of certain youths of Methymnæa, who landed near that part of the island where Daphnis fed his flocks, in order to enjoy the pleasures of the chace during vintage. The twigs by which the ship of these sportsmen was tied to the shore had been eaten through by some goats, and the vessel had been carried away by the tide and the land breeze. Its crew having proceeded up the country in search of the owner of the animals, and not having found him, seized Daphnis as a substitute, and lash him severely, till other shepherds come to his assistance. Philetas is appointed judge between Daphnis and the Methymnæans, but the latter, refusing to abide by his decision, which was unfavourable to them, are driven from the territory. They return, however, next day, and carry off Chloe, with a great quantity of booty. Having landed at a place of shelter which lay in the course of their voyage, they pass the night in festivity, but at dawn of day they are terrified by the unlooked-for appearance of Pan, who threatens them with being drowned before they arrive at their intended place of destination, unless they set Chloe at liberty. Through this interposition she is allowed to return home, and is speedily restored to the arms of Daphnis. The grateful lovers sing hymns to the Nymphs. On the following day they sacrifice to Pan, and hang a goat's skin on a pine adjoining his image. The feast which follows this ceremony is attended by all the old shepherds in the neighbourhood, who recount the adventures of their youth, and their children dance

to the sound of the pipe.

"The Third Book commences with the approach of winter. The season of the year precludes the interviews of Daphnis and Chloe. They could no longer meet in the fields, and Daphnis was afraid to excite suspicion by visiting the object of his passion at the cottage of Dryas. He ventures, however, to approach its vicinity, under pretext of laying snares for birds. Engaged in this employment, he waits a long time without any person appearing from the house. At length, when about to depart, Dryas himself comes out in pursuit of a dog, who had run off with the family dinner. He perceives Daphnis with his game, and accordingly, as a profitable speculation, invites him into the cottage. The birds he had caught are prepared for supper, a second cup is filled, a new fire is kindled, and Daphnis is asked to remain next day to attend a sacrifice to be performed to Bacchus. By accepting the invitation, he for some time longer enjoys the society of Chloe. The lovers part, praying for the revival of spring; but while the winter lasted, Daphnis frequently visits the habitation of Dryas. When spring returns, Daphnis and Chloe are the first to lead out their flocks to pasture. Their ardour when they meet in the fields is increased by long absence and the season of the year, but their hearts remain innocent,—a purity which the author still imputes, not to virtue, but to ignorance.

"Chromis, an old man in the neighbourhood, had married a young woman called Lycænium, who falls in love with Daphnis; she becomes acquainted with the perplexity in which he is placed with regard to Chloe, and resolves at once to gratify her own passion and to free him from his embarrassment.

"Daphnis, however, still hesitates to practise with Chloe the lesson he had received from Lycænium.

"In the Fourth Book we are told that, towards the close of summer, a fellow-servant of Lamon arrives from Mytilene, to announce that the lord of the territory on which the reputed fathers of Daphnis and Chloe pasture their flocks, would be with them at the approach of vintage. Lamon prepares everything for his reception with much assiduity, but bestows particular attention on the embellishment of a spacious garden which adjoined his cottage, and of which the different parts are described as having been arranged in a manner fitted to inspire all the agreeable emotions which the art of gardening can produce. On this garden Daphnis had placed his chief hopes of conciliating the good-will of his master; and, through his favour, of being united to Chloe. Lampis, a cowherd, who had asked Chloe in marriage from Dryas, and had been refused, resolves on the destruction of this garden. Accordingly, when it is dark, he tears out the shrubs by the roots and tramples on the flowers. Dreadful is the consternation of Lamon on beholding on the following morning the havoc that had been made. Towards evening his terror is increased by the appearance of Eudromus, one of his master's servants, who gives notice that he would be with them in three days. Astylus (the son of Dionysophanes, proprietor of the territory) arrives first, and promises to obtain pardon from his father of the mischance that had happened to the garden. Astylus is accompanied by a parasite, Gnatho, who is smitten with a friendship *à la Grecque* for Daphnis. This having come to the knowledge of Lamon, who overhears the parasite ask and obtain Daphnis as a page from Astylus, he conceives it incumbent on him

to reveal to Dionysophanes, who had by this time arrived, the mysteries attending the infancy of Daphnis. He at the same time produces the ornaments he had found with the child, on which Dionysophanes instantly recognizes his son. Having married early in youth, he had a daughter and two sons, but being a prudent man, and satisfied with this stock, he had exposed his fourth child, Daphnis: a measure which had become somewhat less expedient, as his daughter and one of his sons died immediately after, on the same day, and Astylus alone survived. The change in the situation of Daphnis does not alter his attachment to Chloe. He begs her in marriage of his father, who, being informed of the circumstances of her infancy, invites all the distinguished persons in the neighbourhood to a festival, at which the articles of dress found along with Chloe are exhibited. The success of this device fully answers expectation, Chloe being acknowledged as his daughter by Megacles, one of the guests, who was now in a prosperous condition, but had exposed his child while in difficulties. There being now no farther obstacle of the union of Daphnis and Chloe, their marriage is solemnized with rustic pomp, and they lead through the rest of their days a happy and pastoral life."

[1] From Dunlop's History of Fiction.

ACHILLES TATIUS.

THE LOVES OF CLITOPHO AND LEUCIPPE.

SUMMARY.[1]

"Clitopho, engaged in marriage to his half-sister Calligone, resided at his father Hippias' house in Tyre, where his cousin Leucippe came to seek refuge from a war which was at that time carried on against her native country Byzantium. These young relatives became mutually enamoured. Callisthenes of Byzantium carries off Calligone by mistake instead of Leucippe, and Leucippe's mother having discovered Clitopho one night in the chamber of her daughter, the lovers resolved to avoid the effects of her anger by flight.

"Accompanied by Clinias, a friend of Clitopho, they sailed, in the first instance, for Berytus. After a short stay there, the fugitives set out for Alexandria: the vessel was wrecked on the third day of the voyage, but Clitopho and Leucippe, adhering with great presence of mind to the same plank, were driven on shore near Pelusium, in Egypt. At this place they hired a vessel to carry them to Alexandria, but while sailing up the Nile they were seized by a band of robbers, who infested the banks of the river. The robbers were soon after attacked by the Egyptian forces, commanded by Charmides, to whom Clitopho escaped during the heat of the engagement. Leucippe, however, remained in the power of the enemy, who, with much solemnity apparently ripped up our heroine close to the army of Charmides, and in the sight of her lover, who was prevented from interfering by a deep fosse which separated the two armies.

"The ditch having been filled up, Clitopho in the course of the night went to immolate himself on the spot where Leucippe had been interred. He arrived at her tomb, but was prevented from executing his purpose by the sudden appearance of his servant

Satyrus, and of Menelaus, a young man who had sailed with him in the vessel from Berytus. These two persons had also escaped from the shipwreck, and had afterwards fallen into the power of the robbers. By them Leucippe had been accommodated with a false uterus, made of sheep's skin, which gave rise to the *deceptio visus* above related.

"At the command of Menelaus, Leucippe issued from the tomb, and proceeded with Clitopho and Menelaus to the quarters of Charmides. In a short time this commander became enamoured of Leucippe, as did also Gorgias, one of his officers. Gorgias gave her a potion calculated to inspire her with reciprocal passion; but which being too strong, affected her with a species of madness of a very indecorous character. She is cured, however, by Chæreas, another person who had fallen in love with her, and had discovered the secret of the potion from the servant of Gorgias.

"Taking Chæreas along with them, Clitopho and Leucippe sail for Alexandria. Soon after their arrival, Leucippe was carried off from the neighbourhood of that place, and hurried on board a vessel by a troop of banditti employed by Chæreas. Clitopho pursued the vessel, but when just coming up with it he saw the head of a person whom he mistook for Leucippe struck off by the robbers. Disheartened by this incident, he relinquished the pursuit, and returned to Alexandria. There he was informed that Melitta, a rich Ephesian widow, at that time residing at Alexandria, had fallen in love with him. This intelligence he received from his old friend Clinias, who after the wreck of the vessel in which he had embarked with Clitopho, had got on shore by the usual expedient of a plank, and now suggested to his

friend that he should avail himself of the predilection of Melitta.

"In compliance with this suggestion, he set sail with her for Ephesus, but persisted in postponing the nuptials till they should reach that place, in spite of the most vehement importunities on the part of the widow. On their arrival at Ephesus the marriage took place; but before Melitta's object had been accomplished, Clitopho discovered Leucippe among his wife's slaves; and Thersander, Melitta's husband, who was supposed to be drowned, arrived at Ephesus. Clitopho was instantly confined by the enraged husband; but, on condition of putting the last seal to the now invalid marriage, he escaped by the intervention of Melitta. He had not proceeded far when he was overtaken by Thersander, and brought back to confinement. Thersander, of course, fell in love with Leucippe, but not being able to engage her affections, he brought two actions; one declaratory, that Leucippe was his slave, and a prosecution against Clitopho for marrying his wife. Clitopho escapes being put to the torture by the opportune arrival of Sostratus, Leucippe's father, sent on a sacred embassy.

"Leucippe is at last subjected to a trial of chastity in the cave of Diana, from which the sweetest music issued when entered by those who resembled its goddess. Never were notes heard so melodious as those by which Leucippe was vindicated. Thersander was, of course, nonsuited, and retired, loaded with infamy. Leucippe then related to her father and Clitopho that it was a woman dressed in her clothes whose head had been struck off by the banditti, in order to deter Clitopho from further pursuit, but that a quarrel having arisen among them on her account,

Chæreas was slain, and after his death she was sold by the other pirates to Sosthenes. By him she had been purchased for Thersander, in whose service she remained till discovered by Clitopho."

Sostratus then relates how Callisthenes, after discovering his mistake, became enamoured of Calligone, conducted her to Byzantium, treated her with all respect, expressing his determination not to marry her without her own and her father's consent. The party in a few days sail to Byzantium, where the nuptials of Clitopho and Leucippe take place. Shortly afterwards they proceed to Tyre, and are present at the wedding of Callisthenes and Calligone, who had arrived in that city before them.

[1] From Dunlop's History of Fiction.

THE ADVENTURES OF THEAGENES AND CHARICLEA.

The day had begun to smile cheerily, and the sun was already gilding the tops of the hills, when a band of men, in arms and appearance pirates,[1] having ascended the summit of a mountain which stretches down towards the Heracleotic[2] mouth of the Nile, paused and contemplated the sea which was expanded before them. When not a sail appeared on the water to give them hopes of a booty, they cast their eyes upon the neighbouring shore; where the scene was as follows: a ship was riding at anchor, abandoned by her crew; but to all appearance laden with merchandize, as she drew much water.[3] The beach was strewn with bodies newly slaughtered; some quite dead, others dying, yet still breathing,

gave signs of a combat recently ended. Yet it appeared not to have been a designed engagement; but there were mingled with these dreadful spectacles the fragments of an unlucky feast, which seemed to have concluded in this fatal manner. There were tables, some yet spread with eatables; others overturned upon those who had hoped to hide themselves under them; others grasped by hands which had snatched them up as weapons. Cups lay in disorder, half fallen out of the hands of those who had been drinking from them, or which had been flung instead of missiles; for the suddenness of the affray had converted goblets into weapons.

Here lay one wounded with an axe, another bruised by a shell picked up on the beach, a third had his limbs broken with a billet, a fourth was burnt with a torch, but the greater part were transfixed with arrows; in short, the strangest contrast was exhibited within the shortest compass; wine mingled by fate with blood, war with feasting, drinking and fighting, libations and slaughters. Such was the scene that presented itself to the eyes of the pirates.

They gazed some time, puzzled and astonished. The vanquished lay dead before them, but they nowhere saw the conquerors; the victory was plain enough, but the spoils were not taken away; the ship rode quietly at anchor, though with no one on board, yet unpillaged, as much as if it had been defended by a numerous crew, and as if all had been peace. They soon, however, gave up conjecturing, and began to think of plunder; and constituting themselves victors, advanced to seize the prey. But as they came near the ship, and the field of slaughter, a spectacle presented itself which perplexed them more than any which they had yet seen. A maiden of uncommon

and almost heavenly beauty sat upon a rock; she seemed deeply afflicted at the scene before her, but amidst that affliction preserved an air of dignity. Her head was crowned with laurel; she had a quiver at her shoulder; under her left arm was a bow, the other hung negligently down; she rested her left elbow on her right knee, and leaning her cheek on her open hand looked earnestly down on a youth who lay upon the ground at some distance. He, wounded all over, seemed to be recovering a little from a deep and almost deadly trance; yet, even in this situation, he appeared of manly beauty, and the whiteness of his cheeks became more conspicuous from the blood which flowed upon them.[4] Pain had depressed his eye-lids, yet with difficulty he raised them towards the maiden; and collecting his spirits, in a languid voice thus addressed her (while the pirates were still gazing upon both): "My love, are you indeed alive? or, has the rage of war involved you also in its miseries?[5] But you cannot bear even in death to be entirely separated from me, for your spirit still hovers round me and my fortunes."—"My fate," replied the maiden, "depends on thee: dost thou see this (showing him a dagger which lay on her knee)? it has yet been idle because thou still breathedst;" and saying this, she sprang from the rock.

The pirates upon the mountain, struck with wonder and admiration, as by a sudden flash of lightning, began to hide themselves among the bushes; for at her rising she appeared still greater and more divine. Her "shafts[6] rattled as she moved;" her gold-embroidered garments glittered in the sun; and her hair flowed, from under her laurel diadem, in dishevelled ringlets down her neck.

The pirates, alarmed and confused, were totally at a loss to account for this appearance, which puzzled them more than the previous spectacle; some said it was the goddess Diana, or Isis, the tutelary deity of the country; others, that it was some priestess, who, inspired by a divine frenzy from the gods, had caused the slaughter they beheld; this they said at random, still in ignorance and doubt. She, flying towards the youth and embracing him, wept, kissed him, wiped off the blood, fetched a deep sigh, and seemed as if she could yet scarcely believe she had him in her arms.

The Egyptians, observing this, began to change their opinion. These, said they, are not the actions of a deity; a goddess would not with so much affection kiss a dying body. They encouraged one another therefore to go nearer, and to inquire into the real state of things. Collecting themselves together, then, they ran down and reached the maiden, as she was busied about the wounds of the youth; and placing themselves behind her, made a stand, not daring to say or do any thing. But she, startled at the noise they made, and the shadow they cast, raised herself up; and just looking at them, again bent down, not in the least terrified at their unusual complexion and piratical appearance, but earnestly applied herself to the care of the wounded youth: so totally does vehement affection, and sincere love, overlook or disregard whatever happens from without, be it pleasing or terrifying; and confines and employs every faculty, both of soul and body, to the beloved object. But when the pirates advancing, stood in front, and seemed preparing to seize her, she raised herself again, and seeing their dark complexion[7] and rugged looks,—"If you are the shades of the slain," said she, "why do you trouble me? Most of

you fell by each other's hands; if any died by mine it was in just defence of my endangered chastity. But, if you are living men, it appears to me that you are pirates; you come very opportunely to free me from my misfortunes, and to finish my unhappy story by my death." Thus she spake in tragic strain.[8]

They not understanding what she said, and from the weak condition of the youth, being under no apprehension of their escaping, left them as they were; and proceeding to the ship, began to unload it. It was full of various merchandize; but they cared for nothing but the gold, silver, precious stones, and silken garments, of all which articles they carried away as much as they were able. When they thought they had enough, (and they found sufficient even to satisfy the avidity of pirates,) placing their booty on the shore, they divided it into portions not according to value but to weight; intending to make what related to the maiden and the youth, matter of their next consideration. At this instant another band of plunderers appeared, led by two men on horseback; which as soon as the first party observed, they fled precipitately away, leaving their booty behind them, lest they should be pursued; for they were but ten, whereas those who came down upon them were at least twice as many. The maiden in this manner ran a second risk of being taken captive.

The pirates hastening to their prey, yet from surprise and ignorance of the facts stopt a little. They concluded the slaughter they saw to have been the work of the first robbers; but seeing the maid in a foreign and magnificent dress, little affected by the alarming circumstances which surrounded her, employing her whole attention about the wounded youth, and seeming to feel his pains as if they were

her own, they were much struck with her beauty and greatness of mind: they viewed with wonder too the noble form and stature of the young man, who now began to recover himself a little, and to assume his usual countenance. After some time, the leader of the band advancing, laid hands upon the maiden, and ordered her to arise and follow him. She, not understanding his language, yet guessing at his meaning, drew the youth after her (who still kept hold of her); and pointing to a dagger at her bosom, made signs that she would stab herself, unless they took both away together.

The captain, comprehending what she meant, and promising himself a valuable addition to his troop in the youth, if he should recover, dismounted from his horse, and making his lieutenant dismount too, put the prisoners upon their horses, and ordered the rest to follow when they had collected the booty; he himself walked by their side, ready to support them, in case they should be in danger of falling. There was something noble in this; a commander appearing to serve, and a victor waiting upon his captives; such is the power of native dignity and beauty, that it can even impose upon the mind of a pirate, and subdue the fiercest of men.

They travelled about two furlongs along the shore; then, leaving the sea on their right hand, they turned towards the mountains, and with some difficulty ascending them, they arrived at a kind of morass, which extended on the other side. The features of the place were these: the whole tract is called *The Pasturage* by the Egyptians; in it there is a valley, which receives certain overflowings of the Nile, and forms a lake, the depth of which in the centre is unfathomable. On the sides it shoals into a marsh;

for, as the shore is to the sea, such are marshes to lakes.

Here the Egyptian[9] pirates have their quarters; one builds a sort of hut upon a bit of ground which appears above the water; another spends his life on board a vessel, which serves him at once for transport and habitation. Here their wives work for them and bring forth their children, who at first are nourished with their mother's milk, and afterwards with fish dried in the sun; when they begin to crawl about they tie a string to their ancles, and suffer them to go the length of the boat. Thus this inhabitant of the Pasturage is born upon the lake, is raised in this manner, and considers this morass as his country, affording as it does shelter and protection for his piracy. Men of this description therefore are continually flocking thither; the water serves them as a citadel, and the quantity of reeds as a fortification. Having cut oblique channels among these, with many windings, easy to themselves, but very difficult for others, they imagined themselves secure from any sudden invasion; such was the situation of the lake and its inhabitants.

Here, about sunset, the pirate-chief and his followers arrived; they made their prisoners dismount, and disposed of the booty in their boats. A crowd of others, who had remained at home, appearing out of the morass, ran to meet them, and received the chief as if he had been their king; and seeing the quantity of spoils, and almost divine beauty of the maiden, imagined that their companions had been pillaging some temple, and had brought away its priestess, or perhaps the *breathing image*[10] of the deity herself. They praised the valour of their captain, and conducted him to his quarters; these were in a little

island at a distance from the rest, set apart for himself and his few attendants. When they arrived he dismissed the greater part, ordering them to assemble there again on the morrow; and then taking a short repast with the few who remained, he delivered his captives to a young Greek (whom he had not long before taken to serve as an interpreter), assigning them a part of his own hut for their habitation; giving strict orders that the wounded youth should have all possible care taken of him, and the maiden be treated with the utmost respect; and then, fatigued with his expedition, and the weight of cares which lay upon him, he betook himself to rest.

Silence now prevailed throughout the morass, and it was the first watch of night, when the maiden, being freed from observers, seized this opportunity of bewailing her misfortunes; inclined to do so the rather, perhaps, by the stillness and solitude of the night, in which there was neither sound nor sight to direct her attention, and call off her mind from ruminating on its sorrows. She lay in a separate apartment on a little couch on the ground; and fetching a deep sigh, and shedding a flood of tears, "O Apollo," she cried, "how much more severely dost thou punish me than I have deserved! Is not what I have already suffered sufficient? Deprived of my friends, captured by pirates, exposed to a thousand dangers at sea, and now again in the power of buccaneers, am I still to expect something worse? Where are my woes to end? If in death, free from dishonour, I embrace it with joy; but if that is to be taken from me by force, which I have not yet granted even to Theagenes, my own hands shall anticipate my disgrace, shall preserve me pure in death, and shall leave behind me at least the praise of chastity. O Apollo, no judge will be more severe than thou

art!"

Theagenes, who was lodged near, overheard her complaints, and interrupted them, saying, "Cease, my dear Chariclea; you have reason, I own, to complain, but by so doing you irritate the deity: he is made propitious by prayers, more than by expostulations; you must appease the power above by prayers, not by accusations." "You are in the right," said she; "but how do you do yourself?"—"Better than I was yesterday," he replied, "owing to the care of this youth, who has been applying medicine to my wounds."—"You will be still better to-morrow," said the youth, "for I shall then be able to procure an herb which after three applications will cure them. I know this by experience; for since I was brought here a captive, if any of the pirates have returned wounded, by the application of this plant they have been healed in a few days. Wonder not that I pity your misfortunes; you seem to be sharing my own ill fate; and, as I am a Greek myself, I naturally compassionate Grecians."

"A Greek! O gods!" cried out both the strangers in transport, "a Greek indeed, both in language and appearance! Perhaps some relief to our misfortunes is at hand." "But what," said Theagenes, "shall we call you?"—"Cnemon." "Of what city?"—"An Athenian." "What have been your fortunes?"—"Cease," he replied; "why touch upon that subject; my adventures are matter for a tragedy. You seem to have had sorrows enough of your own; there is no need to increase them by a recital of mine; besides, what remains of the night would not be sufficient for the relation; and the fatigues you have gone through to-day demand sleep and rest." They would not admit his excuses, but pressed him to relate his story;

saying, that to hear of misfortunes something like their own, would be the greatest consolation to them.

Cnemon then began in this manner:—"My father's name was Aristippus, an Athenian, a member of the Upper Council,[11] and possessed of a decent fortune. After the death of my mother, as he had no child but me, he began to think of a second marriage, esteeming it hard that he should live an unsettled life solely on my account; he married therefore a woman of polished manners, but a mischiefmaker, called Demæneta.[12] From the moment of their marriage she brought him entirely under her subjection, enticing him by her beauty and seeming attentions; for there never was a woman who possessed the arts of allurement in a greater degree: she would lament at his going out, run with joy to meet him at his return, blame him for his stay, and mingle kisses and embraces with the tenderest expostulations. My father, entangled in these wiles, was entirely wrapped up in her. At first she pretended to behave to me as if I had been her own son; this likewise helped to influence my father. She would sometimes kiss me, and constantly wished to enjoy my society. I readily complied, suspecting nothing, but was agreeably surprised at her behaving to me with so much maternal affection. When, however, she approached me with more wantonness; when her kisses became warmer than those of a relation ought to be, and her glances betrayed marks of passion, I began to entertain suspicions, to avoid her company, and repress her caresses. I need not enumerate what artifices she used, what promises she employed to gain me over, how she called me darling, sweetest, breath of her life; how she mingled blandishments with these soft words; how, in serious affairs, she

behaved really as a mother, in less grave hours but too plainly as a mistress.

"At length, one evening, after I had been assisting at the solemn Panathenæan festival (when a ship[13] is sent to Minerva by land), and had joined in the hymns and usual procession, I returned home in my dress of ceremony, with my robe and crown. She, as soon as she saw me, unable to contain herself, no longer dissembled her love, but, her eyes sparkling with desire, ran up to me, embraced me, and called me her dear Theseus, her young Hippolytus: How do you imagine I then felt, who now blush even at the recital?

"My father that night was to sup in the Prytanæum, [14] and, as it was a grand and stated entertainment, was not expected to return home till the next day. I had not long retired to my apartment, when she followed me, and endeavoured to obtain the gratification of her wishes; but when she saw that I resisted with horror, regardless of her allurements, her promises, or her threats, fetching a deep-drawn sigh, she retired; and the very next day, with uncommon wickedness, began to put her machinations in force against me.

"She took to her bed; and, when my father returned and inquired the reason of it, she said she was indisposed, and at first would say no more. But when he insisted, with great tenderness, on knowing what had so disordered her, with seeming reluctance she thus addressed him:—'This dainty youth, this son of yours, whom I call the gods to witness I loved as much as you could do yourself, suspecting me to be with child (which, till I was certain of it, I have yet concealed from you), taking the opportunity of your absence, while I was advising and exhorting him to

temperance, and to avoid drunkenness and loose women (for I was not ignorant of his inclinations though I avoided dropping the least hint of them to you, lest it should appear the calumny of a step-mother)—while, I say, I took this opportunity of speaking to him alone, that I might spare his confusion, I am ashamed to tell how he abused both you and me; nor did he confine himself to words; but assaulting me both with hands and feet, kicked me at last upon the stomach, and left me in a dreadful condition, in which I have continued ever since.'

"When my father heard this, he made no reply, asked no questions, framed no excuse for me; but, believing that she who had appeared so fond of me, would not, without great reason, accuse me, the next time he met me in the house he gave me a tremendous blow; and calling his slaves, he commanded them to scourge me, without so much as telling me the cause of it. When he had wreaked his resentment, 'Now, at least,' said I, 'father, tell me the reason of this shameful treatment.' This enraged him the more. 'What hypocrisy!' cried he; 'he wants me to repeat the story of his own wickedness.' And, turning from me, he hastened to Demæneta. But this implacable woman, not yet satisfied, laid another plot against me.

"She had a young slave called Thisbe, handsome enough, and skilled in music. She, by her mistress's orders, put herself in my way; and though she had before frequently resisted solicitations, which, I own, I had made to her, she now made advances herself, in gestures, words, and behaviour. I, like a silly fellow as I was, began to be vain of my own attractions; and, in short, made an appointment with her to come to my apartment at night. We continued

our commerce for some time, I always exhorting her to take the greatest care lest her mistress should detect her. When, one day, as I was repeating these cautions, she broke out, 'O Cnemon! how great is your simplicity, if you think it dangerous for a slave like me to be discovered with you. What would you think this very mistress deserves, who, calling herself of an honourable family, having a lawful husband, and knowing death to be the punishment of her crime, yet commits adultery?'—'Be silent,' I replied; 'I cannot give credit to what you say.'—'What if I show you the adulterer in the very fact?'—'If you can, do.'—'Most willingly will I,' says she, 'both on your account, who have been so abused by her, and on my own, who am the daily victim of her jealousy. If you are a man, therefore, seize her paramour.'—I promised I would, and she then left me.

"The third night after this she awakened me from sleep, and told me that the adulterer was in the house; that my father, on some sudden occasion, was gone into the country, and that the lover had taken this opportunity of secretly visiting Demæneta. Now was the time for me to punish him as he deserved; and that I should go in, sword in hand, lest he should escape.

"I did as Thisbe exhorted me; and taking my sword, she going before me with a torch, went towards my mother's bedchamber. When I arrived there, and perceived there was a light burning within, my passion rising, I burst open the door, and, rushing in, cried out, 'Where is the villain, the vile paramour of this paragon of virtue?' and thus exclaiming, I advanced, prepared to transfix them both, when my father, O ye gods! leaping from the bed, fell at my feet, and besought me, 'O my son! stay your hand,

pity your father, and these grey hairs which have nourished you. I have used you ill, I confess, but not so as to deserve death from you. Let not passion transport you; do not imbrue your hands in a parent's blood!'

"He was going on in this supplicatory strain, while I stood thunderstruck, without power either to speak or stir. I looked about for Thisbe, but she had withdrawn. I cast my eyes in amaze round the chamber, confounded and stupified: the sword fell from my hand.

"Demæneta, running up, immediately took it away; and my father, now seeing himself out of danger, laid hands upon me, and ordered me to be bound, his wife stimulating him all the time, and exclaiming, 'This is what I foretold; I bid you guard yourself from the attempts of this youth; I observed his looks, and feared his designs.'—'You did,' he replied; 'but I could not have imagined he would carry his wickedness to such a pitch.' He then kept me bound; and though I made several attempts to explain the matter, he would not suffer me to speak.

"When the morning was come, he brought me out before the people, bound as I was; and flinging dust upon his head, thus addressed them: 'I entertained hopes, O Athenians, when the gods gave me this son, that he would have been the staff of my declining age. I brought him up genteelly; I gave him a first-rate education;[15] I went through every step needful to procure him the full privileges of a citizen of Athens; in short, my whole life was a scene of solicitude on his account. But he, forgetting all this, abused me first with words, and assaulted my wife with blows; and at last broke in upon me in the night, brandishing a drawn sword, and was

prevented from committing a parricide only by a sudden consternation which seized him, and made the weapon drop from his hand. I have recourse, therefore, to this assembly for my own defence and his punishment. I might, I know, lawfully have punished him even with death myself; but I had rather leave the whole matter to your judgment than stain my own hands with his blood:' and, having said this, he began to weep.

"Demæneta too accompanied him with her tears, lamenting the untimely but just death which I must soon suffer, whom my evil genius had armed against my parent; and thus seeming to confirm by her lamentations the truth of her husband's accusations.

"At length I desired to be heard in my turn, when the clerk arising put this pointed question to me: Did I attack my father with a sword? When I replied, 'I did indeed attack him, but hear how I came so to do'— the whole assembly exclaimed that, after this confession, there was no room for apology or defence. Some cried out I ought to be stoned; others, that I should be delivered to the executioner, and thrown headlong into the Barathrum.[16] During this tumult, while they were disputing about my punishment, I cried out, 'All this I suffer on account of my mother-in-law; my step-mother makes me to be condemned unheard.' A few of the assembly appeared to take notice of what I said, and to have some suspicions of the truth of the case; yet even then I could not obtain an audience, so much were all minds possessed by the disturbance.

"At length they proceeded to ballot: one thousand seven hundred condemned me to death; some to be stoned, others to be thrown into the Barathrum. The remainder, to the number of about a thousand,

having some suspicions of the machinations of my mother-in-law, adjudged me to perpetual banishment; and this sentence prevailed: for though a greater number had doomed me to death, yet there being a difference in their opinions as to the kind of death, they were so divided, that the numbers of neither party amounted to a thousand.

"Thus, therefore, was I driven from my father's house and my country: the wicked Demæneta, however, did not remain unpunished; in what manner you shall hear by-and-by.—But you ought now to take a little sleep; the night is far advanced, and some rest is necessary for you."

"It will be very annoying to us," replied Theagenes, "if you leave this wicked woman unpunished."—"Hear, then," said Cnemon, "since you will have it so.

"I went immediately from the assembly to the Piræus, and finding a ship ready to set sail for Ægina, I embarked in her, hearing there were some relations of my mother's there. I was fortunate enough to find them on my arrival, and passed the first days of my exile agreeably enough among them. After I had been there about three weeks, taking my accustomed solitary walk, I came down to the port; a vessel was standing in; I stopped to see from whence she came, and who were on board. The ladder was no sooner let down, when a person leapt on shore, ran up to me, and embraced me. He proved to be Charias, one of my former companions.—'O Cnemon!' he cried out, 'I bring you good news. You are revenged on your enemy: Demæneta is dead.'—'I am heartily glad to see you, Charias,' I replied; 'but why do you hurry over your good tidings as if they were bad ones? Tell me how all this has happened; I

fear she has died a natural death, and escaped that which she deserved.'—'Justice,' said he, 'has not entirely deserted us (as Hesiod[17] says); and though she sometimes seems to wink at crime for a time, protecting her vengeance, such wretches rarely escape at last: neither has Demæneta. From my connexion with Thisbe, I have been made acquainted with the whole affair.

"'After your unjust exile, your father, repenting of what he had done, retired from the sight of the world, into a lonely villa, and there lived; "gnawing his own heart," according to the poet.[18] But the furies took possession of his wife, and her passion rose to a higher pitch in your absence than it had ever done before. She lamented your misfortunes and her own, calling day and night in a frantic manner upon Cnemon, her dear boy, her soul; insomuch that the women of her acquaintance, who visited her, wondered at and praised her; that, though a step-dame, she felt a mother's affection. They endeavoured to console and strengthen her; but she replied that her sorrows were past consolation, and that they were ignorant of the wound which rankled at her heart.

"'When she was alone she abused Thisbe for the share she had in the business. "How slow were you in assisting my love! How ready in administering to my revenge! You deprived me of him I loved above all the world, without giving me an instant to repent and be appeased." And she gave plain hints that she intended some mischief against her.

"'Thisbe seeing her disappointed, enraged, almost out of her senses with love and grief, and capable of undertaking anything, determined to be beforehand with her; and by laying a snare for her mistress, to

provide for her own security. One day, therefore, she thus accosted her: "Why, O my mistress, do you wrongfully accuse your slave? It has always been my study to obey your will in the best manner I could; if anything unlucky has happened, fortune is to blame; I am ready now, if you command me, to endeavour to find a remedy for your distress."—"What remedy can you find?" cried she. "He who alone could ease my torments is far distant; the unexpected lenity of his judges has been my ruin: had he been stoned or otherwise put to death, my hopes and cares would have been buried with him. Impossibility of gratification extinguishes desire, and despair makes the heart callous. But now I seem to have him before my eyes: I hear, and blush at hearing him upbraid me with his injuries. Sometimes I flatter my fond heart that he will return again, and that I shall obtain my wishes; at other times I form schemes of seeking him myself, on whatever shore he wanders. These thoughts agitate, inflame, and drive me beside myself. Ye gods! I am justly served. Why, instead of laying schemes against his life, did I not persist in endeavouring to subdue him by kindness? He refused me at first, and it was but fitting he should do so; I was a stranger, and he reverenced his father's bed. Time and persuasion might have overcome his coldness; but I, unjust, and inhuman as I was, more like a tyrant, than his mistress, cruelly punished his first disobedience. Yet with how much justice might he slight Demæneta, whom he so infinitely surpassed in beauty! But, my dear Thisbe, what remedy is it you hint at?" The artful slave replied: "O Mistress, Cnemon, as most people think, in obedience to the sentence, has departed both from the city and from Attica; but I, who inquire anxiously into everything that you can have any concern in, have discovered

that he is lurking somewhere about the town. You have heard perhaps of Arsinoë the singer: he has long been connected with her. After his misfortune, she promised to go into exile with him, and keeps him concealed at her house till she can prepare herself for setting out."—"Happy Arsinoë!" cried Demæneta; "happy at first in possessing the love of Cnemon, and now in being permitted to accompany him into banishment. But what is all this to me?"—"Attend, and you shall hear," said Thisbe. "I will pretend that I am in love with Cnemon. I will beg Arsinoë, with whom I am acquainted, to introduce me some night to him in her room; you may, if you please, represent Arsinoë, and receive his visit instead of me. I will take care that he shall have drunk a little freely when he goes to bed. If you obtain your wishes, perhaps you may be cured of your passion. The first gratification sometimes extinguishes the flame of desire. Love soon finds its end in satiety: but if yours (which I hope will not be the case) should still continue, we may perhaps find some other scheme to satisfy it;[19] at present let us attend to this which I have proposed."

"'Demæneta eagerly embraced the proposal, and desired her to put it into immediate execution. Thisbe demanded a day only for preparation; and going directly to Arsinoë, asked her if she knew Teledemus. Arsinoë replying that she did, "Receive us then," says she, "this evening into your house; I have promised to sleep with him to-night: he will come first; I shall follow, when I have put my mistress to bed." Then hastening into the country to Aristippus, she thus addressed him: "I come, master, to accuse myself; punish me as you think fit. I have been the cause of your losing your son; not indeed willingly, but yet I was instrumental in his destruction: for

when I perceived that my mistress led a dissolute life, and injured your bed, I began to fear for myself, lest I should suffer if she should be detected by anybody else. I pitied you too, who received such ill returns for all your affection; I was afraid, however, of mentioning the matter to you, but I discovered it to my young master; and coming to him by night, to avoid observation, I told him that an adulterer was sleeping with my mistress. He, hurried on by resentment, mistook my meaning, and thought I said that an adulterer was then with her. His passion rose; he snatched a sword, and ran madly on towards your bedchamber. It was in vain I endeavoured to detain him, and to assure him that no adulterer was then with my mistress; he regarded not what I said, either made deaf by rage, or imagining that I changed my purpose. The rest you know. You have it in your power at least to clear up the character of your banished son, and to punish her who has injured both of you; for I will shew you to-day Demæneta with an adulterer, in a strange house without the city, and in bed."

""If you can do that," said Aristippus, "your freedom shall be your reward. I shall, perhaps, take some comfort in life, when I have got rid of this wicked woman. I have for some time been uneasy within myself: I have suspected her; but, having no proofs, I was silent. But what must we do now?"—"You know," said she, "the garden where is the monument of the Epicureans: come there in the evening, and wait for me." And having so said, away she goes; and coming to Demæneta, "Dress yourself," she cries, "immediately; neglect nothing that can set off your person; everything that I have promised you is ready."—Demæneta did as she was desired, and adorned herself with all her skill; and in the evening

Thisbe attended her to the place of assignation. When they came near she desired her to stop a little; and going forwards she begged Arsinoë to step into the next house, and leave her at liberty in her own; for she wished to spare the young man's blushes, who was but lately initiated into love affairs; and, having persuaded her, she returned, introduced Demæneta, put her to bed, took away the light (lest, forsooth, you, who were then safe at Ægina, should discover her), and entreated her to enjoy the good fortune which awaited her in silence. "I will now go," said she, "and bring the youth to you; he is drinking at a house in the neighborhood."—Away she flies where Aristippus was waiting, and exhorts him to go immediately and bind the adulterer fast. He follows her, rushes into the house, and, by help of a little moonlight which shone, with difficulty finding the bed, exclaims, "I have caught you now, you abandoned creature!" Thisbe immediately upon this exclamation bangs to the door on the other side, and cries out, "What untoward fortune! the adulterer has escaped; but take care at least that you secure the adulteress."—"Make yourself easy," he replied; "I have secured this wicked woman, whom I was the most desirous of taking:" and seizing her, he began to drag her towards the city. But she feeling deeply the situation she was in, the disappointment of her hopes, the ignominy which must attend her offences, and the punishment which awaited them, vexed and enraged at being deceived and detected, when she came near the pit which is in the Academy (you know the place where our generals sacrifice to the Manes of our heroes), suddenly disengaging herself from the hands of the old man, flung herself headlong in: and thus she died[20] a wretched death, suited for a wretch like herself.

"'Upon this Aristippus cried out, "You have yourself anticipated the justice of the laws," and the next day he laid the whole matter before the people; and having with difficulty obtained his pardon, consulted his friends and acquaintance how best he could obtain your recall. What success he has met with I cannot inform you of; for I have been obliged, as you see, to sail here on my own private business. But I think you have the greatest reason to expect that the people will consent to your return, and that your father will himself come to seek you, and conduct you home.'—Here Charias ended his recital. How I came to this place, and what have been my fortunes since, would take up more time and words than there is at present opportunity for."

Having said this, he wept; the strangers wept with him, seemingly for his calamities, really, perhaps, in remembrance of their own: nor would they have ceased from lamentation, had not sleep coming over them through the luxury of grief, at length dried their tears. They then lay in repose, but Thyamis (for that was the name of the pirate captain) having slept quietly the first part of the night, was afterwards disturbed by wandering dreams; and starting from his sleep, and pondering what they should mean, was kept awake by his perplexities the remainder of the night. For about the time when the cocks crow (whether a natural instinct induces them to salute the returning sun, or a feeling of warmth and a desire of food and motion excites them to rouse those who are about them with their song) the following vision appeared to him.

He seemed to be in Memphis, his native city; and entering into the temple of Isis, he saw it shining with the splendour of a thousand lighted lamps; the

altars were filled with bleeding victims of all sorts; all the avenues of the temple were crowded with people, and resounded with the noise of the passing throngs. When he had penetrated to the inmost sanctuary of the edifice, the goddess seemed to meet him, to give Chariclea into his hands, and to say, "O Thyamis, I deliver this maiden to you; but though having you shall not have her, but shall be unjust, and kill your guest; yet she shall not be killed."—This dream troubled him, and he turned it every way in his mind; at length, wearied with conjectures, he wrested its signification to his own wishes. You shall have her, and not have her; that is, you shall have her as a wife, not as a virgin: and as for the killing, he understood it to mean, thou shalt wound her virginity, but the wound shall not be mortal. And thus, led by his desires, he interpreted his vision.—When the morning dawned, he called his principal followers about him, and ordered their booty, which he called by the specious name of spoils, to be brought out into the midst; and sending for Cnemon, directed him to bring with him the captives whom he had the care of. When they were being brought, "What fortune," they exclaimed, "awaits us now?" and besought the protection and assistance of Cnemon. He promised to do all that was in his power for them, and comforted and encouraged them. He told them that the pirate captain had nothing barbarous in his disposition; that his manners were rather gentle; that he belonged to an illustrious family, and from necessity alone had embraced this kind of life. When all were met together, and they too made their appearance, Thyamis, seating himself on an eminence, and ordering Cnemon, who understood the Egyptian tongue, (whereas he himself could not speak Greek) to interpret what he said to the

captives, thus addressed the assembly:—

"You know, comrades, what my sentiments have always been towards you. You are not ignorant, how being the son of the high-priest of Memphis, and being frustrated of succeeding to the office[21] after the departure of my father, my younger brother against all law depriving me of it, I fled to you, that I might revenge the injury, and recover my dignity. I have been thought worthy to command you, and yet I have never arrogated any particular privileges to myself: if money was to be distributed, I desired only an equal share of it; if captives were to be sold, I brought their price into the common stock; for I have always deemed it to be the part of a valiant leader, to take the larger share of toil, and only an equal share of spoils. As to the captives, those men whose strength of body promised to be serviceable to us, I kept for ourselves; the weaker I sold. I never abused the women. Those of any rank I suffered to redeem themselves with money; and sometimes, out of compassion, dismissed them without ransom: those of inferior condition, who, if they had not been taken, would have passed their lives in servile offices, I employed in such services as they had been accustomed to. But now I *do* ask of one part of these spoils for myself, this foreign maiden. I might take her by my own authority, but I would rather receive her by your common consent; for it were foolish in me to do anything with a prisoner against the will of my friends. Neither do I ask this favour of you gratis; I am willing, in recompense for it, to resign my share in all the other booty. For since the priestly caste despises common amours, I am determined to take this maiden to myself, not out of mere lust, but for the sake of offspring. And I will explain to you the reasons which induce me to do so.

"In the first place she appears to me to be well born: I form this conjecture both from the riches which were found about her, and from her not being depressed by her calamities, but, seeming to rise superior to them; I am convinced that her disposition is good and virtuous; for, if in beauty she surpasses all, and by her looks awes all beholders into respect, can we do otherwise than think highly of her? But what recommends her above every thing to me is, that she appears to be a priestess of some god; for, in all her misfortunes, she has with a pious regard refused to lay aside her sacred robe and chaplet. Where then can I a priest find a partner more fitting for me, than one who is herself a priestess?"

The applause of the whole company testified their approbation. They exhorted him to marry, and wished him all possible happiness. He then pursued his discourse:—"I thank you, comrades; but it will now be proper to inquire how far my proposal is agreeable to this maiden. Were I disposed to use the power which fate has put into my hands, my will would be sufficient; they who can compel have no need to entreat. But in lawful marriage, the inclination of both parties ought to coincide." And turning to Chariclea, he said, "How, maiden, do you like my offer? What is your country, and who were your parents?" She, keeping her eye a considerable time on the ground, and moving slowly her head, seemed to meditate what she should answer. At length, raising herself gently towards Thyamis, and dazzling him with more than her usual charms (for her eyes shone with uncommon lustre, and the circumstances she was in gave an additional glow to her cheeks), Cnemon serving as interpreter, she thus addressed him:

"It might perhaps have been more proper for my brother Theagenes to speak on this occasion; for silence, I think, best becomes women, especially in a company of men. Since, however, you address yourself to me, and shew this first mark of humanity, in that you seek to obtain what you desire, by persuasion rather than force; since the main subject of your discourse relates to me alone; I am compelled to lay aside the common reserve of my sex, and to explain myself in regard to the proposal of marriage which you have made, even before such an audience. Hear then what is our state and condition.

"Our country is Ionia; our family one of the most illustrious in Ephesus. In early youth, as the laws appointed, we entered into the priesthood. I was consecrated to Diana, my brother to Apollo. But as the office is an annual one, and the time was elapsed, we were going to Delos to exhibit games[22] according to the custom of our country, and to lay down the priesthood. We loaded a ship therefore with gold, silver, costly garments, and other things necessary for the show and the entertainment which we were to give to the people. We set sail; our parents being advanced in years, and afraid of the sea, remained at home: but a great number of our fellow citizens attended us, some on board our ships, others in vessels of their own. When we had completed the greatest part of our voyage, a tempest suddenly arose; winds and hurricanes, raising the waves, drove the ship out of its course. The pilot yielded at length to the fury of the storm; and deserting the government of the ship, let her drive at the mercy of the winds. We scudded before them for seven days and nights; and at length were cast upon the shore where you found us, and where you saw the slaughter which had happened there. Rejoicing at

our preservation, we gave an entertainment to the ship's company. In the midst of it, a party of the sailors, who had conspired to make themselves masters of our riches, by taking away our lives, attacked us; our friends defended us; a dreadful combat ensued, which was continued with such rage and animosity, on both sides, that of the whole number engaged we alone survived (would to God we had not!), miserable remains of that unhappy day; in one thing alone fortunate, in that some pitying deity has brought us into your hands; and, instead of death which we feared, we are now to deliberate upon a marriage. I do not by any means decline the offer. Prisoner as I am, I ought to esteem it an honour and a happiness to be permitted to aspire to the bed of my conqueror. It seems too, to be by a particular providence of the gods, that I, a priestess, should be united to the son of a high priest. One thing alone I beg of you, O Thyamis. Permit me, at the first city I arrive at in which there is a temple or altar of Apollo, to resign my priesthood, and lay aside these badges of my office: this perhaps would with most propriety be done in Memphis, when you shall have recovered the dignity you are entitled to. Thus would our wedlock be celebrated with better auspices, joined with victory and prosperous success: but, if you would have it sooner, be it as you please; let me only first perform those rites which the custom of my country demands. This I know you will not refuse me, as you have yourself been, as you say, dedicated to holy things from childhood, and have just and reverend notions of what relates to the gods."

Here she ceased, and her tears began to flow. Her speech was followed by the approbation and applause of the company, who bid her do thus, and

promised her their aid. Thyamis could not help joining with them, though he was not entirely satisfied, for his eager desire to possess Chariclea made him think even the present hour an unreasonable delay. Her words, however, like the siren's song, soothed him, and compelled his assent; he thought, too, he saw in this some relation to his dream, and brought himself to agree that the wedding should be celebrated at Memphis. He then dismissed the company, having first divided the spoils, a great part of the choicest of which were forced upon him by his people.

He gave orders that, in ten days, they should all be ready to march to Memphis; and sent the Greeks to the habitation in which he had before placed them. Cnemon, too, by his command, attended them no longer now as a guard, but as a companion: their entertainment was the best which Thyamis could afford; and Theagenes, for his sister's sake, partook of the same handsome treament. He determined within himself to see Chariclea as seldom as possible, lest the sight of her should inflame the desire which tormented him, and urge him on to do anything inconsistent with what he had agreed to and promised. He deprived himself, therefore, of that company in which he most delighted, fearing that to converse with her, and to restrain himself within proper bounds, would be more than he could answer for. When the crew had dispersed, each to his habitation in the lake, Cnemon went to some distance from it, in search of the herb which he had promised to procure for Theagenes; and Theagenes, taking the opportunity of his absence, began to weep and lament, not addressing himself to Chariclea, but calling earnestly upon the gods: and she with tender solicitude inquiring whether he was only lamenting

their common misfortunes, or suffering any new addition to them?—"What can be newer or more unworthy," he replied, "than the breaking of vows and promises? than that Chariclea, entirely forgetting me, should give her consent to another marriage?"—"God forbid!" replied the maiden; "let not your reproaches increase the load of my calamities; nor, after so long an experience of my fidelity, lightly suspect a measure which the immediate necessity of the moment compelled me to adopt: sooner will you change than find me changed in regard to you. I can bear ill fortune; nor shall any force compel me to do anything unworthy of the modesty and virtue of my sex. In one thing alone, I own, I am immoderate, my love for you; but then it is a lawful one; and, however great, it did not throw me inconsiderately into your power; I resigned myself to you on the most honourable conditions; I have hither to lived with you in the most inviolate purity, resisting all your solicitations, and looking forward to a lawful opportunity of completing that marriage to which we are solemnly pledged. Can you then be so unreasonable as to think it possible that I should prefer a barbarian to a Greek? a pirate, to one to whom I am bound by so many ties?"—"What, then," said Theagenes, "was the meaning of that fine speech of yours? To call me your brother, indeed, was prudent enough, to keep Thyamis from suspecting the real nature of our love, and to induce him to let us continue together. I understood, too, the meaning of your veiling the true circumstances of our voyage under the fictions of Ionia and Delos. But so readily to accept his proposals, to promise to marry him, nay, to fix a time for the ceremony—this, I own, disturbs me, and passes my comprehension; but I had rather sink into the earth than see such an

end of all my hopes and labours on your account."

Chariclea flung her arms round Theagenes, gave him a thousand kisses, and bedewing him with tears, cried out, "How delightful to me are these apprehensions of yours! They prove that all the troubles you have undergone have in no degree weakened your love; but know, O my dear Theagenes, that unless I had promised as I did, we should not now be talking together. You must be sensible that contradiction only adds force to violent passion; seeming compliance allays the impulse in its birth, and the allurement of promises lulls the violence of desire. Your rough lovers think they have got something when they have obtained a promise: and, relying upon the faith of it, become quieter, feeding themselves with hope. I, being aware of this, in words resigned myself up to him, committing what shall follow to the gods, and to that genius who presides over our loves.

"A short interval of time has frequently afforded means of safety, which the wisest counsels of men could not have foreseen. I saw nothing better to be done than to endeavour to ward off a certain and imminent danger, by a present, though uncertain, remedy. We must, therefore, my dearest Theagenes, use this fiction as our best ally, and carefully conceal the truth even from Cnemon; for though he seems friendly to us, and is a Greek, yet he is a captive, and likely, perhaps, to do anything which may ingratiate him with his master. Our friendship with him is as yet too new, neither is there any relation between us sufficiently strong to give us a certain assurance of his fidelity. If he suspects, therefore, and inquires into our real situation, we must deny it: for even a falsehood is commendable when it is of service to

those who use it, and does no injury to the hearers of it."

While Chariclea was thus suggesting this course, Cnemon comes running in, with an altered countenance, and seemingly in much agitation. "O Theagenes," he cried, "I have brought you the herb I mentioned; apply it, and it will heal your wounds; but you must now, I fear, prepare yourself for others, and a slaughter equal to that which you have lately been an actor in." Theagenes desiring him to explain himself, "There is no time at present;" he replied, "for explanation; action will probably anticipate words; but do you and Chariclea follow me as fast as you can;" and taking them with him, he brought them to Thyamis. They found him employed in burnishing his helmet and sharpening his spear. "Very seasonably," he exclaimed, "are you employed about your arms; put them on as fast as you can, and command all your men to do the same, for a hostile force is approaching greater than ever threatened us before, and they must now be very near. I saw them advancing over the top of the neighbouring hill, and have made all possible haste to bring you information, giving the alarm to every one I met with in my passage."

Thyamis, at these tidings, started up and cried out, "Where is Chariclea?" as if he were more apprehensive for her than for himself. When Cnemon showed her standing near the door. "Lead this maiden privately," says he, "into the cave where I keep my treasures, and forget not to replace as usual the covering of it; having done this, return to me as fast as you can: meanwhile, I will prepare for the storm of battle which awaits us." Having said this, he ordered his lieutenant to bring forth a victim, that he

might begin the engagement after a due sacrifice to his country's gods. Cnemon proceeded to execute his commission, and leading off Chariclea, who turned earnestly towards Theagenes, and lamented her hard fate, he let her down into the cave. This was not, as many are, the work of nature, an accidental excavation, but the contrivance of the pirates, who, imitating her operations, had hollowed out an artificial cavern for the reception of their treasures. It was formed in this manner: its entrance,[23] narrow and dark, was under the doors of a hidden chamber, the threshold became, in case of need, a second door, for farther descent; it fitted exactly, and could be lifted up with great facility; the rest of the cave was cut into various winding passages, which, now diverging, now returning, with a multitude of ramifications, converged at last into an open space at the bottom, which received an uncertain light from an aperture at the extremity of the lake. Here Cnemon introduced Chariclea, and led her to the farthest recess, encouraging and promising her that he and Theagenes would come to her in the evening; and that he would not suffer him to engage in the battle which impended. Chariclea was unable to answer him; and he went out of the cave, leaving her half dead, silent, and stupified, as if her soul had been separated from her with Theagenes. He shut down the door, dropping a tear for her as he did it, and for the necessity he was under of burying her in a manner alive, and consigning the brightest of human forms to darkness and obscurity. He made what haste he could to Thyamis. He found him burning with ardour for the fight, and Theagenes by his side splendidly armed; he was even to frenzy rousing the spirits of his followers who surrounded him, and thus began to address them:

"There is no need, comrades, to address you in a long exhortation; you want no encouragement, to whom war is the breath of life; and the sudden approach of the enemy cuts off all space for words; it becomes us to prepare to resist force by force; not to do so would betray an absence of all energy. I do not put you in mind of your wives and children as is usual on these occasions, though nothing but victory can preserve them from destruction and violation. This contest is for our very being and existence; no quarter, no truce, ever takes place in piratic warfare; we must either conquer or die. Let us exert, then, our force to the utmost, and with determined minds fall upon the enemy."

Having said this, he looked round for his lieutenant, Thermuthis, and called him several times by his name. When he nowhere appeared, throwing out hasty threats against him, he rushed on towards the ferry. The battle was already begun, and he could see at a distance those who inhabited the extremities and approaches of the lake in the fact of being routed by the enemy, who set on fire the boats and huts of those who fell or fled. The flames spread to the neighbouring morass, caught hold of the reeds which grew there in great abundance, dazzled every eye with an almost intolerable blaze, and, crackling and roaring, stunned their ears.

War[24] now appeared in all its horrid forms: the inhabitants for some time, with readiness and energy, supported and repelled the attack; but being astonished by the sudden incursion, and pressed by the superior numbers of the enemy, those on the land gave way, and many of those on the lake, together with their boats and habitations, were overwhelmed in the waters! every dreadful sound

now struck the air, as the conflict raged both by land and water; groans and shouts were mingled, the lake was discoloured with blood, all were involved in fire or water. Thyamis, at this sight, called to mind his dream, and the temple of Isis shining with lamps, and flowing with the blood of victims; he saw a resemblance in it to the scene before him, and began to fear that he must give up his former favourable interpretation; that Chariclea was destined to fall in this tumult, and that so having had her in his possession, he should now have her no longer; that she would be slain, not merely be wounded in her virginity; exclaiming, therefore against the goddess, for having deceived him, and unable to bear the thought that any one else should possess Chariclea, he ordered the men who were about him to halt, and if they were obliged to engage, to defend themselves as well as they could, by retiring behind, and making sallies from, the numerous little islands: as by so doing they might, for some time, be able to resist the attack of the enemy. He then, under pretence of going to seek Thermuthis, and sacrificing to his household gods, returned in great agitation to his tent, suffering no one to follow him.

The disposition of the barbarians is obstinate and determined;[25] when they despair of their own safety, they are accustomed to destroy those who are most dear to them; either wildly imagining that they shall enjoy their company after death; or thinking that by so doing they shall deliver them from the injuries and insults of the enemy. Stimulated by some of these motives, Thyamis, forgetting the urgent danger which pressed upon him, and the enemies by whom he was surrounded as by a net; burning with anger, love, and jealousy, rushed headlong to the cave: he poured out his Egyptian

exclamations with a loud voice, and soon after his entrance, being addressed by some one in the Greek tongue, the voice guided him to the person; he seized her hair with his left hand, and with his right plunged his sword into her bosom: the unfortunate creature sank down, uttering a last and piteous groan. Issuing forth and closing the trap-door, he threw a little dust over her, and dropping a tear he exclaimed, "Are these then the nuptial presents you were to expect from me!" When he arrived at the boats, he saw his people ready to fly as the enemy approached near, and Thermuthis having now made his appearance, preparing to begin the sacrifice: having abused him for his unseasonable absence, and told him that he had already offered up the most beauteous of victims, he, Thermuthis and the rower got into a boat: their small vessels would not hold more, being made out of the trunk of a tree rudely hollowed. Theagenes and Cnemon got into another, and in the same manner all the rest embarked.

When they had proceeded a little from the shore, rowing round the side rather than launching out into the deep, they lay upon their oars, and drew up in a line, to receive the enemy; but at their approach, a sudden panic seized the pirates, and not sustaining the first hostile shout of their opponents, they fled in disorder: Cnemon and Theagenes gradually retired, but not from fear: Thyamis alone disdained to fly; and perhaps not wishing to survive Chariclea, rushed into the midst of his foes. A cry was instantly heard among them, "This is Thyamis, let all have an eye to him:" immediately they turned their boats and surrounded him; he, vigorously fighting, wounded some and killed others, and yet strange was that which ensued: out of so great a multitude no one lifted up a sword, or cast a dart at him, but every one

did their utmost to capture him alive. He continued manfully to resist, till at length his spear was wrested from him, and he had lost his lieutenant, who had nobly seconded him; and who, having received, as he thought, a mortal wound, leaped into the lake, and with great difficulty reached the shore, no one offering to pursue him; for now they had laid hold on Thyamis, and esteemed the capture of one man a victory; and though he had destroyed so many of their men, their joy at having taken him alive far exceeded their grief for the loss of their comrades; for gain is dearer to robbers than their lives; and friendship and relationship are only so far considered among them as they conduce to this main end.

The leaders of this attack were the men who had fled from Thyamis and his followers at the Heracleotic mouth of the Nile: they, enraged at the loss of a booty, which through plunder, they considered as their own, gathered their friends together, and many others from the neighbouring towns, by proposing to them an equal division of the spoils; and became their guides in the expedition.

The reason why they were so desirous of taking Thyamis alive was this: Petosiris, who resided at Memphis, was his younger brother; by his artifices he had unlawfully deprived Thyamis of the priesthood, and hearing that he was now at the head of the pirates, he feared that he might take some opportunity to attack him, or that in time his treachery might be discovered; he was besides suspected of having made away with his brother, who nowhere appeared. For these reasons he proclaimed great rewards among all the nests of pirates in his neighbourhood, to any one who should capture him alive: they, stimulated by these offers,

and in the heat of battle, not losing sight of gain, took him prisoner at the price of many of their lives. They sent him, under a strong guard, to the main land, he reproaching them all the while for their seeming lenity, and bearing bonds much more indignantly than he would have borne death. The rest proceeded towards the island in quest of treasures and spoil; but when, after a long and strict search, they found nothing of any consequence, some few things excepted, which out of hurry or forgetfulness were left out of the cavern, they set fire to the tents; and the evening coming on, fearing to remain there any longer, lest they should be surprised by the enemy whom they had driven thence, they returned to their companions upon the continent.

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[1] Piracy was not in those times considered dishonorable; but the contrary.—Thucyd. B. i. 4.

[2] Called by Herodotus, B. ii. 17, the Bucolic mouth. "It seems clear that the phrase was derived from the inhabitants of the region, a horde of piratical herdsmen, apparently of different race from the agricultural Egyptians. They haunted the most marshy part of the Delta, where the papyrus reeds effectually masked their retreats."—Blakesley's Herodotus.

[3] ἐπὶ τρίτον ζωστῆρα—to the third wale. The wales are strong planks extending along a ship's side through the whole length at different heights, serving to strengthen the decks and form the curves. A passage in the Cyclops of Euripides may illustrate the above—

γάνυμας δὲ δαιτὸς ἥβης,
σκάφος ὁλκὰς ὥς γεμισθεὶς

ποτὶ σέλμα γαστρὸς ἄκρας.—Cyclops. 503.

[4]

Indum sanguineo veluti violaverat ostro
Si quis ebur.—Æn. xii. 67.

[5] ἤ γέγονας πολέμου πάρεργον. The expression πολέμου πάρεργον means a by-work; something done by the by.—Thucyd. B. i. 112.

[6] Iliad, B. i. 45.

[7] A full description of the personal appearance of the buccaneers will be found in Achilles Tatius.—B. iii. c. 9.

[8] Ἡ μὲν ταῦτα ἐπετραγῴδει.

[9] For a further description of the buccaneer stronghold, see Achilles Tatius, B. iv. c. 14.

Perhaps Heliodorus (afterwards a bishop) had derived the materials for his graphic description of their haunts and manners from personal residence among them, as was the case (so Horace Walpole informs us) with Archbishop Blackburne (*temp.* Geo. II,) who in his younger days is said to have been a buccaneer. In Herod. v. 16, is a curious account of a fishing-town built in the lake Prasias, exactly corresponding with the description of *The Pasturage* in Heliodorus.

[10] Ἔμπνουν ἄγαλμα.

"And there she stood, so calm and pale
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there;
But still she was, so pale, so fair."—Marmion, c. xxi

[11] Βουλῆς δὲ τῆς ἄνω. The Council of the 500, who were a kind of Committee of the Ἐκκλησία to prepare measures for that assembly.

[12] Cnemon and his stepmother will recall to the reader's memory Phædra and Hippolytus.

[13] In the Ceramicus, without the city, was an engine, built in the form of a ship, upon which the πέπλος, or robe of Minerva, was hung, in the manner of a sail, and which was put in motion by concealed machinery. It was conveyed to the temple of Ceres Eleusinia, and from thence to the citadel, where it was put upon Minerva's statue, which was laid upon a bed strewed with flowers, and called πλακὶς.

[14] The public hall at Athens, in which the Prytanes for the time being, and some other magistrates, had their meals, and entertained foreign ambassadors.

[15] Literally, "I had him enrolled in his proper ward (φρατρία), in his proper house (γένος), and among those arrived at puberty (ἔφηβοι)," the successive steps to Athenian citizenship.

[16] The Barathrum was a yawning cleft behind the Acropolis, into which criminals were cast.

[17] Hesiod, "Works and Days," 221.

"Justice....
When mortals violate her sacred laws,
When judges hear the bribe and not the cause,
Close by her parent god behold her stand,
And urge the punishment their sins demand."—Lee.

Ammianus Marcellinus says, B. xxix., "*Inconnivens* justitiæ oculus; arbiter et vindex perpetuus rerum."

Rarò antecedentem scelestum
Descruit pede Pœna claudo.—Hor. Od. iii. II. 31.

[18] Ὸν θυμόν κατέδων. Il. vi. 202.

[19] Δεύτερος ἔσται πλοῦς, we will go on a fresh tack.

[20] Κακή κακῶς.

[21] The succession to the Egyptian priesthood was hereditary.—Vide Herod., ii. 37.

[22] θεωρίαν ἤγομεν. The Athenians made a solemn voyage to Delos every year; the deputation was called θεωρία; the persons employed in it, θεωροὶ; the ship, θεωρὶς. See Robinson's Antiquities of Greece.

[23] This description is very obscure in the original; the meaning seems to be, that the descent to the cavern was effected by lifting up an oblong stone, bearing the appearance of a threshold, but serving as a door. The following is the version of the Italian translator: "L'entrata era stretta e oscura, sottoposta all' entrata d'uno occulto edificio, in guisa che la soglia della prima entrata faceva un' altra porta ad uso di scendere," &c. The poet, Walter Lisle, gives the passage thus:—

"A cave there was, it opened well and shut
With narrow door of stone, that threshold was
T'an upper room. Within, a maze it has
Of sundrie wayes, entangled (like the roots
Of thicke-set trees, amids and all abouts),
That meet in plaine."

And wishing to embellish the picture, he adds —

"With scales of crocodile
The roofe is pav'd, brought hither from the Nile."

[24] See a passage, already referred to, in Achilles Tatius (B. iv. c. 14), containing a spirited picture of pirate warfare.

[25] There is a curious example of this disposition of the barbarians in the conduct of Mithridates, after his defeat by Lucullus. See Ferguson's Rom. Hist. vol. ii. p. 24. He ordered his wives and sisters to destroy themselves, fearful of their falling into the enemy's hands.

BOOK II.

In this manner, as we have related, were the flames spread over the lake; the conflagration escaped the notice of Theagenes and Cnemon while the sun was above the horizon, the superior lustre of that planet overcoming the blaze; but when it set, when night came on, and the fire had no longer any rival to contend with, it appeared at a distance to their great consternation, as they began to raise themselves out of the morass. Theagenes tearing his hair, thus broke out into passionate exclamations; "May this day be the last of my life; may my fears, cares, and dangers now have an end, and my hopes and love conclude together. Chariclea is no more, and I am undone; in vain, wretch, that I am, have I become a coward, and submitted to an unmanly flight, that I might preserve myself for you, the delight of my life. For you, alas! I live no longer; you have fallen by an untimely death, nor was he on whom you doated present to receive your latest breath; but you are become the prey of flames, and these are the nuptial torches which cruel fate has lighted up for you. All is consumed, and there now remains no trace of the most perfect of

human forms: O! most cruel and envious deities! a last embrace is denied me:" and thus lamenting, he felt about for his sword—Cnemon arrested his hand, and cried out, "Why, Theagenes, do you lament her who is safe? Chariclea is alive; be comforted." "Away!" he replied, "this is a tale for children; why do you keep me from the death I long for?" Cnemon swore to the truth of what he had said, told him the orders of Thyamis, described the cave where he had placed Chariclea; and assured him there was not the smallest danger of the flames (cut off as they would be) penetrating through the deep and winding avenues by which she was protected.

Theagenes at these assurances began to recover his spirits, and hastened towards the island, having Chariclea, and a joyful meeting in the cave before his eyes, ignorant, alas! of the woes which awaited him there. They proceeded forwards with great ardour, plying the oars themselves, for their rower had fallen overboard in the confusion of the first flight; they went on with an unsteady course from inexperience in rowing, not able to keep stroke, and the wind being against them; but their ardour overcame their unskilfulness, and with great difficulty at last, and bathed in sweat, they reached the shore, and ran eagerly towards the tents. Of these they saw only the ashes, they having been totally consumed; the stone, however, which formed the threshold and entrance of the cavern, was conspicuous enough; for the huts being built of reeds and such slender materials, were soon consumed and turned into a light ash, which the wind scattering away, left the earth bare in many places for a passage, cooling it at the same time with the blast.

Finding some torches half burnt, and lighting some

reeds which remained, they opened the cave's mouth, and under the guidance of Cnemon, descended into it. When they had gone a little way, Cnemon suddenly exclaimed, "O God! what is this? we are undone, Chariclea is slain;" and flinging his torch on the ground, extinguished it, and falling on his knees, and covering his face with his hands, began to weep. Theagenes threw himself upon the body, and held it a long time in his arms, closely embraced; Cnemon seeing him overwhelmed with this stroke, and fearing when he recovered his senses he would make some attempt upon himself, took away unobserved the sword which hung by his side, and leaving him for a moment, ran out to light his torch. While he was gone, the unhappy lover broke out into mournful and tragic exclamations, "O intolerable calamity, and never-to-be-appeased wrath of the gods! what insatiable demon thus rages to my destruction? who, after having driven me from my country through a thousand dangers of seas and pirates, having delivered me up to marauders, and stript me of all I had, when one only comfort was left me, has now deprived me of that! Chariclea is no more, she lies slain by a violent death; doubtless, she has fallen in defence of her chastity, determined to preserve herself unspotted for my sake. In vain has her beauty bloomed both for herself and me; but, O my love! have not you one last word left to speak to me? Are life and breath for ever gone? Alas! you are silent; that mouth, formerly the interpreter of the will of heaven, is dumb, and darkness and destruction have overwhelmed the priestess of the gods. Those eyes glance no more whose lustre dazzled all beholders, whose brightness, if your murderer had met, he could not have executed his purpose; what shall I call you, my wife? but we were

not married; my contracted spouse? but the contract has been a fruitless one; let me call you by the sweetest of all appellations, Chariclea. O Chariclea! if, where you are, you are capable of receiving comfort, be comforted; you have a faithful lover; we shall soon meet again; behold, I sacrifice myself to your Manes, to you I pour out my own blood in libations;[1] this cavern, a rude sepulchre, shall retain both our bodies; we shall be united in our deaths, though fate forbade it in our lives." Saying this, he felt for his sword, and not finding it, "O Cnemon," he exclaimed, "you have undone me, and Chariclea too, for the second time depriving her shade of the company it desires." While he was thus speaking, a voice from the windings of the cave was heard, calling Theagenes; he, not in the least alarmed, replied, "I come, my dearest life; your soul, I see, still hovers above the earth, partly, perhaps, because unwilling to leave that body, from which it has by violence been expelled; and partly, because[2] wanting the rites of sepulture, you may be refused admittance in the shades below." Cnemon now approached with the torch; again the voice was heard, calling Theagenes; Cnemon instantly exclaimed, "Ye gods! is not this the voice of Chariclea? Theagenes, I think she is safe, for the sound seems to me to proceed from that very part of the cavern where I know I left her."—"Will you never cease attempting to deceive me," replied Theagenes? —"I am much deceived myself," replied the other, "if we find this corpse which lies before us to be that of Chariclea;" and stooping down to examine the countenance, "O heavens!" he cried out, "what do I see? the face of Thisbe!" and starting back, he stood petrified with astonishment. Theagenes, on the contrary, now began to recover his spirits, and in his

turn supported and encouraged Cnemon, who was ready to faint; and besought him that he would lead him instantly to Chariclea; Cnemon, by degrees coming to himself, again examined the body, which really was that of Thisbe; he knew, too, by its hilt, the sword which Thyamis from rage and haste had left sticking in the wound. He perceived also a tablet appearing out of her bosom; he took it, and was beginning to read what was written upon it; but Theagenes would not suffer him, and earnestly entreated him, if all he saw was not the illusion of some demon, that he would take him to Chariclea; you may afterwards, said he, read this tablet. Cnemon obeyed; and, taking up the tablet and the sword, hastened towards Chariclea. She, creeping on hands and knees towards the sound of their voices as well as she could, at length saw the light, flew to Theagenes, and hung upon his neck. And mutually exclaiming, "And are you restored to me, my dear Theagenes?"—"Do you live,[3] sweetest Chariclea?" they fell in each others' arms upon the ground; their voices murmuring and themselves dying away. So much does a sudden rush of joy overpower the human faculties, and excess of pleasure passes into pain. Thus these lovers, unexpectedly preserved, seemed again in danger, till Cnemon, observing a little water in a cleft of the rock, took it up in the hollow of his hand, and sprinkling it over their faces and nostrils, they came by degrees to themselves. But when they discovered their situation, lying on the ground in each other's arms, they rose immediately, and blushing a little, especially Chariclea, began to make excuses to Cnemon. He, smiling, turned the matter into pleasantry.

"You will not find a severe censor in me," said he; "whoever is but moderately acquainted with the

passion of love, will easily forgive its excesses. But there is one part of your conduct, Theagenes, which I cannot approve of—indeed I was ashamed to see it—when you fell down, and bewailed in so lamentable a manner a foreign woman, and one of no good character, while I was all the time assuring you, that she, whom you professed to love best, was alive and near you."—"Have done, Cnemon," he replied; "do not traduce me to Chariclea. You know I lamented her, under the person of another; but since the kind gods have shewn me that I was in an error, pray call to mind a little your own fortitude. You joined your tears, at first, with mine; but when you recognized the body which lay before you, you started as from a demon on the stage, you in armour, and with a sword, from a woman; you, a Grecian warrior, from a corpse!"

This raillery drew a short and forced smile from them, mingled with tears; for such was their calamitous situation, that grief and thought soon overpowered this gleam of cheerfulness. A short silence ensued; when Chariclea[4] gently moving her finger upon her cheek under the ear, exclaimed, "I shall always esteem her blest, whoever she be, for whom Theagenes is concerned; but, if you do not think that love makes me too inquisitive, I should be glad to know who is this happy damsel who has been thought worthy of his tears; and by what error he could take a stranger for me."—"You will wonder when you hear," replied Theagenes. "Cnemon affirms, that these are the remains of Thisbe, the Athenian singer, the plotter against him and Demæneta."—"How," said the astonished Chariclea, "could she be brought here, from the middle of Greece to the extremity of Egypt, like a deity in a tragedy?[5] and how could she be concealed from us

at our entrance?"—"As to that, I am as much at a loss about it as you can be," said Cnemon; "all I know of her adventures is this: After the tragical end of Demæneta, my father laid before the people what had happened. They pitied and pardoned him; and he was earnestly employed in soliciting my recall. Thisbe made use of the leisure she had upon her hands; and at different entertainments set her musical skill and her person to sale.

"She[6] now received more favour from the public than Arsinoë, who grew careless in practising her talents; while Thisbe shewed greater perfection, both in voice and execution. But she was not aware that by this she had excited the inextinguishable envy of a courtezan. This was increased by her having seduced Nausicles, a rich merchant of Naucratium, formerly a lover of Arsinoë; but who had left her on pretence of being disgusted with the distortions of her eyes and countenance, while she was playing on the flute. Anger and jealousy raging in her bosom, she went to the relations of Demæneta, and discovered to them the snare which Thisbe had laid for their kinswoman; partly from her own conjectures, and partly from what Thisbe had told her. Their anger, however, fell first upon my father; and they engaged the most skilful counsel to accuse him to the people, as if he had put Demæneta to death without trial or conviction; and had made use of the adultery only as a pretext for her murder; and loudly called upon him to produce the adulterer, or at least to name him; they concluded by insisting that Thisbe should be put to the torture. My father readily agreed to this, but she was not to be found; for, upon the first stirring of the matter, she had taken flight with her merchant. The people, angry at her escape, were in an ill humour to hear the defence

of the accused. They did not indeed convict him of the murder, but found him guilty of being concerned in the contrivance against Demæneta, and of my unjust banishment. They exiled him from the city, and fined him to the amount of the greatest part of his fortune. Such were the fruits of his second marriage.

"The wretched Thisbe, whose punishment I now see before me, sailed safe from Athens: this is all I know about her, and this I had from Anticles at Ægina. I sailed with him to Egypt in hopes of finding Thisbe at Naucratium, that I might bring her back to Athens, and clear my father from the suspicions and accusations he laboured under, and procure her to be justly punished for her crimes against us. What I have since undergone you shall hear at a more convenient season; let us now examine into the cause of the tragedy which is here presented to us. But how Thisbe came into this cavern, and how she has been murdered in it, must be explained to us, I believe, by some deity, for it passes human comprehension; let us examine, however, the tablet that was found in her bosom; perhaps that will give us some information." With this he took it, and began to read as follows:

> "Thisbe, formerly his enemy, but now his avenger, to her master, Cnemon:
>
> "In the first place I inform you of the death of Demæneta, brought about on your account by my means; how it happened, if you will admit me to your presence, I will relate to you in person. I have been ten days on this island, having been made captive by

one of the robbers, who boasts that he is lieutenant to the chief, and keeps me closely confined—as he says, out of love; as I suppose, lest I should be taken from him. By the kindness of the gods, I have seen and recognized you, and send this tablet to you privately by an old woman who waits upon me, commanding her to deliver it to a handsome Greek, a favourite of the chief. Deliver me from the power of these pirates, and receive to yourself your handmaid; and, if you can prevail upon yourself, preserve her; knowing that in what I acted against you I was compelled, but the revenging you of your enemy was my own voluntary act. But, if you still feel an inextinguishable resentment against me, satiate it as you please; only let me be in your hands, even if I am to die by them; I prefer death from you, and to have the rites of my country performed over my remains, to a life that is more dreadful than death; and to the love of a barbarian, more odious to me than the hatred of a Greek."—This was the contents of the tablet.

"O Thisbe," said Cnemon, "the gods have wisely ordained your death; and that you should become, even after your slaughter, the relater of your calamities; the Fury[7] who has driven you through the world, has not ceased her avenging pursuit, till

she has made me, whom you have injured, even in Egypt, a spectator of your punishment. But what accident is it which has stopped your career, while perhaps this letter of yours was only the forerunner of some new practice against me? for I cannot help suspecting you even now that you are dead. I fear lest the account of Demæneta's death should be a fiction; lest those who have informed me of it should have deceived me; lest you should have crossed the seas with a design to renew in Egypt the tragedies you have acted against me in Attica."—"O you courageous fellow!" cries out Theagenes, "will you never cease to terrify yourself with shades and fancies? You cannot pretend that she has bewitched me, at any rate, for I have had no part in the drama; assure yourself that no harm can arise to you from this dead corpse, and pluck up your spirits: but who has been so far your benefactor as to slay your enemy, and how and when she descended here, I am utterly at a loss to imagine."—"As to the matter in general I am so too," replied Cnemon; "but he who slew her was certainly Thyamis, as I conjecture from the sword which was found near the body; I know it to be his, by the ivory hilt carved into the form of an eagle."—"But can you conjecture," said the other, "how, and when, and for what cause, he committed this murder?"—"How should I know that?" he answered. "This cavern has not had the virtue of inspiring me, like that of Delphi or Trophonius."

The mention of Delphi seemed to agitate Theagenes, and drew tears from Chariclea; they repeated the name with great emotion. Cnemon was surprised, and could not conceive why they were so affected by it. In this manner they were engaged in the cave. Meanwhile Thermuthis, the lieutenant of Thyamis, after he had been wounded and had got to land in

the manner we have related, when night came on, hastened towards the cavern in search of Thisbe; for he it was who had placed her there. He had some days before taken her by force from the merchant Nausicles in a narrow mountain pass. On the tumult and attack which soon after ensued, when he was sent by Thyamis in search of a victim, he let her down into this cavern, that she might be out of the reach of danger, and in his hurry and confusion left her near the entrance of it. Here she remained out of fear, and ignorance of the winding passages which led to the bottom; and here Thyamis found and killed her by mistake for Chariclea. Thermuthis proceeded on his way to Thisbe. Upon reaching the island he hastened to the tents; these he found in ashes: and having with some difficulty discovered the entrance of the cavern, by means of the stone covering, he lighted a handful of reeds which yet remained there, and hastened to descend into it.

He called Thisbe by her name, in Greek; but when he saw her lying dead at his feet, he stood motionless with horror and surprise. At length he heard a murmur and distant sound of voices issuing from the hollow recesses of the cave; for Theagenes and Cnemon were still conversing together.

These he concluded to be the murderers of Thisbe, and was in doubt what he should do; for as was natural in a ferocious pirate, his rage, raised to the highest pitch by this disappointment of his desires, urged him to rush at once upon the supposed authors of it; but his want of arms made him unwillingly more cautious. He concluded therefore that it was best at first not to present himself as an enemy, but if by any means he could possess himself of arms, then to attack them on a sudden. With this design he

advanced towards Theagenes, throwing wild and fierce glances around him, and discovering in his looks the purpose of his heart.

They were surprised at the sudden appearance of a stranger, almost naked, wounded, and with his face bloody. Chariclea, startled and ashamed, retired into the inmost part of the cave. Cnemon too drew a little back, knowing Thermuthis, seeing him unexpectedly, and fearing that he came there on no good account. But Theagenes was more irritated than terrified, and presenting the point of his sword, called out, "Stand where you are, or you shall receive another wound; thus far I spare you, because I know your face, and am not sure of your designs."—Thermuthis stretched out his unarmed hands, and besought his compassion; forced, notwithstanding his rugged temper, from the circumstance he was in, to become a supplicant. He called on Cnemon for assistance, and said he deserved help from him, having never injured him; having lived with him as a comrade, and coming now as a friend. Cnemon was moved by his entreaties; raised him from the knees of Theagenes which he had embraced, and eagerly inquired where was Thyamis. The latter related all he knew—how his leader had attacked the enemy; how he had rushed into the midst of the battle, sparing neither his foes nor himself; the slaughter he made of them; and the protection which the proclamation to take him alive afforded him. He mentioned his own wound and escape, but knew nothing of his captain's fate; and was come here in search of Thisbe. They inquired how he became so interested about Thisbe; and how she came into his possession. He told them everything: how he had taken her from a merchant; how he fell violently in love with her, and had concealed her some time in

his tent, and at the approach of the attacking party had placed her in the cave where he now saw her slain; that he was perfectly ignorant of the authors of her death, but would most gladly find them out if he could, and ascertain their motive.

Cnemon, eager to free himself from suspicion, told him it was certainly Thyamis who slew her; and shewed him the sword which was found beside her; which, when Thermuthis saw, still reeking with blood, and warm from the wound, and knew it to have belonged to Thyamis, he uttered a deep groan, still more perplexed how to account for the accident, and in dumb gloomy astonishment moved towards the mouth of the cave. Here throwing himself upon the bosom of the deceased, he embraced the body, and repeating nothing but the name of Thisbe, fainter by degrees and fainter, oppressed with grief and fatigue, sunk at last into a sleep.

The remainder of the company in the cave began now to consult what steps it was proper for them to pursue. But the multitude of their past calamities, the pressure of the present misfortunes, and the uncertainty of what might happen to them, obscured the light, and weakened the force, of their reason. Each looked at the other, expecting him to say something; and being disappointed, turned his eyes to the ground; and raising them again, sighed, lightening a little his grief by this expression of it. At length Cnemon sat down on the ground; Theagenes threw himself on a rock, and Chariclea reclined upon him. In this posture they a long time resisted the attacks of sleep, desirous, if they could, to devise some scheme of action; but, overcome at last with grief and fatigue, they unwillingly yielded to the law of nature, and fell into a sweet slumber from the very

excess of sorrow. Thus is the intelligent soul obliged sometimes to sympathise with the affections of the body.

When sleep had for a little while just weighed their eye-lids down, the following vision appeared to Chariclea. A man with his hair in disorder, a downcast look, and bloody hands, seemed to come and thrust out her right eye with a sword. She instantly cried out, and called upon Theagenes. He was soon awakened, and felt for her uneasiness, though it was only in a dream. She lifted her hand to her face, as if in search of the part she had lost, and then exclaimed, "It was a dream; my eye is safe!"—"I am glad," replied Theagenes, "that those bright sunbeams are uninjured. But what has ailed you? how came you so terrified?"—"A savage and violent man," says she, "not fearing even your valour, attacked me with a sword as I lay at your feet; and, as I thought, deprived me of my right eye; and would that it had been a reality and not a vision!"—"Now Heaven forefend! why do you make so shocking a wish?"—"Because I would much rather lose one of my eyes than be under apprehensions for you; for I greatly fear that the dream regards you, whom I esteem as my eyes, my soul, my all."—"Cease," called out Cnemon (who had heard all that had passed, having been awakened by the first exclamation of Chariclea), "for I think the vision has another interpretation. Had you any parents living when you left Greece?"—"I had," she replied.—"Believe then now that your father is dead. I form my conjecture from hence: Our parents are the authors of our being; therefore they may properly enough in a dream be shadowed out under the similitude of eyes, the organs of light, which convey to us things visible."

"The loss of my father," replied Chariclea, "would be a heavy blow; but let even your interpretation be the true one, rather mine. I consent to pass for a false prophet!"—"Be it so," replied Cnemon; "but we are indeed dreaming, while we are examining fancies and visions, and forget to apply ourselves to our real business, especially while the absence of the Egyptian (meaning Thermuthis), who is employed in lamenting his deceased love, gives us an opportunity."—"O Cnemon," said Theagenes, "since some god has joined you to us, and made you a partaker in our calamities, do you advise us what to do, for you are acquainted with the country and language; and we, oppressed with a greater weight of misfortunes, are less fit for counsel."

"Which of us has the greater load of misfortunes to struggle with, is by no means clear," said Cnemon. "I have my full share of them; but, however, as I am the elder, and you command me to speak, I will obey you. The island where we are, you see, is desolate, and contains none but ourselves. Of gold, silver, and precious garments, plundered from you and others, and heaped together by the pirates, there is plenty; but of food and other necessaries, it is totally destitute. If we stay here, we are in danger of perishing by famine, or of being destroyed by some of the invaders, or by the buccaneers, if, knowing of the treasures which are left here, they return again in search of them. There will then be no escape; either we shall perish, or be exposed to their violence and insults. They are always a faithless race, and will now be more disorderly and dreadful, having lost their chief. We must fly, therefore, from this place, as from a snare and a prison, sending Thermuthis away first, if we can, under pretext of inquiring after Thyamis, for we shall be more at liberty to consult

and act by ourselves. It is prudent, too, to remove from us a man of an unconstant temper, of savage manners, and who, besides, suspects us on account of the death of Thisbe, and probably only waits for an opportunity to commit some violence against us."

The advice of Cnemon was approved of; and they determined to follow it; and moving towards the mouth of the cave, the day now beginning to dawn, they roused Thermuthis, who was still sunk in sleep; and telling him as much as they thought proper of their design, easily persuaded a fickle-minded man. They then took the body of Thisbe, drew it into a hollow of the rock, covered it as well as they could with ashes from the tents, and performed what funeral rites the time and place would admit of, supplying what was deficient by tears and lamentations.

They next proceeded to send out Thermuthis on the expedition they had projected for him. He set out, but soon returned, declaring he would not go alone, nor expose himself to the danger of so perilous a search, unless Cnemon would bear him company. Theagenes, observing that this proposal was by no means agreeable to Cnemon, who betrayed evident marks of fear and apprehension when informed of it, said to him, "You are valiant in council, Cnemon, but a laggard in action; you have shown this more than once; pluck up your spirits, and prove yourself a man. It is necessary that this fellow should have no suspicion, at present, of our design to leave him. Seem to agree, therefore, to what he proposes, and go with him at first; for there is no danger to be apprehended from an unarmed man, especially by you who are armed. You may take your opportunity, and leave him privately, and come to us at some

place which we shall fix upon; and we will, if you please, mention some neighbouring town, if you know any, where the inhabitants are a little civilized."

Cnemon agreed to this, and named Chemmis, a rich and populous place, situated on a rising ground on the banks of the Nile, by way of defence against the incursions of the pirates, about one hundred furlongs distant from the lake directly south. "I fear," said Theagenes, "that Chariclea will find some difficulty in getting thither, as she is unused to walking; however, we will attempt it, and pretend that we are beggars who seek our living by showing juggling tricks."

"Truly," said Cnemon, "your faces are sufficiently disfigured for such a business, particularly Chariclea's, who has just lost an eye; after all, though, I fear you will rather appear guests for the table than petitioners for scraps at the door."[8]— This sally was received with a forced and languid smile, which played only on the lips. They then prepared to depart, swearing never to desert each other, and calling the gods to witness it.

Cnemon and Thermuthis set out early in the morning; and, crossing the lake, took their way through a thick and difficult wood. Thermuthis went first, at the persuasion of Cnemon, on the pretext that, as he was acquainted with the country, he was better qualified to lead; in reality, that the other might more easily find an opportunity of deserting him. They met with some flocks in their way; and the shepherds fled, at their approach, into the thickest of the wood. They seized a ram, roasted him at a fire the shepherds had lighted, and hardly staying till it was sufficiently dressed, devoured the flesh with

eagerness. Hunger pressed them; they fell upon it like wolves; swallowed whole pieces, just warmed through, and still dropping with blood. When they had satisfied their hunger, and allayed their thirst with milk, they pursued their way. Evening now approached, and they were ascending a hill under which was situated a town, where Thermuthis said it was very probable that Thyamis was either detained a captive or had been slain. Here Cnemon pretended that he felt great pain; that his stomach was exceedingly disordered by his inordinate repast of meat and drink, and that he must retire to ease it. This he did two or three times, that his companion might suspect nothing, and complained that it was with great difficulty he could follow him. When he had accustomed the Egyptian to his staying behind, he took an opportunity at last to let him go on forwards farther than usual; and then, turning suddenly back, he ran down the hill as fast as he could into the thickest part of the bushes. Thermuthis, when he had arrived at the summit, sat himself down on a rock, expecting the approach of night, which they had agreed to wait for before they entered into the town to inquire after Thyamis. He looked about for his companion, having no good designs against him, for he was still persuaded that he had slain Thisbe, and was considering how he might serve him in the same manner; proposing afterwards to attack Theagenes. But when Cnemon appeared nowhere, and night advanced, he fell asleep—a deadly[9] and last sleep it proved to him, for an asp, which had lain concealed in a thicket, bit him, and put a fitting end to his life.

But Cnemon, after he had left Thermuthis, stopped not in his flight till the darkness of the night obliged him to make a halt. He then endeavoured to conceal

himself by lying down and covering himself as well as he could with leaves. Here he passed a restless and almost sleepless night, taking every noise, every gust of wind, and motion of a leaf, for Thermuthis. If at any time he dropped into a slumber, he thought he was fleeing;[10] and looking behind, imagined he saw him pursuing, who was now unable to follow him; till at last he resisted all approaches of sleep, his dreams becoming more dreadful to him than even his waking apprehensions.

He was uneasy at the duration of the night, which appeared to him the longest he had ever spent. At length, to his great joy, day appeared. He[11] then proceeded to cut his hair short, which he had suffered to grow, in imitation of, and to recommend himself to, his piratical companions, for the pirates, willing to render themselves as formidable as they can, among other things, cherish long hair, which they suffer to grow down their foreheads, and play over their shoulders, well knowing that flowing locks, as they make the lover more amiable, so they render the warrior more terrible. When Cnemon, therefore, had shaped his hair into the common form, he proceeded to Chemmis, where he had appointed to meet Theagenes. As he drew near the Nile, and was preparing to pass over it to Chemmis, he perceived an old man wandering upon its banks, walking several times up and down the stream, as if he were communicating his cares to the river. His locks were as white as snow, and shaped like those of a priest; his beard flowing and venerable; his habit Grecian. Cnemon stopped a little; but when the old man passed by many times, seemingly unconscious that any one was near (so entirely was he immersed in care and meditation), he placed himself before him, and, in the Grecian manner of salutation, bid

him be of good cheer.[12] The other replied, his fortunes were such that good cheer was out of the question. Cnemon, surprised, asked: "Are you a stranger from Greece, or from whence?"—"I am neither a Grecian nor a stranger," said he, "but an Egyptian of this country."—"Why, then, have you a Grecian dress?"—"My misfortunes," says he, "have put me into this splendid habit." The other, wondering how misfortunes could improve a man's appearance, and seeming desirous to be informed —"You carry me into a 'tale of Troy divine,'"[13] replied the old man; "and a swarm of evils, the recital of which would oppress you. But whence do you come, O young man, and whither are you going? and how come I to hear the Greek tongue in Egypt?"—"It is a little unreasonable in you," replied Cnemon, "to ask these questions of me, you who will tell nothing about yourself, though I made the first inquiries."—"I admit it," said the other; "but do not be offended. You seem to be a Greek, and to have yourself undergone some transformation from the hand of fortune. You are desirous to hear my adventures; I am no less so to relate them. Probably I had told them to these reeds, as the fable[14] goes, if I had not met with you. But let us leave the Nile and its banks; for a situation exposed to the meridian sun is not a proper place for a long narration. If you have no urgent business which hinders you, let us go to the town which you see opposite to us. I will entertain you, not in my own house, but in that of a good man who received me when I implored his protection. There you may listen to my story, and in your turn relate your own."—"With all my heart," said Cnemon, "for I myself was going to this town to wait for some friends of mine, whom I had appointed to meet there." Getting, therefore, into a boat, many

of which were lying by the river's side, to transport passengers, they crossed over into the town, and arrived at the house where the stranger was lodged. The master of the house was not at home; but his daughter, a marriageable maiden, received them with great cheerfulness, and the servants waited upon the old man as if he had been their father, most probably by their master's orders. One washed his feet, and wiped off the dust from under his knees; another got ready his bed, and strewed it with soft coverings; a third brought an urn, and filled it with fire; a fourth prepared the table, and spread it with bread and various kinds of fruit.

Cnemon, wondering at their alacrity, exclaimed, "We have certainly got into the house of Jove the Hospitable,[15] such is the attention and singular benevolence with which we are received."—"You have not got into the habitation of Jove," replied the other, "but into that of a man who exactly imitates his hospitable and charitable qualities: for his life[16] has been a mercantile and wandering one; he has seen many cities, and observed the manners of many nations; he is naturally therefore inclined to compassionate the stranger, and receive the wanderer, as he did me not many days ago."—"And how came you to be a wanderer, father?"—"Being deprived," said he, "of my children by robbers; knowing those who had injured me, but unable to contend with them; I roam about this spot, mourning and sorrowing; not unlike a bird whose nest a serpent[17] has made desolate, and is devouring her young before her eyes. She is afraid to approach, yet cannot bear to desert them; terror and affection struggle within her; she flies mournfully round the scene of her calamities, pouring in vain her maternal complaints into ears deaf to her waitings and

strangers to mercy."—"Will you then relate," said Cnemon, "when and how you encountered this grievous war of woe?"—"By-and-bye," he replied; "but let us now attend to our craving stomach; which, because it considers itself of more consequence than any other organ, is called by Homer *destructive*.[18] And first, as is the custom of the Egyptian sages, let us make a libation to the gods. Nothing shall make me omit this; nor shall grief ever so entirely possess my mind, as to render me forgetful of what I owe to heaven." With this he poured pure water out of the vase, and said, "I make this libation to the gods of this country, and those of Greece; to the Pythian Apollo, and also to Theagenes and Chariclea, the good and beautiful, since I reckon them also among the gods:" and then he wept, as if he were making another libation to them with his tears. Cnemon, greatly struck at what he heard, viewed the old man from head to foot, and exclaimed, "What do you say? Are Theagenes and Chariclea really your children?"—"They are my children," replied the stranger, "but born to me without a mother. Fortune, by the permission of the gods, gave them to me; I brought them forth with the travail of my soul. My great inclination towards them supplied the place of nature; and I have been esteemed by them, and called their father. But tell me, how came you acquainted with them?"—"I am not only acquainted with them," said Cnemon, "but can assure you that they are alive and well."—"O Apollo, and all the gods!" he exclaimed, "where are they? Tell me, I beseech you; and you will be my preserver and equal to the gods!"—"But what shall be my reward?" replied the other.—"At present that of obliging me; no mean reward to a wise man: I know many who have laid up this as a treasure in their

hearts. But if we arrive in my country, which, if I may believe the tokens of the gods, will ere long be, your utmost desires shall be satisfied with wealth."

"You promise me," said Cnemon, "things uncertain and future, when you have it in your power to reward me immediately."—"Show me anything I can now do for you," said the old man, "for I would willingly part even with a limb to satisfy you."—"Your limbs need be in no danger," replied the Grecian; "I shall be satisfied if you will relate to me from whence these strangers come, who were their parents, how they were brought here, and what have been their adventures."—"You shall have a treat," replied the old man; "so great as to be second to none other, not even if you should obtain all earthly treasures. But let us now take a little food; for my narration and your listening will take up a considerable time."

When they had eaten, therefore, some nuts and figs, and fresh-gathered dates, and such other things as the old man was used to feed upon (for he never deprived any animal of life for his own nourishment), he drank a little water, and Cnemon some wine; and, after a short pause, the latter said: "You know, O father, that Bacchus delights in convivial conversations and stories; and as I am now under his influence, I am very desirous of hearing some, and I claim from you my promised reward: it is time to bring your piece upon the stage, as the saying goes."—"You shall be satisfied," replied the stranger: "but I wish the good Nausicles were here, who has often earnestly desired to hear this detail from me, and as often, on some pretext or other, has been put off."—At the name of Nausicles, Cnemon asked where he was. "He is gone a hunting," replied

the other.—"And after what kind of game?"—"Why, not indeed of wild beasts, but of men as savage as they, who are called buccaneers, who live by robbery, who are very difficult to be taken, and lurk in marshes, caverns, and lakes."—"What offence have they given him?"—"They have taken his mistress from him, an Athenian girl, whom he called Thisbe."—"Ah!" said Cnemon, in a tone of surprise, and immediately stopped, as if checking himself. —"What ails you?" said the old man.—The other, evading the question, proceeded, "I wonder with what forces he means to attack them?"—"Oroondates, viceroy of Egypt, under the Great King, has appointed Mithranes commandant of this town; Nausicles, by means of a large sum of money, has prevailed upon him to march with a body of horse and foot against them; for he is exceedingly annoyed at the loss of this Grecian girl; not only because he liked her himself, and because she was well skilled in music; but because he was going to take her with him to the king of Ethiopia, by way of attendant upon the queen, as he said, and to amuse her after the Grecian fashion. Being deprived, therefore, as he supposes, by her loss, of a great reward which he expected for her, he is using his utmost efforts to recover her. I encouraged him too to this expedition, thinking it possible he might find and recover my children also." "Enough of buccaneers, and viceroys, and kings," cried out Cnemon, impatiently; "your discourse is wandering from the point I aim at. This episode[19] has nothing to do with the main plot; come back to the performance of your promise; you are like the Pharian Proteus;[20] not turning indeed into false and fleeting shapes, but trying to slip away from me."—"Be satisfied," said the old man, "you shall

know all. I will explain to you first what relates to myself, shortly, and without reserve; which will be a proper introduction to that which is to follow.

"I am a citizen of Memphis. The name of my father was Calasiris, as is likewise mine. Though now a wanderer, I was not long ago a high priest. I had a wife, but have now lost her; after her death I lived for some time quietly, delighting myself with two sons whom she had left me. But in a few years, the fated revolution of the heavenly bodies altered every thing; the eye of Saturn scowled upon my family, and portended a change in my fortunes for the worse. I had skill enough to foresee the ills which threatened me, but not to avoid them; for no foresight can enable us to escape the immutable decrees of fate: it is, however, an advantage, to have some foreknowledge of them, as it blunts the violence of the stroke. Unexpected misfortunes, my son, are intolerable; those which are foreseen are more easily borne: the mind is confused and disarmed by sudden fear; custom and reason strengthen it. My calamities began in this manner:

"A Thracian woman, in the bloom of youth and in beauty second only to Chariclea, whose name was Rhodope, unfortunately for those who became acquainted with her, travelled through Egypt. In her progress[21] she came in 'revel-rout' to Memphis, with great luxury and pomp of attendance, and adorned with every grace, and exercising all the arts of love. It was almost impossible to see her, and not fall into her snares; such irresistible witchery accompanied the eyes of this fair[22] harlot. She frequently came into the temple of Isis, where I officiated as high priest. She worshipped the goddess with sacrifices and costly offerings. I am ashamed to

proceed; yet I will not conceal the truth. The frequent sight of her overcame me at last, in spite of the command I had long been accustomed to maintain over my passions. I struggled long against my bodily eyes and the eyes of my fancy, but in vain; I yielded at last, and sank under the dominion of love. I perceived that the arrival of this woman was to be the beginning of those misfortunes which the heavens foretold to me; and that my evil genius was to make her one of the principal instruments of them. I determined, however, to do nothing to disgrace that office of priesthood which had descended to me from my ancestors, nor to profane the altars and temples of the gods: and as to the transgression which my evil stars had determined I should fall into, not in act, indeed (heaven forbid!) but in desire; I constituted reason my judge, and made her impose the penalty of exile from my native land, yielding to the necessity of fate, submitting to its decrees, and flying from the ill-omened Rhodope. For I will own to you, O stranger! that I was afraid, lest, under the present baleful influence of the constellations, I might be tempted to do something unbecoming my character. Another, and a principal reason for my absenting myself, was, on account of my children; for my skill in divination shewed me that they were in a short time to contend with each other in arms.

"Snatching myself away, therefore, from a spectacle so dreadful to a father's eyes (sufficient to turn aside the aspect of the sun, and make him hide his beams), I departed from my country, from my house, and family, making no one acquainted with the course I intended to take, but pretending that I was going to Egyptian Thebes, to see my eldest son Thyamis, who was there on a visit to his grandfather."—Cnemon

started again at the name of Thyamis; but restrained himself, and was silent, desirous to hear the sequel. The old man, after observing—

"I pass over the intermediate part of my journey, for it has no relation to what you desire to know," thus proceeded: "But having heard that there was a famous city in Greece, called Delphi, sacred to Apollo, abounding in temples, the resort of wise men, retired, and free from popular tumults; thither I bent my steps, thinking that a city destined for sacred rites was a proper retreat for one of my profession. I sailed through the Crissæan gulf, and landing at Cirrha, proceeded to the city: when I entered it, a voice, no doubt divine, sounded in my ears; and as in other respects this place seemed a fit habitation for a superior race, so particularly on account of its situation. The mountain Parnassus hangs over it, as a kind of natural fortification and citadel, stretching out its sides, and receiving the city into its bosom." "Your description is most graphic, cried out Cnemon, "and seems really made under the influence of the Pythic inspiration; for in this manner I remember well my father described Delphi, when he returned from the council of the Amphictyons, to which the city of Athens had deputed him as sacred secretary."[23]—"You are an Athenian then, my son?"—"Yes."—"Your name?"—Cnemon."—"What have been your fortunes?"—"You shall hear by-and-bye. Now however continue your own narration."—"I will," replied the old man.

"I ascended into the place, I admired the city of race-courses, of market-places, and of fountains, especially the famed one of Castalia, with the water of which I sprinkled myself, and hastened to the temple; for the thronging of the multitude, which

pressed towards it, seemed to announce the time when the priestess was about to be under the sacred impulse;[24] and having worshipped and uttered a petition for myself, I received the following oracle:

Thou from the fertile Nile, thy course dost bend,[25]
Pause here awhile, and sojourn as my friend:
Stern fate thou fly'st, her strokes with courage bear;
Ere long of Egypt thou shalt have a share.

"As soon as the priestess had pronounced this, I fell upon my face, and besought the deity to be propitious to me in everything. The crowd who surrounded the shrine, joined in praising the deity for having deigned to answer me on my first entreaty; they congratulated me, and paid me great respect, saying, that I seemed to be the greatest favourite with the deity who had appeared there since Lycurgus,[26] a Spartan. They permitted me at my request to inhabit the precincts of the temple, and passed a decree that I should be maintained at the public expense. My situation, in short, was a very agreeable one; I either assisted at the ceremonies and sacrifices which were every day performed and offered by strangers as well as natives, or conversed with the philosophers, for many of this description flocked to Delphi. The city[27] is in truth a university, inspired by the deity who presides over inspiration and the muses. Various subjects were discussed; sometimes the manner of our religious rites in Egypt, and why certain animals were counted sacred more than others; and the different histories which belonged to each. Another inquired about the construction of the Pyramids and the Catacombs.[28] In short, there was nothing relative to Egypt which they did not scrutinize into; for it is wonderful how the Greeks listen to, and are delighted with, accounts

of that country. At length one among the more accomplished of them touched upon the Nile, its fountains, and inundations, wondering why it alone, of all rivers, should in the summer time swell and overflow. I told them what I knew on that subject, which I had gathered from the sacred books which the priests alone are permitted to consult. I related how it had its rise on the south-east confines of Libya and Ethiopia; that it increased in the summer, not because its waters, as some supposed, were driven back by the Etesian[29] winds, but because these winds, about the time of the summer solstice, drive the clouds before them from the northern into the southern parts, which are by this means collected in the torrid zone, where their farther motion is stopped by the extreme vehemence of the heat. They are then condensed, and pressed by degrees, till they dissolve, and fall in copious showers. These swell the river till it disdains its banks, and, bursting over Egypt like a sea, fertilizes the plains it overflows. Its waters are very sweet to drink, as they are furnished by the rains from heaven; they are not hot to the touch as they are higher up, but nevertheless are tepid; they exhale no vapours like other rivers, which they certainly would do, if (as some learned Grecians suppose) their rise was owing to the melting of the snows.

"While I was discoursing in this manner, one of the priests of Apollo, whose name was Charicles, with whom I had contracted some intimacy, said, 'I am pleased with what you say, and agree with you entirely, for I have heard the same account of this matter from the priests at the cataracts of the Nile.'—'And have you been as far as there,' said I?—'I have,' he replied.—'On what account?'—'On occasion of some family misfortunes, which, however, at last

became the course of my happiness.' When I expressed some surprize at this, 'You would not wonder,' said he, 'if you were to hear the whole matter as it happened; and you may hear it whenever you please.'—'I should be very glad to hear it at once,' said I.—'Attend then,' said Charicles; 'for I have long, and from an interested motive, wished for an opportunity of relating my story to you:'—and, dismissing the general company, he began as follows:

"'I had been married a considerable time without having children;[30] I wearied the gods with supplications; and at last, in an advanced stage of life, I became the father of a little daughter, but who was born, as the gods foretold, not under auspicious destiny. She became marriageable, and had many suitors. I married her to him whom I thought most worthy of her; and on the very wedding night she was burnt in her bed, her apartment having been set on fire either by accident or lightning. The hymeneal song, which was still resounding, was turned into a dirge: she was carried from the marriage apartment to her grave; and the torches, which had illuminated the nuptial procession, now lighted the funeral pile.

"'My evil genius added yet another calamity to this tragedy, and took from me the mother of my child, who sank under her sorrows.

"'Such a series of misfortunes was almost too much for me. It was with difficulty I abstained from laying violent hands upon myself; I had however strength of mind sufficient to refrain from an action which the teachers of religion pronounce unlawful. But being unable to bear the solitude and silence of my house, I left my country, for to deaden memory by turning the eyes upon new objects is a great palliative to grief. I wandered into various parts, and came at last

into your Egypt, and to Caladupa,[31] in order to visit the cataracts of the Nile: this, my friend, was the occasion of my coming into your country, which you inquired after. I must now proceed to a digression, though it more properly forms the principal reason of my entering at all into this narration.

"'While I was wandering at leisure through the city, and buying some things of the Greeks (for time having now considerably alleviated my grief, I thought of returning into my country), I was accosted by a middle-aged man, with the complexion of an Ethiopian, but of a grave deportment, and bearing marks of prudence in his aspect: he saluted me, and in broken Greek said he wished to speak to me. I readily consenting, he took me into a neighbouring temple, and said: "I saw you cheapening some Indian, Ethiopian, and Egyptian roots and herbs; if you really have a desire to buy some, I can furnish you."—"I shall be very glad to see them," I replied.—"You must not beat me down too much," said he.—"Do not then be too exorbitant on your part," was my answer.—With that he pulled a small pouch from a pocket under his arm, and showed me some jewels of inestimable value: there were pearls as big as nuts, perfectly round, and of the purest white; emeralds and amethysts—the former as green as the vernal corn, and shining with a kind of oily lustre; the latter resembling the colour of the sea-beach, when played upon by the shadows of an overhanging rock, which impart to it a purple tinge.[32] The mingled brilliancy of the whole collection astonished and delighted my eyes.

"'After having contemplated them for some time, I said, "You must seek some other purchaser; my whole fortune would scarcely be sufficient to procure

one of these gems."—"But if you cannot buy them," he replied, "you may receive them as a present."—"Certainly! but why are you jesting with me?"—"I am not jesting with you, I am serious in what I say; and I swear to you by the deity whose shrine we are before, that I will give you everything which I have shown you, if, in addition to these, you will receive from my hands a present far more precious than all which you behold."—I could not help smiling: he asked the cause of it.—"Because it seems to me ridiculous," said I, "that when you promise me gifts of such price, you should besides make me expect a present still more valuable."—"Nevertheless, believe me," he replied, "and swear to me that you will use my gift well, and in the manner which I shall exact from you."—I wondered and doubted, but at last swore to him, allured by the hopes of such treasures. When I had taken such an oath as he required, he conducted me to his house, and showed me a girl of wonderful and more than mortal beauty: He affirmed she was but seven years old; but she appeared to me to be almost of a marriageable age, so much did her uncommon beauty seem to add even to her stature. I stood for some time motionless, ignorant of what was to follow, and ravished with the sight before me; when my conductor thus addressed me:

"""The child whom you behold, O stranger, was exposed, when an infant, by her mother, and left at the mercy of fortune, for a reason which you shall hear by-and-bye. It happened luckily that I found, and took her up; for I could not allow myself to desert in its danger a soul which had once entered a human body: in so doing I should have transgressed the precepts of our Gymnosophists,[33] of whom I had been privileged to be a disciple. Something, too,

uncommon and divine, seemed to beam from the eyes of the infant, which were cast upon me with sparkling yet engaging lustre. There was exposed with her this profusion of jewels which I have shown you. There was a silken fillet, on which was written some account of the child, in letters of her native country; her mother, I suppose, taking care to place these explanations with her. When I had read it, and knew from whence and whose the infant was, I took her to a farm at a distance from the city, and placed her in the hands of shepherds to be nourished, enjoining them to keep her as private as possible. I myself kept the jewels which were exposed with her, lest they might tempt any one to destroy the child. The whole transaction remained for a while a secret; but, in process of time, as she grew up and increased more than commonly in stature and in beauty (so much so, indeed, that her charms would not have been concealed even in the bowels of the earth), fearing some discovery to her prejudice, and that I, too, might come into some trouble about her: I procured myself to be sent ambassador into Egypt. I came here: I brought the girl with me, being very desirous of placing her in some secure situation. The viceroy of this country has appointed to give me audience to-day: meanwhile I deliver up to you, and to the gods, the disposers of all events, this child; trusting that you will observe the conditions you have sworn to; that you will preserve her free, as you have received her, and marry her to a free man. I confide in your performing all you have promised; not depending alone on your oaths, but on your disposition and general conduct, which I have observed for the many days which you have spent in this city, and which I see to be truly worthy of Greece, that renowned country to which you owe

your birth. This is all I can say to you at present, as the business of my embassy calls me; but, if you will meet me at the temple of Isis to-morrow, you shall have a more particular and exact account of your charge."

"'I did as I was desired. I took the girl home with me to my house: I treated her with respect and tenderness, giving thanks to the gods for the event; and from that time calling and esteeming her as my daughter. The next morning I hastened to the temple of Isis, where the stranger had appointed me; and after I had walked about and waited a considerable time, and saw nothing of him, I went to the palace of the viceroy, and inquired if any one had seen the Ethiopian ambassador. I was there told that he had left the city, or rather had been driven out of it, the evening before,—the viceroy threatening him with death if he did not immediately quit the province. When I inquired into the cause of so sudden a proceeding, I learned that he had, with some haughtiness, forbidden the governor to meddle with the emerald mines, which he claimed as belonging exclusively to Ethiopia. I returned home vexed and disappointed, as I was by this accident prevented from knowing the condition, the country, and parents of the child.'"

"I am vexed, too, as much as he was," said Cnemon, "for my curiosity on these subjects is nearly as great; but, perhaps, it may be satisfied in the progress of your narration." "Possibly it may," replied Calasiris; "but now, if you please, let Charicles proceed with his own story," which he thus continued:—

"'When I arrived at my house, the child came out to meet me. She could not speak to me, knowing nothing of Greek; but she saluted me with her hand,

and the sight of her began to console me for my disappointment. I saw, with admiration, that, as a generous race of hounds fawn upon those who notice them; so she seemed to have a strong sense of my kindness for her, and to consider me in the light of a father. I determined to stay no longer at Caladupa, lest some envious deity should deprive me of my second daughter. Embarking, therefore, on the Nile, I reached the sea, got on board a ship, and arrived in Greece. This child is now with me: I have given her my name, and all my cares are centred in her. Her improvements exceed my warmest wishes. She has learned my language with surprising quickness: she has grown up to perfection like a nourishing plant. Her beauty is so transcendent as to attract every eye upon her, both Grecian and foreign.[34] Wherever she appears—in the temple, in the course, or in the market-place—she draws to her the looks and thoughts of all, like the model statue of some goddess. Yet, with all this, she is the cause of great uneasiness to me: she[35] obstinately refuses to marry, determines to lead a life of celibacy, consecrates herself to Diana, and spends most of her leisure hours in the chase, and with her bow. This is a severe disappointment to me, for I wished to give her to my sister's son, an accomplished and graceful young man; but my wishes are frustrated by this preposterous fancy of hers. Neither entreaties, nor promises, nor reasoning, can work upon her; and, what is most vexatious, she wounds me, as they say, with a shaft drawn from my own bow, and employs the eloquence which I have taught her in magnifying the way of life she has chosen. She is inexhaustible in the praises of virginity; places it next the life of the gods—pure, unmixed, uncorrupt. She is equally skilful in depreciating love, and Venus, and

marriage. I implore your assistance in this matter; for which reason I was glad to seize the opportunity you gave me, and have troubled you with a long story. Do not desert me on this occasion, my good Calasiris, but employ the wisdom you are master of, or even any charm you may know; persuade her by words, or work upon her by incantations, to leave this unnatural course, and to feel that she is born a woman: you can, I know, do this if you will. She is not averse to the conversation of men; she has been used to their company from her childhood. She lives, too, very near you, here within the precincts of the temple. Condescend, I beseech, to hear me, and grant what I desire. Suffer me not to spend a melancholy and lonely old age, without hopes of having my family continued; I entreat you by Apollo, and your country's gods.'"

"I was moved by his supplications, Cnemon. I could scarcely refrain from tears: his own flowed in great abundance. I promised, in short, to use my utmost skill in attempting what he desired. We were still talking, when a messenger arrived in haste, and told us that the head of the Ænianian embassy was at the door, and extremely impatient for the priest to appear, and begin the sacred rites. When I inquired who the Ænianians were, what was the nature of the embassy which they had sent, and what sacrifice he was going to perform; he told me that the Ænianians were a principal nation of Thessaly, entirely Grecian, being descended from Deucalion—that their country extended along the Malian bay—that they called their metropolis Hypata;[36] as they would insinuate, because it was fit to rule over all the cities of the province; as others pretended, because it was situated under Mount Œta—that the embassy was sent by the Ænianians every fourth year, at the time

of the Pythian games—and the sacrifice offered to Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, who was here surprised and slain,[37] at the very altar of Apollo, by Orestes the son of Agamemnon. But the embassy of the present year will be yet more magnificent than any of the former ones; for the head of it prides himself in being descended from Achilles.

"I met the young man the other day, and indeed he seems worthy of the family of Peleus: such is the nobleness of his stature and deportment, that you will easily believe him sprung from a goddess.

"When I wondered how it came to pass, that he, being an Ænianian, should pretend that he was of the race of Achilles (for Homer, our great Egyptian poet makes Achilles a Phthiotian), 'the young man,' said Charicles, 'claims him entirely as their own: for Thetis, he says, certainly married Peleus out of the Malian bay; and the country which extended along that bay was anciently called Phthia: but the glory of the hero has induced others to claim him falsely as their countryman. He is, besides, in another way, related to the Æacidæ: Mnestheus is his ancestor, the son of Sperchius and Polydora, the daughter of Peleus, who went with Achilles to the siege of Troy; and, being so nearly connected with him, was among the chief leaders of the Myrmidons.

"'The ambassador abounds in arguments to support the claim of his country to Achilles. He insists much upon this present embassy and sacrifice to Neoptolemus; the honour of performing which, all the Thessalians have, by common consent, yielded up to the Ænianians, whereby they admit that they are most nearly related to him.'

"'Whether this be truth or vain assumption,' said I, 'be so good now, if you please, as to call in the

ambassador, for I am extremely desirous to see him.'

"Charicles immediately sent to him, and the young man entered with an air and aspect truly worthy of Achilles. His neck straight and erect, his hair thrown back off his forehead; his nose and open nostrils giving signs of an impetuous temper; his eyes of a deep blue, inclining to black, imparting an animated but amiable look to his countenance, like the sea smoothing itself from a storm into a calm.

"After he had received and returned our salutations, he said it was time to proceed to the sacrifice, that there might be sufficient space for the ceremonies which were to be performed to the Manes of the hero, and for the procession which was to follow them.—'I am ready,' replied Charicles, and rising, said to me, 'If you have not yet seen Chariclea, you will see her to-day; for, as a priestess of Diana, she will be present at these rites and the procession.'

"But I, Cnemon, had often seen the young woman before; I had sacrificed and conversed with her upon sacred subjects. However, I said nothing of it; and, waiting for what might happen, we went together to the temple. The Thessalians had prepared everything ready for the sacrifice. We approached the altar; the youth began the sacred rites; the priest having uttered a prayer, and from her shrine the Pythoness pronounced this oracle:[38]

Delphians, regard with reverential care,
Both him the goddess-born, and her the fair;
"*Grace*" is the sound which ushers in her name,
The syllable wherewith it ends, is "*Fame*."

They both my fane shall leave, and oceans past,
In regions torrid shall arrive at last;
There shall the gods reward their pious vows,

And snowy chaplets bind their dusky brows.[39]

"When they who surrounded the shrine heard this oracle, they were perplexed, and doubted what it should signify. Each interpreted it differently, as his inclinations and understanding led him: none, however, laid hold of its true meaning. Oracles indeed, and dreams, are generally to be explained only by the event. And beside, the Delphians, struck with the preparations which were making for the procession, hastened to behold it, neglecting or deferring any farther scrutiny into the oracular response."

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[1]

"Te....
... cohibent
Pulveris exigui....
Munera...."—Hor. I. Od. i. 28.

[2]

"May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame."—Pope.

[3]

.... "O my soul's joy!
.... If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate."—Othello.

[4] This motion is supposed to be a sign of jealousy and anger. Thus Apuleius, lib. vi., Quam ubi primum inductam oblatamque sibi conspexit Venus, latissimum cachinnum extollit; et qualem solent furenter irati, caputque quatiens, *et adscalpens aurem dextram.*

[5] Καθάπερ ἐκ μηχανῆς.

[6] On the αὐλητρίς and ὀρχηστρίς who exhibited their talents at private parties among the Greeks, see a Note at p. 114 of Mitchell's Translation of Aristophanes; and another on line 481 of his edition of The Frogs.

[7]

.... πολύπους
Καὶ πολύχειο, ἁ δεινοῖς
Κρυπτομένα λόχοις,
Χαλκόπους Ἐρινύς.—Soph. El. 490.

[8] Literally, persons who make request for valuable gifts, such as swords and tripods, rather than mendicants who beg for broken victuals. Cnemon must mean to say that nature had written "gentleman and gentlewoman" too plainly upon their faces for them to pass current as genuine vagrants. The line quoted is in the Odyssey, B. xvii. l. 222.

... "he seeks
Not sword nor tripod, but the scoundrel meed
Of mammocks, such as others cast away."—Cowper.

[9] Χάλκέον τινα καὶ πύμα πύματον ὕπνον. —Homer, Il. xi. 241.

[10]

"Like one, who on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread."—Coleridge.

[11] The Italian bravoes used to encourage the growth of a lock of hair, which might be thrown over the face as a disguise, and which they shaved off when giving up their evil ways.

"Il ciuffo era quasi una parte dell' armatura, et un distintivo de' bravacci e degli scapestrati, i quai poi da ciò vennero comunemente chiamati *ciuffi*."—Manzoni, I Promessi Sposi, vol. i., p. 62.

[12] Χαίρειν ἐκέλευε.

[13] Τλιόθεν με ψέρεις.

"Infandum ... jubes renovare dolorem."—Virgil.

[14] Alluding to the barber of King Midas, who, being a bad keeper of secrets, revealed to the reeds the fact of his lord and master having ass's ears.

"Creber arundinibus tremulis ibi surgere lucus
Cœpit; et ut primum pleno maturuit anno,
Prodidit agricolam; leni nam motus ab Austro
Obruta verba refert; dominique coarguit aures."
Ovid. Met. xi. 190.

[15] Θενίου Διὸς

[16]

.... "Who far and wide
A wand'rer....
Discover'd various cities, and the mind
And manners learn'd of men in lands remote."—Od. i. 1. Cowper.

[17]

A dreadful serpent....
... glided to the tree.
Eight youngling sparrows with the parent bird
Sat screen'd with foliage on the topmost bough.
The screaming little ones with ease he gorg'd,
And while the mother, circling o'er his head,
With shrillest agony bewail'd her loss,
He seiz'd her by the wing, first drew her down
Within his spiry folds, and then devoured."—Il. ii. 308. Cowper.

[18]

.... "Hunger hath a cry which never man
Might silence. Many an evil he endures
For hunger's sake. It is a *craving gulf*."—Od. xvii. 287. Cowper.

[19]

Ἐπεισόδιον τοῦτο, ὀυδὲν πρὸς τὸν Διόνυσον Ἐπεισκυκλήσας.

[20] Virg. G. iv. 387.

[21] Ἐκώμαζε. Did Heliodorus take his idea of Rhodope from the celebrated personage of that name mentioned by Herod. ii. 135, and equally famed for her beauty and her profligacy?

[22] "The well-favoured harlot, the mistress of witchcrafts, that selleth nations through her whoredoms, and families through her witchcrafts."—Nahum, iii. 4.

[23] Ἱερομνήμονα.—The sacred secretary or recorder sent by each Amphictyonic state to their Council, along with the πυλαγόρας, the actual deputy or minister.

[24] Κινεῖσθαι.

[25]

Ἴχνος ἀειράμενος ἀπ' ἰϋστάχυος παρά Νίλου,
Φεύγεις μοιράων νήματ' ἐρισθενέων.
Τέτλαθι, σοὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ κυαναύλακος Αἰγύπτοιο
Ἄῖψα πέδον δώσω· νῦν δ'εμὸς ἔσσο φίλος.

[26] The address of the Pythia to Lycurgus was as follows:—

Thou com'st, Lycurgus, to this honour'd shrine
Favour'd by Jove, and ev'ry power divine,
Or God or mortal! how shall I decide?
Doubtless to heav'n most dear and most allied.
Herod. i. 65.—Beloe's Tr.

[27] Μουσεῖον ὑπὸ μουτηγέτῃ θεῷ φοιβαζομένη.

[28] Σύριγγες. Ammianus Marcellinus, B. xxii, thus describes the Σύριγγει or subterraneous burying places of the Egyptian kings. "Sunt et syringes subterranei quidam et flexuosi secessus, quos (ut fertur) periti rituum vetusterum adventare diluvium præscii, metuentesque ne ceremoniarum obliteraretur memoria, penitus operosis digestos fodinis, per loca diversa struxerunt; et excisis parietibus, volucrum ferarumque genera multa sculpserunt, et animalium species innumeras multas, quas hieroglyphicas literas appellarunt, Latinis ignorabiles."

[29] See Herod. ii. 19-25; and a note in Blakesley's edit. on ii. 17.

[30] The reader will keep in mind that it is Charicles who speaks now to Calasiris; otherwise, between the double narration going on at the same time, of Calasiris to Cnemon, and of Charicles to Calasiris, he may be a little confused.

[31] Κατάδουποι—the cataracts of the Nile, also the parts in Ethiopia in which they are.—Herod. ii. 17. Cicero calls them Catadupa.

[32] Οἴνοπα πόντον.—Il. i. 350.

[33] See Anthon's Lemprière's Classical Dict.

[34]

"Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."—Milton.

[35]

"Solâ contenta Dianâ,
Æternum telorum et virginitatis amorem
Intemerata colit."—Virg. Æn. xi. 583.

[36] Ὑπάτας—either from 'υπάτος, eminent,

or υποτάσσω, to be subjected.

[37]

"Ast illum, ereptæ magno inflammatus amore
Conjugis, et scelerum Furiis agitatus, Orestes
Excipit incautum, patriasque obtruncat ad aras."—Virg. Æn. iii. 330.

[38]

'Τὴν χάριν ἐν πρωτοις, ἀυτὰρ κλέος ὔστατ' ἔχουσαν
Φράζεσθ' ὦ Δελφοὶ, τόν τε θεᾶς γενέτην.
Οἱ νηὸν προλιπόντες ἐμον, καὶ κῦμα τεμόντες,

Ἤξοντ' ἠελίου πρὸς χθόνα κυανέην,
Τῆπερ ἀριστοβίων μὲγ' 'ἀέθλιον ἐξάψονται,
Λευκὸν ἐπὶ κροτἀφων στέμμα μελαινομένων.

[39] *Why sable brows?*—μελαινομένων?—*I am not obliged to explain oracles.* Such is the remark of a former translator. I venture to suggest that the young lovers were rather sun-burnt with travelling, upon their arrival in Ethiopia; and Lisle is of my opinion, for he translates—"their *tanned* temples." The first line seems intended to be a play upon the name of Chariclea, χάρις κλέος. I have accordingly endeavoured to convey this in the translation.

BOOK III.

"When the ceremony was over, and the procession had passed by," continued Calasiris——"But," said Cnemon, interrupting him, "the ceremony is not over, Father; you have not made me a spectator of the procession, whereas I am very desirous both of

hearing and seeing; you treat me like a guest who, as they say, is come a day after the feast: why should you just open the theatre, only to close it again?"—"I was unwilling," said Calasiris, "to detain you from what you are most desirous to know, by a detail which has little or nothing to do with the principal end of my narration; but since you must be a passing spectator, and by your fondness for shows declare yourself to be an Athenian, I will endeavour briefly to describe the exhibition to you; and I shall do so the more willingly, on account of the consequences which followed it.

"The procession began with an hecatomb of victims, led by some of the inferior ministers of the temple, rough-looking men, in white and girt-up garments. Their right hands and breasts were naked, and they bore a two-edged axe. The oxen were black, with moderately arched and brawny necks—their horns equal, and very little bent; some were gilt, others adorned with flowers—their legs bent inwards[1]—and their deep dewlaps flowing down to their knees —their number, in accordance with the name, exactly a hundred. A variety of other different victims came afterwards, each species separate and in order, attended with pipes and flutes, sending forth a strain prelusive of the sacrifice: these were followed by a troop of fair and long-waisted Thessalian maidens, with dishevelled locks—they were distributed into two companies; the first division bore baskets full of fruits and flowers; the second, vases of conserves and spices, which filled the air with fragrance: they carried these on their heads; thus, their hands being at liberty, they joined them together, so that they could move along and lead the dance. The key-note to the melody was sounded by the next division, who were to sing the

whole of the hymn appointed for this festival, which contained the praises of Thetis, of Peleus, and their son, and of Neoptolemus. After this, O Cnemon——" "But *Cnemon* me no *Cnemons*," said the latter; "why not recite the hymn to me instead of depriving me of so much pleasure? Make me, I beseech you, an auditor at this festival as well as a spectator."—"You shall be so if you desire it," said Calasiris; "the hymn, as nearly as I can recollect, ran as follows:[2]

"'Thetis, the golden-haired, we sing.
She who from Nereus erst did spring,
The Venus of our fatherland.
To Peleus wed, at Jove's command,
Her—of the thunderbolt of war, }
Famed for his beamy spear afar, }
Achilles—Greece the mother saw }
Wedded to whom did Pyrrha bear,
Great Neoptolemus his heir,
Of Grecian land the boast and joy,
The destined scourge of lofty Troy.
Thou who in Delphic land dost rest,
Hero, by thee may we be blest;
Accept our strains, and oh, by thee,
May every ill averted be!
Thetis the golden-haired we sing,
She who from Peleus erst did spring.

"The dance[3] which accompanied this song was so well adapted to it, and the cadence of their steps agreed so exactly with the melody of the strain, that for a while, in spite of the magnificence of the spectacle, the sense of seeing was overpowered and suspended by that of hearing; and all who were present, attracted by the sounds, followed the advancing dancers. At length a band of youths on horseback, with their splendidly dressed commander,

opening upon them, afforded a spectacle far preferable to any sounds. Their number was exactly fifty; they divided themselves into five-and-twenty on each side guarding their leader, chief of the sacred embassy, who rode in the midst: their buskins, laced with a purple thong, were tied above their ancles; their white garments, bordered with blue, were fastened by a golden clasp over their breasts. Their horses were Thessalian, and by their spirit gave token of the open plains they came from; they seemed to champ with disdain the foaming bit, yet obeyed the regulating hand of their riders, who appeared to vie with each other in the splendour of their frontlets and other trappings, which glittered with gold and silver. But all these, Cnemon, splendid as they were, were utterly overlooked, and seemed to vanish, like other objects before a flash of lightning, at the appearance of their leader, my dear Theagenes, so gallant a show did he make.[4] He too was on horseback, and in armour, with an ashen spear in his hand; his head was uncovered; he wore a purple robe, on which was worked in gold the story of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ; the clasp of it was of electrum, and represented Pallas with the Gorgon's head on her shield. A light breath of wind added to the grace of his appearance; it played upon his hair, dispersed it on his neck, and divided it from his forehead, throwing back the extremities of his cloak in easy folds on the back and sides of his horse. You would say, too, that the horse himself was conscious both of his own beauty and of the beauty of his rider; so stately did he arch his neck and carry his head, with ears erect and fiery eyes, proudly bearing a master who was proud to be thus borne. He moved along under a loose rein, balancing himself equally on each side, and, touching the ground with the

extremity of his hoofs, tempered his pace into almost an insensible motion.

"Every one, astonished at the appearance of this young man, joined in confessing, that beauty and strength were never before so gracefully mingled. The women in the streets, unable to disguise their feelings, flung handfuls of fruit and flowers over him, in token of their admiration and affection: in short, there was but one opinion concerning him—that it was impossible for mortal form to excel that of Theagenes. But now, when

Rosy-finger'd morn appeared,

as Homer says, and the beautiful and accomplished Chariclea proceeded from the temple of Diana, we then perceived that even Theagenes might be outshone; but only so far as female beauty is naturally more engaging and alluring than that of men. She was borne in a chariot drawn by two white oxen—she was dressed in a purple robe embroidered with gold, which flowed down to her feet—she had a girdle round her waist, on which the artist had exerted all his skill: it represented two serpents, whose tails were interlaced behind her shoulders; their necks knotted beneath her bosom; and their heads, disentangled from the knot, hung down on either side as an appendage: so well were they imitated, that you would say they really glided onward. Their aspect was not at all terrible; their eyes swam in a kind of languid lustre, as if being lulled to sleep by the charms of the maiden's breast. They were wrought in darkened gold, tinged with blue, the better to represent, by this mixture of dark and yellow, the roughness and glancing colour of the scales. Such was the maiden's girdle. Her hair was not entirely tied up, nor quite dishevelled, but the

greater part of it flowed down her neck, and wantoned on her shoulders—a crown of laurel confined the bright and ruddy locks which adorned her forehead, and prevented the wind from disturbing them too roughly—she bore a gilded bow in her left hand; her quiver hung at her right shoulder—in her other hand she had a lighted torch; yet the lustre of her eyes paled the brightness of the torch."

"Here are, indeed, Theagenes and Chariclea," cried out Cnemon. "Where, where are they?" exclaimed Calasiris; who thought that Cnemon saw them.—"I think I see them now," he replied, "but it is in your lively description."—"I do not know," said Calasiris, "whether you ever saw them such as all Greece and the sun beheld them on that day—so conspicuous, so illustrious; she the object of wish to all the men, and he to all the women; all thought them equal to the immortals in beauty. But the Delphians more admired the youth, and the Thessalians the maid; each most struck with that form which they then saw for the first time. Such is the charm of novelty.

"But, Cnemon! what a sweet expectation did you raise in me when you promised to show me these whom I so fondly loved! and how have you deceived me! You winged me with hope to expect that they would presently be here, and exacted a reward for these good tidings; but, lo! evening and night have overtaken us, and they nowhere appear."—"Raise up your spirits," said Cnemon, "and have a good heart; I assure you they will soon arrive. Perhaps they have met with some impediment by the way, for they intended to arrive much earlier. But I would not shew them to you, if they were here, till you had paid me the whole of my reward; if, therefore, you

are in haste to see them, perform your promise, and finish your story."—"It is now," replied Calasiris, "become a little irksome to me, as it will call up disagreeable remembrances; and I thought, besides, that you must by this time be tired with listening to so tedious a tale; but, since you seem a good listener, and fond of hearing stories worth the telling, I will resume my narration where I left it off. But let us first light a torch, and make our libations to the gods who preside over the night;[5] so that, having performed our devotions, we may spend, without interruption, as much as we please of it in such discourses as we like." A maid, at the old man's command, brought in a lighted taper; and he poured out a libation, calling upon all the gods, and particularly upon Mercury; beseeching them to grant him pleasant dreams, and that those whom he most loved might appear to him in his sleep. Calasiris then proceeded in this manner:

"After, Cnemon, that the procession had thrice compassed the sepulchre of Neoptolemus, and that both men and women had raised over it their appropriate shout and cry;[6] on a signal being given, the oxen, the sheep, the goats, were slaughtered at once, as if the sacrifice had been performed by a single hand. Heaps of wood were piled on an immense altar; and the victims being placed thereon, the priest of Apollo was desired to light the pile, and begin the libation.

"'It belongs, indeed, to me,' said Charicles, 'to make the libation; but let the chief of the sacred embassy receive the torch from the hands of Diana's priestess, and light the pile; for such has always been our custom.' Having said this, he performed his part of the ceremony, and Theagenes received the torch

from Chariclea. From what now happened, my dear Cnemon, we may infer that there is something divine in the soul, and allied to a superior nature; for their first glance at each other was such, as if each of their souls acknowledged its partner, and hastened to mingle with one which was worthy of it.[7]

"They stood awhile, as if astonished;[8] she slowly offering and he slowly receiving the torch; and fixing their eyes on one another, for some space, they seemed rather to have been formerly acquainted, than to have now met for the first time, and to be returning gradually into each other's memory. Then softly, and almost imperceptibly smiling, which the eyes, rather than the lips, betrayed, they both blushed, as if ashamed of what they had done; and again turned pale, the passion reaching their hearts. In short, a thousand shades of feeling wandered in a few moments over their countenances; their complexion and looks betraying in various ways the movements of their souls.

"These emotions escaped the observation of the crowd, whose attention was engaged on other things. They escaped Charicles too, who was employed in reciting the solemn prayers and invocations, but they did not escape me, for I had particularly observed these young people, from the time that the oracle was given to Theagenes in the temple; I had formed conjectures as to the future from the allusion to their names, though I could not entirely comprehend the latter part of the prediction.

"At length Theagenes slowly and unwillingly turning from the maiden, lighted the pile, and the solemn ceremony ended. The Thessalians betook themselves to an entertainment, and the rest of the people dispersed to their own habitations. Chariclea putting

on a white robe, retired with a few of her companions to her apartment, which was within the precincts of the temple; for she did not live with her supposed father, but dwelt apart for the better performance of the temple services.

"Rendered curious by what I had heard and seen, I sought an opportunity of meeting Charicles. As soon as he saw me, he cried out, 'Well, have you seen Chariclea, the light of my eyes, and of Delphi?'—'I have,' I replied, 'but not now for the first time; I have frequently before seen her in the temple, and that not in a cursory manner. I have often sacrificed with her, and conversed with and instructed her, on various subjects, divine and human.'—'But what did you think of her to-day, my good friend? Did she not add some ornament to the procession?'—'Some ornament, do you say? you might as well ask me whether the moon[9] outshines the stars.'—'But some praise the Thracian youth, and give him at least the second place to her.'—'The second, if you will, and the third; but all allow that your daughter was the crown and sun of the ceremonial.' Charicles was delighted with this, and smiling said, 'I am just going to see her.' I, too, was pleased, for my view was to inspire him with content and confidence. 'If you will,' he added, 'we will go together, and see whether she is the worse for the fatigues she has undergone.' I gladly consented, but pretended I went to oblige him; and that I gave up other business of my own.

"When we arrived at her apartment, we found her lying uneasily upon her couch, her eyes melting with languor and passion.[10] Having as usual saluted her father, he asked what was the matter with her? She complained that her head ached; and said that she wished to take a little rest. Charicles, alarmed, went

out of the chamber, ordering her maids to keep every thing quiet about her; and, turning to me, 'What languor,' said he, 'my good Calasiris, can this be, which seems to oppress my daughter?'—'Wonder not,' I replied, 'if, in such an assembly of people, some envious[11] eye has looked upon her.' 'And do you, too,' he returned, smiling ironically, 'think, with the vulgar, that there is any thing in fascination?'—'Indeed I do,' said I; 'and thus I account for its effects: this air which surrounds us, which we take in with our breath, receive at our eyes and nostrils, and which penetrates into all our pores, brings with it those qualities with which it is impregnated; and, according to their different natures, we are differently affected. When any one looks at what is excellent, with an envious eye, he fills the surrounding atmosphere with a pernicious quality, and transmits his own envenomed exhalations into whatever is nearest to him. They, as they are thin and subtle, penetrate even into the bones and marrow; and thus envy has become the cause of a disorder to many, which has obtained the name of fascination.

'"Consider besides, O Charicles, how many have been infected with inflammation of the eyes, and with other contagious distempers, without ever touching, either at bed or board, those who laboured under them, but solely by breathing the same air with them.[12] The birth of love affords another proof of what I am explaining, which, by the eyes alone, finds a passage to the soul; and it is not difficult to assign the reason; for as, of all the inlets to our senses, the sight is the most quick and fiery, and most various in its motions; this animated faculty most easily receives the influences which surround it, and attracts to itself the emanations of love.

"'If you wish for an example from natural history, here is one taken out of our sacred books. The bird Charadrius[13] cures those who are afflicted with the jaundice. If it perceives, at a distance, any one coming towards it, who labours under this distemper, it immediately runs away, and shuts its eyes; not out of an envious refusal of its assistance, as some suppose, but because it knows, by instinct, that, on the view of the afflicted person, the disorder will pass from him to itself, and therefore it is solicitous to avoid encountering his eyes. You have heard, perhaps, of the basilisk, which, with its breath and aspect alone, parches up and infects everything around it. Nor is it to be wondered at, if some fascinate those whom they love and wish well to; for they who are naturally envious do not always act as they would wish, but as their nature compels them to do.' Here Charicles, after a pause, said, 'You seem to have given a very reasonable account of this matter; and as you appear to admit that there are various kinds of fascination, I wish hers may be that of love; I should then think that she was restored to health, rather than that she was disordered. You know I have often besought your assistance in this matter. I should rejoice rather than grieve, if this were the affection she labours under, she who has so long set at nought Venus and all her charms. But, I doubt, it is the more common sort of fascination, that of an evil eye, which afflicts her. This your wisdom will certainly enable you to cure, and your friendship to us will incline you to attempt it.' I promised to do all in my power to relieve her, should this be the case; and we were still talking, when a man arrives in haste, and calls out—'One would imagine, my good friends, that you were invited to a fray instead of a feast, you are so tardy in coming up; and yet it is the

excellent Theagenes who prepares it for you; and Neoptolemus, the first of heroes, who presides at it. Come away, for shame, and do not make us wait for you until evening. Nobody is absent but yourselves.'

"'This,' whispers Charicles, 'is but a rough inviter;[14] the gifts of Bacchus have not mended his manners. But let us go, lest he come from words to blows.' I smiled at his pleasantry, and said I was ready to attend him. When we entered, Theagenes placed Charicles next to himself; and paid some attention to me, out of respect to him. But why should I fatigue you with a detail of the entertainments; the dancing and singing girls, the youths in armour, who moved in Pyrrhic measures; the variety of dishes with which Theagenes had decked his table, in order to make the feast more jovial? But what follows is necessary for you to hear, and pleasant for me to relate. Our entertainer endeavoured to preserve a cheerful countenance, and forced himself to behave with ease and politeness to his company, but I perceived plainly what he suffered within; his eyes wandered, and he sighed involuntarily. Now he would be melancholy and thoughtful; then on a sudden, recollecting himself, his looks brightened, and he put on a forced cheerfulness. In short, it is not easy to describe the changes he underwent; for the mind of a lover, like that of one overcome with wine, cannot long remain in the same situation, both their souls fluctuating with weak and unsteady passion. For which reason a lover is disposed to drink; and he who has drunk is inclined to love.

"At length, from his yawning, his sighs, and his anxiety, the rest of the company begun to perceive that he was indisposed; so that even Charicles, who had not hitherto observed his uneasiness, whispered

me, 'I fancy an envious eye has looked upon him also; he seems to be affected much in the same manner as Chariclea.' 'Indeed, I think so, too,' I replied; 'and it is probable enough, for next after her in the procession, as being most conspicuous, he was most exposed to envy.'

"But now the cups were carried round; and Theagenes, out of complaisance rather than inclination, drank to every body. When it came to me, I said I was obliged to him for the compliment, but must beg to be excused tasting of the cup. He looked displeased and angry, as if he thought himself affronted; when Charicles explained the matter, and told him I was an Egyptian, an inhabitant of Memphis, and a priest of Isis, and consequently abstained from wine and all animal food. Theagenes seemed filled with a sudden pleasure when he heard that I was an Egyptian and a priest; and raising himself up, as if he had suddenly found a treasure, he called for water, and drinking to me, said, 'O sage, receive from me this mark of good-will, in the beverage which is most agreeable to you; and let this table[15] conclude a solemn treaty of friendship between us.'—'With all my heart," I replied,' most excellent Theagenes; I have already conceived a friendship for you;' and taking the cup, I drank—and with this the company broke up, and dispersed to their several habitations; Theagenes embracing me at parting with the warmth and affection of an old friend.

"When I retired to my chamber, I could not sleep the first part of the night. My thoughts continually ran upon these young people, and upon the conclusion of the oracle, and I endeavoured to penetrate into its meaning. But, towards the middle of the night,

methought I saw Apollo and Diana advancing towards me (if it were indeed only imagination, and not a reality): one led Theagenes, the other Chariclea. They seemed to deliver them into my hands; and the goddess calling me by my name, thus addressed me:

"'It is time for you now to return to your country, for such is the decree of fate. Depart therefore yourself, and take these under your protection; make them the companions of your journey; treat them as your children; and carry them from Egypt, where and howsoever it shall please the gods to ordain.'—Having said this, they disappeared, signifying first that this was a vision, and not a common dream.[16]

"I understood plainly the commands they gave me; except that I doubted what land it was, to which I was at last to conduct these persons."—"If you found this out afterwards, Father," said Cnemon, "you will inform me at a proper season; in the mean time tell me in what manner they signified, as you said, that this was not a common dream, but a real appearance."—"In the same manner, my son, as the wise Homer intimates; though many do not perceive the hidden sense that is contained in these lines:

Ἴνια γὰρ μετόπισθε ποδῶν ἠδέ κνημάων
Ῥεῖ', ἔγνων ἀπιοντός, ἀρίγνωτοί τε θεοί περ.[17]
"As they departed, I their legs and feet
To glide did see; the gods are known with ease."

"I must confess," said Cnemon, "that I am one of the many, and perhaps you imagined so when you quoted these verses. I have understood the common sense of the words, ever since I first read them, but cannot penetrate any hidden theological meaning that may be couched under them."—Calasiris considering a little, and applying his mind to the

explanation of this mystery, replied:

"The gods, O Cnemon, when they appear to, or disappear from us, generally do it under a human shape—seldom under that of any other animal; perhaps, in order that their appearance may have more the semblance of reality. They may not be manifest to the profane, but cannot be concealed from the sage. You may know them by their eyes; they look on you with a fixed gaze, never winking with their eye-lids—still more by their motion,[18] which is a kind of gliding, an aerial impulse, without movement of the feet, cleaving rather than traversing the air: for which reason the images of the Egyptian gods have their feet joined together, and in a manner united. Wherefore Homer, being an Egyptian, and instructed in their sacred doctrines, covertly insinuated this matter in his verses, leaving it to be understood by the intelligent. He mentions Pallas in this manner:

.... δεινὼ δὲ οἱ ὄσσε φάανθεν.
'Fierce glared her eyes.'

and Neptune in the lines quoted before—'ῥεῖν ἔγνων,'—as if gliding in his gait; for so is the verse to be construed—'ῥεῖν απιόντος,' gliding away; not, as some erroneously think, 'ῥεῖ' εγνων,' I easily knew him."

"You have initiated me into this mystery," replied Cnemon; "but how come you to call Homer an Egyptian? It is the first time I ever heard him called so. I will not insist that he is not your countryman; but I should be exceedingly glad to hear your reasons for claiming him as such."—"This is not exactly the time," said Calasiris, "for such a discussion; however, as you desire it, I will shortly mention the grounds upon which I go.

"Different authors have ascribed to Homer different countries—indeed the country of a wise man[19] is in every land; but he was, in fact, an Egyptian, of the city of Thebes, as you may learn from himself. His supposed father was a priest there; his real one, Mercury. For the wife of the priest whose son he was taken to be, while she was celebrating some sacred mysteries, slept in the temple. Mercury enjoyed her company; and impregnated her with Homer; and he bore to his dying day a mark of his spurious origin. From Thebes he wandered into various countries, and particularly into Greece; singing his verses, and obtaining the name he bore. He never told his real one, nor his country, nor family; but those who knew of this mark upon his body, took occasion from it to give him the name of Homer;[20] for, immediately from his birth, a profusion of hair appeared upon both his thighs."

"On what account, my father, did he conceal the place of his birth?"—"Possibly he was unwilling to appear a fugitive; for he was driven out by his father, and not admitted among the sacred youths, on account of the peculiar mark he bore on his body, indicating his spurious origin. Or, perhaps, he had a wise design in keeping the real spot of his nativity a secret, as by so doing he might claim every land he passed through as his fatherland."—"I cannot help," said Cnemon, "being half persuaded of the truth of this account you give of Homer. His poems breathe all the softness and luxuriance of Egypt; and from their excellency, bespeak something of a divine original in their author.

"But after that, by Homer's assistance, you had discovered the true nature of these deities, what happened?"—"Much the same as before: watchings,

thoughts, and cares, which night and darkness nourish. I was glad that I had discovered something, which I had in vain attempted to explain before; and rejoiced at the near prospect of my return to my country. But I was grieved to think that Charicles was to be deprived of his daughter. I was in great doubt in what manner the young people were to be taken away together; how to prepare for their flight; how to do it privately, whither to direct it; and whether by land or by sea. In short, I was overwhelmed with a sea of troubles[21] and spent the remainder of the night restless, and without sleep. But the day scarce began to dawn, when I heard a knocking at the gate of my court, and somebody calling my servant.

"The boy asked who it was that knocked, and what he wanted. The person replied, that he was Theagenes the Thessalian.—I was very glad to hear this, and ordered him to be introduced; thinking this an excellent opportunity to lay some foundation for the design I meditated. I supposed that, having discovered at the entertainment that I was an Egyptian, and a priest, he came to ask my advice and assistance in the attachment which now influenced him. He thought, perhaps, as many wrongly do, that the science of the Egyptians was only of one sort. But there is one branch in the hands of the common mass, as I may say, crawling on the ground; busied in the service of idols, and the care of dead bodies; poring over herbs, and murmuring incantations; neither itself aiming, nor leading those who apply to it to aim, at any good end; and most frequently failing in what it professes to effect. Sometimes succeeding in matters of a gloomy and despicable nature; showing imaginary visions as though real; encouraging wickedness; and ministering to lawless

pleasures. But the other branch of Egyptian science, my son, is the true wisdom; of which that which I have just mentioned is the base-born offspring. This is that in which our priests and seers are from their youth initiated. This is of a far more excellent nature; looks to heavenly things, and converses with the gods; inquires into the motions of the stars, and gains an insight into futurity; far removed from evil and earthly matters, and turning all its views to what is honourable and beneficial to mankind. It was this which prompted me to retire a while from my country—to avoid, if possible, the ills which it enabled me to foresee, and the discord which was to arise between my children. But these events must be left to the gods, and the fates, who have power either to accomplish or to hinder them; and who, perhaps, ordained my flight, in order that I might meet with Chariclea. I will now proceed with my narration.

"Theagenes entered my apartment; and, after I had received and returned his salute, I placed him near me on the bed, and asked what was the occasion of so early a visit.—He stroked his face, and, after a long pause, said: 'I am in the greatest perplexity, and yet blush to disclose the cause of it:'—and here he stopped. I saw that this was the time for dissimulation, and for pretending to discover what I already knew. Looking therefore archly upon him, I said, 'Though you seem unwilling to speak out, yet nothing escapes my knowledge, with the assistance of the gods.'—With this I raised myself a little, counting over certain numbers upon my fingers, (which in reality meant nothing); shaking my locks, like one moreover under a sudden influence of the divinity, I cried out, 'My son, you are in love.'—He started at this; but, when I added—'and with Chariclea,' he thought I was really divinely inspired;

and was ready to fall at my feet, and worship me. When I prevented this, he[22] kissed my head, and gave thanks to the gods that he had really found my knowledge as great as he expected. He besought me to be his preserver; for, unless preserved by my assistance, and that quickly, he was undone, so violent a passion had seized upon him; desire so consumed him—him, who now first knew what it was to love.

"He swore to me, with many protestations, that he never had enjoyed the company of women—that he had always rejected them—and professed himself an enemy to marriage, and a rebel to Venus, until subdued by the charms of Chariclea—that this did not arise from any forced temperance, or natural coldness of constitution; but he had never before seen a woman whom he thought worthy of his love—and having said this, he wept, as if indignant at being subdued by a weak girl. I raised him, comforted, and bade him be of good cheer; for, since he had applied to me, he should find that her coyness would yield to my art. I knew that she was haughty, protesting against love, so as not to bear even the name of Venus or wedlock; but I would leave no stone unturned to serve him. 'Art,' said I, 'can not outdo even nature: only be not cast down, but act as I shall direct you.'

"He promised that he would obey me in every thing; even if I should order him to go through fire and sword. While he was thus eager in protestations, and profuse in his promises of laying at my feet all he was worth, a messenger came from Charicles, saying that his master desired me to come to him—that he was near, in the temple of Apollo, where he was chanting a hymn to appease the deity; having been

much disturbed in the night by a dream.

"I arose immediately, and dismissing Theagenes, hastened to the temple; where I found Charicles reclining sorrowfully upon a seat, and sighing deeply. I approached him, and inquired why he was so melancholy and cast down.—'How can I be otherwise,' he replied, 'when I have been terrified by dreams? and hear too, this morning, that my daughter still continues indisposed, and has passed a sleepless night. I am the more concerned at this, not only on her own account, but also because to-morrow is the day appointed for the display of those who[23] run in armour; at which ceremony the priestess of Diana is to preside, and hold up a torch. Either, therefore, the festival will lose much of its accustomed splendour by her absence; or if she comes against her will, she may increase her illness. Wherefore let me now beseech you, by our friendship, and by the god at whose altar we are, to come to her assistance, and think of some remedy. I know you can easily, if you please, cure this fascination, if such it be—the priests of Egypt can do far greater things than these.'

"I confessed that I had been negligent (the better to carry on the deception); and requested a day's time to prepare some medicines, which I thought necessary for her cure. 'Let us now, however,' I continued, 'make her a visit; consider more accurately the nature of her complaint; and, if possible, administer to her some consolation. At the same time, Charicles, I beg you will say a few words to her concerning me; inspire her with regard for my person, and confidence in my skill, that so the cure may proceed the better.' He promised that he would do so; and we went together. But why say much of

the situation in which we found the luckless Chariclea? She was entirely prostrated by her passion; the bloom was flown from her cheeks; and tears flowing like water had extinguished the lustre of her eyes. She endeavoured, however to compose herself, when she saw us; and to resume her usual voice and countenance. Charicles embraced, kissed and soothed her. 'My dear daughter,' he cried, 'why will you hide your sufferings from your father? and while you labour under a fascination, you are silent as if you were the injurer, instead of being the injured party: an evil eye has certainly looked upon you. But be of good cheer; here is the wise Calasiris, who has promised to attempt your cure; and he, if any one is able, can effect it; for he has been bred up from his youth in the study of things divine, and is himself a priest; and what is more than all, he is my dearest friend. Resign yourself up, therefore, entirely to his management; suffer him to treat you as he pleases, either by incantations or any other method —you have, I know, no aversion to the company and conversation of the wise.'

"Chariclea motioned her consent, as though not displeased at the proposal—and we then took our leave; Charicles putting me in mind of what he had first recommended to my anxious care; beseeching me, if possible, to inspire his daughter with an inclination for love and marriage. I sent him away in good spirits: assuring him that I would shortly bring about what he seemed to have so much at heart."

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[1] Σιμοὶ.

[2]

Τὰν θέτιν ἀείδω, χρυσοέθεφα θέτι,
Νηρέως ἀθανάταν εἰναλίοιο Κόραν,
Τὰν Διός ἐννεσίη Πήλεϊ γημαμέναν;
Τὰν ἁλός ἀγλαίαν, ἀμετὲραν Παφίην·
Ἣ τὸν δουριμανή τόν τ'"Αρεα πτολέμων,
Ἑλλάδος ἀστεροπαν ἐζέτεκεν λαγόνων
Δῖον Ἀχιλλῆα, τοῦ κλέος οὐράνιον
Τῷ ὑπὸ Πύῤῥα τέκεν πᾶιδα Νεοπτόλεμον
Περσέπολιν Τρώων, ῥυσίπολιν Δαναῶν·
Ιλήκοις ἤρως ἄμμι Νεοπτόλεμε,
Ὄλζίε Πνθιάδι νῦν χθονὶ κευθόμενε.
Αέχνυσο δ'εὐμενέων τῶνδε θυηπολίην'
Πᾶν δ' ἀπέρυκε δέος ἁμετέρας πόλιός.
Τὰν θέτιν ἀείδω, χρυσοέθειρα θέτι.

[3]

"To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet."—Gray.

[4]

"Armed he rode, all save the head;
. . . . . .
He ruled his eager courser's gait;
Forced him with chastened fire to prance,
And, high curvetting, slow advance."
Lay of the Last Minstrel, iv. 18.

[5] The ancients were very exact in performing their devotions to the gods of the night, before they went to bed, or when they broke up an entertainment. Mercury was one of the principal of these deities. Homer takes notice of this custom:

"The chiefs he found and senators within
Libation pouring to the vigilant spy
Mercurius, whom with wine they worshipp'd last

Of all the gods, and at the hour of rest."
Od. vii. 136.—Cowper.

[6] Ὁλόλυξαν μὲν αἱ γυνᾶικες, ἠλάλαξαν δὲ οἱ ἄνδρες.

[7]

"It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind."
Lay of the Last Minstrel, v. 14.

[8] This incident forms the subject of a painting by Raphael.

[9]

"... micat inter omnea
... velut inter ignes——
Luna minorea."—Hor. I. Od. xii. 47.

[10] Τοὺς ὀφθαλμους Ἔρωτι διαβρόχους.

"Et dulcis pueri *ebrios* ocellos
Illo purpureo ore suaviata."—Catullus, c. 42.

[11] "Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos."—Virg. Ec. iii. Theocritus (Id. v. 39,) alludes to the method of averting fascination:

"Ὡς μὴ βασκανθῶ δὲ, τρὶς εἰς ἐμὸν ἔπτυσα κόλπον."

[12] A passage illustrative of this occurs in Achilles Tatius, B. i. 4: Κάλλος ὀξύτερον τιτρώσκει βέλους, καὶ δια τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν εἰς τὴν ψυχην καταῤῥεῖ ὀφθαλμὸς γὰρ ἑδος ἐρωτικῷ τράυμάτι.

[13] Supposed to be the lapwing or curlew.

[14] Τὴν ἀπὸ ξύλου κλῆσιν ἥκει φέρων.

[15] Φιλίαν ἥδε ἡμῖν ἡ τράπεζα σπενδέθω.

[16] Μη ὄναρ αλλ' ὕαρ.

[17] Iliad, xiii. 71. Heliodorus, says the Bipont

editor, evidently intended the line in Homer to be read—Ῥεῖν ἔγνων ἀπιοντός—instead of Ἰρεῖ....

[18] "Vera incessu patuit Dea."—Virg. Æn. i. 405.

[19] "Ogni stanza al valent' uomo è patria."—Guarini, Pastor Fido.

[20] Ομηρος—μηρός in Greek signifies a thigh. For the various accounts respecting Homer, and the origin of his name, see p. 59 of Coleridge's Introd. to the Classic Poets.

[21] Κλύδων φροντισμάτωρ. "Or to take arms against *a sea of troubles*."—Shakspeare.

[22] "Φιλήσω τ', εί θέμις, τὸ σὸν κάρα."—Soph. Œd. Col. 1131.

[23] Of one of whom Pindar says—

Ἐθέλω χαλκόσπιδα Πυθιονίκαν
.... γεγωνεῖν.—Pyth. xi. 1.

BOOK IV.

"The ensuing day ended the Pythian games; but not the conflict of the youthful pair; Love was the arbiter, and in the persons of these his combatants, determined to exhibit his mightiest contest. Towards the end of the ceremony, when all Greece was looking on, and the Amphictyons sat as judges; when the races, the wrestlings, and the boxing matches were over; a herald came forward, and made proclamation for the men in armour to appear. At that instant the priestess Chariclea shone out like some fair star at the end of the course; for she had prevailed with herself, however unfit, to come forth,

that she might comply with the custom of her country: and perhaps not without a secret hope of seeing Theagenes. She bore a torch in her left hand, and a branch of palm in her right. At her appearance every eye in the assembly was turned upon her, but none sooner than that of Theagenes; for what is so quick as the glance of a lover? He, who perhaps had heard that it was probable she might come, had his whole mind intent upon that expectation; and, when she appeared, was not able to contain himself; but said softly to me, who sat next to him, "'Tis she herself; 'tis Chariclea!' I bid him be silent, and compose himself. And now, at the summons of the herald, a warrior stood forth; splendidly armed, of noble air, and distinguished appearance; who had formerly been victor in many contests, but at this meeting had not engaged in any, probably because he could not find a competitor; and none now appearing to oppose him, the Amphyctyons ordered him to retire, the law not permitting any one to be crowned who had not contended. He begged the herald might be suffered again to make proclamation, which he did, calling upon some one to enter the lists.

"Theagenes said to me, 'This man calls upon me.'—'How so?' said I,—'He does indeed,' he replied; 'for no other, while I am present and behold it, shall receive a crown from the hands of Chariclea.'—'But do you not consider the disgrace, if you should fail of success?'—'Will any one outrun me in speed and in desire to see and be near Chariclea?[1] To whom will the sight of her add swifter wings and more impetuous speed? You know that the painters make Love winged, signifying thereby how rapid are the motions of his captives; and, were I inclined to boast, I could say that no one hitherto has been able to

excel me in swiftness.'—And immediately he sprang up, came forward, gave in his name and family, and took his allotted place.

"He stood there in complete armour, expecting with trembling eagerness the signal of the trumpet, and scarce able to wait for it. It was a noble and all-engrossing spectacle, as when Homer[2] describes Achilles contending on the banks of Scamander. The whole assembly was moved at his unexpected appearance, and felt as much interested in his success as they would have done for their own; such power has beauty to conciliate the minds of men. But Chariclea was affected more than all: I watched her countenance, and saw the changes of it. And when the herald proclaimed the names of the racers—Ormenus the Arcadian, and Theagenes the Thessalian—when they sprang forward from the goal, and ran together with a swiftness almost too rapid for the eye to follow—then the maiden was unable to contain herself; her limbs trembled, and her feet quivered, as if they could assist the course of her lover, on whom her whole soul was intent. The spectators were on the very tiptoe of expectation, and full of solicitude for the issue; and I more than all, who had now determined to regard Theagenes as my own son."

"No wonder," said Cnemon, "that those present were in an agony of expectation; when I, even now, am trembling for Theagenes. Deliver me, therefore, I beseech you, as soon as you can, out of my suspense."

"When they had not finished more than half their course," continued Calasiris, "Theagenes turning a little, and casting a stern glance at Ormenus, lifted up his shield on high, and stretching out his neck, and fixing his eyes intently on Chariclea, flew like an

arrow to the goal, leaving the Arcadian far behind him. When he reached the maiden, he fell upon her bosom; not, I imagine, without design, but in appearance as if unable to check on a sudden the rapidity of his pace. When he took the palm from her hand, I observed he kissed it."

"You have relieved my mind," said Cnemon; "I rejoice that he has both obtained the victory, and kissed his mistress. But what happened afterwards?"—"You are not only insatiable of hearing, Cnemon, but invincible by sleep; a great part of the night is now spent, and you are still wakeful, still attentive to my tedious story."—"I am at feud with Homer,[3] father, for saying that love, as well as everything else, brings satiety in the end; for my part I am never tired either of feeling it myself, or hearing of its influence on others; and lives there the man of so iron and adamantine an heart, as not to be enchanted with listening to the loves of Theagenes and Chariclea, though the story were to last a year? Go on, therefore, I beseech you."

"Theagenes," continued Calasiris, "was crowned, proclaimed victor, and conducted home with universal applause. But Chariclea was utterly vanquished; the second sight of Theagenes fixed deep that love which the first had inspired; for the mutual looks of lovers revive and redouble their passion; sight inflames the imagination, as fuel increases fire. She went home, and spent a night as bad or worse than the former one. I, too, was sleepless as before, ruminating how I should conceal our flight, and into what country it was the intention of the gods that I should conduct my young companions. I conjectured, from the words of the oracle, that it was to be by sea:

——'and oceans past,

In regions torrid shall arrive at last;'

but I could think only of one method to obtain some information whither I ought to take them; and that was, if I could gain a sight of the fillet which was exposed with Chariclea; on which, as Charicles said, some particulars relating to her were written. It was probable that I might learn from thence the names of her parents, and of her country, which I already guessed at; and it was thither, most likely, that the fates would direct her course. I went, therefore, in the morning, to the apartment of Chariclea; I found all her servants in tears, and Charicles in the deepest distress. I inquired into the cause of this agitation.

"'My daughter's malady,' he replied, 'increases visibly; she has passed a wretched night, worse than the preceding one.'—Upon this I desired that he, and all who were present, would leave the room; and that some one would procure for me a tripod, laurel, fire, and frankincense; and that no one would disturb me till I should call for them. Charicles ordered everything to be disposed as I desired. When I was left at liberty, I began a kind of scenical representation; I burnt my incense, I muttered a few prayers, and with the branch of laurel stroked Chariclea several times from head to foot. At last, after having played a hundred fooleries with myself and the maiden, I began yawning, grew tired of the mummery, and ceased. She smiled, shook her head, and signified that I was in an error, and had entirely mistaken the nature of her disorder. I approached nearer to her, and bid her be of good cheer, for her malady was by no means, uncommon or difficult of cure—that she was undoubtedly fascinated, perhaps when she was present at the procession, but most probably when she presided at the race—that I

suspected who had fascinated her—that my suspicions fell upon Theagenes, who ran the armour race; for I had observed with what an intent and ardent eye he gazed upon her.

"'Whether he looked at me or not,' she replied, 'say no more of him; yet tell me who is he, and whence does he come? I saw many admiring him.'—I told her that she had already heard from the herald that he was a Thessalian—that he himself claimed to be of the family of Achilles; and, I thought, not without great appearance of truth: for his beauty and stature bespoke him a descendant from that hero. Yet he was not, like[4] him, insolent or arrogant, but possessed an elevated mind, tempered with sweetness; 'and though he has an evil eye, and has fascinated you, he suffers worse torments than he has inflicted.'

"'Father,' said she, 'I am obliged to you for the compassion you express for me; but do not wish ill to one who perhaps has not committed any wrong. My malady is not fascination, but, I think, of another kind.'—'Why do you conceal it then, my daughter, and not tell it freely, that you may meet with some relief? Consider me as a father to you, in age at least, and more in good-will. Am not I well known to, and the intimate friend of, Charicles? Tell me the cause of your disorder: put confidence in me; I swear I will not betray it. Speak freely, and do not increase your sufferings by concealing them: there is no disease, which when easily known, is not easily cured; but that which is become inveterate by time is almost incurable—silence nourishes anguish; what is disclosed admits of consolation and relief.'—After a pause, in which her countenance betrayed the various agitations of her mind, she said, 'Suffer me to continue silent to-day, I will be more explicit

hereafter; if the art of divination, in which you are skilled, has not already discovered to you all I have to tell you.'

"Upon this I arose and took my leave, hinting to the maiden the necessity of overcoming her modesty and reserve. Charicles met me. 'What have you to tell me?' said he. 'All good news,' I replied. 'To-morrow your daughter shall be cured of her complaint, and something else shall happen which you greatly desire; in the meantime, however, it may not be amiss to send for a physician:' and having said this, I retired, that he might ask me no more questions.

"I had not gone far, when I saw Theagenes wandering about the precincts of the temple, talking to himself, and seeming satisfied if he could only see the place where Chariclea dwelt. Turning aside, I passed by as if I had not observed him; but he cried out, 'Calasiris, I rejoice to see you! listen to me; I have been long waiting for you.' I turned suddenly. 'My handsome Theagenes,' said I, 'I did not observe you.' 'How can he be handsome,' he replied, 'who cannot please Chariclea?' I pretended to be angry. 'Will you not cease,' I said, 'to dishonour me and my art, which has already worked upon her, and compelled her to love you? and she now desires, above all things, to see you.' 'To see me!' he exclaimed; 'what is it you tell me? why do not you instantly lead me to her:' and immediately he began advancing. I caught hold of his robe: 'Hold,' I cried, 'however famous you are for speed, this is not a business to be ventured upon in haste; it requires consideration and management, and many preparations, in order to ensure success and safety. You must not think to bear off by force so rich a prize. Do not you know that her father is one of the

principal men of Delphi; and that such an attempt would here incur a capital punishment?' 'I regard not death,' he replied, 'if I can possess Chariclea; however, if you think it better, let us ask her in marriage of her father. I am not unworthy of his alliance.' 'We should not obtain her,' I answered; 'not that there can be any objection to you, but Charicles has long ago promised her to his sister's son.' 'He shall have no reason to rejoice in his good fortune,' said Theagenes. 'No one, while I am alive, shall make Chariclea his bride; my hand and sword have not yet so far forgot their office.' 'Moderate your passion,' I replied; 'there is no occasion for your sword; only be guided by me, and do as I shall direct you. At present retire, and avoid being seen often in public with me; but visit me sometimes, quietly and in private.' He went away quite cast down.

"On the morrow Charicles met me: as soon as he saw me he ran up to me, and repeatedly kissed my head, crying out, 'How great is the force of wisdom and friendship! You have accomplished the great work. The impregnable is taken. The invincible is vanquished. Chariclea is in love!'

"At this I began to arch my eyebrows: I put on a consequential air, and proudly paced the room. 'No marvel,' said I, 'that she has not been able to resist even the first application of my spells, and yet I have hitherto employed only some of the weakest of them. But how came you acquainted with what you are rejoicing at?' 'According to your advice,' said he, 'I sent for some physicians of whom I had a high opinion. I took them to visit my daughter, promising them large fees if they could afford her any relief. As soon as they entered her apartment they inquired into the cause of her complaint. She turned from

them, made no reply to their inquiries, and kept repeating a verse from Homer,[5] the sense of which is,—

"Achilles, Peleus' son, thou flower of Greeks."

At length the sagacious Acestinus (perhaps you know him) seized her unwilling hand, hoping to discover by her pulse the movements of her heart. He felt it, and, after some consideration, said, "O Charicles, it is in vain you call upon us for assistance; the leech's art can here be of no use." "My God," cried I, "what is it you say? My daughter is dying, and you give me no hope." "Compose yourself," he replied, "and attend to me;" and taking me aside he thus addressed me:—-

""Our art professes to heal only the disorders of the body, not those of the mind, except only when the mind suffers with the afflicted body; when one is cured the other is relieved. Your daughter certainly labours under a malady, but it is not a corporeal one. She has no redundant humours, no head-ache, no fever, no distemper which has its origin in the body —this I can venture to pronounce." I besought him, if he knew what really ailed her, that he would tell me. At last he said, "Does she not know herself that the malady is a mental one—that it is, in one word, love? Do you not see how her swelled eyes, her unsettled look, her pale countenance, betray the wounded heart? Her thoughts wander, her discourse is unconnected, she gets no sleep, and visibly falls away; some relief must be sought for, but he alone for whom she pines can, I think, afford it." Having so said, he took his leave. I hastened to you, as to a god and preserver, who alone have it in your power, as both I and my daughter acknowledge, to do us good. For when I was pressing her, in the most affectionate manner, to discover to me the cause of her

complaint, she answered that she knew not what was the matter with her; this only she knew, that Calasiris alone could heal her, and besought me to call you to her; from which I perceive that she has the greatest opinion of, and confidence in, your wisdom.'

"'Since you have found out that she is in love,' I replied, 'can you conjecture with whom?' 'No, by Apollo,' said he; 'how should I discover that? I wish with all my heart it may be with Alcamenes, my sister's son. I have long destined him for her spouse, if my wishes can have weight with her.' I told him it was easy to make the experiment, by bringing the young man into her presence. He seemed to approve of this and went away.

"Soon after I met him in the market-place. 'I have very disagreeable news,' said he, 'my daughter is certainly possessed, she behaves in so strange a manner. I introduced Alcamenes to her, as you desired; and he had taken care about his personal appearance, but she, as if she had seen the Gorgon's head, or anything more frightful, gave a piercing shriek, turned her face aside, and, grasping her neck with both her hands, protested that she would strangle herself, if we did not instantly leave the room. This, you may imagine, we hastened to do upon seeing such monstrously strange conduct. And we again entreat you to save her life, and to fulfil, if possible, our wishes.'

"'O Charicles,' I replied, 'you were not mistaken in saying your daughter was possessed. She is, indeed, beset by those powers which I was obliged to employ against her. They are very potent, and are compelling her to that from which her nature and constitution is averse. But it seems to me that some

opposing deity counteracts my measures, and is fighting against my ministers; wherefore it is necessary that I should see the fillet which you told me was exposed with your daughter, and which you had preserved with the other tokens: I fear it may contain some witcheries and magic which work upon her mind, the contrivance of an enemy, who wishes her to continue all her life single, childless, and averse to love.' Charicles assented to what Ï said, and presently brought me the fillet. I begged and obtained time to consider it. I took it eagerly with me to my apartment, and began immediately to read what was written on it. The characters were Ethiopian;[6] not the common ones, but such as those of royal birth make use of, which are the same as the sacred writings of the Egyptians; and this was the tenor of the inscription:—

> "'Persina, Queen of Ethiopia, inscribes this, her lament, as a last gift to an unfortunate daughter, who has not yet obtained a name, and is known to her only by the pangs she cost.'

"I shuddered, Cnemon, when I read the name of Persina; however, I read on as follows:—-

> "'I call the Sun to witness, the author of my race, that I do not expose you, my child, and withdraw you from the sight of your father Hydaspes, on account of any crime of mine. Yet I would willingly excuse myself to you, if you should happen to survive, and to him who shall take you up, if propitious providence

vouchsafes to send you a preserver, and relate to the world the cause of my exposing you.

"'Of the gods we count the Sun and Bacchus among our ancestors; of the heroes, Perseus, Andromeda, and Memnon. Our kings, at various times, have adorned the royal apartments with pictures of them and their exploits; some ornamented the porticoes and men's apartments: our bed-chamber was painted with the story of Perseus and Andromeda. There, in the tenth year after our marriage, when as yet we had no child, I retired to repose myself during the scorching heat of noon; and here your father, Hydaspes, visited me, being warned to do so by a dream. In consequence of this visit I became pregnant. The whole time of my pregnancy was a continual feast, a course of sacrifices and thanksgivings to the gods, for the near prospect, long wished for, of a successor to the kingdom.[7] But when at last I brought you forth, a white infant, so different from the Ethiopian hue, I was at no loss to explain the cause, since, in the embraces of your father,[8] I had kept my eyes fixed on the picture of Andromeda, whom the painter had represented just unchained from the rock, and my imagination had communicated her complexion to

my unhappy offspring. But this, though satisfactory to me, might not have been so to any one else. I dreaded the being accused of adultery, and the punishment which awaits that crime: I committed you, therefore, to the wide world and to fortune. I thought this better even for you than death, or the disgrace of being called a bastard, one of which fates must have awaited you had I preserved you at home. I told my husband that my child was dead, and exposed you privately, placing as many valuables with you as I could collect, by way of reward for whoever should find and bring you up. Among other ornaments I put this fillet upon you, stained with my own blood and containing this melancholy account, which I have traced out in the midst of tears and sorrows, when I first brought you into the world, and was overwhelmed with grief and consternation. And, oh my sweet, yet soon lost daughter, if you should survive, remember the noble race from which you spring; honour and cultivate virtue and modesty, the chief recommendations of a woman, and ornaments of a queen. But, among the jewels which are exposed with you, remember to inquire after, and claim for yourself a ring which your father gave me when he sought

> me in marriage. The circle of it is inscribed with royal characters, and in its bezil[9] the stone Pantarbè, which possesses occult and powerful virtue. I have given you this account in writing, since cruel fortune denies me the happiness of doing it in person; my pains may have been taken to no purpose, but they may be of use to you; the designs of fate are inscrutable by mortals. These words (oh vainly beautiful, and bringing, by your beauty, an imputation on her who bore you), if you should be preserved, may serve as a token to discover your race; if otherwise (which may I never hear!) they will be the funeral lament of an afflicted mother.'

"When I read this, Cnemon, I acknowledged and wondered at the dispensations of the deities. I felt both pleasure and pain by a new kind of sensation; I rejoiced and wept at the same time. I was glad to have discovered what I was before ignorant of, together with the meaning of the oracle: but I was apprehensive for the event of the design I was engaged in; and lamented the instability and uncertainty, the changes and the chances of human life, of which the fortunes of Chariclea afforded so remarkable an instance. I recollected that, with her high birth, heiress of the royal family of Ethiopia, she was now banished to a vast distance from her native country, and reputed as a bastard. I continued a considerable time in these contemplations, deploring her present situation, and hardly daring to

flatter myself with better hopes for the future. At length I collected my scattered spirits, and determined that something must be done, and that quickly. I went, therefore, to Chariclea; I found her alone, almost overcome by what she suffered: her mind willing to bear up against her malady; but her body labouring, yielding, and unable to resist its attacks. When I had sent out her attendants, and given orders that no one should disturb us, on pretence that I had some prayers and invocations to make use of over her, I thus addressed her:

'"It is now time, my dear Chariclea, to disclose to me (as you promised yesterday) the cause of your sufferings. Hide nothing, I beseech you, from a man who has the greatest regard for you; and whose art is besides able to discover whatever you may obstinately endeavour to conceal.'—She took my hand, kissed it and wept. 'Sage Calasiris,' said she, 'permit me, I beg of you, to suffer in silence; and do you, as you have it in your power, discover of yourself the cause of my disease. Spare me the ignominy of confessing that which it is shameful to feel, and still more shameful to avow. Whatever I undergo from my disorder, I suffer more from the thought of my own weakness, in permitting myself to be overcome by it, and not resisting it at the beginning. It was always odious to me; the very mention of it contaminates the chaste ears of a virgin.'

'"I acquiesce, my daughter,' I replied, 'in your silence. I do not blame your reserve, and that for two reasons. In the first place, I have no need to be told that which I have before discovered by my art; and then an unwillingness to speak of a matter of this nature, becomes well the modesty of your sex. But

since you have at last felt love, and are manifestly smitten by Theagenes (for this the gods have disclosed to me), know that you are not the first, or the only one, who has succumbed under this passion. It is common to you with many celebrated women, and many maidens in other respects most irreproachable; for love is a very powerful deity, and is said to subdue even the gods[10] themselves. Consider then what is best to be done in your present circumstances. If it be the greatest happiness to be free from love, the next is, when one is taken captive, to regulate it properly: this you have in your power to do; you can repel the imputation of mere sensual love, and sanctify it with the honourable and sacred name of wedlock.'

"When I said this, Cnemon, she showed much agitation, and great drops of sweat stood on her forehead. It was plain that she rejoiced at what she heard, but was anxious about the success of her hopes; and ashamed and blushing at the discovery of her weakness. After a considerable pause she said,

"'You talk of wedlock, and recommend that, as if it were evident that my father would agree to it, or the author of my sufferings desire it.'—'As to the young man, I have not the least doubt; he is more deeply smitten than yourself, and suffers full as much on your account as you can do on his. For, as it seems, your souls at their first encountering knew that they were worthy of each other, and felt a mutual passion; this passion, out of regard to you, I have heightened by my art in Theagenes. But he whom you suppose your father, proposes to give you another husband, Alcamenes, whom you well know.'—'He shall sooner find Alcamenes a grave, than find him a wife in me,' said she; 'either Theagenes shall be my husband, or I

will yield to the fate which presses upon me. But why do you hint that Charicles is not really my father?'

"'It is from this that I have my information,' I replied, shewing her the fillet.—'Where did you get this?' said she, 'or how? for since I was brought, I hardly know how, from Egypt, Charicles has kept it safely locked up in a chest lest any accident should happen to it.'—'How I got it,' I returned, 'you shall hear another time; at present tell me if you know what is written on it.'—She owned that she was entirely ignorant of its contents.—'It discovers,' said I, 'your family, your country, and your fortunes.'—She besought me to disclose the purport of it; and I interpreted the whole writing to her, word for word. When she came to know who she was, her spirit seemed to rise, in conformity to her noble race. She asked me what was to be done at this conjuncture. I then became more unreserved and explicit in my advice to her.

"'I have been, my daughter,' said I, 'in Ethiopia; led by the desire of making myself acquainted with their wisdom. I was known to your mother Persina, for the royal palace was always open to the learned. I acquired some reputation there, as I increased my own stock of Egyptian knowledge by joining it to that of Ethiopia: and when I was preparing to return home, the queen unbosomed herself to me, and disclosed everything she knew relative to you, and your birth, exacting from me first an oath of secrecy. She said she was afraid to confide in any of the Ethiopian sages; and she earnestly besought me to consult the gods as to whether you had been fortunately preserved; and if so, into what part of the world you were: for she could hear no tidings of you in Ethiopia, after a most diligent inquiry. The

goodness of the gods discovered by their oracles everything to me: and when I told her you were still alive, and where you were, she was very earnest with me to seek you out, and induce you to return to your native land; for she had continued sorrowful and childless ever since you were exposed; and was ready, if you should appear, to confess to her husband everything which had happened. And she was inclined to hope that he would now acknowledge you; having had so long experience of her virtue and good conduct, and seeing an unexpected prospect arise of a successor to his family. This she said, and besought me earnestly by the Sun, an adjuration which no sage dare violate, to do what she desired of me. I am now here, desirous to execute what I have been so strongly conjured to do: and though another cause brought me into this country, I esteem the pains of my wandering well repaid; and give thanks to the gods that I have found you here, whom I have long been desirous of meeting with. You know with what care I have cultivated your friendship—that I concealed whatever I knew concerning you, till I could obtain possession of this fillet, as a pledge of the truth of my relation. You may now, if you will be persuaded, leave this country with me, before you are obliged, by force, to do anything against your inclinations; for I know that Charicles is taking every measure to bring about your marriage with Alcamenes. You may return to your country, revisit your family, and be restored to your parents accompanied by Theagenes, your intended husband; and you may change your life of exile and uncertainty for that of a princess, who shall hereafter reign with him whom she most loves, if we may place confidence in the predictions of the gods.' I then put her in mind of the oracle of

Apollo, and gave her my explanation of it. She had heard of it before, for it was much talked of, and its meaning inquired into. She paused at this: at last she said, 'Since such, you think, is the will of the gods, and I am inclined to believe your interpretation, what, Father, will be best for me to do?'—'You must pretend,' said I, 'that you are willing to marry Alcamenes.'—'But this is odious to me,' she replied; 'it is disgraceful to give even a feigned promise to any but Theagenes: but since I have given myself up to your direction, and that of the gods, how far will this dissimulation lead me, so that I be not entangled in any disagreeable circumstances by it?'—'The event will show you,' said I; 'to tell you beforehand might cause some hesitation upon your part, whereas suddenness in action will bring with it confidence and boldness. Only follow my advice: seem, for the present, to agree to the marriage which Charicles has so much at heart; he will not proceed in it without my knowledge and direction.' She wept, yet promised to be guided by me, and I took my leave of her.

"I had scarcely got out of the chamber when I met Charicles, with a very downcast and sorrowful air. —'You are a strange man,' said I: 'when you ought to rejoice, sacrifice, and give thanks to the gods, for having obtained what you so long have wished for; when Chariclea at last, with great difficulty, and the utmost exertions of my art and wisdom, has been brought to yield to love, and to desire marriage; you go about sad and drooping, and are ready to shed tears. What can be the matter with you?'—'I have but too much reason for sorrow,' he replied, 'when the delight of my eyes, before she can be married, as you say she is inclined to be, is threatened to be hurried away from me, if any faith is to be given to dreams, which on several nights, and particularly on the last,

have tormented me. Methought I saw an eagle take his flight from the hand of Apollo, and stooping down suddenly upon me, snatch my daughter, alas! out of my very bosom, and bear her away to some extreme corner of the earth, full of dusky and shadowy forms. I could not discover what became of them; for soon the vast intermediate interval hid them from my sight.' I instantly conjectured what this dream portended; but I endeavoured to comfort him, and to prevent his having the smallest suspicion of the real truth. 'Considering that you are a priest,' I said, 'and are dedicated to that deity who is most famous for oracles, you seem to me not to have much skill in the interpretation of dreams. This darkly signifies the approaching marriage of your child, and the eagle represents her intended spouse: and when Apollo intimates this to you, and that it is from his hands that your daughter is to receive a husband, you seem displeased, and wrest the dream to an ominous interpretation. Wherefore, my dear Charicles, let us be cautious what we say; let us accommodate ourselves to the will of the gods, and use our utmost endeavours to persuade the maiden.'

"'But how shall we manage,' he replied, 'to render her more compliant?'—'Have you,' said I, 'any valuables laid up in store, garments, or gold, or necklace? if you have, produce them, give them to her as a marriage present, and propitiate her by gifts. Precious stones and ornaments have a magic[11] influence upon a female mind. You must proceed too, as fast as you can, in all your preparations for the nuptials; there must be no delay in hastening them forward, while that inclination, forced upon her mind by art, remains yet undiminished.'—'Nothing shall be wanting which depends upon me,' replied Charicles; and

immediately he ran out, with alacrity and joy, to put his words in execution. I soon found that he lost no time in doing what I had suggested; and that he had offered to Chariclea dresses of great price, and the Ethiopian necklace which had been exposed with her as tokens by Persina, as if they were marriage presents from Alcamenes.—Soon after I met Theagenes, and asked him what was become of all those who had composed his train in the procession. —He said the maidens had already set forward on their journey, as they travelled slowly; and that the youths, impatient of delay, were becoming clamorous, and pressing him to return home. When I heard this, I instructed him what to say to them, and what he should do himself; and bidding him observe the signals that I should give him, both of time and opportunity, I left him.

"I bent my course towards the temple of Apollo, intending to implore him to instruct me, by some oracle, in what manner I was to direct my flight with my young friends. But the divinity was quicker than any thought of mine—he assists those who act in conformity to his will, and with unasked benevolence anticipates their prayers; as he here anticipated my question by a voluntary oracle, and in a very evident manner manifested his superintendence over us. For as I was hastening, full of anxiety, to his shrine, a sudden voice stopped me —'Make what speed you can,' it said; 'the strangers call upon you.'—A company of people were at that time celebrating, to the sound of flutes, a festival in honour of Hercules. I obeyed, and turned towards them, as soon as I heard this warning, careful not to neglect the divine call. I joined the assembly, I threw incense on the altar, and made my libations of water. They ironically expressed their admiration at the cost

and profusion of my offerings, and invited me to partake of the feast with them. I accepted the invitation, and having reclined on a couch adorned with myrtle and laurel, and tasted something of what was set before me, I said to them, 'My friends, I have partaken of a very pleasant entertainment with you, but I am ignorant whom I am among; wherefore it is time now for you to tell me who you are, and from whence: for it is rude and unbecoming for those who have begun a kind of friendship, by being partakers of the same table and sacrifice, and of the same sacred salt, to separate without knowing at least something of each other.'—They readily replied that they were Phœnician merchants from Tyre—that they were sailing to Carthage with a cargo of Ethiopian, Indian, and Phœnician merchandize—that they were at that instant celebrating a sacrifice to the Tyrian Hercules, on account of a victory which that young man (showing one of their company) had gained at the Pythian games; esteeming it a great honour that a Phœnecian should be declared a conqueror in Greece. 'This youth,' said they, 'after we had passed the Malian promontory, and were driven by contrary winds to Cephallene, affirmed to us, swearing by this our country's god, that it was revealed to him in a dream that he should obtain a prize at the Pythian games; and persuaded us to turn out of our course, and touch here. In effect, his presages have been fulfilled; and the head of a merchant is now encircled with a victor's crown. He offers therefore this sacrifice to the god who foretold his success, both as a thanksgiving for the victory, and to implore his protection in the voyage which we are about to undertake; for we propose to set sail early to-morrow morning, if the winds favour our wishes.'

"'Is that really your intention?' I said.—'It is indeed,' they answered.—'You may then,' I replied, 'have me as a companion in your voyage, if you will permit it; for I have occasion to go into Sicily, and in your course to Africa you must necessarily sail by that island.'—'You shall be heartily welcome,' they replied; 'for nothing but good can happen to us from the society of a sage, a Grecian, and, as we conjecture, a favourite of the gods.'—'I shall be very happy to accept your offer,' I said, 'if you will allow me one day for preparation.'—'Well,' said they, 'we will give you to-morrow; but do not fail in the evening to be by the water-side; for the night is favourable to our navigation; gentle breezes at that season blow from the land, and propel the ship quietly on her way.'

"I promised them to be there without fail at the time appointed, and exacted an oath from them that they would not sail before. And with this I left them, still employed in their pipes and dances, which they performed to the brisk notes of their music, something after the Assyrian fashion; now bounding lightly on high,[12] and now sinking to the ground on bended knees, and again whirling themselves round with rapidity, as if hurried on by the influence of the divinity. I found Chariclea admiring as they lay in her lap the presents which Charicles had made her; from her I went to Theagenes: I gave each of them instructions what they were to do, and returned to my apartment, solicitous and intent upon the prosecution of my design; which I did not long delay to put in execution. When it was midnight, and all the city was buried in sleep, a band of armed youths surrounded the habitation of Chariclea. Theagenes led on this amatory assault: his troop consisted of those who composed his train. With shouts, and

clamour, and clashing their shields, to terrify any who might be within hearing, they broke into the house with lighted torches;[13] the door, which had on purpose been left slightly fastened, easily giving way to them. They seized and hurried away Chariclea, who was apprized of their design, and easily submitted to the seeming violence. They took with her a quantity of valuable stuff, which she indicated to them; and the moment they had left the house, they raised again their warlike shouts, clashed their shields, and with an awful noise marched through the city, to the unspeakable terror of the affrighted inhabitants; whose alarm was the greater, as they had chosen a still night for their purpose, and Parnassus resounded to the clang of their brazen bucklers. In this manner they passed through Delphi, frequently repeating to each other the name of Chariclea. As soon as they were out of the city, they galloped as fast as they could towards Mount Œta. Here the lovers, as had been agreed upon, withdrew themselves privately from the Thessalians, and fled to me. They fell at my feet, embraced my knees in great agitation, and called upon me to save them; Chariclea blushing, with downcast eyes, at the bold step she had taken. 'Preserve and protect,' said Theagenes, 'strangers, fugitives, and suppliants, who have given up everything that they may gain each other; slaves of chaste love; playthings of fortune; voluntary exiles, yet not despairing, but placing all their hopes of safety in you.' I was confused and affected with this address: tears would have been a relief to me; but I restrained myself, that I might not increase their apprehensions. I raised and comforted them; and bidding them hope everything which was fortunate, from a design undertaken under the direction of the gods, I told them I must go and look

after what yet remained to be done for the execution of our project; and desiring them to stay where they were, and to take great care that they were not seen by any body, I prepared to leave them; but Chariclea caught hold of my garment, and detained me.

"'Father,' she cried, 'it will be treacherous and unjust in you to leave me already, and alone, under the care of Theagenes only. You do not consider how faithless a guardian a lover is, when his mistress is in his power, and no one present to impose respect upon him. He will with difficulty restrain himself, when he sees the object of his ardent desires defenceless before him; wherefore I insist upon your not leaving me, till I have exacted an oath from Theagenes, that he will not attempt to obtain any favours which I am not disposed to grant, till I arrive in my country, and am restored to my family; or, at least, if the gods should envy me that happiness, till I am by my own consent become his wife.'

"I was surprised yet pleased with what she said, and agreed entirely with her in her sentiments. I raised a flame upon the hearth in place of an altar, threw on a few grains of frankincense, and Theagenes took the oath, indignant at its being required of him, and that such an obligation should deprive him of showing voluntarily that respect to Chariclea, which he was already determined to show without any such compulsion. He should now, he said, have no merit in it; all the restraint he put upon himself would be imputed to the fear of perjury.[14] He swore, however, by the Pythian Apollo, by Diana, by Venus herself, and the Loves, that he would conform himself in every instance to the will of Chariclea. These and other solemn vows having been mutually taken under the auspices of the gods, I made what

haste I could to Charicles.

"I found his house full of tumult and grief, his servants having already informed him of the rape of his daughter; his friends flocking round him with useless consolation, and equally useless advice; himself in tears, and totally at a loss what to do. I called out with a loud voice, 'Knaves that you are, how long will you stand here stupid and undetermined, as if your misfortunes had taken away your senses? Why do you not arm instantly, pursue and take the ravishers, and revenge the injuries you have received?' 'It will be to no purpose,' replied Charicles, in a languid tone; 'I see that all this is come upon me by the wrath of heaven; the gods foretold to me that I should be deprived of what I held most dear, since the time that I entered unseasonably into the temple, and saw what it was not lawful for me to behold.[15] Yet there is no reason why we should not contend, in this instance, even against a calamity, though sent by the deities, if we knew whom we have to pursue, and who have brought this misfortune upon us.' 'We do know them,' said I; 'it is Theagenes, whom you made so much of and introduced to me, and his companions. Perhaps you may find some of them still about the city, who may have loitered here this evening. Arise, therefore, and call the people to council.'

"What I desired was done: the magistrates sent the herald about, to convoke an assembly by the sound of trumpet. The people presently came together, and a night meeting was held in the theatre. Charicles drew tears of compassion from all, when he appeared in the midst in mourning garments, with dust upon his face and head, and thus began:

"'Delphians, you may perhaps imagine that I have

called together this meeting, and am now addressing it solely on account of my own great calamities; but that is not entirely the case. I suffer indeed what is worse than death. I am left deserted, afflicted by the gods, my house desolate, and deprived of that sweet conversation which I preferred to all the pleasures in the world; yet hope, and the self-conceit common to us, still sustains me, and promises me that I shall again recover my daughter. But I am moved with indignation at the affront which has been offered to the city, which I hope to see punished even before my own wrongs are redressed, unless the Thessalian striplings have taken away from us our free spirit, and just regard for our country and its gods; for what can be more shameful than that a few youths, dancers forsooth, and followers of an embassy, should trample under their feet the laws and authority of the first city in Greece, and should ravish from: the temple of Apollo its chiefest ornament, Chariclea, alas! the delight of my eyes; How obstinate and implacable towards me has been the anger of the gods! The life of my own daughter, as you know, was extinguished with the light of her nuptial torches. Grief for her death brought her mother soon to the grave, and drove me from my country; but, when I found Chariclea, I felt myself consoled; she became my life, the hope of succession in my family, my sweet anchor, I may say, my only comfort. Of all these this sudden storm has bereft me, and that at the most unlucky time possible, as if I were to be the scorn and sport of fate, just when preparations were making for her marriage, and you were all informed of it.'

"While he was speaking, and indulging himself in lamentations, the chief magistrate Hegesias interrupted and stopped him. 'Let Charicles, fellow-

citizens,' said he, 'lament hereafter at his leisure; but let not us be so hurried away, and affected by concern for his misfortunes, as to neglect opportunity, which in all things is of great moment, and particularly in military affairs.[16] There is some hope that we may overtake the ravishers if we follow them instantly, for the delay which must take place on our part will naturally make them less speedy in their march: but if we spend our time in womanish bewailings, and by our delays give them an opportunity to escape, what remains but that we shall become a common laughing-stock, the laughing-stock of youths, whom the moment we have taken we should nail to so many crosses, and render their names, and even their families, infamous? This we may easily effect, if we endeavour to rouse the indignation of their countrymen against them, and interdict their descendants, and as many of themselves as may happen to escape, from ever being present at this annual ceremonial and sacrifice to the Manes of their hero; the expense of which we defray out of our public treasury.' The people approved what he advised, and ratified it by their decree. 'Enact, also,' said he, 'if you please, that the priestess shall never in future appear to the armed runners; for, as I conjecture, it was the sight of her at that time which inflamed Theagenes, and excited in him the impious design of carrying her off; it is desirable, therefore, to guard against anything which may give occasion to such an attempt for the time to come.'

"When this also was unanimously agreed to, Hegesias gave the signal to march, the trumpet sounded, the theatre was abandoned for war, and there was a general rush from the assembly for the fight. Not only the robust and mature followed him, but

children and youths likewise, supplying with their zeal the place of age; women, also, with a spirit superior to their strength, snatching what arms they could meet with, tried in vain to keep up with them, and, by the fruitless attempt, were obliged to confess the weakness of their sex. You might see old men struggling with their age, their mind dragging on their body, and indignant at their physical weakness, because of the vigour of their minds. The whole city, in short, felt so deeply the loss of Chariclea, that, without waiting for day, and moved by a common impulse, it poured forth in pursuit of her ravishers."

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[1] It would seem that Chariclea stood with her palm and torch at the end of the course the contenders were to take.

[2] Iliad, B. xxi.

[3] Il. xiii. 636.

"All pleasures breed satiety, sweet sleep,
Soft dalliance, music, and the grateful dance."—Cowper.

[4]

——"Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis."—Hor. A. P. 121.

[5] Il. xvi. 21.

[6] Γράμμασιν Αἰθιοπικοῖς οὐ δημοτικοῖς 'αλλά Βασιλικοῖς. "This distinction," observes a reviewer, "between the royal and popular system of hieroglyphics, as well as the etiquette of inscribing the title of the king within a circle or oval, is borrowed from the monuments of Egypt."

[7] Tasso, c. xii. 21-40, as is well known, has

introduced the story of Chariclea under the name of Clorinda:—

"D'una pietosa istoria e di devote
Figure la sua stanza era dipinta,
Vergine bianca il bel volto, e le gote
Vermiglia, è quivi presso un drago avvinta.
. . . . . .
Ingravida frattanto, ed espon fuori
(E tu fosti colei) candida figlia."

[8] The effect of Jacob's rods will suggest itself to the recollection of the reader. Gen. xxx. 37-41.

[9] Δίθῳ παντάρβη την σφενδόνην καθιέρωμενον.

[10]

"His hands are tiny, but afar they throw,
E'en down to Dis and Acheron below.
. . . . . .
Small is his bow, his arrow small to sight,
But to Jove's court it wings its ready flight."
Chapman's Trs. of Moschus.

[11] ἴυγγα. Properly the bird called the "wryneck." It was sacred to Venus, and much used in love incantations, especially to recall the alienated affections of a beloved object. It was employed fastened to a wheel, by turning which, the effect was supposed to be produced. It also means the magical wheel itself.—Hickie's Theocritus, see Theoc. Idyll. 11.

[12] Mr. Hobhouse's description of the dance of the Albanians affords an illustration of the above. "They danced round the blaze to their own songs with astonishing energy—one of them which detained them more than an hour, had for the burden—'Robbers all at Parga! Robbers all at Parga!' and as they roared out this stave, they whirled round the fire, dropped

and rebounded from their knees, and again whirled round as the chorus was again repeated."—Notes to Childe Harold, c. xi. 71.

[13]

——Hic, hic ponite lucida
Funalia, et vectes et arcus
Oppositis foribus minaces.—Hor. Od. iii. xxvi. 6.

[14]

"I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever woman spoke."
Midsummer Night's Dream.

[15] Charicles does not farther explain the nature of his offence but the ancient thought that even an accidental, involuntary intrusion into any ceremonies or mysteries at which it was not lawful for the intruder to be present, was always followed by some punishment. Quartilla in Petronius says, "Neque enim quisquam impunè quod non licuit aspexit."

"Inscia quod crimen viderunt lumina, plector,
Peccatumque oculos est habuisse, meum!"—Ovid.

[16] See the fine Chorus in the Œdipus Coloneus,—the subject being the pursuit after the daughters of Œdipus, carried off by Creon, 1045-1100.

BOOK V.

"How the city of Delphos succeeded in their pursuit, I had no opportunity of learning; their being thus engaged, however, gave me an excellent opportunity for the flight which I meditated. Taking, therefore, my young companions, I led them down to the sea, and put them aboard the Phœnician vessel, which was just ready to set sail, for day now beginning to break, the merchants thought they had kept the promise they had made, of waiting for me a day and a night. Seeing us however appear, they received us with great joy, and immediately proceeded out of the harbour, at first using their oars, then a moderate breeze rising from the land, and a gentle swell of the sea[1]caressing as it were the stern of our ship, they hoisted sail, and committed the vessel to the wind.

"We passed with rapidity the Cirrhæan gulf, the promontory of Parnassus, the Ætolian and Calydonian rocks, and the Oxian isles, *sharp*[2] both in name and figure, and the sea of Zacynthus began to appear as the sun sank towards the west. But why am I thus tedious? Why do I forget you and myself, and, by extending my narration, embark you upon a boundless ocean? Let us stop here a while, and both of us take a little rest; for though I know you are a very patient hearer, and strive excellently against sleep, yet I have prosecuted the account of my troubles to so unseasonable an hour, that I think you at last begin to give in. My age, too, and the remembrance of my sufferings, weigh down my spirits, and require repose."

"Stop then, Father," replied Cnemon, "not on my account, for I could attend untired to your story many days and nights; it is to me as the siren's strains; but I have for some time heard a tumult and noise in the house; I was rather alarmed at it, but my

great desire to hear the remainder of your discourse prevented me from interrupting you."

"I was not sensible of it," said Calasiris, "owing, I suppose, partly to the dulness of my hearing, the common malady of age, and partly to my being intent on what I was saying. But I fancy the stir you hear is occasioned by the return of Nausicles, the master of the house; I am impatient to know how he has succeeded."—"In every thing as I could wish, my dear Calasiris," said Nausicles, who entered at that moment. "I know how solicitous you were for my success, and how your best wishes accompanied me. I have many proofs of your good will towards me, and among others the words which I have just heard you uttering. But who is this stranger?"—"A Greek," said Calasiris; "what farther regards him you shall hear another time; but pray relate to us your success, that we may be partakers in your joy." "You shall hear all in the morning," replied Nausicles: "at present let it suffice you to know, that I have obtained a fairer Thisbe than ever; for myself, wearied with cares and fatigues, I must now take a little repose." Having said this, he retired to rest.

Cnemon was struct at hearing the name of Thisbe; racking his mind with anxiety, he passed a sleepless night, nor could he at intervals restrain his sighs and groans, which at last awakened Calasiris, who lay near, from a sound sleep. The old man, raising himself upon his elbow, asked him what was the matter with him, and why he vented his complaints in that almost frantic manner. "Is it not enough to drive me mad," replied Cnemon, "when I hear that Thisbe is alive?"—"And who is this Thisbe?" said Calasiris, "and how came you acquainted with her? and why are you disturbed at supposing her to be

alive?"—"You shall hear at large," returned the other, "when I relate to you my story; at present I will only tell you that I saw her dead with these eyes, and buried her with my own hands among the buccaneers." "Take some rest now," said the old man; "this mystery will soon be cleared up."—"I cannot sleep," he said; "do you repose yourself if you will; I shall die if I do not find out, and that immediately, under what mistake Nausicles is labouring; or whether among the Egyptians alone the dead come to life again." Calasiris smiled at his impatience, and betook himself again to sleep.

But Cnemon arose, and, going out of his chamber, encountered all those difficulties which it was probable a stranger would meet with, who wanders at night, and in the dark, in an unknown house; but he struggled with them all, such was his horror of Thisbe, and his anxiety to clear away the apprehensions which were raised in his mind by what fell from Nausicles. After passing and repassing many times, without knowing it, the same passages, at last he heard the soft voice of a woman lamenting, like a vernal nightingale pouring out her melancholy notes at eventide.[3] Led by the sound, he advanced towards the apartment; and putting his ear to the division of the folding doors, he listened, and heard her thus lamenting:—

"What an unhappy fate is mine! I thought I had escaped from the hands of the robbers, and avoided a cruel death. I flattered myself that I should pass the remainder of my life with my beloved; wandering indeed, and in foreign lands, but with him it would have been sweet; and every difficulty would have been supportable. But my evil genius is not yet satisfied; he gave me a glance of hope, and has

plunged me afresh in despair. I hoped I had escaped servitude, and am again a slave; a prison, and am still confined. I was kept in an island, and surrounded with darkness; my situation is not now very different, indeed, perhaps rather worse, for he who was able and willing to console me is separated from me. The Pirates' cave which I yesterday inhabited, seemed indeed an avenue to the shades below; more like a charnel house than a dwelling; but his presence in whom I delighted made it pleasant; for he lamented my fate living, and shed tears over me when he thought me dead. Now I am deprived of every comfort; he who partook of and lessened the burden of my misfortunes is ravished from me; and I, deserted and a captive, am exposed alone to the assaults of cruel fortune; and endure to live only because I have a glimmering of hope that my beloved still survives. But where, O delight of my soul, are you? What fate has awaited you? Are you also forced to be a slave—you, whose spirit is so free, and impatient of all slavery except that of love? Oh, may your life be safe, at least; and may you, though late, see again your Thisbe! for so, however unwilling, you must call me."

When Cnemon heard this, he could no longer restrain himself, or have patience to listen to what was to follow; but guessing from what he had already heard, and particularly from what was last uttered, that the complainer could be no other than Thisbe, he was ready to fall into a swoon at the very doors; he composed himself, however, as well as he was able, and fearing lest he should be discovered by any one (for morning now approached, and the cock had twice crowed), he hurried back with a tottering pace.

Now his foot stumbled; now he fell against the wall, and now against the lintels of the door; sometimes he struck his head against utensils hanging from the ceiling; at last, with much difficulty, and after many wanderings, he reached his own apartment, and threw himself upon the bed. His body trembled, and his teeth chattered, and it might have become a very serious matter had not Calasiris, alarmed at the disorder in which he returned, come to his assistance, and soothed and comforted him. When he came a little to himself, he inquired into the cause of it.

"I am undone," exclaimed Cnemon; "that wretch Thisbe is really alive;" and having said this, he sank down again and fainted away.

Calasiris having with much ado recovered him, attempted to cheer his mind. Some envious demon, who makes human affairs his sport, was no doubt practising his illusions upon Cnemon, not suffering him to enjoy his good fortune unalloyed with trouble; but making that which was afterwards to be the cause of his greatest pleasure wear at first the appearance of calamity: either because such is the perverse disposition of those beings, or because human nature cannot admit pure and unmixed joy. Cnemon, at this very time, was flying from her whom he above all things desired to meet, and frightened at that which would have been to him the most pleasing of sights; for the lady who was thus lamenting was not Thisbe but Chariclea. The train of accidents which brought her into the house of Nausicles was as follows:—

After Thyamis was taken prisoner, the island set on fire, and its pirate inhabitants expelled, Thermuthis, his lieutenant, and Cnemon crossed over the lake in

the morning to make inquiries after Thyamis. What happened on their expedition, has been before related. Theagenes and Chariclea were left alone in the cave, and esteemed what was to prove only an excess of calamity, a great present blessing; since now for the first time, being left alone, and freed from every intruding eye, they indulged themselves in unrestrained embraces and endearments; and forgetting all the world, and clinging together as though forming but one body, they enjoyed the first fruits of pure and virgin love; warm tears were mingled with their chaste kisses; chaste I say, for if at any time human nature was about to prevail on Theagenes he was checked by Chariclea, and put in mind of his oath; nor was it difficult to bring him back within due bounds, for though not proof against pure love, he was superior to mere sensual desire. But when at length they called to mind that this was a time for consultation they ceased their dalliance, and Theagenes began as follows:—

"That we may spend our lives together, my dearest Chariclea, and obtain at last that union which we prefer to every earthly blessing, and for the sake of which we have undergone so much, is my fervent prayer, and may the gods of Greece grant it! But since every thing human is fluctuating, and subject to change, since we have suffered much, and have yet much to hope, as we have appointed to meet Cnemon at Chemmis, and are uncertain what fortunes may await us there, and, in fine, as the country to which all our wishes tend is at a great distance, let us agree upon some token by which we may secretly hold communication when present; and, if at any time separated, may trace out each other in absence; for a token between friends is an excellent companion in a wanderer's journey, and may often

be the means of again bringing them together."

Chariclea was pleased with the proposal; and they agreed, if they were divided, to write upon any temple, noted statue, bust of Mercury,[4] or boundary-stone, Theagenes the word Pythicus, and Chariclea Pythias; whether they were gone to the right or the left; to what city, town, or people; and the day and hour of their writing. If they met in any circumstances, or under any disguise, they depended upon their mutual affection to discover one another, which they were certain no time could efface, or even lessen. Chariclea, however, showed him the ring which had been exposed with her, and Theagenes exhibited a scar made upon his knee by a wild boar. They agreed on a watch-word: she, *lampas* (a lamp), he, *phoinix* (a palm-tree). Having made these arrangements, they again embraced each other, and again wept, pouring out their tears as libations, and using kisses as oaths.

At last they went out of the cave, touching none of the treasures it contained, thinking riches obtained by plunder an abomination. They selected, however, some of the richest jewels which they themselves had brought from Delphi, and which the pirates had taken from them, and prepared for their journey. Chariclea changed her dress, packing up in a bundle her necklace, her crown, and sacred garments; and, the better to conceal them, put over them things of less value. She gave the bow and quiver (the emblems of the god under whom he served) to Theagenes to bear: to him a pleasant burden.

They now approached the lake, and were preparing to get into a boat, when they saw a company of armed men passing over toward the island. Rendered dizzy by the sight, they stood for some time

astounded, as if deprived of all feeling by the continued assaults of unwearied evil fortune. At last, however, and just as the men were landing, Chariclea proposed to retire again into the cave, and endeavour to conceal themselves there; and was running towards it, when Theagenes stopped her, and exclaimed, "Why should we vainly endeavour to fly from that fate which pursues us every where? Let us yield to our fortune, and meet it with fortitude: what besides should we gain but unending troubles, a wandering life, and still renewed assaults of the evil genius who mocks and persecutes us? Have you not experienced how he has added, with savage eagerness, the assaults of pirates to exile, and worse perils by land to those we suffered by sea; how he terrified us first with fightings, afterwards threw us into the hands of buccaneers, detained us some time in captivity, then left us solitary and deserted, just gave us a prospect of flight and freedom, and now sends ruffians to destroy us; plays off his warfare against us and our fortunes, and gives them the appearance of a continually shifting scene, and sadly varied drama? Let us put an end then to the tragedy, and give ourselves up to those who are prepared for our destruction, lest the continued pressure and increase of our misfortunes oblige us, at last, to lay violent hands upon ourselves."

Chariclea did not entirely agree with all which her lover in his passion said. She admitted the justice of his expostulations with fortune, but could not see the propriety of giving themselves up into the hands of the armed men. It was not certain that they meant to destroy them; the evil genius who pursued them would not, perhaps, be kind enough to put so quick an end to their miseries; he probably reserved them to experience the hardships of servitude; and was it

not worse than death to be exposed to the insults and indignities of the barbarians? "Let us endeavour, therefore," said she, "by all means in our power to avoid this fate. We may, from past experience, have some hopes of success: we have frequently, already, escaped from dangers which appeared inevitable."

"Let us do as you please," said Theagenes; and followed her, unwillingly, as she led the way. They could not, however, escape in safety to the cave; for while they were looking only at the enemy in front, they were not aware of another troop which had landed on a different part of the island, and which was taking them from behind, as in a net.[5] They were now utterly confounded, and stood still, Chariclea keeping close by Theagenes, so that if they were to die they might die together. Some of the men who approached were just preparing to strike; but when the youthful pair, looking up, flashed upon them the full splendour of their beauty, their hearts failed them, and their hands grew slack; for the arm even of a barbarian reverences the beautiful, and the fiercest eye grows milder before a lovely countenance. They took them prisoners, therefore, and conducted them to their leader, anxious to lay before him the first and fairest of the spoils. It was the only booty, however, which they were likely to obtain, for they could find nothing else, after the strictest search throughout the island. Everything on the surface of it had been destroyed by the late conflagration. They were ignorant of the cave and its contents. They proceeded then towards their commander: he was Mithranes, commandant to Oroondates, viceroy of Egypt, under the Great King, whom Nausicles (as has been said) had induced, by a great sum of money, to make this expedition into the island in search of Thisbe. Upon the approach of

Theagenes and Chariclea, Nausicles, with the quick-sighted craft of a merchant, started forward, and running up, exclaimed, "This is indeed Thisbe, the very Thisbe ravished from me by those villain pirates, but restored by your kindness, Mithranes, and by the gods." He then caught hold of Chariclea, and seemed in an ecstacy of joy; at the same time he spoke to her privately in Greek, in a low voice, and bid her, if she valued her life, pretend that her name was Thisbe.

This scheme succeeded. Chariclea, pleased at hearing her native language, and flattering herself with the hopes of comfort and assistance from the man who spoke it, did as he bid her; and when Mithranes asked her her name, said it was Thisbe. Nausicles then ran up to Mithranes, kissed his head, flattered the barbarian's vanity, extolled his good fortune, and congratulated him that, besides his many other exploits, this expedition had had such good success. He, cajoled by these praises, and really believing the truth of what was said (being deceived by the name), though smitten with the beauty of the maiden, which shone out under a sorry garb, like the moon[6] from beneath a cloud; yet, confounded by the quickness of Nausicles's manœuvres, and having no time given to his fickle mind for change of purpose, said, "Take, then, this maiden, whom my arms have recovered for you;" and so saying, he delivered her into his hands, unwillingly and frequently looking back upon her, as if he would not have parted with her had he not thought himself pledged, by the reward he had received, to give her up. "But as for her companion," he added, pointing to Theagenes, "he shall be my prize. Let him follow me under a guard; he shall be sent to Babylon: with such a figure as his, he will become the service of the great king." And having

thus signified his pleasure, they passed over the lake, and were separated from each other. Nausicles took the road to Chemmis, with Chariclea; Mithranes visited some other towns which were under his command, and very soon sent Theagenes to Oroondates, who was then at Memphis, accompanied with the following letter:—

> "Mithranes, Commandant, to the Viceroy Oroondates.
>
> "I have taken prisoner a Grecian youth of too noble an appearance to continue in my service, and worthy to appear before, and serve only, the Great King. I send him to you, that you may offer him to our common master, as a great and inestimable present, such a one as the royal court has never yet beheld, and probably never will again."

Scarcely had the day dawned when eager curiosity carried Calasiris and Cnemon to the apartment of Nausicles, to inquire farther into his adventures. He told them all that I have related: how he arrived at the island; how he found it deserted; the deceit he had put upon Mithranes, in passing off another maiden upon him for Thisbe; he was better pleased, he said, with his present prize than if he had really found Thisbe; there was no more comparison between their several beauties than between a mortal and a goddess; hers was unrivalled, it was impossible for him to express how beautiful she was; but, as she was under his roof, they might satisfy themselves with their own eyes. When they heard this, they began to suspect a little of the truth, and besought

him to send for her immediately, as knowing that words could not do justice to her personal appearance.

When she was introduced (with downcast eyes, and her face veiled to her forehead), and Nausicles had besought her to be of good cheer, she looked up a little, and saw (beyond her hopes), and was seen by, her unexpected friends. Immediately a sudden cry was heard from all. These exclamations burst out at once, "My father!"—"My daughter! Chariclea herself! and not Cnemon's Thisbe." Nausicles stood mute with astonishment when he saw Calasiris embracing Chariclea, and weeping for joy. He wondered what this could be which had the air of a recognition on the stage, when Calasiris ran to him, and embracing him, cried out, "O best of men, may the gods shower on you every blessing you desire, as you have been the preserver of my daughter, and have restored to my longing eyes the delight of my life. But, my child, my Chariclea! where have you left Theagenes?" She wept at the question, and, pausing a little, said, "He who delivered me to this gentleman, whoever he may be, has led him away captive." Calasiris besought Nausicles to discover to him all he knew about Theagenes; under whose power he now was; and whither they had taken him.

The merchant gave him all the information he was able, conceiving this to be the pair about whom he had frequently heard the old man speak, and whom he knew he was seeking in sorrow. He added, that he feared his intelligence would not be of much service to persons in their humble circumstances; he doubted, indeed, whether any sum of money would induce Mithranes to part with the youth. "We are rich enough," said Chariclea softly to Calasiris;

"promise him as much as you please; I have preserved the necklace which you know of, and have it with me." Calasiris recovered his spirits at hearing this; but not choosing to let Nausicles into the secret of their wealth, replied, "My good Nausicles, the wise man is never poor; he measures his desires by his possessions, and receives from those who abound what it is honourable for him to ask. Tell us then where the person is who has Theagenes in his power; the divine goodness will not be wanting to us, but will supply us with as much as is sufficient to satisfy the avarice of this Persian."

Nausicles smiled incredulously. "I shall," said he, "be persuaded that you can suddenly grow rich, as by a miracle, when you have first paid down to me a ransom for this maiden; you know that riches have as many charms for a merchant as for a Persian."—"I know it," replied the old man, "and you shall have a ransom. But why do you not anticipate my wishes, and, with your customary benevolence, offer, of your own accord, to restore my daughter? Must I be forced to entreat it of you?"—"You shall have her on proper terms," said the merchant. "I do not grudge you her; but now (as I am going to sacrifice) let us join in supplication to the gods, and pray that they would increase my wealth, and bestow some on you."—"Spare your ridicule," replied Calasiris, "and be not incredulous; make preparations for the sacrifice, and we will attend you when everything is ready."

Nausicles agreed to this, and soon after sent a message to his guests to desire their presence. They obeyed cheerfully, having before concerted what they were to do. The men accompanied Nausicles to the altar, with many others who were invited, for it

was a public sacrifice. Chariclea went with the merchant's daughter and some other females, whose encouragements and entreaties had prevailed upon her to be present at the ceremony; and they would hardly have persuaded her had she not secretly pleased herself with the thought of taking this opportunity to pour out her vows and prayers for Theagenes.

They came to the temple of Mercury (for him, as the god of gain and merchants, Nausicles particularly worshipped); and when the sacred rites were performed, Calasiris inspected the entrails of a victim, and changing his countenance according as they portended joyful or adverse events, at last stretched out his hand, (murmuring certain words) and pretending to take something from among the ashes, presented a ring of great value to Nausicles, which he had brought with him for that purpose: "And here," said he, "the gods, by my hands, offer you this as a ransom for Chariclea."

The ring[7] was a perfect marvel, both for material and workmanship. The circle was of electrum, within the bezil[8] was an Ethiopian amethyst, of the size of a maiden's eye, finer much than those of Spain or Britain; for these latter have a dullish tinge of purple, like a rose just bursting from its bud, and beginning to redden under the sun's beams; whereas the Ethiopian amethyst shines with a deeper and more sparkling lustre; if you turn it about it scatters its rays on all sides, not dulling but lighting up the sight.

They are besides of much greater virtue than the western ones; they do not belie their name,[9] but will really keep those who wear them sober amid great excesses. This property is common to all the

Indian and Ethiopian stones: but that which Calasiris now gave Nausicles far surpassed them. It was carved with wonderful art, and represented a shepherd tending his sheep. He sat upon a rock, gently elevated from the ground, surveying his flock, and distributing them[10] into different pastures by the various notes of his pipe; they seemed to obey, and to feed as the sound directed them. You would say that they had golden fleeces, the natural blush of the amethyst, without the aid of art, casting a glow upon their backs. Here you might observe the frolics of the little lambs; some climbing up the ascent, others gambolling around the shepherd, converted the rock into a pastoral theatre. Some wantoning in the flame of the gem as in the sun, just touched in bounding the rocky surface; others, older and more bold, seemed as if they would overleap the circle; but here art had hindered them, and surrounded the jewel in the rock with the golden bezil. The rock was not counterfeit, but real; the artist, to represent it, had inclosed the edges of the stone, and was not put to the trouble of feigning what in reality existed. Such then was the ring.

Nausicles was struck at the seeming miracle, and delighted with the beauty of the gem, which he esteemed to be of more value than all he was worth. —"I was but jesting," said he, "my dear Calasiris, when I talked of a ransom for your daughter; my design was to restore her to you freely; and without price; but since, as they say, the gifts of the gods are not to be refused, I accept this jewel which is sent from heaven; persuaded that it is a present from Mercury, the best of deities, who has furnished you with it through the fire, and indeed you see how it sparkles itself with flames: besides, I think that the pleasantest and most lawful gain is that which,

without impoverishing the giver, enriches the receiver."

Having said this, he took the ring, and proceeded with the rest of the company to an entertainment; the women by themselves, in the interior of the temple; the men in the vestibule. When they had satisfied their appetite, and the board was crowned with cups, they sang a suitable[11] hymn to Bacchus, and poured out libations to him; the women sang a hymn of thanksgiving to Ceres. Chariclea, retiring from the rest, occupied with her own thoughts, prayed for the health and safe return of Theagenes.

And now, the company being warmed with wine, and rife with mirth, Nausicles, holding out a goblet of pure water, said, "Good Calasiris, let us offer this to the nymphs, the sober nymphs your deities, who have no sympathy with Bacchus, and are nymphs in very deed; but if you will entertain us with such a relation as we wish to hear, it will be more pleasant to us than even our flowing bowls. You see the women have already risen from the table, and are amusing themselves with dancing; but neither dancing nor music will be so pleasant to us as the narrative of your wanderings, if you will favour us with it. You have often excused yourself from the task on account of the troubles with which you were overwhelmed, and the lowness of your spirits; but there cannot be a more proper time for it than the present, when everything contributes to remove the one and to raise the other. You have recovered your daughter, and have hopes of recovering your son; especially if you do not affront me, by deferring your story any longer."

"Now may all good attend you, Nausicles," said Cnemon, putting in his word; "who, although you

have provided all manner of music for our recreation, are willing to forego such delights (leaving them to ordinary minds), and to listen to higher and mysterious matters, seasoned with a divine interest. You show judgment in coupling together the deities, Mercury and Bacchus, thus mingling the pleasures of discourse with those of wine. Though I admire the whole order of this splendid sacrifice, yet I know nothing which will render the god of eloquence more propitious, than if this good old man will contribute his narrative[12] to the rest of the entertainment."

Calasiris obeyed, as well to oblige Cnemon, as to conciliate the favour of Nausicles, whose[13] services he foresaw he should have occasion for, and entered upon his story. He began with what he had already related to Cnemon; he was now, however, less minute, and entirely passed over some matters which he did not choose Nausicles to know; and when he had proceeded to the point where he had before left off,[14] he went on as follows:

"As the wind was at first very favourable to us, the fugitives from Delphi began to flatter themselves with the hopes of a prosperous voyage; but when we got into the straits of Calydon,[15] the swell and rolling of the waves alarmed them not a little;" here Cnemon, interrupting, begged him to explain, if he could, the cause of that agitation. "The Ionian sea," continued Calasiris, "from being wide beyond, is there contracted, and pours itself, by a narrow channel, into the Crissæan gulf; whence, hastening to mingle its waters with the Ægean, it is stopped and thrown back again by the Isthmus of Peloponnesus; which is opposed, probably, as a rampart by divine providence, lest it should overflow the opposite land:

and a greater reflux being occasioned in the strait than in the rest of the gulf, from the encounter of the advancing and retreating tides the waves, owing to this repercussion, boil, swell, and break in tumult one over the other." This explanation was received with the applause and approbation of all; and the old man continued his narration.

"Having passed the strait, and lost sight of the Oxian[16] Isles, we thought we discovered the promontory of Zacynthus, which rose on our sight like an obscure cloud, and the pilot gave orders to furl the sails. We inquired why he slackened the vessel's speed, when we had a prosperous wind: 'Because,' said he, 'if we continue to sail at the rate we do at present, we shall arrive off the island about the first watch of the night; and I fear lest, in the darkness, we may strike upon some of the rocks which abound under the sea on that coast: it is better therefore for us to keep out at sea all night, carrying only so much sail as may suffice to bring us under the island in the morning.' This was the opinion of the pilot: however we made land sooner than he expected, and cast anchor at Zacynthus just as the sun rose.

"The inhabitants of the port, which was not far distant from the city, flocked together at our arrival, as to an unusual spectacle. They admired the construction of our vessel, framed with regard both to size and beauty; and from thence formed an idea of the skill and industry of the Phœnicians. Still more did they wonder at our uncommon good fortune in having had so prosperous a passage, in the midst of winter, and at the setting of the Pleiades.

"Almost all the ship's company, while the vessel was being moored, hurried off to the city to buy what

things they wanted. I strolled about in search of a lodging, somewhere on the shore, for the pilot had told me that we should probably winter at Zacynthus: to remain on board the ship would have been very inconvenient, because of the noisy crew, and our fugitives could not be so well concealed in the city as their situation required.

"When I had walked a little way, I saw an old fisherman sitting before his door, and mending his nets. I approached and addressed him—'Can you inform me, my good friend,' said I, 'where I can hire a lodging?'—'It was broken,' said he, 'near yonder promontory, having caught upon a rock.'—'This was not what I inquired,' said I; 'but you would do me a kind office if you will either receive me into your own house, or show me another where I may be taken in.'—'It was not I who did it, I warrant you,' said he; 'I was not in the boat; old age has not yet so dulled the faculties of Tyrrhenus. It was the fault of the lubberly boys which occasioned this mishap, who, from ignorance of the reefs, spread their nets in the wrong place.'

"Perceiving now that he was hard of hearing, I bawled out at the top of my voice, 'Good day to you! Can you show us, who are strangers, a place where we may find lodging?'—'The same to you,' answered he. 'You may, if you please, lodge with me; unless, perhaps, you are one of those who require a great many beds and chambers, and have a large number of servants with you.' Upon my saying: 'I have only two children with myself,'—'A very good number,' he replied, 'for you will find my family consist of only one more. I have two sons who live with me; their elder brothers are married and settled by themselves; I have, besides, the nurse of my children, for their

mother has been some time dead; wherefore, good sir, do not hesitate, nor doubt that we shall receive gladly one whose first aspect is venerable and prepossessing.' I accepted his offer: and when I returned afterwards with Theagenes and Chariclea, the old fisherman received us with great cordiality, and assigned us the warmest and most convenient part of his habitation.

"The beginning of the winter passed here not unpleasantly. We lived together in the day time: at night we separated. Chariclea slept in one apartment, with the nurse, I in another, with Theagenes, and Tyrrhenus in a third, with his children. Our table was in common, and well supplied; the old man furnished it abundantly with provision from the sea. We frequently amused our leisure by assisting him in fishing, in which art he was very skilful, and had tackle for it in abundance, and suited for every season.[17] The coast was convenient for placing his nets, and abounded with fish, so that most people attributed his success in his occupation to his good fortune alone, which was in part, however, owing to his skill. Thus, for some time, we lived in peace; but it is not permitted to the unhappy to be long at ease; nor could the charms of Chariclea, even in this solitude, be exempt from disturbance.

"The Tyrian merchant, that victor in the Pythian games, with whom we sailed, was very annoying to me; he took every opportunity of pressing me with earnestness, as a father, to grant him Chariclea in marriage. He vaunted his family and his fortune. He said that the vessel in which we sailed was entirely his property; and the greatest part of her cargo, which consisted of gold, precious stones, and silk. He crowned all these, and many other recommendations

of himself, with his victory in Greece, which he thought reflected no small lustre upon him. I objected my present poverty, and that I could never bring myself to dispose of my daughter in a foreign country, and at such a distance from Egypt. 'Talk not of poverty,' he would reply; 'I shall esteem the gift of Chariclea's hand more than a portion of a thousand talents. Wherever she is, I shall look upon that place as my country; I am ready to change my destined course to Carthage, and sail with you wherever you please.'

"When, after some time, I saw the Phœnician relax nothing of his importunity, but that he grew more urgent every day in his solicitations, I determined to flatter him with fallacious hopes, lest he should offer some violence to us in the island, and promised I would do everything which he wished when we arrived in Egypt. But I had no sooner thus quieted him a little, than a new wave of trouble came rolling in upon me.[18]

"Old Tyrrhenus accosted me one day as I was wandering in a retired part of the coast. 'My good Calasiris,' said he, 'Neptune is my witness, and all the gods, that I regard you as my brother, and your children as my own. I am come to discover to you a gathering danger which will occasion you great uneasiness, but which I cannot, with any regard to the laws of hospitality, conceal from one who lodges under my roof, and which it concerns you much to be acquainted with. A nest of pirates, concealed under the side of yonder promontory, are lying in wait for your Phœnician vessel. They are continually on the watch for your sailing out of port. I caution you, therefore, to beware, and to consider what you have to do; for it is on your account, or rather, as I

suspect, on account of your daughter, that they have conceived this audacious design, which they are but too well prepared for.'

"'May the gods reward you,' said I, 'for your kind information; but, my dear Tyrrhenus, how did you obtain, your intelligence?'—'My trade,' he answered, 'makes me acquainted with these men; I take fish to them, for which they pay me a better price than others; and yesterday, as I was taking up my nets on the shore, Trachinus, the captain of the pirates, came and asked me if I knew when the Phœnicians intended to set sail. I, suspecting his intent, replied, that indeed I did not exactly know, but I supposed that it would be early in the spring. "Does the fair maiden, who lodges at your house, sail with them?"—"I really don't know," said I. "But why are you so curious?"—"Because I love her to distraction," he returned. "I did so at first sight. I never saw a form comparable to hers; and yet my eyes have been used to beauty, and I have had in my power some of the most charming captives of all nations."

"'I wished to draw him on a little, that I might get acquainted with his design. "Why," said I, "should you attack the Phœnicians; cannot you take her away from my house without bloodshed, and before they embark?"—"The regard I have for you," he returned, "prevents me from doing this. There is a sense of honour even among pirates towards friends and acquaintances. If I were to carry off the strangers from your house, it might bring you into some trouble; they would probably be required at your hands. Besides, by waiting for them at sea, I obtain two ends: I may make myself master of a rich vessel, as well as of the maid I love. One of these I must necessarily give up, if I make the attempt by land;

neither would it be without danger so near the city: the inhabitants would soon become acquainted with my enterprize, and pursuit would be immediate." I praised his prudence, and left him. I now discover to you the design of these villains, and beseech you to adopt means for the preservation of yourself and your children.'

"Having heard this, I went away in great trouble, and revolving various thoughts in my mind, when I met, by accident, with my Tyrian merchant. He talked to me on the old subject, and gave me occasion to try him on a scheme which just then struck me. I related to him just as much of the fisherman's discovery as I thought proper. I told him that one of the inhabitants of Zacynthus, who was too powerful for him to resist, had a design to carry off Chariclea. 'For my part,' I added, 'I had much rather give her to you, as well on account of our acquaintance as of your opulent condition; and, above all, because you have promised to settle in our country after your marriage; if, therefore, you have this alliance much at heart, we must sail from hence in all haste, before we are prevented, and violence is offered.' He was much pleased at hearing me talk in this manner. 'You are much in the right, my father,' he said; and, approaching, kissed my head, and asked me when I would have him to set sail, for though the sea was at this season hardly navigable, yet we might make some other port, and so, escaping from the snares laid for us here, might wait with patience the approach of spring.—'If,' I replied, 'my wishes have weight with you, I would sail this very night.'—'Be it so,' said he, and went away.

"I returned home. I said nothing to Tyrrhenus; but I told my children that, at the close of the day, they

must embark again on board the vessel. They wondered at this sudden order, and asked the reason of it. I excused myself from explaining it then; but said, it was absolutely necessary that it should be obeyed.

"After a moderate supper I retired to rest; but I had no sooner fallen asleep, than an old man[19] seemed to appear to me, in a dream: withered and lean, in other respects, but showing, from the muscular appearance of his knees, the marks of former strength. He had a helmet on his head; his countenance was intelligent and shrewd, and he seemed to drag one thigh after him, as if it had been wounded. He approached me, and said with a sarcastic smile,—'Do you alone treat me with contempt? All those who have sailed by Cephalene, have been desirous to visit my habitation, and to contemplate my glory; you only seem to despise me, and have not given me so much as a common salutation, though you dwell in my neighbourhood. But you shall soon suffer for this negligence; and shall experience the same calamities, and encounter the same enemies, both by sea and land, which I have done. But address the maiden you have with you in the name of my consort; she salutes her, as she is a great patroness of chastity, and foretells her, at last, a fortunate issue to all her troubles.'

"I started up, trembling, at the vision. Theagenes asked what ailed me. 'We shall be too late,' said I, 'for the ship is sailing out of port; it is this thought which has disturbed and awakened me; but do you get up and collect our baggage, and I will go and see for Chariclea.' She appeared at my first summons: Tyrrhenus, too, got up, and inquired what we were about. 'What we are doing,' said I, 'is by your advice;

we are endeavouring to escape from those who are lying in wait for us; and may the gods preserve and reward you for all your goodness to us: but do you add this to all the favours you have already bestowed upon us; pass, I pray you, into Ithaca, and sacrifice for us to Ulysses, and beseech him to moderate the anger which he has conceived against us, and signified to me this night in a dream.' He promised he would do so, and accompanied us to the ship, shedding tears abundantly, and wishing us a prosperous voyage, and all sorts of happiness. In short, as soon as the morning star appeared, we set sail, much against the will of the crew, who were with difficulty persuaded by the Tyrian merchant, when they were told, that it was in order to escape from a pirate, who lay in wait for them. He knew that what they thought a fiction, was the sober truth.

"We encountered adverse winds, a swelling sea, and almost continual tempests; we lost one[20] of our rudders; had our yard-arms much injured, and were in imminent danger of perishing, when we reached a promontory of Crete: here we determined to stay a few days, to repair our vessel and refresh ourselves. We did so, and fixed for putting again to sea the first day of the new moon, after her conjunction with the sun.

"We set sail, with a gentle south-west wind, directing our course towards Africa, which our pilot used all his endeavours to reach as soon as he could; for he said he had for some time observed a vessel hovering at a distance, which he took for a pirate. 'Ever since we left Crete,' says he, 'she has followed us; she steers the same course, and without doubt it is by design, not accident; for I have often changed my track, on purpose to see if she would do the same,

and she has always invariably done so.' A great part of the crew were alarmed at this intelligence, and began to exhort each other to prepare for defence; others neglected it, and said it was a very common thing for small ships to follow in the wake of larger ones, for the sake of being directed in their way.

"While they were thus disputing, evening[21] approached; the wind slackened gradually, breathed gently on the sails and now made them flutter a little, but hardly swelled them at all. At length it subsided into a dead calm, setting with the sun, or retiring, as I may say, to give advantage to our pursuers; for while there was a fresh gale our ship, spreading more canvas, far out-sailed them; but when the wind dropped, when the sea was smooth, and we were driven to make use of our oars, this light and small vessel soon came up with our large and heavy one. When they came near, one of the crew, an inhabitant of Zacynthus, cried out: 'We are undone, this is a pirate crew: I am well acquainted with the ship of Trachinus.'

"We were thunderstruck at this intelligence, and, in the midst of a sea calm, our vessel shook with a tempest of confusion; it was full of tumult, lamentation, and hurrying up and down. Some ran into the hold; others encouraged one another to resist and fight; a third party were for getting into the boat, and so attempting an escape. While they were thus in confusion, and mutually hindering each other, the approach of danger put an end to their disputes, and every one seized upon the weapon which was nearest to him.

"Chariclea and myself, embracing Theagenes, were hardly able to restrain his ardent spirit which was boiling for the fight; she assuring him that death

should not separate them; but that the same sword which wounded him, should put an end to her life. I, as soon as I knew that it was Trachinus who pursued us, began to consider how best to promote our future safety. The pirates coming close up with us, crossed our course, and being very desirous of taking us, did not use their arms; but rowing round us, prevented our farther progress, like besiegers wishing to make us surrender upon terms. 'Fools,' they cried out, 'why are you so mad as to make a show of defence against so superior a force? drawing upon yourselves certain destruction! We are as yet disposed to treat you kindly; you may even now, if you please, get into your boats, and save your lives.'

"So long as a bloodless war was waged, the Phœnicians were bold enough and refused to quit the vessel. But when one of the pirates, more daring than his fellows, leapt into the ship, and began to cut at them right and left with his sword, and they became sensible that the matter was now serious, and that wounds and blood must settle it, they repented of their boldness, fell at their enemies' feet, begged for quarter, and promised to do whatever they were ordered.

"The pirates, although they had already begun the fight, and though the sight of blood commonly whets the angry passions, yet, at the command of Trachinus, unexpectedly spared the supplicants. A truce ensued, but a truce more dreadful, perhaps, than battle: it had the name of peace, but war would have been scarcely less grievous. The conditions of it were, that every man should quit the ship, with a single garment, and death was denounced against any one who should violate these terms. But life, it seems, is preferred by mankind before all other

things; and the Tyrians (robbed as they were of their ship and wealth), as if they had gained rather than lost, contended with each other who should be the first to leap into the boat and so preserve their lives.

"When we came into his presence, according to command, Trachinus, taking Chariclea by the hand said; 'We wage not war against you, my charmer; although the hostilities are undertaken on your account. I have all along been following you, ever since you left Zacynthus, despising for your sake the sea and danger; be of good cheer, then, I will make you mistress, with myself, of all these riches.' It is the part of prudence to seize upon the opportunity. So she, remembering some of my instructions, smoothed her brow, which this sudden storm had ruffled, and composed her countenance to winning smiles.—'I give the gods thanks,' says she, 'for inspiring you with merciful sentiments towards us; but if you would win, and keep my confidence, give me this first mark of your goodwill—preserve to me my brother and my father, and do not order them to quit the ship, for I cannot live without them;' and with this she fell at his feet, and embraced his knees.[22]

"Trachinus, thrilling with pleasure at her touch, that he might enjoy it the longer, purposely delayed granting her request. At last, melted by her tears, and subdued by her looks, he raised her up, and said—'I grant your prayer, as to your brother with pleasure, he seems a youth of spirit and may help us in our trade; but as for the old man, who is but useless lumber, if I preserve him, it is only out of great regard to your entreaties.'

"While this was passing the sun set, and the dusk of twilight surrounded us; the sea began to swell on a sudden, whether on account of the change of season,

or the will of fortune, I know not; the sound of rising wind was heard. In a moment it swept down upon the sea, in stormy gusts, and filled the hearts of the pirates with tumult and apprehension; for they were overtaken with it after they had left their own bark, and had got on board our ship for the sake of plunder; this, from its size, they were unused to, and unable to manage: their[23] seamanship was all extemporised and self-taught, each for himself, boldly exercised some department of his art. Some furled the sails, others clumsily pulled the ropes; one bungler ran to the prow,[24] another attempted to manage the tiller at the stern; so that we were in imminent danger, not so much from the fury of the storm, which was not yet very violent, as from the ignorance and unskilfulness of the sailors and pilot, who as long as there was any glimmering of light, made a show of resisting the tempest; but, when darkness overshadowed us, totally gave the matter up. The waves now burst over us, and we were in peril of going to the bottom, when some of the pirates made an attempt to get again on board of their own bark, but were hindered and stopped by the rage of the increasing tempest, and by the exhortations of Trachinus; who told them, that if they would preserve the ship on board of which they were, together with its wealth, they might buy a thousand such boats as their own. At length they cut the cable by which it was kept in tow, maintaining that it might be the cause of a fresh storm to them, and that by so doing he provided for their future security; for if they should touch at any port, bringing an empty bark with them, an inquiry would naturally be made as to its crew. His comrades approved of what he had done, and found him to have shown his sense in two respects; for they felt

the ship a good deal eased after the bark was turned adrift, but the tempest was by no means appeased; they were still tossed by wave[25] following upon wave, the vessel suffered much injury, and was in great danger. Having with difficulty weathered the night, we drove all the next day, and towards the end of it made land, near the Heracleotic mouth of the Nile, and, against our wills, disembarked on the coast of Egypt. Our companions were full of joy; we were overcome with grief, and we felt ill-will to Neptune for our preservation—we should have preferred a death free from insult at sea, to a more dreadful expectation on land, and a continual exposure to the lawless wills of the pirates. They began to act in accordance with their nature on landing; for, proposing to offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving to Neptune, they brought Tyrian wine, and other requisites for the ceremony, out of the ship; and sent some of their comrades with store of money into the country, to buy up cattle, bidding them pay whatever price was asked. As soon as these returned with a whole herd of sheep and swine, the pirates who had stayed behind immediately set fire to a pile, sacrificed the victims, and prepared the feast.

"Trachinus took an opportunity of leading me aside, and thus addressed me;—'Father, I have betrothed your daughter to myself; and am preparing to celebrate the marriage this very day, combining the most delightsome festival with this sacrifice to the gods. That you may partake cheerfully of the approaching entertainment, and that you may inform your daughter, who, I hope, will receive the intimation with joy, I give you this previous notice of my intentions; not that I want your consent to put them in execution; my power is a pledge for the

performance of my will: but I have thought it fitting and auspicious to receive a willing bride from the hands of a parent, who shall have before apprised and persuaded her.'

"I pretended approval of what he said, and gave thanks to the gods who had destined my daughter to the honour of being his spouse; and then retiring, I began to consider what I could do in this conjuncture. I soon returned, and besought him that the nuptials might be celebrated with greater pomp and circumstance than he seemed to hint at—that he would assign the vessel as a bridal chamber for Chariclea; that he would give orders that none might enter or disturb her there, that she might have time to get ready her wedding dress, and make other needful preparations for the ceremony; for it would be most unseemly, that she, whose family was illustrious, and wealth considerable; and above all, she who was about to be the bride of Trachinus, should not have what preparation and ornament the present occasion would permit; although the shortness of the notice, and inconvenience of the place, would not allow the celebration of the nuptials with that splendour which was befitting their station.

"Trachinus was overjoyed at hearing me talk in this manner; and said he would, with the greatest pleasure, order everything as I desired. In consequence of this, he gave strict directions that no one should approach the ship after they had taken everything out of it they wanted. They conveyed out tables, cups, carpets, canopies—the works[26] of Tyrian and Sidonian hands, and every requisite for ministering to and adorning a feast. They carried in disorder upon their shoulders, heaps of rich furniture and utensils, collected with great care and

parsimony, but now destined to be defiled by the licentiousness of a tumultuous entertainment. I took Theagenes, and went to Chariclea; we found her weeping. 'You are accustomed, my daughter,' said I, 'to these reverses, and yet you lament as if they were new to you. Has any fresh misfortune happened?'

'"Everything is unfortunate,' she replied; 'above all, the fatal passion of Trachinus, which there is now but too much reason to fear, both from his circumstances and opportunities, that he will soon attempt to gratify. Unexpected success inflames the desires of a licentious mind; but he shall have reason to rue his detested love. Death, certain death, shall withdraw me from his pursuit: yet the thought of being divided from you, and from Theagenes, if such a separation should become necessary, dissolves me into tears.'—'Your conjectures are but too true,' I replied: 'Trachinus is resolved to turn the entertainment, which usually follows a sacrifice, into a nuptial ceremony, and there you are to be the victim. He discovered his design to me, as to your father; but I was long ago acquainted with his violent passion for you, even ever since the conversation which I had with Tyrrhenus, at Zacynthus. But I concealed what I knew, that I might not prematurely afflict you with the dread of impending calamity, especially as I had hopes of escaping it. But since, my children, fate has ordered otherwise, and we are now in such hazardous circumstances; let us dare some noble and sudden deed; let us meet this extremity of danger courageously, and either preserve our lives with bravery and freedom, or resign them with fortitude and honour.' When they had promised to act as I should order, and I had directed them what they were to do, I left them to prepare themselves, and sought the pirate next in command to Trachinus.

His name, I think, was Pelorus: I accosted him and told him that I had something agreeable to disclose to him. He followed me readily to a retired place, and I went on:

"'Son,' said I, 'hear in few words, what I have to say to you; the opportunity admits not of delay, or long discourse—to be brief, my daughter is in love with you. No wonder; you have fascinated her with your appearance, but she suspects that your captain will seize this opportunity of the sacrifice to marry her himself: for he has ordered her to be dressed and adorned as elegantly as her present time admits of. Consider then how you may best frustrate his intention, and obtain the damsel for yourself, who says she will rather die than become the spouse of Trachinus.' Pelorus listened eagerly to me: and then replied, 'Be of good cheer, father; I have long felt an equal affection for your daughter, and was seeking an opportunity of getting into her good graces. Trachinus therefore shall either voluntarily resign this maiden to me (to whom besides, I have a just claim, as having been the first to board your vessel), or he shall feel the weight of my hand, and his nuptials shall bear bitter fruits.' After this conversation I retired, that I might raise no suspicion. I went to my children—I comforted them —I told them that our scheme was in a very good train. I supped afterwards with our captors. When I observed them warm with wine, and ready to be quarrelsome, I said softly to Pelorus (for I had designedly placed myself near him), 'Have you seen how the maiden is adorned?'—'No,' said he.—'You may then, if you please,' I returned, 'if you will go aboard the vessel; privately though, for Trachinus has forbidden all access to it. You may there see her sitting, like the goddess Diana; but moderate your

transports; take no freedoms, lest you draw down death both on yourself and her.'

"After this he took the first opportunity of withdrawing secretly, and entered with all speed into the ship. He there beheld Chariclea, with a crown of laurel on her head, and refulgent in a gold-embroidered robe, (for she had dressed herself in her sacred Delphic garments, which might, as the event should turn out, be either funereal or triumphant); everything about her was splendid, and bore the semblance of a bridal chamber. Pelorus was all on fire at the sight. Desire and jealousy raged in his bosom. He returned to the company, with a look which indicated some furious design. Scarcely had he sat down, when he broke out—'Why have I not received the reward which is justly due to me for having first boarded our prize?'—'Because you have not demanded it,' replied Trachinus. 'Besides, there has yet been no division of the booty.'—'I demand then,' said Pelorus, 'the maiden whom we have taken,'—'Ask any thing but her,' said the captain, 'and you shall have it.'—'Then,' returned the other, 'you break cutter's law, which assigns to the first who boards an enemy's ship, and meets the danger, the free and unrestricted choice of taking what he will.'—'I do not mean to break our private law,' said Trachinus; 'but I rest upon another law, which commands you all to be obedient to your captain. I have a violent affection for this maiden—I propose to marry her; and think I have a right, in this instance, to a preference: if you oppose my will, this cup which I hold in my hand, shall make you rue your opposition.' Pelorus, glancing his eyes on his companions—'See,' says he, 'the guerdon of our toils; just so may each of you be deprived of your rewards!' How, Nausicles, shall I describe the scene

which followed? You might compare the company to the sea agitated by a sudden squall of wind: rage and wine hurried them headlong into the wildest excesses of tumult. Some took part with their captain, others with his opponent; some called out to obey their captain, others to vindicate the violated law. At length Trachinus raised his arm in act to hurl a goblet at Pelorus; but at that instant the other plunged a dagger into his side, and he fell dead on the spot. The fray now became general: dreadful blows were dealt on all sides; some in revenge of their captain, others in support of Pelorus; wounds were inflicted and received by sticks and stones, by cups and tables—shouts of victory and groans of defeat resounded everywhere. I retired as far as I could from the tumult, and gaining a rising ground, became, from a secure spot, a spectator of the dreadful scene. Theagenes and Chariclea did not escape a share in it; for he, as had been before agreed upon, joined himself sword in hand, to one of the parties, and fought with the utmost fury; she, when she saw the fight began, shot her arrows from the ship, sparing only Theagenes. She herself did not join either side, but aimed at the first fair mark she saw, herself being all the while concealed, but sufficiently discovering her enemies by the light of their fires and torches: they, ignorant of the hand which smote them, thought it a prodigy, and a stroke from heaven.

"All the crew besides being now stretched on the ground, Theagenes was left closely engaged in fight with Pelorus, an antagonist of tried courage, exercised in many a scene of bloodshed. Chariclea could now no longer assist him with her shafts, she dreaded lest in this hand-to-hand engagement, she might wound her lover instead of his antagonist. The

event of the fight was for some time doubtful; at length Pelorus began to give way. Chariclea, deprived of all other means of assisting him, encouraged him with her voice. 'Be strong,' she cried out, 'be of good cheer, take courage, my life!'

"Her words inspired her lover with fresh spirit and resolution: they reminded him, that she, the prize of victory, still lived. Regardless of several wounds which he had received, he now made a desperate effort, rushed upon Pelorus, and aimed a fearful sword-cut at his head; a sudden swerve occasioned him to miss his blow, but his blade descended on his enemy's shoulder, and lopped off his arm above the elbow. The barbarian now had recourse to flight; Theagenes pursued him. What followed I am not able to relate—he came back without my perceiving it. I still remained on the eminence to which I had retired, not daring, in the night time, to proceed any farther in a hostile country. But he had not escaped the eye of Chariclea. I saw him at break of day lying, in a manner, dead; she sitting by, lamenting, and ready to kill herself upon him, but restrained by a glimmering of hope that he might still survive. I, thunderstruck at the suddenness with which our misfortunes by land had succeeded those by sea, was not able to speak. I could neither inquire into the particulars of the situation in which he had returned, nor attempt to comfort her, nor relieve him.

"At break of day, after I had descended from my eminence, I saw a band of Egyptian pirates coming down from a mountain which overlooked the sea.[27] In a twinkling they had seized, and were carrying off, the youthful pair, together with what plunder they could take with them from the ship. I followed them at a distance, lamenting my own, and my children's

misfortunes, unable to succour them, and thinking it best not to join them; cherishing some faint hope of future assistance. But I soon felt my own unfitness for the task, being left far behind by the Egyptians, and unable to follow them through steep and rugged roads. Since that time, until the recovery of my daughter, by the favour of the gods, and your goodness, O Nausicles, my days have passed in sorrow and tears."

Having said this, he wept. All who heard him wept with him; and a lamentation, not wholly unmixed with pleasure, pervaded the whole company. Tears readily flow when the head is warm with wine. At length Nausicles applied himself to comfort Calasiris.

"Father," said he, "be of good cheer, you have already recovered your daughter, and this night alone divides you from the presence of your son. To-morrow we will wait upon Mithranes, and do all in our power to ransom and free Theagenes."—"No wish is nearer to my heart," replied Calasiris, "but it is now time to break up our entertainment: let us remember the gods, and join with our libations, thanksgiving for my child's deliverance." Upon this the vases for libation were carried round, and the company dispersed.

Calasiris looked about for Chariclea; and having long watched the crowd as they came out, and not seeing her, at length he inquired for her of one of the women, and by her information went into the temple, where he found her fallen into a deep sleep, embracing the feet of the image of the deity, wearied by long prayer, and exhausted by grief. He dropped a tear over her, breathed out a petition for her happiness, and, gently waking her, conducted her to his lodging, blushing at her imprudence, in having

suffered herself to be surprised by sleep in such a place. Here, in her chamber, with the daughter of Nausicles, she laid herself down to rest, but wakefulness compelled her to ruminate upon her sorrows.

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[1] οἷον προσεγέλα τῇ πρύμνη.

"There, mildly dimpling, ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the *laughing tides* that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave."—Byron.

".... ποντίων τὲ κυμάτων
ἀνήριθμον γελασμα."—Æsch. P.V. 90.

"... of ocean's waves
The multitudinous smile."

[2] Ὠξεῖαι.

[3]

"Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
Amissos queritur fœtus; quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mœstus late loca questibus implet."
Virg. G. iv. 511.

[4] Ἑρμαῖ—four-cornered stone pillars ending with a bust of Mercury, and set up in public places.

[5] ἔλαθον σαγηνευθέντες. For an account of the Persian mode of clearing a conquered country by joining hands and so sweeping the whole face of it, see Herod. vi. 31.

[6]

".... Simul ac vaga luna decorum
Protulit os."—Hor. I S. viii. 21.

[7]

"A precious ring that lightens all the hole;
Which like a taper in some monument
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit."
Titus Andronicus.

[8] Σφενδόνη.

[9] Αμέθυστος is compounded of the private particle α, and μέθυ, wine, or μεθύω, to be drunk.

[10] In Longus, B. iv., there is a curious description of the effect produced upon Daphnis's goats, by the different notes which he plays upon his pipe.

[11] ἐμβατήρια.—Literally, airs suitable for a march or an embarkation.

[12] λόγους εἰς εὐωχίαν ἐρανιζομενός. ἔρανος—a meal to which each contributed his share either in victuals or money.

[13] Nausicles was to assist him in the recovery of Theagenes, whom he regarded in the light of a son.

[14] See beginning of Book V.

[15] South of Ætolia, the modern Gulf of Patras.

[16] These islands, mentioned before, lie south-west of Acarnania.

[17] In Idyll. xxi. of Theocritus, the fisherman's tackle is described—

"The basket, rush trap, line, and reedy shaft,

Weed-tangled baits, a drag-net with its drops,
Hooks, cord"....—Chapman's Tr.

[18]

"Κῦμα ἰπ'ι κῦμα προσίβαλλεν ὁ δαίμων,
Οἶός σε χειμὼν καὶ κακῶν τρικυμία,
Ἔπεισ' ἄφυκτος."—Æsch. P. V. 1015.

[19] Ulysses.

[20] A ship had one, but more commonly two rudders. (See Acts xxvii. 40.) In the Caspian Sea, where the old practice not long ago remained in force, a modern traveller was nearly shipwrecked, because the rudders were in the hands of two pilots *who spoke different languages*. To obviate such disasters among the ancients, the same steersman held both tillers, if the boat was small. In larger ships the extremities of the helms were joined by a pole, which was moved by one man and kept the rudders always parallel.—Smith's Greek and Rom. Antiq.

[21] ἦν μὲν ἤδε τῆς ἡμέρας ὅτε ἀρότρου βοῦν ἐλευθεροῖ γηπόνος. Adverbially in Homer, βουλυτόνδε, at eventide.—Il. xvi. 779.

[22] Raphael has chosen this incident for the subject of a painting.

[23] πᾶν ναυτιλιάς ἐσχεδιάζετο.

[24] On the duties of the πρῳρεύς and the amount of nautical skill required in the pilot, see Potter's Antiq. ii. 144-146.

[25] τρικυμίαις επαλλήλοις ἐλαυνομένων.

[26] See Il. vi. 289.

.... "Mantles of all hues, accomplish'd works
Of fair Sidonians wafted o'er the deep."

[27] See Book I.

BOOK VI.

Calasiris and Cnemon betook themselves to their apartments on the men's side of the house, and composed themselves to rest. The night was quickly past, great part of it having been consumed in the preceding feast, and subsequent narration; but it passed too slowly for their impatience; and almost before day they were up, and presented themselves to Nausicles, urging him to inform them where he thought Theagenes was, and to lead them to him as soon as possible. He was not slow in complying with their request, and they set out under his direction. Chariclea was very earnest to accompany them, but they pressed, and at last obliged, her to remain where she was; Nausicles assuring her that they were not going far, and that they would soon return, and bring Theagenes with them. Here then they left her, struggling between sorrow for their departure, and joy for the promised hope of seeing her lover.

They had scarcely got out of the village, and were proceeding along the banks of the Nile, when they saw a crocodile creeping from the right side of the river to the left, and making his way swiftly down the stream. The rest of the party being used to the sight, regarded it with indifference, although Calasiris secretly thought that it portended some impediment in their expedition. But Cnemon was very much frightened at its appearance, though he could hardly be said to have seen the animal itself, but had rather had a glimpse of the shadow: he was so terrified as almost to run away. Nausicles burst into a laugh. "Cnemon," said Calasiris, "I thought you were apt to be terrified only in the darkness and

obscurity of the night; but I see your courage shows itself even in the day-time. It is not only names that affright you,[1] but the commonest and most every-day appearance puts you quite into a trepidation."—"Prithee tell me what god, or what demon is it," said Nausicles, "whose name this valiant Grecian cannot bear?"

"If it were the name of a deity," replied the old man, "there might be something in it; but it is the appellation of a mortal, and that not of a celebrated hero, nor even of a man; but of a weak woman, and, as he says, of a dead one too, at the mention of which he is disordered and trembles. That night in which you returned from the buccaneers, bringing with you my dearest Chariclea, this said name was, somehow or other, mentioned in his hearing: it put him into such an agitation, that he had no sleep all night, nor suffered me to enjoy any; he was half dead with fear, and I had the greatest difficulty in the world to bring him to himself; and were I not afraid of terrifying, or giving him pain, I would now mention the name, that you might laugh the more:"—and immediately he uttered the word *Thisbe*. But Nausicles did not laugh, as he expected; he became grave and pensive, doubting and pondering why and by reason of what intimacy Cnemon felt so much at the mention of Thisbe.

Cnemon upon this burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter in his turn. "See," said he, "my dear Calasiris, the mighty magic of this name; it is not only a bugbear which disturbs, as you say, all my faculties, but it has the same effect upon Nausicles; with this difference, however, that the certainty of her death inclines me to laughter, when the same news seems to make him sorrowful, who was before

so disposed to be merry at the expense of others."—"Spare me," said Nausicles; "you have sufficiently revenged yourself: but I conjure you by the gods of hospitality and friendship—by the kind and sincere reception which you have met with at my house and table—that you will tell me how you became so well acquainted with the name of Thisbe—whether you really have known her, or only pretend to have done so, out of sport, and to vex me?"—"It is now your turn, Cnemon," said Calasiris, "to turn narrator. You have frequently promised to make me acquainted with your condition and adventures, and as often, on some pretext or other, have put it off: you cannot have a better opportunity of doing so than the present: you will oblige both Nausicles and me; and lighten, by your story, the fatigues of our journey."

Cnemon suffered himself to be persuaded, and entered upon his history, relating briefly, what he had before told more at length to Theagenes and Chariclea—That he was an Athenian—that his father was Aristippus, and his stepmother Demæneta—her execrable love, and the snares she laid for him on its disappointment, by the ministry of Thisbe—the particulars of these—his flight from his country, and condemnation as a patricide—his exile at Ægina—his hearing from Charias of the death of Demæneta, betrayed by her own wicked assistant Thisbe—what Anticles related to him of the distress his father fell into; the family of Demæneta combining against him, and persuading the people that he had murdered her—the flight of Thisbe from Athens, with a Naucratian merchant, who was in love with her—his sailing with Anticles to Egypt, in search of Thisbe; in order, if he could find her, to bring her back to Athens, to clear his father, and punish her—the various difficulties

and dangers he went through, both by sea and pirates—how, having escaped these, and arrived in Egypt, he was again taken by the pirates—his meeting and connection with Theagenes and Chariclea—the death of Thisbe—and every thing in order, till he came to his meeting with Calasiris and Nausicles, and to those facts and events with which they were acquainted.

Nausicles meanwhile revolved a thousand thoughts in his mind—now he was about to disclose all his transactions with Thisbe, and now inclined to defer it to another opportunity; but his eagerness for speaking had almost got the better of him, when some remains of reserve, and an accident which happened by the way, prevented his unbosoming himself for the present. They had travelled about eight miles, and were near to the village where Mithranes dwelt, when Nausicles meeting an acquaintance, inquired whither he was going in so much haste.

"Do you not know," he replied, "that all my exertions have now but one aim, that of executing the behests of Isias of Chemmis? I labour for her, I supply her with every thing she wants. I wake day and night in her service. I refuse no commission, small or great, which the dear Isias imposes on me, though toil and loss are all I have hitherto gotten for my pains. I am now making what haste I can with this bird which you see, a flamingo[2] of the Nile, carrying it to my mistress, according to her commands."—"What an amiable mistress you have got," said Nausicles, "how light are her commands! how fortunate you are that she has not ordered you to bring her a phœnix, instead of a phœnicopter!"—"She does all these things," said the other, "out of wanton sport to make

a jest of me—but may I ask where you are bending your course?"

When he had learned that they were going to Mithranes—"You are on a sleeveless errand," said he, "for Mithranes is not now here; he has this evening led out his troops on an expedition against the buccaneers of Bessus; for Thyamis, their leader, has made an incursion into his territories, and taken from him one of his captives, a Grecian youth, whom he was preparing to send to Oroondates, at Memphis; and from thence, as I suppose, as a present to the Great King. But I must be gone to Isias, (who is now, perhaps, looking for me with eager eyes), lest my delay offend my charmer; she is but too ready to seize a pretence, however slight, to flout and quarrel with me." While these words were yet in his mouth, he hurried off, leaving his hearers confused and stupified at his tidings.

Nausicles was the first who broke silence. He tried to encourage his companions; and told them, that they ought not to lose heart, and entirely lay aside their undertaking, on account of this short and temporary disappointment. That now, indeed, it was necessary to return to Chemmis, as well to consult upon what they had farther to do, as to make preparations for a longer expedition, which must be undertaken in search of Theagenes, whether he was with the buccaneers or anywhere else; but that he had good hopes of finding and recovering him: for he conceived that it was not without some kind interposition of Providence, that they had so fortunately met with an acquaintance whose intelligence put them into the right track, and plainly pointed out to them the pirate-settlement, as the first place where they were to seek their friend.

They assented, without difficulty, to his proposal; what they had heard giving them a glimmering hope, and Cnemon privately assuring Calasiris that he was sure that Thyamis would watch over the safety of Theagenes. They determined therefore to return to Chemmis, where, being arrived, they found Chariclea at the house door, with outstretched neck and eager eyes, looking on every side for their appearance. As soon as she saw them, and no Theagenes with them, fetching a deep and melancholy sigh—"Are you alone!" she cried, "Father? Do you return even as you set out?—Theagenes then is no more! Tell me, by the gods I beseech you, if you have any tidings for me! and whatever they may be, do not increase my misery by delaying them. There is a degree of humanity in discovering quickly unfortunate intelligence: the soul collects at once all its powers of resistance, and the shock is sooner over."

Cnemon hastening to repress her rising anguish —"How ready are you," said he, "to foretell calamities! You generally, however, prove a false prophetess, and so far you do well—Theagenes is not only living, but, I trust in the gods, safe;"—and he told her, briefly, in what condition, and where he was. "Ah, Cnemon!" said Calasiris, "one would think, from what you say, that you had never been in love! Do not you know that they who really love are apprehensive of the slightest trifles, and believe only their own eyes, when the situation of their lovers is concerned? Absence always fills their languishing souls with fear and torment; they imagine that nothing but the most invincible necessity can ever make them separate from each other. Forgive Chariclea, therefore, who labours under the extremity of this passion, and let us enter the house, and consider what we have to do;"—and taking

Chariclea's hand, and soothing her with paternal tenderness, he led her in.

Nausicles, willing to solace his friends after their fatigues, and having, besides, a farther private end of his own, prepared a more than usually choice entertainment for them alone and his daughter, whom he commanded to dress and adorn herself with uncommon bravery and splendour. Towards the end of the feast he thus addressed them:

"I call the gods to witness, my friends, that your company is so agreeable to me, that I should be happy if you would spend the remainder of your lives here, and enjoy, in common with me, my wealth and pleasures. I wish to consider you so much more in the light of friends than guests, that I shall think nothing too much which I can bestow upon, or partake with you. I am ready also to give you every advice and assistance in my power, towards the recovery of your lost relation, as long as I can stay with you; but you know that I am a merchant, and that it is by this profession that I procure and increase my substance. And now, as the west winds have set in favourably, have opened the sea for navigation, and promise a prosperous season, my affairs call loudly upon me to sail into Greece. I am very desirous, therefore, of hearing what you propose to do, that I may endeavour, as much as possible, to accommodate my schemes to yours." Here he paused; and Calasiris, after a short pause, answered him:—"O Nausicles! may your voyage be fortunate!—may Hermes, the patron of gain, and Neptune the preserver, protect and accompany your expedition—may they lead you through smooth seas, may they make every haven safe—every city easy of access to you, and every inhabitant favourable to

your undertakings—these are the sincere and grateful wishes of those whom you have received, and now, at their own request, dismiss after observing the exact law of friendship and hospitality. Though it is grievous and painful to us to leave you, and to depart from your house, which with so much generosity you have taught us in a manner to consider as our own; yet it is incumbent upon, and unavoidable for us, to apply ourselves immediately to the search and recovery of our lost friend. This is the fixed purpose of myself and Chariclea: let Cnemon speak for himself—whether he had rather gratify us, by accompanying us in our wanderings, or has any other project in his mind." Cnemon seemed now desirous of answering in his turn; and, preparing to speak, fetched, on a sudden, a deep sigh, and tears for some time stopped his utterance: at length collecting and composing himself as well as he could, he said—

"O fortune, fickle and uncertain goddess! how dost thou shower down misfortunes upon us miserable mortals! but upon none have thy persecutions been exerted with more unremitting severity than upon me. You deprived me of my family and father's house; banished me from my country and friends—after a long interval of calamities which I pass over, shipwrecked me upon the coast of Egypt; delivered me over to pirates; shewed me, at last, a glimmering of comfort, by making me acquainted with men, unfortunate, indeed, like myself, but at the same time Greeks, and such as I hoped to spend the remainder of my life with; but now you deprive me of this consolation, where shall I turn myself? What ought I to do? Shall I desert Chariclea, who has not yet recovered Theagenes? That would be infamous and abominable? Or shall I follow and attend her in

her search? If there were a probable prospect of finding him, the hope of success would sweeten, and authorize my toils; but if that expectation is distant and uncertain, and the undertaking discouraging and difficult, who can tell where my wanderings will end? May I not, then, hope that you, and the deities of friendship, will forgive me, if I venture to mention a return to my family and country? especially since the gods offer me so unlooked-for an opportunity, in the voyage which Nausicles proposes making into Greece. Ought I to let slip so favourable an occasion? since, should any thing have happened to my father, his house will be left desolate, and his name and estate without a successor: and though I may be destined to spend the remainder of my days in poverty, yet it will be desirable and right in me, to preserve in my own person the remnant of my race. But, O Chariclea! I am most anxious to excuse myself to you, and to beg your forgiveness, which I beseech you to grant me. I will follow you as far as the quarters of the buccaneers; and will beg the favour of Nausicles, however pressed he may be in time, to wait for me so long. If perchance I should be so fortunate as to deliver you there into the hands of Theagenes, I shall then appear to have been a faithful guardian of the precious deposit which has fallen under my care, and shall set out on my own expedition with lucky omens, and a quiet conscience. But if (which the gods forbid!) I should be deceived in this hope, I shall still, I trust, appear excusable, in that I have gone so far, and have not left you alone, but in the hands of the excellent Calasiris, your father, and best preserver."

Chariclea meanwhile conjecturing, from many circumstances, that Cnemon was in love with the daughter of Nausicles (for one who is herself

enamoured most easily detects the like affections in another), and seeing, from the behaviour and expressions of Nausicles, that he was very desirous for the alliance, that he had long been working at it, and endeavouring to allure Cnemon into it; and thinking it, besides, not perfectly proper, or free from suspicion, that he should any longer be the companion of her journey—"My friend," said she, "let us entreat you to act as is most agreeable to yourself: receive our best and most grateful thanks for all the favours you have bestowed upon us, and the good offices you have performed. For the future we have not so much need of your cares and attention, nor is there now any necessity that you should endanger your own fortunes, by waiting any longer upon ours. Go, then, under happy auspices, to Athens; may you there again find your family, and recover your estate. It would be blameable on you to neglect the opportunity which Nausicles offers you: I and Calasiris will struggle with the cross accidents which pursue us, till we may perhaps, at last, find some end to our wanderings. If we meet with no assistance from men, the gods, we trust, will not forsake us."

"May the immortals," said Nausicles, "accompany Chariclea, according to her prayers, and assist her in every thing! and may she soon recover her friend and parents: her generous spirit and excellent understanding well deserve success. Do you, Cnemon, regret no longer that you do not bring Thisbe back again with you to Athens, especially when you may accuse me of having carried her off clandestinely from thence; for the merchant of Naucratium, the lover of Thisbe, was no other than myself; nor have you any reason to apprehend distress or poverty. If your inclinations coincide with mine, you may not only recover your country and

family, under my guidance, but enrich yourself to the extent of any reasonable desires. If you are willing to marry, I offer you my daughter, Nausiclea, with an ample portion, judging that I have received enough in that I have learned your family and nation."

Cnemon, seeing what had long been the object of his wishes and prayers, now unexpectedly offered him beyond his hopes, eagerly replied, "I take your offer with great joy, and gratitude;" and Nausicles immediately delivered his daughter into his outstretched hand, and betrothed her to him; and ordering those who were present to raise the nuptial song, he himself opened the dance, making the entertainment furnish forth a sudden wedding.

All the company were engaged in this joyous ceremony, the more pleasant, because unlooked for: the song resounded through the apartments, and during the whole night, the house shone with the marriage torches. But Chariclea, retiring from the rest, betook herself to her solitary chamber; where, having secured the door, and risking as she thought no intrusion, she surrendered herself to all the stings of frenzy. She let her dishevelled tresses fall upon her shoulders, tore and discomposed her garments, and thus broke out:—"Aye! let me too, in the manner he likes best, lead the dance before the overruling evil genius; let lamentations be my songs, and tears my libations: let darkness surround me, and obscure night preside over what I am about;" and with this she extinguished her torch against the ground. "What a dainty nuptial chamber has he provided me! He claims me for himself, and keeps me solitary. Cnemon marries and joins in the dance; Theagenes wanders a captive, perhaps, and in bonds; and provided he lives even that were well. Nausiclea is

betrothed and separated from me, who, till this night, partook of my bed; and I am left alone and destitute. Heaven knows that I grudge them not their good fortune; I wish them all felicity; but I repine that I have no share of it myself. The tragedy of my misfortunes has been prolonged beyond example. But what avails it to spend my time in womanish lamentations! let the measure of my calamities be filled up, since such is the will of heaven. But, O Theagenes, my sweet and only care, if you are dead, and the dreadful tidings (which may the gods forbid!) should ever wound my ear, I swear instantly to join you in the shades below. Meanwhile let me offer to your spirit (if it has left the lovely body) these funeral rites" (and immediately she plucked off handfuls of her hair and laid them on the bed): "Let me pour a libation to you out of those eyes which you hold so dear;" and with this she bedewed her couch with her tears. "But, if you are alive and safe, appear to me, my life, in a dream; and repose with me, but preserve, even then, the respect you have sworn to your betrothed." So saying, she flung herself on the bed, embraced and kissed it; till sobs and groans, fatigue and grief, gradually overwhelmed with a cloud all her reasoning faculties; and she sunk, at last, into a deep sleep, which continued till late the following morning.

Calasiris, wondering that she did not appear as usual, went up to her chamber to inquire after her; where, knocking loudly at the door, and calling her repeatedly by her name, he at length awakened her. She, alarmed at this sudden call, and confused at the disorder both of her person and apartment; yet, went to the door, unbolted it, and let him in. He, when he saw her hair dishevelled, her garments torn, her eyes restless, and breathing still too much of that passion

with which they had been inflamed before she dropped asleep, began to suspect something of the cause of this agitation. Leading her, therefore, again to the bed, placing her upon it, and helping her to compose her dress a little—"Why, Chariclea," says he, "do you indulge these transports? Why do you grieve thus beyond measure, and abjectly sink under the calamities which oppress you? I am now at a loss to discover that nobleness of mind, and chastened spirit, with which you have hitherto borne your ills. Have done with these unbecoming extravagancies—consider that you are a mortal creature;[3] a thing unstable, subject to the blasts of good and evil fortune. Why abandon yourself to despair, perhaps, on the eve of a change of fortune? Preserve yourself, my child; if not for your own sake, at least for Theagenes, who lives only in and for you."

Chariclea blushed at his chiding, and at the circumstances in which he had surprised her. She was for some time silent. At last she said—"You have reason, I own, to blame me, Father: but, perhaps, you will not think me without excuse. My love for Theagenes is no new or vulgar passion, but pure and chaste; it is directed towards one who, though not my wedded husband, is my betrothed: I am grieved and disappointed at not seeing him return with you; and am in a thousand doubts and fears about his life and safety."

"Be comforted then," replied Calasiris, "trust in the oracles of the gods, and believe, that under their guidance and protection, he is both safe and well. You should remember what we heard yesterday—that he was taken by Thyamis, as he was being carried to Memphis; and, if he is in his power, you may be satisfied that he is safe; for there was a

friendship between them even before. It is our business now to make what haste we can to the town of Bessa, in order to seek, you for your lover, and I for my son; for you have already heard that Thyamis stands in that relation to me."

Chariclea appeared very pensive at this.—"If indeed," said she, "this is your son, and not some other Thyamis, our affairs are in great jeopardy." Calasiris wondering at, and inquiring the cause of, her apprehensions,—"You know," she continued, "that I was for some time in the power of the pirates: there these unhappy features of mine inspired Thyamis with love. I fear lest, if in our inquiry we should meet with him, he should immediately recognize me, and compel me to a marriage which, on various pretences, I before with difficulty eluded."—"I trust," said the old man, "that the sight of me will inspire him with reverence and respect, and that a father's eye will repress and restrain his intemperate desires: however, there is no reason why we should not endeavour, by some artifice, to guard against what you fear; and you seem expert at finding out excuses and delays, against those who show themselves too pressing."

Chariclea, recovering her spirits a little at this pleasantry—"I do not know whether you are in jest or earnest:" said she, "but I can relate to you the contrivance of Theagenes and myself, when we attempted to make our escape from the pirates' island; and, if you approve of it, we may make use now of the same stratagem; and may it be more fortunate than it was then! We determined to change our garments, to metamorphose ourselves into beggars, and in this squalid garb to pass through the towns and villages. Let us now then, if you please,

put on the appearance of wretchedness: we shall be less subject to inquiry and observation. The greatest security is found in the lowest estate. Poverty is an object of pity, not of envy; and we shall more easily procure our daily bread: for, in a foreign land, every thing is sold dear to strangers; but is cheaply given to the wretched."

Calasiris approved of the project, and besought her to be ready as soon as possible to set out. They acquainted Nausicles and Cnemon with their intentions, and in three days were prepared to enter on their expedition. They took no beast of burden with them, though they might have had one, nor suffered any one to attend them. Nausicles and Cnemon, and all their family, accompanied them as far as they would permit it. Nausiclea, too, having by earnest entreaties obtained her father's permission, set out with her friend; her love for Chariclea making her break through that reserve and retirement which young women are expected to preserve during the first days of their nuptials. They accompanied them about half a mile; and then, saluting each other, and mingling tears and every good wish with their embraces, they took their leave. Cnemon repeatedly besought them to pardon those nuptial engagements which prevented his going with them; and promised that, whenever he had an opportunity, he would endeavour to find them out.

At length they separated. Nausicles, and his train, took the road to Chemmis. Chariclea and Calasiris began the transformation which they had meditated, and clothed themselves in tattered garments, which they had got ready. She stained her cheeks with a compound of soot and dust,[4] and threw an old torn veil negligently over her face. She carried a bag

under her arm, which had the appearance of being a receptacle for scraps and broken victuals, but contained, in reality, the sacred vestments she had brought from Delphi—her garlands, and the precious tokens which her mother had exposed with her.

Calasiris carried her quiver, wrapt up in a piece of old leather, as a burden, across his shoulders; and, loosening the string of her bow, made use of it as a walking-stick. If any one approached, he leant heavily upon it, stooping more than his years actually obliged him to do; and, limping with one leg, suffered himself frequently to be led by Chariclea.

When the metamorphosis was completed they could not help smiling at each other's appearance, and, in the midst of their grief, a few jokes upon it escaped them; and beseeching the deities who persecuted them to cease at length from their anger, they made what haste they could to the town of Bessa, where they hoped to find Theagenes and Thyamis. But in this they were disappointed; for arriving near Bessa at sun-setting, they saw the ground strewed with a considerable number of dead bodies, newly slain; most of them were Persians, whom they knew by their habits, but some were the natives of the place. They conjectured this to have been the work of war, but were at a loss to know who had been the combatants. At length, while they were searching and examining the corpses, dreading lest they might find a friend among them (for strong affection is unreasonably apprehensive on the slightest grounds), they saw an old woman, hanging over the body of one of the natives, and loud in her lamentations. They resolved therefore to endeavour to get what intelligence they could from her; and, accosting her,

they first tried to soothe her vehement affliction; and then, when she became a little calmer, Calasiris, in the Egyptian tongue, ventured to ask her what was the cause of the slaughter they saw before them, and who it was whom she so lamented. She answered, briefly, that she was mourning for her son; that she came on purpose to the field of battle that some one of the combatants, if any should return, might deprive her of life, now become a burden to her; that meanwhile, amid tears and lamentations, she was endeavouring, as well as she could, to perform funeral rites for her child. The cause of the engagement, says she, was as follows:—"A foreign youth, of remarkable beauty and stature, was proceeding under the direction of Mithranes, the Persian Commandant, in his way to Memphis, where he was to be presented to Oroondates, the Viceroy of the Great King. Mithranes had taken him captive, and thought he could not offer a more agreeable gift. The inhabitants of our town pretending, whether truly or not I cannot say, that they had some knowledge of this young man, came suddenly upon the soldiers of Mithranes, and rescued him. Mithranes, when he heard of it, was violently enraged, and two days ago led his troops against the town. My countrymen are used to war; they lead a piratical life, and despise death when gain or revenge are in view. Many are the widows and orphans they have made, and many mothers have they deprived of their children, as I, unhappy woman, am at this day. As soon, therefore, as they had certain intelligence of the Persians' expedition, they left the city, chose a proper place for an ambuscade, and posting, in concealment, a select body of troops where they knew the enemy must pass, as soon as they appeared, attacked them resolutely in front, while

the rest of their companions rushed suddenly, with a great shout, from their ambush, fell upon their flank, and soon put them to the rout. Mithranes fell among the first, and most of his troops with him; for they were so surrounded, that there was little opportunity for flight. A few of our people were slain, and among those few my son, transfixed, as you see, with a Persian dart; and now I, unhappy that I am, am bewailing his loss; and, perhaps, am still reserved to lament that of the only son I have now left, who marched yesterday with the army against the city of Memphis."

Calasiris inquired into the cause of this expedition. The old woman told him what she had heard from her son: That the inhabitants of Bessa, after they had slaughtered the officer and soldiers of the Great King, saw plainly that there was no room for excuse or pardon; that Oroondates, as soon as the intelligence reached Memphis, would immediately set out with his army,[5] surround, besiege, and utterly destroy their town; that therefore they had resolved to follow up one bold deed by a bolder; to anticipate the preparations of the Viceroy; to march, in short, without delay to Memphis, where, if they could arrive unexpectedly, they might possibly surprise and seize his person, if he were in the city; or if he were gone, as was reported, upon an expedition into Ethiopia, they might more easily make themselves masters of a place which was drained of its troops, and so might for some time ward off their danger; and could also reinstate their captain, Thyamis, in the priesthood, of which he had been unjustly deprived by his younger brother. But if they should fail in the bold attempt, they would have the advantage of dying in the field, like men, and escape falling into the hands of the Persians, and being

exposed to their insults and tortures. "But, as for you," continued the old woman, "where are you going?"—"Into the town," said Calasiris.—"It is not safe for you," returned she, "at this late hour, and unknown as you are, to go among strangers."—"But if you will receive us into your house," replied the other, "we shall think ourselves safe."—"I cannot receive you just at this time," said she, "for I must now perform some nocturnal sacrifices. But if you can endure it—and indeed you must do so, retire to some distance from the slain, and endeavour to pass the night as well as you can in the plain; in the morning I will gladly receive and entertain you as my guests." When she had said this, Calasiris took Chariclea, and shortly explained to her what had passed between them; and going to a rising ground, not very far from the field of battle, he there reclined himself, putting the quiver under his head.

Chariclea sat down on her wallet—the moon just rising, and beginning to illuminate all around with her silver light; for it was the third day from the full. Calasiris, old, and fatigued with his journey, dropped asleep; but Chariclea's cares kept her waking, and made her spectatress of an impious and accursed scene, but not an unusual one, among the Egyptians. For[6] now the old woman, supposing herself at liberty, and unobserved, dug a sort of pit, and lighted a fire of sticks which she had collected together, on each side of it. Between the two fires she placed the dead body of her son, and taking an earthen cup from a neighbouring tripod, she poured first honey into the trench, then milk, and then wine. She next worked up a kind of paste of dough into something of the similitude of a man, and crowning it with laurel and fennel, cast that too into the ditch. Then snatching up a sword, with many frantic gestures

and barbarous invocations to the moon, in an unknown tongue, she wounded herself in the arm, and dipping a branch of laurel in her blood, sprinkled it over the fire. And after many other wild and mystic ceremonies, she stooped down at length to the corpse of her son, whispered something in its ear, and, by the power of her spells, raised and forced it to stand upright.

Chariclea, who had observed the former part of this ceremony, not without apprehension, was now seized with affright and horror, and awakened Calasiris, that he too might be a spectator of what was being done. They, being themselves shrouded in darkness, observed in security what passed by the light of the fires, and were near enough too to hear what was said; the old woman now questioning the dead body in a loud voice,—"Whether its brother, her son, would return in safety?"—it answered nothing; but nodding its head by a doubtful signal, gave its mother room to hope, and then, on a sudden, fell down again upon its face. She turned the body on its back, repeated her question, and whispered, as it should seem, still stronger charms in its ear; and brandishing her sword now over the fire, and now over the trench, raised the corpse again, and putting the same interrogation to it, urged it to answer her, not by nods and signs only, but in actual and distinct words.

Here Chariclea addressed Calasiris, and besought him to approach, and ask something about Theagenes; but he refused altogether; declaring, that it was much against his inclination that he became a compulsory spectator of so impious a scene; for it did not become a priest to be present at, much less to take a part in, such a deed.—"Our divinations," said

he, "are made by means of lawful sacrifices, and pure prayers; not by profane ceremonies, and unhallowed conjurations of dead carcases, such as our wayward fate has now obliged us to be witnesses of." But while he was proceeding, the body, with a deep and hollow voice, began to speak, as if its words were uttered from the inmost recesses of a winding cave. "I spared you at first, O mother, although you were transgressing the laws of nature, disregarding the decrees of the fates, and disturbing by your enchantments, what ought to remain at rest. There is, even among the departed, a reverence for parents; but since, as far as in you lies, you destroy that reverence, and persist in pushing your wicked incantations to the utmost—since you are not content with raising up a dead body, and forcing it to make signs, but will proceed to compel it to speak; regardless of the care you owe to your son's remains, preventing his shade from mixing with those who are gone before him, and mindful only of your own private convenience and curiosity—hear what I piously avoided disclosing to you before:

"Your son shall return no more; and you yourself shall perish by the sword, and shortly conclude your course by a violent death, worthy of the execrable practices in which you have spent your life; you who are not now alone, as you suppose yourself; but are performing your horrid rites, worthy of being buried in the deepest silence and darkness, in the sight of others, and betraying the secrets of the dead in the hearing of witnesses. One of them is a priest; and his wisdom indeed is such, that he may perhaps see the propriety of concealing what he has seen. He is dear to the gods; and if he hastens his journey, he may prevent his sons from engaging singly with each other in a bloody and deadly fight, and compose

their differences. But what is infinitely worse, a maiden has heard and seen everything which has taken place. She is deeply in love, and is wandering through the world in search of her lover, whom, after many toils and dangers, she shall at last obtain, and, in a remote corner of the earth, pass with him a splendid and royal life."

Having said this, the body fell again prone on the ground. The old woman concluding that the strangers were the spectators meant, ran furiously, in all the disorder of her dress, and sword in hand, to seek for them among the dead, where she imagined they had concealed themselves; determined to destroy, if she could find them, the witnesses of her abominable incantations. But while searching incautiously among the carcases, and blinded by her fury, she stumbled, and fell headlong upon a fragment of a spear stuck upright in the earth, which, piercing through her body, soon put an end to her wicked life, and quickly fulfilled the fatal prophecy of her son.

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[1] See Book V.

[2] A bird, the brains and tongue of which were highly esteemed by Roman epicures. Rich men's slaves used to take lessons in carving this, and other choice dishes, practising upon wooden models.

"Sumine cum magno lepus, atque aper et pygargus,
Et Scythicæ volucres, et *phœnicopterus* ingens,
Et Gætulus oryx, hebeti lautissima ferro,
Cæditur, et totâ sonat ulmea cœna Suburrâ."
Juv. XI. 138.

Those who are curious in the matter of good

eating among the ancients, may read with advantage the Feast of Trimalcio, in Petronius Arbiter, and the concluding chorus in the Ecclesiazusæ of Aristophanes.

[3]

"... ye men, ye brittle things, mere images of clay,
Ye flitting leaves, ye shadowy shapes, ye creatures of a day,
Poor, wingless wretched mortals ye, like nothing but a dream."
Aristoph. Birds, 676. Cary's Tr.

[4]

".... Whiles I may 'scape
I will preserve myself, and am bethought
To take the basest and the poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elfe all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness, out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky."—King Lear.

[5] Σαγηνεύσοντας τὴν κώμην. See Book I.

[6] See Lucan, Book vi., 667-761, where Erichtho brings the dead to life in order to obtain a response as to the future success of Pompey.

BOOK VII.

On the other hand, Calasiris and his fair companion, having been in such danger, in order to be free from their present terrors, and hastening, on account of

the prophecy they had heard, continued, with diligence, their journey to Memphis. They arrived at the city at the very time when those events were being fulfilled which had been foretold in the incantation scene.[1] The citizens of Memphis had just time to shut their gates, before the arrival of Thyamis and his robber band; a soldier from the army of Mithranes, who had escaped from the battle of Bessa having foreseen, and foretold, the attempt.

Thyamis having ordered his men to encamp under the walls, rested them after the fatigues of their march; and determined forthwith to besiege the city. They in the town who, surprised at first, expected the attack of a numerous army, when they saw from their walls the small number of their assailants, put themselves in motion, and collecting the few troops, archers and cavalry, left for the defence of the place, and arming the citizens as best they could, were preparing to issue out of the gates, and attack their enemy in the field. But they were restrained by a man of some years and authority among them, who said, that although the Viceroy Oroondates was absent in the Ethiopian war, it would be improper for them to take any step without the knowledge and direction of his wife, Arsace; and that the soldiers who were left, would engage much more heartily in the cause, if fighting under her orders.

The multitude joined with him in opinion, and followed him to the palace which the viceroy inhabited in the absence of the sovereign. Arsace[2] was beautiful, and tall; expert in business; haughty because of her birth, as being the sister of the Great King; extremely blameable, however, in her conduct, and given up to dissolute pleasure. She had, in a great measure, been the cause of the exile of

Thyamis: for when Calasiris, on account of the oracle which he had received relative to his children, had withdrawn himself privately from Memphis,[3] and on his disappearing, was thought to have perished; Thyamis, as his eldest son, was called to the dignity of the priesthood, and performed his initiatory sacrifice in public. Arsace, as she entered the temple of Isis, encountered this blooming and graceful youth, dressed on the occasion with more than usual splendour. She cast wanton glances at him, and by her gestures gave plain intimation of her passion.[4] He, naturally modest, and virtuously brought up, did not notice this, and had no suspicion of her meaning, nay, intent on the duties of his office, probably attributed her conduct to some quite different cause. But his brother Petosiris, who had viewed with jealous eyes his exaltation to the priesthood, and had observed the behaviour of Arsace towards him, considered how he might make use of her irregular desires, as a means of laying a snare for him whom he envied.

He went privately to Oroondates, discovered to him his wife's inclinations, and basely and falsely affirmed that Thyamis complied with them. Oroondates was easily persuaded of the truth of this intelligence, from his previous suspicions; but took no notice of it to her, being unable clearly to convict her; and dreading and respecting the royal race she sprang from, thought it best to conceal his real opinion. He did not, however, cease uttering threats of death against Thyamis, until he drove him into banishment; when Petosiris was appointed to the priesthood in his room.

These events happened some years before the time of which I am at present speaking. But now the

multitude surrounded the palace of Arsace, informed her of the approach of a hostile army (of which however she was aware) and besought her to give orders to the soldiers to march out with them to attack the enemy.

She told them that she thought she ought not to comply with their request, till she had made herself a little acquainted with the number of the enemy—who they were—from whence they came—and what was the cause of their expedition. That for that purpose she thought it would be proper for her first to ascend the walls, to take a survey from thence; and then having collected more troops, to determine, upon consideration, what was possible and expedient to be done.

The people acquiesced in what she said, and advanced at once towards the wall; where, by her command, they erected upon the ramparts a tent, adorned with purple and gold-embroidered tapestry; and she, royally attired, placed herself under it, on a lofty throne, having around her, her guards in arms, glittering with gold; and holding up a herald's wand, [5] the symbol of peace, invited the chiefs of the enemy to a conference under the walls.

Thyamis and Theagenes advanced before the rest, and presented themselves under the ramparts, in complete armour, their heads only uncovered: and the herald made proclamation:—

"Arsace, wife of the chief viceroy, and sister of the Great King, desires to know who you are—what are your demands—and why you presume to make incursions into the territory of Memphis?"—They replied, that their followers were men of Bessa.—Thyamis, moreover, explained who he was: how being unjustly deprived of the priesthood of

Memphis by the suspicions of Oroondates, and the arts of his brother Petosiris, he was come to claim it again at the head of these bands—that if they would restore him to his office, he asked no more; and his followers would withdraw in peace, without injuring any one; but if they refused this just demand, he must endeavour to do himself justice by force and arms—that it became Arsace to revenge herself upon Petosiris for his wicked calumnies against her; by which he had infused into the mind of her husband suspicions against her honour; and had driven him, his brother, into exile.

These words made a great impression upon the citizens: they well recollected Thyamis again; and now knowing the cause of his unexpected flight, of which they were ignorant before, they were very much disposed to believe that what he now alleged was truth. But Arsace was more disturbed than any one, and distracted by a tempest of different cares and thoughts. She was inflamed with anger against Petosiris, and calling to mind the past, resolved how she might best revenge herself upon him. She looked sometimes at Thyamis, and then again at Theagenes: and was alternately drawn by her desires towards both. Her old inclination to the former revived; towards the latter a new and stronger flame, hurried her away: so that her emotion was very visible to all the by-standers. After some struggle, however, recovering herself, as if from convulsive seizure, she said, "What madness has engaged the inhabitants of Bessa in this expedition? and you, beautiful and graceful youths of noble birth, why should you expose yourselves to manifest destruction for a band of marauders, who, if they were to come to a battle, would not be able to sustain the first shock? for the troops of the Great King are not so reduced as not to

have left a sufficient force in the city to surround and overwhelm all of you, although the viceroy be absent in a foreign war. But since the pretext of this expedition is of a private nature, why should the people at large be sufferers in a quarrel in which they have no concern? Rather let the parties determine their dispute between themselves, and commit their cause to the justice and judgment of the gods. Let, then, the inhabitants both of Memphis and the men of Bessa remain at peace; nor causelessly wage war against each other. Let those who contend for the priesthood engage in single combat, and be the holy dignity the prize of the conqueror."

Arsace was heard by the inhabitants of Memphis with pleasure, and her proposal was received with their unanimous applause. They suspected the wickedness and treachery of Petosiris, and were pleased with the prospect of transferring to his single person the sudden danger which threatened the whole community. But the bands of Bessa did not so readily agree; they were at first very averse to expose their leader to peril on their behalf, until Thyamis at length persuaded them to consent; representing to them the weakness and unskilfulness of Petosoris, whereas he should engage in the combat with every possible advantage on his side. This reflection probably influenced Arsace in proposing the single combat. She hoped to obtain by it her real aim, revenge upon Petosiris, exposing him to fight with one so much his superior in skill and courage.

The preparations for the encounter were now made with all celerity; Thyamis, with the utmost alacrity, hastening to put on what still he wanted to complete his armour. Theagenes encouraging him, securely buckled on his arms, and placed, lastly, a helmet on

his head, flashing with gold, and with a lofty crest.

On the other hand, Petosiris protested against the combat. He was obliged by violence to put on his arms; and, by the command of Arsace, was thrust out of the gates. Thyamis seeing him—"Do you observe, Theagenes," said he, "how Petosiris shakes with fear?"—"Yes," replied the other; "but how (resumed he) will you use the victory which seems ready to your hands; for it is no common foe whom you are going to encounter, but a brother?"—"You say well;" he returned, "and have touched the very subject of my thoughts. I intend to conquer him with the assistance of the gods, but not to kill him. Far be it from me to suffer myself to be so far transported by anger, resentment, or ambition, as to pursue revenge for past injuries, or purchase future honours at the expense of a brother's blood!"

"You speak nobly," said Theagenes; "and as one who feels the force of natural ties; but have you any commands for me?"—"The combat I am going to engage in," said Thyamis, "is a mere trifle, fit to be despised; but since Fortune sometimes sports with mortals, and strange accidents happen, I will just say, that if I prove victor, you shall accompany me into the city, live with me, and partake equally with myself, of everything which my fortune and station can afford. But if, contrary to my expectation, I should be vanquished, you shall command the bands of Bessa, with whom you are in great favour, and shall lead for a time the life of a freebooter, till the Deity shall place you in more prosperous circumstances." Having said this, they embraced each other with great affection; and Theagenes sat down to observe the issue of the fight.

In this situation he unconsciously afforded Arsace an

opportunity of feeding herself upon his presence, as she surveyed his person, and gratified at least her eyes.[6] And now Thyamis advanced towards Petosiris; but Petosiris could not sustain his approach, and on his first movement turned about towards the gate, and attempted to re-enter the city, but in vain; for those who were stationed at the entrance drove him back; and those who were upon the walls gave notice throughout the whole circuit of the place, that he should nowhere be admitted. He fled then as fast as he could around the city, and at length threw away his arms. Thyamis pursued him; and Theagenes followed, solicitous for his friend, and desirous of seeing what would happen. He took no arms with him, lest it might appear that he came to assist Thyamis; but, placing his spear and shield where he had before sat, and leaving them for Arsace to contemplate in his stead, he attended closely on the steps of the brothers.

Petosiris was not yet taken, nor was he far in advance; he was every minute in danger of being reached, and had only so much the advantage of the course, as it was reasonable to suppose an unarmed man would have over one who was in armour. In this manner they twice circled the walls; but the third time Thyamis approached near enough to threaten the back of his brother with his spear. He called on him to stop and turn, if he would avoid receiving a wound; the multitude meanwhile upon the walls, as in a theatre, being spectators and judges of the contest.

Just at this instant, either the interposition of the Deity, or the caprice of Fortune, who rules the affairs of men, introduced an episode upon the stage, and supplied, as if out of rivalry, a beginning for another

drama. Calasiris, who had submitted to a voluntary exile, and had supported innumerable perils, both by sea and land, in order to avoid the dreadful sight, was brought to the spot at that very hour, and compelled by inevitable fate to become a witness of the encounter of his sons, as the oracle had long ago foretold he should be. As soon as he arrived near enough to see what was passing under the walls of Memphis—when he recognised his children, recollected the prophecy, and saw the arms of one of them raised against the other, he hastened with greater speed than his age seemed to admit of, (doing violence to his weight of years), to prevent the dreaded issue of the combat.

Having nearly reached them, he exclaimed with all his might—"My children! what mean you? what madness is this!" They, intent on what they were themselves engaged in, did not recognise their father, covered as he was with beggar's weeds, but took him for some wandering vagrant, who was probably beside himself. Those who were on the walls, wondered at his so rashly exposing himself between the combatants. Others laughed at what they thought his mad and fruitless efforts. When the good old man perceived that he was not known under these mean garments, he cast aside the tatters under which he was disguised; let his sacred locks flow down upon his shoulders, threw away his scrip and staff, and stood before them with a reverend and priest-like aspect; gently inclining his body, and stretching out his hands as a suppliant: his tears flowed apace, while he exclaimed—"O my sons, I am Calasiris—I am your father—stay your hands—repress your fatal rage—receive, acknowledge, and reverence your parent."

Almost ready to swoon, the young men slackened in their course, and cast themselves before his feet, hardly believing what they saw; but when they were convinced that it was really Calasiris, and no phantom, they embraced his knees, and clung to him, their minds labouring with various and conflicting feelings. They were rejoiced at seeing their father unexpectedly safe—they were ashamed and hurt at the circumstances in which he had found them—they were confused and solicitous at the uncertainty of what was to follow.

The spectators from the city gazed with wonder at what was passing, and observed it in silence, without interfering. They were, in a manner, astounded with ignorance and surprise, and stood like figures on a painter's canvas, rivetted upon the scene before them, when lo! a new actress made her appearance on the stage. Chariclea followed close after Calasiris. The eye of a lover is quick as lightning in recognising the object of its passion—a single gesture, the fold of a garment, seen behind, or at a distance, is sufficient to confirm its conjectures. When she knew Theagenes afar off, transported at the long-wished-for sight, she ran frantickly towards him, and, falling on his neck, embraced him closely, breathing out her passion in inarticulate murmurs.

He, when he saw a squalid face, disguised, and industriously discoloured, her tattered garments, and vile appearance, repulsed and threw her from him with disgust, as some common beggar; and when she still persisted, and hindered his seeing Calasiris and his children, he smote her on the face. She softly said to him—"O Pythias, have you then forgotten the torch?" He, startled as at the sudden stroke of an arrow, recognized the token which had been agreed

upon between them; and, looking at the countenance of Chariclea, which broke on him like the sun from behind a cloud, rushed into her embrace. All those upon the walls, including Arsace herself, who swelled with displeasure and already viewed Chariclea with jealous eyes, were overcome with wonder, as at some scenic exhibition.

The unnatural warfare between the brothers was now ended; the tragedy which threatened blood, had passed into a comedy. The father, who had seen them armed against each other, and had nearly been a spectator of the wounds of one of them, became the instrument of peace.[7] He who was unable to avoid the fated spectacle of his sons' hostilities, was fortunate enough to rule the issue of what fate had ordered.

They recovered their father after a ten years' exile; and they hastened to crown and invest him again with the ensigns of that dignity, which had nearly been the cause of a bloody contest between them. But amid all these successes the love scene of the drama triumphed—Theagenes and Chariclea, blooming in youth and beauty, and sparkling with pleasure at having recovered one another, attracted the eyes of every beholder. Nearly the whole city poured out through the gates, and a multitude of every age and sex hurried into the plain. The young men surrounded Theagenes; those in the prime of life, and who had formerly known him, crowded round Thyamis; the maidens who already indulged in dreams of wedlock followed Chariclea; the old men and priests attended upon and congratuled Calasiris: —thus a kind of sacred procession was formed upon the instant.

Thyamis dismissed the men of Bessa with much

gratitude, and many thanks for their ready assistance. He promised by the next full moon to send them a hundred oxen, a thousand sheep, and ten drachmas each; and then, placing his neck within the embrace of the old man, he supported on one side the tottering steps of his weary father, whom fatigue, surprise, and joy had well nigh exhausted. Petosiris on his side did the same: and thus they led him, with lighted torches, and the applause and congratulations of the surrounding multitude, to the temple of Isis; pipes and sacred flutes attending the procession, and stimulating the spirits of the young to activity in the holy dance. Neither was Arsace herself absent from the ceremony, for with guards, attendants, and much pomp, she proceeded to the temple of Isis, where she offered gold and precious stones, under pretence of setting an example to the city, but having eyes for Theagenes alone, and gazing upon him with more eagerness than did all the others; yet the pleasure she received was not unmixed. Theagenes held Chariclea by the hand, and for her he removed the surrounding crowd, and the keen stings of jealousy sunk deep into the breast of Arsace.

But Calasiris, when he arrived at the innermost part of the temple, threw himself on his face, and continued so long prostrate and motionless at the feet of the sacred image, that he was near expiring under emotion. The bystanders gently raised and set him on his feet; and when with difficulty, and by degrees, he came to himself, he poured out a libation to the goddess, and, in the midst of vows and prayers, took the sacred diadem of the priesthood from his own head, and placed it on that of his son Thyamis; saying to the spectators—"That he felt himself old, and saw his end approaching—that his

eldest son was his lawful successor in the office—and that he possessed the needful vigour, both of mind and body, for exercising the functions of it."

The multitude testified, by their acclamations, their approbation of what he said; and he retired with his sons, and Theagenes, to those apartments of the temple which are set apart for the high-priest. The crowd separated to their several habitations; and Arsace at length departed, unwillingly, and often turning back, under pretence of greater respect to the goddess; at last, however she did depart, casting back her eyes as long as possible upon Theagenes.

As soon as she arrived at her palace, she hurried to her chamber, and, throwing herself upon the bed, in the habit she had on, lay there a long time speechless. She was a woman ever inclined to sensual passion; and was now inflamed above measure by the beauties and grace of Theagenes, which excelled any she had ever beheld. She continued restless and agitated all night, turning from one side to the other, fetching deep and frequent sighs; now rising up, and again falling back on her couch; now tearing off her clothes, and then again throwing herself upon her bed; calling in her maids without cause, and dismissing them without orders.[8] In short, her unrestrained love would certainly have driven her into frenzy, had not an old crone, Cybele by name, her bedchamber woman, well acquainted with her secrets, and who had ministered to her amours, hurried into the chamber.

Nothing had escaped her notice, and she now came to add fuel to the flame; thus addressing her:—"What ails you, my dear mistress? What new passion tortures you? Whose countenance has raised such a flame in my nursling's soul? Is there any one foolish

or insolent enough to overlook or contemn advances from you? Can any mortal see your charms unmoved, and not esteem your favours as a most supreme felicity? Conceal nothing from me, my sweet child. He must be made of adamant, indeed, whom my arts cannot soften. Only tell me your wishes, and I will answer for the success of them. You have more than once made trial of my skill and fidelity." With these and such like insinuating persuasions, and falling at the feet of Arsace, she entreated her to disclose the cause of her sufferings and agitations. The princess at last, composing herself a little, said—

"Good nurse! I have received a deeper wound than I have ever yet felt; and though I have frequently, on similar occasions, successfully experienced your abilities, I doubt whether they can avail me now. The war which threatened our walls yesterday,[9] has ended without bloodshed, and has settled into peace; but it has been the cause of raising a more cruel war within my bosom, and of inflicting a deep wound, not on any part of my body, but on my very soul, by offering to my view, in a luckless hour, that foreign youth who ran near Thyamis during the single combat. You must know whom I mean, for his beauty shone so transcendently among them all, as to be conspicuous to the rudest and most insensible to love, much more to one of your matured experience. Wherefore my dearest nurse, now that you know my wound, employ all your skill to heal it; call up every art, work with every spell and will which years have taught you, if you would have your mistress survive; for it is in vain for me to think of living, if I do not enjoy this young man."

"I believe I know the youth of whom you speak,"

replied the old woman; "his chest and shoulders were broad; his neck, straight and noble; his stature, raised above his fellows; and he outshone, in short, every one around him:—his eyes sparkling with animation, yet their fire tempered with sweetness; his beautiful locks clustered on his shoulders; and the first down of youth appeared upon his cheek. An outlandish wench, not without beauty, but of uncommon impudence, ran suddenly up to him, embraced him, and hung upon his neck.—Is not this the man you mean?"

"It is indeed," replied Arsace; "I well remember the last circumstance you mention; and that strolling hussy, whose[10] home-spun made-up charms have nothing more in them than common, but are, alas! much more fortunate than mine, since they have obtained for her such a lover."

The old woman smiled at this, and said,—"Be of good cheer, my child; the stranger just now, perhaps, thinks his present mistress handsome; but if I can make him possessor of your beauties he will find himself to have exchanged brass for gold,[11] and will look with disdain upon that conceited and saucy strumpet."—"Only do this, my dearest Cybele, and you will cure, at once, two dreadful distempers—love and jealousy; you will free me from one, and satisfy the other."—"Be it my care," replied the nurse, "to bring this about; do you, in the meantime, compose yourself; take a little rest; do not despair before the trial, but cherish soothing hope." Having said this, she took up the lamp, and, shutting the door of the chamber, went away.

Soon after sunrise, taking one of the eunuchs of the palace with her, and ordering a maid to follow her with cakes[12] and other requisites for sacrifice, she

hastened to the temple of Isis. Upon arriving at the entrance, she said—she came to offer a sacrifice for her mistress Arsace, who had been disturbed by portentous dreams, and wished to propitiate the goddess. One of the vergers opposed, and sent her away, telling her—that the temple was overwhelmed with sorrow—that Calasiris, returned from his long exile, had feasted with his friend the evening before, unbending his mind with unusual cheerfulness and mirth:—after the entertainment he made a libation, and poured out many prayers to the goddess—he told his sons that they would not see him much longer—and earnestly recommended to their protection the young Greeks who came with him; begging them to have the tenderest care of, and assist them in everything:—he then retired to rest; and whether excess of joy had relaxed his nerves and exhausted his spirits more than his old and worn-out frame could bear, or whether he had asked, and obtained, this favour of the gods, towards cock-crowing he was found to have expired, by his sons, who, alarmed at his presages, had watched over him all night. "And now," continued he, "we have sent into the city, to assemble together the rest of the priestly caste, that we may celebrate his funeral rites according to the custom of our country. You must therefore retire; for it is not lawful for any one, except the priests, to enter the temple, much less to sacrifice, for at least seven days."

"What then will become of the Grecian strangers during this interval?" said Cybele.—"Thyamis," he replied, "our new high-priest, has ordered apartments to be fitted up for them, beyond its precincts; and they are even now complying with our custom, by quitting the temple, and during this melancholy space of time, will lodge without."

The old woman, thinking this an admirable occasion to spread her nets and prepare her snares, said, "Good verger, now is the time to be of service to the strangers, and to oblige Arsace, sister of the Great King. You know how fond she is of Greeks, and how ready to show hospitality to foreigners; let these young people know, that with the knowledge, and by the consent of Thyamis, apartments are prepared for them in our palace."

The verger, suspecting nothing of Cybele's designs, imagined that he was doing a very good office for the strangers if he could get them received into the Viceroy's palace; that he should also oblige those who asked this of him, and hurt nobody. He sought therefore Theagenes and Chariclea. He found them drowned in tears, and overwhelmed with sorrow. "You do not act," said he, "conformably to the principles of your country or religion in lamenting so deeply the departure of a holy man, who, besides, foretold it to you, and forbade you to grieve at it. Reason and the divine word should rather encourage you to attend him, mentally, with rejoicing and congratulation as resting from his labours, and having exchanged this troublesome state for a better. On your own account, however, I can excuse your giving way, at first, to grief, having lost your father, your protector, and chief support; but you must not despair; Thyamis succeeds not only to his father's dignity, but to his affections towards you. He has manifested the greatest regard for you. His first thoughts have been for your accommodation. He has been able to procure a retreat for you, so splendid, as not only foreigners in low estate like you, but the greatest of the inhabitants, would envy. Follow then this woman," pointing to Cybele—"consider her as your mother, and accept the hospitality to which she

will introduce you."

Theagenes and Chariclea did as they were directed. Grief had so overwhelmed their faculties, that they hardly knew what they were about; and in their present forlorn state were willing to fly to any refuge. But could they have foreseen the calamities which awaited them in the house they were about to enter, they would have shrunk back. Fortune, whose sport they were, seemed now to promise them a short space for rest, and a prospect of joy, only to plunge them deeper in misfortunes. They went voluntary prisoners; and young, strangers, and unsuspecting, deceived by the fair show of hospitality, they delivered themselves up to their enemy. Thus subject is a wandering life to the cloud of error, and thus easily is the unhappy traveller deluded and imposed upon.

The lovers, when they arrived at the viceregal palace, and saw its magnificent vestibules (far more splendid than any private house), the guards, and array of attendants and courtiers, were surprised and disturbed, observing the habitation to be very much beyond what was suitable to the present condition of their fortunes. However, they followed Cybele, who exhorted and encouraged them—called them her friends and children, and bid them form the most pleasing expectations for their future. At length, when she had brought them to her own apartment, which was remote and private, she caused them to sit down, and thus addressed them:

"My children, I am acquainted with the cause of your present sorrow; and that you lament, with great reason, the death of the high priest, Calasiris, who was in the place of a father to you; but it is proper for you now to tell me who you are, and from

whence you come. So far I know, that you are Greeks; and, as I judge from your appearance, of a good family; for a countenance so ingenuous, so graceful and engaging an air, bespeak a noble race. But from what country and city of Greece you come, and by what chance you have wandered hither, I wish to know; and it will be for your interest to acquaint me, that I may inform my mistress Arsace, the sister of the Great King, and wife of the most powerful of the viceroys, Oroondates. She is hospitable, refined, and a lover of the Greeks. When she has had some previous information about you, you will appear before her with less embarrassment, and more honour. And whatever you disclose, will not be to an entire stranger, for I also am a Greek by nation. I am a native of Lesbos. I was brought here a captive; but I find my life in captivity pleasanter than any I could have hoped to pass at home, for I enjoy the entire confidence of my mistress; she sees only with my eyes, and hears with my ears; but I make use of the credit I have with her to introduce only worthy and honourable persons to her acquaintance."

Theagenes, comparing in her mind what Cybele now said, with the behaviour of Arsace the day before; recollecting how intently she had fixed her eyes upon him, and calling to memory her wanton signs and glances,[13] foreboded no good to himself from what was to follow: he prepared, however, to say something in answer to Cybele, when Chariclea whispered in his ear—"Remember that I am your *sister* in what you are going to say." He, taking the hint, began—

"You know already, Mother! that we are Greeks—this young woman is my sister—our parents were carried off by pirates—we set out in search of them, and

ourselves met with worse fortunes, falling into the hands of cruel men, who robbed us of our all, which was considerable, and were, with difficulty, persuaded to spare our lives. Some pitying deity brought us acquainted with the hero Calasiris (now beatified): under his guidance we arrived here, flattering ourselves that we should spend the remainder of our lives under his protection; but now we are as you see, left alone, and desolate; bereft of our own parents, and of him who promised to supply the place of them. This is our present situation. To you we return our best thanks for your good offices and hospitality; and you would greatly enhance the favour by suffering us to live retired, and by ourselves; deferring, for some time at least, the favour you hinted at, that of introducing us to Arsace. Strangers, wanderers, and unfortunate as we are, we are very unfit to appear in her splendid court. Acquaintance and intercourse are best suited for those who are of equal rank." Cybele could hardly restrain herself at this intelligence. She betrayed, by her countenance, evident marks of the joy she felt at hearing that Chariclea was the sister of Theagenes, concluding that she would now be no obstacle to the amorous designs of her mistress.

"Fair youth," said she, "you will have different sentiments of Arsace when you are acquainted with her. She condescends, and accommodates herself to every kind of fortune. She has a particular pleasure in comforting and assisting those who have met with unworthy treatment. Though she is by birth a Persian, in disposition she is a Greek. She delights in the company and conversation of those who, like yourselves, are lately come from Greece. She greatly affects both the Grecian ways and manners: be of good cheer then; you will not fail to receive every

attention and honour which a man can wish for, and your sister will be her companion and favourite. But now tell me your names?" Having heard them, she ran to Arsace, ordering them to wait her return, and giving directions to her portress (an old woman like herself,) not to suffer any one to enter the apartment, nor to permit those who were inside to leave it.

"But," said the other, "what if your son Achæmenes should return; he went out just before your departure to the temple, in order to get some application to his eyes, which are still very troublesome to him?"—"Neither must he enter," replied she; "make fast the doors, and tell him that I am gone away, and have taken the key with me."

The portress did as she was directed; and Cybele was no sooner departed than the unhappy lovers could no longer restrain their bitter thoughts and lamentations. Almost in the same instant he cried out "O Chariclea!"—She, "O Theagenes!" They proceeded to deplore their misfortunes in the same frame of mind and nearly in the same words. They mingled embraces with their complaints, and kisses with their tears. The remembrance of Calasiris drove them at last into audible grief; into cries and sobs; Chariclea particularly, who had known him longer—who had experienced more of his attention, benevolence, and affection. "O Calasiris!" she cried out, as well as her sobs would let her, "for I can no longer call you by the sweet name of father; the evil genius who persecutes me, has on all sides deprived me of that endearing appellation. My real father I have never known. I betrayed, alas! and deserted him who adopted me;[14] and have lost him who received, preserved, comforted, and instructed me; and the custom of the priests does not permit me to pay the

last tribute of tears over his dear remains. Yet, O my preserver (and I will once more call you father), here at least, while I may, I will pour out a libation to you with my tears, and give you offerings from my hair." So saying, she plucked handfuls from her beauteous tresses. Theagenes caught her hands, and besought her to forbear.

She, however proceeded in tragic strain[15]—"Why do I continue to live, deprived of such a hope? Calasiris is gone!—the support of my wanderings—my leader in a foreign country, and only guide to my native one—he who could lead me to the knowledge of my parents—our comfort in adversity, our defender from misfortune, our strength, and stay, is lost; and has left us, a miserable pair, ignorant and forlorn, in a foreign land. For want of guidance, it is impossible for us to continue our journey. That grave, bland, wise, and of a truth, *hoary*,[16] soul is fled, and will not see the event of its labours on our behalf."

While she was going on thus dolefully, and Theagenes, though he felt deeply for himself, was attempting to compose her, and to repress the violent expressions of her grief, Achæmenes returned; and finding the doors fast, inquired of the old portress the reason. She told him, that it was by his mother's order. While he was wondering what could be her motive, he heard Chariclea lamenting within; and stooping down, and looking through the crevices of the door, he could easily see what passed in the chamber. Again he asked the old woman who those were whom he saw within. She told him—"She knew no more of them, than that they were a youth and maiden, foreigners, as she guessed, whom Cybele had not long before brought with her."

Again he stooped down, and took a more careful survey of them. Chariclea was entirely unknown to him. He admired her beauty, and figured to himself what it must be when not obscured by dejection, and overwhelmed with grief; and his admiration began to lead him insensibly into love. As for Theagenes, he had some distant and obscure recollection of having seen him before. While he was gazing on one, and then trying to recall the other to his mind, Cybele returned. She had told Arsace everything she had done, relative to the young pair. She congratulated her on her good fortune, which had effected without trouble what she could else hardly have hoped to obtain by a thousand schemes and contrivances; which had lodged her lover under her own roof, and afforded her the unrestrained and unsuspected liberty of seeing, and being seen by him.

With this discourse she stimulated her passion to such a degree, that she could scarcely prevent her hastening to an immediate interview with Theagenes, by suggesting that it should not take place while as yet her face was pale, and her eyes swelled, from the distraction in which she had passed the preceding night. She advised her to compose herself for that day, and stay till she had recovered her former beauty. She arranged with her how she was to treat and manage her guests; and left her full of hopes and flattering expectations. Then returning to her apartment, and coming upon her son employed as he was about the door, she asked him what he was so curiously prying into.

"I am examining the strangers within," said he; "who are they? from whence do they come?"—"It is not permitted you to know," she replied; "nay, I advise you to conceal what you have already discovered of

them; and to avoid their company as much as possible, for such is my mistress's pleasure." The young man, easily persuaded by his mother, retired; comprehending that Theagenes was reserved for the private gratification of Arsace, and saying to himself as he went away—"Is not this the man whom I received from the Commandant Mithranes, to carry to Oroondates, that he might be sent to the Great King?—Was he not taken away from me by Thyamis, and the men of Bessa, when I narrowly hazarded my life, and was almost the only one of the party who escaped?—It surely is so, if I can believe my eyes, which are now better, and serve me nearly as well as ever. Besides, I heard that Thyamis returned here yesterday, and, after a single combat with his brother, recovered the priesthood. This is undoubtedly the man I mean: for the present, however, I will conceal my knowledge of him, and observe in silence my mistress's intentions with regard to these young people."—Thus he muttered to himself.

Cybele hastened to her guests, and detected some traces of the sorrows which had them employed in her absence; for though, at the noise she made in opening the doors, they endeavoured to compose their dress and looks and manner as well as they were able, yet they could not conceal from the penetrating old woman that they had been agitated and in tears.

"My dear children," she cried out, "why do I see this ill-timed grief, when you ought to rejoice, and congratulate yourselves upon your good fortune? Arsace manifests the kindest disposition towards you; she will permit you to come into her presence to-morrow, and, in the mean time, has ordered you to

be received and treated with every attention and regard. Dry then these unseasonable and childish tears, clear your countenances, and compose and conform yourselves in everything, according to the pleasure of your great benefactress."—"The remembrance of Calasiris," replied Theagenes, "and the loss we have sustained in being so soon deprived of his friendly attentions, called forth our tears."—"This is foolish," said the old woman; "why are you so affected at so common and trifling an event? Calasiris was but an adopted father, and, by the course of nature, could not last long; whereas you are now in favour with one who will shower upon you rank, riches, pleasures, everything which your age (now that you are in the bloom of youth) can enjoy, or your warmest wishes hope for. Look on Arsace as your good genius—as your goddess Fortune—and fall down before her! Only be ruled by me in what manner you are are to approach her, and comport yourselves when she admits you to an interview; conform yourselves to her pleasure, and obey her orders; for she is young, a princess, proud also of her beauty, and will not bear to have her will disputed, or her commands disregarded."[17]

Theagenes made no answer, his mind misgiving him that matters of an unworthy and unwelcome nature were being hinted at. In the meantime some eunuchs arrived, bringing with them, in golden dishes, delicacies which remained from the royal table, which were in the highest degree sumptuous and choice.[18] After saying that their mistress sends them out of honour to the strangers, and having placed them upon the board, they departed. The young people, at the suggestion of Cybele, and that they might not seem to despise the favour of the princess, just tasted what was set before them: and

the like honour was repeated to them in the evening as well as on other days. Early the next morning the same eunuchs again appeared, and thus addressed Theagenes:

"Most enviable among men! you are sent for by my mistress: she has ordered us to introduce you to her presence—an honour and happiness which falls to the lot of very few." He paused a little: at length he arose, with a very unwilling air: and asked,—"If he alone were sent for, and not his sister also?"—"He only, at present," they replied: "his sister should have a private interview another time; now several of the Persian nobles were with Arsace: and besides, it was the custom that men and women should be separately received and admitted to an audience." Theagenes, stooping, whispered to Chariclea:—"All is not right; this is most suspicious."—She softly advised him, not at first to contradict Arsace, but to feign a willingness to comply with everything which was desired of him.

He then followed his conductors who officiously instructed him in what manner he should address and converse with the princess; and what ceremonies and obeisances were usual and necessary in appearing before her: but he answered nothing. At length they arrived in her presence: they found her sitting on a lofty throne—her dress gorgeous with gold and purple—her tiara and necklace sparkling with the most costly gems—and her whole person set off with all the appliances of art—her guards standing around her, and some of the principal nobles and magistrates sitting on each side. Theagenes was neither dazzled nor confounded by all this splendour: he forgot, in a moment, the simulated complaisance which had been recommended to him

by Chariclea: rather did he feel his pride rebel at sight of the Persian pomp: neither bending the knee, nor prostrating himself, but with an erect countenance[19]—"Hail," he said, "O royal Arsace!" They in the presence were indignant, and a murmur of disapprobation ran through the circle: every one blamed the daring rudeness of Theagenes, who presumed to address the princess without the usual prostration. But she, smiling, said—

"Forgive a foreigner, unaccustomed to forms; and, above all, a Greek, infected with the national contempt towards Persians." And then she raised the tiara from her head, to the astonishment, and manifest dislike, of those about her; for this is what the viceroys do when they return the salute of those who pay them homage. "Be of good cheer, stranger," said she, by an interpreter (for though she understood Greek she did not speak it); "if you desire anything, scruple not to acquaint me, nor doubt to obtain your wish:" and then making a signal to her eunuchs, she dismissed him, and he was ceremoniously re-conducted, with a train of guards, to his apartments.

Achæmenes having now had a nearer view of him, recollected him well—wondered at, yet suspected the cause of the honours which were paid him, but kept the silence which was recommended to him by his mother. Arsace proceeded to receive her nobles at an entertainment, apparently out of respect to them, but really to celebrate her own joy at having had an interview with Theagenes. To him she sent not only portions of the viands set before her, as usual, but carpets and embroidered tapestry, the work of Tyrian and Lydian skill. She sent likewise two beautiful slaves to wait upon them—a maid to Chariclea, and

a boy to Theagenes, both from Ionia, and in the bloom of youth.

She was urgent with Cybele to lose no time, but to bring about, as soon as possible, what she had so much at heart: for her passion was now too strong for her endurance. Cybele, accordingly, was to relax none of her endeavours, but was to circumvent Theagenes with all her arts. She did not openly explain the wishes of her mistress, but gave him to guess at them by hints and circumlocutions. She magnified her good-will towards him—took every occasion to extol the beauties of her person, as well those which appeared to every beholder as those which her attire kept concealed: she commended her graceful manners and amiable disposition, and assured him that a brave and handsome youth was certain of finding favour with her. All this while she endeavoured in what she said to sound his temper, whether it were amorous and easily inflamed.

Theagenes thanked her for her good inclinations towards the Greeks, and professed himself obliged by the peculiar kindness and benevolence with which she had treated him. But all her innuendoes, relating to other matters, he passed over, and appeared as though he did not understand them. This was a vast annoyance to the old beldame, and her heart began almost to fail her; for she had penetration enough to see that Theagenes understood very well the end she aimed at, but was averse to, and determined to repel, all her overtures. She knew that Arsace could not brook a much longer delay. She had already experienced the violence of her temper, which was now inflamed by the ardour of her present passion. She was daily demanding the fulfilment of her promise, which Cybele put off on various pretences;

sometimes saying, that the youth's inclinations towards her were chilled by his timidity—at others, feigning that some indisposition had attacked him. At length, when nearly a week had ineffectually elapsed, and the princess had admitted Chariclea to more than one interview; when out of regard to her pretended brother, she had treated her with the greatest kindness and respect; Cybele was at length obliged to speak out more plainly to Theagenes, and make an unvarnished declaration of her mistress's love to him.

She blamed his backwardness, and promised that his compliance should be followed by the most splendid rewards. "Why," said she, "are you so averse to love? Is it not strange that one of your age should overlook the advances of a woman like Arsace—young, and beautiful as yourself—and should not esteem her favours as so much treasure-trove,[20] especially when you may indulge your inclinations without the smallest apprehension of danger—her husband being at a distance, and her nurse the confidante of her secrets, and entirely devoted to her service, being here, ready to manage and conceal your interviews? There are no obstacles in your way. You have neither a wife nor a betrothed; although in such circumstances, even these relations have been overlooked by many men of sense, who have considered that they should not really hurt their families, but should gain wealth and pleasure to themselves." She began to hint, at last, that there might be danger in his refusal. "Women," says she, "tender-hearted and ardent in their desires, are enraged at a repulse, and seldom fail to revenge themselves upon those who overlook their advances. —Reflect, moreover, that my mistress is a Persian, of the royal family, and has ample means in her hands

of rewarding those whom she favours, and punishing those who she thinks have injured her. You are a stranger, destitute, and with no one to defend you. Spare yourself danger, and spare Arsace a disappointment: she is worthy of some regard from you, who has shown and feels such intensity of passion for you: beware of a loving woman's anger, and dread that revenge which follows neglected love. [21] I have known more than one repent of his coldness.—These grey hairs have had longer experience in love affairs than you, yet have I never seen any one so unimpressible and harsh as you are."

Addressing herself then to Chariclea (for, urged by necessity, she ventured to hold this discourse before her), "Do you, my child," says she, "join your exhortations to mine; endeavour to bend this brother of yours, to whom I know not what name to give. If you succeed, you shall find the advantage great to yourself; you will not lose his love and you will gain more honour; riches will shower down upon you, and a splendid match will await you. These are enviable circumstances to any the chiefest of the natives; how much more to foreigners who are in poverty!" Chariclea, with a bitter smile, replied—

"It were to be wished that the breast of the most excellent lady, Arsace, had felt no such passion; or that, having felt it, she had had fortitude sufficient to bear and to repress it. But if the weakness of her nature has sunk under the force of love, I would counsel my brother no longer to refuse responding to it, if it may be done with any degree of security—if it may be possible to avoid the dangers which I see impending from the Viceroy's wrath, should he become acquainted with the dishonourable affair which is going on."

At these words Cybele sprang forwards, and, embracing and kissing Chariclea, "How I love you, my dear child;" she exclaimed, "for the compassion you shew for the sufferings of one of your own sex, and your solicitude for the safety of your brother. But here you may be perfectly at ease—the very sun shall know nothing of what passes." "Cease for the present," replied Theagenes seriously, "and give me time for consideration."

Cybele upon this went out, and—"O Theagenes!" said Chariclea, "the evil genius who persecutes us has given us a specious appearance of good fortune, with which there is really intermixed more of evil; but since things have so turned out, it is a great part of wisdom to draw some good, if possible, from each untoward accident. Whether you are determined to comply with the proposal which has been made to you, it is not for me to say. Perhaps, if our preservation depended upon your compliance, I might reconcile myself to it; but if your spirit revolts at the complaisance which is expected from you, feign at least that you consent, and feed with promises the barbaric woman's passion. By these means you will prevent her from immediately determining any thing harshly against us: lead her on by hope, which will soften her mind, and hinder her anger from breaking out: thus we shall gain time, and in the interval some happy accident, or some propitious deity, may deliver us from the perplexities with which we are surrounded. But beware, my dear Theagenes, that by dwelling in thought upon the matter you do not fall into the sin in deed."

Theagenes, smiling, replied,—"No misfortunes, I see —no embarrassments can cure a woman of the innate disease of jealousy: but be comforted, I am

incapable of even feigning what you advise. In my mind, it is alike unbecoming to do or to say an unworthy thing; and there will be one advantage in driving Arsace to despair—that she will give us no farther trouble on this subject; and whatever else I am destined to suffer, my bent of mind and my bitter experience have but too well prepared me to bear."—Chariclea having said, "I fear you are bringing ruin upon our heads,"—held her peace.

While this conversation employed the lovers, Cybele went to Arsace, and encouraged her to hope for a favourable issue to her desires, for that Theagenes had intimated as much, she returned to her own apartments. She said no more that evening; but having in the night earnestly besought Chariclea, who shared her bed, to co-operate with her, in the morning she again attacked Theagenes, and inquired what he had resolved upon; when he uttered a plain downright refusal, and absolutely forbad her expecting any complaisance from him of the sort she wished. She returned disappointed and sorrowful to her mistress; who, as soon as she was made acquainted with the stern refusal of Theagenes, ordering the old woman to be ejected headlong out of the palace, entered into her chamber, and, throwing herself upon the bed, began to tear her hair, and beat her breast.—Cybele was returning home in disgrace, when her son Achæmenes met her, and, seeing her in tears, asked—"if any misfortune had happened to her?—Or has our mistress," said he, "received any bad news?—Has any calamity befallen the army?—Has Oroondates been defeated by the Ethiopians?"

He was running on in this manner with his questions, when his mother stopped him.—"Have done trifling,"

said she, "and let me alone." She was going away: he followed her, and taking her by the hand, besought her earnestly to explain to him, her son, the cause of her sorrow. She suffered herself to be led by him into a retired part of the garden, and then said—

"I would not to any one else disclose my own and my mistress's distresses; but since she is in the extremest agitation, and I am in danger of my life (for I fear the worst from her rage and disappointment), I will venture to speak, in case you should be able to think of any thing that may comfort and assist your poor mother. Arsace is in love with the young man who is now at my apartments: she burns with no common affection, but with inflamed and ungovernable passion; and when both of us thought it an easy matter for her to satisfy her inclinations, we have been miserably disappointed. To this cause you are to attribute the attentions which have been paid to, and the favours which have been showered upon, the strangers; but since this stupid, rash, and unbending youth has rejected all our advances, she, I think, will not survive it; and I anticipate destruction for myself. This, my child, is the cause of my present affliction: —if you have it in your power to assist me, do it quickly, or else prepare shortly to pay the last rites over my tomb."

"What shall be my reward?" replied Achæmenes, "for it is necessary to come directly to the point: it is not a time, in your present confusion and distress, to delay you with long discourse."

"Ask whatever you please," replied Cybele: "I have already, by my interest, made you head-cupbearer: if you are desirous of any greater dignity, tell me so: there is no degree of wealth, or honour, to which you may not aspire, if you can procure Arsace the means

of satisfying her inclinations."

"I have long suspected this passion of the princess," replied the young man, "but kept silence, waiting the event. I am not covetous of riches, or ambitious of place; if she can procure me in marriage the maiden who is called the sister of Theagenes, I think I may promise that every thing else shall happen according to her wishes. I am desperately in love with this young woman. Your mistress, who knows by experience the force of this passion, may very reasonably be brought to assist a fellow sufferer in it, especially when, by so doing, she may probably meet with success in her own pursuits."

"Doubt not," said Cybele, "of her gratitude. She will do anything for you, if you can be of real service to her in this affair; nay, we may perhaps, ourselves persuade the maiden; but explain, I beg of you, in what manner you propose to assist us."

"I will not say a word," he replied, "till Arsace has promised, and sworn, to grant me what I desire: and do not you by any means at present enter upon the subject with the young woman. She too, I can see, is of a high and lofty spirit; you may spoil all by undue rashness."—"I will act just as you shall direct," replied Cybele; and running into her mistress's apartment, she fell at her feet, and bid her be of good cheer, for every thing now should happen as she would have it—"Only," said she, "admit my son Achæmenes to an audience."

"Let him come in," replied the princess; "but take care that you do not again deceive me." Achæmenes was upon this introduced—his mother explained his wishes, and made known his promises—and Arsace swore to procure for him the hand of Chariclea. He then said—

"Let Theagenes give over all his airs; he who is a slave, yet dares to behave with insolence to his mistress."—Being desired to explain himself, he related all he knew—How Theagenes was taken captive in war by Mithranes, who was about to send him to Oroondates, in order that he might convey him to the Great King—that he was rescued in the way by Thyamis and the men of Bessa—that he, Achæmenes, with difficulty escaped from them—that he was fortunate enough to have with him the letters of Mithranes. And upon this he produced and shewed them to Arsace; and appealed to Thyamis for the truth of all he had said.

Arsace began to conceive hope from these tidings, and, immediately issuing from her chamber, repaired to the hall of audience, where, seating herself upon her throne, she commanded Theagenes to be brought before her.

When he appeared, she asked him if he knew Achæmenes, whom she pointed out to him, standing near her. He replied that he did.—"Was he not," said she, "bringing you hither a captive, some short time ago?" He admitted that also.—"You are my slave then," said she, "and as such, shall do as I direct you, and, whether you will or not, be obedient to my commands. This sister of yours I give in marriage to Achæmenes, who fills a principal station in my court, as well for his own good deserts, as out of the regard I have for his mother; and I will defer the nuptials only till a day is fixed, and preparation made for due splendour in their celebration."

Theagenes was pierced as with a sword at this address, but determined not to thwart her, but rather to elude her attack as that of a wild beast.—"O princess," he replied, "in the midst of my calamities I

give the gods thanks, that since I, whose life was originally fortunate, and family illustrious, am destined to be a slave, I have fallen into your power, rather than into that of any other; into yours, who, while you considered us as strangers and foreigners, have treated us with so much compassion and humanity. As for my sister, although, not being a captive, she is not a slave; yet her own inclination will lead her to serve and obey you in every thing: dispose of her, therefore, as shall seem good in your eyes."—"Let him," Arsace then said, "be placed among the waiters at the royal table; let Achæmenes instruct him in the art of cup-bearing, that he may, without delay, become expert in the services which will be required of him."

Theagenes was now permitted to retire, which he did; sorrowing, and meditating deeply on what he had farther to do.

Achæmenes, elated with the success of his project, had the cruelty to insult him.—"You," said he, "who were just now so haughty, who seemed alone a freeman among slaves; who held your head so high, and refused to bow it even before the princess must now learn to bend it, or else my knuckles shall teach you better manners."

Arsace was left alone with Cybele.—"Now," said she, "nurse, every excuse is taken from this proud Grecian; go to him and tell him, that if he will comply with what I require of him, he shall obtain his liberty, and spend his life in affluence and pleasure; but if he still continues sullen and reluctant, assure him that he shall feel the wrath of an angry mistress, and a disappointed woman: that punishments of every kind await him, and that he shall be condemned to the lowest and most

disgraceful slavery." Cybele performed her embassy without delay; and added, from herself, whatever she thought most likely to work upon his hopes or fears.

Theagenes demanded a short time for consideration; and going alone to Chariclea, he exclaimed—"We are undone, my dearest Chariclea! every cable of safety is broken, every anchor of hope is lost; nor have we now the name of liberty to console us in our misfortunes, but are again fallen into servitude."—-He explained his meaning, and related what had happened.—"We are now," he added, "exposed to the insults of barbarians; we must obey all their commands or suffer the extremest punishments; and as if this were not sufficient, what is above all the rest intolerable, know that Arsace has promised to give you in wedlock to Achæmenes, the son of Cybele; but this, while I have life, an arm, and a sword, I will either prevent or never see. But what ought we now to do? What contrivance can we imagine to avoid this detestable union, of you with Achæmenes, of me with Arsace?"

"If you will condescend to the one yourself," replied Chariclea, "you will easily find means to hinder the other."

"Have a care what you say!" replied Theagenes, eagerly, "God forbid that any persecution of fate should drive the faithful, though yet unrewarded lover of Chariclea, to stoop to another, and that an unlawful union; but a thought comes into my head, for necessity[22] is the mother of invention;" and so saying, he immediately sought Cybele, and bade tell her mistress that he wished to have an interview with her alone.

The old woman, concluding that he was now about to give way, joyfully delivered the message, and

Arsace ordered her to bring him to the palace after supper. Cybele bade those in waiting withdraw, so that her mistress might be in private and undisturbed, and introduced Theagenes when the shades of night began to envelope every thing in obscurity. A single lamp burnt in the chamber; and as soon as they were entered, she was preparing to retire, but Theagenes stopped her.—"Let Cybele, O princess!" said he, "if you please, remain for the present; I know she is a very faithful keeper of secrets;" and taking Arsace's hand, he went on: "O my mistress! I did not presume at first to dispute your will, or defer my submission to your commands, for any other reason than that I might obey them with greater security; but now, since the will of fortune has in its kindness made me your slave, I am much more ready to obey your pleasure. One thing only I desire of you—of you who have promised me so many—break off the marriage of Chariclea with Achæmenes; for, to waive other objections, a maiden of her noble birth is no fit wife for the son of a slave. If this be not granted me, I swear by all that is sacred that I will never comply with your wishes; and if the least violence is offered to Chariclea, you shall soon see me dead at your feet."

"You may be sure," replied Arsace, "that I, who am willing to surrender even myself, desire in everything to oblige you; but I have sworn to give your sister to Achæmenes."—"Let not that trouble you," said he, "you may give him any sister of mine; but my mistress,[23] my intended, my betrothed in short, you neither would wish to bestow, nor shall you bestow, upon him."

"What mean you?" said she.—"Nothing but the truth," replied he, "for Chariclea is really not my sister, but

my intended wife; you are, therefore, absolved from your oath; and if you wish for a farther confirmation of my words, you may, as soon as it please you, give order for the celebration of our nuptials."

Arsace was much annoyed; and heard, not without jealousy, the true relation in which Chariclea stood to Theagenes; but, at present, only said,—"If you will have it so, this marriage shall be broken off, and I will seek out another wife for Achæmenes."—"When this matter is settled," replied Theagenes, "dispose of me as you please, I will perform all I have promised." He then approached in order to kiss her hands. She, however, instead of presenting her hand, saluted him with her lips; and he left the presence kissed, but not kissing in return.

On his return to Chariclea, he disclosed to her all that had passed, (at which she, too, was not free from jealousy.) setting before her the secret intention of his promise, the good results which he anticipated from it. In the first place, the project of Achæmenes' marriage would be marred, a fair pretext would be afforded for deferring at present the completion of Arsace's wishes; and what was worth more than all, there was the certainty that Achæmenes would make "confusion worse confounded," upon finding his expectations blighted, and himself supplanted in the princess's good graces by another favourite. I took care (he said) to have his mother present at the interview, and a witness that our intercourse was but in *words*; she will keep nothing secret from her son. It may suffice perhaps (he added) to avoid all occasion for an evil conscience, and to trust only in the protection of the gods; but it is good also to avoid all occasion for an evil conscience in the sight of men, so as to pass through this transitory life with

virtuous boldness. "There is every reason to believe," added he, "that a slave like Achæmenes, will conspire against his mistress; for the subject commonly hates the cause of his subjection, and this man has no occasion to invent a pretext for rebellion (as has been the case with many), he is really wronged, has been deceived, and sees another preferred before him; he is conscious to the profligacy of his mistress, and has a motive ready to his hand."

He held this discourse to Chariclea, endeavouring to revive in her a hope of better things. On the morrow he was sent for by Achæmenes to serve at the table, for such were Arsace's commands. He was arrayed in a Persian robe of great value, which was sent by her at the same time, and adorned partly against his will, with bracelets and jewelled necklaces.

Upon arriving at the palace, Achæmenes offered to instruct him in the functions of his office; but, hastening to the sideboard, and taking up a precious goblet, he said,—"I need no instructor, self-taught, I will wait upon my mistress, making no bustle about such trifles. Your fortune has forced you perhaps to learn your trade; nature and the spur of the moment will teach me what I am to do." So saying, he lightly, and with a grace, poured out the wine, and handed the cup upon his finger ends.[24]

The draught inflamed the mind of Arsace more than ever. Slowly sipping, she fixed her eyes intently upon Theagenes, taking in at the same time large draughts of love; neither did she drain the goblet, but left a portion of its contents, in which Theagenes might pledge her. A wound of a very different nature rankled in the bosom of Achæmenes: anger, envy, and resentment manifested themselves on his countenance, so that Arsace could not help observing

it, and whispered something to those who were nearest her.

When the entertainment broke up—"Grant me," said Theagenes, "my mistress! this first boon which I shall ask—permit me alone to wear this dress when serving at your table." Arsace agreed to his request, and putting on his ordinary raiment, he departed. Achæmenes followed him, sharply upbraided him with his want of manners; telling him, too, that there was a forwardness and familiarity in him, which, though they might at first be overlooked, in consideration of his youth and inexperience, would in the end, if not corrected, infallibly give offence. He gave him these cautions, he said, out of a friendly feeling, and particularly as he was shortly to become related to him by marrying his sister, according to his mistress's promise.

He was proceeding with his good advice; but Theagenes, his eyes fixed in deep thought on the ground, seemed not to hear, and was preparing to leave him, when Cybele joined them, on her way to conduct her mistress to take her usual siesta.[25] Seeing her son sorrowful, and apparently out of humour, she inquired into the cause of it.—-"This foreign youth," said he, "thanks to his specious person, is preferred to all of us, the ancient chamberlains and cupbearers; to-day he has already wormed himself into our mistress's good graces, and has waited nearest her royal person, presenting the cup to her, and thrusting us out of our former dignity, which has become no more than an empty name. We ought, perhaps, to bear without murmuring, if we cannot feel without envy, the honours he receives, and the confidence to which he is admitted, since we have had the weakness, by our

negligence and silence, to assist in his success; our mistress, however, might have done all this without affronting and disgracing her old servants, who moreover are in all her secrets. But some other time will serve for speaking farther on this subject: at present, let me go and see my charming Chariclea, my promised bride; that, by her sweet aspect, I may soothe the annoyance of my mind."

"What bride do you talk of?" replied Cybele, "you seem to me to take fire at small and imaginary offences, and to be ignorant of the real and deep ones which you have received. Chariclea is no longer destined for your wife."

"What say you?" he exclaimed, "am not I a very fitting match for my fellow-slave? What can have wrought this sudden change?"—"Our own too great fidelity and zeal in serving Arsace;" replied Cybele, "for after that we have preferred her caprices to our own safety; when, in compliance with her desires, we have endangered ourselves, and have put the accomplishment of her wishes into her power, this noble youth, this dainty favourite, enters her chamber, and at first sight persuades her to break through all her oaths, and to promise Chariclea to himself; who now, as he affirms, is no longer his sister, but his mistress."

"And is Chariclea indeed promised to Theagenes?" said Achæmenes.—"It is but too true," replied Cybele, "I was present myself and heard it; they even talked of the nuptial feast, and of celebrating it shortly; proposing to satisfy you with the hand of some one else."

At this mortifying intelligence Achæmenes, smiting his hands together, and uttering a deep groan—"I will make this wedding a fatal one to them all," said

he; "only do you assist me in endeavouring to put it off for a few days. If any one inquires after me, say that I am indisposed and gone into the country. This precious stranger's calling her his betrothed is a mere pretext to break through the engagements that have been made to me; his kissing, his embracing her, nay, his sleeping with her, would not clearly convince me that she is not his sister. I will sift this business, and will vindicate the violated oaths and the insulted gods." So saying, raging with love, jealousy, and disappointment (feelings all the more violent in a barbarian's breast), he rushed out of the room; and without giving himself time for consideration, in the first moments of his passion, he secretly mounted, in the evening, an Armenian horse, reserved for state occasions, and fled full speed to Oroondates.

The Viceroy was then in the neighbourhood of the celebrated Thebes,[26] marshalling all his forces, and preparing to lead them on an expedition against the Ethiopians.

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[1] ἐκ τῆς νεκυίας,—Νεκυία—the title of the 11th Bk. of the Odyssey.

[2] The description of "Gulbeyaz," in Don Juan, canto v., here and there illustrates amusingly the scenes between Theagenes and Arsace.

"Her presence was as lofty as her state;
Her beauty of that overpowering kind,
Whose force description only would abate."—
C. v. 97.

[3] See Book II.

[4]

——"she had recourse to nods, and signs.

And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking eye."—C. ii. 162.

[5] Κηρὐκειον, caduceus, the staff or mace carried by heralds and ambassadors in time of war.

[6] "She did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass."—Merry Wives of Windsor.

[7] Εἰρήνης αὐτὸς ἐγένερο πρύτανις—literally, he became the president or manager, &c.

[8]

"Her rage was but a minute's, and 'twas well—
A moment's more had slain her; but the while
It lasted 'twas like a short glimpse of hell:
Nought's more sublime than energetic bile,
Though horrible to see, yet grand to tell,
Like ocean warring 'gainst a rocky isle;
And the deep passions flashing through her form,
Made her a beautiful embodied storm."—Byron.

[9] The original has τήμερον, to-day; but that must be an oversight, for a little before it is said that Arsace continued *all night*, παννύχιος, in agitation.

[10] ἀπ' οἰκήματος καὶ ἐπιτιτηδευμενῳ κάλλει.

[11] Like Glaucus with Diomed in the Iliad, vi. 235.

[12] ποπάνοις.

"tenui popano corruptus Osiris."—Juv. vi. 541.

[13]

——"Fie—fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body."
Troilus and Cressida.

[14] Charicles.

[15] Ηδε επίτραγῶδει.

[16] πολιός—hoary, venerable. See uses of the word in Scott and Liddell's Lexicon.

[17]

"To hear and to obey had been from birth
The law of all around her; to fulfil
All phantasies which yielded joy or mirth
Had been her slaves' chief pleasure, as her will."
Don Juan, v. 102.

[18] Among the Persians it was held a great mark of honour to send dishes from their tables to those whom they favoured. See Xenophon, Cyro. Book VIII. 2, 3. "Οσα δὲ πάρατεθείη, ταῦτα πάντα πλὴν οἷς αὐτὸς καὶ οἱ σύνδειπνοί χρήσαιντο, διεδίδου οἷς ἀεὶ βούλοιτο τῶν φίλων μνήμην ἐνδείκνυσθαι ἤ φιλοφροσύνην." The reader will of course remember an instance of the like custom in Scripture, Gen. xliii. 34.

[19]

"He stood like Atlas with a world of words
About his ears, and the knees would not bend;
The blood of all his line's Castilian lords
Boil'd in his veins and rather than descend
To stain his pedigree a thousand swords
A thousand time of him had made an end."
Don Juan, v. 104.

[20] ἁρπαγμα; ἕρμαιον—a windfall; a godsend.

[21]

"A tigress robb'd of young, a lioness,
Or any interesting beast of prey,
Are similes at hand for the distress
Of ladies who cannot have their own way."
Don Juan, c. v. 132.

[22] Εὑρετὶς ἄρα ἐστὶ λογισμῶν ἡ ἀνάγκη.

[23] Μνηστὴν—νύμφην—γαμετήν.

[24] An illustration of this nicety in waiting occurs in Xen. Cyrop., book i. 3, where Cyrus amuses the company by acting as cupbearer to his grandfather:—Ὁι τῶν βασιλέων οἰνοχόοι, κομψῶς τε οἰνοχοοῦσι, καὶ καθαρίως ἐγχέουσι, καὶ διδόασι τοῖς τρισὶ δακτύλοις οχοῦντες τήν φιάλήν.

[25] κατευνάσαι τὴν δέσποιναν τὸ μεσημβρινὸν ἐπειγομένη.

[26]

... "opulent Egyptian Thebes,
... the city with a hundred gates,
Whence twenty thousand chariots rush to war."
Hom. Il. ix. 381.—Cowper's Tr.

BOOK VIII.

The king of Ethiopia had deceived Oroondates by a stratagem, and made himself master of one of the objects of the war—the city of Philœ, always ready to fall a prey to the first invader—and, by so doing, had reduced him to great straits, and to a necessity of using sudden and hurried efforts for its recovery.

Philœ is situated a little above the smaller cataracts of the Nile, about twelve miles distant from Syene

and Elephantis. The city was formerly seized upon and inhabited by a band of Egyptian fugitives, which made it debateable land between the governments of Egypt and Ethiopia. The latter were for extending their dominions as far as the cataracts, while the former claimed even the city of Philœ, pretending that they had conquered it in war, because it had been occupied by their exiles. It had been taken and retaken several times by both nations; and was, just before the time I am speaking of, held by an Egyptian and Persian garrison.

The king of Ethiopia dispatched an embassy to Oroondates, to demand the restoration of the city and the emerald mines; and meeting, as has been before observed,[1] with a refusal, he sent ambassadors a second time towards Egypt; (they going in advance) he following a few days later, with a numerous army, set on foot beforehand, but keeping all the while their destination a profound secret.

When he concluded that his envoys had passed Philœ, and had lulled the inhabitants and garrison there into negligence and security, by persuading them, as they were instructed, that they were preparing to proceed farther on a peaceful embassy; he on a sudden appeared before Philœ, in a few days overwhelmed its surprised and unprepared defenders (unable to resist his superior force and his artillery), [2] and took possession of the city, which he kept, without injuring any who dwelt in it.

In the midst of these troubles Achæmenes found Oroondates, and by his sudden and unexpected appearance, helped to increase them.—"Has any misfortune," hastily he inquired, "happened to Arsace, or to any other of my family?" "A misfortune

has happened," replied Achæmenes, "but I would speak to you in private."

When every one had retired he entered upon his story. He related the capture of Theagenes by Mithranes; how he was sent to him (Oroondates), in order to be conveyed, if he thought proper, as a present to the Great King, to whose court and table the youth would be a worthy ornament. He proceeded to narrate his rescue from them in their journey by the men of Bessa, the death of Mithranes in his defence, and his own subsequent arrival at Memphis, introducing into his narrative the affairs also of Thyamis.

At length he came to the ungoverned passion of Arsace—the transfer of Theagenes into the palace—his too kind reception there—his attendance and his cup-bearing—"Hitherto," he added, "I believe nothing has actually taken place, for the youth is coy and unwilling; but if this temptation be not taken away from before her eyes—if Theagenes be not speedily removed from Memphis—there is the greatest reason to apprehend that time, fear, and artifices of various kinds, will at length conquer his disinclination. On these accounts I have taken an opportunity to leave the city privately, and to come in all haste to make this discovery to you, thinking it my duty no longer to conceal a matter in which your honour and interest are so intimately concerned."

When he had raised the resentment of Oroondates by these tidings, and filled him with indignation and a desire of revenge, he inflamed his desires when he came to dwell upon the charms of Chariclea. He extolled her to the skies, spoke of her beauty as divine; saying that her equal never had, and never would be seen. "None of your concubines," said he,

"not those alone who are left at Memphis, but those even who follow your person, are in any degree to be compared with her." In this manner Achæmenes went on, raising the curiosity and wishes of Oroondates, reckoning, that although the viceroy might indulge his fancy for Chariclea for a time, yet he might afterwards easily be induced to give her up to him in marriage, as a reward for his discoveries.

Urged on by anger and desire, the viceroy instantly summoned the eunuch Bagoas, who was in great favour and authority, and commanded him to proceed directly to Memphis with a troop of fifty horse, and without fail or delay to bring Theagenes and Chariclea to his camp, wherever he should find them.

He wrote at the same time a letter to Arsace to this effect:

> "Oroondates to Arsace.
>
> "Send to me Theagenes and Chariclea, the captive pair, who are slaves to the Great King, and under orders to be transmitted to him. Send them willingly, since, even if you be unwilling, they will be taken from you; and then the report of Achæmenes will be believed."

To the chief eunuch at Memphis he wrote as follows:

> "You shall hereafter give an account of your negligence as to my household; at present deliver the Grecian captives to Bagoas, that they may be brought to me, whether

> Arsace consent to it or not. Deliver them, I say, or the bearer of these presents has orders to bring you hither in chains, when you shall be flayed alive."

Bagoas took the letters, signed with the viceroy's signet, that they might obtain full credit, and set out for Memphis to execute his master's orders.

Oroondates now put himself in motion against the Ethiopians, commanding Achæmenes to follow him, who was watched and guarded without his knowing it, till it should appear whether the information he had given were true. Meanwhile at Memphis, soon after the departure of Achæmenes, Thyamis had been completely invested with the office of high priest, and, as such, was become one of the chiefs of the city.

After he had celebrated, with proper piety, the funeral of Calasiris, and observed, in mourning and retirement, the appointed number of days—as soon as the sacred laws permitted him to hold communication with those who were without the temple, his first care was to inquire after Theagenes and Chariclea.

He learned, with some difficulty, that they had been removed to the viceroy's palace; and immediately on receiving this intelligence he hastened to Arsace, to make inquiries after them. He was solicitous about them on various accounts; and particularly as his father had, with his last breath, recommended them, in the strongest manner, to his care and protection.

He returned thanks to the princess for her goodness in receiving and entertaining the young Grecian strangers, during that space of time in which it was

not lawful for them to continue within the precincts of the temple; and he now begged permission to resume the pledge entrusted to his care.

"I wonder," replied Arsace, "that while you are praising my kindness and humanity, you should at the same time intimate a doubt of their continuance; and conceive any apprehension that I shall not still be able and willing to entertain these foreigners, and assign to them such honour as is due."

"You mistake me," replied Thyamis; "I know that they would live here in much more splendour and affluence than they can with me, even did they wish to remain under my roof: but having met with many misfortunes, born of an illustrious family, and now wandering here, far from their native home; the first wish of their hearts is, to recover their friends, and to return to their country: my pledge to aid them was the inheritance left me by my father; and I have, too, myself many motives for friendship towards them."

"You act discreetly," replied Arsace, "in asking as a favour, rather than demanding as a right: for a favour it would be in me to give up to your friendship, those over whom I have a right as slaves."—"Slaves!" cried Thyamis, in amazement, "what mean you?"—"I mean captives," said she, "by the right of war."

Perceiving that she meant to insist upon their having been taken by Mithranes, he thus resumed:—"O Arsace! it is not now war, but peace; if that brings servitude, this restores liberty again; the one is the result of a tyrant's will, the other is a truly royal gift. [3] Besides, it is not the mere name but the disposition of those using them, which really constitute either peace or war. By attending to these considerations you will define better wherein equity

consists: there can be no doubt as to what honour and expediency demand in the present case. How can it be honourable, or expedient, in you to persist obstinately in the detention of these strangers, and to avow your determination of so doing?"

Arsace could no longer contain herself; but acted, like most who are in love, while they imagine their passion concealed they feel timidity; when discovered they lose all shame; concealment makes them timid, discovery audacious:[4] she stood self-accused; and she could not help perceiving, or thinking she perceived, that Thyamis suspected her. Throwing aside therefore all reserve, and all regard to the dignity of the high priest, she broke out on a sudden—"Be assured that you too shall answer for the share you have had in the attack upon Mithranes; Oroondates will make a strict inquiry after, and punish with severity, all those who were concerned in the slaughter of him and of his troops. As to these foreigners, I will not give them up; they are now my slaves; shortly they will be sent, according to our custom, to my brother, the Great King: declaim as you please on what is decent, proper, and expedient; those in power need not such things; they find them all in the indulgence of their own sovereign will.[5] Retire, then, from the palace at once and willingly, lest you be restrained against your will."

Thyamis retired, invoking the gods and predicting to her no good event from such behaviour, and considering whether he should disclose these proceedings to the citizens, and call upon them for assistance.

"I value not your priesthood or your prophecy," said Arsace, "the only prophecy which love regards, is the prospect of success." So saying, she withdrew to her

chamber, and sending for Cybele, consulted with her upon the measures which she had next to pursue. She suspected the flight of Achæmenes, and the motive of it; for Cybele, whenever she was questioned on the subject, made various excuses for his absence, and studiously endeavoured to persuade her that he was anywhere else, rather than in the camp of Oroondates. These excuses, never wholly credited, became each day less credible.

When Cybele therefore approached her, she thus began: "What shall I do, nurse? How can I ease the torments which oppress me? My love is as intense as ever; nay, I think it burns more violently: but this youth, so far from being softened by kindness and favours, becomes more stubborn, and intractable. Some time ago he could bring himself to soothe me by fallacious promises, but now he seems openly and manifestly averse to my desires: I fear he suspects, as I do, the cause of Achæmenes' absence, and that this has made him more timorous. It is *his* disappearance, indeed, which gives me most uneasiness: I cannot help thinking that he is gone to Oroondates, and perhaps will wholly or in part succeed in persuading him of the truth of what he says. Could I but see Oroondates, he would not withstand one tear or caress of mine; a woman's well-known features exert a mighty magic over men.[6] It will be a grievous thing, before I have enjoyed Theagenes, to be informed against, nay, perhaps put to death, should his mind be poisoned before I have the means of seeing and conversing with him: wherefore, my dear Cybele, leave no stone unturned, strain every engine; you see how pressing and critical the business now becomes; and you may well believe that, if I myself am driven to despair, I shall not easily spare others. You will be the first to rue the machinations of your

son: and how you can be ignorant of them I cannot conceive."

"The event," replied Cybele, "will prove the injustice of your suspicions, both with regard to my son and me: but when you are yourself so supine[7] in the prosecution of your love, why do you lay the fault on others? You are flattering this youth like a slave, when you should command him as a mistress. This indulgent mildness might be proper at first, for fear of alarming his tender and inexperienced mind; but when kindness is ineffectual, assume a tone of more severity; let punishments, and even stripes, force from him that compliance which favours have failed in doing. It is inborn in youth to despise those who court; to yield to those who curb them: try this method and you will find him give to force that which he refused to mildness."

"Perhaps you may be right," replied Arsace, "but how can I bear to see that delicate body, which I doat on to distraction, torn with whips, and suffering under tortures?"

"Again you are relapsing into your unseasonable tenderness," said Cybele; "a few turns of the rack will bring about all you desire, and for a little uneasiness which you may feel, you will soon obtain the full accomplishment of your wishes. You may spare your eyes the pain of seeing his sufferings—deliver him to the chief eunuch, Euphrates; order him to correct him, for some fault which you may feign he has committed—our ears are duller, you know, in admitting pity, than are our eyes.[8] On the first symptoms of compliance, you may free him from his restraint."

Arsace suffered herself to be persuaded; for love, rejected and despairing, pities not even its object,

and disappointment seeks revenge. She sent for the chief eunuch, and gave him directions for the purpose which had been suggested to her. He received them with a savage joy, rankling with the envy natural to his race,[9] and from what he saw and suspected, particularly angry with Theagenes. He put him immediately in chains, cast him into a deep dungeon, and punished him with hunger and stripes: keeping all the while a sullen silence; answering none of the miserable youth's inquiries, who pretended, (though he well knew the cause), to be ignorant of the reason why he was thus harshly treated. He increased his sufferings every day, far beyond what Arsace knew of or commanded, permitting no one but Cybele to see him; for such, indeed, were his orders.

She visited him every day, under pretence of comforting, of bringing him nourishment; and of pitying him, because of their former acquaintance: in reality, to observe and report what effect his punishment had upon him, and whether it had mollified his stubborn heart; but his spirit was still unconquered, and seemed to acquire fresh force from the duration of his trials.[10] His body, indeed, was torn with tortures, but his soul was exalted by the consciousness of having preserved its purity and honour. He gloried that while fortune was thus persecuting him, she was conferring a boon upon his nobler part—the soul. Rejoicing in this opportunity of showing his fidelity to Chariclea, and hoping only she would one day become acquainted with his sufferings, for her sake he was perpetually calling upon her name and styling her his light! his life! his soul!

Cybele (who had urged Euphrates to increase the

severity of his treatment, contrary to the intentions of Arsace, whose object was by moderate chastisement, to bend but not to kill him), saw it was all to no purpose, and began to perceive the peril in which she stood. She feared punishment from Oroondates, if Achæmenes should incautiously discover too much of the share she had in the business; she feared lest her mistress should lay violent hands upon herself, either stung by the disappointment, or dreading the discovery of her amour. She determined, therefore, to make a bold attempt, to avoid the danger which awaited her, either by bringing about what Arsace desired, or to remove all concerned in, and privy to the matter, by involving them in one common destruction.

Going therefore to the princess—"We are losing our labour," she said: "this stubborn youth, instead of being softened, grows every day more self-willed; he has Chariclea continually in his mouth, and, by calling upon her alone, consoles himself in his misfortunes. Let us then, as a last experiment, cut the cable,[11] as the proverb says, and rid ourselves of this impediment to our wishes: perhaps, when he shall hear that she is no more, he may despair of obtaining her, and surrender himself to your desires."

Arsace eagerly seized upon this idea: her rage and jealousy had but too well prepared her for embracing the cruel expedient.—"You advise well," she replied, "I will take care to have this wretch removed out of our way."—"But who will you get to put your design into execution?" said Cybele, "for though your power here is great, the laws forbid you to put any one to death without the sentence of the judges. You must undergo, therefore, some trouble and delay in framing a fictitious charge against this maiden; and

there will, besides, be some difficulty in proving it. To save you the pain and hazard of this proceeding, I am ready to dare and suffer anything. I will, if you think fit, do the deed with poison, and by means of a medicated cup remove our adversary."

Arsace approved, and bid her execute her purpose. She lost no time, but went to the unhappy Chariclea, whom she found in tears, and revolving how she could escape from life of which she was now weary; suspecting as she did the sufferings and imprisonment of Theagenes, though Cybele had endeavoured to conceal them from her, and had invented various excuses for his unusual absence.

The beldame thus addressed her:—"Why will you consume yourself in continual, and now causeless, lamentations? Theagenes is free, and will be with you here this evening. His mistress, angry at some fault which he had committed in her service, ordered him into a slight confinement, but has this day given directions for his release, in honour of a feast which she is preparing to celebrate, and in compliance with my entreaties. Arise, therefore, compose yourself, and refresh your spirits with a slight refection."

"How shall I believe you?" replied the afflicted maiden, "you have deceived me so often, that I know not how to credit what you say."

"I swear to you, by all the gods," said Cybele, "all your troubles shall have an end this day; all your anxiety shall be removed, only do not first kill yourself by abstaining obstinately, as you do, from food. Taste, then, the repast which I have provided."

Chariclea was, with difficulty, persuaded, though she very naturally entertained suspicions; the protestations, however, of the old woman, and the

pleasing hopes suggested prevailed at length; (for what the mind desires it believes),[12] and they sat down to the repast.

Cybele motioned to Abra, the slave, who waited upon them, to give the cup, after she had mixed the wine, first to Chariclea; she then took another herself and drank. She had not swallowed all that was presented to her, when she appeared seized with dizziness; and throwing what remained in the cup upon the ground, and casting a fierce look upon the attendant, her body was attacked with violent spasms and convulsions. Chariclea, and all who were in the room, were struck with horror, and attempted to raise and assist her; but the poison, potent enough to destroy a young and vigorous person, wrought more quickly than can be expressed upon her old and worn-out body. It seized the vitals; she was consumed by inward fire; her limbs, which were at first convulsed, became at length stiff and motionless, and a black colour spread itself over her skin. But the malice of her soul was more malignant even than the poison, and Cybele, even in death did not give over her wicked arts; but by signs and broken accents, gave the assistants to understand that she was poisoned by the contrivance of Chariclea. No sooner did she expire than the innocent maiden was bound, and carried before Arsace.

When the princess asked her if she had prepared the fatal draught, and threatened her, if she would not confess the whole truth, that torments should force it from her, her behaviour astonished all the beholders. She did not cast down her eyes; she betrayed no fear; she even smiled, and treated the affair with scorn, disregarding, in conscious innocence, the incredible

accusation, and rejoicing in the imputation of the guilt, if through the agency of others, it should bring her to a death, which Theagenes had already undergone. "If Theagenes be alive," said she, "I am totally guiltless of this crime; but if he has fallen a victim to your most virtuous practices, it needs no tortures to extract a confession from me: then am I the poisoner of your incomparable nurse, treat me as if I were guilty, and by taking my life, gratify him who loathed your unhallowed wishes."

Arsace was stung into fury by this: she ordered her to be smitten on the face, and then said—"Take this wretch, bound as she is, and show her her precious lover suffering, as he has well deserved; then load every limb with fetters and deliver her to Euphrates; bid him confine her in a dungeon till to-morrow, when she will receive from the Persian magistrates the sentence of death."

While they were leading her away, the girl who had poured out the wine at the fatal repast, who was an Ionian by nation, and the same who was sent at first by Arsace to wait upon her Grecian guests—(whether out of compassion for Chariclea, whom nobody could attend and not love, or moved by a sudden impulse from heaven,) burst into tears, and cried out—"O most unhappy and guiltless maiden!" The bystanders wondering at this exclamation and pressing her to explain its meaning, she confessed that it was she who had given the poison to Cybele, from whom she had received it, in order that it might be administered to Chariclea. She declared, that either overcome by trepidation at the enormity of the action, or confused at the signs made by Cybele, to present the goblet first to the young stranger, she had, in her hurry, changed the cups, and given that

containing the poison to the old woman.

She was immediately taken before Arsace, every one heartily wishing that Chariclea might be found innocent; for beauty, and nobleness of demeanour, can move compassion even in the minds of barbarians.

The slave repeated before her mistress all she had said before, but it was of no avail towards clearing the innocent maiden, and served only to involve herself in the same punishment; for Arsace, saying she was an accomplice, commanded her to be bound, thrown into prison, and reserved with the other for trial; and she sent directly to the magistrates, who formed the Supreme Council; and to whom it belonged to try criminals and to pronounce their sentence, ordering them to assemble on the morrow.

At the appointed time, when the court was met, Arsace stated the case, and accused Chariclea of the poisoning; lamenting, with many tears, the loss she had sustained in a faithful and affectionate old servant, whom no treasures could replace; calling the judges themselves to witness the ingratitude with which she had been treated, in that, after she had received and entertained the strangers with the greatest kindness and humanity, she had met with such a base return: in short, her tone was throughout bitter and malignant.

Chariclea made no defence, but confessed the crime, admitting that she had administered the poison, and declaring, that had she not been prevented, she would have given another potion to Arsace; whom she attacked in good set terms; provoking, in short, by every means in her power, the sentence of the judges.

This behaviour was the consequence of a plan concerted between her and Theagenes the night before, in the prison, where they had agreed that she should voluntarily meet the doom with which she was threatened, and quit a wandering and wretched life, now become intolerable by the implacable pursuits of adverse fortune. After which they took a last melancholy embrace; and she bound about her body the jewels which had been exposed with her, which she always carried about her, concealing them under her garments to serve as attendants upon her obsequies; and she now undauntedly avowed every crime which was laid to her charge, and added others which her accusers had not thought of; so that the judges, without any hesitation, were very near awarding her the most cruel punishment, usual in such cases, among the Persians.[13] At last, however, moved perhaps by her youth, her beauty, and noble air, they condemned her to be burnt alive.

She was dragged directly out of the court, and led by the executioners without the walls, the crier proclaiming that a prisoner was going to suffer for the crime of poisoning; and a vast multitude flocking together, and following her, poured out of the city.

Among the spectators upon the walls Arsace had the cruelty to present herself, that she might satiate her revenge, and obtain a savage consolation for her disappointment, in viewing the sufferings of her to whom she imputed it. The ministers of justice now made ready and lighted an immense pile; and were preparing to place the innocent victim upon it, when she begged a delay of a few moments, promising that she would herself voluntarily ascend it—and now turning towards the rising sun, and lifting up her eyes and hands to heaven, she exclaimed—"O sun! O

earth! O celestial and infernal deities who view and punish the actions of the wicked! I call upon you to witness how innocent I am of the crime of which I am accused. Receive me propitiously, who am now preparing to undergo a voluntary death, unable to support any longer the cruel and unrelenting attacks of adverse fortune;—but may your speedy vengeance overtake that worker of evil, the accursed and adulterous Arsace; the disappointment of whose profligate designs upon Theagenes has urged her thus to wreak her fury upon me." This appeal, and these protestations, caused a murmur in the assembly. Some said the matter ought to undergo a further examination—some wished to hinder, others advanced to prevent her mounting the pile: but she put them all aside, and ascended it intrepidly.

She placed herself in the midst of it, and remained for a considerable time unhurt, the flames playing harmlessly around her, rather than approaching her; not injuring her in the least—but receding whithersoever she turned herself; so that their only effect seemed to be to give light and splendour to her charms; as she lay like a bride upon a fiery nuptial couch.

She shifted herself from one side of the pile to another, marvelling as much as any one else, at what happened, and seeking for destruction, but still without effect; for the fire ever retreated, and seemed to shun her approach. The executioners on their part were not idle, but threw on more fuel (Arsace by signs inciting them), dry wood, and reeds, and every thing that was likely to raise and feed the flame; yet all was to no purpose; and now a murmur growing into a tumult, began to run through the assembly: they cried out—"This is a divine

interposition!—the maiden is unjustly accused!—she is surely innocent!"—and advancing towards the pile, they drove away the ministers of justice, Thyamis, whom the uproar had roused from his retirement, now appearing at their head, and calling on the people for assistance. They were eager to deliver Chariclea, but durst not approach too near. They earnestly desired her, therefore, to come down herself from the pile; for there could be no danger in passing through the flames, to one who appeared even to be untouched by them. Chariclea seeing and hearing this, and believing too that some divinity was really interposing to preserve her, deemed that she ought not to appear ungrateful, or reject the mercy, and leapt lightly from the pile: at which sight the whole city raised a sudden shout of wonder, joy, and thanksgiving to the gods.

Arsace, too, beheld this prodigy with astonishment, but with very different sensations. She could not contain her rage. She left the ramparts, hurried through a postern gate, attended by her guards and the Persian nobles, and herself laid violent hands on Chariclea. Casting a furious glance at the people —"Are ye not ashamed," she cried, "to assist in withdrawing from punishment a wretched creature detected in the very fact of poisoning, and confessing it? Do ye not consider, that while shewing a blameable compassion to this wicked woman, ye are putting yourselves in opposition to the laws of the Persians—to the judges, the peers, the viceroys, and to the Great King himself. The fact of her not burning has perhaps moved you, and ye attribute it to the interposition of the gods, not considering that this yet more fully proves her guilt. Such is her knowledge of charms, and witchcraft, that she is enabled to resist even the force of fire. Come all of

you to-morrow to the examination which shall be held in public, and you shall not only hear her confess her crimes herself, but shall find her convicted also by her accomplices whom I have in custody."

She then commanded Chariclea to be led away, still keeping her hold upon her neck, and ordering her guards to disperse the crowd, who were with difficulty prevented from interfering for her rescue; but who at length gave way, partly suspecting her to be a sorceress, and partly through awe of the person, and dreading the power, of Arsace.

Chariclea then was again committed to the custody of Euphrates; again thrown into prison, and reserved for a second trial, and a second sentence; rejoicing however amidst her troubles, that she should once more have an opportunity of seeing, and conversing with, Theagenes; for Arsace, out of a refinement of cruelty, had ordered them to be confined in one dungeon, that each might be a spectator of the other's sufferings; for she well knew that a tender heart is much more hurt by the pains of those it loves than by its own. In this instance, however, her savage mind was disappointed; and what she meant as a punishment turned out a consolation. They took a melancholy pleasure in suffering for each other, and in suffering equally. Had a greater share of torments been inflicted upon either, the other would have been jealous, and thought his love defrauded—moreover they were now together—they could converse with, comfort, and encourage one another to bear their calamities with fortitude, and to resist courageously every trial that might endanger their purity or fidelity. They passed the greatest part of the night in speaking on such topics, as might indeed be

expected from a pair, whose whole delight was in their mutual conversation, and who despaired of ever passing another night together again.

At length they came to the miraculous event which happened at the pyre. Theagenes attributed it to the benevolence of the gods, who were angry at the injustice of Arsace, and who pitied Chariclea's innocence and piety. She herself was in doubt whether to thank or complain of heaven. The manifest interposition of the gods at the place of execution, was a mark of their kindness and protection; but to be preserved from death, only to be plunged afresh in new and unceasing troubles, was rather a sign of their having incurred, and still continuing under, the divine displeasure: unless indeed, it were some wonder-working method of the deity delighting to plunge them into the deepest misery, in order to show its power of saving them when their condition appeared desperate.

She was going on in a complaining style, when Theagenes stopped her, bidding her speak more reverently, nor to scrutinize the conduct of the Deity. Suddenly she exclaimed,—"May the gods be propitious to us, for I just now call to mind a dream, (or rather waking vision), which I had last night, and which the unexpected sight of you again, and the various matters which we have since talked of, had driven from my memory. The vision was this:—The beatified Calasiris appeared to me (whether in reality or in idea, I am not certain) and repeated these lines, for the words fell into verse;

'Wearing Pantarbè, fear not flames, fair maid,
Fate, to whom nought is hard, shall bring thee aid.'"[14]

Theagenes on his part appeared suddenly like one

under supernatural impulse, for springing forwards, as far as his fetters would permit him, he exclaimed —-"The gods be gracious to us! recollection makes me also a poet; I had, myself, a like vision. Calasiris, or some deity in his shape, appeared to me, and addressed me in these lines:

'From Arsace, the morrow sees thee free—
To Ethiopia with the virgin flee.'[15]

"Now, I readily comprehend the meaning of the oracle which is given to me. By Ethiopia, is signified the dark abode of those who dwell under the earth—by the virgin, Proserpine—by freedom, my release from this wretched body: but I do not so readily understand that which relates to you—there appears to be a contradiction in it. The name of Pantarbè means 'all fear,' and yet from it you are promised assistance."

"My dearest Theagenes," replied Chariclea, "you have been so accustomed to misfortunes that you use yourself to interpret every thing in its worst sense—the mind of man so readily takes a colour from its circumstances. The oracles appear to me to admit of much more favourable meaning. The virgin, instead of Proserpine, means perhaps me, with whom you are to escape to Ethiopia, my country, after you shall have been delivered from the prisons of Arsace. How all this is to be brought about is not very apparent, but it is not incredible. Every thing is possible to the gods; and they who have favoured us with this prediction, will watch over its accomplishment. The prophecy which relates to me, so far from being obscure, is, as you see, fulfilled; and I am, contrary to all expectation, alive, and unhurt, at least by the flames: I was hitherto ignorant that I carried the cause of my preservation about me, but now I fancy

that I understand the words. I took particular care at the time of my trial, as indeed I had been wont to do before, to have the jewels which were exposed with me, bound closely about my body, concealing them under my garments—in case I should escape, they would help to support my life—if I were doomed to suffer, they would adorn my funeral. Among these, which consist of costly necklaces, and Indian and Ethiopian jewels, there is a ring, given by my father to my mother when they were betrothed: within the bezil is a stone called Pantarbè; it is inscribed with sacred letters, and endowed with mystic virtues, from whence, as I conjecture, it obtains the power to preserve those who wear it from the force of fire. This, therefore, most probably, and the good pleasure of the gods, is what has preserved me. I remember too, that our friend, Calasiris, (now in happiness,) told me that something of this virtue was hinted at in the writing inscribed on the fillet which was exposed with me, and which I always wear round my waist."

"What you say," replied Theagenes, "may perhaps be true—what has happened seems to confirm your conjecture: but what Pantarbè will deliver us from the dangers which threaten us to-morrow? This stone, though it preserves from fire, does not confer immortality, and the wicked Arsace will find out some other, and new kind of punishment. How do I wish that she would involve us both in the same sentence, that one and the same hour might end our troubles! I should not esteem such a departure death, but repose and ease to our manifold miseries."

"Be not so cast down," said Chariclea, "the oracle promises us another Pantarbè. Let us trust in the gods, so will our deliverance be more grateful; or, if

we be doomed to die, piety will soften and sanctify our sufferings."

In such conversations were the unfortunate lovers employed; each more solicitous for the fate which awaited the other, than for his own. They vowed to be faithful, and love one another till death; and beguiled the melancholy moments in these, which they thought would be their last, protestations. Meanwhile Bagoas and his troop of horse arrived at Memphis, in the middle of the night, while every one was buried in sleep. And when they had, without tumult, roused the guards, and made known who they were, they were admitted and entered into the court of the Viceroy's palace. Bagoas caused his men to surround the building, that he might be prepared, in case of meeting with any resistance; and he himself gaining admission by a crazy postern gate, and commanding silence to the person there, hastened, with ease, from his knowledge of the place, to the apartments of Euphrates, the moon affording a little light. Euphrates was in bed; but being roused by the noise made at his door, started up, and called out "Who is there?" "It is I," said Bagoas; "make no noise, but order a light to be brought."—The other ordered a boy, who slept in his chamber, to bring a light, but to take care not to awaken any one else.

When the light came, and the boy had retired, Euphrates began—"What new calamity does this sudden and unexpected appearance of yours announce?"—"There is no need," returned the other, "of many words; take and read this letter. Recognise the seal of Oroondates, and obey his commands, this very night, with secrecy and expedition: Make use of the soldiers whom I have brought with me, that you may give the less alarm. I leave you to judge for

yourself whether you will or will not first disclose the business to Arsace."

Euphrates took the letters, and perused them both. "This," says he, "will be a fresh blow to my mistress, and she needs no additional affliction; for she was yesterday seized with a sudden disorder, as if by a stroke from heaven, and she now lies in a burning fever, and is in the utmost danger of her life. As for these letters, I would not show them to her at present, even were she in good health, for I know that she would sooner die herself, and involve us in the same destruction, than part with these young people. You are arrived just in time to save them. Come then forthwith—receive those whom you seek —take them away—use them kindly yourself, and endeavour to procure for them the same treatment from others. Their situation may well excite your compassion; for I have been obliged, much against my will, but at the inexorable command of Arsace, to inflict upon them a variety of punishments and tortures. They seem, besides, to be well born, and, to judge from their habitual conduct, possessed of discretion and good sense." And so saying, he rose and conducted Bagoas to the prison, who, as soon as he saw the young captives, pale and exhausted as they were with their sufferings, he could not help being wonderfully struck with their form and beauty. They, concluding that this unseasonable visit announced their fate, and that Bagoas was come to lead one of them, at least, to trial and execution, were at first rather agitated; but soon recovering an air of cheerfulness, they appeared pleased rather than grieved.

Euphrates advanced; and as he was preparing to loose their fetters from the wooden block, Theagenes

exclaimed, "Accursed Arsace! She hopes to conceal her abominable actions in darkness and obscurity. But let her know that the eye of justice is most piercing; that it will bring to light her most secret crimes and display her wickedness in the face of the sun. But do you, ministers of her cruelty, execute her commands. Grant us, however, one last and only favour: whether we be doomed to die by fire, by water, or by the sword, let us suffer together, and end our wretched being by one and the same kind of death." Chariclea joined in this supplication. The eunuchs, who understood what they said, shed tears, and brought them out in chains as they were.

When they had left the palace, Euphrates remained where he was; and Bagoas, ordering his followers to take off all their fetters, except such as were just necessary to prevent an escape, placed them on horseback, surrounded with his troop, and took, with all expedition, the road to Thebes.

They rode all that night, and the next day till nine o'clock, when, being spent with want of sleep, and exposed to the summer rays of an Egyptian sun, Chariclea particularly, unused to this kind of travelling, being nearly exhausted with fatigue, they resolved, at last, to make a halt, to breathe their horses, and to refresh themselves. They chose for this purpose an elevated and projecting place on the banks of the Nile, where the river, turning from its direct course, and winding into a semicircle, forms a spot something resembling the gulf of Epirus, which, being kept continually moist, abounded in grass and herbage proper for their beasts. Here, too, were peach trees, sycamores, and others which love to grow in the neighbourhood of the Nile, these over-arched and afforded them a pleasant shade. Bagoas

availed himself of their shelter instead of tents, and here he took some refreshment, inviting Theagenes and Chariclea to partake of his repast. They refused at first; he pressed them; and when they replied that it was needless for those who were going to execution to trouble themselves about nourishment, he told them they were much mistaken if they thought their lives in any danger; for he was not leading them to death, but to the viceroy Oroondates.

The meridian heat of the sun had now passed; it was no longer vertical, but its beams struck upon them laterally. Bagoas thereupon prepared to pursue his march, when a courier arrived with great precipitation, himself out of breath, and his horse dropping with sweat, and ready to sink under him with fatigue. As soon as he had spoken a word to Bagoas in private, he remained in silence. The eunuch fixing for some time his eyes on the ground, with a serious and reflecting air, at last said, "Rejoice, strangers! You are revenged of your enemy. Arsace is no more. As soon as she heard that you were gone away with me, she strangled herself, and has prevented an inflicted, by a voluntary, death; for her crimes have been such, that she had no hope of escaping the just resentment of Oroondates and the sentence of the Great King, and must either have lost her life, or have spent the remainder of it in infamy and confinement. Be of good cheer, then; fear nothing; I know your innocence, and your persecutor is removed."

Bagoas said this as he stood near them, with difficulty expressing himself in the Greek tongue, and using many uncouth words; but he spoke with sincerity of heart, for he rejoiced at the death of

Arsace, whose dissolute manners and tyrannical disposition he abominated; and he wished to comfort and encourage the young people; he thought moreover that he should recommend himself to Oroondates by a very acceptable service, by preserving for him this young man, who would throw into the shade all the rest of his attendants; and by presenting him with a maiden worthy in every respect to supply the place of Arsace.

Theagenes and Chariclea, too, rejoiced at this intelligence. They adored the justice of the gods; and felt that, after this sudden and deserved end of their enemy, they should not feel their misfortunes, however severe—so welcome is death to some if only it be shared in by their foes. Evening now approached. A refreshing breeze sprang up, and invited them to continue their journey. They travelled all that night, and part of the next morning, making all possible expedition to Thebes, in hopes of finding Oroondates there. In this hope, however, Bagoas was disappointed. Before he arrived at that city, a courier met him, and informed him that Oroondates had set out for Syene, leaving the strictest orders to his officers to collect every man, even from the garrisons, and march them after him to that place; for the greatest apprehensions were entertained that the town would be taken before the satrap could arrive to its succour, the Ethiopian army having appeared at its gates before any intelligence was received that it was in motion. Bagoas, therefore, turned out of the road to Thebes, and took that of Syene.

When he came near the place, he fell in with a troop of Ethiopians, who had been sent out to scour the country, and to ascertain the safety of the roads for

the march of their own army. Overtaken by night, and ignorant of the ground, they had concealed themselves behind some bushes (in obedience to the orders given them), watching for the passing by of any prey which they might seize, and also providing for their own security. At break of day they perceived the approach of Bagoas and his company. They despised the smallness of their number, but let them all pass by, in order to assure themselves that there was no greater force behind; and then suddenly rushing from their concealment in the marsh, they pursued and attacked them with a great shout.

Bagoas and his men, astonished at the sudden noise and assault, seeing from their colour that they were Ethiopians, and from their number (which amounted to near a thousand light-armed men), that resistance was vain, did not await their approach, but took to flight. They retreated at first with some degree of order, to avoid the appearance of a complete rout. The enemy detached after them a band of two hundred Troglodites. The Troglodites are a pastoral nation, on the borders of Arabia, of great natural agility, which they increase by exercise.[16] They are unused to heavy armour, but, with slings and missile weapons, endeavour to make an impression upon the enemy at a distance, from whom, if they find them superior, they immediately retreat. The enemy do not take the trouble to pursue them, knowing them to be swift as the wind, and given to hide themselves in caverns, which they make their habitations. They, though on foot, soon overtook Bagoas and his flying squadron, and making use of their slings, wounded some of them from afar, yet, on their facing about, did not await their assault, but retreated headlong to their own comrades.

The Persians seeing this, and perceiving the smallness of their number, ventured to attack them; and having easily repulsed them for a space, turned again, and putting spurs to their horses, continued their flight with slackened rein and with the utmost speed. Some, deserting the main body, and hurrying to a bend in the Nile, hid themselves under its banks. The horse of Bagoas fell with him; one of his legs was fractured with the fall, and being unable to move, he was taken prisoner.

Theagenes and Chariclea, too, were made captives. They thought it dishonourable to desert Bagoas, who had shown them much kindness, and from whom they hoped more in future. They kept, therefore, by his side, dismounting from their horses, and voluntarily offered themselves to the enemy; Theagenes saying to Chariclea, "This explains my dream: these are the Ethiopians into whose lands we are fated to go: let us give ourselves up into their hands, and await an uncertain fortune with them, rather than expose ourselves to manifest danger with Oroondates."

Chariclea thought she could now perceive herself to be led on by the hand of destiny: a secret hope of better fortune began to insinuate itself into her bosom, and she could not help considering those who attacked them as friends rather than enemies; but not venturing to disclose her presages to Theagenes, she contented herself with expressing her consent to his advice.

When the Ethiopians approached, and observed Bagoas, from his features, to be a eunuch, and incapable of resistance, and the others unarmed and in chains, but of extraordinary grace and beauty, they inquired who they were. They made use of an

Egyptian interpreter, whom they carried with them, who understood besides a little Persian, concluding that the prisoners spoke one or other of these tongues; for experience had taught them that a body detached as spies and scouts ought always to have some one with them who naturally speaks or understands the language of the country which they are sent to reconnoitre.

Theagenes, who, from his long residence in the land, had acquired something of the Egyptian tongue, replied, that the eunuch was one of the chief officers of the Persian viceroy; that he himself and Chariclea were Grecians by birth, taken prisoners, first by the Persians, and now voluntary captives to the Ethiopians, as they hoped, under better auspices.

The enemy determined to spare their lives, and to deliver them, as the first fruits of victory, to their sovereign, looking upon them as amongst the most valuable possessions of the satrap; eunuchs are reckoned as the eyes and ears of a Persian court, having neither children nor connexions to turn aside their fidelity, they are wholly attached to the person and service of their master;[17] their young prisoners, too, appeared to them to be the most beautiful persons they had ever seen, and promised to be conspicuous ornaments to the royal household. They mounted them, therefore, upon horses, and carried them along with them, though the accident of Bagoas, and the fetters of the others, prevented their travelling very fast.

Here, then, was a kind of prologue to another drama:—just before they were prisoners in a foreign land, and on the verge of being brought out to a public and ignominious execution; now they were being carried, or rather escorted, though in captive guise,

by those destined, ere long, to be their subjects. Such was their present situation.

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[1] See Book II. and Book III.

[2] μηχαναῖς τειχομάχοις.

[3] ὧν ἐις τὴν σύλληψιν ἐμὲ κληρονόμον ὁ πατὴρ κατελέλοιπεν.

[4]

.... "Nihil est audacius illis
Deprensis; iram atque animos a crimine sumunt."
Juv. VI. 284.

[5]

"Hoc volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas."
Juv. VI. 223.

[6]

"ὀφθαλμὸς φιλίας πρόξενος· καὶ τὸ σύνηθες τῆς κοινωνίας."
Achilles Tatius, B. i.

[7] οὕτως ὑπτίως προσιοῦσα.

[8]

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator."—-Hor. A. P. 180.

[9]

"Cuncta ferit dum cuncta timet; desævit in omnes,
Ut se posse putent; nec bellua tetrior ulla
Quam servi rabies in libera terga furentes
Agnoscit gemitus, et pœnæ parcere nescit
Quam subiit, dominique memor quem verberat odit."
Claudian in Eutrop. i. 108.

[10]

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum.

. . . . . .
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida."—Hor. III. Od. iii. 1.

[11] ῥίψωμίν ἄγκυραν.

[12] "Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought."—Shakespeare.

[13] Plutarch thus describes the punishment of poisoners among the Persians.—"Poisoners are put to death, by the Persian laws, in the following manner. The head of the criminal is laid upon a flat stone, the executioner with another stone beats and pounds his head, until both head and face are entirely crushed."

[14]

Παντάρζην φορέουσα πυρὸς μὴ τάρζει ἐρώην
Ῥηϊδιώς μόιραις καὶ τ'αδόκητα πέλει.

[15]

Αἰθιόπον εἰς γᾶιαν ἀφίξεαι ἄμμιγα κόυρη
Δεσμών Ἀρτακέων αὔριον ἐκπροφυγών.

[16] Herodotus gives the same account of the swiftness of this race, and mentions their subsisting upon snakes, lizards, and other reptiles, adding, that their language resembles the shrill cry of a bat; they are the modern Tibboos.—See Herod. iv. 183, Blakesley's Edit.

[17] See Xen. Cyrop. vii. 5. 60.

BOOK IX.

Syene was now closely blockaded, and on every side, as with a net, invested by the Ethiopian army.

Oroondates, as soon as he was informed of the design

and sudden approach of the enemy (who, having passed the cataracts, were pressing towards the place), using the utmost diligence and expedition, had contrived to throw himself into the city before their arrival; and after planting his engines and artillery upon the walls, awaited the attack, and made every preparation for a vigorous defence.

Hydaspes, the king of Ethiopia, though he was deceived in the hope of surprising the town before they had any notice of his approach, invested it, however, on all sides, and surrounding it with a line of circumvallation, made for the present no attack, but sat down quietly before it, filling and exhausting the plains of Syene with myriads of men, beasts, and cattle. Here the party which has been mentioned brought their captives into his presence.

He was delighted at the sight of the young people; his soul, by a secret prescient movement, of which he knew not the cause, inclining towards his children. He thought this too an omen of victory, and joyfully exclaimed—"See! the gods, as our first spoils, deliver up to us our enemies in bonds. Let these then, as our first captives, be carefully preserved for our triumphant sacrifices to be offered, as the customs of Ethiopia require, to the gods of our country, when we shall have subdued our foes." And having praised and rewarded the captors, he sent them, together with their prisoners, to the rear of the army, ordering the latter to be kept under a guard (many of whom understood their language), to be treated, attended, and provided for in the most careful and splendid manner, and especially to be preserved from all contamination, as destined to be sacred victims. He directed their iron chains to be taken off, and fetters of gold to be put on in their room—for this metal is

used by the Ethiopians in the way in which other nations use iron. His commands were obeyed; and the lovers, when they saw their first chains taken off, began to entertain hopes of liberty, which were soon crushed by the appearance and application of the golden ones.

Theagenes could not forbear smiling, and exclaimed —"Here is, indeed, a splendid mutation of fortune; the goddess is very kind to us, and changes our iron for gold: enriched by our fetters, we are become prisoners of high price."

Chariclea smiled at this sally, and tried to keep up his spirits, insisting that the more favourable predictions of the gods were beginning to be fulfilled, and endeavouring to soothe his mind with better hopes.

Hydaspes, who had flattered himself that he should take Syene at his first appearance, without opposition, being very nearly repulsed by the garrison, defending themselves bravely, irritated besides by insulting speeches, determined no longer to continue the blockade, by which, the city might at last be taken, to the destruction of some and the escape of others: but, by a new and unusual way of assault, to involve the town, and its defenders, in one common and universal ruin.

His plan of attack was this: he described a circle round the walls, which he divided into portions of ten cubits each, assigning ten men to every division, and ordering them to dig a wide and deep ditch. They dug it accordingly, while others, with the earth they threw out, raised a mound or wall parallel with, and nearly equal in height, to that of the place which they were besieging. The garrison made no attempt to hinder these operations—the besieging army was

so numerous, that they durst not venture on a sally—and the works were carried on at such a distance from the walls, as to be out of the reach of their missile weapons.

When he had completed this part of his plan, with wonderful dispatch, owing to the multitude of men employed in it, and the diligence with which he urged on their labours, he proceeded to execute another work. He left a part of the circle, to the space of about fifty feet, plain and unfilled up. From each extremity of the ditch above described, he extended a long mound down to the Nile, raising it higher and higher as it approached the river. It had the appearance of two long walls, preserving all the way the breadth of fifty feet.

When he had carried on his lines so that they joined the river, he cut a passage for it, and poured its waters into the channel, which he had provided for them. They, rushing from higher into lower ground, and from the vast width of the Nile into the narrow channel, and confined by the mounds on each side, thundered through the passage and channel with a noise and impetuosity that might be heard at a great distance.

The fearful sight and sound struck the ears and met the eyes of the astonished inhabitants of Syene. They saw the alarming circumstances in which they were, and that the view of the besiegers was, to overwhelm them with the waters. The trenches which surrounded, and the inundation which was now fast approaching, prevented their escaping out of the city, and it was impossible for them to remain long in it, without the extremest danger; they took measures, therefore, as well as they were able, for their own protection.

In the first place, they filled up and secured every opening and crevice in the gates with pitch and tow; then they propped and strengthened the walls with earth, stones, and wood, heaping up against them anything which was at hand. Every one was employed; women, children, and old men; for no age, no sex, ever refuses labour when it is for the preservation of their lives. They who were best able to bear fatigue were employed in digging a subterraneous and narrow passage, from the city to the enemy's mound, which work was thus conducted:

They first sunk a shaft near the walls, to the depth of five cubits; and when they had dug it below the foundations, they carried their mine on forwards towards the bulwarks with which they were inclosed, working by torchlight; those who were behind receiving, in regular order, the earth thrown out from those who were before, and depositing it at length in a vacant place in the city, formerly occupied by gardens, where they raised it into a heap.

Their intention in these operations, was to give some vent and outlet to the waters, in case they should reach the city; but the approach of the calamities which threatened them was too speedy for their endeavours to prevent it. The Nile, rolling through the channel which had been prepared for it, soon reached the trench, overflowed it everywhere, and formed a lake of the whole space between the dyke and the walls; so that an inland town seemed like an island in the midst of the sea, beaten and dashed against on all sides by the waves.

At first, and for the space of a day, the strength of the walls resisted; but the continued pressure of the waters, which were now raised to a great height, and

penetrated deeply into an earth black and slimy, which was cleft in many places, from the summer's heat, sensibly undermined the walls; the bottom yielded to the pressure of the top, and wherever, owing to the fissures in the ground, a settlement took place, there the walls began to totter in several places, menacing a downfall, while they who should have defended the towers were driven from their stations by the oscillation.

Towards evening a considerable portion of the wall between the towers fell down; not so much, however, as to be even with the ground, and afford a passage to the waters, for it was still about five cubits above them; but now the danger of an inundation was imminent and most alarming.

At this sight a general cry of horror and dismay arose in the city, which might be heard even in the enemy's camp—the wretched inhabitants stretched out their hands to the gods, in whom only they had hope, and besought Oroondates to send deputies with offers of submission to Hydaspes. He, reduced to be the slave of Fortune, unwillingly listened to their entreaties; but he was entirely surrounded with water, and it being out of his power to send an officer to the enemy, he was reduced by necessity to this contrivance—he wrote down the purport of their wishes, tied it to a stone, and endeavoured, by means of a sling, to make it serve the purpose of a messenger by traversing the waters; but his design was disappointed; the stone fell short, and dropped into the water before it reached the other side. He repeated the experiment several times. The archers and slingers strained every nerve to accomplish that upon which they thought their safety and life depended; but still without success. At length,

stretching out their hands to the enemy, who stood on their works spectators of their distress, the miserable citizens implored their compassion by the most piteous gestures, and endeavoured to signify what was meant by their ineffectual stones and arrows—now clasping their hands together, and holding them forwards in a suppliant manner—now putting their arms behind their backs, in token that they submitted to servitude.

Hydaspes understood their signs, and was ready to receive their submission—for great minds are easily inclined to clemency by the sight of a prostrate enemy—but he was desirous first to make trial of their intentions.

He had already prepared some river-craft, which floating down the Nile, were drawn up near the mound: he chose ten of these, and filling them with archers, he ordered them what to say to the Persians, and sent them towards the city. They set out well prepared to defend themselves, in case the enemy should attempt anything against them.

This passage of a vessel, from wall to wall, presented a novel sight—mariners sailing over an inland country and cultivated plains: war, which is wont to produce strange spectacles, seldom, perhaps, afforded a more uncommon one than this—a navy proceeding against a town, and sailors, in boats, engaged with soldiers upon the walls.

Those in the city observed the boats making for the part of the wall which had fallen down, and their spirits being sunk with their misfortunes, surrounded as they were with perils, they began to suspect and dread the designs of those who were coming for their preservation: for, in such extremity of danger, everything is a cause of suspicion and of fear.[1]

They began, therefore, to cast their darts and to shoot their arrows towards those who were in the boats: for men, who despair of safety, think even the shortest delay of destruction as so much gained. They flung their weapons, however, in such a manner as not to inflict wounds, but only to hinder the approach of the enemy.

The Ethiopians returned the attack more in earnest, not knowing the intentions of the Persians: they wounded several of those who were upon the ramparts, some of whom tumbled over into the water. The engagement was proceeding with greater warmth, one party endeavouring merely to repulse; the other to attack, when an old man, of great authority among the Syenæans, who stood upon the wall, thus addressed his fellow-citizens:

"Infatuated men! your distresses seems to have taken away your senses. You have encouraged and besought the Ethiopians to come to your assistance; and now, when they are, beyond all your hopes, arrived, you do everything in your power to drive them away again. If they come with friendly intentions, and bring conditions of peace, they are your preservers; if they have hostile designs, you need not fear their landing; we are so numerous, that we shall easily overpower them. But if we were to destroy all these, what would it avail us, surrounded as we are by such a cloud of enemies both by land and water? Let us then receive them, and see what is their business here."

This speech was received with approbation, both by the people and the Viceroy; and withdrawing from the breached portion of the wall, they stood motionless with their arms.

When the space between the walls was thus cleared,

the inhabitants signed to the Ethiopians that they might freely approach: they advanced, therefore, and when near enough, they from their boats addressed the besieged multitude as follows:

"Persians! and inhabitants of Syene! Hydaspes, King of the Eastern and Western Ethiopia, and now your sovereign also, knows how to subdue his enemies, and to spare those who supplicate his mercy—the one belongs to valour, the other to humanity: the merit of the former belongs chiefly to his soldiers; that of the latter is entirely his own. Your safety or destruction is now in his hands; but since you throw yourselves on his compassion, he releases you from the impending and unavoidable dangers which encompass you. He does not himself name the conditions of your deliverance, but leaves them to you to propose; he has no desire to tyrannize over justice—he wishes to treat the fortunes of men with equity."

To this address the inhabitants of Syene replied, —"That they threw themselves, their wives and children, upon the mercy of the Ethiopian prince, and were ready to surrender their city (if they were spared), which was now in such sore distress, that unless some god, or Hydaspes himself, very speedily interposed, there were no hopes of its preservation."

Oroondates added,—"That he was ready to yield up, and put into their hands, both the cause of the war, and its prizes—the city of Philœ, and the emerald mines: in return, he required that neither he nor his soldiers should be made prisoners of war, but that Hydaspes, as a crowning act of generosity, would permit them to retire to Elephantine upon condition of their doing injury to no one: as to himself, it was indifferent to him whether he laid down his life now,

or perished hereafter, by the sentence of his master, for having lost his army; the latter alternative would indeed be the worst, for now he would undergo a common, and possibly, an easy kind of death; in the other case, he would have to suffer the refinements of cruelty and torture. He also requested them to receive two of his Persians into their boats, that they might proceed to Elephantine, professing that if they found the garrison of that city disposed to surrender to the Ethiopians, he would no longer delay to follow their example."

The delegates complied with his request; took the Persians on board, returned to the camp, and informed Hydaspes of the result of their embassy.

Hydaspes smiled at the infatuation of Oroondates, who was insisting upon terms, while his very existence hung upon another's will. "It would be foolish, however," said he, "to let so many suffer for the stupidity of one." Accordingly he permitted those whom the Viceroy had sent to proceed to Elephantine; little regarding whether the troops there yielded or resisted. He ordered his men to close up the breach which they had made in the banks of the Nile, and to make another in those of the mound or wall; so that the river being prevented from flowing in at one opening and the stagnant water retiring apace out of the other, the space between his camp and Syene might soon be dry, and practicable for his soldiers to march over.

His commands were executed. His men made a beginning of the work, but night coming on deferred its completion till the next day. Meantime they who were in the city omitted nothing which might contribute to their preservation, not despairing of preservation, though it appeared almost beyond

hope.

Some carried on their mine, which they now supposed must approach near the enemy's mound; having computed, as well as they could, by means of a rope, the interval between that and their own walls. Others repaired the wall which had fallen down, working by torchlight, readily finding materials from the stones which had fallen inwards. They had, as they thought, tolerably well secured themselves for the present; but were destined to have a new alarm; in the middle of the night, a portion of the mound, in that part where the enemy had been digging on the preceding day, suddenly gave way. This was caused either by the earth which formed the foundation being moist and porous, or by the mining party having sapped the ground above them, or by the ever-increasing body of water widening the narrow breach, or perhaps it might be ascribed to divine interposition. So tremendous was the noise and the report, that the besiegers and besieged, though ignorant of the cause, imagined a great part of the city wall to have been carried away; but the Ethiopians, feeling themselves safe in their tents, deferred satisfying their curiosity till the morning.

The inhabitants of Syene, on the contrary, were, with reason, more solicitous; they immediately examined every portion of their walls, and each finding all safe in his own vicinity, concluded that the accident had happened in some other part. The approach of daylight cleared up all their doubts; the breach in the mound, and the retreat of the waters, being then visible.

And now the Ethiopians dammed up the breach in the river's bank, by fixing planks, supported by strong wooden piles, strengthening them still more

with a quantity of earth and fascines, taken partly from the banks and partly brought in boats, thousands labouring at the work. In this way the water was got rid of. The space, however, between the camp and the town was, as yet, by no means passable, being very deep in mud and dirt; and though it was in some places apparently dry ground, the surface was thin, and treacherous for the feet either of horses or men.

Thus passed two or three days. The Syenæans opened their gates, and the Ethiopians discontinued all hostile movements; the truce, however, was carried on without any intercourse between the parties. Guards on either side were discontinued; and they in the city gave themselves up to pleasure and enjoyment.

It happened that this was the season for celebrating the overflowing of the Nile; a very solemn festival among the Egyptians. It falls out about the time of the summer solstice, when the river first begins to swell, and is observed with great devotion throughout the country; for the Egyptians deify the Nile, making him one of their principal gods; and equalling him to heaven; because they say, that without clouds or rain he annually waters and fertilizes their fields; this is the opinion of the vulgar. They consider it a proof of his divinity, that the union of moist and dry being the principal cause of animal life, he supplies the former, the earth the latter quality (admitting also the existence of other elements.) These opinions are promulgated among the vulgar, but they who have been initiated in the mysteries, call the earth Isis,[2] the river Osiris, substituting words for things. The goddess, they say, rejoices when the god makes his appearance upon

the plains, and grieves proportionably when he is absent, feeling indignation against his enemy, Typho. [3]

The cause of this is, I imagine, that men skilled in divine and human knowledge, have not chosen to disclose to the vulgar the hidden significations contained under these natural appearances, but veil them under fables; being however ready to reveal them in a proper place, and with due ceremonies, to those who are desirous and worthy of being initiated. [4] So much I may be allowed to say with permission of the deity, preserving a reverential silence as to what relates to more mystic matters.

I return now to the course of my story. The inhabitants of Syene were employed in celebrating their festival with sacrifices and other ceremonies; their bodies, indeed, worn with labour and suffering, but their minds filled with devotion towards their deity, whom they honoured as best their present circumstances would permit.

Oroondates, taking the opportunity of the dead of night, when the citizens, after their fatigues and rejoicings, were plunged in sleep, and having beforehand secretly acquainted his Persian soldiers with his intentions, and appointed them the particular hour and gate at which they were to assemble, led them out of their quarters.

An order had been issued to every corporal[5] to leave the horses and beasts of burden behind, that they might have no impediment on their march, nor give any intimation of their design, by the tumult which the mustering them would cause. Orders were given to take their arms alone, and, together with them, a beam or plank.

As soon as they were assembled at the appointed gate, they proceeded to lay their planks across the mud, (close to one another) which were successively passed from hand to hand, by those behind, to those in front. They passed over them, as by a bridge, and the whole body reached, without accident, the firm land.

They found the Ethiopians sleeping in security, without watch or guard; and passing by them unperceived Oroondates led his men with all possible speed to Elephantine. He was readily received into the city by means of the two Persians whom he had sent before, and who, having watched, night after night, caused the gates to be opened upon the concerted watch-word being given.

When day began to dawn, the inhabitants of Syene were aware of the flight of their defenders. Every one missed the Persian whom he had lodged in his house, and the sight of the planks laid over the mud, confirmed them in their suspicions, and explained the manner of it. They were thrown into great consternation at this discovery; expecting, with reason, a severe punishment, as for a second offence, fearing they should be thought to have abused the clemency of their conqueror, and to have connived at the escape of the Persians. They determined therefore, after some consultation, to go out of the city in a body, to deliver themselves up to Hydaspes, to attest their innocence with oaths, and implore his mercy. Collecting together then all ranks and ages, with the air of suppliants, they marched in procession, over the bridge of planks. Some carried boughs of trees, others tapers and torches, the sacred ensigns and images of their gods preceding them as messengers of peace.

When they approached the camp of the Ethiopians, they fell down on their knees, raising, as with one consent, a plaintive and mournful cry; and deprecating, by the most humble gestures, the victor's wrath.

They laid their infants on the ground before them, seemingly leaving them to wander whither chance might lead; intending to pacify the wrath of the Ethiopians by the sight of their innocent and guiltless age. The poor children, frightened at the behaviour and outcries of their parents, crept (some of them) towards the adverse army; and with their tottering steps and wailing voices, presented an affecting scene, Fortune, as it were, converting them into instruments of supplication.

Hydaspes observing this uncommon spectacle, and conceiving that they were reiterating their former entreaties and imploring pardon for their crime, sent to know what they meant, and why they came alone, and without the Persians.

They related all which had happened—the flight of the Persians, their own entire ignorance of it,—the festival they had been celebrating, and the opportunity secretly taken by the garrison to leave them, when they were buried in sleep, after their feastings and fatigues; although, had they been awake, and had they seen them, it would have been out of their power, unarmed as they were, to hinder the retreat of men in arms.

Hydaspes from this relation suspected, as was really the case, that Oroondates had some secret design and stratagem against him; summoning the Egyptian priests therefore, and for the sake of greater solemnity, adoring the images of the gods which they carried with them, he inquired if they could give him

any further information about the Persians. He asked whither they were gone, and what were their hopes and intentions. They replied, "That they were ignorant of their schemes; but supposed them to be gone to Elephantine," where the principal part of the army was assembled, Oroondates placing his chief confidence in his barbed cavalry. They concluded by beseeching him, if he had conceived any resentment against them to lay it aside, and to enter their city, as if it were his own.

Hydaspes did not choose to make his entry for the present, but sent two troops of soldiers to search every place where he suspected an ambush might be laid; if they found nothing of that sort, destining them as a garrison for the city. He dismissed the inhabitants of it with kindness and gracious promises, and drew out his army ready to receive the attack of the Persians, should they advance; or, to march against them himself if they delayed.

His troops were hardly formed in order of march when his scouts informed him that the Persians were advancing towards him to give battle: Oroondates had assembled an army at Elephantine, just at the time when as we have seen, he was forced, by the sudden approach of the Ethiopians, to throw himself into Syene with a few troops; being then reduced to imminent danger by the contrivance of Hydaspes; he secured the preservation of the place, and his own safety, by a method which stamped him with the deepest perfidy. The two Persians sent to Elephantine, under pretence of inquiring on what terms the troops there were willing to submit, were really dispatched with a view of informing him whether they were ready and disposed to resist and fight, if by any means he could escape, and put

himself at their head.

He now proceeded to put into practice his treacherous intent, for upon his arrival at Elephantine, finding them in such a disposition as he could wish, he led them out without delay, and proceeded with all expedition against the enemy; relying chiefly for success on the hope that by the rapidity of his movements he should surprise them while unprepared. He was now in sight, attracting every eye by the Persian pomp of his host; the whole plain glistening as he moved along, with gold and silver armour. The rays of the rising sun falling directly upon the advancing Persians, shed an indiscribable brightness to the most distant parts, their own armour flashing back a rival brightness.

The right wing was composed of native Medes and Persians—the heavy armed in front—behind them the archers, unincumbered with defensive arms, that they might with more ease and readiness perform their evolutions, protected by those who were before them. The Egyptians, the Africans, and all the auxiliaries were in the left wing. To these likewise were assigned a band of light troops, slingers and archers, who were ordered to make sallies, and to discharge their weapons from the flanks. Oroondates himself was in the centre, splendidly accoutred and mounted on a scythed chariot.[6] He was surrounded on either side by a body of troops, and in front were the barbed cavalry, his confidence in whom had principally induced him to hazard an engagement. These are the most warlike in the Persian service, and are always first opposed, like a firm wall, to the enemy. The following is the description of their armour—A man, picked out for strength and stature, puts on a helmet which fits his head and face

exactly, like a mask; covered completely down to the neck with this, except a small opening left for the eyes, in his right hand he brandishes a long spear—his left remains at liberty to guide the reins—a scimitar is suspended at his side; and not his breast alone, but his whole body also, is sheathed in mail, which is composed of a number of square separate plates of brass or steel, a span in length, fitting over each other at each of the four sides, and hooked or sewn together beneath, the upper lapping over the under; the side of each over that next to it in order. Thus the whole body is inclosed in an imbricated scaly tunic, which fits it closely, yet by contraction and expansion allows ample play for all the limbs. It is sleeved, and reaches from neck to knee,[7] the only part left unarmed being under the cuishes, necessity for the seat on horseback so requiring. The greave extends from the feet to the knee, and is connected with the coat. This defence is sufficient to turn aside all darts, and to resist the stroke of any weapon. The horse is as well protected as his rider; greaves cover his legs, and a frontal[8] confines his head. From his back to his belly, on either side, hangs a sheet of the mail, which I have been describing, which guards his body, while its looseness does not impede his motions.

Thus accoutred and as it were fitted[9] into his armour, this ponderous soldier sits his horse, unable to mount himself on account of his weight, but lifted on by another. When the time for charging arrives, giving the reins, and setting spurs to his horse, he is carried with all his force against the enemy, wearing the appearance of a hammer-wrought statue, or of an iron man. His long and pointed spear extends far before him, and is sustained by a rest at the horse's neck, the butt being fixed in another at his croupe.

Thus the spear does not give way in the conflict, but assists the hand of the horseman, who has merely to direct the weapon, which pressing onwards with mighty power pierces every obstacle, sometimes transfixing and bearing off by its impulse two men at once.

With such a force of cavalry and in such order, Oroondates marched against the enemy, keeping the river still behind him, to prevent his being surrounded by the Ethiopians, who far exceeded him in number. Hydaspes, on the other hand, advanced to meet him. He opposed, to the Medes and Persians in the right wing, his forces from Meröe, who were well accoutred, and accustomed to close fighting. The swift and light-armed Troglodites, who were good archers, and the inhabitants of the cinnamon region,[10] he drew up to give employment to those posted on the left. In opposition to the centre, boasting as they did of their barbed cavalry, he placed himself, with the tower-bearing elephants, the Blemmyæ, and the Seres, giving them instructions what they were to do when they came to engage. Both armies now approached near, and gave the signal for battle; the Persians with trumpets, the Ethiopians with drums and gongs. Oroondates, cheering on his men, charged with his body of horse. Hydaspes ordered his troops to advance very slowly, that they might not leave their elephants, and that the enemy's cavalry, having a longer course to take, might become exhausted before the conflict. When the Blemmyæ saw them within reach of a spear's cast, the horsemen urging on their horses for the charge, they proceeded to execute their monarch's instructions.

Leaving the Seres to guard the elephants, they sprang

out of the ranks, and advanced swiftly towards the enemy. The Persians thought they had lost their senses, seeing a few foot presume to oppose themselves to so numerous and so formidable a body of horse. These latter galloped on all the faster, glad to take advantage of their rashness, and confident that they should sweep them away at the first onset. But the Blemmyæ, when now the phalanx had almost reached them, and they were all but touched by their spears, on a sudden, at a signal, threw themselves on one knee, and thrust their heads and backs under the horses, running no danger by this attempt, but that of being trampled on: this manœuvre was quite unexpected, many of the horses they wounded in the belly as they passed, so that they no longer obeyed the bridle, but became furious, and threw their riders; whom, as they lay like logs, the Blemmyæ pierced in the only vulnerable part, the Persian cuirassier being incapable of moving without help.

Those whose horses were not wounded proceeded to charge the Seres, who at their approach retired behind the elephants, as behind a wall or bulwark. Here an almost total slaughter of the cavalry took place. For the horses of the Persians, as soon as the sudden retreat of the Seres had discovered these enormous beasts, astonished at their unusual and formidable appearance, either turned short round and galloped off, or fell back upon the rest, so that the whole body was thrown into confusion. They who were stationed in the towers upon the elephants (six in number, two on either side, except towards the beast's hind quarters), discharged their arrows as from a bulwark, so continuously and with such true aim, that they appeared to the Persians like a cloud.

Fighting upon unequal terms against mailed

warriors, and depending upon their skill in archery, so unfailing was their aim at the sight holes[11] of the enemy, that you might see many galloping in confusion through the throng, with arrows projecting from their eyes.

Some, carried away by the unruliness of their horses to the elephants, were either trampled under foot or attacked by the Seres and the Blemmyæ, who rushing out as from an ambush, wounded some, and pulled others from their horses, in the melée. They who escaped unhurt retreated in disorder, not having done the smallest injury to the elephants: for these beasts are armed with mail when led out to battle, and have, besides, a natural defence in a hard and rugged skin, which will resist and turn the point of any spear.

Oroondates, when he saw the remainder routed, set the example of a shameful flight; and descending from his chariot, and mounting a Nysæan horse,[12] galloped from the field. The Egyptians and Africans in the left wing were ignorant of this, and continued still bravely fighting, receiving, however, more injury than they inflicted, which they bore with great fortitude and perseverance; for the inhabitants of the cinnamon region, who were opposed to them, pressed and confounded them by the irregularity and activity of their attacks, flying as the Egyptians advanced, and discharging their arrows[13] backward as they fled. When the Africans retreated, they attacked them, galling them on all the flanks, either with slings or little poisoned[14] arrows. These they fixed around their turbans, the feathers next their heads, the points radiating outwards; and drawing them thence as from a quiver, they, after taking a sudden spring forward, shot them against the enemy,

their own bodies being naked, and their only clothing this crown of arrows. These arrows require no iron point; they take a serpent's back bone, about a foot and a half in length, and after straightening it, sharpen the end into a natural point, which may perhaps account for the origin of the word arrow.[15]

The Egyptians resisted a long time, defending themselves from the darts by interlocking shields—being naturally patient, and bravely prodigal of their lives, not merely for pay but glory; perhaps, too, dreading the punishment of runaways. But when they heard that the barbed cavalry, the strength and right hand[16] of their army, was defeated—that the viceroy had left the field, and that the Medes and Persians, the flower of their foot, having done little against, and suffered much from, those to whom they were opposed, had followed his example, they likewise, at last, gave up the contest, turned about, and retreated. Hydaspes, from an elephant's back, as from a watch tower, was spectator of his victory; which when he saw decided, he sent messengers after the pursuers, to stop the slaughter, and to order them to take as many prisoners as they could, and particularly, were it possible, Oroondates.

Success crowned his wishes, for the Ethiopians extending their numerous lines to a great length on each side, and curving the extremities till they surrounded the Persians, left them no way to escape but to the river. Thus the stratagem which Oroondates had devised against the enemy they found turned against themselves, multitudes being forced into the river by the horses and scythed chariots, and the confusion of the crowd. The viceroy had never reflected, that by having the river in his rear he was cutting off his own means of escape. He

was taken prisoner with Achæmenes the son of Cybele. This latter informed of what had happened at Memphis, and dreading the resentment of Oroondates, for having made an accusation against Arsace which he was not able to prove, (the witnesses who would have enabled him to do so being removed,) endeavoured to slay his master in the tumult. He did not, however, give him a mortal wound, and the attempt was instantly revenged, for he was transfixed with an arrow by an Ethiopian, who watched, as he had been commanded, over the safety of the viceroy; and who saw, with indignation, the treacherous attempt of one, who, having escaped the enemy, took the opportunity presented by fortune, to wreak his revenge against his commander.

Oroondates was brought before Hydaspes, faint and bleeding; but his wound was soon staunched by the remedies applied, the king being resolved, if possible, to save him, and himself giving him encouragement.

"Friend," said he, "I grant your life. I hold it honourable to overcome my enemies by my arms while they resist; and by my good offices when they are fallen: but why have you shewn such perfidy towards me?"

"Towards you, I own," replied the Persian, "I have been perfidious; but to my master I have been faithful."—"As vanquished, then," replied Hydaspes, "what punishment, think you, that you deserve?"—"The same," returned the other, "which my master would inflict upon one of your captains who had fallen into his power, after having proved his fidelity to you."—"If your master," replied the Ethiopian, "were truly royal, and not a tyrant, he

would praise and reward him; and excite the emulation of his own people, by commending the good qualities of an enemy: but it seems to me, good sir, that you praise your fidelity at the expence of your prudence, after having adventured yourself against so many myriads of my troops."—"Perhaps," replied Oroondates, "in regard to myself, I have not been so imprudent as may at first appear. I knew the disposition of my sovereign—to punish cowards, rather than to reward the brave. I determined therefore to hazard every thing, and trust to Fortune, who sometimes affords unexpected and improbable successes in war. If I failed and escaped with life, I should at least have it to say, that nothing in my power had been left untried."

Hydaspes, after listening to his words, praised him, sent him to Syene, ordered his physicians to attend him, and all possible care to be taken of him. He himself soon after made his public entry into the city, with the flower of his army. The inhabitants of all ranks and ages went out in procession to meet him, strewed crowns and flowers[17] of the Nile, in his path, greeting him with songs of victory.

He entered the city on an elephant, as on a triumphal chariot, and immediately turned his thoughts to holy matters and thanksgivings to the gods. He made inquiries concerning everything worthy of his curiosity, particularly about the origin of the feasts of the Nile. They shewed him a tank which served as a nilometer, like that which is at Memphis, lined with polished stone, and marked with degrees at the interval of every cubit. The water flows into it under ground, and the height to which it rises in the tank, shews the general excess, or deficiency, of the inundation, according as the degrees are covered or

left bare. They shewed him dials, which, at a certain season of the year, cast no shade at noon; for, at the summer solstice, the sun is vertical at Syene, and darts its rays perpendicularly down, so that the water,[18] at the bottom of the deepest wells, is light.

This, however, raised no great astonishment in Hydaspes; for the same phenomenon happens at the Ethiopian Meröe. The people of Syene loudly praised their festival and extolled the Nile, calling it Horus (the year), the fertilizer of their plains—the preserver of Upper Egypt—the father, and, in a manner, the creator of the Lower—as it brings annually new soil into it, and is from thence, possibly, called Nile,[19] by the Greeks.

It points out, they said, the annual vicissitudes of time—summer by the increase, and autumn by the retiring of its waters—spring by the flowers which grow on it, and by the breeding of the crocodiles. The Nile then, is, they say, nothing else but the year, its very appellation confirming this, since the numeral letters which compose its name, amount to 365 units, the number of days which make up the year.[20] They extolled also its peculiar plants and flowers, and animals, and added a thousand other encomiums. "All these praises," said Hydaspes, "belong more to Ethiopia, than to Egypt. If you esteem this river as the father of waters, and exalt it to the rank of a deity, Ethiopia ought surely to be worshipped, which is the mother of your god?"

"We do worship it," replied the priests, "both on many other accounts, and because it has sent you to us, as a preserver and a god." After recommending them to be less lavish in their praises, he retired to a tent which had been prepared for him, and devoted the rest of the day to ease and refreshment. He

entertained, at his own table, his principal officers, and the priests of Syene, and encouraged all ranks to make merry. The inhabitants of Syene furnished herds of oxen, flocks of sheep, goats and swine, together with store of wine, partly by way of gift, partly for sale. The next day he mounted a lofty seat; and, ordering the spoil to be brought out, which had been collected in the city, and on the field of battle, distributed it amongst his army, in such proportions as he thought their merit deserved. When the soldier appeared who took Oroondates, "Ask what you please," said the king.—"I have no occasion to ask anything," he replied. "If you will allow me to keep what I have already taken from the Viceroy, I am sufficiently rewarded for having made him prisoner, and preserved him alive, according to your commands." And with this he shewed a sword belt, a scimitar richly jewelled of great value, and worth many talents; so that many cried out, it was a gift too precious for a private man, a treasure worthy of a monarch's acceptance. Hydaspes smilingly replied—

"What can be more kingly than that my magnanimity should be superior to this man's avarice? Besides, the captor has a right to the personal spoils of his prisoner. Let him then, receive as a gift from me, what he might easily have taken to himself, without my knowledge."

Presently those who had taken Theagenes and Chariclea appeared. "Our spoil, O king!" said they, "is not gold and jewels, things of little estimation among the Ethiopians, and which lie in heaps in the royal treasures; but we bring you a youth and a maiden, a Grecian pair, excelling all mortals in grace and beauty, except yourself, and we expect from your liberality a proportionate reward."—"You recall them

seasonably to my memory," replied Hydaspes. "When I first saw them, in the hurry and confusion in which I was engaged, I took but a cursory view of them. Let some one bring them now before me, together with the rest of the captives."

An officer was immediately despatched for them to the place of their confinement, which was among the baggage, at some distance from the town. They inquired, in their way to the city, of one of their guards, whither they were being conducted. They were told that the king Hydaspes desired to see the prisoners. On hearing the name, they cried out together, with one voice—"O ye gods!" fearing till that hour lest some other might be the reigning king; and Theagenes said softly to Chariclea—"You will surely now discover to the king everything which relates to us, since you have frequently told me that Hydaspes was your father."

"Important matters," replied Chariclea, "require great preparation. Where the deity has caused intricate beginnings, there must needs be intricate unravellings. Besides, a tale like ours is not to be told in a moment; nor do I think it advisable to enter upon it in the absence of my mother Persina, upon whose support, and testimony, the foundation of our story, and the whole of our credit, must depend; and she, thanks to the gods I hear, is yet alive."

"What if we should be sacrificed," returned Theagenes; "or, presented to some one as a gift, how shall we ever get into Ethiopia?"—"Nothing is less likely," said Chariclea. "Our guards have told us that we are to be reserved as victims, to be offered to the deities of Meröe. There is no likelihood that we, who are solemnly devoted to the gods, should be destroyed, or otherwise disposed of; such a vow no

religious mind would break. Were we to give way to the incautious joy with which this sudden gleam of good fortune transports us, and discover our condition, and relate our adventures, in the absence of those who alone can acknowledge us, and confirm what we say, we run the greatest risk of raising the indignation of the king; who would regard it as a mockery and insult, that we, captives and slaves as we are, should endeavour to pass ourselves off upon him, as his children."

"But the tokens," said Theagenes, "which I know you always carry about you, will give credit to our relation, and shew that we are not impostors."—"These things," replied Chariclea, "are real tokens to those who know them, and who exposed them with me; but to those who are ignorant of this, they are nothing but bracelets, and precious stones; and may possibly induce a suspicion of our having stolen them. Supposing even that Hydaspes should recollect any of these trinkets, who shall persuade him that they were presented to me by Persina, and still more, that they were the gifts of a mother to her daughter? The most incontrovertible token, my dear Theagenes, is a mother's nature, through which the parent at first sight feels affection towards her offspring,—an affection stirred up by secret sympathy. Shall we deprive ourselves, then, by our precipitation, of this most favourable opening, upon which depends the credit of all we have to say?"

Discoursing in this manner, they arrived near the tribunal of the king. Bagoas was led after them. When Hydaspes saw them, rising suddenly from his throne—"May the gods be propitious to me!" he exclaimed, and sat down again, lost in thought. They

who were near him inquired the reason of this sudden emotion. Recollecting himself, he said —"Methought that I had a daughter born to me this day, who at once reached her prime, and perfectly resembled this young maiden, whom I see before me. I disregarded, and had almost forgotten my dream, when this remarkable resemblance recalled it to my memory."

His officers replied—"That it was some fancy of the mind bodying forth future events;" upon which the king, laying aside for the present any farther thought upon the subject, proceeded to examine his prisoners. He asked them—"Who, and from whence, they were?" Chariclea was silent. Theagenes replied, "That they were Grecians, and that the maiden was his sister."

"All honour to Greece," said Hydaspes—"the mother of brave and beautiful mortals, for affording us such noble victims for the celebration of our triumphal sacrifices." And turning to his attendants, he said —"Why had I not a son as well as a daughter born to me in my dream, since this youth, being the maiden's brother, ought according to your observation, to have been shadowed forth to me in my vision?"

He then directed his discourse to Chariclea, speaking in Greek; a language known and studied by the Gymnosophists, and kings of Ethiopia—"And you, O maiden," said he, "why do you make no answer to my questions?"—"At the altars of the gods," replied she, "to whom we are destined as victims, you shall know who I am, and who are my parents."

"And what part of the world do they inhabit?" said the king.—"They are present now," said she, "and will assuredly be present, when we are sacrificed." Again Hydaspes smiled.—"This dream-born daughter

of mine," he observed, "is certainly herself dreaming, when she imagines that her parents are to be brought from the middle of Greece into Meröe. Let them be taken away and served with the usual care and abundance, to fit them for the sacrifices. But who is this standing near, and in person like an eunuch?"[21] —"He is an eunuch," replied one of the bystanders; "his name is Bagoas; he was in great favour with Oroondates."

"Let him too," said the king, "follow and be kept with the Grecian pair; not as a future victim, but that he may attend upon, and watch over the virgin victim, whom it is necessary to preserve in the utmost purity for the sacrifice; and whose beauty is such, that her virtue, unguarded, may be exposed to much danger and temptation. Eunuchs are a jealous race; and fitly employed for debarring others from the enjoyments of which they are themselves deprived." He then proceeded to examine and decide the fate of the remaining prisoners, who appeared in order; distributing among his followers those who were slaves before; dismissing with liberty those who were free and noble: but he selected ten young men, and as many virgins, in the bloom of youth and beauty, whom he ordered to be preserved for the same purpose to which he had destined Theagenes and Chariclea. And having answered every complaint and application, at last he sent for Oroondates, who was brought in lying on a litter.

"I," said he to him, "now that I have obtained the object of my going to war, feel not the common passion of ambitious minds. I am not going to make my good fortune the minister of covetousness; my victory creates in me no wish to extend my empire. I am content with the limits which nature seems to

have placed between Egypt and Ethiopia—the cataracts. Having recovered then what I think my right, I revere what is just and equitable, and shall return peacefully to my own dominions. Do you, if your life be spared, remain viceroy of the same province as before: and write to your master, the Persian king, to this effect, 'Thy brother Hydaspes has conquered by might of hand; but restores all through moderation of mind; he wishes to preserve thy friendship, esteeming it the most valuable of all possessions: at the same time, if desirous of renewing the contest, thou wilt not find him backward.' As to the Syenæans I remit their tribute for ten years; and command thee to do the same." Loud acclamations, both from the soldiers and citizens, followed his last words.

Oroondates crossing his hands, and inclining his body, adored him; a compliment not usual for a Persian to pay to any prince, except his own.—"O ye who hear me," said he, "I do not think that I violate the customs of my country, as to my own sovereign, in adoring the most just of kings, who has restored to me my government; who instead of putting me to death has granted me my life; who, able to act as a despotic lord, permits me to remain a viceroy. Should I recover, I pledge myself to promote a solid peace and lasting friendship between the Persians and Ethiopians, and to procure for the Syenæans that remission of tribute which has been enjoined; but should I not survive, may the gods recompense Hydaspes, his family, and remotest descendants, for all the benefits which he has conferred upon me!"

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[1] "πᾶν μοι φοβερὸν ὸ προσέρπον."—Æsch. P. V. 127.

[2] See note to vol. i., p. 265, of Blakesley's Herodotus.

[3] The brother and murderer of Osiris, whose death was avenged by his son Horus.

[4] Literally—"more clearly initiating them with the fiery torch of realities."—Τῇ πυρφόρῳ τῶν ὄντων λαμπάδι φανότερον τελούντων.

[5] Δεκαδάρχος.

[6] The following passage in Ammianus Marcellinus illustrates the account here given of the Καταφράκτοι ἵπποι—or barbed cavalry of the Persians.

"Erant autem omnes catervæ ferratæ, ita per singula membra densis laminis tectæ, ut juncturæ rigentes compagibus artuum convenirent: humanorumque vultuum sumulacra ita capitibus diligenter aptata, ut imbracteatis corporibus solidis, ibi tantum incidentia tela possint hærere, quà per cavernas minutas et orbibus oculorum affixas, parcius visitur, vel per supremitates narium angusti spiritus emittuntur. Quorum pars contis dimicatura, stabat immobilis, ut retinaculis æreis fixam existimares."—Book xxv.

Thus, by an anticipation of 600 years, we have brought before us a picture of the times, when,

"*Their limbs all iron*, and their souls all flame,
A countless host, the red-cross warriors came."

[7] Herod. B. vii. 61. thus speaks of these tunics:—"Κιθῶινας-Ιωτοῦς χειριδοτοὺς ποικίλους λεπίδος σιδηρέης ὄψιν ἰχθυοειδέος."

[8] τὴν κεφαλὴν δι' ὅλου σφηκοῦντες—literally pinching in like a wasp; the frontal fitting closely to the shape of the horse's head and face.

[9] οἷον ἐμβεβλημένος.

[10] See Herod. B. iii. 111.

[11] See the previous description of the Persian amour.

[12] See note in Blakesley's Herod. vii. 40.

[13] Like the Parthians—

"... versis animosum equis
Parthum."—Hor. I Od. xix 10.

[14] Arrows somewhat resembling these are used by the wild Bushmen of Africa for destroying the ostrich and other kinds of game. "These insignificant looking arrows are about two feet six inches in length; they consist of a slender reed, with a sharp bone head, thoroughly poisoned with a composition of which the principal ingredients are obtained, sometimes from a succulent herb, having thick leaves, yielding a poisonous milky juice, and sometimes from the jaws of snakes."—Wood's Nat. Hist.

[15] Ὀστέον, a bone; Ὀϊστός, an arrow.

[16] χεῖρα.

[17] Ανθεσιν Νειλώοις.—The water lily of the Nile.

[18] "At Syene there was, in later times a well, the bottom of which, the sun was believed to illuminate at one time of the year, it being supposed that Syene was under the Tropic."—Blackesley's Herod., vol. 1. p. 187.

[19] Νεῖλος, from νέη ἰλύς, new soil.

[20] ν = 50; ε = 5; ι = 10; λ = 30; ο = 70; σ = 200; total, 365.

[21]

... "vetus, vietus, veternosus, senex

Colore mustellino."—Terence.

BOOK X.

We have now said sufficient about Syene, which, from the brink of danger, was at once restored to security and happiness, by one man's clemency.

Hydaspes, having sent the greater part of his army forward, proceeded in person towards Ethiopia, followed by the applauses and blessings both of Persians and Syenæans. At first he marched along the Nile, or the parts bordering upon that river; but when he reached the cataracts, having sacrificed to the river, and to the gods of the boundaries, he turned aside, and travelled through the inland country.

When he arrived at Philœ, he rested, and refreshed his army there for two days; and then as before, sending part of it forward, together with the captives, he stayed some little time behind them, to direct the repair of the walls, and to place a garrison, and soon afterwards set out himself. He dispatched an express consisting of two troopers, who changing their horses at every station, and using all speed, were to announce his victory at Meröe.[1]

He sent the following message to the wise men of his country, who are called Gymnosophists, and who are the assessors and privy councillors of the Ethiopian kings in affairs of moment.

"Hydaspes to the most holy Council.

"I acquaint you with my victory over

> the Persians. I do not boast of my success, for I know and fear the mutability of fortune; but I would greet your holy order, which I have always found wise and faithful. I invite and command your attendance at the usual place, in order that the thanksgiving sacrifices for victory, may, by your presence, be rendered more august and solemn in the sight of the Ethiopian people."

To his consort, Persina, he wrote as follows:—

> "Know that I am returning a conqueror, and, what you will still more rejoice at, unhurt. Make therefore preparations for the most sumptuous processions and sacrifices, that we may give thanks to the gods, for the blessings which they have bestowed. In accordance with my letters, assist in summoning the Gymnosophists; and hasten to attend, with them, in the consecrated field before the city, which is dedicated to our country's gods—the Sun, the Moon, and Bacchus."

When this letter was delivered to Persina—"I now see," said she, "the interpretation of a dream which I had last night. Methought I was pregnant, and in labour, and that I brought forth a daughter in the full bloom of youth and beauty. I see, that by my throes, were signified the travails of war; and by my daughter, this victory."

"Go," continued she, "and fill the city with these joyful tidings." The expresses obeyed her commands; and mounting their horses, having crowned their heads with the lotus of the Nile, and waving branches of palm in their hands, rode through the principal parts of the city, disclosing by their very appearance, the joyous news.

Meröe resounded with rejoicings; night and day the inhabitants, in every family, and street, and tribe, made processions, offered sacrifices, and suspended garlands in the temples; not more out of gratitude for the victory, than for the safety of Hydaspes; whose justice and clemency, mildness and affability, had made him beloved, like a father, by his subjects. The queen, on her side, collected together from all parts, quantities of sheep and oxen, of horses and wild asses, of hippogriffs,[2] and all sorts of animals, and sent them into the sacred field, partly to furnish a hecatomb of each, for sacrifice, partly to provide from the remainder, an entertainment for all the people.

She next visited the Gymnosophists, who inhabit the grove of Pan, and exhorted them to obey the summons of their king, as also to gratify her by adorning and sanctifying the solemnity with their presence. They, entreating her to wait a few moments, while they consulted the gods, as they are used to do on any new undertaking, entered their temple, and after a short time returned, when Sisimithres, their president, thus addressed her:—"O queen! we will attend you, the gods order us to do so; but, at the same time, they signify to us, that this sacrifice will be attended with much disturbance and tumult, which, however, will have an agreeable and happy end. A limb of your body, or a member of the

state, seems to have been lost; which will be restored by fate."

"Your presence," said Persina, "will avert every threatening presage, and change it into good; I will take care to inform you when Hydaspes arrives."

"You will have no occasion to do that," replied Sisimithres: "he will arrive to-morrow, and you will presently receive letters to that effect." His prediction was fulfilled. Persina, on her return to the palace, found a messenger with letters from the king, announcing his intended arrival for the following day.

The heralds dispersed the news through the city, and at the same time, made proclamation, that the men alone should be suffered to go out and meet him, but that the women should keep within their houses; for, as the sacrifice was destined to be offered to the purest of all deities—the Sun and Moon—the presence of females was forbidden, lest the victims should acquire even an involuntary contamination.

The priestess of the Moon was the only woman suffered to attend the ceremony, and she was Persina; for by the law and custom of the country, the queens of Ethiopia are always priestesses of that divinity, as the kings are of the Sun. Chariclea, also was to be present at the ceremonial, not as a spectatress, but as a victim to the Moon.

The eagerness and curiosity of the citizens was incredible. Before they knew the appointed day, they poured in multitudes out of the city, crossed the river Astabora, some over the bridge; some who dwelt at a distance from it, in boats made of canes, many of which lay near the banks, affording an expeditious means of passage.

These little skiffs are very swift, both on account of the materials of which they are composed, and the slight burden which they carry, which never exceeds two or three men: for one cane is split in two, and each section forms a boat.[3]

Meröe, the metropolis of Ethiopia, is situated in a sort of triangular island, formed by the confluence of three navigable rivers; the Nile, the Astabora, and the Asasoba. The former flows towards it from above, where it forms two branches; the others, flowing round it on either side, unite their waters, and hasten to mingle their stream, and lose their names, in the channel of the Nile.

This island, which is almost a continent, (being in length three thousand furlongs, in width one thousand), abounds in animals of every kind, and, among the rest, with elephants. It is especially fertile in producing trees. The palm trees rise to an unusual height, bearing dates of large size and delicious flavour. The stalks of wheat and barley are so tall, as to cover and conceal a man when mounted on a horse or camel, and they multiply their fruit three hundred fold. The canes are of the size which I have before mentioned.

All the night were the inhabitants employed in crossing the river; they met, received, and congratulated Hydaspes, extolling him as a god. They had gone a considerable way to meet him. The Gymnosophists went only a little beyond the sacred field, when, taking his hand, they kissed him. Next appeared Persina at the vestibule, and within the precincts of the temple.

After worshipping the gods, and returning thanks for his victory and safety, they left the precincts, and prepared to attend the approaching sacrifice,

repairing for that purpose to a tent, which had been erected for them on the plain. Four canes, newly cut down, were fixed in the ground, one at each corner, serving as a pillar, supported the vaulted roof, which was covered with the branches of palm and other trees. Near this another tent was erected, raised considerably from the ground, in which were placed the images of the gods of the country—Memnon, Perseus, and Andromeda—whom the kings of Ethiopia boasted to be the founders of their race: under these, on a lower story, having their gods above them, sat the Gymnosophists. A large portion of the ground was surrounded by the soldiers; who in close order, and with their shields joined, kept off the multitude, and afforded a clear space sufficient for the priests to perform their sacrifice, without confusion or disturbance.

Hydaspes, after speaking briefly upon the victory which he had gained, and the advantages obtained by it to the state, commanded the sacred ministers to begin their rites.

Three lofty altars were erected, two in close proximity to the Sun and Moon; a third, at some distance, to Bacchus: to him they sacrificed animals of every kind, as being a common deity, gracious and bountiful to all. To the Sun they offered four white horses, the swiftest of animals to the swiftest of the gods;[4] to the Moon, a yoke of oxen, consecrating to her, as being nearest the earth, their assistants in agriculture.

While these things were transacting, a loud confused murmur began to rise as among a promiscuous multitude; "Let our country's rites be performed—let the appointed sacrifice be made—let the first-fruits of war be offered to our gods."

Hydaspes understood that it was a human victim whom they demanded, which it was customary to offer from among the prisoners taken only in a foreign war. Making a motion for silence, with his hand, he intimated to them, by gestures, that they should soon have what they required, and ordered those who had the charge of the captives to bring them forward. They obeyed, and led them forth, guarded, but freed from their chains.

The generality were, as may be imagined, dejected and sorrowful. Theagenes, however, appeared much less so than the others; but the countenance of Chariclea was cheerful and elate. She fixed her eyes upon Persina with a fixed and steady glance, so as to cause in her considerable emotion; she could not help sighing, as she said—"O husband! what a maiden have you destined for sacrifice! I never remember to have seen such beauty. How noble is her presence! with what spirit and fortitude does she seem to meet her impending fate! How worthy is she of compassion, owing to the flower of her age. If my only and unfortunately lost daughter were living, she would be about the same age. O that it were possible to save this maiden from destruction; it would be a great satisfaction to me to have her in my service. She is probably Grecian, for she has not at all the air of an Egyptian."

"She is from Greece," replied Hydaspes: "who are her parents she will presently declare; shew them she cannot, though such has been her promise. To deliver her from sacrifice is impossible: were it in my power, I should be very glad to do so; for I feel, I know not why, great compassion and affection for her. But you are aware that the law requires a male to be offered to the Sun, and a female to the Moon;

and she being the first captive presented to me, and having been allotted for the sacrifice, the disappointment of the people's wishes would admit of no excuse. One only chance can favour her escape, and that is, if she should be found when she ascends the pile, not to have preserved her chastity inviolate; for the law demands a pure victim to be offered to the goddess as well as to the god—the condition of those offered on the altar of Bacchus is indifferent. But should she be found unchaste, reflect whether it would be proper that she should be received into your family."

"Let her," replied Persina, "be found unchaste, provided only she be preserved. Captivity and war, absence from friends, and a wandering life, furnish an excuse for guilt, particularly in her, whose transcendent beauty must have exposed her to more than common temptations."

While she was weeping and striving to conceal her weakness from the people, Hydaspes ordered the fire-altar[5] to be prepared, and brought out. A number of young children, collected by the officials from among the multitude, brought it from the temple (they alone being permitted to touch it), and placed it in the midst. Each of the captives was then ordered to ascend it. It was furnished with golden bars of such mystic virtue, that whenever any unchaste or perjured person placed his foot upon it, it burnt him immediately, and he was obliged to retire: the pure, on the contrary, and the uncontaminated, could mount it uninjured.

The greatest part of the prisoners failed in the trial, and were destined as victims to Bacchus, and the other gods—save two or three Grecian maidens whose virginity was found intact. Theagenes at

length ascended it, and was found pure. It raised great admiration in the assembly, that with his beauty, stature, and in the flower of youth, he should be a stranger to the power of love—accordingly he was destined as an offering to the Sun. He said softly to Chariclea—"Is death then, and sacrifice, the reward which the Ethiopians bestow upon purity and integrity? But why, my dearest life, do you not discover yourself? How long will you delay? Until the sacrificer's knife is at your throat? Speak, I beseech you, and disclose your condition. Perhaps when you are known, your intercession may preserve me; but if that should not happen, you will be safe, and then I shall die with comfort and satisfaction."

"Our trial," said Chariclea, "now approaches—our fate trembles in the balance."[6]—So saying, and without awaiting any command, she drew from out of a scrip which she had with her, and put on, her sacred Delphic robe, interwoven and glittering with rays of light. She let her hair fall dishevelled upon her shoulders, and as under the influence of inspiration, leaped upon the altar, and remained there a long time, unhurt.

Dazzling every beholder with more than ever resplendent beauty; visible to all from this elevated place, and with her peculiar dress, she resembled an image of the goddess, more than a mere mortal maiden. An inarticulate murmur of applause ran through the multitude, expressive of their surprise and admiration, that with charms so superhuman, she should have preserved her honour, enhancing her beauty by her chastity.[7] Yet they were almost sorry that she was found a pure and fitting victim for the goddess. Notwithstanding their religious reverence they would have been glad could she by

any means escape. But Persina felt more for her than all the rest. She could not help saying to Hydaspes —"How miserable and ill-fated is this poor maiden! To no purpose giving token of her purity! Receiving for her many virtues only an untimely death! Can nothing be done to save her?"

"Nothing, I fear," replied the king: "your wishes and pity are unavailable. It seems that the gods have from the beginning selected by reason of her very excellence this perfect victim for themselves." And then directing his discourse to the Gymnosophists: "Sages," said he, "since every thing is ready, why do you not begin the sacrifice?"—"Far be it from us," said Sisimithres (speaking in Greek, that the multitude might not understand him) "to assist at such rites; our eyes and ears have already been sufficiently wounded by the preparations. We will retire into the temple, abhorring ourselves the detestable offering of a human victim, and believing too that the gods do not approve it. Would that the sacrifices even of brute animals might cease; those consisting of prayers and incense being, to our mind, sufficient.[8] Do you, however, remain; for the presence of a ruler is sometimes necessary to stay the turbulence of the multitude. Go on with this unhallowed sacrifice, since the inveterate custom of the people has made it unavoidable; remembering that when it is performed, yourself will stand in need of expiation, though perhaps, you will not need it, for I think this rite will never be brought to consummation. I judge from various divine tokens, and particularly from a kind of glory shed around these strangers, signifying that they are under the peculiar protection of the gods;"—having said this, he arose, and was about to retire with his brethren.

At this instant Chariclea leapt down from the altar; rushed towards Sisimithres, and fell at his feet. The officials would have hindered her, supposing that she was deprecating death, but she exclaimed "Stay, Sages, I beseech you! I have a cause to plead before the king and queen; you are the only judges, in such a presence; you must decide in this, the trial for my life. You will find that it is neither possible nor just that I should be sacrificed to the gods." They listened to her readily, and addressing the king, said,—"Do you hear, O king, the challenge and averment of this foreign maiden."

Hydaspes smiling, replied, "What controversy can she have with me? From what pretext, or from what right, can it arise?"—"That, her own relation will discover," said Sisimithres.—"But will it not be an indignity, rather than an act of justice," rejoined the monarch, "for a king to enter into a judicial dispute with a slave?"—"Equity regards not lofty rank," said the sage. "He is king in judgment who prevails by strength of arguments."—"But," returned Hydaspes, "your office gives you a right of deciding only when a controversy arises between the king and his own subjects, not between him and foreigners."—"Justice," said Sisimithres, "is weighed among the wise, not by mere appearances, but by facts."—"It is clear that she can have nothing serious to advance," said the king, "but some mere idle pretext to delay her fate, as is the case with those who are in fear of their lives. Let her, however, speak, since Sisimithres would have it so."

Chariclea, who had always been sanguine, in expecting her deliverance, was now inspired with additional confidence when she heard the name of Sisimithres. He was the person to whose care she had

been committed ten years before, and who delivered her to Charicles at Catadupa, when he was sent ambassador to Oroondates in the matter of the emerald mines—he was then one of the ordinary Gymnosophists: but now, he was their president. Chariclea did not call to mind his face (having been parted from him when only seven years' old), but recollected and rejoiced at hearing his name, trusting that she should find in him a support and an advocate. Stretching out then her hands towards heaven, and speaking audibly,—"O Sun!" she exclaimed, "author of my family; and you, ye gods and heroes who adorn my race! I call you to witness the truth of what I say. Be you my supporters and assistants in the trial which I am about to undergo—my cause is just, and thus I enter upon it:—Does the law, O king, command you to sacrifice natives or foreigners?"

"Foreigners only," replied Hydaspes.—"You must then seek another victim," said she, "for you will find me a native." The king seemed surprised, declaring it to be a figment. "Do you wonder at this?" said she; "you will hear much stranger things. I am not only a native, but closely allied to the royal family." This assertion was received with contempt, as so much idle speech: when she added—"Cease, my father, to despise and reject your daughter!"

By this time the king began to appear not only contemptuous, but indignant, taking the matter as a personal insult to himself. He said, therefore, to Sisimithres,—"Behold the reward of my endurance! Is not the maiden downright mad! Endeavouring with wild and incredible fictions to escape the fate awaiting her! desperately feigning herself to be my daughter, as in some sudden appearance and

discovery upon the stage—mine, who was never so fortunate as to have any offspring. Once, indeed, I heard of a daughter's birth, only, however, to learn her death. Let then some one lead her away, that the sacrifice may be no longer deferred."—"No one shall lead me away," cried out Chariclea, "till the judges have given sentence. You are in this affair a party, not a judge; the law perhaps permits you to sacrifice foreigners, but to sacrifice your children, neither law nor nature allows; and the gods shall this day declare you to be my father, however unwilling you appear to own me. Every cause, O king, which comes for judgment, leans principally upon two kinds of proof, written evidence, and that of living witnesses: both these will I bring forward to prove myself your child. I shall appeal to no common witness, but to my judge himself (the consciousness of the judge is the prisoner's best ground of confidence); as to my written evidence it shall be a history of my own and your misfortunes." So saying, she loosened from her waist the fillet[9] which had been exposed with her, unrolled, and presented it to Persina. She, as soon as it met her sight, appeared struck dumb with astonishment; she continued a considerable time casting her eyes first on the writing, then again on the maiden. A cold sweat bedewed her limbs, and convulsive tremblings shook her frame.

Her first emotions were those of joy and hope; but anxiety and doubt succeeded. Dread of the suspicions of Hydaspes followed; of his incredulity, and perhaps of his anger and vengeance.

The king observing her agitation and astonishment, said to her, "Persina! what is it which ails you? from what cause has this writing such effect upon you?"—"My king, my lord, and my husband!" she

replied, "I know not what to answer you: take and read it yourself: let this fillet explain everything." She gave it him, and remained trembling, in anxious silence.

He took the fillet, and began to read it, calling to the Gymnosophists to read it with him. As he proceeded, he was struck with doubt and amazement; but Sisimithres was still more astonished: his ever-changing colour betrayed the various emotions of his mind: he fixed his eyes now on the fillet, and now on Chariclea.

At length Hydaspes, when he came to the account of the exposing of the infant, and the cause of it, broke silence, and said, "I know that I had once a daughter born to me, having been told that it died almost as soon as it was born. This writing now informs me that it was exposed: but who took it up, who preserved, who educated it? who brought it into Egypt? Was that person, whoever he were, taken captive at the same time with her? How shall I be satisfied that this is the real child that was exposed? May she not have perished? May not these tokens have fallen into the hands of some one, who takes advantage of this chance? May not some evil genius be paltering with my desire of offspring, and clothed with the person of this maiden, be endeavouring to pass off a supposititious birth as my successor,—overshadowing the truth with this fillet, as with a cloud?"

But now Sisimithres replied, "I can clear up some of your doubts; for I am the person who took her up, who educated and carried her into Egypt, when you sent me thither on an embassy. You know me too well to suspect me of asserting what is untrue. I perfectly recollect the fillet, which is inscribed with

the royal characters of the kings of Ethiopia, which you cannot suspect to have been counterfeited elsewhere; for you yourself must recognize the handwriting of Persina. But there were other tokens exposed with her, which I delivered at the same time to him who received the damsel from me, who was a Grecian, and, in appearance, an honest and worthy man."

"I have preserved them likewise," said Chariclea, and immediately shewed the necklace and the bracelet. Persina was yet more affected when she saw these.

Hydaspes still inquiring what all this agitation could mean, and whether she had anything to discover which might throw light upon this matter; she answered, "that she certainly had, but it was an examination more proper to be made in private than in public."

Hydaspes was more than ever perplexed, and Chariclea proceeded—"These are the tokens of my mother; but this ring is a present of your own;" and produced the stone Pantarbè.

The king instantly recollected it as a present which he had made to his wife during the time of their betrothment; and he said, "Maiden, these tokens were certainly mine; but how does it appear that you possess them as my child, and have not obtained them by some other means? Besides, in addition to my other doubts, your complexion is totally different from that of an Ethiopian."

Here Sisimithres interposed, and said, "The child whom I took up was perfectly white: and farther, the time when I found her seems very closely to coincide with the age of the maiden, for it is just seventeen years since this happened. The colour of her eyes too

occurred to me as being the same; in short, I recognize in her the general expression of her features, and in her surpassing beauty a resemblance with what I recollect of the child then exposed."

"This is all very well," replied Hydaspes, "you speak with the fervour of the advocate more than as the judge; but take care lest while you are clearing up one doubt, you do not raise another, and that a more serious one; throwing suspicions upon the virtue of my consort; as we are both Ethiopians, how could we for our offspring have a white child?"

Sisimithres, with rather a sarcastic smile, replied, "I know not why you should object to me, that I am an advocate for this maiden. He is the best judge who inclines to the side of right: may I not rather be called an advocate for you, while I am endeavouring, with the assistance of the gods, to establish your right to be called a father; and neglecting no means to restore to you, in the bloom of her youth, that daughter whom I preserved in swathing bands? However, deem of me as you please, I do not esteem it necessary to make any apology; we do not shape our lives so as to please others: we endeavour to follow the dictates of truth and virtue, and think it sufficient if we can approve our conduct to ourselves: yet, as to the doubt which you entertain concerning her complexion, the writing clears this up, explaining how Persina, from her contemplation of Andromeda, might have received an impression upon her mind agreeing with the subject of the picture. If you wish for farther proof, the original is at hand; examine the Andromeda, the likeness between the picture and the maiden will be found unmistakeably exact."

The king complied: and had the picture brought; when being placed near Chariclea, an instant cry of

surprise, admiration, and joy, was raised throughout the assembly, at the striking likeness; those who were near enough to understand what was passing, spreading the intelligence among the rest.

Hydaspes could no longer doubt, and he stood for some time motionless, between wonder and pleasure. But Sisimithres added, "One thing is still necessary to complete the proof; for recollect the succession to the kingdom, and the truth itself is now in question. Bare your arm, my child; there was a black mark upon it, a little above the elbow. There is nothing unseemly in doing this, in order to establish the evidence of your birth and family." Chariclea obeyed, and uncovered her left arm, when there appeared, as it were, an ebon ring, staining the ivory[10] of her arm.

But Persina could now no longer contain herself—she leapt from her throne, burst into tears, rushed into her daughter's embrace, and could express her transports only by an inarticulate murmur. For excess of joy will sometimes beget grief. They had nearly fainted and fallen on the ground.

Hydaspes felt for his consort, affected as she was, and a kindred emotion was gaining possession of himself; yet he gazed upon the spectacle with eyes as unmoved[11] as though they were of iron, struggling against his tears, his mind contending between fatherly feeling and manly fortitude, and tossed to and fro as by opposing tides. At last he was overpowered by all conquering nature; he not only believed himself to be a father, but was sensible of a father's feelings. Raising Persina, he was seen to embrace his daughter, pouring over her the paternal libation of his tears.

He was not, however, driven from that propriety which the circumstances demanded. Recollecting

himself a little, and observing the multitude equally affected, shedding tears of pleasure and compassion at the wonderful events which had taken place, and not heeding the voices of the heralds, who were enjoining silence, he waved his hand, and stilling the tumult, thus addressed them:—"You see me, by the favour of the gods, and beyond all my expectations, entitled at length to the name of a father. This maiden is shewn to be my daughter by proofs which are infallible: but[12] my love for you, and for my country, is so great, that disregarding the continuance of my race, and the succession to my throne, and the new and dear appellation which I have just acquired, I am ready to sacrifice her to the gods for your advantage. I see you weep; I see you moved by the feelings of humanity; you pity the age of this maiden, immature for death; you pity my vainly cherished hope of a successor, yet even against your wills, I must obey the customs of my country, and prefer the public weal to any private feelings of my own. Whether it be the will of the gods just to shew me a daughter, and then take her away again (shewing her to me at her birth, taking her away now that she is found),[13] I leave you to judge: I am unable to determine. As little can I decide whether they will permit her to be sacrificed, when, after driving her from her native land to the extremest ends of the earth, they have, as by a miracle, brought her back again a captive; but if it be expedient that I sacrifice her whom I slew not as an enemy, nor injured as a prisoner, at the instant when she is recognized to be my daughter I will not hesitate, nor yield to affections which might be pardonable in any other father. I will not falter nor implore your compassion to acquit me of obedience to the law, out of regard to the feelings of nature and

affection, nor even suggest that it is possible the deity may be appeased and satisfied by another victim; but as I see you sympathize with me, and feel my misfortunes as your own, even so much more does it become me to prefer your good to every other consideration, little regarding this sore grief, little regarding the distress of my poor Queen, made a mother and at the same moment rendered childless. Dry then your tears, repress your ineffectual grief for ever, and prepare for this necessary sacrifice: and, thou, my daughter! (now first and now last do I address thee by this longed-for name,) beauty is to no purpose, and in vain discovered to thy parents! thou who hast found thy native land more cruel than any foreign region! who hast found a strange land thy preserver, but wilt find thy native country thy destroyer! do not thou break my heart, by mournful tears; if ever thou hast shewed a high and royal spirit, shew it now. Follow thy father, who is unable to adorn thee as a bride; who leads thee to no nuptial chamber; but who decks thee for a sacrifice; who kindles, not torch of marriage, but the altar torch, and now offers as a victim this thine unrivalled loveliness. Do you too, O ye gods! be propitious, even if anything unbecoming or disrespectful has escaped me, overcome as I am, by grief, at calling this maiden daughter, and at the same time being her destroyer!" So saying, he made a show of leading Chariclea to the pyre, with palpitating heart, and deprecating the success of the speech, which he had made in order to steal away the people's wills.

The whole multitude was strongly excited by these words—they would not suffer her to be led a step towards the altar; but loudly and with one voice cried out—-"Save the maiden! Preserve the royal blood! Deliver her whom the gods evidently protect!

We are satisfied; the custom has been sufficiently complied with. We acknowledge thee our king: do thou acknowledge thyself a father; may the gods pardon the seeming disobedience; we shall be much more disobedient by thwarting their will; let no one slay her who has been preserved by them. Thou who art the father of thy country, be also the father of thy family!" These, and a thousand such like exclamations, were heard from every side. At length they prepared to prevent by force the sacrifice of Chariclea, and demanded steadily that the other victims alone should be offered to the gods.

Gladly and readily did Hydaspes suffer himself to be persuaded, and to submit to this seeming violence: he heard with pleasure the cries and congratulations of the assembly, and allowed them the indulgence of their wills, waiting till the tumult should spontaneously subside.

Finding himself near Chariclea, he said:—"My dear daughter (for the tokens you have produced, the wise Sisimithres, and the benevolence of the gods declare you to be such), who is this stranger who was taken with you, and is now led out to be sacrificed? How came you to call him your brother, when you were first brought into my presence at Syene? He is not likely to be found my son, for Persina had only one child, yourself."

Chariclea, casting her eyes on the ground, blushed, and said:—"He is not, I confess, my brother: necessity extorted that fiction from me. Who he is, he will better explain than I can."

Hydaspes not readily comprehending what she meant, replied:—"Forgive me, my child, if I have asked a question concerning this young man which it seems to hurt your maiden modesty to answer. Go

into the tent to your mother, cause her more rejoicing now, than you caused her pain when she gave you birth; add to her present enjoyment, by relating every particular about yourself. Meanwhile, we will proceed with the sacrifice, selecting, if possible, a victim worthy to be offered with this youth instead of you."

Chariclea was nearly shrieking at mention of sacrificing the young man; hardly could she for ultimate advantage, check her frenzied feelings, so as to wind her way covertly towards the end she had in view. "Sire," said she, "perhaps there needs not to seek out another maiden, since the people remitted in my person the sacrifice of any female victim? But if they insist that a pair of either sex should be sacrified, see if it be not necessary for you to find out another youth, as well as another maiden; or, if that be not done, whether I must not still be offered."

"The gods forbid!" replied Hydaspes; "but why should you say this?"

"Because," said she, "the gods have decreed that he is to live with me, or die with me."

"I commend your humanity," replied the king, "in that having so hardly escaped yourself, you are desirous of saving a foreigner, a Greek, a fellow-prisoner, and of the same age, with whom, from a communion in misfortunes, you must have contracted some degree of familiarity and friendship: but he cannot be exempted from the sacrifice; religion will not permit our country's custom to be in everything curtailed, neither would the people suffer it, who have with difficulty been persuaded by the goodness of the deities to spare you."

"O king!" said Chariclea, "for perhaps I may not

presume to call you father, since the mercy of the gods has saved my body, let me implore their and your clemency to preserve my soul:[14] they know with how much justice I call him so, since they have so closely interwoven the web of my destiny with his. But if his fate is irretrievably determined; as if a foreigner he must necessarily suffer, I ask only one favour—-Let me with my own hand perform the sacrifice; let me grasp the sword—even like a precious treasure—and signalize my fortitude before the Ethiopians."

Hydaspes was astonished and confounded at this strange request. "I know not what to make," said he, "of this sudden change in your disposition: but a moment ago you were anxious to save this stranger, and now you desire permission to destroy him as an enemy with your own hands; but there is nothing either honourable or becoming your sex or age in such a deed: granting that there were, it is impossible; it is an office exclusively belonging to the priests and priestesses of the Sun and Moon, the one must be a husband; the other is required to be a wife; so that even the fact of your virginity would be sufficient to preclude this unaccountable request."

"There need be no obstacle here," rejoined Chariclea, blushing, and whispering her mother, she said, "give but your consent and I already have one who answers to the name of husband."—"We will consent," replied Persina, smiling, "and will bestow your hand at once, if we can find a match worthy of yourself and us."—"Then," said Chariclea, raising her voice, "your search need not be long, it is already found."

She was proceeding (for the imminent danger of Theagenes made her bold, and caused her to break

through the restraints of maiden modesty), when Hydaspes, becoming impatient, said—"How do ye, O gods, mingle blessings and misfortunes! and mar the happiness ye have bestowed upon me! ye restore, beyond all my hopes, a daughter, but ye restore her frenzy-stricken! for is not her mind frenzied when she utters such inconsistencies? She first calls this stranger her brother, who is no such thing; next, when asked who the stranger is, she says she knows not; then she is very anxious to preserve him, as a friend, from suffering; and, failing in this, appears desirous of sacrificing him with her own hands; and when we tell her that none but one who is wedded can lawfully perform this office, then she declares herself a wife but does not name her husband. How can she indeed? She whom the altar proves never to have had a husband; unless the unfailing ordeal of chastity among the Ethiopians has, in her case only, proved fallacious, dismissing her unscathed, and bestowing upon her the spurious reputation of virginity; upon her, who with one breath calls the same person her friend and enemy, and invents a brother and a husband who have no existence? Do you, then, my Queen, retire into your tent, and endeavour to recall this maiden to her senses: for either she is frenzied by the deity, who is approaching the sacrifices, or else she is distraught through her unexpected preservation. I will have search made for the victim, due to the gods, as an offering in her stead; meanwhile I will give audience to the ambassadors of the different nations, and will receive the presents brought in congratulation of my victory." So saying, he seated himself in a conspicuous place near the tent, and commanded the ambassadors to be introduced, and to bring what gifts they had to offer.

Harmonias, the lord in waiting,[15] inquired whether they should all approach without distinction, or a few selected from every nation; or whether he should introduce each separately.

"Let them come separately in turn," said the king, "that each may be questioned according to his deserts."

"Your nephew, then, Merœbus," said Harmonias, "must first appear; he is just arrived, and is waiting outside the troops for his introduction."

"You silly, stupid fellow," replied Hydaspes, "why did you not announce him instantly? Do you not know that he is not a mere ambassador, but a king, the son of my own brother (not long deceased), placed by me on his father's throne, and adopted by me as my own son?"

"I was aware of it, my lord," replied Harmonias; "but I considered that the duty of a lord in waiting required him above all things, to observe a proper time and season. Pardon me, therefore, if when I saw you speaking with the royal ladies, I felt averse to drawing your attention from matters of such delight."

"Let him enter now, then," replied the king. The master of the ceremonies hastened out, and soon returned with him.

Merœbus was a handsome youth, just past the season of boyhood, his age being about seventeen; but he exceeded in stature almost all those who surrounded him, and his suite was splendid and numerous. The Ethiopian guards opened on either side to let him pass, and regarded him with wonder and respect.

Hydaspes himself rose from his throne to meet him, embraced him with fatherly affection, placed him by

his side, and taking him by the hand said, "Nephew, you are come very seasonably both to assist at a triumphal sacrifice, and a nuptial ceremony; for the gods, the authors and protectors of our family, have restored to me a daughter, and provided, as it seems, for you a wife. The particulars you shall hear hereafter; at present if you have any business relating to the nation which you govern, make me acquainted with it."

The youth,[16] at the mention of a wife, was seen to blush through his dark complexion from mingled pleasure and modesty (the red rushing, as it were, to the surface of the black). After an interval he said, "The other ambassadors, my Father, in honour of your splendid victory, bring you the choicest productions of their several countries: I, as a suitable compliment to a brave and first-rate warrior, make you an offering after your own heart, a champion who is invincible; not to be matched either in wrestling, or boxing, or in the race;" and so, saying, he motioned to the man alluded to, to advance.

He came forward and made his adoration to Hydaspes. So vast and "old world[17]" was his stature, that when kissing the king's knees, his head nearly equalled those who sat on raised seats above him; and, without waiting for any orders, he stripped and challenged any one to engage with him, either with skill of arms, or with strength of hands. And when, after many proclamations made, no antagonist appeared to oppose him—"You shall have," said Hydaspes, "a reward quite in character;" and he ordered an old and very bulky elephant to be brought out and given to him.

The man was pleased with, and vain of the present; but the people burst into a shout of laughter;

delighted at the humour of the king; consoling themselves by their derision of his boastfulness, for the inferiority which they had virtually expressed.

The ambassadors of the Seres came next. They brought spun and woven garments, both white and purple; the materials of which were the produce of an insect,[18] which is bred in their country. These gifts being accepted, they begged and obtained the release of certain prisoners who had been condemned.

After them, the envoys from Arabia the Happy approached. They presented many talents worth of fragrant leaves, lavender, cinnamon, and other productions, with which that land of perfume abounds; all which filled the air around with an agreeable odour.

Then appeared the Troglodites. They brought gold dust (which is turned up by the ant-eater[19]), also a pair of hippogriffs guided by golden reins.

The ambassadors of the Blemmyæ offered bows and arrows, formed of serpents' bones, and disposed into the form of a crown.

"These our presents," said they, "in value fall far behind those of others; nevertheless, they did good service against the Persians, at the river, as you yourself can testify."

"They are of more value," said Hydaspes, "than other costly gifts, and are the cause of my now receiving other presents;"—at the same time he bid them declare their wishes. They requested some diminution of their tributes, and obtained a full remission of them for ten years. When almost all the ambassadors had been admitted, and had been presented, some with rewards equal to their gifts,

others with such as were far greater, at last the ambassadors of the Axiomitæ appeared. These were not tributaries, but allies: they came to express their satisfaction at the king's success, and brought with them their presents; and among the rest there was an animal of a very uncommon and wonderful kind: his size approached to that of a camel! his skin was marked over with florid spots: his hind-quarters were low and lionshaped: but his fore legs, his shoulders, and breast, were far higher in proportion than his other parts; his neck was slender, towering up from his large body into a swanlike throat, and his head, like that of a camel, was about twice as large as that of a Lybian ostrich; his eyes were very bright and rolled with a fierce expression; his manner of moving was different from that of every other land or water animal; he did not use his legs alternately, one on each side at once, but moved both those on the right together, and then, in like manner, both those on the left; one side at a time being raised before the other; and yet so docile in movement and gentle in disposition was he, that his keeper led him by a thin cord fastened round his neck; his master's will having over him the influence of an irresistible chain. At the appearance of this animal the multitude were astonished; and extemporising his name[20] from the principal features in his figure, they called him a camelopard.[21] He was, however, the occasion of no small confusion in the assembly. There happened to stand near the altar of the Moon a pair of bulls, and by that of the Sun four white horses, prepared for sacrifice. At the sudden sight of this strange outlandish beast, seen for the first time, terrified as if they had beheld some phantom, one of the bulls, and two of the horses, bursting from the ropes of those who held them, galloped wildly away. They were

unable to break through the circle of the soldiery, fortified as it was with a wall of locked shields; but running in wild disorder through the middle space, they overturned vessels and victims—everything, in short, that came in their way; so that mingled cries arose, some of fear in those towards whom the animals were making; some of mirth for the accidents which happened to others whom they saw fallen and trampled upon. Persina and her daughter, upon this, could not remain quiet in their tent; but gently drawing aside the curtain they became spectators of what was done.

But now Theagenes, whether excited by his own courageous spirit, or by the inspiration of the gods, observing the keepers who were placed around him dispersed in the tumult, rose from his knees, in which which posture he had placed himself before the altar, awaiting his approaching sacrifice; and seizing a piece of cleft wood, many of which lay prepared for the ceremony, he leaped upon one of the horses who had not burst his bands; and grasping the mane with one hand, and using it for a bridle, with his heel (as with a spur) and the billet he urged on the courser, and pursued, on full speed, one of the flying bulls.

At first, those present supposed it an attempt of Theagenes to escape in the confusion, and called out not to let him pass the ring of soldiers; but they soon had reason to be convinced that it was not the effect of fear or dread of being sacrificed. He quickly overtook the bull and followed him for some time close behind, fatiguing him, and urging on his course, pursuing him in all his doublings, and if he endeavoured to turn and make at him, avoiding him with wonderful dexterity. When he had made the

animal a little familiar with his presence and his movements, he galloped up close by his side, actually touching him, mingling the breath and sweat of both animals, and so equalizing their courses, that they who were at a distance might imagine their heads had grown together. Every one extolled Theagenes who had found means to join together this strange hippotaurine pair.[22] While the multitude was intent upon, and diverted with this spectacle, Chariclea was agitated, and trembled. She knew not what was the object of Theagenes; should he fall and be wounded it would be death to her; her emotion, in short, was such that it could not escape the observation of Persina.

"My child," said she, "what is the matter with you? You seem very anxious about this stranger. I feel some concern for him myself, and pity his youth. I hope he will escape the danger to which he has exposed himself, and be preserved for the sacrifice; lest all the honours which we meant to pay the gods, should be found failing and deficient."

"Yours is strange compassion," replied Chariclea, "to wish that he may avoid one death, in order that he may suffer a worse. But if it be possible, O my mother! save this young man for my sake."

Persina not understanding the real case, but suspecting that love had some share in it, said, "This is impossible; but let me know the nature of your connection with this youth, in whom you seem to take so great an interest. Open your mind with freedom and confidence, and recollect that you are speaking to a mother. Even if giving way to any youthful weakness, you have felt more for this stranger than perhaps a maiden ought to own, a parent knows how to excuse the failings of a

daughter; and a woman can throw a cloak over the frailties of her sex."

"This too is my additional misfortune," replied Chariclea; "I am speaking[23] to those of understanding, yet I am not understood. While speaking of my own misfortunes, I am not supposed to speak of them. I must enter then upon a 'plain unvarnished' accusation of myself." She was preparing to declare everything which related to her situation and connections, when she was interrupted by a sudden and loud shout from the multitude; for Theagenes, after urging his horse at its swiftest speed and getting even with the bull's head, suddenly leaping from the animal (which he allowed to run loose) threw himself on the bull's neck. He placed his face between his horns, closely embraced his forehead with his arms (as with a chaplet), clasped his fingers in front, and letting his body fall on the beast's right shoulder, sustained his bounds, and shocks with little hurt. When he perceived him to be fatigued with his weight, and that his muscles began to be relaxed and yield, just as he passed by the place where Hydaspes sat, he shifted his body to the front, entangled his legs with those of the bull, continuously kicking him and hindering his progress. The beast being thus impeded, and borne down at the same time by the weight and force of the youth, trips and tumbles upon his head, rolls upon his back, and there lies supine, his horns deeply imbedded in the ground, and his legs quivering in the air, testifying to his defeat. Theagenes kept him down with his left hand, and waved his right towards Hydaspes and the multitude, inviting them, with a smiling and cheerful countenance, to take part in his rejoicing, while the bellowings of the bull served instead of a trumpet to celebrate his triumph. The

applause of the multitude was expressed not so much by articulate words, as by a shout, giving open-mouthed token of their wonderment, and with its sounds extolling him to the very skies. By order of Hydaspes, Theagenes was brought before him, and the bull, by a rope tied over his horns, was led back weak and dispirited towards the altar, where they again fastened him, together with the horse which had escaped. The king was preparing to speak to Theagenes, when the multitude, interested in him from the first, and now delighted with this instance of his strength and courage, but still more moved with jealousy towards the foreign wrestler, called out with one voice—"Let him be matched with Marœbus's champion. Let him who has received the elephant contend, if he dare, with him who has subdued the bull." They pressed and insisted on this so long, till at length they extorted the consent of Hydaspes. The fellow was called out: he advanced, casting around fierce and contemptuous looks, stepping haughtily, dilating his chest, and swinging his arms with insolent defiance.[24] When he came near the royal tent, Hydaspes looking at Theagenes, said to him in Greek—"The people are desirous that you should engage with this man, you must therefore do so."

"Be it as they please," replied Theagenes. "But what is to be the nature of the contest?"—"Wrestling," said the king.—"Why not with swords, and in armour?" returned the other, "that either by my fall or by my victory I may satisfy Chariclea, who persists in concealing everything which relates to our connection, or perhaps at last has cast me off."

"Why you thus bring in the name of Chariclea," replied Hydaspes, "you best know; but you must

wrestle, and not fight with swords, for no blood must be shed on this day, but at the altar." Theagenes perceived the king's apprehension lest he should fall before the sacrifice, and said, "You do well, O king, to reserve me for the gods; they too, you may be assured, will watch over my preservation." So saying, taking up a handful of dust, he sprinkled it over his limbs, already dripping with sweat, from his exertions in pursuit of the bull. He shook off all which did not adhere; and stretching out his arms, planting his feet firmly, bending his knees a little, rounding his back and shoulders, throwing back his neck, and contracting all his muscles, he stood anxiously waiting the gripe of his antagonist. The Ethiopian seeing him, grimly smiled, and by his contemptuous gestures seemed to slight his adversary.

Making a rush he let fall his arm, like some mighty bar, upon the neck of Theagenes—at the echo which it made the braggart laughed exultingly. Theagenes, trained in the wrestling-school tricks from his youth, and familiar with all the tricks of the Mercurial art, [25] determined to give ground at first, and having made trial of his adversary, not to stand up against such tremendous weight and savage ferocity, but to elude his undisciplined strength by skill and subtlety. Staggering back, then, a little from his place he affected to suffer more than he really did, and exposed the other side of his neck to his opponent's blow; and when the African planted another hit in that quarter, purposely giving way, he pretended almost to be falling upon his face. But when waxing stronger in contempt and confidence, his antagonist was now a third time, unguardedly rushing on, and about to let fall his upraised arm, Theagenes got within his guard, eluding his blow by a sudden twist,

and with his right elbow struck up the other's left arm, and dashed him to the earth, already impelled downwards by the sway of his own missed blow; then slipping his hand under his armpits, he got upon his back, and with difficulty spanning his brawny waist, incessantly kicked his feet and ancles, and compelled him to rise upon his knees, strode over him, pressed him in the groin with his legs, struck from under him the support of his hands, and twining his arms about his temples, dragged his head back upon his shoulders, and so stretched him with his belly on the ground.[26]

An universal shout of applause, greater than before, now burst from the multitude; nor could the king contain himself, but springing from his throne—"O hateful necessity," he cried, "what a hero of a man are we compelled to sacrifice!" and calling him to him he said, "Young man, it now remains for you to be crowned for the altar, according to our custom. You have deserved a crown too for your glorious but useless victory, and transitory triumph; and though it be out of my power, however willing I may be, to preserve your life, whatever I can do for you I will. If therefore there is any thing you wish to have done, either before or after your death, ask it freely." So saying he took a crown of gold, set with precious stones, and put it on his head; and, while he placed it there, was seen to shed tears.

"I have but one thing to ask," said Theagenes, "and this I earnestly beseech you that I may obtain. If it be impossible for me to avoid being sacrificed, grant that I may suffer by the hands of this your newly recovered daughter."

Hydaspes was annoyed at this reply, and called to mind the conformity of this request to that made just

before by Chariclea; but, as the time pressed, he did not think it necessary to inquire particularly into the reasons of it, and only said, "Whatever is possible, Stranger! I encouraged you to ask, and promised that you should obtain; but she, who performs the sacrifice the law distinctly declares, must be one who has a husband, not a maiden."

"Chariclea has a husband," said Theagenes.—"These are the words," replied Hydaspes, "of one who trifles and is about to die. The altar has declared her unmarried and a virgin—unless indeed you call this Merœbus her husband (having somehow heard the rumour); he however is not yet her husband—he is yet in accordance with my will, only her intended."

"Nor will he ever be her husband," said Theagenes, "if I know aught of Chariclea's sentiments; and, if being a victim, credit is due to me as inspired by prophecy."—"But, fair Sir," said Merœbus, "it is not living but slaughtered victims which afford knowledge to the Seers. You are right, Sire, in saying that the stranger talks folly, and like one just about to die. Command, therefore, that he be led to the altar; and when you shall have finished all your business, begin the rites, I pray you."

Theagenes was being led away; and Chariclea, who had breathed again when he was victorious, was once more plunged into grief, when she saw it had profited him nothing. Persina observed her tears, and feeling for her affliction, said—"It is possible I may yet have power to save this Grecian, if you will explain more clearly all the particulars relating to yourself."

Chariclea, who saw that there was not a moment to be lost, was a second time preparing to own everything; when Hydaspes inquiring from the lord

in waiting whether any ambassadors remained who had not had audience, was told only those from Syene, who were that instant arrived, with letters from Oroondates, and presents. "Let them too approach, and execute their commission," said the monarch. They were introduced, and delivered letters to this effect:—

> "Oroondates, Viceroy of the Great King, to Hydaspes, the king of Ethiopia.
>
> "Since conqueror in fight, you are yet more conqueror in magnanimity, in restoring to me a viceroyalty unasked, I have little doubt that I shall obtain a slight request. A young maiden who was being conducted from Memphis to my camp, became involved in the perils of war, and as I am informed, was sent by you into Ethiopia. This I have learnt from those who were with her and who escaped: I beg she may be sent to me, both on account of the maiden herself, as well as for her father's sake, who, after having wandered over half the globe, in search of his daughter, came at last to Elephantine, and was taken prisoner by the garrison. When reviewing those of my soldiers who survived, I saw him and he earnestly desired to be sent to your clemency. He is among the ambassadors, his manners and bearing show him to be of noble birth, and his very

> countenance and looks speak strongly in his favour. Dismiss him then, O king, I beseech you, happy and contented from your presence. Send back to me one who is a father not merely in name but in reality."

Hydaspes, having read the letter, inquired who it was, who was come in quest of his daughter. When he was pointed out to him, he said, "I am ready, stranger, to do every thing which Oroondates requests of me. Out of the ten captive maidens whom we have brought hither, one assuredly is not your daughter; examine the rest, and if she be found among them take her."

The old man, falling down, kissed his feet. The maidens were brought, and passed in review before him; but when he saw not her whom he sought, he said sorrowfully—"None of these, O king, is my daughter."—"You have my good will in your behalf," replied Hydaspes. "You must blame Fortune if you have not discovered your child. It is in your power to search, if you will, through the camp; and to ascertain that none else has been brought hither besides these."

The old man smote his forehead, and wept; and, then after raising his eyes, and looking round him, he suddenly sprang forward, like one distracted; and upon coming to the altar, he twisted the end of his long robe into the form of a halter, threw it over the neck of Theagenes, and pulled him towards him, crying out—"I have found you, my enemy! I have found you, man of blood, detested wretch!"—The guards interposed, and endeavoured to resist and pull him away, but keeping a firm hold and clinging closely to him, he succeeded in bringing him before

Hydaspes and the council.

"This, O king," said he, "is the man who stole away my daughter. This is he who has rendered my house childless and desolate; who, after ravishing away my daughter from the midst of Apollo's altar, now sits as though he were holy beside the altars of the gods."

The assembly was thrown into commotion at what was taking place. They did not understand what he said, but wondered at what they saw him do; and Hydaspes commanded him to explain himself more plainly, and say what he would have; when the old man (it was Charicles), concealing the true circumstances of the birth and exposure of Chariclea, lest, if she should have perished in her flight or journey, he might come into some collision with her real parents, explained briefly such matters as could produce ηο ill results.

"I had a daughter, O king! and had you seen her various and uncommon perfections, both of mind and person, you would say I have good cause for speaking as I do. She lived the life of a virgin, a priestess of Diana, in the temple at Delphi. This noble Thessalian, forsooth, who was sent by his country to preside over a solemn embassy and sacrifice to be celebrated in our holy city, stole her away from the very shrine, I say, of Apollo.

"Justly may he be considered to have insulted you by profaning your national deity Apollo and his temple, Apollo being identical with the Sun. His assistant in this impious outrage was a pretended priest of Memphis. In my pursuit, I came to Thessaly; and the Thessalians offered to give him up should he be found as one accursed and deserving death. Thinking it probable that Calasiris might have chosen Memphis as a place of refuge, I hastened thither.

Calasiris, I found, was dead; but I learnt all particulars concerning my daughter from his son Thyamis, who told me that she had been sent to Oroondates at Syene. After being disappointed at not finding the latter at Syene, and having been myself detained prisoner at Elephantis, I now appear before you as a suppliant, to seek my child. You will, then, deeply oblige me, a man of many griefs, and will also gratify your own self, by not disregarding the Viceroy's intercession." He ceased, and burst into tears.

The king asked Theagenes what reply he had to make to all this. "The whole charge," said he, "is true. To this man I have been a ravisher, unjust, and violent; but to you I have been a benefactor."—"Restore, then, another's daughter," said Hydaspes. "You have been dedicated to the gods; let your death be a holy and glorious sacrifice—not the just punishment of crime."

"Not he who committed the violence," said Theagenes; "but he who reaps the fruits of it, is bound to make restitution. Do you then restore Chariclea, for she is in your possession. The old man, you shall see, will own your daughter to be her whom he seeks."

None could repress their emotion: all were in confusion. But Sisimithres, who had hitherto kept silence, though long since understanding all that was being said and done, yet waiting till the circumstances should become yet clearer, now ran up and embraced Charicles. "Your adopted child," said he, "she whom I formerly delivered into your hands, is safe: she is, and has been acknowledged to be, the daughter of those whom you know."

Upon this Chariclea rushed out of the tent, and

overlooking all restraints of sex or maidenly reserve, flung herself at the feet of Charicles, and cried out, "O my father! O not less revered than the authors of my birth, punish me, your cruel and ungrateful daughter, as you think fit, regardless of my only excuse, that what has been done was ordained by the irresistible will and appointment of the gods." Persina, on the other side, threw her arms round Hydaspes, and said, "My dear husband, be assured that all this is truth, and that this stranger Greek is her betrothed." The people, on the other hand, leaped and danced for joy; every age and condition were, without exception, delighted—not understanding, indeed, the greater part of what was said, but conjecturing the facts from what had taken place with Chariclea. Perhaps, too, they were brought to a comprehension of the truth by some secret influence of the deity, who had ordered all these events so dramatically, producing out of the greatest discords the most perfect harmony: joy out of grief; smiles from tears; out of a stern spectacle a gladsome feast; laughter from weeping; rejoicing out of mourning; the finding[27] of those who were not sought; the losing[28] of those who were in imagination found; in one word, a holy sacrifice out of an anticipated[29] slaughter.

At length Hydaspes said to Sisimithres, "O sage! what are we to do? To defraud the gods of their victims is not pious; to sacrifice those who appear to be preserved and restored by their providence is impious. It needs that some expedient be found out."

Sisimithres, speaking, not in the Grecian, but in the Ethiopian tongue, so as to be heard by the greatest part of the assembly, replied: "O king! the wisest among men, as it appears, often have the

understanding clouded through excess of joy, else, before this time, you would have discovered that the gods regard not with favour the sacrifice which you have been preparing for them. First they, from the very altar, declared the all-blessed Chariclea to be your daughter; next they brought her foster-father most wonderfully from the midst of Greece to this spot; they struck panic and terror into the horses and oxen which were being prepared for sacrifice, indicating, perhaps, by that event, that those whom custom considered as the more perfect and fitting victims were to be rejected. Now, as the consummation of all good, as the perfection of the piece,[30] they show this Grecian youth to be the betrothed husband of the maiden. Let us give credence to these proofs of the divine and wonder-working will; let us be fellow workers with this will; let us have recourse to holier offerings; let us abolish, for ever, these detested human sacrifices."

When Sisimithres had uttered this, in a loud voice, Hydaspes, speaking also in the Ethiopian tongue, and taking Theagenes and Chariclea by the hand, thus proceeded:—

"Ye who are this day assembled! since these things have been thus brought to pass by the will of the deities, to oppose them would be impious. Wherefore, calling to witness those who have woven these events into the web of destiny, and you whose minds appear to be in concert with them, I sanction the joining together of this pair in wedlock and procreative union. If you approve, let a sacrifice confirm this resolution, and then proceed we with the sacred rites."

The assembly signified their approval by a shout, and clapped their hands, in token of the nuptials being

ratified. Hydaspes approached the altar, and, in act to begin the ceremony, said, "O lordly Sun and queenly Moon! since by your wills Theagenes and Chariclea have been declared man and wife, they may now lawfully be your ministers." So saying, he took off his own and Persina's mitre, the symbol of the priesthood, and placed his own upon the head of the youth, that of his consort upon the maiden's head.

Upon this Charicles called to mind the oracle which had been given to them in the temple before their flight from Delphi, and acknowledged its fulfilment.

In regions torrid shall arrive at last,
There shall the gods reward their pious vows,
And snowy chaplets bind their dusky brows.[31]

The youthful pair then, crowned by Hydaspes with white mitres, and invested with the dignity of priesthood, sacrificed under propitious omens; and, accompanied by lighted torches and the sounds of pipes and flutes, Theagenes and Hydaspes, Charicles and Sisimithres, in chariots drawn by horses, Persina and Chariclea, in one drawn by milk white oxen, were escorted, into Meröe (amidst shouts, clapping of hands, and dances), there to celebrate with greater magnificence the more mystic portions of the nuptial rites.

Thus ends the Romance of the "Ethiopics," or Adventures of Theagenes and Chariclea, written by a Phœnician of Emesa, in Phœnicia, of the race of the Sun—Heliodorus, the son of Theodosius.

THE END.

[1] In. Bk. viii., 98, Herodotus gives an account of the Persian system of estafette—comparing it to the torch race:—"Κατάπερ Ἕλλησι ἡ λαμπαδηφορίη, τὴν τῷ Ἡφαίστῳ επιτέλεουσι." See also, Xen. Cyrop. viii. 6, 17.

[2] Solinus describes these fabulous creatures as "alites ferocissimæ et ultra omnem rabiem sævientes;" others speak of them as resembling an eagle in the upper part, a horse in the lower.—See Æsch. P. V., 395 and 803.

[3] See Blakesley's edit. of Herod. iii. 98: where mention is made of boats made of bamboo, used by the Indians, of which Pliny says, that the length of the boats, made of the internodal wood, often exceeded five cubits, and that they would hold three persons.

[4] Herod. i. 216, states the same concerning the Massagetæ, and assigns the same cause: —"Τῶν θεῶν τῷ ταχίστῳ πάντων τῶν θνητῶν τὸ τάχιστον δατέονται."

[5] Τὴν ἐσχάρα.

[6] Ταλαντεύει καθ' ἡμας ἡ μοῖρα.

[7]

"Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpora virtus."
Virg. Æn. v. 344.

[8]

"Immunis aram si tetigit manus,
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia
Mollivit aversos penates
Farre pio et saliente micâ."
Hor. III. Od. xxiii. 17.

[9] See Book IV.

[10] In the version printed in 1717 is a curious blunder in the word ἐλέφαντα—"a spot black as ebony, resembling an elephant."

[11] Τὸ ὄμμα δὲ οἱονεί κέρας ἢ σίδηρον εἰς τὰ ὁρώμενα τείνας.

... "ille—immota tenebat
Lumina, et obnixus curam sub corde premebat."—Æn. iv. 331.

[12] See the speech of Agamemnon, in the Iphigenia in Aulis, 1242.

[13]

"Ostendent terris hunc tantùm fata, neque ultrà
Esse sinent."—Virg. Æn. vi. 870.

[14] "Et serves animæ dimidium meæ."—Hor. I. Od. iii. 8.

[15] εἰσαγγιλεὺς. See Herod. III. 84.

[16] It would be unfair to deprive the reader of the very quaint rendering of this passage in the version of 1717: "Merœbus, young and bashful, and wonderfully tickled at the thoughts of a bride, blushed through his black skin, his face looking *like a ball of soot that had taken fire*."

[17] Οὕτως ὠγύγιος. See the description and bearing of Dares.—Virg. Æn. v. 368, 385.

[18] Τῶν παρ' αὐτοῖς ἀραχνιών—literally, of spiders, see Tatius, B. iii.

[19] In the original it is "ant-gold" χρυσόν μυρμηκιαν, turned up by the "myrmex," an animal between a dog and fox in size, supposed to be the ant-eater. See note vol. i. p. 378, of Blakesley's Herodotus. William Lisle, the poet, thus improves upon the "ant-gold:"—

"A yoke of gryphons chain'd with that fine gold
Which emmots, nigh as big as Norfolke sheepe,
At sand-hill side are said to gath'r and keepe."

The reader will of course remember Milton's allusion to the *gryphons*. Paradise Lost, B. ii. 945.

[20] αυτοσχεδίως κατηγορηθέν.

[21] This animal was among the number of those, in the destruction of which the Emperor Commodus exhibited his skill in the arena.—See Gibbon, i. 153, (*note*).

[22] Suetonius mentions an exploit similar to this of Theagenes, and performed by a Thessalian, as he was (Claud. cap. 21). "Præterea *Thessalos* equites qui feros tauros per spatia circi agunt, insiliuntque defessos, et ad terram cornibus detrahunt." The above exploit was called ταυροκαθαίρια. It is represented in one of the Arundel marbles.

[23] Τοῖς συνετοῖς ἀσύνετα φθέγγομαι.

[24]

... "caput altum in prælia tollit,
Ostenditque humeros latos, alternaque jactat,
Brachia protendens, et verberat ictibus auras."
Virg. Æn. v. 375.

[25]

"Mercuri, facunde nepos Atlantis,
Qui feros cultus hominum recentum
Voce formasti catus, et *decoræ*."
More palestræ.—Hor. I. Od. X. 1-4.

[26] A wood-cut, in some degree illustrative of this description, will be found at p. 708 of Greek and Roman Antiquities, under the article "Pancratium."

[27] By Hydaspes.

[28] By Charicles.

[29]

"Time and tide had thus their sway,
Yielding, like an April day,
Smiling noon for sullen morrow,
Years of joy for hours of sorrow."—Scott.

[30] Literally, the torch of the drama, Λαμπάδων δράματος.

"φαίνετε τοίνυν υμεῖς τούτῳ
λαμπάδας ἱερὰς χάμα προπέμπετε
τοῖσιν τούτου τοῦτον μέλεσιν
καὶ μολπᾶσιν κελαδοῦντες."—Aristoph. Bat. 1493.

See similar allusions in the Eumenides of Æschylus, 959, 979. (Müller's Edit.)

[31] See Book II.

THE LOVES OF DAPHNIS AND CHLOE, A PASTORAL NOVEL.

MOTTO.

Ah! what a life were this! how sweet, how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
Oh yes it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
SHAKSPEARE

PREFACE.

While hunting in Lesbos I saw in a grove, sacred to the Nymphs, the most beautiful sight which had ever come before my eyes—an historical painting,[1]

which represented the incidents of a love-story. The grove itself was beautiful, abounding with trees and flowers, which received their nourishment from a single fountain. More delightful, however, than these was the painting, displaying, as it did, great skill, and representing the fortunes of Love. Because of the fame of this picture, many strangers resorted thither to pay their adorations to the Nymphs, and to view the painting. The subjects of it were women in the throes of child-birth; nurses wrapping the new-born babes in swathing clothes; infants exposed; animals of the flock giving them suck; shepherds carrying them away; young people pledging their mutual troth; an attack by pirates; an inroad by a hostile force.

As I viewed and admired these and many other things, all containing love allusions, I conceived the desire of writing an illustration of the piece, and having sought out a person to explain the various allusions, I at length completed four books,—an offering to the God of Love, to the Nymphs, and to Pan; a work, moreover, which will be acceptable to every one, for it will remedy disease, it will solace grief, it will refresh the memory of him who has once loved, it will instruct him who is as yet ignorant of love. No one, assuredly, has ever escaped, or will escape, the influence of this passion, so long as beauty remains to be seen, and eyes exist to behold it.

May the Deity grant me, undisturbed myself, to describe the emotions of others![2]

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[1] Compare the description of the picture representing the story of Europa, in Achilleus Tatius.—B. i., and those of Andromeda and

Prometheus in B. ii.

[2]

"Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri
Per campos instructa, *tuâ* sine parte pericli."
Lucret. 11, 5.

THE LOVES OF DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

In the island of Lesbos there is an extensive city called Mitylene, the appearance of which is beautiful; the sea intersects it by various canals, and it is adorned with bridges of polished white stone. You might imagine you beheld an island rather than a city.

About twenty-four miles from Mitylene, were the possessions of a rich man, which formed a very fine estate. The mountains abounded with game, the fields produced corn, the hills were thick with vines, the pastures with herds, and the sea-washed shore consisted of an extent of smooth sand.

As Lamon, a goatherd, was tending his herds upon the estate, he found a child suckled by a she-goat. The place where it was lying was an oak coppice and tangled thicket, with ivy winding about it, and soft grass beneath; thither the goat continually ran and disappeared from sight, leaving her own kid in order to remain near the child. Lamon watched her movements, being grieved to see the kid neglected, and one day when the sun was burning in his meridian heat he follows her steps and sees her standing over the infant with the utmost caution, lest her hoofs might injure it, while the child sucked copious draughts of her milk as if from its mother's

breast. Struck with natural astonishment, he advances close to the spot and discovers a lusty and handsome male-child, with far richer swathing clothes than suited its fortune in being thus exposed; for its little mantle was of fine purple, and fastened by a golden clasp, and it had a little sword with a hilt of ivory.

At first Lamon resolved to leave the infant to its fate, and to carry off only the tokens; but feeling afterwards ashamed at the reflection, that in doing so, he should be inferior in humanity, even to a goat, he waited for the approach of night, and then carried home the infant with the tokens, and the she-goat herself to Myrtale his wife.

Myrtale was astonished, and thought it strange if goats could produce children, upon which her husband recounts every particular; how he found the infant exposed; how it was suckled; and how ashamed he felt at the idea of leaving it to perish. She shared his feelings, so they agreed to conceal the tokens, and adopt the child as their own, committing the rearing of it to the goat; and that the name also might be a pastoral one they determined to call it Daphnis.

Two years had now elapsed, when Dryas, a neighbouring shepherd, tending his flock, found an infant under similar circumstances.

There was a grotto[1] sacred to the Nymphs; it was a spacious rock, concave within, convex without. The statues of the Nymphs themselves were carved in stone. Their feet were bare, their arms naked to the shoulder, their hair falling dishevelled upon their shoulders, their vests girt about the waist, a smile[2] sat upon their brow; their whole semblance was that of a troop of dancers. The dome[3] of the grotto rose

over the middle of the rock. Water, springing from a fountain, formed a running stream, and a trim meadow stretched its soft and abundant herbage before the entrance, fed by the perpetual moisture. Within, milk-pails, transverse-flutes, flageolets and pastoral pipes[4] were suspended—the offerings of many an aged shepherd.

An ewe of Dryas's flock which had lately lambed had frequently resorted to this grotto, and raised apprehensions of her being lost. The shepherd wishing to cure her of this habit, and to bring her back to her former way of grazing, twisted some green osiers into the form of a slip knot, and approached the rock with the view of seizing her. Upon arriving there, however, he beheld a sight far contrary to his expectation. He found his ewe affectionately offering from her udder copious draughts of milk to an infant, which without any wailing, eagerly turned from one teat to the other its clean and glossy face, the animal licking it, as soon as it had had its fill.

This child was a female: and had beside its swathing garments, by way of tokens, a head-dress wrought with gold, gilt sandals, and golden[5] anklets.

Dryas imagining that this foundling was a gift from the Deity, and instructed by his sheep to pity and love the infant, raised her in his arms, placed the tokens in his scrip, and prayed the Nymphs that their favour might attend upon him in bringing up their suppliant; and when the time was come for driving his cattle from their pasture, he returns to his cottage, relates what he had seen to his wife, exhibits what he had found, urges her to observe a secrecy, and to regard and rear the child as her own daughter.

Nape (for so his wife was called) immediately became a mother to the infant, and felt affection towards it, fearing perhaps to be outdone in tenderness by the ewe, and to make appearances more probable, gave the child the pastoral name of Chloe.

The two children grew rapidly, and their personal appearance exceeded that of ordinary rustics. Daphnis was now fifteen and Chloe was his junior by two years, when on the same night Lamon and Dryas had the following dream. They thought that they beheld the Nymphs of the Grotto, in which the fountain was and where Dryas found the infant, presenting Daphnis and Chloe to a very saucy looking and handsome boy, who had wings upon his shoulders, and a little bow and arrows in his hand. He lightly touched them both with one of his shafts, and commanded them henceforth to follow a pastoral life. The boy was to tend goats, the girl was to have the charge of sheep.

The Shepherd and Goat-herd having had this dream, were grieved to think that these, their adopted children, were like themselves to have the care of flocks. Their dress had given promise of a better fortune, in consequence of which their fare had been more delicate, and their education and accomplishments superior to those of a country life.

It appeared to them, however, that in the case of children whom the gods had preserved, the will of the gods must be obeyed; so each having communicated to the other his dream, they offered a sacrifice to the "WINGED BOY, THE COMPANION OF THE NYMPHS," (for they were unacquainted with his name) and sent forth the young people to their pastoral employments, having first instructed them

in their duties; how to pasture their herds before the noon-day heat, and when it was abated; at what time to lead them to the stream, and afterwards to drive them home to the fold; which of their sheep and goats required the crook, and to which only the voice was necessary.

They, on their part, received the charge as if it had been some powerful sovereignty, and felt an affection for their sheep and goats beyond what is usual with shepherds: Chloe referring her preservation to a ewe, and Daphnis remembering that a she-goat had suckled him when he was exposed.

It was the beginning of spring, the flowers were in bloom throughout the woods, the meadows, and the mountains; there were the buzzings of the bee, the warblings of the songsters, the frolics of the lambs. The young of the flock were skipping on the mountains, the bees flew humming through the meadows, and the songs of the birds resounded through the bushes. Seeing all things pervaded with such universal joy, they, young and susceptible as they were, imitated whatever they saw or heard. Hearing the carol of the birds, they sang; seeing the sportive skipping of the lambs, they danced; and in imitation of the bees they gathered flowers. Some they placed in their bosoms, and others they wove into chaplets and carried them as offerings to the Nymphs.

They tended their flocks in company, and all their occupations were in common. Daphnis frequently collected the sheep, which had strayed, and Chloe drove back from a precipice the goats which were too venturesome. Sometimes one would take the entire management both of goats and sheep, while

the other was intent upon some amusement.

Their sports were of a pastoral and childish kind. Chloe sometimes neglected her flock and went in search of stalks of asphodel, with which she wove traps[6] for locusts; while Daphnis devoted himself to playing till nightfall upon his pipe, which he had formed by cutting slender reeds, perforating the intervals between the joints, and compacting them together with soft wax. Sometimes they shared their milk and wine, and made a common meal upon the provision which they had brought from home; and sooner might you see one part of the flock divided from the other than Daphnis separate from Chloe.

While thus engaged in their amusements Love contrived an interruption of a serious nature.[7] A she-wolf from the neighbourhood had often carried off lambs from other shepherds' flocks, as she required a plentiful supply of food for her whelps. Upon this the villagers assembled by night and dug pits in the earth, six feet wide and twenty-four feet deep. The greater part of the loose earth, dug out of these pits, they carried to a distance and scattered about, spreading the remainder over some long dry sticks laid over the mouth of the pits, so as to resemble the natural surface of the ground. The sticks were weaker than straws, so that if even a hare ran over them they would break and prove that instead of substance there was but a show of solid earth. The villagers dug many of these pits in the mountains and in the plains, but they could not succeed in capturing the wolf, which discovered the contrivance of the snare. They however caused the destruction of many of their own goats and sheep, and very nearly, as we shall see, that of Daphnis.

Two angry he-goats engaged in fight. The contest

waxed more and more violent, until one of them having his horn broken ran away bellowing with pain. The victor followed in hot and close pursuit. Daphnis, vexed to see that his goat's horn was broken, and that the conqueror persevered in his vengeance, seized his club and crook, and pursued the pursuer.[8] In consequence of the former hurrying on in wrath, and the latter flying in trepidation, neither of them observed what lay in their path, and both fell into a pit, the goat first, Daphnis afterwards. This was the means of preserving his life, the goat serving as a support in his descent. Poor Daphnis remained at the bottom lamenting his sad mishap with tears, and anxiously hoping that some one might pass by, and pull him out. Chloe, who had observed the accident, hastened to the spot, and finding that he was still alive, summoned a cowherd from an adjacent field to come to his assistance. He obeyed the call, but upon seeking for a rope long enough to draw Daphnis out, no rope was to be found: upon which Chloe undoing her head-band,[9] gave it to the cowherd to let down; they then placed themselves at the brink of the pit, and held one end, while Daphnis grasped the other with both hands, and so got out.

They then extricated the unhappy goat, who had both his horns broken by the fall, and thus suffered a just punishment for his revenge towards his defeated fellow-combatant. They gave him to the herdsman as a reward for his assistance, and if the family at home inquired after him, were prepared to say that he had been destroyed by a wolf. After this they returned to see whether their flocks were safe, and finding both goats and sheep feeding quietly and orderly, they sat down on the trunk of a tree and began to examine whether Daphnis had received any wound. No hurt

or blood was to be seen, but his hair and all the rest of his person were covered with mud and dirt. Daphnis thought it would be best to wash himself, before Lamon and Myrtale should find out what had happened to him; proceeding with Chloe to the Grotto of the Nymphs, he gave her his tunic and scrip in charge.[10]

He then approached the fountain and washed his hair and his whole person. His hair was long and black, and his body sun-burnt; one might have imagined that its hue was derived from the overshadowing of his locks. Chloe thought him beautiful, and because she had never done so before, attributed his beauty to the effects of the bath. As she was washing his back and shoulders his tender flesh yielded to her hand, so that, unobserved, she frequently touched her own skin, in order to ascertain which of the two was softer. The sun was now setting, so they drove home their flocks, the only wish in Chloe's mind being to see Daphnis bathe again. The following day, upon returning to the accustomed pasture, Daphnis sat as usual under an oak, playing upon his pipe and surveying his goats lying down and apparently listening to his strains. Chloe, on her part, sitting near him, looked at her sheep, but more frequently turned her eyes upon Daphnis; again he appeared to her beautiful as he was playing upon his pipe, and she attributed his beauty to the melody, so that taking the pipe she played upon it, in order, if possible, to appear beautiful herself. She persuaded him to bathe again, she looked at him when in the bath, and while looking at him, touched his skin: after which, as she returned home, she mentally admired him, and this admiration was the beginning of love. She knew not the meaning of her feelings, young as she was, and

brought up in the country, and never having heard from any one, so much as the name of love. She felt an oppression at her heart, she could not restrain her eyes from gazing upon him, nor her mouth from often pronouncing his name. She took no food, she lay awake at night, she neglected her flock, she laughed and wept by turns; now she would doze, then suddenly start up; at one moment her face became pale, in another moment it burnt with blushes. Such irritation is not felt even by the breeze-stung heifer.[11] Upon one occasion, when alone, she thus reasoned with herself.—"I am no doubt ill, but what my malady is I know not; I am in pain, and yet I have no wound; I feel grief, and yet I have lost none of my flock; I burn, and yet am sitting in the shade: how often have brambles torn my skin, without my shedding a single tear! how often have the bees stung me, yet I could still enjoy my meals! Whatever it is which now wounds my heart, must be sharper than either of these. Daphnis is beautiful, so are the flowers; his pipe breathes sweetly, so does the nightingale; yet I take no account either of birds or flowers. Would that I could become a pipe, that he might play upon me! or a goat, that I might pasture under his care! O cruel fountain, thou madest Daphnis alone beautiful; my bathing has been all in vain! Dear Nymphs, ye see me perishing, yet neither do ye endeavour to save the maiden brought up among you! Who will crown you with flowers when I am gone? Who will take care of my poor lambs? Who will attend to my chirping locust, which I caught with so much trouble, that its song might lull me to rest in the grotto; but now I am sleepless, because of Daphnis, and my locust chirps in vain!"

Such were the feelings, and such the words of Chloe, while as yet ignorant of the name of love. But Dorco

the cowherd (the same who had drawn Daphnis and the goat out of the pit), a young fellow who already boasted of some beard upon his chin, and who knew not merely the name but the realities of love, had become enamoured of Chloe, from the first time of meeting her. Feeling his passion increase day by day, and despising Daphnis, whom he looked upon as a mere boy, he determined to effect his purpose either by gifts or by dint of force. At first he made presents to them both; he gave Daphnis a shepherd's pipe, having its nine reeds[12] connected with metal in lieu of wax. He presented Chloe with a fawn skin, spotted all over, such as is worn by the Bacchantes. Having thus insinuated himself into their friendship, he by degrees neglected Daphnis, but every day brought something to Chloe, either a delicate cheese, or a chaplet of flowers, or a ripe apple. On one occasion he brought her a mountain calf, a gilt drinking cup, and the nestlings[13] of a wild bird. She, ignorant as she was of love's artifices, received his gifts with pleasure;[14] chiefly pleased, however, at having something to give Daphnis. One day it happened that Dorco and he (for he likewise was destined to experience the pains and penalties of love) had an argument on the subject of their respective share of beauty. Chloe was to be umpire, and the victor's reward was to be a kiss from her. Dorco, thus began —

"Maiden," said he, "I am taller than Daphnis, I am also a cowherd, he, a goatherd, I therefore excel him as far as oxen are superior to goats; I am fair as milk, and my hair brown as the ripe harvest field; moreover, I had a mother to bring me up, not a goat. He, on the other hand is short, beardless as a woman, and has a skin as tawny as a wolf; while, from tending he-goats, he has contracted a goatish smell;

he is also so poor, that he cannot afford to keep even a dog; and if it be true that a nanny gave him suck, he is no better[15] than a nanny's son."

Such was Dorco's speech; it was next the turn of Daphnis—

"It is true," said he, "that a she-goat suckled me, and so did a she-goat suckle Jove; I tend he-goats and will bring them into better condition than his oxen, but I smell of them no more than Pan does, who has in him more of a goat than any thing else. I am content with cheese, coarse bread,[16] and white wine, the food suitable for country folk. I am beardless, so is Bacchus; I am dark complexioned, so is the hyacinth; yet Bacchus is preferred before the satyr and the hyacinth[17] before the lily. Now look at him, he is as sandy haired as a fox, bearded as a goat, and smock-faced as any city wench. If you have to bestow a kiss, it will be given to my mouth, whereas it will be thrown away upon his bristles. Remember also, maiden, that you owe *your* nurture to a sheep, and yet this has not marred your beauty."

Chloe could restrain herself no longer, but partly from pleasure at his praising her, partly from a desire of kissing him, she sprang forward and bestowed upon him the prize; an artless and unsophisticated kiss,[18] but one well calculated to set his heart on fire. Upon this, Dorco, in great disgust, took himself off, determined to seek some other way of wooing. Daphnis, as though he had been stung instead of kissed, became suddenly grave, felt a shivering all over, and could not control the beating of his heart. He wished to gaze upon Chloe, but at the first glance his face was suffused with blushes. For the first time he admired her hair, because it was auburn; and her eyes, because they were large[19] and brilliant; her

countenance, because it was fairer than even the milk of his own she-goats. One might have supposed that he had just received the faculty of sight, having had till then, "no speculation" in his eyes.[20]

From this moment, he took no food beyond the merest morsel, no drink beyond what would just moisten his lips. Formerly more chattering than the locusts, he became mute; he was now dull and listless, whereas he had been more nimble than the goats. His flock was neglected, his pipe was thrown aside; his face became paler than the summer-parched herbage. Chloe alone could rouse his powers of speech; whenever he was absent from her, he would thus fondly soliloquize:—

"What will be the result of this kiss of Chloe? her lips are softer than rose-buds, and her mouth is sweeter than the honeycomb, but this kiss has left a sting sharper than the sting of a bee!—I have frequently kissed the kids, and the young puppies, and the calf which Dorco gave me, but this kiss of Chloe is something quite new and wonderful! My breath is gone, my heart pants, my spirit sinks within me and dies away; and yet I wish to kiss again![21] My victory has been the source of sorrow and of a new disease, which I know not how to name. Could Chloe have tasted poison before she permitted me to kiss her? If so, how is it that she survives? How sweetly the nightingales sing, while my pipe is mute! How gaily the kids skip and play, while I sit listlessly by! The flowers are in full beauty, yet I weave no garlands! The violets and the hyacinths are blooming, while Daphnis droops and fades away. Alas! shall Dorco ever appear more beautiful in Chloe's eyes, than I do!"

Such were the sensations of the worthy Daphnis, and

thus he vented his feelings. He now first felt the power, and now first uttered the language of—LOVE.

In the mean time Dorco, the cowherd, who entertained a passion for Chloe, watched an opportunity of addressing Dryas on the subject; and finding him one day employed in planting a tree near one of his vines, he approached carrying with him some fine cheeses.[22] First of all he begged Dryas to accept of the cheeses as a present from an old acquaintance and fellow herdsman; and then informed him of the affection which he cherished towards his daughter Chloe. He promised that, if he should be so happy as to obtain her for his wife, he was prepared to offer him gifts, many and handsome, as a cowherd could bestow,—a yoke of oxen fit for the plough, four hives of bees, fifty young apple trees for planting, the hide of an ox, suitable for shoe leather, and a weaned calf annually.

Dryas was almost tempted by these promises to give his assent to the marriage; but on the other hand, reflecting that the maiden was deserving of a better match, and fearing lest if ever discovered, he might get himself into great trouble, he refused his assent, at the same time intreating Dorco not to be affronted, and declining to accept the gifts which he had enumerated.

Dorco being thus a second time disappointed of his hope, and having given his cheese away to no purpose, conceived a plan of attacking Chloe by force, whenever he should find her alone; and having observed that she and Daphnis, on alternate days, conducted the herds to drink, he contrived a scheme, worthy of a neatherd's brain. A large wolf had been killed by his bull, who fought in defence of the herd; Dorco[23] threw this wolf's skin over him, so that it

completely covered his back, reaching to the ground, and he adjusted it in such a manner, that the skins of the fore feet were fitted over his hands, while those of the hind feet spread down his legs to the very heels. The head, with its gaping jaws, encased him as completely as a soldier's helmet.

Having thus "be-wolfed" himself as much as possible, he withdrew to the spring, where the sheep and goats usually drank as they returned from pasture. The spring was in a hollow, and around it the furze, brambles, junipers, and thistles were so thick, that a real wolf might easily choose it as a lair. Here Dorco concealed himself, and anxiously waited for the time when the flocks should come to drink, and when Chloe, as he hoped, would be so startled and terrified by his appearance that he might easily seize her.

He had not remained long, when Chloe conducted the flock to the spring, leaving Daphnis employed in cutting green leaves as fodder for the kids in the evening. The dogs (the guardians of the sheep and goats) accompanied Chloe, and scenting[24] about with their usual sagacity, discovered Dorco, who was in the act of moving. Taking him for a wolf they burst into full cry, rushed upon him, and seizing him before he could recover from his astonishment, fixed their teeth in the skin. This covering for a time protected him, and the shame of a discovery operated so strongly that he lay quiet in the thicket; but when Chloe, in her alarm at the first onset of the dogs, had called Daphnis to her aid, and when the skin was torn off by his assailants, so that they at length seized his flesh, he bawled out, entreating the assistance of the maiden and of Daphnis, who had now arrived at the spot. The dogs were easily appeased by the well-known voices of their master

and mistress, who took Dorco and conveyed him to the spring (soundly bitten in the thighs and shoulders), where they washed his wounds, and chewing some fresh elm bark spread it as a salve. Innocent themselves, and totally ignorant of the desperate enterprizes of lovers, they imagined that Dorco's disguise was a mere piece of rustic sport, and, so far from being angry with him, they did their best to comfort him, led him by the hand, part of the way home—and bade him farewell.

Dorco, after his narrow escape from the dog's, and not (according to the old adage) from the wolf's mouth, retired home to nurse his wounds. Daphnis and Chloe had great trouble during the remainder of the day in collecting their sheep and goats, which, terrified at the sight of the wolf, and by the barking of the dogs, had fled in different directions: some had climbed the rocks, others had run down to the shore. They had, indeed, been instructed to obey their master's call; in any alarm the pipe was usually sufficient to soothe them, and if they were scattered, a clapping of the hands would collect them; but the late sudden alarm had made them forget their former discipline, so that Daphnis and Chloe were compelled to track them, as they do hares; and with much difficulty and trouble they brought them back to their cottages. That night only the young man and maiden enjoyed sound sleep, their fatigue furnishing a remedy for the pains of love. But with the morning their usual sensations returned. When they met,—they rejoiced; when they parted,—they were sad. They pined with grief. They wished for a something, but they knew not what. This only they were aware of, that the one had lost peace of mind by a kiss, the other by a bath.

The season,[25] moreover, added fuel to their fire; it was now the end of spring; the summer had begun, and all things were in the height of their beauty. The trees were covered with fruit; the fields with corn. Charming was the chirp of the grasshoppers; sweet was the smell of the fruit; and the bleating of the flocks was delightful. You might fancy the rivers[26] to be singing, as they gently flowed along, the winds to be piping, as they breathed[27] through the pines; and the apples to be falling to the ground, sick of love; and that the sun, fond of gazing upon natural beauty, was forcing every one to throw off their garments. Daphnis felt all the warmth of the season, and plunged into the rivers; sometimes he only bathed himself; sometimes he amused himself with pursuing the fish, which darted in circles around him; and sometimes he drank of the stream, as if to extinguish the flame which he felt within. Chloe, when she had milked the goats and the sheep, had great difficulty in setting her cream, for the flies were very troublesome, and if driven away, they would bite her; after her work was done, she washed her face, crowned herself with a garland of pine-leaves, put on her girdle of fawn-skin, and filled a pail with wine and milk as a beverage for herself and Daphnis. As mid-day heat came on, the eyes of both were fascinated; she, beholding the naked and faultless figure of Daphnis, was ready to melt with love; Daphnis, on the other hand, beholding Chloe in her fawn-skin girdle and with the garland of pine-leaves on her head, holding out the milk-pail to him, fancied he beheld one of the Nymphs of the Grot, and taking the garland from her head, he placed it on his own, first covering it with kisses; while she, after often kissing it, put on his dress, which he had stripped off in order to bathe. Sometimes they began

in sport to pelt[28] each other with apples, and amused themselves with adorning each other's hair, carefully dividing it. She compared the black hair of Daphnis to myrtle-berries; while he likened her cheeks to apples,[29] because the white was suffused with red. He then taught her to play on the pipe;—when she began to breathe into it, he snatched it from her, ran over the reeds with his own lips, and under pretence of correcting her mistakes, he in fact kissed her through the medium of his pipe.

While he was thus playing in the heat of the noon-day, and their flocks around them were reposing in the shade, Chloe imperceptibly fell asleep. Daphnis laid down his pipe, and while gazing upon her whole person with insatiable eyes, there being no one to inspire him with shame; he thus murmured, directing his words to her:—"What eyes are those, which are now closed in sleep! what a mouth is that, which breathes so sweetly! no apples, no thickets, exhale so delicious a scent! Ah! but I fear to kiss her! a kiss consumes me, and like new honey,[30] maddens me! besides, a kiss would wake her! A plague upon those chirping grasshoppers, their shrill notes will disturb my Chloe! those vexatious goats, too, are clashing their horns together; surely the wolves are grown more cowardly than foxes, that they do not come and seize them!"

As he was thus soliloquizing, he was interrupted by a grasshopper, which in springing from a swallow which pursued it, fell into Chloe's bosom. The swallow was unable to take its prey, but hovered over Chloe's cheek and touched it with its wings. The maiden screamed and started; but seeing the swallow still fluttering near her, and Daphnis laughing at her alarm, her fear vanished, and she rubbed her eyes,

which were still disposed to sleep. The grasshopper chirped from her bosom, as if in gratitude for his deliverance. At the sound Chloe screamed again; at which Daphnis laughed, and availing himself of the opportunity, put his hand into her bosom and drew the happy chirper from its place, which did not cease its note even when in his hand; Chloe was pleased at seeing the innocent cause of her alarm, kissed it, and replaced it, still singing, in her bosom.

At this moment they were delighted with listening to a ring-dove in the neighbouring wood, and upon Chloe's inquiring what the bird meant by its note, Daphnis told her the legend, which was commonly current:—"There was a maiden, my love, who, like yourself, was beautiful; like yourself, she tended large herds of cattle; and, like yourself, she was in the flower of youth. She sang sweetly;—so sweetly, that the herds were delighted with her song, and needed neither the crook nor the goad to manage them; they obeyed her voice; and remaining near listened to the maid, as she sat under the shade of the pine crowned with a garland of its leaves, and singing the praises of Pan,[31] and the nymph Pitys. A youth, who pastured his herds at a little distance, and who was handsome, and fond as herself of melody, vied with her in singing; as he was a man, his tones were deeper, but as he was young, they were very sweet. He sang, and charmed away eight of her best cows to his own pastures. The maiden was mortified at the loss of her cattle, and at being so much surpassed in song; and, in her despair, prayed the gods to convert her into a bird before she reached her home. The gods assented to her prayer, and metamorphosed her into a bird; under which form, as of old, she frequents the mountains, and delights in warbling. Her note bespeaks her

misfortune, for she is calling her wandering cows."

Such were the delights of summer.—Autumn was now advanced, and the black grapes were ripening; when some pirates of Tyre, in a light Carian bark,[32] that they might not appear to be foreigners, touched at that coast and came on shore, armed with coats of mail and swords, and plundered everything which fell in their way. They carried off fragrant wine,[33] corn in great plenty, honey in the comb. They also drove off some of Dorco's oxen, and seized Daphnis, who was musing in a melancholy mood, and rambling alone by the sea-shore. For Chloe being but young, was afraid of the insults of some of the saucy shepherds, and therefore had not led out her flock so early from the fold of Dryas. When the pirates saw this stout and handsome youth, who, they knew, would be a prize of greater value than the plunder of the fields, they took no more trouble about the goats, not did they proceed farther, but carried off the unlucky Daphnis to their vessel, weeping as he was hurried along, at a loss what to do, and calling loudly upon Chloe. When they had put him on board, they slipped their cable, and rowed from the shore. Chloe, in the mean time, who was still driving her flock, and carrying in her hand a new pipe as a present for Daphnis, when she saw the goats running about in confusion, and heard Daphnis calling out to her every moment in a louder voice, quitted her sheep, threw down the pipe, and ran to Dorco beseeching him to assist her.—He had been severely wounded by the pirates, and was lying upon the ground still breathing, the blood flowing from him in streams. At the sight of Chloe, reviving a little owing to the force of his former love, he exclaimed, "I shall shortly be no more, dear Chloe; I fought in defence of my oxen, and some of the rascally pirates have

beaten me as they would have done an ox. Save your beloved Daphnis, revenge me, and destroy them. I have taught my cows to follow the sound of this pipe, and to obey its melody, even if they be feeding at the greatest distance. Take this pipe; breathe in it those notes, in which I once instructed Daphnis, and in which Daphnis instructed you. Do this, and leave the issue to the pipe and the cows. Moreover I make you a present of the pipe; with it I have obtained the prize from many a shepherd and many a herdsman. In return give me but one kiss, while I yet live; and when I am dead, shed a tear over me: and when you see another tending my flocks, remember Dorco."

Here he ceased, gave her a last kiss, and with the kiss resigned his breath. Chloe put the pipe to her lips, and blew with all her might. The cows began to low at hearing the well-known note, and leaped all at once into the sea. As they all plunged from the same side, and caused a mighty chasm in the waters the vessel lurched, the waves closed over it, and it sank. The crew and Daphnis fell into the sea, but they had not equal chances for preservation. The pirates were encumbered with their swords, scaled breast-plates, and greaves reaching to mid-leg: whereas Daphnis, who had been feeding his flocks in the plains, had not even his sandals on; and the weather being still very warm, he was half-naked. All swam for a little time, but their armour soon sunk the foreigners to the bottom. Daphnis easily threw off the garments which remained to encumber him, but, accustomed to swim only in rivers, buoyed himself up with great difficulty: at length, taught by necessity, he struck forward between two of the cows, grasped a horn of each of them, and was carried along as securely and as easily, as if he had been riding in his own wain. Oxen, be it observed, are better swimmers than men,

or indeed than any animals, except aquatic birds and fish, nor are they in any danger of drowning unless their hoofs become softened by the water. The fact of many places being still called *Ox-fords*,[34] will bear out the truth of my assertion.

Thus was Daphnis delivered from two perils—from the pirates and from shipwreck, and in a manner beyond all expectation. When he reached the shore, he found Chloe smiling through her tears: he fell on her bosom, and inquired, what had led her to play that particular tune.—She related everything which had occurred—her running to Dorco—the habit of his cows—HIS ordering her to pipe that tune, and finally his death, but through a feeling of shame she said nothing of the kiss.

They now determined to pay the last honours to their benefactor; accordingly they came with the neighbours and relatives of the deceased, and buried him. They then threw up over his grave a large pile of earth, and planted about it various trees, and suspended over it[35] the emblems of their calling; in addition to which they poured libations of milk and of juice expressed from the grapes, and broke many pastoral pipes. Mournful lowings of the cattle were heard, accompanied with unwonted and disorderly movements, which the shepherds believed to be lamentations and tokens of sorrow on the part of the herd for their departed herdsman.[36]

After the funeral of Dorco, Chloe led Daphnis to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she washed him; and then, for the first time in his presence, bathed her own person, fair and radiant with beauty, and needing no bath to set off its comeliness. Then, after gathering the flowers which the season afforded, they crowned the statues with garlands, and

suspended Dorco's pipe as a votive offering to the Nymphs. Having done this they returned to look for their flocks, which they found lying on the ground neither feeding nor bleating, but looking about, as if waiting in suspense for their re-appearance. When they came in view of them, and called to them in their usual manner, and sounded their pipes, the sheep got up, and began to feed, while the goats skipped about, and bleated as if exulting at the safety of their herdsman. But Daphnis could not attune his soul to joy; after seeing Chloe naked, and her formerly concealed beauties unveiled, he felt an inward pain as though preyed upon by poison. His breath went and came as though he were flying from some pursuer; and then it failed, as though he were exhausted with running. Chloe had come from the bath with redoubled charms, and the bath was thus more fatal to Daphnis than the ocean. As for himself, he attributed his feelings to being, in fancy, still among the thieves,[37]—rustic as he was, and as yet ignorant of the thievish tricks of love.

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[1] Compare the description of the Grotto of the Nymphs in Ithaca. Odys. B. xiii.

——"A pleasant cave
Umbrageous, to the Nymphs devoted, nam'd
The Naiads—Beakers in that cave and jars
Of stone are found; bees lodge their honey there;
And there on slender spindles of the rock
The nymphs of rivers weave their wondrous robes,
Perennial springs rise in it."—Cowper.

[2]

Κένταυρος ζαμενής,
ἀγᾶνᾳ χλαρὸν γελάσσαις ὀφρύΐ.—Pindar.

[3] ἡ ὦα—rendered by the Latin translation, "fastigium;" by the Italian, "giro;" by the French, "voûte"—is not to be found, in that sense, in Liddell and Scott's Lexicon.

[4] Theoc. Idyll, xx. 28. enumerates these instruments:—

Ἀδὺ δέ μοι τὸ μέλισμα, καὶ ἢν σύριγγι μελίσδω,
Κἤν αὐλῶ λαλεώ, κἢν δώνακι, κἢν πλαγιαύλῳ—

The πλαγίαύλος resembled the German flute.

[5] The περισκέλις (in Latin, Periscelis—see Hor. Epist. 1. xvii. 56,) was an anklet or bangle, commonly worn not only by the Orientals, the Egyptians, and the Greeks, but by the Roman ladies also. It is frequently represented in the paintings of Greek figures on the walls of Pompeii.—Dict. of Greek and Rom. Antiq.

[6] See Theoc. Idyl. 1. 52.—

"Αὐτὰρ ὃγ' ανθερίκίσσι καλάν πλέκει ἀκριδοθήκαν."

[7] σπουδὴν ἀνέπλασε.

[8] ἐδίωκε τὸν διῶκοντα.

[9] ταινιάν—either a head-band or breast-band.

[10] What now follows, as far as the soliloquy on Chloe's kiss, is a translation of the fragment discovered by M. Courier, in the Laurentian Library at Florence, in 1809, which supplies the hiatus deflendus which till then interrupted the narrative.

[11]

——"οἴστροπληξ δ' ἐγὼ
μάστιγι θείᾳ γῆν πρὸ γῆς ελαύνομαι."

Æsch. P. V. 681. See also Virg. G. iii. 145-151.

[12] So, Theocritus—"Σύριγγ' ἔχω εννεάφωνον." Idyl. viii. 21.

The shepherd's pipe was in general composed of seven unequal reeds compacted with wax, and consequently was only seven-toned.

"Est mihi disparibus *septem* compacta cicutis
Fistula."—Virg. Ec. ii. 36.

[13] "Parta meæ Veneri sunt præmia; namque notavi, Ipse locum aëriæ quo congessere palumbes." Virg. Ec. "I have found out a gift for my fair, I have found where the wood-pigeons breed." Shenstone.

[14] ἔχαιρε—ἔχαιρεν.

[15] οὐδὲν ἔριφων διαφέρει.

[16] ἄρτος ὀβελίας—Bread baked or toasted on a spit.

[17]

"Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur." Virg. Ec. ii. 18.

[18] No doubt she took him by the tips of his ears. This mode of salutation was called χύτρα, the pot-kiss, (alluding to the double handles of a pot.) In after times it took the name of the Florentine kiss. "Warton quotes an old gentleman, who says, that when disposed to kiss his wife with unusual tenderness, he always gave her the Florentine kiss.—Chapman's Theocritus."

Ὀὐκ ἔραμ' Ἀλκίππας, ὃτι με πράν ὀυκ ἐφιλασεν
Τῶν ὤτων καθελοῖσ'."—Idyl. v. 135.

[19] διαυγεῖς. Another reading is,—καθάπερ βοὸς,—equivalent to the βοῶπις of Homer. Sappho uses the same comparison.

[20]

"But love first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain.
. . . . . .
It adds a precious *seeing to the eye*."—Shaks.

[21]

"Αλλὰ καμμὲν γλῶσσ' ἔαγ', ἄν δὲ λεπτὸν
Αὐτίκα χρῶ πῦρ ὐποδεδρόμακεν,
Ὀμμάτεσσιν δ' σὐδὲν ὄρημι, βομβεῦσιν δ' ακοαί μοι·
Καδ' δ' ἰδρὼς ψυχρὸς χεὲται τρόμος δὲ
Πᾶσαν αἰρεῖ· χρωροτέρη δὲ ποίας
Ἐμμί· τεθνᾶναι δ' ὀλίγου δέοισα
Φαίνομαι ἄπνους."—Sappho.

[22] The reading in Courier's edition, μετά τυρίσκων τινῶν γενικῶν, has been here followed, instead of the common one, which yields no very clear sense—συρίγγων τινῶν γαμικῶν.

[23]

"Εσσατο δ' ἔκτοσθε' ῥινὸν πολιθῖο λύκοιο
Κρατὶ δ' ἔπι κτιδέην κυνέην."—Iliad, x. 334.

From the example of Dorco, this became a favourite stratagem among pastoral characters. In the Pastor Fido (act iv. sc. 2) Dorinda disguises herself as a wolf, and the troubadour Vidal was hunted down in consequence of a similar experiment.—Dunlop.

[24] "odora canum vis."—Virg. Æn. iv. 132.

[25]

"Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheeks, a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes

In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
With palpitation wild; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment."—Thomson.

[26]

"A noise like that of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."—Coleridge.

[27]

"Αδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα, καὶ ἁ πίτυς αἰπόλε, τήνα,
Ἃ ποτὶ ταῖς παγαῖσι μελίσδεται."—Theoc. Idyll. i. 1.

[28] A favourite amusement with lovers:—

"Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella."—Virg. Ec. iii. 64.

"Βάλλει καὶ μάλοισι τὸν αἰπόλον ἁ Κλεαρίστα."
Theoc. Idyl. v. 36.

[29]

"Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone);
For streaks of red are mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
(The side that's next the sun)."—Suckling.

[30] Xenophon (Anab. iv. 8, 20), gives an account of the Greeks in their retreat eating new honey; they were for a time, he says, frantic, were seized with vomiting and purging, and were unable to stand upon their feet; some died from its effects.

[31]

.... "Pan
Pinea semiferi capitis velamina quassans."—Lucret. iv. 589.

Pan fell in love with the nymph Pitys; his rival Boreas blew the nymph from a rock and killed her. Pan, unable to save, changed her into a pine tree—πίτυς.

[32] ἡμιολία, a light vessel with one and a half banks of oars.

[33] οἶνος ἀνθοσμίας, either fine old wine, or wine scented with the juices of flowers. See a note of Cookesley on Arist. Plut. 788; also a passage in Xen. Hell. vi. 11. 6.

[34] In the P. V. of Æschylus, l. 732, Prometheus tells Io;

"Ἔσται δὲ θνητοῖς εἰσαεὶ λόγος μέγας
Τῆς σῆς πορείας, Βόσπορος δ' ἐπώνυμος
Κεκλήσεται."

The true etymology however is to be found in the signification of βοῦς and ἵππος—which in composition means size.

[35] See ch. 2.

[36] θρῆνος τῶν βοῶν ἐπὶ βουκόλῳ.

Theocritus in Idyll, i. 74, represents the herds as mourning their master's death—

"Πολλαί οι πὰρ ποσσί βόες, πολλοὶ δέ τε ταῦροι,
Πολλαὶ δ' αὖ δαμάλαι καὶ πόρτιες ὠδύραντο—"

[37] παρὰ τοῖς λησταὶς, ... τὸ ἔρωτος ληστήριον—

BOOK II.

It was now the middle of autumn:—the vintage[1] was at hand, and every one was busy in the fields. One[2] prepared the wine-presses, another cleansed the casks, and another twisted the osiers into baskets. Each had a separate employ—in providing short pruning hooks, to cut the grapes; or a heavy stone, to pound them; or dry vine branches, previously well bruised, to serve as torches, so that the must might be carried away at night.

Daphnis and Chloe neglected for a time their flocks and mutually assisted one another. He carried the clusters in baskets, threw them into the wine-presses, trod them, and drew off the wine into casks; she prepared their meals for the grape-gatherers, brought old wine for their drink, and plucked off the lowest bunches. Indeed, all the vines in Lesbos were of lowly growth, and instead of shooting upwards, or twining around trees, they spread their branches downwards, which trailed along, like ivy, so close to the ground, that even an infant might reach the fruit.

The women, who, according to the custom at this festival of Bacchus, and birth of the vine, were called from the neighbouring villages to lend their assistance, all cast their eyes upon Daphnis, and exclaimed that he was equal in beauty to Bacchus himself. One of the most forward of these wenches gave him a kiss, which inflamed Daphnis, but sadly grieved poor Chloe.

On the other hand, the men who were treading the wine-press indulged in all manner of jests about Chloe, they danced round her as furiously as so many Bacchanals round a Bacchante, and exclaimed that they would gladly become sheep to be fed by her hand. These compliments delighted Chloe, but tormented poor Daphnis.

Each of them wished the vintage over, that they might return to their usual haunts, and instead of this discordant din might hear the sound of their pipe, and the bleating of their sheep. In a few days the vines were stript,—the casks were filled,—there was no longer any need of more hands, they therefore drove their flocks to the plain. In the first place, with sincere delight they went to pay their adoration to the Nymphs, and carried vine-branches with clusters of grapes on them, as first-fruit offerings from the vintage. Indeed, they never had hitherto passed by the Grotto without some token of respect, but always saluted them as they passed by with their flocks to their morning pasture, and when they returned in the evening, they paid their adoration, and presented, as an offering, either a flower, or some fruit, or a green leaf, or a libation of milk. This piety, as we shall see, had in the end its due reward. At the time we speak of, like young hounds just let loose, they leaped about, they piped, they sang, and wrestled and played with their goats and sheep.

While thus sporting and enjoying themselves, an old man, clothed in a coarse coat of skin, with shoes of undressed leather on his feet, and with a wallet (which, by the by, was a very old one) at his back, came up, seated himself near them, and addressed them as follows:—

"I who now address you, my children, am PHILETAS. I have often sung the praises of the Nymphs of yonder Grotto—I have often piped in honour of Pan, and have guided my numerous herd by the music of my voice. I come to acquaint you with what I have seen and heard. I have a garden[3] which I cultivate with my own hands, and in which I have always

worked, since I became too old to tend my herds. In it is every production of the different seasons; in spring it abounds with roses, lilies, hyacinths, and either kind of violets; in summer with poppies, pears, and apples of every sort; and now in autumn, with grapes, figs, pomegranates, and green myrtles. A variety of birds fly into it every morning, some in search of food, and some to warble in the shade; for the over-arching boughs afford thick shade, and three fountains water the cool retreat. Were it not inclosed with a wall, it might be taken for a natural wood. As I entered it to-day, about noon, I espied a little boy under my pomegranates and myrtles, some of which he had gathered; and was holding them in his hands. His complexion was white as milk, his hair a bright yellow, and he shone as if he had just been bathing. He was naked and alone, and amused himself with plucking the fruit with as much freedom as if it had been his own garden. Apprehensive that in his wantonness he would commit more mischief and break my plants, I sprang forward to seize him, but the urchin lightly and easily escaped from me, sometimes running under rose-trees, and sometimes hiding himself like a young partridge under the poppies.

"I have frequently been fatigued with catching my sucking kids, or my new-dropt calves; but as to this mischievous creature, in perpetual motion, it was utterly impossible to lay hold of him. Old as I am I was soon weary with the pursuit; so, leaning on my staff for support, and keeping my eyes on him lest he should escape, I asked him to what neighbour he belonged, and what he meant by gathering what grew in another person's garden.

"He made no reply, but approaching very near me,

smiled sweetly in my face, and pelted me with myrtle-berries, and (I know not how) so won upon me, that my anger was appeased. I intreated him to come close to me, and assured him that he need not be afraid, swearing by the myrtles, by the apples, and by the pomegranates of my garden, that I wished only to give him one kiss, for which he should ever afterwards have liberty to gather as much fruit, and to pluck as many flowers as he pleased.

"Upon hearing me thus address him, he burst into a merry laugh, and with a voice sweeter than that of the swallow or the nightingale, or of the swan when grown aged like myself, he replied: 'I grudge you not a kiss, Philetas, for I have more pleasure in being kissed, than you would have in growing young again; but consider whether the gift would suit your time of life; for, old as you are, one kiss would not satisfy you, nor prevent you from running after me, while if even a hawk, an eagle, or any other swifter bird, were to pursue me, it would pursue in vain. I am not the child which I appear to be; but I am older than SATURN, ay, older than TIME himself. I knew you well, Philetas, when you were in the flower of your youth, and when you tended your widely-scattered flock in yonder marsh. I was near you, when you sat beneath those beech-trees, and were wooing your Amaryllis: I was close to the maiden, but you could not discern me. I gave her to you, and some fine boys, who are now excellent husbandmen and herdsmen, are the pledges of your love. At this present time I am tending Daphnis and Chloe like a shepherd; and when I have brought them together in the morning, I retire to your garden: here I disport myself among your flowers and plants, and here I bathe in your fountain. Through me it is that your flowers and shrubs are so beauteous, for the waters,

which have bathed me, refresh them. Look now, if any of your plants be broken down!—see, if any of your fruit be plucked!—examine whether the stalk of any flower be crushed—or the clearness of any one of your fountains be disturbed! and rejoice that you alone, in your old age, have had the privilege of beholding the boy who is now before you.' With these words he sprang like the youngling of a nightingale among the myrtles, and climbing from bough to bough, ascended through the foliage to the summit of the tree. I observed wings upon his shoulders, and between them a tiny bow and arrows; but in a moment I could neither see him nor them. Unless I have grown grey in vain, unless I have got into my dotage in growing old, you may rely on me, when I assure you, that you are consecrate to LOVE, and that you are under his peculiar care."

Daphnis and Choe were delighted, but they regarded what they had heard as an amusing story rather than a sober fact; and inquired of Philetas who and what this LOVE could be? whether he were a boy or a bird? and of what powers he was possessed? "My young friends," said Philetas, "he is a god, young, beautiful, and ever on the wing. He rejoices, therefore, in the company of youth, he is ever in search of beauty, and adds wings to the souls of those he favours.[4] He has power far beyond that of Jove himself. He commands the elements, he rules the stars, and even the gods themselves, who are otherwise his equals;[5] your power over your flocks is nothing compared to his. All these flowers are the works of love: these plants are effects produced by him. Through him these rivers flow, and these zephyrs breathe. I have seen a bull smitten by his power, who bellowed as though breeze-stung.[6] I have seen the goat enamoured of the female, and

following her everywhere. I myself was once young, I felt his influence, I loved Amaryllis. I thought not of my food, I cared not for my drink; I could take no rest, for sleep was banished from my eyelids. My soul was sad—my heart beat quick—my limbs felt a deadly chill. Now I cried aloud, as if I had been beaten; now I was as silent as if I were dead; and now I plunged into the rivers, as if to extinguish the flame which consumed me. I invoked Pan to assist me, inasmuch as he had known what it was to love his Pitys. I poured forth praises to the Nymph Echo for repeating the name of my Amaryllis: in anger I broke my pipe because it could soothe my herds, but could not prevail over Amaryllis; for there is no mighty magic against love; no medicine, whether in food or drink: nothing, in short, save kisses[7] and embraces, and the closest union of the naked body."

Philetas, having given them this information, bade them farewell; but before permitting him to depart, they presented him with a cheese, and a kid with newly budding horns.

Daphnis and Chloe, left to themselves, mused in silence upon the name of Love, which they had now heard for the first time. Sorrow seemed to have stupified them, till at night, as they returned home, they began to compare their own sensations with what they had heard from Philetas.

"According to Philetas, lovers are sad—so are we; they neglect their calling—so do we; they cannot sleep—no more can we. A fire appears to burn within them—we feel this fire; they long for the sight of one another—we, too, are always wishing for the day to dawn. Our disorder must be love, and we have loved each other without being aware of it. If this be not love, and if we be not mutually lovers,

why are we thus sad? why do we so eagerly seek each other? All that Philetas has told us is true. The boy, whom he saw in the garden, is the same who appeared to our parents in the dream, and commanded that we should follow the pastoral life. How is it possible to catch the urchin? He is little and will escape from us. At the same time, who can escape from him? He has wings, and will pursue us. We must away to the Nymphs and implore their assistance. And yet Pan could not assist Philetas when in love with Amaryllis. We must seek the remedies which the old man suggested—kisses and embraces, and lying naked upon the grass; we shall feel it very cold, but we will bear what Philetas has borne before us." Thus were their thoughts employed during the night. The next morning, after driving their flocks to pasture, they for the first time kissed each other upon meeting, and afterwards mutually embraced.

The third remedy they were afraid of; the lying naked upon the grass appeared too bold a step for a maiden, nay, even for a youthful goatherd. Again, therefore, they passed a sleepless night, calling to mind what they had done, regretting what they had omitted. "We kissed," said they, "and are none the better; we embraced, and have found no relief. This lying side by side must needs be the sole remedy for love; assuredly it will prove more efficacious than the kiss and the embrace." As might have been expected, their dreams were akin to their daily thoughts. In sleep they kissed and they embraced; in sleep they did that which they had omitted to do during the day. Next morning they rose more than ever inflamed with passion, and hissed[8] along their flocks, all the while in anticipation of the kiss. They came in sight of one another, their faces mutually

beaming with delight. Again there was repeated the kiss and the embrace; the remaining remedy was still untried, Daphnis being unwilling to propose it, and Chloe feeling the like hesitation. Chance came to their aid. They were sitting beside each other upon the trunk of a tree: having once tasted the luxury of a kiss, they were insatiable of its delight; they entwined one another in their arms, and so drew their bodies into closer contact. Daphnis, in the course of this embrace, straining Chloe more tightly to his bosom, she falls upon her side, and he falls with her, and thus acting out the image of their dreams, they long lay locked in each other's arms. Their innocence knew nothing beyond this; they imagined that love had nothing farther to bestow; so after fruitlessly passing the greater portion of the day in this manner, they separated, and drove home their flocks, loathing the approach of night. They might, perhaps, on a future occasion have become greater adepts in the mysteries of love, had not the following circumstance spread tumult and confusion throughout their neighbourhood.

Some rich young men of Methymna, who had formed a pleasure party for passing the vintage-season out of town, launched a small vessel, employing their servants as rowers, and shaped their course towards the fields of Mitylene, which lie near the sea-coast. They knew that there was an excellent harbour for them, with every thing adapted for their accommodation, as the shore was adorned with handsome houses, with baths, with gardens, and with groves, some of which were the productions of nature, and some of art.

Here the party arrived, and drew their boat into a safe place, after which they committed no acts of

mischief, but amused themselves in various ways, with rod and line angling for rock-fish, which were found under the different promontories, or hunting the hares, which, terrified by the noise of the grape gatherers, had fled towards the shore, and capturing them by means of dogs and nets. Part of their amusement also was to set snares for birds: many wild ducks, wild geese and bustards were caught, so that their sport supplied their table in a great measure; and whatever addition they wanted was easily procured from the labourers in the fields, who were paid more than its worth for everything which they supplied. Their chief inconvenience was want of bread and wine, and a good lodging at night; for as it was late in the autumn, they did not think it safe to sleep on board their boat, but in apprehension of storms, usual at this season, were wont to draw it up on shore.

It so happened that a countryman had broken the old rope to which the stone was suspended for crushing his grapes after they had been trodden in the wine-press, and being in want of another to supply its place, had come clandestinely down to the sea-shore, and taking the cable from the boat, which was left without any one to watch it, had quietly conveyed it home to supply his need. The young Methymnæans, in the morning, made inquiries after their rope; but as no one confessed the theft, after venting their reproaches on this breach of hospitality, they launched their boat, and left that part of the coast. After sailing rather more than a league, they landed on the estate where Daphnis and Chloe dwelt. It appeared to them to be a good country for hare-hunting. Having no rope to serve as a cable, they twisted some vine-branches as a substitute, and tied the head of their boat to the shore: then let loose the

dogs to scent about in the places most likely for game, and fixed their nets. The cry of the hounds, running hither and thither, frightened the goats, which fled from the mountains down to the sea-shore, where some of the boldest of the flock, finding no food upon the coast, approached the boat and gnawed the branches which were fastened as a cable.

At the same moment a swell set in, owing to the breezes blowing from the mountains. The motion of the waves began to carry off the boat, and, at length, bore it out to sea. The Methymnæans saw the accident: some of them ran in great haste down to the shore: others hastened to call the dogs together: and all of them cried out for assistance, in hopes of assembling the labourers from the neighbouring fields. It was all of no avail, for the wind increased, and the boat was driven down the current. When the Methymnæans found themselves thus deprived of it, and of the considerable property which it contained, they inquired for the goat-herd, and finding him to be Daphnis, they beat him severely and stripped him. One of them took a dog-leash, and bending Daphnis' arms behind his back, was preparing to bind him. Poor Daphnis, smarting with his beating, roared out for assistance: he called upon all his neighbours, but upon Lamon and Dryas in particular. The old men took his part stoutly: the toils of husbandry had made them hard handed; they demanded that an inquiry should be made agreeably to the rules of justice. The neighbours, who had now reached the spot, backed them in their demand, and appointed Philetas umpire in the business. He was the oldest man present, and was celebrated among the villagers for the equity of his decisions. The charge of the Methymnæans was made plainly and with conciseness suitable to the rustic judge before whom

they pleaded. "We came here," said they, "to hunt, and fastened our boat to the shore with some vine-branches, while we roamed about with our dogs in search of game. In the meantime, this young man's goats came down to the coast and ate the fastening of our boat, which has proved the loss of it. You yourself, saw it driven out to sea, and what valuables think you it had on board? Why, store of clothes and of dog-gear, and of money—money enough to have purchased all these fields around us. In return for what we have lost, we have surely a right to carry off this heedless goatherd, who, sailor-fashion, chooses to pasture his goats on the sea-coast."

This was what the Methymnæans alleged. Daphnis was in sore plight from the blows which he had received; but seeing Chloe among the crowd, he rose superior to his pain, and spoke as follows:—

"I am, and always have been very careful of my herds. What neighbour can say that a goat of mine ever browsed upon his garden, or devoured any of his sprouting vines? It is these sportsmen who are themselves to blame, for having dogs so badly broken as to run wildly about making such a barking, and like so many wolves driving my sheep from hill and dale down to the sea. The poor brutes eat the vine branches; no wonder, for they could find no grass, nor shrubs, nor thyme upon the sands. The sea and the winds destroyed the boat; let the storm bear the blame and not my goats. They say, that they had left their clothes and money on board:—who, in his senses, can believe that a boat freighted with so much wealth, was intrusted to a vine branch for its cable?"

Daphnis said no more, but burst into tears, which moved all his countrymen with compassion. Philetas,

the judge, swore by Pan and the Nymphs, that neither Daphnis nor his goats were in fault; that only the sea and the winds could be accused, and that *they* were not under his jurisdiction. This decision had no effect on the Methymnæans, who flew into a rage, and seizing Daphnis, were preparing to bind him. The villagers irritated at such behaviour, fell upon them as thick as starlings or rooks, and rescued Daphnis, who now began to fight in his own defence. In a very short time the Mitlyenæans, by dint of their clubs, put the strangers to flight, and did not desist from the pursuit, till they had driven them into a different quarter of the island.

While they were engaged in the pursuit, Chloe led Daphnis gently by the hand to the grotto of the Nymphs; there she washed the blood from his face and nostrils, and taking a slice of bread and cheese from her scrip, gave it him to eat. After she had thus refreshed him, she impressed a honeyed kiss with her tender lips.

So near was Daphnis getting into serious trouble; but the affair did not end here. The Methymnæans reached their own city with much pain and difficulty; for instead of sailing they had to travel on foot, and instead of every luxury, and convenience, they had nothing but bruises and wounds for their comfort. Immediately upon their arrival at home, they called an assembly of their fellow townsmen, and intreated them to take up arms to avenge their cause, which they represented in their own way, altogether concealing the real truth of the matter, for fear of being laughed at for having been so soundly beaten by a few shepherds. They accused the people of Mitylene of having seized their boat, as if it belonged to an enemy, and of plundering it of all its

contents. Their wounds, which they exhibited, gained them belief among their countrymen, who resolved to avenge the cause of the young men, and more particularly as they belonged to the first families in the place. Accordingly they resolved to begin the war without the usual forms of proclamation, and ordered their naval commander to launch ten vessels immediately, and ravage the coasts of the enemy. As the winter was coming on they did not think it safe to hazard a larger fleet.

Early the very next day he put to sea; and employing his soldiers as rowers, steered his course to the shores of Mitylene. Here he seized numbers of cattle, a great quantity of corn and wine, (the vintage being lately ended,) together with the labourers who were still at work there. Thus plundering as they went, they landed at last on the estate where Daphnis and Chloe resided, and carried off whatever came to hand. Daphnis was not then tending his goats, but had gone to the wood, to cut green branches for the winter fodder of his kids. Looking down from the woods, he saw these ravages; and immediately hid himself in the hollow of a decayed beech tree. Chloe happened to be with the flocks; she fled in affright to the grotto of the Nymphs: and the invaders pursued her. Here she intreated them, if they had any respect to the deities of the place, to spare her and her flocks; but her prayers were of no avail; for the ravagers, after offering many insults to the statues of the goddesses, drove off the flocks, and hurried Chloe along with them, as if she had been one of her own goats or sheep, striking her ever and anon with vine twigs.

Their vessels being now filled with plunder of all kinds, the Methymnæans thought it advisable not to

prosecute their voyage farther, but to return home, more especially as they were apprehensive of the winter storms, and of an attack from the inhabitants. Accordingly they put about; but, as there was no wind, they had to labour at their oars.

Daphnis, (when all was quiet) came down to the plain, the usual place for pasturing their flocks, but not a goat, nor a sheep was to be seen, nor was Chloe herself there: when he saw the whole place deserted, and found Chloe's pipe thrown upon the ground, he burst into loud and bitter lamentations:—he ran to the beech tree, which had been their usual seat, and then to the ocean, to try if he could descry her, he searched for her in the grotto, whither she had fled, and whence she had been dragged away. Here, at last, he threw himself on the ground in despair, and exclaimed against the Nymphs, as the deserters of his Chloe.

"Chloe has been torn away from you, ye Nymphs, and yet ye could endure to see it! she who has woven so many garlands for you, who has poured so many libations of new milk to you, and whose pipe is here suspended as an offering to you! Never did a wolf carry off a single goat of mine, but marauders have now carried away all my flock, and their mistress with them.—My goats will be flayed, my sheep will be sacrificed, and my Chloe will henceforth be confined within a city! how shall I venture to return to my father and mother without my goats, and without my Chloe?—I, who shall appear a deserter of my charge! I have no more flocks to tend, so here will I lie, till death take me, or the enemy again lay hold of me. Ah! my Chloe, do you share in my sufferings?—do you still remember these plains, these Nymphs and me; or are you consoled by having

the sheep and goats for your companions in captivity?"

Thus did Daphnis vent his grief, till weary with weeping and lamenting he fell into a deep sleep. While slumbering, the three Nymphs appeared to stand before him; they were tall and beautiful, half-naked and without sandals; their hair flowed loose over their shoulders, and indeed in every respect they resembled their statues in the grotto. At first they shewed signs of commiseration for Daphnis, and, presently, the eldest of them addressed him in these consolatory words:—

"Do not accuse us, Daphnis; Chloe is an object of deeper anxiety to us, than she is even to yourself. We had compassion on her when she was an infant; when she was exposed in this grot, we adopted her and bred her up. She is not Lamon's daughter, nor do Lamon's fields or herds in any part belong to her. We have at this time been providing for her safety, so that she shall not be taken to Methymne as a slave, nor be numbered among the spoils. We have intreated Pan, (whose statue stands beneath yonder pine, and whom you have never honoured even with a bunch of flowers) to come forward as Chloe's champion, for he is more used to warfare than we are, and has often quitted his rural groves to join in the din of battle. He is on Chloe's side, and he will be found no despicable enemy by the Methymnæans. Be not uneasy then, nor perplex yourself; arise, shew yourself to Lamon and Myrtale, who have thrown themselves on the earth in despair, under the idea that you too are carried off by the enemy. To-morrow Chloe and her flocks shall return, when you shall tend them together, and together shall play upon your pipe.—Leave your future fates to the care

of LOVE."

After these words and vision in his dream, Daphnis sprang up, and, while his eyes were filled with tears, partly of grief and partly of joy, he paid his adorations to the statues of the Nymphs, and vowed, that upon Chloe's safe return he would sacrifice a she-goat (the best of his herd) to the protecting goddesses. Then he hastened to the pine, beneath whose shade stood the statue of Pan. The legs of the rural god were those of the goat, and he had a horned forehead; in one hand he held a pipe, with the other he grasped a goat, which was in the attitude of bounding. Daphnis adored his statue likewise, prayed on behalf of Chloe, and vowed to sacrifice a he-goat for her safety. Scarcely could he cease from his tears and intreaties by sun-set, when taking up the green fodder which he had been cutting, he returned to his home, where his presence dispelled Lamon's grief and filled him with joy, After taking some refreshment he retired to rest; but his sleep was not even then without tears. In his slumbers he poured forth prayers to the Nymphs to bless him with another vision, and sighed for the return of day, when his Chloe was to be restored.—Of all nights this appeared to him the longest.—During its continuance the following events took place:—

When the Methymnæan commander had rowed somewhat more than a mile, he wished to afford his men some rest, wearied as they were with their past exertions. At length he espied a promontory, which projected into the sea in a semicircular form, affording a harbour more calm and secure than even a regular port. Here he anchored his fleet, keeping his vessels at a distance from the shore, that they

might not be exposed to any attack from the inhabitants, while his men indulged themselves at their ease and in all security. The crews having plenty of all manner of provision among their plunder, eat and drank and gave themselves up to joy, as if they had been celebrating a festival for victory. The day was closing; and their merriment was being prolonged to night, when suddenly all the earth appeared in a blaze; and the dash of oars was heard, as if a mighty fleet were approaching.[9] They called upon their commander to arm himself: they shouted to each other; some fancied that they were wounded; others that they saw the bodies of the slain before their eyes. It appeared like a night engagement against an invisible enemy.

A day of greater terror succeeded to the darkness. The goats belonging to Daphnis, appeared with branches full of ivy berries on their horns: the rams and ewes, which had been taken with Chloe, instead of bleating, howled like wolves. Their mistress was seen to have a garland of pine-leaves round her head. The sea also had its marvels. The anchors stuck fast in the mud, and could not be drawn up: when the men dipped their oars in order to row, they were shattered in pieces. The dolphins leaped from the sea, and with their tails broke the planks of the vessels. From the top of the rock behind the promontory the sound of a pipe was heard: but it did not, like the pipe, delight the ear with dulcet sounds, but terrified like the harsh blast of a trumpet. The men of Methymna were confounded; they seized their arms, and called out to their enemies who were invisible; they prayed for the return of night, which might bring a truce to their terrors.

To all those who were capable of reflection, it was

evident, that these phantasms and sounds proceeded from Pan, who must have conceived some cause of indignation against them: but what the cause could be, they were at a loss to conjecture, for they had not plundered any thing which was sacred to the god. About the middle of the day their commander (not without the intervention of the god) fell into a deep sleep, when Pan appeared to him and addressed him thus:

"O most abandoned, most impious of men, to what lengths has your madness driven you! The fields, which are dear to me, ye have filled with the tumults of war: the herds and the flocks, which were my peculiar care, ye have taken as plunder. Ye have dragged a virgin from the altar, whom Cupid had reserved in order to adorn a Tale of Love. Ye regarded not the Nymphs, who beheld your deeds, nor even the mighty Pan. Never shall ye reach Methymna, sailing with these spoils, nor shall yourselves escape the terrors of the pipe which has thus confounded you. Unless ye immediately give back Chloe to the Nymphs, and restore her goats and sheep, I will submerge you and ye shall become food for fishes. Bestir yourselves, therefore, land both her and them, I will guide your course by sea, and hers by land."

Bryaxis (for such was the commander's name) awoke from his dream, and immediately ordered the captain of every vessel to search among his prisoners for Chloe. They soon found her, for she was sitting still crowned with pine-leaves, and brought her before him. Bryaxis regarded the ornament on her head as a proof and confirmation of what he had seen in the vision, and without delay took her on board his own vessel,[10] and conveyed her safe to the shore. No

sooner had she landed than the sound of the pipe was again heard from the rock: but it was no longer dreadful like the blast of the war trumpet: on the contrary it was sweet and pastoral in tone, as when the shepherd is leading out his flock to feed. The sheep ran down the gangway,[11] without their horny hoofs slipping. The goats, used to steep places, proceeded still more venturesomely. Upon reaching the shore the flocks formed themselves in a ring around Chloe, like a company of dancers, skipping and bleating and exhibiting every symptom of joy; while the sheep and goats and oxen belonging to the other shepherds remained quiet in the holds of the vessels, as if knowing that the pipe, which sounded, was not intended to summon them. While every one was struck with astonishment, and celebrated the power of Pan, still stranger sights appeared both by sea and land.

Before the crews had time to heave their anchors, the ships of themselves began to make sail, and a dolphin, which leaped and played on the waves, swam before the admiral's ship as guide. On the other hand Chloe's goats and sheep were led by most ravishing music of the pipe, which continued its notes, though the player was invisible: sheep and goats continued to graze and pace gently onward listening with delight to the melody.

It was the time of evening-pasture, when Daphnis from the summit of a rock espied his Chloe and her flocks. O Pan! O ye Nymphs! he shouted in rapture, and hurrying down into the plain threw himself into Chloe's arms, fainted, and fell to the ground. The kisses and soothing embraces of the maiden with some difficulty restored him to his senses, after which he proceeded to their favourite beech-tree,

under the shade of which he sat down, and inquired how Chloe had escaped from so many enemies. She related everything which had happened—the appearance of the ivy around the goats' horns—the wolfish howling of the sheep—the pine garland encircling her own temples—the blaze of fire on the land—the unwonted noise at sea—the two discordant notes of the pipe—that of war and that of peace—the terrors of the night—and lastly, how the melody guided her hither, through fields and over plains to which she was a stranger. Upon hearing this, Daphnis recognized the vision of the Nymphs, and the influence of Pan, and in his turn, he gave Chloe an account of all which he had seen and heard. He informed her how when ready to destroy himself, he had been preserved through the intervention of the Nymphs.

He then sent Chloe to summon Dryas and Lamon with their servants and to desire them to bring every requisite for a sacrifice, while he in the mean time took the choicest of his she-goats, crowned it with ivy (just as it had appeared to the enemy on board of ship) poured milk between its horns, and sacrificed it to the Nymphs. Then he hung it up and flayed it, and suspended its skin as an offering to them.

Chloe now arrived with Lamon and the servants. A fire was immediately kindled, upon which part of the goat's flesh was boiled and part of it roasted. Daphnis offered the first portions to the Nymphs, and poured out to them a libation of new must; he then piled some leaves into the form of couches, reclined at his ease upon one of them, and gave himself up to good cheer and mirth: but at the same time kept a watchful eye on his sheep for fear a wolf should effect what the enemy had been foiled in doing. After

this the party sang the praises of the Nymphs in songs, which had been indited by the shepherds of by-gone days. They slept in the field that night, and in the morning remembered Pan. The leader of the goats was selected from the herd; a chaplet of pine-leaves was bound round his horns, and he was led to the statue, which stood beneath the pine; when after pouring over him a libation of wine,[12] carefully avoiding all ominous expressions, the victim was slain, suspended, and flayed. The flesh, part of which was roasted and part boiled, was spread out upon some dry leaves in the meadow. The skin with the horns was hung up on the tree hard by the statue of the god—a pastoral offering to a pastoral deity. A first portion also of the flesh was offered, and libations poured to him from the largest goblet. Chloe sang; while Daphnis piped.

Having discharged their religious rites, they were reclining on the grass and feasting, when Philetas the herdsman accidentally came by, bringing with him some garlands, and vine-branches, laden with their clusters, as offerings to Pan. Tityrus, his youngest son, a golden-haired, blue-eyed, fair and sportive boy followed him. At the sight of Philetas, Daphnis and Chloe sprang from their grassy couch, assisted in crowning Pan, and in suspending the clusters to the tree, and then made Philetas seat himself by them, and join in their carousal. Very soon, as old men do when their clay is moistened,[13] they began to talk of their youthful adventures, of the flocks which they had fed, of incursions of marauders, which they had escaped in the days when they were young. One prided himself on having slain a wolf: another boasted, that in piping he was second to Pan alone.—This was the boast of Philetas.

Daphnis and Chloe used urgent entreaties that he would teach them the art, and that he would play on the pipe at the festival of that deity, who delights in its melody. The old man complained that age had shortened his powers of breath, but complied with their request, and took up the pipe of Daphnis. It was a pipe too small to do justice to so great an art; being suited only for a boy. Accordingly he despatched Tityrus to bring his own pipe from the cottage, which was rather more than a mile off. The boy threw aside his cloak,[14] and darted off like a young fawn. Lamon, in the mean time, promised to amuse them with the legend of the Syrinx,[15] (or pipe) which he had heard from a Sicilian shepherd, who received a he-goat and a pipe as the price of his song.

"This pipe was not formerly what it is now, an instrument of music: it was once a maiden of beautiful form, and melodious voice. She fed her flocks, she sported with the Nymphs, and the sound of her voice was sweet as it is now. Pan beheld the maiden feeding her flocks, disporting herself, and singing. He approached her, and endeavoured to win her to his will, promising her as an enticement that all her she-goats should bear two kids at a birth. The maiden laughed at his suit, and replied that she would never think of accepting as a lover, one who was neither man nor goat, but a compound half of each.—Pan was preparing to offer violence: the maiden fled from him, and when weary with running, hid herself among the reeds of a lake and disappeared. Her pursuer in a rage cut the reeds, but finding no damsel there, and perceiving what had taken place, he in memory of her formed this instrument. Compacting with wax unequal reeds in order to shew how the course of their love had not

run smooth.[16]—Thus she, who was once a beauteous maiden, is now a musical pipe: the instrument inheriting her name."

While Philetas was commending Lamon's legend, which, he said, was more pleasing than any song, Tityrus appeared with his father's pipe, a large instrument formed of the largest reeds, and ornamented with brass over the junctures of the wax. A person might have imagined it to be the very pipe whose reeds had been first united by Pan. Philetas rose up, placed himself upon a seat in an erect posture, and began to try whether the reeds were in good order: he found the air pass through them freely, and then with as much energy as if he had been in the prime of youth, he blew a note so vigorous and full, that it appeared like a band of pipers playing in concert. By degrees he moderated the vehemence of his tones, and turned them into a softer strain. He ran through all the variations of pastoral melody; he played the tune, which the oxen obey, that which attracts the goats, that in which the sheep delight. The notes for the sheep were sweet, those for the oxen deep, those for the goats were shrill. In short, his single pipe could express the tones of every pipe which is played upon.

Those present lay listening in silent delight; when Dryas rose up, and desired Philetas to strike up the Bacchanalian tune. Philetas obeyed, and Dryas began[17] the VINTAGE-DANCE, in which he represented the plucking of the grapes, the carrying of the baskets,—the treading of the clusters, the filling of the casks, and the drinking of the new-made wine. All this Dryas imitated so closely and admirably in his pantomimic dance, that the spectator might fancy the wines, the wine-press, and

the casks to be actually before him, and that Dryas was drinking in reality.

Each of the three old men had now severally distinguished himself. Dryas, in his delight gave Daphnis and Chloe a kiss, who immediately sprang from their seats, and began to dance a ballet representative of Lamon's fable. Daphnis assumed the character of Pan, and Chloe that of Syrinx. While he endeavoured to entice her to his embraces, she smiled in scorn at his attempts. He pursued her, and ran upon his tiptoes in imitation of the cloven feet of the god: while she making a semblance of exhaustion, at last hid herself in the wood, making it a substitute for reedy lake. Upon losing sight of her, Daphnis seizing the large pipe of Philetas, breathed into it a mournful strain as of one who loves; then a love-sick strain as of one who pleads; lastly and recalling strain, as of one who seeks her whom he has lost.

Philetas himself was astonished, and ran and embraced the youth and kissed him: and with a prayer, that Daphnis might transmit the pipe to as worthy a successor, bestowed it on him as a gift. The youth suspended his own pipe as an offering to Pan, kissed Chloe with as much ardour as if she had really been lost and found again, and led his flocks home by the sound of his new instrument. Chloe also (as night was coming on) conducted her sheep homeward to the music of her pipe. The goats kept close by the sheep, as Daphnis kept close by Chloe. In this manner did they enjoy each other's company, till night-fall, when they agreed to meet earlier at the pasture the next morning, an arrangement which they punctually fulfilled. As soon as the day dawned, they were in the fields. They paid their adorations to

the Nymphs first, and then to Pan, afterwards retiring from their devotions to their seat under the shade of the oak, where they played their accustomed melodies. They interchanged kisses and embraces, and lay down side-by-side, but this was all; then rising, they bethought them of their meal, at which they partook of milk and wine.

Becoming gradually warmed and emboldened by all this they began to enter into an amorous revelry, and to swear perpetual affection and fidelity. Daphnis advanced to the sacred pine, and called Pan to witness, that he would never live apart from his Chloe—no—not for the space of a single day. Chloe entered the Grotto, and swore by the Nymphs, that she would live and die with Daphnis: and in the simplicity of her heart, upon coming out, she required that Daphnis should bind himself by a second oath; "for," (said the maiden) "my dear Daphnis, Pan himself, by whom you swore, is a lover, and yet unfaithful. He loved Pitys, he loved Syrinx, and yet he never ceases from pestering the Dryads with his addresses, or from causing annoyance to the Epimelian Nymphs, the guardians of our herds. He who breaks his own vows will hardly punish you, even if you should attach yourself to more damsels than there are reeds in this pipe. Come, dearest Daphnis, you must swear by this herd and by the she-goat, which nursed you, that, while Chloe is faithful to you, you will never desert her; on the other hand if Chloe should ever do despite to you, and to the Nymphs—fly from her—detest her—kill her, as you would kill a wolf."

Daphnis, delighted even at her mistrust, which shewed the warmth of her affection, placed himself in the midst of his herd, and taking hold of a she-

goat with one hand, and a he-goat with the other, swore to be true to Chloe, while she was true to him; and that if she should ever prefer another before him, he would put an end not to her but to himself.

Chloe was happy:—for she believed him with all the simplicity of a girl, and of a shepherdess, and of one who thought that the sheep and the goats were the fitting and peculiar deities of those who tended them.

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[1]

"Hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
Duces sub umbrâ; nec Semeleïus
Cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
Prœlia."—Hor. I. Od. xvii. 21.

"The Lesbian wine would seem to have possessed a delicious flavour; for it is said to have deserved the name of Ambrosia rather than of wine, and to have been like nectar when old. In Athenæus this wine is called οἰνάριον, *vinulum*, 'the little wine,' to which Bacchus gave ἀτέλειαν, an innocence and immunity from drunkenness. Horace terms the Lesbian an innocent or unintoxicating wine; but it was the prevailing opinion among the ancients, that all sweet wines were less injurious to the head, and less apt to cause intoxication, than strong dry wines. By Pliny, however, the growths of Chios and Thasos are placed before the Lesbian, which he affirms had naturally a saltish taste."—Henderson's Hist. of Ancient and Modern Wines, p. 77.

[2] When the grapes were ripe, (σταφυλή) the bunches were gathered, any which remained unripe (ὄμφαξ) were carefully removed, and the rest carried from the vineyard in deep baskets (ἀρρίχοι) to be poured into a vat

(ληνός) in which they were trodden by men, who had the lower part of their bodies naked, except that they wore drawers. When sufficiently trodden, the grapes were subjected to the more powerful pressure of a thick and heavy beam (for which λίθος, in Longus, seems the substitute), for the purpose of obtaining all the juice yet remaining in them. Vine branches were very frequently employed as torches.—Vide Scholiast on Aristoph. Lys. 291.

[3] Compare the description of the garden in Achilles Tatius, 1. 15, and that of Virgil's "senex Corycius." G. iv, 125-146.

[4]

.... Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams.
Romeo and Juliet.

[5]

Οἷον ἄρχει βρέφος ὀυρανοῦ καὶ γῆς, καὶ θαλάττης.
Achilles Tatius.

"At his sight the sun hath turned;
Neptune on the waters burned;
Hell hath felt a greater heat;
Jove himself forsook his seat;
From the centre to the sky
Are his trophies reared high."
Ben Jonson, Hue and Cry after Cupid.

See also the fine chorus in the Antigone, 781-790.

[6] The power of love over the brute creation. —Virg. G. iii. 211-257.

[7] φίλημα, καὶ περιβολή, καὶ συγκα-ακλιθῆναι γυμνοῖς σώμασι.

[8]

Ροίζῳ—"Πολλῇ δὲ ῥοιζῳ πρὸς ὄρος τρέπε πίονα μῆλα."
Odys. ix. 315.

"Then hissing them along he drove his flocks."—Cowper.

[9]

...."φόβος δὲ πᾶσι βαρβάροις παρῆν
γνώμης αποσφαλεῖσιν.
. . . . . .
εὐθὺς δὲ κώπης ῥοθιάδος ξυνεμβολῇ
ἔπαισαν ἅλμην βρύχιου ἐκ κελεύσματος."
Æsch. Persæ, 391.

For the good service done by Pan to the Athenians at Marathon, he was rewarded with a temple.—Herod. vi. 405.

[10] ἐπ αὐτῆς τῆς ναυηχίδος, literally, in the admiral.

[11] κατὰ τῆς αποβάθρας.

[12] εὐφημοῦντες. Especial care was taken during a sacrifice, that no inauspicious or frivolous words were uttered by any of the bystanders; hence the admonitions of the priest,—εὔφημεῖτε, εὐφημία, σιγᾶτε, σιωπᾶτε, favete linguis, and others; for improper expressions were thought not only to pollute the sacred act, but to be unlucky omens.

"Male ominatis,
Parcite verbis."
Hor. iii. Od. xiv. 11.

[13] υποβεβρεγμένοι.

[14] ἐγκόμβωμα.

[15] See the legend in Ovid Met. i. 689.

[16] ἀνίσους, καθ' ὅτι καὶ ὁ ἔρως ἄνισος αὐτοῖς.

[17] "La Pantomime est le premier langage de l'homme; elle est connue de toutes les nations."—Bernardin de St. Pierre.

On the subject of the Pantomimic dance, common to Greece and Italy, see Dict. of Greek and Rom. Antiq. p. 713.

BOOK III.

When the inhabitants of Mitylene heard of the descent made by the ten vessels, and had been informed by some coming from the spot of the plunder which had been carried off, they were of opinion that such an injury on the part of the Methymnæans was insufferable, and immediately raised a force of three thousand infantry and five hundred cavalry, which they put under the command of Hippasus with orders, that he should lead his men by land, and not embark them on board of ship, as a voyage in the winter season would be dangerous.

The general began his march, but he did not lay waste the country of the enemy, nor did he plunder the possessions of the husbandman, or of the shepherd, thinking such petty warfare suitable to a captain of a banditti, rather than to the leader of an army. He hastened his march in order to reach the gates of the city and attack the inhabitants while they were off their guard. When his troops approached within eleven miles of the city, a herald came out to them with proposals for a truce. The Methymnæans had discovered from the prisoners,

that the citizens of Mitylene were ignorant of the beginning of the affray,[1] and that the insolence of their own young men had drawn upon them the vengeance inflicted by the herdsmen and shepherds. They repented, accordingly, of having acted precipitately rather than prudently towards a neighbouring city, and were desirous to restore all their plunder, in order that friendly intercourse by sea and land might be restored. Although Hippasus had full powers given him of acting as he thought proper, he ordered the herald to proceed to Mitylene, while he pitched his camp about a mile from the enemy's city, and waited for the answer of his fellow-citizens. In two days a messenger arrived with orders for him to refrain from any act of hostility, to receive the restored booty, and to return home; for since the declaration of peace or war rested on the decision of the people, they considered peace far preferable.

Thus did the war between Methymne and Mitylene begin and end in an equally unexpected manner.

Winter, however, was more formidable to Daphnis and Chloe, than war had been. On a sudden heavy falls of snow blocked up the roads, and shut up the cottagers within doors. Impetuous torrents rushed down from the mountains, the ice thickened, the trees[2] seemed as though their branches were broken down beneath the weight of snow, and the whole face of the earth had disappeared except about the brinks of fountains and the borders of rivers.

No one led his flocks to pasture, or even ventured to stir from home; but lighting large fires, at cock-crowing, some employed themselves in twisting ropes, some in weaving goats' hair, and some in making snares and nets to catch birds. At the same time they took care to supply the oxen in their stalls

with chaff, the goats and sheep in their cotes with leaves, and the hogs in their styes with holm-berries and acorns.

As every one was of necessity confined within-doors, [3] most of the labourers and shepherds were glad at having an interval of release from their wonted labours, and immediately after their morning-meal lay down, and enjoyed a lengthy sleep, winter appearing to them more pleasant than the summer, the autumn, or even the spring. But Daphnis and Chloe cherished in their memory the pleasures, of which they were now deprived,—their kisses, their embraces, and their happy meals together. They passed nights of sleeplessness and sorrow, and looked for the return of spring as a restoration to life after an interval of death. It was painful to them, if chance threw in their way a scrip, from which they had eaten, or a vessel from which they had drunk, or if they happened to cast their eyes on a pipe, now thrown aside with neglect, which had once been bestowed and received as a token of love. Frequent were their prayers to the Nymphs, and to Pan, to deliver them from their troubles, and once more to let the sun shine upon them and their herds, and while thus engaged they also endeavoured to devise some scheme, by which they might obtain a sight of one another. Chloe was quite at a loss, and could not contrive any plan, successfully, for her reputed mother was always sitting near her, teaching her to card wool and to turn the spindle, and touching upon the subject of marriage.

Daphnis, however, had greater quickness of invention, and more leisure than the maiden, and hit upon the following scheme for getting a sight of Chloe. Two lofty myrtle trees and an ivy grew before

Dryas's cottage, and indeed under the very cottage itself. The ivy grew between the myrtle trees, throwing out on either side, its sprays like a vine, and forming an arbour by intermingling its leaves with theirs. The berries hung down in thick clusters, and were as large as grapes. Numbers of winter birds flocked thither from want of food elsewhere; such as blackbirds, thrushes, wood-pigeons, starlings, and a variety of others, which live on berries. Daphnis filled his scrip with some honeyed cakes, and quitted his home under pretence of going to catch some of these birds. To remove all suspicion of his real design he carried with him plenty of birdlime and snares. The distance was little more than a mile, but the frost and the snow, which had not yet melted, rendered the road very toilsome. To LOVE, however, all things are passable—fire, and water, and even Scythian snows. Having soon arrived at the cottage, he shook the snow from his legs and feet, set the snares, spread the birdlime, and seated himself in the arbour watching the birds, but thinking of Chloe. So many were very soon caught, that he had abundance of occupation in collecting them together, killing and plucking them. In the mean time, not a man, not a maiden, not even a domestic fowl came out of the cottage: the whole family were shut up and close around the fire. Daphnis was now utterly at a loss what to do, and thought that he had come at an unlucky time. He determined to knock at the door if he could find any pretext, and began to consider what would appear most plausible. "What, if I say that I want a light to kindle our fire? they will reply 'you have neighbours within a stone's throw of your cottage.' What, if I request something to eat?—'your scrip is full of victuals.' What, if I ask for some wine? —'you have but lately got in the vintage.' What, if I

exclaim that a wolf has been pursuing me?—'where are the traces of his feet?' What, if I tell them I came to snare birds?—'why not go home again, if you have had sport enough?' Shall I at once say that I have come to see Chloe? Ah! who will venture to make such a bold avowal to the father and mother of the maiden? My pleas will be all exhausted and I shall be reduced to silence. Since none of these excuses will pass free from suspicion, it were better to hold my tongue. It seems decreed by the Fates that I shall not see my Chloe during the winter; I must wait with patience until the spring."

After indulging in some such thoughts as these, he took up his game, and was preparing to depart, when, as if Love took pity on him, the following occurrence happened.

The family within had spread their table: the meat was portioned out; a slice of bread was placed for each, and the goblet was ready mixed. One of the sheep-dogs, who had watched his opportunity, when no person was observing him, seized a piece of meat, and made his escape. Dryas (for the stolen meat happened to be his portion) snatched up a club, and pursued the thief, following him up like a second dog. Daphnis had thrown the birds over his shoulder, and was just about hurrying away when Dryas espied him. At the sight of Daphnis he immediately forgot both meat and dog, called out after him, "Good morrow, my son!" ran to him, embraced him, took him by the hand, and led him into the house. When the lovers saw each other, they were very near sinking to the ground; however, they continued to support themselves, while they saluted and embraced: indeed their embrace acted as a stay, and prevented them from falling.

Having thus contrary to his expectation obtained an interview with his Chloe and a kiss, Daphnis drew nearer to the fire, and sat down: then taking the wood-pigeons and thrushes from his shoulder threw them upon the table, while he related to the family the weariness which he felt from so long and tedious a confinement at home, the eagerness with which he set out in pursuit of some sport, and the manner in which he caught the birds, some with a snare, some with birdlime, when they came in search of the myrtle and ivy berries. The family praised his activity, and compared him to "Apollo the far-darting;" and urged him to partake of what the dog had fortunately left; desiring Chloe in the mean time to pour him out wherewithal to drink. She cheerfully complied and handed the goblet to all the others first, last of all to Daphnis, pretending to be affronted with him, for having come thither and intending to go away without asking to see her: nevertheless, before holding the beaker out to him, she sipped[4] a little from it, and then presented it; upon which he, although thirsty, drank as leisurely as possible, in order to prolong his pleasure, by protracting his draught.

The table was soon cleared of the fragments of bread and meat: after which, as they were sitting by the fire, they began to inquire after Myrtale and Lamon, who were pronounced fortunate in having such an excellent provider for their old age. Daphnis was delighted at having these commendations pronounced upon him in the hearing of Chloe, and when her parents proceeded to insist upon his remaining with them till next day, when they intended to sacrifice to Bacchus, he was very nearly adoring them in lieu of the god. He immediately produced his store of honeyed cakes from his scrip,

together with the birds, which he had caught, which they dressed for supper. A second goblet was mixed; and a second fire was lighted. Night soon came on, when they partook of a hearty meal; and at its conclusion, after telling stories, and singing songs, they retired to rest. Chloe slept with her mother, and Daphnis with Dryas. Chloe's only pleasure was the thought of seeing Daphnis the next morning; Daphnis enjoyed a kind of hollow satisfaction, even from sleeping with Chloe's father, whom he hugged and kissed, dreaming all the while, that the embraces were being bestowed upon Chloe.

When the day broke the cold was intense, and the sharp north wind was parching up every thing. Dryas and his family arose, sacrificed a ram of one year old to Bacchus, and lighted a large fire to boil the meat. Nape made the bread, while Dryas attended to the meat, and, while they were thus engaged, Daphnis and Chloe proceeded to the ivy-covered arbour, where they set snares and spread birdlime, and again caught no small quantity of birds. Kisses and delightful converse were continuously interchanged between them.

"I came hither entirely on your account, Chloe."

"I know it, my dear Daphnis."

"On your account it is that these poor blackbirds now perish; what place have I in your affections? Do think of me!"

"I do think of you, my Daphnis, I swear it by the Nymphs whom I once invoked in that Grotto, whither we will repair again so soon as the snow shall have melted."

"The snow lies very thick; I fear that I shall melt away, before it does."

"Do not despair, Daphnis, the sun is very warm."

"Would that it were as warm as the fire which burns my heart!"

"You are in jest: you are deceiving me, Daphnis."

"No! I am not; I swear it by the goats, whom at your bidding I invoked."

Chloe's reply was an echo to what Daphnis said. Nape now calling them, they hurried into the house with a much larger supply of game than Daphnis had taken the day before. First pouring out a libation to Bacchus, from the goblet, they sat down to their banquet with chaplets of ivy on their heads. When it was time to part, after loudly shouting in honour of the god, Daphnis took his leave, Dryas and his wife having filled his bag with meat and bread, and insisting upon his carrying the wood-pigeons and thrushes home to Lamon and Myrtale; for, as they said, they should be able to catch as many as they pleased so long as the cold lasted and the ivy berries did not fail. At length Daphnis bade them farewell, and at his departure gave each of them a kiss, but he saluted Chloe last of all, that her kiss might remain pure and unalloyed upon his lips.

He frequently found out pretences for paying them fresh visits; so that the winter did not pass by altogether without an interchange of love.

In the opening of spring, when the snow was melted, the face of the earth again uncovered and the grass beginning to grow,[5] the shepherds and herdsmen led forth their flocks to the pastures, but Daphnis and Chloe were earlier than the others, inasmuch as they were under the guidance of a mightier shepherd (Love). The first place to which they hastened, was the grotto of the Nymphs; the next was the pine-tree,

where stood the statue of Pan; they then proceeded to the oak, under which, sitting down, they watched their feeding flocks, and kissed and embraced each other. Wishing to crown the statues of the deities, they sought for flowers: these were but just beginning to come out under the mild influence of the zephyr, and the genial warmth of the sun; but they found the violet, the narcissus, and the pimpernel, and all the other firstlings of the year: with these they crowned the statues, and then poured out libations of new milk drawn from the ewes and the she-goats. After this ceremony they began to tune their pastoral pipes, as though challenging the nightingales to resume their song: these answered softly from the thickets, and gradually became perfect in their plaintive strains, as if recalling them slowly after so long a silence.[6]

The sheep were heard bleating, while the lambs were seen to frisk about, or stooping under their mothers drew the teat; the rams pursued and leaped upon those which had never lambed. The he-goats did the like, contending for their mates, each making choice of his own, and guarding her from the approach of a rival.

All these objects might have kindled love even in hoary age; they who were in the bloom of youth, full of vigour, and long since warmed by desire, were inflamed by such sounds, melted at such sights, and longed for something beyond a kiss and an embrace.

Especially was this the case with Daphnis. He had passed the whole winter in the house, and in a state of inactivity, he therefore was more impetuous than ever in his desire for kissing and embracing Chloe, and became bolder and more inquisitive in all love matters. He urged her to grant him all his wishes;

and proposed that they should lie side by side, naked, since of the precepts given by Philetas for curing love, this remained untried. She inquired what there possibly could be besides kisses, embraces, and reclining side by side; why did he wish that they should recline together naked?

"I wish," said he "to follow the example of the rams and ewes; of the male goats and their females.—After their amorous sport, the females no longer flee, and the males no longer pursue; but both feed quietly together, as if they felt a mutual pleasure. There must be some gratification in what they do; something which cures the sting of love."[7] "But," returned Chloe, "the postures of the sheep and goats are very different from ours; the males leap upon the females from behind; this is out of the question with us; besides, you wish me to lie beside you naked, whereas they have a thick covering given them by nature."

Daphnis admitted the reasonableness of this; so after lying by her side, as usual, for a considerable time, ignorant how to gratify his passions, he got up and actually shed tears, at being less expert in love than a silly sheep.

They had a neighbour named Chromis, who farmed some land of his own. He was growing old, but his wife, who came from the city, was young, good looking, and superior in manners to the common rustics; her name was Lycænium. Seeing Daphnis driving his goats past her house, conducting them to pasture in the morning, and home again in the evening, she was very desirous of enticing him into love by means of presents.

Upon one occasion, watching until he was alone, she gave him a pipe, a honeycomb, and a scrip of deer-

skin. She did not say anything at the time, suspecting his affection for Chloe, by seeing him always in her company. Hitherto, however, her knowledge of the fact was founded only upon having seen nods and laughter exchanged between them. Not long after, pretending to Chromis in the morning that she was going to visit a neighbour in the pains of childbirth, she followed the lovers, and concealed herself in a thicket, in order to avoid discovery; from thence she saw and heard everything which passed between them, and was a witness of the tears shed by Daphnis under his disappointment. Commiserating their trouble, and conceiving the present a good opportunity to promote their wishes, and to gratify her own desires, she had recourse to the following expedient.

The next morning, under cover of the same excuse as on the previous day, she went straight to the oak where Daphnis and Chloe were sitting together; then admirably counterfeiting a state of great alarm, she exclaimed, "Come to my aid, I entreat you, Daphnis, an eagle has carried off the finest among my twenty geese; and unable to bear it to yonder high rock, has fallen with it in the neighbouring low wood. In the name of Pan and the Nymphs come into the wood and rescue my goose, I am afraid to enter it by myself. Do not let me have my number made imperfect; besides you may perhaps kill the eagle, and will then no longer be in dread of having your lambs carried away.—Chloe will, in the meantime, mind your flocks, the goats know her as well as they do you, from your being always in company."

Daphnis, having no suspicions of her motives, got up and followed Lycænium, who led him as far as possible from Chloe; upon arriving in the thickest of

the wood, near a fountain, she bid him sit down beside her.—"You are in love, Daphnis," she said; "the Nymphs informed me of this, last night; they told me of the tears which you shed yesterday, and have commanded me, for the sake of your relief, to teach you love's mysteries. These are not limited to kisses and embraces, and the doing what is done by the rams and goats;[8] they result in much greater pleasure, and are longer in duration. If, therefore, you wish to be freed from your pains, and to make trial of the sweets which you so long for, you must become my willing pupil, and out of regard to the Nymphs I will be your instructress." Daphnis could scarcely contain himself for joy, but rustic as he was, a goatherd, young and in love, he threw himself at Lycænium's feet, entreating her to teach him with all speed the art of gratifying his passion for Chloe.—Moreover, as if about to learn something very mysterious and wonderful, he promised to reward her pains with a kid, some cheeses made of the first new milk, and the she-goat herself. Finding the young shepherd so liberal in his offers, she began to tutor him. She made him sit close to her, bidding him kiss and embrace her, and lastly lie down beside her, as was his wont with Chloe. After this, seeing his amorous ardour, she received him into her arms, and, aided by nature, led him to the wished-for consummation.[9]

When this amorous lesson was concluded, Daphnis, in his simplicity, was upon the point of hurrying back to Chloe, to put in practice what he had learnt, for fear lest through delaying he might forget it. Lycænium however stopped him, saying,—"You have something more yet to learn, Daphnis,—I am a full grown woman, and have felt no inconvenience from what has taken place; I was instructed in this art by

another man, who received my maidenhead as his reward;—but Chloe, when she engages in this amorous contest, will cry out, and shed tears, and suffer inconvenience; however, you must not mind all this; so when you find her in a compliant humour, bring her to this wood, where you will be free from all intrusion,—and remember, that you have had me for your instructress previous to Chloe."[10] Lycænium, after giving him this advice, retired to another part of the wood as if still in search of the lost goose. Daphnis, reflecting upon what she had said, restrained his former impetuosity,[11] fearing to be the cause of any pain and inconvenience to Chloe; and determining to solace himself with her only in the accustomed manner, he issued from the wood. Upon his return he found her weaving a chaplet of violets; so, pretending that he had delivered the goose from the talons of the eagle, he threw his arms around her and embraced her, since in this at least there could be no danger. She placed the chaplet upon his head, and kissed his hair, which, in her estimation was far preferable to the violets. Then producing from her scrip a cake of figs and bread, she gave him some, then snatching the morsels from his mouth, eat them herself, like the youngling of a bird.

While they were at their meal, which, however, consisted more of kisses than of food, a fishing boat was seen proceeding along the coast. There was no wind stirring; a perfect calm prevailed: so having taken to their oars, the crew were rowing vigorously, their object being to carry some newly caught fish to a rich man in the city. They dipped their oars, doing what sailors usually do to beguile their toil. The boatswain[12] sung a sea-song, and the rest joined in chorus at stated intervals. When they were in the

open sea, the sound was lost, their voices being dispersed into the air, but when running under a headland they came into any hollow and crescent-shaped bay, the sound became much louder, and the song of the boatswain was distinctly heard on shore. A deep valley here sloped down from the plain above, which received into it the sound, as into an instrument of music, and repeated with the most perfect imitation every note which was uttered. There could be heard the distinction between the dash of the oars, and the voices of the sailors; and a very pleasing sound it was; beginning on the sea, the duration of its echo upon shore was proportioned to its greater lateness in commencing.

Daphnis, understanding the nature of the echo, turned his attention solely to the sea, and was delighted with viewing the boat as it glided by the shore quicker than a bird could fly. At the same time he endeavoured to store up some of these strains in his memory, that he might play them on his pipe. Chloe, who had never, till now, heard what is called an echo, turned first to the sea, and listened to the boatmen, as they sang, and then looked round to the woods, in expectation of seeing those, who (as she thought) were singing in responsive chorus.

At length the rowers were out of sight, and all was silent, even in the valley; when Chloe inquired of Daphnis whether there was another sea behind the hill, and another boat, and other sailors, who all sang the same strain, and who all left off together. Daphnis sweetly smiled upon her, and gave her a still sweeter kiss, and putting the chaplet of violets on her head, proceeded to relate to her the legendary tale of Echo, upon condition of receiving ten kisses for his pains.

"There are various classes of the Nymphs, my love;—the Melians, who dwell among the ash-groves, the Dryads, who preside over the oaks, and the Elæan, who are guardians of the lakes. Echo[13] was the daughter of one of these Nymphs: as her mother was beautiful, so was she, but as her father was a mortal, she also was the same. She was brought up by the Nymphs, and was taught by the Muses to play upon the pipe, the flute, the lyre, and the harp, in short she was instructed in every species of music; so that when the maiden arrived at the flower of her youth, she danced with the Nymphs, and sang with the Muses. Attached to the state of maidenhood, she shunned the sight of all males, whether men or gods. This roused the indignation of Pan; jealous of her skill in music, and irritated by her refusal of his advances, the god inspired the shepherds and herdsmen with such frenzy, that they rushed upon her like so many hounds or wolves, tore her in pieces, and threw in every direction, her limbs, yet sending forth melodious sounds. Earth, in order to gratify the Nymphs, covered the maiden's limbs, but preserved to her the gift of song; and, by the will of the Muses, she still has the power of utterance, and, as when alive, still imitates all sounds; the voices of the gods—of men—of instruments—of animals, even of Pan himself when playing on his pipe. He, when he hears the sound, springs up, and rushes in pursuit over the mountains, not in order to bend her to his wishes, but to find out who can be this his hidden pupil."

When Daphnis had finished his tale, Chloe, instead of giving him ten kisses only,[14] bestowed upon him a thousand; and Echo repeated every kiss, as if in testimony that Daphnis had not added anything to her history, which was not true.

The heat of the weather daily increased, since spring was departing, and summer was approaching. The new delights, which this season brings, again returned to them. Daphnis swam in the rivers, and Chloe bathed in the fountains; he played upon the pipe, vying with the murmuring pine-trees; she sang, and emulated the nightingales with her melody: they chased the noisy locusts, they caught the chirping grasshoppers, they gathered posies, or shook down the fruit from the trees, and ate it. Sometimes, also, they lay side by side, covered with a goat-skin; but fearing lest passion might carry him away, Daphnis would not often permit her to display all her beauties; at which she in her innocence was astonished, but said nothing.

During the summer, Chloe had many suitors, who came to Dryas, and entreated him to bestow his daughter in marriage. Some brought with them a gift, and some made great promises. Nape, elated with hope, advised her husband to marry Chloe forthwith, and not to keep a maiden of her age any longer at home, lest, while pasturing her flocks, she should some day lose her virtue, and take to herself a partner upon the strength of a present of fruit or flowers;[15] the best course was to secure for her a good match, and to keep all the presents of her suitors for the infant son who had been lately born to them.

Dryas was sometimes almost persuaded by her arguments, for the gifts promised by each wooer, were far beyond what a mere shepherdess had reason to expect; but, on the other hand, he reflected[16] that the maiden was far too good for common lovers, and that, if ever her real parents should be discovered, she would be the means of

making them rich for life.

For these reasons he declined giving a decided answer, and postponed from time to time, meanwhile, receiving presents of no small value. Chloe, as soon as she knew of this, was overwhelmed with grief; but for a considerable time concealed its cause from Daphnis, for fear of giving him pain. He, however, was earnest and persevering in his inquiries as to the subject of her sorrow, and evidently felt more miserable at having the truth concealed from him, than he would do if he knew it; accordingly she acquainted him with every circumstance—with the fact of the suitors being numerous and wealthy, with Nape's arguments for immediate marriage, with the hesitation of Dryas in refusing, and his resolution to postpone matters until the next vintage-season should begin.

Daphnis, almost beside himself at hearing her relation, sat down and wept bitterly, exclaiming, that, were he deprived of Chloe as a companion in the pastures, it would prove his death, and not his death only, for that his sheep would die upon losing such a master. After this burst of sorrow, recovering himself, he resolved to take courage, bethought him of endeavouring to persuade Chloe's father to receive him as her suitor, flattering himself that he should be far superior to the others, and would be preferred before them. There was one obstacle, which gave him uneasiness—Lamon was not rich: this reflection alone rendered his hopes of success slender. Nevertheless he determined to declare himself a suitor, and Chloe approved of his design.

He did not venture to declare his intention to Lamon, but taking courage, communicated his love to Myrtale, and spoke also of the marriage; she

imparted everything to her husband at night. Lamon treated her intercession for Daphnis very harshly, and rebuked his wife for thinking of marrying to a mere shepherd's daughter, a youth who by the tokens found upon him, seemed to give promise of a much higher fortune, and who, should he ever find his relatives, would not only procure the freedom of his foster-father and mother, but also make them master and mistress of a much larger estate.

Myrtale, fearing lest the youth, blighted in his hopes of marrying Chloe, should make an attempt upon his own life, gave him a different reason for the opposition on her husband's part. "We are poor, my son, and we require a girl who will bring a portion with her; they, on the other hand, are rich, and expect rich suitors. However, go and persuade Chloe, and get her to prevail upon her father, not to look for too great a match, but to let you take her for a wife. The girl herself, I am sure, dearly loves you, and would certainly prefer sharing her bed with a handsome youth, however poor, than with an ugly ape, however rich."

Myrtale had no expectation that Dryas, who had so many richer suitors applying to him, would ever agree to the wishes of Daphnis, and considered herself to have offered very plausible arguments for disposing of the subject of the marriage.

Daphnis could not in justice find fault with what she said; but, as needy lovers generally do, he burst into tears; and again invoked the assistance of the Nymphs.

As he slept at night, they again appeared to him in the same dress and form, as they had done before, and the eldest of them thus addressed him.

"Chloe's marriage is under the superintendence of another deity: as for yourself we will furnish you with gifts which shall soften Dryas, and win his consent. The boat belonging to the young men of Methymna, whose vine-branch cable your goats devoured, was that same day carried far out to sea by the violence of the wind: at night the gale blowing from the sea, it was driven towards the land and dashed upon some rocks, there it was wrecked and everything in it lost. A purse of three thousand drachmas[17] was thrown ashore, and lies covered with seaweed near a dead dolphin, the putrid stench of which is so offensive that no one will approach it but hastens by as fast as he can. Go, take this money, and offer it to Dryas. It is enough at present to make you appear not absolutely poor; the time will come, when you will be very rich."

After speaking to this effect, they disappeared, and with them the darkness of the night; day dawned, and Daphnis leaping from his bed with joy, drove his goats to pasture with boisterous eagerness. After kissing Chloe, and paying his adorations in the grotto, he went down to the sea, pretending that it was his intention to bathe, and then walked along the sands close to the beach, seeking the three thousand drachmas. The search required little labour: the dolphin lay rotting in his path, and yielding a "most ancient and fish-like smell," which served to guide him on his way. He immediately approached it, and upon removing the weeds found the purse full of silver, which he put into his scrip; but before quitting the spot he uttered blessings upon the Nymphs and upon the ocean likewise; for although a shepherd he now thought the sea more delightful than the land, since it contributed to promote his marriage with Chloe.

Having got possession of this sum, he thought himself not merely richer than his neighbours, but the richest man upon the earth, and immediately hastened to Chloe, related his dream to her, shewed her the purse, and desired her to tend the herds till he came back: then, hurrying with all speed to Dryas, whom he found with Nape busied in beating out corn upon the threshing floor, he boldly entered upon the subject of the marriage.

"Give me Chloe for a wife. I can play well on the pipe; I can prune vines; I can plant; I can plough; and I can winnow. To my skill as a herdsman Chloe can bear witness: fifty she-goats were given to my charge, and their number is now doubled. Formerly we used to send our females to a neighbour's males; but now I have reared large and handsome he-goats of our own. I am young; and, as I have been your neighbour, you know me to have a blameless character. A goat, moreover, nursed me, as a ewe did Chloe. Being on so many points superior to other suitors, you will not find me their inferior in my gifts. They will offer their goats and their sheep, or a yoke of mangy oxen, or corn not fit to feed even dunghill fowls! I will give you three thousand drachmas!—only let no one know what I have offered—not even Lamon, my father!" So saying, he presented the money and threw his arms round the neck of Dryas.

Dryas and Nape were surprised at the sight of so much money, and not only promised to give Chloe in marriage, but also undertook to procure Lamon's consent to the match. Nape remained with Daphnis, and drove the oxen round the floor, while by means of the threshing-machine,[18] she separated the grains. Dryas, in the meantime, laid by the money

carefully, in the place where the tokens were stored up, and hastened to Lamon's house upon the novel errand of asking[19] a husband for his daughter. He found Lamon and Myrtale measuring some barley, which had been just winnowed, and in very bad spirits at finding it yield little more than the seed which had been put into the ground, and endeavoured to console them by saying, that this season the complaint was general. He then asked Daphnis in marriage for Chloe. "Others," said he, "would willingly make me handsome presents, I however will accept nothing from you, but, on the contrary, will give you of my own substance. The two young people have been brought up together, and from feeding their flocks in company they have contracted a mutual fondness which cannot easily be dissolved, and they are now of sufficient age to consummate a marriage."

These and many more arguments he urged with all the eloquence of one who had received three thousand drachmas for his guerdon. Lamon was no longer able to plead his poverty, since Dryas entertained no objections upon that head; nor could he object to the age of Daphnis, for he was by this time a young man; but even now he did not explain the real cause of his unwillingness, which was, that Daphnis was of too good birth for such a match.

After remaining sometime silent he replied as follows. "You act justly, Dryas, in preferring your neighbours before strangers, and in not thinking wealth superior to honest poverty. May Pan and the Nymphs reward you with their friendship for this! I myself am eager for the marriage: I who am halfway on the road to old age, and begin to feel the want of assistance on my farm, should indeed be crazy, were

I to refuse a connection with your family; this in itself would be a great advantage, and Chloe, too, is most desirable on account of her beauty, youth, and goodness. At the same time you must consider that I am only a serf on this estate:[20] I am owner of nothing here: it is necessary that my master should be acquainted with the business, and that we should have his consent. Suppose, then, that we defer the marriage till the autumn: persons from the city have informed me, that he intends coming hither at that time. They shall then be man and wife; for the present let them love each other like brother and sister. I will only farther say, friend Dryas, that you are seeking as son-in-law one who is superior to us all." He added no more, but embraced Dryas, and handed him some drink, it being mid-day and very hot, and wishing to shew him every mark of kindness, accompanied him part of his way home.

The last expression of Lamon was not lost upon Dryas, but as he went along he thought within himself,—"Who can Daphnis be? He was suckled by a she-goat, as if under the providential care of the deities themselves; he is very handsome, and bears no resemblance to the flat-nosed Lamon, or the bald-headed Myrtale; he is master, also, of three thousand drachmas,—few goatherds can call so many pears their own! Was he exposed by the same person who exposed Chloe? Did Lamon find him, as I found her? were tokens left with him like those which I found? If, O Pan, and ye Nymphs, it be so, whensoever he finds his own relatives, he may throw some light upon the secret history of Chloe also!"

Thus he proceeded, thinking and dreaming, until he reached the threshing-floor. There he found Daphnis on the tiptoe of expectation to learn his tidings.

Dryas relieved his mind by addressing him as son-in-law; he promised him that the nuptials should take place in the autumn, and gave him his right hand in confirmation that Chloe should be the wife of no other.

Swifter than thought, without stopping to eat or drink, away ran Daphnis to Chloe. He found her engaged in milking and making cheese, told her the good news of their approaching wedding, kissed her openly, as though she were already his wife, and not by stealth as he used to do, and began to assist her in her work, by milking the goats and ewes into the pails, setting the cheeses upon the racks,[21] and placing the lambs and kids under their dams. When their labours were concluded, they washed themselves, ate and drank, and then went out in search of some ripe fruit. Of this there was abundance, it being the most fruitful season of the year. There were pears, both wild and cultivated, and all sorts of apples, some of which were lying on the ground, and some still hanging upon the branches. Those upon the ground smelt sweeter; those upon the boughs were brighter in colour; the former were as fragrant as new wine, the latter shone like gold. One tree had been entirely stripped; its branches were bare; it had neither leaves nor fruit, except a single apple, which grew upon the top of the highest branch. This apple was very large and beautiful, and its solitary perfume surpassed the united fragrance of many others. The gatherer had either been afraid of climbing to the summit of the tree, or he had preserved this beautiful fruit for some love-sick shepherd. Daphnis, as soon as he espied it, began to climb the tree, giving no heed to Chloe, who endeavoured to prevent him, and who finding herself disregarded hurried away pettishly after her

herds. Daphnis climbed the tree, succeeded in seizing the apple, carried it as a present to Chloe, and presented it to her, with these words:—"Maiden, this fruit was produced and cherished by the beauteous hours; the sun matured it with his beams, and fortune has preserved it; unless blind, I could not leave it either to fall on the ground, where cattle, as they grazed, might tread on it, or where the snake might crawl over it, and defile it with his slime; or where time might rot it as it lay; still less could I do this when it had been seen and praised by you. Venus received an apple as the prize of beauty; the same prize I adjudge to you. Paris and I are equally fitted to be umpires: he was a shepherd, I am a goatherd."

With these words he placed the apple in her bosom, and she, upon his drawing near, bestowed on him a kiss; so that Daphnis did not repent of having ventured to climb[22] to such a height; for the kiss which he received was more precious to him than a golden apple.

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[1] The reading here followed is that of Villoisin.—ὑβρίζοντας τοὺς νεανίσκους.

[2]

"nec jam susteneant onus
Silvæ laborantes, geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto."—Hor. i. Od. ix. 2.

[3] Compare Virgil's description of the way of passing a northern Winter.

"Ipsi in defossis specubus secura sub altâ
Otia agunt terrâ, congestaque robora totasque
Advolvere focis ulmos, ignique dedere.
Hie noctem ludo ducunt, et pocula læti
Fermento atque acidis imitantur vitea sorbis."
G. iii. 376.

[4]

"Fac primus rapias illius tacta labellis
Pocula: quaque bibit parte puella, bibe."
Ovid de Art. Am. i. 575.

[5]

"Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis
Arboribusque comæ....
Mutat terra vices."—Hor. iv. Od. vii. 1.

[6]

"——The gay troops begin,
In gallant thought to plume the painted wing
And try again the long forgotten strain,
At first faint warbled—
. . . . . .
Then, all at once alive, then joy o'erflows
In music unconfined."—Thomson.

Should the reader wish to see the song of the Nightingale represented by a series of words, he is referred to p. 108 of Paget's Warden of Berkingholt, where he will find the imitation by the learned Doctor Bechstein, of

Walterhausen.

[7] "Recti illi faciunt, rectæ contra istæ patiuntur alteri, nempe insilientes, alteræ vero dorso impositos admittentes. Tu a me petis, ut unà recumbam, idque nuda? Atqui illas me, licet vestibus amicta, quanto aunt hirsutiores? Paret Daphnis, et concumbens cum eadem jacuit; nesciusque quidquam eorum agere, quorum gratiâ tanta libidinis impetu concitabatur, illam erigit, et a tergo hircos imitande illi adhæsit."

[8] Saltus hi longe illis dulciorea; habent enim longieris temporis voluptatem.

[9] "Edocta eum ad patrandum non solum fortem esse, verum etiam libidine turgere, ab reclinatione in latus factâ, ipsum erexit, seque tum perite substernens, ilium ad viam duci quæsitam direxit; deinde non ultra peregrinum ipsum circumduxit, ipsa natura, quod porro agendum restabat, docente."

[10] "Jacebit haud secus ac vulnerata, multo manens sanguine.—Verum non est quod cruorem timeas; sed quando illam persuaseris, ut tibi morem gerat, tunc tu illam in hunc adducit locum, ubi, si forté clamaverit, nemo audiat, si lacrimata fuerit, nemo videat, si cruore fœdata fuerit, fonte se abluat."

[11] "cavens, ne vel illa veluti hoste conspecto clamaret, vel tanquam dolore affecta fleret, vel sanguine fœdaretur tanquam contrucidata. Non ità dudum namque periculum fecerat ipse, à Methymnæis plagis affectus: ideoque à sanguine abhorrebat, sanguinemque de solo vulnere sequi opinabatur."

[12] κελευστής,(in Latin, Hortator or Portusculus) an officer in a ship who gave the signal to the rowers, that they might keep time in rowing. The same name was also given to

the pole or hammer, by the striking of which he regulated the motion of the oars.

"mediæ stat margine puppis,
Qui voce alternos nautarum temperet ictus,
Et remis dictat sonitum, pariterque relatis
Ad sonitum plaudat resonantia cœrula tonsis."
Silius Italicus, VI. 360.

See Æsch Persæ. 388.

[13] See Ovid, Met. iii. 356, for the legend of Echo and Narcissus.

[14] There is a painting, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which represents Venus as chiding Cupid for learning arithmetic.

[15] See Theocritus. Idyll xxvii.

[16]

"This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sord; nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place."—Winter's Tale.

[17] £122 18s. 4d.

[18] Τριβόλος—a corn-drag, consisting of a thick and ponderous wooden board, armed underneath with pieces of iron, or sharp flints, and drawn over the corn by a yoke of oxen, either the driver or a heavy weight being placed upon it, for the purpose of separating the grain and cutting the straw.—Dict. of Greek and Rom. Antiq. See Virg. Georg. i. 164.

[19] μνᾶσθαι νυμφιόν—the verb μναόμαι is properly employed only with reference to the woman, signifying to woo to wife.

[20] Lamon appears to have been the ἐπίροπος, or bailiff upon his master's estate.

[21] Ταρσοὶ—flat wicker baskets for making

and stowing away cheeses.

"Ταρσοὶ μὲν τυρῶν βρῖθον."—Odyss. ix. 219.

.... "His strainers hung with cheese
Distended."...—Cowper.

"Ταρσοὶ δ' ὑπερσχθὲες αἰεὶ."—Theoc. Idyll. 37.

"My cheeses fail not in their hurdled row."—Chapman.

A passage in Ovid illustrates the process of cheese-making:—

.... "Veluti concretum vimine querno
Lac solet; utve liquor rari sub pondere cribri
Manat, et exprimitur per densa foramina spissus."
Met. xii. 434

[22]

.... "Is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?"—Shakspeare.

BOOK IV.

One of Lamon's neighbours, who was a fellow serf under the same lord, called in his way from Mitylene, and informed him that their master intended coming just before the vintage, to see whether the incursion of the Methymnæans had done any damage to his lands. The summer was now closing, and autumn approaching very fast; Lamon, therefore, immediately began to put the house in such order as might, in every respect, please his master's eyes. He cleansed the fountains, that the water might be pure; carried the manure out of the

yard, that the smell might not be offensive; and trimmed his garden, that all its beauty might be seen.

His garden was indeed a beautiful one, and laid out in a princely style. It was situated on high ground, and was five hundred feet in length, while in breadth it contained four acres, so that one might have supposed it an extensive plain. In it were all kinds of trees,—the apple, the myrtle, the pear, the pomegranate, the fig, the olive, which grew here in perfection. On one side of this garden was a lofty vine, whose branches, laden with blackening grapes, were suspended above the apple and pear trees, as if vying with them in the show of fruit. Such were the cultivated trees. There were also cypresses, laurels, planes, and pines, over which an ivy instead of a vine stretched out her branches, with berries in size and colour resembling grapes.

The fruit-trees occupied the interior space. Those which did not bear fruit were ranged on the outside, serving the purpose of an artificial fence; and the whole was inclosed by a slight hedge. All were placed in a strict and regular order,[1] so that their trunks were perfectly distinct one from the other, but at a certain height their branches met, and intermingled their leaves with a regularity which, though the work of nature, appeared to be the effect of art. Here were also beds of various flowers, some of which were cultivated plants, and some the spontaneous production of the soil. The rose bushes,[2] hyacinths, and lilies had been planted by the hand of man, the violets, the narcissus, and the pimpernel sprang naturally from the ground. There was shade for summer, flowers for spring, fruits for autumn, and for all seasons of the year enjoyment.

From this garden was to be had a fine view of the plains with the herds and flocks which grazed upon them; as well as of the sea, and of the ships, as they were sailing along, so that the prospect was no small portion of the beauty of the place. Exactly in the middle there was a temple and an altar, dedicated to Bacchus. An ivy encircled the altar, and a vine extended its branches round the temple; on the interior the events in the history of the god were represented. The delivery of Semele, Ariadne sleeping, Lycurgus fettered, Pentheus torn in pieces, [3] the victories over the Indians, and the metamorphosis of the Tyrrhenian sailors. On all sides were Satyrs and Bacchantes dancing. Nor was Pan omitted; he was represented sitting upon a rock, and playing upon his pipe an air intended equally to regulate the motions of the men as they trod the grapes, and of the women as they danced.

Such was the garden, which Lamon was busy in getting into order, cutting away dead wood, and raising the branches of the vines. He crowned the statue of Bacchus with flowers, he conducted water from the fountain discovered by Daphnis, for the flowers, which was used exclusively for them, and was called Daphnis's Fountain. Lamon also charged the youth to get his goats into as good condition as possible, since their master would certainly visit and examine them after his long absence from the farm. Upon this head Daphnis felt confident that he should be praised; for the herd, which he had received in charge, was increased twofold: not one of them had been seized by a wolf, and they were already fatter than sheep. Wishing to do everything which might render his master favourable to his marriage, he exerted all his care and activity, driving them to pasture very early, and returning very late, leading

them to the water twice every day, and choosing for them the richest pastures. He also took care to provide fresh bowls,[4] many new milk-pails, and larger cheese-racks. Such was his attention to his goats, that he even oiled their horns, and curried their hair, and they might have been supposed to be the sacred herd of Pan. Chloe shared in all his toil, neglecting her own flock, that she might be of greater assistance to him, which caused Daphnis to attribute the beauty of his herd entirely to her.

While occupied in this manner, a second messenger came from the city, with orders for them to get in their vintage as soon as possible; he said he should remain there until they had made some of the new wine, after which he should return to Mitylene, and bring their master, at the end of the vintage season. Lamon and his family received Eudromus, the runner (for his name was derived from his employment) with a hearty welcome, and immediately began to strip the vines, to put the grapes in the vats, and the must in the casks; reserving some of the finest clusters with their branches, in order that those also who came out of the city might form some idea of the vintage, and its pleasures.

Before Eudromus departed, Daphnis made him various presents, and in addition such as are usually given by a goat-herd, such as some well-made cheeses, a young kid, a white shaggy goat-skin for him to wear when running on errands in the winter, and many things besides. He was greatly pleased with Daphnis and embraced him, promising to speak favourably of him to his master: with these friendly feelings he set out. Daphnis and Chloe were in a state of great anxiety. She felt no small fear when she reflected that a youth hitherto accustomed to see

only his goats, the mountains, his fellow-labourers in the fields, and herself, was for the first time soon to behold his master, whom he had but recently known even by name. She was anxious to know how he would conduct himself in the presence of his betters; her mind was also filled with agitation respecting their marriage, fearing lest all their expected happiness might prove but a dream. Frequently did she and Daphnis kiss, and frequently did they cling in embraces as close as though they grew together;[5] yet their kisses were alloyed by fear, and their embraces partook of sadness, as if afraid of the actual presence of their master, or as if endeavouring to avoid his eyes.

The following addition to their present troubles likewise took place.

There was a certain Lampis, a herdsman of overweening disposition; he also had been asking Chloe in marriage of Dryas, and had made many handsome presents to promote his chance of success. Being well aware, that if the master of the estate should give his consent, Daphnis would obtain her for his bride, he resolved to plan some scheme for setting Lamon's family at variance with their master; and knowing that the latter was particularly fond of a garden, he determined to injure it and destroy its beauty. He was aware that should he venture to cut down the trees, the noise would betray him, he determined therefore to vent his rage against the flowers, so waiting till it was dark, he climbed over the hedge, and like a wild-boar, rooted up some, broke others, and trampled upon every flower. Having done this, he went away unobserved. When Lamon came the next morning he was about to water his flowers with the streams which had been

conducted from the fountain, but seeing the whole spot laid waste, and the damage of such a kind as some determined enemy or spiteful thief would have committed, he rent his clothes, and called loudly upon the gods, so that Myrtale threw down what she had in her hands, and ran out; while Daphnis, who was driving his herds to pasture, hurried back; and when they saw what had taken place, they uttered a loud shriek, and burst into tears.

It was in vain to lament the loss of their flowers, but they wept from dread of their master's anger; and had any stranger passed by he would have wept also, for the whole garden was dismantled: nothing remained but trampled clay The few flowers which here and there had escaped destruction showed by their brilliant hues how beautiful the garden must have been when in perfection. Numbers of bees rested upon them, and with incessant buzzing seemed to lament their fate. Lamon, in his consternation, thus broke forth: "Alas! for my rose bushes, how are they broken! Alas! for my violets, how are they trodden under foot! Alas! for my narcissuses and hyacinths, which some mischievous villain has rooted up! The spring will return, but they will not put forth their buds! The summer will come, but they will not be in their full bloom! The autumn will arrive, but they will crown no one with garlands! And you, my protector, Bacchus, did not you deign to pity the flowers, among which you dwell, which daily you behold, and with which I have so often crowned your brows? How can I show this garden to my lord? When he sees it, what will be his feelings? He will hang his old servant, like a second Marsyas, on one of those pines:—and perhaps he will hang Daphnis, attributing the destruction of it to his goats!"

They ceased weeping for the flowers, and now wept for themselves. Chloe shed tears at the idea of Daphnis being hanged, and prayed that their master might never come. She passed days of wretchedness, fancying she saw Daphnis already suffering under the scourge.

Night was approaching when Eudromus returned, and informed them that their master would be with them in three days' time, but that his son would arrive next morning. They now began to deliberate what was to be done respecting the misfortune which had happened, and took Eudromus into their councils. Feeling a friendship for Daphnis, he advised them to relate the whole affair to their young master on his first arrival; he was his own foster-brother; on which account he had no small interest with him, and he promised to assist them in the matter.

On the following day they did as he had recommended. Astylus came on horseback: a fawning parasite, who always accompanied him, rode by his side. The former was but beginning to be bearded, but the chin of Gnatho had long since felt the razor's edge. Lamon, together with Myrtale and Daphnis, came out to meet them, and falling at his young master's feet, besought him to have mercy upon an unfortunate old man, and to avert his father's anger from one who was not to blame in any respect; at the same time relating to him all particulars. Astylus listened with great commiseration, and when he came to the garden, and saw the havoc which had been committed, he promised to plead their excuse with his father by laying the fault on his own horses, which, he would say, had been tethered there, but having become restive, had broken loose, and had trampled down, and destroyed the flowers.

Lamon and Myrtale invoked upon him every blessing. Daphnis, moreover, brought him as presents some kids, some cheese, some birds with their young, some vine-branches covered with grapes, and some apples still hanging on their boughs. Among his other gifts he presented some fragrant Lesbian wine, very choice in flavour.

Astylus expressed himself pleased with the offerings of Daphnis, and immediately betook himself to hare hunting, as was natural in a young man abounding in wealth, nursed in luxury, and who had come into the country merely for some change in his amusements.

Gnatho[6] being a fellow whose whole science consisted in eating and drinking to excess, and who was nothing, in fact, but a compound of gluttony, drunkenness, and sensuality,[7] had narrowly watched Daphnis as he was offering his presents. He was naturally fond of male beauty, and never having seen any one so handsome, even in town, he determined to make an attempt upon Daphnis, thinking easily to gain over a mere shepherd youth. Having formed this determination, instead of going to hunt with Astylus, he proceeded to the spot where Daphnis was feeding his flock, under pretence of looking at the goats, but in reality to gaze upon their master. In order to gain his goodwill, he began by praising the appearance of the animals, and requested him to play a pastoral tune upon his pipe, adding, that by his influence he could soon obtain his freedom. Having in this manner put him at his ease, he watched his opportunity, and when Daphnis was driving home his herd at night, he ran up and kissed him, and then went on to make proposals to him.[8] For some time the youth did not understand his meaning, but when at last he did, he laid him

prostrate with a blow; for he was in liquor, and hardly able to stand; and then left him sprawling, in need not of a boy whose beauty he might admire, but of a man to pick him up and lead him home. For the time to come Daphnis would hold no more communication with him, but constantly changed the place of pasturage for his goats, avoiding him, but keeping close to Chloe. Nor, to say the truth, was Gnatho very eager to renew his acquaintance, having found by personal experience that he was not only handsome in countenance but stalwart in arm; nevertheless he determined to watch for an opportunity of speaking to Astylus about him, and flattered himself that he should easily obtain him as a gift from a young man who was always ready to give largely, and upon all occasions.

Just then he could not carry out his plans, for Dionysophanes and Clearista arrived; and not small was the stir caused by their train of male and female servants, and their sumpter horses. Dionysophanes was of middle age,[9] but tall and handsome; and one who would not suffer by comparison even with far younger men. In riches he had not many equals, in virtues he had none. On the first day of his arrival he sacrificed to the deities who preside over the country,—to Ceres, to Bacchus, to Pan, and to the Nymphs, and caused to be prepared one common bowl for all present.[10] During the following day he inspected Lamon's labours, and when he saw the fields well ploughed, the flourishing condition of the vines, and the beauty of the garden (for Astylus had taken the blame about the flowers on himself), he was very much delighted, praised Lamon highly, and promised to give him his freedom. After going over the farm, he went to see the herds, and him who tended them.

Chloe fled to the woods: she was ashamed and frightened at the thought of appearing before so many strangers. Daphnis, however, stood still: he had on a shaggy goat-skin, a new scrip was suspended from his shoulder; in one hand he held some fresh cheeses, and with the other, two sucking kids. If ever Apollo tended the herds of Laomedon, his appearance must have been like that of Daphnis now. He did not say a word, but covered with blushes, hung down his head, and presented his offerings.

"This, Master (said Lamon), is the young man who has taken care of your goats. Fifty female, and two male goats were the number which I received from you: this youth has increased the former to a hundred, and the latter to ten. Observe how sound are their horns, how fat and long-haired they are in body. He has even made them musical; for all their movements are regulated by the pipe."

Clearista, who was present, and heard what was said, expressed a wish to see a proof of what he asserted, and desired Daphnis to pipe to his goats in his usual manner, promising him for his pains a tunic, a cloak, and a pair of sandals. Daphnis disposed the company in a semi-circle; then standing under the shade of a beech-tree, he took his pipe from his scrip, and breathed into it very gently. The goats stood still, merely lifting up their heads. Next he played the pasture-tune,[11] on which they all put down their heads, and began to graze. Now he produced some notes, soft and sweet in tone:—at once all his herd lay down. After this he piped in a sharp key, and they ran off to the wood, as if a wolf were in sight. Within a short interval he played the recall, and immediately issuing from their covert, they ran to his

very feet. Few domestic servants will be seen to obey their master so readily: all the company were astonished at his skill, but more particularly Clearista, who reiterated her promise of giving a reward to the handsome goatherd, who had shown such skill in music. The party, returning to the farm, went to dinner, and sent Daphnis a portion from their own table.

Daphnis shared the dainties with Chloe, and was delighted with the flavour of city cookery, and felt very sanguine of obtaining his master's consent and so of succeeding in his marriage.

Gnatho, still more captivated by this display of Daphnis's skill, and reckless of life unless he could effect his purpose, watched for Astylus as he was walking in the garden, and leading him to the temple of Bacchus, began to kiss his feet and hands.

Upon Astylus inquiring why he did this, urging him to speak out, and promising to grant his request, he replied, "It is all over with your old friend Gnatho; I who once cared only for the table; I who used to swear that nothing was better than generous old wine, and that your city cooks were better than all the comely youths of Mitylene,—now can find nothing handsome excepting Daphnis. I no longer relish, nor even taste the choice dishes which are daily prepared in such abundance, flesh, fish, and pastry; but would willingly be transformed into a goat and browse on grass and leaves, if only I could listen to the pipe of Daphnis, and be under his charge. Shew yourself then, my preserver, and enable me to triumph in my suit; if you refuse, I swear by Bacchus, that I will seize a dagger, and after eating until I can eat no longer, will stab myself before the door of Daphnis, and then you will no

longer be able to call me your sweet Gnatty,[12] as you are used to to do." The good-natured young man, who was no stranger to the power of love, moved by his blandishments and tears, promised to ask Daphnis of his father, under pretence of requiring him for a slave, but in reality to be the favourite of Gnatho. Then wishing to put him in good spirits he jokingly asked whether he was not ashamed of taking a fancy to a son of Lamon, a common goatherd; at the same time mimicking a feeling of disgust at rank and goatish smells.

Gnatho, who was well schooled in the love-tales of mythology, which he had heard at the tables of luxurious profligates, began to discourse very learnedly of the matters relating to himself and Daphnis.—"Lovers, my master, are not over nice; wheresoever they see beauty, they own its influence and succumb to it; some have fallen in love with a tree, some with a river, others with a wild beast,—now who would not commiserate a lover who stood in dread of the object of his love? I, however, am captivated by one who though a slave in his condition, is worthy of being a freeman as regards his beauty.

"His hair[13] is like the hyacinth, and his eyes sparkle under his eye brows like gems set in a golden ring, his face is suffused with a rosy hue of health, his mouth displays teeth as white as ivory. Who would not wish to snatch a kiss from such a mouth? In taking a fancy to a shepherd I do but imitate[14] the gods,—Anchises kept oxen and yet captivated Venus, —Branchius was a goatherd and Apollo loved him. Ganymede was a shepherd and was snatched away by Jupiter. Let us not think lightly of a youth, whose very goats obey him as though they were in love

with him; and let us be thankful to the eagles for leaving such an impersonation of beauty upon earth." Astylus laughed heartily at hearing him talk thus, and saying that love made folks great orators, promised to take an opportunity of mentioning the subject of Daphnis to his father. Eudromus overheard their conversation, and immediately gave information of it to Daphnis and Lamon. He loved the young man because of his amiable disposition, and could not bear to think that so much beauty and worth should be subjected to Gnatho's drunken humours. Daphnis in his alarm determined either to fly from the country, taking Chloe with him, or to destroy himself and Chloe at the same time.

Lamon upon his part called Myrtale out of the house, and exclaimed, "O my dear wife, we are undone. It is time for us to discover what we have so long concealed. Our goats and all belonging to us will it is true now be deserted; but I swear by Pan, and the Nymphs, that even supposing I am myself to be left like an old ox in the stall (as the saying is), I will no longer keep the history of Daphnis a secret. I will tell how and where I found him exposed, I will explain how he was nursed, and will shew the tokens, which were placed with him. That rascally Gnatho shall know, to what manner of youth he, vile as he is, has taken a liking!—Take care to have everything in readiness!"

Having formed this resolution, they went into the house again. Astylus, in the mean time, proceeding to his father, when he happened to be disengaged, begged his permission to take Daphnis home with them on their return, alleging, that so beautiful a youth was too good for his present rustic situation, and would very soon under Gnatho's care acquire the

polish of city manners. His father willingly complied with his request, and sending for Lamon and Myrtale, communicated to them as good news, that Daphnis would henceforth wait upon Astylus instead of tending goats, at the same time promising them two goatherds to supply his place. It was then, as the attendants were crowding round, and rejoicing to hear that they were to have among them so handsome a fellow-slave, that Lamon, having requested leave to speak, thus addressed his master. "Be pleased, master, to listen to an old man and hear the truth. I swear by Pan and the Nymphs, that I will not utter anything which is false.—I am not the father of Daphnis, nor was Myrtale so fortunate as to be his mother. The parents of this youth, whoever they were, exposed him in his infancy; perhaps, because, they had already more children than they knew how to maintain. I found him lying on the earth, and one of my she-goats nursing him. When she died, I buried her in the border of my garden, feeling a regard for her, inasmuch as she had done a mother's duty. I confess having found various tokens with the infant, which I still preserve; for they prove him to be born to a higher station than that which he now fills with me. I am not so high-minded as to slight the offer of his being an attendant on Astylus—an excellent servant to a virtuous and excellent master: but I cannot bear the idea of his being a sport for the drunken hours of Gnatho, who would fain take him to Mitylene, that he may be abused."

Lamon at the conclusion of this speech burst into tears. Gnatho began to bluster, and threatened to strike him, but Dionysophanes sternly frowning, ordered him to be silent; and again interrogating Lamon, urged him to tell the truth, and not to invent a tale merely to keep his son at home.—When Lamon

continued unshaken in his assertions, called upon the gods to be his witnesses, and professed his readiness to submit to torture, should he be uttering a falsehood; his master, in the presence of Clearista, who sat by him, began to test the probability of the tale, as follows. "What motive can Lamon have to tell a falsehood, when two goatherds are offered him in lieu of one? How could a plain rustic possibly invent such a tale?—Besides, is it not altogether unlikely that such an old man and such a plain old woman can be the parents of so handsome a son."

He determined to rest no longer upon mere conjectures, but to examine the tokens, and to see whether they bespoke an illustrious birth. Myrtale had gone to fetch them, for they were preserved in an old bag. Dionysophanes was the first to examine them, and when he beheld the purple mantle, the golden clasp, and little sword with the ivory hilt, he exclaimed, Lord Jupiter! and called to Clearista to come and look at them.—When Clearista beheld them, she uttered a loud shriek, and cried out, "The friendly Fates, are not these the very things, which we exposed with our little one, when we sent Sophrosyne to leave him in this part of the country! they are none other, they are the very same, my husband! the child is ours. Daphnis is your son, and he has been tending his own father's flock."

Before she had done speaking, and while Dionysophanes was kissing the tokens and shedding tears of joy, Astylus, who now understood that Daphnis was his brother, threw off his cloak, and ran through the garden to give him the first salute. When Daphnis saw Astylus running towards him, followed by many others, and heard them calling out his own name, he thought they were coming to seize him and

carry him off by violence. Accordingly he threw down his scrip, and his pipe, and ran towards the sea with the determined resolution to throw himself into it from the top of a high rock: and perhaps (strange to say!) his being found would have proved the occasion of his being lost for ever, had not Astylus perceiving the occasion of his alarm, called out, "Stop, stop, Daphnis, I am your brother: and they, who have hitherto been your masters, are now your parents. Lamon has just now given us the whole account of the she-goat, and has shewn us the tokens, which were found with you! look back! see! with what cheerful and smiling faces they are coming towards you! Brother, let me have the first kiss. I swear by the Nymphs, I am not deceiving you."

Not without hesitation was Daphnis induced after this solemn assertion to pause, and wait for Astylus, whom he received with a kiss. While they were embracing, his father and mother with Lamon and Myrtale and all the men and maid servants came thronging up, threw their arms round him, and kissed him with tears of joy. Daphnis affectionately saluted his father and mother before the rest and as though he had long known them, clasped them to his breast, and would not disengage himself from their embrace:—so soon does natural affection assert her rights.

For a time even Chloe was almost forgotten. After returning to the farm, and putting on a costly dress, he sat down by his real father, who spoke to the following effect.

"My children, I married when very young; and in a short space of time became as I considered myself a very fortunate father. First a son was born to me, next a daughter, and then you, my Astylus. I thought

my family now large enough, for which reason I exposed Daphnis, the boy who was born in addition to the others, placing with him these ornaments, not as tokens, but to serve as funeral weeds.—Fortune had different plans in view.—My eldest son and daughter died of the same disease in one day: but the providence of the gods has preserved you, Daphnis, that we might have an additional stay in our old age. —Do not bear ill will towards me, from the remembrance of my having exposed you; for I did not do so with a willing mind, nor do you, Astylus, feel grieved that you will now have a part only, instead of the whole of my estate; for to a wise man no wealth is more valuable than a brother. Love each other;—and as for wealth you shall be able to vie even with princes. I shall leave to you extensive lands, a number of dexterous servants, stores of gold and silver, and whatever else forms the possession of the prosperous. Only this particular estate I reserve for Daphnis, with Lamon and Myrtale, and the goats which he himself has tended."

Before he had finished speaking, Daphnis sprang from his seat, and said, "Father, you very seasonably remind me of these matters. I will go and lead my goats to water, they must now be thirsty, and are no doubt waiting to hear my pipe, while I am sitting here." Every one laughed at hearing the master so willing to be still the goatherd. One of the servants was sent in place of Daphnis to tend the herd; while he and the rest of the company, after sacrificing to JOVE THE PRESERVER, sat down together to a banquet. Gnatho was the only one who did not come to the entertainment; for being under great alarm, he remained all day and night in the temple of Bacchus, as a suppliant.

The report that Dionysophanes had found his son, and that Daphnis the goatherd was now master of the estate, having soon spread abroad, early the next morning numbers flocked to the cottage from various parts with congratulations to the youth and gifts to the father.—Dryas the foster-father of Chloe was among the first who arrived.

Dionysophanes kept them all, after sharing of his joy, to partake of an entertainment. Store of wine was provided, abundance of wheaten bread, wild fowl, sucking pigs, and sweets of various kinds, and many victims were sacrificed to the country's deities. Daphnis collected all his pastoral equipments, and distributed them in separate offerings to the gods. To Bacchus he presented his scrip, and coat of skin. To Pan his pipe and transverse-flute. To the Nymphs his crook, and the milkpails, which he had made with his own hands. The happiness arising from our wonted condition is however so much greater than that which springs from unexpected good fortune, that he could not refrain from tears when parting with each offering. He could not suspend his milkpails in the grotto without once more milking into them: nor his coat of skin without once more putting it on: nor his pipe without once more playing on it. He kissed each of them in turn; he talked to his goats and called them by their names; he drank from the fountain because he had so often done so in company with Chloe.—Still he did not yet venture to declare his love, but waited for a favourable opportunity.

While Daphnis was engaged in these religious ceremonies, the following circumstances befel Chloe. She was sitting weeping and watching her flock, and exclaiming (as was natural) "Daphnis has forgotten

me. He is dreaming of some wealthy match. To what purpose did I make him swear by his goats instead of by the Nymphs? he has deserted the former as well as me; nor even when sacrificing to the Nymphs and to Pan, has he had any desire to see his Chloe. Perhaps among his mother's waiting women, he has seen some girl preferable to me. May he be happy! As for me I shall not survive it."

While she was giving utterance to these thoughts, Lampis the herdsman with a band of rustics suddenly came up and seized her. He conceived that Daphnis would no longer marry her, and that Dryas would be well content to have him as a son-in-law. While she was being borne off with tears and shrieks, some one who had witnessed the transaction, hastened to inform Nape: Nape informed Dryas, and Dryas communicated it to Daphnis. Distracted at the intelligence, afraid to explain the circumstance to his father, and unable to restrain his own emotions, he betook himself to the outer garden-walk and there vented his grief:—

"What an unhappy discovery of parentage, is mine! How much better would it have been for me still to tend my herds! How much happier was I, when a slave! then I could behold my Chloe!—but now, Lampis has carried her away; this very night, perhaps, she will be his wife! In the mean time I am here, drinking and feasting, and have to no purpose sworn by Pan, by my goats, and by the Nymphs."

These words were overheard by Gnatho, who was lurking in the garden; he considered it a good opportunity for effecting a reconciliation with Daphnis. Assembling some youths, who waited upon Astylus, he pursued Dryas, whom he desired to conduct them to the place where Lampis dwelt. They

overtook him just as he was dragging Chloe into his house, rescued her from him, and gave the country-fellows, his companions, a sound drubbing. He was very desirous also to seize and bind Lampis, and bring him back like a prisoner of war, but the fellow was too much for him and ran away.

Having accomplished this exploit, he returned just as night was coming on. Dionysophanes had already retired to rest; but finding Daphnis still up and weeping in the garden, presented Chloe to him, and gave him an account of the whole adventure, beseeching him to bear no ill-will, but to retain him in his service, in which he would prove himself of use, and not to banish him from his father's table, which would deprive him of his bread. When Daphnis saw Chloe, and once more had her in his possession, he forgave Gnatho, because of his good deed, and began to apologize to the maiden for his neglect.

Upon holding a consultation, Daphnis at first resolved to marry Chloe privately, and to keep her in concealment, making no one but her own mother acquainted with the matter; Dryas would not concur in this plan, he was for communicating every thing to Daphnis's father, and himself undertook the task of obtaining his consent. Accordingly, taking the tokens with him in his scrip, he went the next day to Dionysophanes and Clearista, who were sitting in the garden, in company with Astylus and Daphnis; silence ensued upon his appearance, when he addressed them thus:—

"The same necessity, which influenced Lamon, now urges me to publish circumstances, which hitherto have remained secret. I am not Chloe's father; nor was she in the first instance brought up by me. Other

persons were her parents, and when lying in the grotto of the Nymphs, a ewe became her nurse. I saw this myself, to my astonishment, and under the power of this feeling, I adopted her. Her beauty confirms what I say; for she does not resemble either me or my wife. These tokens, which I likewise found with her, prove the truth of my assertion, for they are too valuable to belong to any shepherd. Examine them, endeavour to find out the maiden's relatives, and perhaps she will prove worthy of your son."

This last expression was not thrown out undesignedly by Dryas: nor was it heard heedlessly by Dionysophanes, who turning his eyes upon Daphnis, and observing him turn pale, while a tear stole down his cheeks, easily discovered the youth's love. Moved more by regard for his own child than by any concern for the unknown maiden, he weighed the words of Dryas with great attention. After viewing the tokens produced before him, the gilt sandals, the anklets, and the head-dress, he called Chloe to him, and bid her take courage, for she had already got a husband, and most probably would soon discover her real father and mother. Clearista now took her, and dressed her as became the intended wife of her son. Dionysophanes, in the mean time, retired apart with Daphnis, and inquired whether she was still a virgin; and upon his declaring that nothing had passed between them, beyond kisses and vows: pleased with their mutual oaths of fidelity, he made them join the banquet.

Now might it be seen what beauty is when set off by the accessories of ornament, Chloe when richly dressed, with her hair braided, and her face resplendent from the bath, appeared to all so much more beautiful than before, that Daphnis himself

could hardly recognize her. Any spectator, even without knowing anything about the tokens, would have sworn that Dryas could not be the father of so fair a maiden. Nevertheless he was invited to the feast, where he and Nape, with Lamon and Myrtale for their companions, reclined on a separate couch.

On the following day victims were again sacrificed to the gods; bowls were prepared, and Chloe suspended her pastoral equipments—her pipe, her scrip, her cloak of goat-skin, and her milkpails. She also mingled wine with the waters of the fountain in the grotto, because she had been suckled near it, and had so often bathed there, then she crowned with flowers the ewe's grave, which Dryas pointed out to her. She, too, piped once more to her flock, and having done so, prayed the Nymphs that her parents might prove worthy of the union of Daphnis and herself.

When the party had had enough of their rural festivities, they determined upon returning to the city, in order to try and discover Chloe's parents, and no longer to defer the marriage. By break of day the next morning they were prepared for their journey. Before their departure they made Dryas a present of another three thousand drachmas; with liberty to reap half the corn, and gather half the grapes annually for his own use; they likewise gave him the goats, goatherds, four yoke of oxen, and some winter garments; his wife also was presented with her freedom.

After this they took the road to Mitylene, travelling in grand style with horses and carriages. They arrived at the city by night, and so for the time escaped the notice of the citizens; but early the next day the doors were surrounded by multitudes of men and women. The men congratulated Dionysophanes

on having found his son, the more particularly when they saw his beauty. The women gave Clearista joy at bringing with her not only her son, but likewise an intended bride. Chloe excited the admiration even of the women, displaying as she did, charms which could not be surpassed. The whole city was in a bustle on account of the youth and the maiden, predicting already that the marriage would be a happy one, and wishing that the parents of the maiden might prove to be of a rank worthy of her beauty. Many of the richest ladies prayed the gods that they might be reputed to be the mothers of so much loveliness.

Dionysophanes, fatigued with excess of anxious thought, fell into a deep sleep, during which he saw the following vision. The Nymphs appeared to be requesting the god of love at length to grant them his consent to the celebration of the marriage. Slackening the string of his bow, and placing it by the side of his quiver, he addressed Dionysophanes, bidding him to invite those of highest rank of Mitylene to a banquet, and when he had filled the last goblet, to exhibit the tokens before each of them, and then to commence the hymeneal song. After what he had seen and heard, Dionysophanes arose in the morning, and ordered a magnificent feast to be prepared, in which all the delicacies which the sea, the earth, the lakes, and even the rivers could produce, were to be collected together. All the chiefs of Mitylene were his guests. When night was come, and when the goblet was filled from which to pour out the libation[15] to Mercury, a slave brought forward the ornaments in a silver vase, and holding them in his right hand carried them round, and displayed them to all the visitors. No one acknowledged them, till Megacles, who, on account

of his age, was honoured with the highest couch, recognising them, cried out with a loud and animated voice,—"What do I see! what has been the fate of my daughter! is she indeed alive? or did some shepherd find these things, and carry them away. Tell me, I pray, Dionysophanes, where did you meet with these tokens of my child? Now that you have found your son, do not enviously begrudge me the discovery of my daughter."

Dionysophanes requested him first of all to give them an account of the exposure of his daughter; and Megacles in the same loud and earnest tone replied, —"Formerly my income was very narrow, for I had expended my fortune in equipping choruses and fitting out galleys.[16] While my affairs were in this condition I had a daughter born. Loath to bring her up to the miseries of poverty, and knowing that there are many who are willing to become even reputed parents,[17] I dressed her in these very tokens, and exposed her. She was laid in the grotto of the Nymphs, and committed to their protection. Since that time wealth began to pour in upon me every day, when I had no heir to enjoy it, for I was never so fortunate as to become the father even of another daughter; but, as if wishing to make a mock of me, the gods are continually sending dreams by night, signifying, forsooth, that a ewe will make me father."

Upon this Dionysophanes called out in a yet louder tone than Megacles, and springing from his couch led in Chloe sumptuously dressed, exclaiming,—"This is the child whom you exposed. This maiden, through the providence of the gods, was suckled by a sheep, and preserved for you; as Daphnis was reared by a goat, and saved for me. Take the tokens, and your daughter; take her, and bestow her as a bride on

Daphnis. Both were exposed; both have been again found by us, their parents; both have been under the peculiar care of Pan, of the Nymphs, and of the God of Love."

Megacles at once assented, clasped Chloe to his bosom, and sent for his wife Rhode. They slept at the house that night, for Daphnis had sworn by the gods that he would not part with Chloe even to her own father.

The next morning they all agreed to return to the country: this was done at the entreaty of Daphnis and Chloe, who were weary of their sojourn in the city; and had formed a scheme for celebrating their nuptials in a pastoral manner.

Upon their arrival at Lamon's cottage, they introduced Dryas to Megacles, and Nape was made known to Rhode, after which the preparations were made for the festival on a splendid scale. Chloe was devoted to the guardianship of the Nymphs by her father. He suspended the tokens, among various other things, as offerings to them; and increased the six thousand drachmas, which Dryas now possessed, to ten thousand.

As the day was very fine, Dionysophanes caused couches of green leaves to be spread inside the grotto, and all the villagers were invited and sumptuously regaled. There were present Lamon and Myrtale, Dryas and Nape, Dorco's kinsmen, and Philetas with his sons Chromis and Lycænium; even Lampis, who had been forgiven, was among the guests. All the amusements were, of course, as among such merrymakers, of a rustic and pastoral kind. Reaping-songs were sung; and the jokes of the vintage-season were repeated. Philetas played on the pipe, and Lampis on the flute, while Lamon and

Dryas danced. Chloe and Daphnis passed the time in kissing. The goats came and grazed near them, as if they also were partakers of the festival. This was not very agreeable to the dainty city folks; Daphnis, however, called several of them by name, gave them some leaves, which they eat out of his hand, while he held them by the horns, and kissed them.

Not only now, but during the remainder of their days, Daphnis and Chloe led a pastoral life, worshipping as their deities the Nymphs, Pan, and the God of Love. Their flocks of goats and sheep were numerous, and their favourite food consisted of the fruits of autumn, and milk. They had their first-born, a boy, suckled by a goat; their second, a girl, was brought up by a ewe; the former was named Philopœmen,[18] the latter Agele.[19] In this manner of life, and in this spot, they lived to a good old age. They adorned the grotto of the Nymphs; erected statues; raised an altar to Cupid the Shepherd; and instead of a pine reared a temple for the habitation of Pan, and dedicated it to Pan the Warrior; these names, however, were given, and these things done, in after years. At the time we are now speaking of, when night arrived, all the guests conducted them to the bridal chamber, some playing on the pipe, some on the flute, some holding large torches; and upon arriving at the door, they raised their voices in harsh and rugged tones, which sounded more like a concert of fellows breaking up the ground with mattocks than a chorus of human beings singing the nuptial hymn.[20] Daphnis and Chloe, on their part, went to bed in nature's own adornment, where they kissed and embraced each other, and were as wakeful as the very owls. Daphnis carried into practice the instructions of his preceptress Lycænium, and Chloe learnt, for the first time in her life, that all their

doings in the woods had been but so much child's play.

THE END.

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[1]

.... "Nec secus omnes in unguem,
Arboribus positis secto via limite quadret."—Virg. G. ii. 278.

[2] Plutarch, speaks of the practice of setting off the beauties (we may also add, the fragrance) of roses and violets, by planting them side by side with leeks and onions. The originator of this fashion went upon the principle, no doubt, of

"Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci."

[3]

.... "Oriens tibi victus, adusque
Decolor extremo quæ cingitur India Gange,
Penthea tu, venerande, bipenniferumque Lycurgum,
Sacrilegos mactas; Tyrrhenaque mittas in æquor
Corpora."—Ovid. Met. iv. 20.

[4] σκαφίδων καινών, καὶ γαυλῶν πολλῶν.

The same distinction of milking vessels is found in the Odyssey, ix. 223.

Γαυλοί τε σκαφίδες τε.
"His pails and bowls."—Cowper.

[5] ὥσπερ συμπεφυκότων....

"She rose ... and threw
Herself upon his breast and there she *grew*."—Byron.

[6] Compare the admirable picture of Gnatho'a

prototype in the Eunuchus of Terence, Act II. Sc. II.

"Videnme?
Qui color, nitor vestitus, quæ habitus est corporis,
Omnia habeo, nec quicquam habeo; nil quum eat, nil defit tamen."

[7] In the Greek there is a play upon words: Ὁ δὲ Γνάθων οὐδὲν ἄλλο ὢν, ἢ, γνάθος καὶ γαστὴρ, καὶ τὰ ὑπὸ γαστέρα.

[8] "Deinde, ut more caprarum, hircis sui copiam facientium, sibi tergum obvertat, precatur. Hæc cum serius animadvertisset Daphnis dixit, capras quod ineant hirci, id quidem se rectè habere, sed hircum nunquam et nusquam gentium vidisse inire hircum, neque arietem pro ovibus arietem, neque gallos gallinarum loco gallos."

[9] μεσαιπόλιος.

[10] κρητῆρας στήσασθαι. To set up bowls as a sign of feasting.—See Odyss. ii. 431.

κρητῆρας στήσασθαι θιοῖς. To do the same in honour of the gods.—Il. vi. 628.

[11] τὸ νόμιον.

[12] Γναθωνάριον.

[13] Of a very dark hue.—The locks of Ulysses are in two passages of the Odyssey compared to "hyacinthine flowers."—vi. 231. xxiii. 158.

[14]

"That Dionysius in the valleys green
Once tended kine, she never heard, I ween;
Nor knows that Cypris on a cowherd doted,
And on the Phrygian hills herself devoted
To tend his herd; nor how the same Dionis
In thickets kiss'd, in thickets wept, Adonis.
Who was Endymion? him tending kine

Stooped down to kiss Selene the divine;
Who from Olympus to the Latmian grove,
Glided to slumber with her mortal love.
Didst not thou, Rhea, for a cowherd weep?
And didst not thou, high Zeus! the heaven sweep,
In form of winged bird, and watch indeed,
To carry off the cowherd Ganymede?"—Chapman's Theoc.

[15]

"Εὗρε δὲ Φαίηκων ἡγήτορας, ἠδὲ μέδοντας
Σπένδοντας δεπάεσσιν ἐῢσκόπῳ Ἀργειφόντῃ
Ὧ πυμάτῳ σπένδεσκον, ὅτε μνησαίατο κοίτον."
—Odyss. vii. 136.

[16] Εἰς χορηγίας καὶ τριηραρχίας ἐξίδαπάνησα. The business of the Choregus, or chorus master, was to defray the expenses of the scenical representations, and those of the solemn festivals; the Trierarch had to fit out a ship of war, the state providing only the vessel and the crew. Both offices involved of course very heavy expenses.

[17]

.... "Stat Fortuna improba noctu,
Arridens nudis infantibus; hos fovet omnes
Involvitque sinu; domibus tunc porrigit altis."—Juv. vi. 605.

[18] A lover of the flock.

[19] A lover of the herd.

[20] "Καθάπερ τριάιναις γῆν ἀναῤῥηγνύντες, οὐχ υμέναιον ἄδοντες."

THE LOVES OF CLITOPHO AND LEUCIPPE

BOOK I.

Sidon is situated upon the coast of the Assyrian sea; it is the mother[1] city of the Phœnicians, and its inhabitants were the founders of Thebes. It has a harbour of capacious extent, which gradually admits within it the waters of the sea; it is double, because, to the right, a passage has been dug into an inner basin, which likewise admits the sea; in this manner the first harbour becomes the entrance to a second, which affords a secure haven to vessels during summer, while in winter they can ride at anchor safely in the former. Upon arriving here after encountering a severe storm, I made thank-offerings[2] on account of my preservation, to the goddess of the Phœnicians, called by the Sidonians, Astarte.[3] As I was wandering about the city, surveying the votive offerings in the temples, I saw a painting containing a view both of sea and land. Europa[4] formed the subject, and the scene was laid partly on the Phœnician sea, partly on the coast of Sidon. In a meadow was seen a band of maidens; a bull was swimming in the sea, directing his course towards Crete, and having a fair damsel seated upon his back. The meadow was diversified with flowers intermixed with trees and shrubs; the trees were near to one another, and their branches[5] and leaves united so closely overhead, as to form a cover for the flowers below. The artist had shewn great skill in managing the shade; for the sun-rays were seen dispersedly breaking through the overarching roof of leaves, and lighting up the meadow, which, situated as I have said, beneath a leafy screen, was surrounded on all sides by a hedge. Under the trees, beds of flowers were laid out, in which bloomed the narcissus, the rose, and the myrtle. Bubbling up from

the ground, a stream flowed through the midst of this enamelled meadow, watering the flowers and shrubs; and a gardener was represented with his pickaxe opening a channel for its course. The maidens above mentioned were placed by the painter, in a part of the meadow bordering upon the sea. Their countenances wore a mingled expression of joy and fear; they had chaplets upon their heads, their hair fell dishevelled about their shoulders; their legs were entirely bare—for a cincture raised their garments above the knee—and their feet were unsandalled; their cheeks were pale and contracted through alarm; their eyes were directed towards the sea; their lips were slightly opened as if about to give vent to their terror in cries; their hands were stretched out towards the bull; they were represented upon the verge of the sea, the water just coming over their feet; they appeared eager to hasten after the bull, but at the same time fearful of encountering the waves. The colour of the sea was twofold: towards the land it had a ruddy hue;[6] farther out it was dark blue; foam also, and rocks and waves were represented; the rocks projecting from the shore, and whitened with foam, caused by the crests of the waves breaking upon their rugged surface.

In the midst of the sea, the bull was represented swimming, the waves rising in mountains from the motion of his legs. The maiden was seated upon his back, not astride, but sideways; she grasped his horn with her left hand, as a charioteer would hold the reins; and the bull inclined his head in that direction, as if guided by her hand.

She was dressed in a white tunic as far as her middle, the rest of her body was clothed in a purple robe; the whole dress, however, was so transparent[7] as to

disclose the beauties of her person. You could discern the deep-seated navel, the well proportioned[8] stomach, the narrow waist, gradually widening until it reached the chest, the gently budding breasts.[9]—These, as well as the tunic, were confined by a cincture, and from its transparency, the tunic became, so to speak, a mirror to reflect her person. Both her hands were extended, one towards the horn, the other towards the tail; and with either of them she held an extremity of the veil which was expanded above her shoulders, and which appeared in every part inflated by the artist's "painted wind."[10]

Thus seated upon the bull, the maiden resembled a vessel in full sail, her veil serving for the canvass.[11] Dolphins[12] leaped, Loves sported round the bull; you might have sworn that they moved "instinct with life." Cupid, in person, was drawing on the bull; Cupid, in guise of a little child, was spreading his wings, bearing his quiver, holding his torch, and turning towards Jove, was archly laughing as if in mockery of him, who, on his account had become a bull.

I admired every part of this painting, but my attention was more especially rivetted upon Cupid leading forward the bull; and I exclaimed, "How wonderfully does a mere child lord it over heaven and earth and sea!"[13]

Upon this, a young man, who happened to be standing near, said, "I can speak from experience of the power of Love, having suffered so severely from his caprices."—"Pray," said I, "what are the ills which you have suffered? To speak the truth, your countenance betokens you to be not unacquainted with the mysteries of this deity."—"You are stirring

up a whole swarm of words," replied he, "mystery will sound like a fable."—"In the name of Jupiter and Love himself, my good fellow," rejoined I, "do not hesitate to gratify my curiosity, however fabulous may seem your story."

After this, taking him by the hand, I led him to a neighbouring grove, thickly planted with plane trees, through which flowed a stream of water, cold and transparent as that which proceeds from newly melted snow.[14] Having placed him upon a low seat, I sat down beside him, and said, "Now is the time for hearing your tale; this spot is in every way agreeable and exactly suited for a love story." Upon this, he began as follows:—

I am a native of Phœnicia, was born at Tyre, and am named Clitopho; my father's name is Hippias; Sostratus is the name of his brother by the father's side—for the two had different mothers—the latter having a Byzantian, the former a Tyrian lady for his mother. Sostratus always resided at Byzantium, having inherited large property in that city from his mother; my father lived at Tyre. I never saw my mother, she having died during my infancy: after her decease, my father married a second wife, by whom he had a daughter named Calligone, whom he designed to unite to me in marriage.[15] The will of the Fates, however, more powerful than that of men, had in store for me a different wife. Now, the Deity is often wont to reveal the future to mortals, in dreams by night; not in order that they may ward off suffering (for it is impossible to defeat destiny[16]), but that they may bear more lightly their load of evils. Calamity, when it comes suddenly and in a "whole battalion," paralyses, and, as it were, overwhelms the soul by its unexpectedness, whereas

when anticipated and dwelt upon by the mind, the edge of grief becomes blunted. It was when I had reached the age of nineteen, and when my father was preparing to have my marriage celebrated, the following year, that the drama of my fate began. During my sleep, in thought I had coalesced with, and *grown* into, the person of a maiden, as far as the middle, and that from thence upward we formed two bodies. A tall and terrible-looking woman, savage in aspect, with blood-shot eyes, inflamed cheeks, and snaky hair, stood over us. In her right hand she held a scimitar, in her left, a torch. Angrily raising her falchion, she let it fall exactly upon the loins where was the juncture of our bodies, and severed the maiden from me. Leaping up in terror, I mentioned the dream to no one, but foreboded evil in my own mind. Meanwhile, a messenger arrived from Byzantium, bringing a letter from my father's brother; it contained the following words:—

> "Sostratus to his brother Hippias, sends greeting,
>
> "My daughter Leucippe, and my wife Panthea, are on their way to you, for war has broken out between the Thracians and Byzantians; till it is concluded, keep under your protection those dearest objects of my affection. Farewell."

No sooner had my father read the letter than, rising from his seat, he hurried down to the harbour; and not long after returned, followed by a number of male and female slaves, whom Sostratus had sent with his wife and daughter. Among them was a tall lady, richly dressed: while looking at her, I remarked

at her left hand, a maiden, the beauty of whose countenance at once dazzled my eyes—she resembled the Europa, whom, in the picture I had seen sitting upon the bull. Her sparkling[17] eyes had a pleasing expression, her hair was golden-hued, short and curling, her eyebrows were jet black, her cheeks were fair, save that in the middle they had a tinge bordering upon purple, like that with which the Lydian women stain the ivory;[18] her mouth was like the rose when it begins to bud. No sooner did I see her than my fate was sealed—for beauty[19] inflicts a wound sharper than any arrow, finding a passage to the soul through the eyes, for it is the eye which makes a way for the wounds of love. I was overwhelmed by conflicting feelings; admiration, astonishment, agitation, shame, assurance: I admired her figure, I was astonished at her beauty; my heart palpitated, I gazed upon her with assurance, yet I was ashamed at the idea of being remarked. I endeavoured to withdraw my eyes from the maiden; they however were unwilling to obey, and, following the fascination of her countenance, in the end completely gained the day.

Upon the arrival of the visitors, my father assigned a part of the house for their use, and then ordered the supper to be prepared. At the appointed time we reclined by twos on couches, for such was my father's order. He and I were in the centre, the two elder ladies occupied the right-hand couch, the maidens were to the left. Upon hearing the proposed arrangement I was very near embracing my father, for thus placing the maiden within my view. As to what I ate, on my faith I cannot tell you, for I was like a man eating in a dream; all I know is, that leaning upon my elbow, and bending forwards, my whole attention was given to stealing furtive glances

at her—this was the sum total of my supper. When the meal was ended, a slave came in with the lyre; he first ran over the strings with his fingers, then sounded a few chords in an under tone, and afterwards taking the plectrum, began to play, accompanying the sounds with his voice. The subject of his strain was[20] Apollo in his irritation pursuing the flying Daphne, and upon the point of seizing her, how she was transformed into a laurel, and how the god crowns himself with its leaves. The song had the effect of adding fuel to my flame, for amatory strains[21] act as a powerful incentive to desire: and however inclined a person may be to chastity, example serves as a stimulant to imitation, more especially when the example is supplied by one in superior[22] station; for the feeling of shame which was a check upon doing wrong becomes changed into assurance by the rank of the offender.

Accordingly, I thus reasoned with myself—"See, Apollo falls in love, he is not ashamed of his weakness, he pursues the fair one! and art thou a laggard and the slave of shame and ill-timed continence? Art thou, forsooth, superior to a god?"[23] In the evening the ladies retired to rest first, and afterwards we ourselves. The others had confined the pleasures of the table to their stomachs.[24] I, for my part, carried away the banquet in my eyes; I had taken my fill of the maiden's sweet looks, and, from the effect of merely gazing upon her, I rose from table intoxicated with love. Upon entering my accustomed chamber, sleep was out of the question. It is the law of nature that diseases and bodily wounds always become exasperated at night; when we are taking our rest their strength increases, and the pain becomes more acute, for the circumstance of the body being in repose affords leisure for the

malady to do its work. By the same rule, the wounds of the soul are much more painful while the body is lying motionless; in the day, both the eyes and ears are occupied by a multiplicity of objects; thus, the soul has not leisure to feel pain, and so the violence of the disease is for a time mitigated; but let the body be fettered by inactivity, and then the soul retains all its susceptibility, and becomes tempest-tossed by trouble; the feelings which were asleep then awaken. The mourner feels his grief, the anxious his solicitude, he who is in peril his terrors, the lover his inward flame.

Towards morning Love took compassion upon me, and granted me some short repose; but not even then would the maiden be absent from my mind; Leucippe[25] was in all my dreams, I conversed with her, I played with her, I supped with her, I touched her fair body; in short, I obtained more favours then than in the day-time, for I kissed her, and the kiss was really given. Accordingly, when the slave awoke me, I cursed[26] him for coming so unseasonably, and for dissipating so sweet a dream; getting up, however, I went out of my part of the house, and walked in front of the apartment where the maiden was; with my head hanging down over a book, I pretended to be reading, but whenever I came opposite her door I cast sidelong glances, and after taking a few turns, and drinking in fresh draughts of love I returned desperately smitten; three whole days did I continue burning with this inward fire.

I had a cousin named Clinias, who had lost both his parents; he was two years older than myself, and an adept in matters of love. He had a male favourite, for whom his affection was so strong, that when he had one day purchased a horse, and the other admired it,

he immediately presented him with the animal. I was always joking him for having so much leisure as to fall in love, and for being a slave to tender passions; he used to laugh and reply with a shake of the head, "Depend upon it the day of slavery is in store for you." Well, proceeding to his house, I saluted him, and sitting down, said, "Clinias, I am paying the penalty of my former gibes;[27] I am at last myself the slave of love!" Upon hearing this, he clapped his hands and laughed outright; then rising and kissing my face, which bore traces of a lover's wakefulness, "There is no doubt of your being in love," said he, "for your eyes declare it."

While he was yet speaking, Charicles, his favourite, comes in hurriedly and in great perturbation, exclaiming, "My fate is sealed, Clinias!" With a tremulous voice, and sighing as deeply as though his own life hung[28] upon that of the youth, Clinias replied, "Speak out, your silence will be my death; say what grief assails you—with what adversary have you to contend?" Charicles rejoined,—"My father is negotiating a marriage for me, a marriage moreover with an ill-favoured woman; a double evil therefore: even were she comely, a female[29] would be repulsive to my taste, and she becomes doubly so, if ugly. My father, however, looks only to money, and is therefore anxious for the match, so that I, such is my ill fate, am made the victim of this woman's money; I am sold to be her husband."[30] Clinias turned pale upon hearing this announcement, and strongly urged the youth to decline the match, bitterly inveighing against the race of womankind. "Your father, forsooth, would have you marry! pray what crime have you committed, that you should be given over to such bondage? Do you not remember the words of Jove?

'Son of Iapetus, o'er-subtle, go,
And glory in thy artful theft below;
Now of the fire you boast by stealth retriev'd,
And triumph in almighty Jove deceiv'd;
But thou too late shalt find the triumph vain,
And read thy folly in succeeding pain;
Posterity the sad effect shall know,
When in pursuit of joy they grasp their woe.'[31]

Woman is a 'bitter sweet;'[32] in her nature she is akin to the Sirens, for they too, slay their victims with a dulcet voice; the very "pomp and circumstance" of marriage shews the magnitude of the evil; there is the din[33] of pipes, the knocking at the doors, the bearing about of torches. With all this noise and tumult, who will not exclaim, 'Unhappy is the man who has to wed!'—to me, he seems like a man ordered off to war. Were you unacquainted with classic lore, you might plead ignorance of women's doings, whereas you are so well read, as to be capable of teaching others. How many subjects for the stage have been furnished by womankind! Call to mind the necklace of Eriphyle, the banquet of Philomela, the calumny of Sthenobœa, the incest of Aerope, the murderous deed of Procne.[34] Does Agamemnon sigh for the beauty of Chryseis?—he brings pestilence upon the Grecian host; does Achilles covet the charms of Briseis?—he prepares misery for himself; if Candaules has a fair wife, that wife becomes the murderess of her husband! The nuptial torches of Helen[35] kindled the fire which consumed Troy! How many suitors were done to death through the chastity of Penelope? Phædra, through love, became the destroyer of Hippolytus; Clytemnestra, through hate, the murderess of Agamemnon! O! all-audacious[36] race of women! they deal death whether they love or hate! The noble

Agamemnon must needs die, he whose beauty is described to have been cast in a heavenly mould,

'Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread,
And dawning conquest play'd around his head.[37]

and yet this very head was cut off by—a woman! All that I have been saying relates only to the handsome among the sex; in this case, then, there is a lessening of the evil, for beauty is a palliative, and under such circumstances a man may be said to be fortunate in the midst of his calamity; but if, as you say, the woman boasts no charms, why then the evil becomes two-fold. Who would submit in such a case, especially who that is young and handsome like yourself? In the name of the gods, Charicles, do not stoop to such a yoke; do not mar the flower of your beauty before the time; for remember, in addition to the other ills of marriage, there is this evil, it saps the vigour: do not, Charicles, I pray, expose yourself to this; give not the beauteous rose to be plucked by the ill-favoured rustic's hand."

"Leave this matter," replied Charicles, "to the care of the gods and of myself; the marriage will not take place for some days yet; much may be done in a single night, and we will deliberate at our leisure. Meanwhile, I will go and take a ride, for since the day you gave me that fine horse, I have never made use of your kind present." With these words he left the house, little imagining that this his first ride was to be his last. After he was gone, I related every particular to Clinias, describing how my passion began; the arrival, the supper, the beauty of the maiden. Feeling, at last, how absurdly I was beginning to talk, I exclaimed, "Clinias, I can no longer endure this misery. Love has assailed me with such violence as to drive sleep from my eyes; I see no

object but Leucippe; no one can suffer like myself, for the source of my trouble dwells with me under the same roof."

"What folly it is," replied Clinias, "for you who are so fortunate in love to talk after this fashion! You have no need to go to another person's doors; you do not require a go-between; fortune gives the loved object into your hands, brings her into your very house, and there sets her down.[38] Other lovers are well content with catching a glimpse of the maiden for whom they sigh, and to gratify their eyes is with them no small good fortune; they consider themselves most favoured, indeed, if they can now and then exchange a word with their mistress. But what is your case? You continually see her, you continually hear her voice, you sup with her, you drink with her; and yet, fortunate that you are, you are complaining! You are guilty of base ingratitude towards love, and without the slightest cause. Do you not know that seeing the object whom you love gives far deeper pleasure than enjoying her?[39] And why so? Because the eyes, when encountering each other, receive bodily impressions, as in a looking-glass, and the reflection of beauty glancing into the soul,[40] begets union even in separation, and affords a pleasure not much inferior to corporeal intercourse, which, after all, is hollow and unsatisfying.[41] I augur, moreover, that you will soon obtain the object of your wishes, for to be always in the society of the loved one, exerts a most persuasive power; the eye is a wondrous vehicle of love,[42] and constant intercourse is most influential in begetting kindly feelings. Habit and the company of each other will tame savage beasts. How much more will they act upon a woman's heart. Parity of age also has great weight with a maiden, and the animal passion which is felt in the flower of

youth, added to the consciousness of being loved, very frequently call forth a return of tender feeling. Every maiden wishes to be thought beautiful, and exults in being loved; and approves the testimony borne by the lover to her beauty; because, if no one love her, she believes herself devoid of any personal charms. This one piece of advice I give you, make her feel certain that she is beloved, and she will soon follow your example in returning your affection."

"And how," asked I, "is this sage oracle of yours to be accomplished? Put me in the right way; you are more experienced than myself; you have been longer initiated in the mysteries of love. What am I to do? What am I to say? How am I to obtain her for whom I sigh? For my part I am ignorant how to set about the work."

"There is small need," replied Clinias, "to learn these matters from the mouths of others. Love is a self-taught master of his craft.[43] No one teaches new-born babes where to find their food; they have already learnt by intuition, and know that a table has been spread for them by nature in their mothers' breasts. In like manner, the youth who for the first time is pregnant with love, needs no teaching to bring it to the birth; only let your pains have come on, and your hour have arrived, and though it be for the first time, you will not miscarry, but will be safely brought to bed, midwifed by the god himself. I will, however, give you a few common-place hints relating to matters which require general observance. Say nothing to the maiden directly bearing upon love; prosecute the wished-for consummation quietly. Youths and maidens are alike sensible of shame, and however much they may long for sexual enjoyment, they do not like to hear it talked of; they

consider the disgrace of the matter to be altogether in the words. Matrons take pleasure even in the words. A maiden will show no objection to acts of dalliance upon her lover's part, but will express her willingness by signs and gestures; yet if you come directly to the point, and put the question to her, your very voice will alarm her ears; she will be suffused with blushes; she will turn away from your proposals; she will think an insult has been done her; and however willing to comply with your desires, she will be restrained by shame; for the pleasurable sensations excited by your words will make her consider herself to be submitting to the act. But when by other means you have brought her to a compliant mood, so that you can approach her with some degree of freedom, be as wise and guarded as though you were celebrating the mysteries;[44] gently approach and kiss her: a kiss given by a lover to a willing mistress is a silent way of asking for her favours; and the same given to the fair one who is coy, is a supplication to relent. Even when maidens are themselves ready to comply, they often like some appearance of force to be employed,[45] for the plea of seeming necessity will remove the shame of voluntary compliance upon their part. Do not be discouraged if she repulses your advances,[46] but mark the manner of her repulse: all these matters require tact. If she persists in being uncompliant, use no force; for she is not yet in the right humour; but if she show signs of yielding, act still with proper caution, lest after all you should lose your labour."[47]

"You have given me store[48] of good advice," said I, "and may everything turn out successfully; nevertheless I sadly fear that success will prove the beginning of even greater calamity, by making me

more desperately in love. What am I to do if my malady increase? I cannot marry, for I am already engaged to another maiden; my father, too, is very urgent with me to conclude the match, and he asks nothing but what is fair and reasonable. He does not barter me away like Charicles for gold; he does not wish me to marry either a foreigner or an ugly girl; he gives me his own daughter, a maiden of rare beauty, had I not seen Leucippe; but now I am blind to all other charms excepting hers, in short, I have eyes for her alone. I am placed midway between two contending parties; Love on one side, my father on the other; the latter wields his paternal authority, the former shakes his burning torch; how am I to decide the cause? Stern necessity and natural affection are opposed. Father, I wish to give a verdict for you, but I have an adversary too strong for me; he tortures and overawes the judge,[49] he stands beside me with his shafts; his arguments are flame. Unless I decide for him, his fires will scorch me up."

While we were thus discussing the subject of the god of Love, a slave of Charicles suddenly rushed in bearing his evil tidings on his face so plainly, that Clinias immediately cried out, "Some accident has befallen Charicles." "Charicles," hastily exclaimed the slave, "is dead." Utterance failed Clinias, upon hearing this, he remained without the power of motion, as if struck by lightning. The slave proceeded to relate the sad particulars. "Charicles," he said, "after mounting, went off at a moderate pace, then after having had two or three gallops, pulled up, and still sitting on the animal, wiped off from its back the sweat, leaving the reins upon its neck. There was a sudden noise from behind, and the startled horse rearing bounded forward and dashed wildly on.[50] Taking the bit between his teeth, with

neck thrown up and tossing mane, maddened with fright, he flew through the air.[51] Such was his speed, that his hind feet seemed endeavouring to overtake and pass the fore feet in the race; and owing to this rivalry of speed between the legs, the animal's back rose and fell as does a ship when tossing upon the billows. Oscillating from the effect of these wave-like movements,[52] the wretched Charicles was tossed up and down like a ball upon the horse's back, now thrown back upon his croup, now pitched forward upon his neck. At length overmastered by the storm,[53] and unable to recover possession of the reins, he gave himself up to this whirlwind of speed, and was at Fortune's mercy. The horse still in full career, turned from the public road, made for a wood, and dashed his unhappy rider against a tree. Charicles was shot from off his back as from an engine, and his face encountering the boughs, was lacerated with a wound from every jagged point. Entangled by the reins, he was unable to release his body, but was dragged along upon the road to death; for the horse, yet more affrighted by the rider's fall, and impeded by his body, kicked and trampled the miserable youth who was the obstacle to his farther flight;[54] and such is his disfigurement that you can no longer recognize his features."

After listening to this account, Clinias was for some moments speechless through bewilderment, then awakening from his trance of grief, he uttered a piercing cry, and was rushing out to meet the corpse, I following and doing my best to comfort him. At this instant the body of Charicles was borne into the house, a wretched and pitiable sight, for he was one mass of wounds,[55] so that none of the bystanders could restrain their tears. His father led the strains of lamentation, and cried out, "My son, in how different

a state hast thou returned from that in which thou didst leave me! Ill betide all horsemanship! Neither hast thou died by any common death, nor art thou brought back a corpse comely in thy death; others who die preserve their well-known lineaments, and though the living beauty of the countenance be gone, the image is preserved, which by its mimickry of sleep consoles the mourner.[56] In their case, death has taken away the soul, but leaves in the body the semblance of the individual: in thy case, fate has destroyed both, and, to me, thou hast died a double death, in soul and body, so utterly has even the shadow of thy likeness perished! Thy soul has fled, and I find thee no more, even in body! Oh, my son, when shall be now thy bridal day? When, ill-starred horseman and unwedded bridegroom, when shall be the joyous nuptial festivities? The tomb will be thy bridal bed, death thy partner, a dirge thy nuptial song, wailing thy strains of joy![57] I thought, my son, to have kindled for thee a very different flame, but cruel fate has extinguished both it and thee, and in its stead lights up the funeral torch. Oh, luckless torch bearing, where death presides and takes the place of marriage!"

Thus bitterly did the father bewail the loss of his son, and Clinias vied with him in the expression of his grief, breaking forth into soliloquy. "I have been the death of him who was master of my affection! Why was I so ill-advised as to present him with such a gift! Could I not have given him a golden beaker, out of which, when pouring a libation, he might have drunk, and so have derived pleasure from the gift? Instead of doing this, wretch that I was, I bestowed upon this beauteous youth a savage brute, and moreover decked out the beast with a pectoral and frontlet and silver trappings.[58] Yes, Charicles, I

decked out your murderer with gold! Thou beast, of all others most evil, ruthless, ungrateful, and insensible to beauty, thou hast actually been the death of him who fondled thee, who wiped away thy sweat, promised thee many a feed, and praised the swiftness of thy pace! Instead of glorying in being the bearer of so fair a youth, thou hast ungratefully dashed his beauty to the earth! Woe is me, for having bought this homicide, who has turned out to be thy murderer!"

No sooner were the funeral obsequies over, than I hastened to the maiden, who was in the pleasance belonging to the house. It consisted of a grove, which afforded a delightful object to the eyes; around it ran a wall, each of the four sides of which had a colonnade supported upon pillars, the central space being planted with trees, whose branches were so closely interwoven, that the fruits and foliage intermingled in friendly union.[59] Close to some of the larger trees grew the ivy and the convolvulus; the latter hanging from the plane-trees, clustered round it, with its delicate foliage; the former twining round the pine, lovingly embraced its trunk, so that the tree became the prop of the ivy, and the ivy furnished a crown for the tree. On either side were seen luxuriant vines, supported upon reeds; these were now in blossom, and hanging down from the intervening spaces were the ringlets of the plant;[60] while the upper leaves, agitated by the breeze and interpenetrated by the rays of the sun, caused a quivering gleam to fall upon the ground, which partially lighted up its shade. Flowers also displayed the beauty of their various hues. The narcissus, the rose, and violet, mingling together, imparted a purple colour to the earth; the calyx of both these flowers was alike in its general shape, and served

them for a cup; the expanded rose-leaves were red and violet above, milky white below, and the narcissus was altogether of the latter hue; the violet had no calyx, and its colour resembled that of the sea when under the influence of a calm. In the midst of the flowers bubbled a fountain, whose waters received into a square basin, the work of art, served the flowers for their mirror, and gave a double appearance to the grove, by adding the reflection to the reality. Neither were there wanting birds: some of a domestic kind, reared by the care of man, were feeding in the grove; while others, enjoying their liberty of wing, flew and disported themselves among the branches. The songsters were grasshoppers[61] and swallows,[62] of which the one celebrated the rising of Aurora, the other the banquet of Tereus. Those of a domestic kind were the peacock, the swan, and the parrot; the swan was feeding near the fountain; a cage suspended from a tree contained the parrot; the peacock drew after him his splendid train; nor was it easy to decide which surpassed the other in beauty, the tints of the flowers themselves, or the hues of his flower-like feathers.

Leucippe happened at this time to be walking with Clio, and stopped opposite the peacock who was just then spreading his train, and displaying the gorgeous semicircle of his feathers.[63] Wishing to produce amorous sensations in her mind, I addressed myself to the slave Satyrus,[64] making the peacock the subject of our discourse. "The bird," I said, "does not do this without design; he is of an amorous nature, and always bedecks himself in this manner when he wishes to attract his favourite mate. Do you see," I added, (pointing in the direction) "the female, near the plane-tree yonder? It is to her that he is now

displaying the 'enamelled meadow' of his plumes, and this meadow of his is assuredly more beautiful than any mead in nature, each plume has in it a spot of gold, and the gold is encircled by a purple ring, and so in every plume there is seen an eye." Satyrus readily comprehended the drift of my discourse, and in order to give me scope for continuing the subject, he asked "whether Love could possibly possess such power as to transmit his warmth even unto the winged tribes?" "Yes," I replied, "not only unto them —for there is no marvel in this, since he himself is winged—but also into reptiles and wild beasts and plants; nay, in my opinion even unto stones. The magnet, for instance loves the iron, and upon the first sight and touch draws that metal towards it, as if containing within itself the fire of love. Is there not in this, a manifest embrace between the amorous stone and the iron the object of its affection? Philosophers, moreover, tell, concerning plants, what I should deem an idle tale were it not confirmed by the experience of husbandmen. They maintain that one plant becomes enamoured of another, and that the palm is most sensible of the tender passion; there are, you must know, male[65] and female palms; supposing the female is planted at a distance from it, the male droops and withers; the husbandman upon seeing this, easily understands the nature of the malady, and ascending an eminence he observes in what direction the tree inclines—which is always towards the beloved object; having ascertained this point, he employs the following remedy: taking a shoot from the female he inserts it into the very heart of the male; this immediately revives it, and bestows new life upon its sinking frame, so that it recovers its pristine vigour; and this arises from delight in embracing its beloved; such are the loves

of the plants.[66]

"The same holds true concerning streams and rivers also; for we hear of the loves of the river Alpheus and the Sicilian fountain Arethusa.[67] This river takes its course through the sea as through a plain, and the sea instead of impregnating it with its saltness, divides and so affords a passage for the river, performing the part of bridesman,[68] by conducting it to Arethusa; when, therefore, at the Olympic Festival, persons cast various gifts into the channel of this river, it immediately bears them to its beloved, these being its nuptial gifts.[69] A yet stranger mystery of Love is seen in reptiles, not merely in those of like race, but of different kind. The viper[70] conceives a violent passion for the lamprey, which though in form a serpent, is to all intents and purposes a fish. When these reptiles wish to copulate, the viper goes down to the shore and hisses in the direction of the sea, which is a signal to the lamprey; she understands the sound, and issues from the water, but does not immediately hasten to her lover, knowing that he carries deadly poison in his teeth, but gliding up a rock, there waits until he has cleansed his mouth. After looking at one another for a space, the loving viper vomits forth the poison so dreaded by his mistress, and she upon perceiving this, descends and entwines him in her embrace, no longer dreading his amorous bite."

During my discourse, I kept observing Leucippe to see how she took these amatory topics, and she gave indications that they were not displeasing to her. The dazzling beauty of the peacock which I just now mentioned seemed to me far inferior to her attractions; indeed the beauty of her countenance might vie with the flowers of the meadow; the

narcissus was resplendent in her general complexion, the rose blushed upon her cheek, the dark hue of the violet sparkled in her eyes, her ringlets curled more closely than do the clusters of the ivy;—-her face, therefore, was a reflex of the meadows.[71] Shortly after this, she left the pleasance, it being time for her to practise upon the harp. Though absent she appeared to me still present, for her form and features remained impressed upon my eyes.

Satyrus and I congratulated each other upon our mutual performances. I for the subjects I had chosen, he for having given me the opportunity of discussing them. Supper time soon arrived and we reclined at table as before.

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[1] Μήτηρ Φοινίκων ἡ πόλις, θηζαίων ὁ δῆμος πατήρ. The "mother-city," because of the many colonies which it sent out: on the foundation of Thebes, Pliny, B. v, c. 19, says: "Sidon, artifex vitri, Thebarum Bœtiarum parens." We find in the Scriptures, that Tyre and Sidon were famous for works in gold, embroidery, &c., and whatsoever regarded magnificence and luxury.—See Isaiah xxiii.—Ezek. xxvii. xxviii. The Phœnicians were, in very early times, celebrated for merchandise of every description; and their country was justly considered the emporium of the East. They were the earliest navigators, and their skill in ship-building may be inferred from I Kings, v. 6.—Trollope's Homer.

[2] Σῶστρα or σωτήρια. Sacrifices and votive offerings, made upon escape from shipwreck—

"Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida,
Suspendisse potenti

Vestimenta maris Deo."—Hor. I. Od. v. 12.

[3] The Syrian Venus. "Venus—quarta, Syria, Tyroque concepta; quæ Astarte vocatur, quam Adonidi nupsisse proditum est."—Cic. de Nat. Deorum.

[4] Ovid. Met. ii. 844, and Moschus, Idyl. 2.

[5] Compare a passage in Longus, B. iv., Ἐν μετεώρῳ οἱ κλάδοι συνέπιπτον ἀλλήλοις, καὶ ἐπήλλαττον τος κόμας, ἐδόκει μὲν τοί καὶ ἡ τούτων φύσις εἰναι τεχνης.

[6] "Mare purpureum."—Virg. G. 4, 373.

[7] In Ode xxviii., on his mistress, Anacreon says,—

"Στόλισον τολοιτὸν αὐτην
'υπὸ πορφύροισι πέπλοις·
διαφαινέτο δὲ σαρκὼν
'ολίγον, το σῶμ' ἐλεγχον."

[8] "Quàm castigate planus sub pectore venter."—Ovid. Am. i. 5.

[9]

"Her dainty paps, which like young fruit in May,
Now little, 'gan to swell, and being tied
Through her thin weed, their places only signified."—Spencer.

[10] "Tremulæ sinuantur flamine vestes."—Ovid. Met. ii. 875.

[11]

"Her robe inflated by the wanton breeze,
Seem'd like a ship's sail hovering o'er the seas."
Moschus. Chapman's Tr.

[12]

"From their sea-hollows swift the Nereids rose,
Seated on seals, and did his train compose;

Poseidon went before, and smooth did make
The path of waters for his brother's sake;
Around their king, in close array, did keep
The loud-voiced Tritons, minstrels of the deep.
And with their conchs proclaimed the nuptial song."
Moschus.

[13] Δύναται δὲ τοσοῦτον, ὅσον οὐδὲ ὁ Ζεὺς, κρατεῖ μὲν στοιχείων, κρατεῖ δὲ ἄστρων, κρατεῖ δὲ τῶν ὁμοίων θεῶν.—Longus. B. ii.

[14] Καλὴ ὑπὸ πλατανίστῳ ὅθεν ῥέεν ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ.—Hom. Il. ii. 307.

[15] Proximity by blood or consanguinity was not, with some few exceptions, a bar to marriage in any part of Greece; direct lineal descent was. Thus brothers were permitted to marry with sisters even, if not born from the same mother, as Cimon did with Elpenice. See Nepos, Life of Cimon.—Dict. of Greek and Roman Antiq.

[16]

Μοῖραν δ' οὔτινα φημι πεφυγμένον ἔμμεναι ἀνδρων,
Οὐ κακὸν οὐδὲ μὲν ἐσθλὸν, ἐπὴν ταπρῶτα γένηται.—Hom. Il. vi. 487.

[17]

Μέλαν ὄμμα γοργὸν ἔζω
κεκερασμένον γαλήνη.—Anacreon. xxix.

"Flagrabant lumina miti
Adspectu"....—Silius Ital. v. 562.

[18]

"Indum sanguineo veluti violaverat ostro
Si quis ebur....
... talis virgo dabat ore colores."—Virg. xii. 67.

[19]

.... κάλλος
'αντ' ασπίδων ἁπασῶν,
'αντ' ἐγχέων ἁπάντων
νικᾶ δὲ καὶ σίδηρον
καὶ πῦρ, καλή τις οὖσα.—Anacreon, ii.

[20] Ovid. Met. i. 452.

"At conjux quoniam mea non potes esse,
Arbor eris certè mea, dixit." 557.

[21]

.... "Quod enim non excitet inguen
Vox blanda et nequam? digitos habet."—Juv. vi. 196.

[22]

"Sic nature jabet: velocius et citius nos
Corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica, magnis
Quum subeant animos auctoribus."—Juv. xiv. 31.

[23] "Egone homuncio id non facerem?"—Ter. Eunuchus.

[24] "Quæ ad beatam vitam pertinent ventre metiri."—Cic. de Nat Deorum, i. 40.

[25] "Ονείρατα ἐώρων ἐρωτικά, τὰ φιλήματα, τὰς περιβολάζ, καὶ ὅσα δὲ μεθ' ἡμέραν οὐκ ἔπραξαν ταῦτα ὄναρ ἔπραξαν."—Longus, B. i.

[26]

... "as one who is awoke
By a distant organ, doubting if he be
Not yet a dreamer, till the spell is broke
By the watchman, or some such reality,
Or by one's early valet's cursed knock."—Byron.

[27]

"I have done penance for contemning Love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs:
For in revenge of my contempt of Love,
Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow."
Shakspeare.

[28] "Eque tuo pendat resupini spiritus ore."—Luc. i. 38.

[29] There was a proverb among the ancients, "θάλασσα καὶ πῦρ καὶ γυνὴ κακὰ τρία."

[30] "Argentum accepi, dote imperium vendidi."—Plautus.

[31] Hesiod. Works and Days, 57.

[32] αὕτη κακῶν ηδονή.

"κἀλλος κακῶν ὕπουλος."—Soph. O.T. 1396.

... "medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat."
Luc. iv. 1126.

"Full from the fount of joy's delicious springs,
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings."
Childe Harold.

[33] βόμβος αὐλῶν.

[34] For the legends connected with these various names, the reader is referred to Anthon's Lemprière.

[35] "And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy."—Dryden.

[36]

... "there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but, I affirm
It is the woman's part; be't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability;
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows.
Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all."—Cymbeline.

[37] Homer. Il. ii. 478. Pope's Tr.

[38]

"Semper conservam domi
Videbit, colloquetur, aderit unà in unis ædibus
Cibum nonnunquam capiet cum ea."—Ter. Eun.

[39]

"The lovely toy so fiercely sought,
Hath lost its charm by being caught."—Byron.

[40] ἔχει τινὰ μίξιν ἐν ἀποστάσει.

[41]

Nequicquam; quoniam nihil indè abradere possunt
Nec penetrare, et abire in corpus corpora toto."
Luc. iv. 1005.

[42]

"Conveying as the electric wire,
We know not how, the absorbing fire."—Byron.

[43] αὐτοδίδακτος, γάρ ἐστιν ὁ θεὸς σοφιστής.

[44] The festivals called Mysteries took place at night, or in secret, within some sanctuary,

which the uninitiated were not allowed to enter.—See Dict. of Greek and Rom. Antiq.

[45]

"Pugnabit primo fortassis, et Improbe, dicet.
Pugnando vinci sed tamen illa volet."
Ovid. de Art. Aman. l. 665.

[46]

"Who listens once will listen twice;
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
And one refusal no rebuff."—Byron.

[47] χορήγησον τὴν ὑπόκρισιν μὴ ἀπολέσαι τό δρᾶμα. The language is figurative and borrowed from customs relating to the drama. If a poet wished to bring out a piece, he applied to the archon to grant him a chorus (χορὸν διδόναι); hence the phrases χορὸν αἰτεῖν, λαμβάνειν, to apply for and to succeed in the application. This will explain the above expression ἀπολέσαι τὸ δρᾶμα, to fail in obtaining through want of merit.

[48] ἐφόδια.

[49] Viz., his own mind distracted between the solicitations of his father and the arguments of love.

"Tot me impediunt curæ, quæ meum animum diversè trahunt."
Ter. Andr.

[50]

"And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang."—Byron.

[51]

"Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;
We sped like meteors through the sky."—Byron.

[52]

"I felt as on a plank at sea,
When all the waves that dash o'er thee,
At the same time upheave and whelm,
And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
My undulating life was as
The fancied lights that flitting pass
Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
Fever begins upon the brain."—Byron.

[53] It must be remembered that throughout this description the expressions are borrowed from a storm at sea. An illustration occurs in Soph. vi. Electra 729 and 733. "ναυαγίων ἱππικῶν." "κλύδων', ἔφιππον."

[54]

"Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright."—Byron.

[55] "Totum est pro corpore vulnus."—Lucan ix. 814.

[56]

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
(Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And marked the mild angelic air;
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek.
. . . . . .
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd."—Byron.

[57] In Heliodorus, B. i. Theagenes and Charicles express their grief in similar language.

[58] Mention of these different ornaments occurs in Xen. Cyrop. B. vi. c. 4, sec. 1.

[59] See the description of the garden in the 3rd Book of Longus.

[60] ἦν βόστρυχος τοῦ φυτοῦ.

[61]

"The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song."—Byron.

[62] The swallow was generally considered the representative of what was barbaric, chattering, and troublesome. See Aristoph. Frogs, 649, and Æsch. Ag. 1017, nevertheless is introduced by Moschus, in his lament for Bion:—

.... "Nor on their mountain thrones,
The swallows utter such lugubrious tones."
Chapman's Tr.

The reader will call to mind the line in Gray.

"The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed."

The chirping noise of the cicada (τέττιξ) is constantly used by the poets as a simile for sweet sounds.

[63]

"... pectâ pandat spectacula caudâ."—Hor. S. ii. 2. 25.

"Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks?"
Job xxxix. 13.

[64] Clio and Satyrus, slaves not mentioned before.

[65] See Herod. i. ch. 194.

[66]

"Vivunt in Venerem frondes omnisque vicissim
Felix arbor amat; mutant ad mutua palmæ
Fœdera, populeo suspirat populus ictu,
Et platani platanis, alnoque assibilat alnus."
Claudian.

See also Darwin's poem, the "Botanic Garden."

[67]

".... Alpheum fama est hue Elidis amnem
Occultas egisse vias subter mare; qui nunc
Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis."
Virg. Æn. iii. 694.

[68] νυμφοστολεῖ.

[69] ἔδνα.

[70] An account of the loves of the viper and the lamprey will be found in Ælian, B. i. 50; and the polite consideration of the former in getting rid of his disagreeable qualities is related by the same writer, B. ix. 66, with the

addition of his "hissing an amorous air."

[71] The same comparison occurs in Aristænetus, B ii. Ep. I:—"γυνὴ ἔοικε λειμῶνι, καὶ ὅπερ ἐκείνῳ τὰ ἄνθη, τοῦτό γε ταύτῃ τὸ κάλλος."

BOOK II.

Previous to this, however, Satyrus and I, praising our mutual tact, proceeded to the maiden's chamber, under the pretext of hearing her performance on the harp, but in reality because I could not bear her to be out of my sight, for however short a space. The first subject of her song was, the engagement between the lion and the boar, described by Homer;[1] afterwards she chose a tenderer theme, the praises of the rose.

Divested of its poetic ornaments,[2] the purport of the strain was this: Had Jove wished to impose a monarch upon the flowers, this honor would have been given to the rose,[3] as being the ornament of the earth, the boast of shrubs, the eye of flowers, imparting a blush to the meadows and dazzling with its beauty. The rose breathes of love, conciliates Venus, glories in its fragrant leaves, exults in its tender stalks, which are gladdened by the Zephyr. Such was the matter of the song. For my part, I seemed to behold a rose upon her lips, as though the calyx of the flower had been converted into the form of the human mouth. She had scarcely ended when the supper hour arrived. It was then the time of celebrating the Festival of Bacchus, "patron of the vintage,"[4] whom the Tyrians esteem to be their god, quoting a legend of Cadmus which attributes to

the feast the following origin:—Once upon a time, mortals had no such thing as wine, neither the black and fragrant kind, nor the Biblian, nor the Maronæan,[5] nor the Chian, nor the Icarian; all these they maintain came originally from Tyre, their inventor being a Tyrian. A certain hospitable neatherd (resembling the Athenian Icarius, who is the subject of a very similar story) gave occasion to the legend which I am about to relate. Bacchus happened to come to the cottage of this countryman, who set before him whatsoever the earth and the labours of his oxen had produced. Wine, as I observed, was then unknown, like the oxen, therefore, their beverage was water.

Bacchus thanked him for his friendly treatment and presented to him a "loving cup,"[6] which was filled with wine. Having taken a hearty draught, and becoming very jovial from its effects, he said:—"Whence, stranger, did you procure this purple water, this delicious blood? It is quite different from that which flows along the ground; for that descends into the vitals, and affords cold comfort at the best; where as this, even before entering the mouth, rejoices the nostrils, and though cold to the touch, leaps down into the stomach and begets a pleasurable warmth."[7] To this Bacchus replied, "This is the water of an autumnal fruit, this is the blood of the grape,"[8] and so saying, he conducted the neatherd to a vine, and squeezing a bunch of grapes said, "here is the water, and this is the fountain from whence it flows." Such is the account which the Tyrians give as to the origin of wine.

It was, as I before said, the festival of this deity which was being celebrated. My father anxious to do everything handsomely, had made grand

preparations for the supper, and there was set in honor of the god, a magnificent goblet of crystal,[9] in the beauty of its workmanship second only to that of the Chian Glaucus.[10] Vines seemingly growing from within encircled it, and their clusters hung down all around; as long as the goblet remained empty each grape appeared unripe and green; but no sooner was the wine poured in than each grape began to redden, and assumed the hue of ripeness; and among them was represented Bacchus himself as dresser of the vineyard. As the feast went on, and the good wine did its office, I began to cast bold lawless glances at Leucippe; for Love and Bacchus are two very potent deities, they take possession of the soul[11] and so inflame it that it forgets every restraint of modesty; the one kindles in it a flame, and the other supplies fuel for the fire, for wine may truly be called the meat and drink of love. The maiden also became gradually emboldened so as to gaze at me more fixedly. In this manner, ten days passed on without anything beyond glances being interchanged between us.

At length I imparted the whole affair to Satyrus, requesting his assistance; he replied, "I knew it all before you told me, but was unwilling that you should be aware of the fact, supposing it your wish to remain unobserved; for very often he who loves by stealth hates the party who has discovered his passion, and considers himself to have received an insult from him. However," continued he, "fortune has provided for our contingences,[12] for Clio, Leucippe's chambermaid, has an understanding with me, and admits me as her lover. I will gradually buy her over to give us her assistance in this affair; but you, on your part, must not be content with making trial of the maiden merely by glances; you must

speak to her and say something to the point, then take a farther step by touching her hand, squeezing her fingers, and fetching a deep sigh; if she permits this willingly, then salute her as the mistress of your affections, and imprint a kiss upon her neck." "By Pallas, you counsel wisely," was my reply, "but I fear me, I shall prove but a craven wrestler in the school of love."

"The god of love," said he, "has no notion of craven-heartedness; do you not see in what warlike guise he is equipped? He bears a bow, a quiver, arrows, and a lighted torch, emblems all of them, of manhood and of daring. Filled, then, as you are with the influence of such a god, are you a coward and do you tremble? Beware of shewing yourself merely a counterfeit in love. I will make an opening by calling away Clio, as soon as an opportunity occurs for your having a private conversation with Leucippe." With these words he left the room; excited by what he had said, I was no sooner alone, then I used every endeavour to collect my courage for the approaching interview. "Coward," said I, "how long wilt thou continue silent? Thou, the soldier of such a warlike 'god, and yet a craven.' Dost thou intend to wait until the maiden comes to thee of her own accord?" Afterwards I proceeded, "and yet fool that thou art, why not come to thy senses? Why not bestow thy love upon a lawful object? Thou hast another maiden in this house; one possessed of beauty. Be content with loving *her*, and gazing upon *her*; her it is permitted thee to take to wife." My purpose was almost fixed; when from the bottom of my heart Love spoke in reply and said; "Rash man, darest thou to set thyself in array and to war with me—me, who have wings to fly, arrows to wound, and a torch to burn? How, prythee, wilt thou escape? If thou wardest off my

shafts, how wilt thou avert my fire? and even supposing thy chastity should quench the flame, still I can overtake thee with my wings."[13]

While engaged in this soliloquy, the maiden unexpectedly made her appearance; I turned pale, and the next moment became crimson; she was quite alone, not even Clio accompanied her; in a very confused manner, and not knowing what else to say, I addressed her with the words, "Good morrow, fair mistress;" sweetly smiling, she shewed by her countenance that she comprehended the drift of my salutation, and said, "Do you call me your mistress?" "Indeed I do, for one of the gods has told me to be your slave, as Hercules was sold to Omphale." "Sold, if I remember, by Mercury," rejoined she, "and Jove employed him in the business;" this she said with an arch smile. "What nonsense," rejoined I, "to trifle so, and talk of Mercury when all the while you understood my meaning."[14] While one pleasantry led on to another and so prolonged our conversation, fortune came to my assistance.

About noon on the preceding day, Leucippe had been playing on the harp and Clio was sitting beside her. I was walking up and down, when suddenly a bee flying in, stung Clio's hand; she immediately shrieked out, upon which the maiden, hastily rising from her seat and laying aside the harp, examined the wound, bidding her to be under no anxiety, for that she could relieve the pain by simply uttering two magic words, having been instructed by an Egyptian how to cure the stings inflicted by bees and wasps; she then proceeded to utter the words of incantation, and Clio, in a few moments declared the pain to be relieved. This, as I intimated, took place on the day before. On the present occasion it chanced, that a

bee or wasp flew buzzing round my face, when all at once the idea seized me of feigning myself to have been stung;[15] I did so, putting my hand to my face, and pretending to be in pain. The maiden came up to me, removed my hand and enquired where I had been stung; upon my lips, dearest, was my reply, why do you not charm away the pain? Approaching my face, she placed her mouth almost close to mine, in order to work the charm, at the same time murmuring certain words, and ever and anon touching my lips. All this time I kept stealing silent kisses, so that from the maiden alternately opening and closing her lips while uttering the charm, the incantation became changed into one continuous kiss. At last putting my arms around her, I saluted her lips more ardently; upon which drawing back she exclaimed, "What are you about? Are you, too, turned enchanter?" "I am only kissing the charm which has removed my pain." She took my meaning and smiled, which gave me a fresh supply of courage.

"Ah! dear Leucippe," I exclaimed, "I now feel another and severer sting,[16] one which has penetrated to my very heart, and calls for your 'mighty magic;' surely you must carry about a bee upon your lips, they are full of honey, your kisses wound; repeat the charm, I pray, but do not worry over the operation, for fear of exasperating the wound;" at the same time I embraced her more closely and kissed her with still greater freedom; nor, though making a show of resistance, did she seem displeased.[17] At this juncture Clio was seen approaching from a distance, upon which we separated, I much annoyed and sorely against my will; what were her feelings I cannot exactly say. After what had passed, however, I felt easier in mind and began to indulge in brighter

hopes.

I still felt the kiss upon my lips as though it had really been something of a corporeal nature; I zealously guarded it as a treasure of sweets, for a kiss is to the lover his chief delight; it takes its birth from the fairest portion of the human body—from the mouth, which is the instrument of the voice, and the voice is the adumbration of the soul; when lips mingle they dart pleasure through the veins, and make even the lovers' souls join in the embrace. Never before did I feel delight comparable to this; and then for the first time I learnt that no pleasurable sensation can vie with a lover's kiss.[18]

At supper time we met as on former occasions, when Satyrus, who acted as cupbearer, hit upon the following amorous device. After our cups were filled, he effected an exchange, presenting mine to the maiden, handing hers to me. Having noticed what part of the brim had been touched by her in drinking, I applied my lips to the same place;[19] thus intimating that I was sending her a kiss. She remarked what I had done, and readily understood that I had been kissing the shadow of her lips. Satyrus again stealthily made a like exchange of cups, when I could observe her imitating me, and drinking as I had done, which, as you may imagine, vastly increased my happiness. This was repeated a third and fourth time; in short, we passed the rest of the time in drinking kisses to one another.

When supper was ended, Satyrus approaching me said, "Now is the time to show your mettle; the maiden's mother, as you are aware, is unwell, and has retired to rest alone. She herself before going to bed will take a few turns as usual in the garden, attended by no one but Clio, whom I will undertake

to get out of the way." We then separated, and remained on the watch, he for Clio, I for Leucippe. Everything turned out as we had wished; Clio was got rid of, and Leucippe remained walking by herself. I waited till the daylight had faded away,[20] and then approached her, emboldened by my former success, like a soldier already victorious, who therefore scorns the perils of war. The arms in which I trusted were wine, love, hope, and solitude; so, without saying a word, and as if everything had been preconcerted, I took her in my arms, and covered her with kisses. When about to proceed to other familiarities, a noise was heard behind us, at which we started asunder in alarm. She betook herself to her chamber, and I remained there in great dudgeon at having lost so capital an opportunity, and execrating the noise which had been the cause.

Meanwhile Satyrus came up with a laughing countenance. He had witnessed everything, having concealed himself under a tree to guard against our surprise; and it was he, who seeing some one approach, had made the noise.

In the course of a few days, my father made preparations for concluding my marriage sooner than had been originally intended. He had been much alarmed by various dreams; he thought he was celebrating the nuptial rites, and after the torches had been kindled the light was suddenly extinguished. This made him more anxious to conclude the matter, and we were now within a day of the one formally appointed for the ceremony. The wedding clothes and jewels were already purchased; there was a necklace composed of various gems, and a splendid purple robe edged with a gold border. The gems vied with each other in beauty; among them

was a hyacinth,[21] which resembled a rose, only that it was a stone, and an amethyst almost as lustrous as gold itself. In the middle of this necklace were three precious stones, arranged together and curiously blended in their hues; the lowest one was black, the middle white, but with a darkish tinge, the upper one shading off into a ruddy colour. They were set in a rim of gold, and might be said to bear resemblance to an eye.[22] The purple of the dress was of no ordinary dye, but of the kind which the Tyrians fable to have been discovered by the shepherd's dog, and with which they are wont to represent the robe of Venus to be tinged.[23] There was a time when this purple dye was as yet unknown, but remained concealed in the hollow of a little shell fish. A shepherd meeting with one of these hoped to obtain the fish which was inside; foiled by the hardness of the shell, after bestowing a hearty curse upon his booty, he threw it into the sea as so much worthless rubbish. His dog lighted upon this windfall,[24] and broke open the shell with his teeth, in doing which his mouth and lips became stained with the brilliant dye, or as we may call it, blood. The shepherd upon seeing this supposed it the effect of a wound; so taking the dog down to the sea he washed his mouth, upon which the imaginary blood assumed a still more brilliant hue, and upon proceeding to touch it, his hand became of a purple colour. The shepherd now guessed what was the nature of the shell fish, and that it was impregnated with a dye of surpassing beauty; so taking some wool he placed it in the aperture, determined to dive into the mysteries of the shell; and it became of a colour similar to that upon the dog's mouth. By this means he obtained a knowledge of what we call purple; and after breaking open its fortified receptacle with the

help of a stone, he arrived at the treasure-house of dye. To return, however, to my story. My father was performing the preliminary rites,[25] the marriage being fixed, as I have said, for the following day. I was in despair, and was devising some pretext for deferring it. While in this state of perplexity, a great tumult was heard to proceed from the men's quarter of the house. It appeared that as my father was offering up a sacrifice; an eagle[26] swooping from on high seized the victim, and in spite of every endeavour to scare him away, bore off his prey. As this was declared to forebode no good, the marriage was postponed for another day. My father proceeded to consult the seers and soothsayers upon the meaning of the portent; they were of opinion that he should offer a sacrifice to hospitable Jove at midnight upon the sea-shore, since the bird had flown in that direction. Sure enough he had winged his flight thither, and appeared no more. For my part, I extolled the eagle to the skies, and declared that he was justly styled the king[27] of birds. No long time elapsed before the meaning of the prodigy became revealed. There was a certain young man, a native of Byzantium, by name Callisthenes; he was an orphan and possessed of wealth, profligate in his life and extravagant in his expenditure. Having heard that Sostratus had a handsome daughter, he was anxious to obtain her hand and became enamoured upon hearsay, for he had never seen her.[28] The force of passion upon the licentious is often so strong that their ears lead them into love, and report has the same effect upon their minds which sight has upon others.

Before the breaking out of the war against the Byzantians, the young man introduced himself to Sostratus, and asked the hand of his daughter in

marriage. Sostratus, however, strongly objecting to his irregular way of life, rejected his application. Callisthenes was very indignant at this repulse; he considered himself slighted;—besides, he was in love, and fancy pictured to his mind those charms which he had never seen. Dissembling his displeasure, he meditated how he might revenge himself on Sostratus, and at the same time gratify his own desires; nor was he without hope of success, there being a law of the Byzantians which enacted, that if any one should carry off a maiden he should be exempt from punishment upon making her his wife;[29] of this law he determined to avail himself, and waited only till a seasonable opportunity should offer. Although the war had now broken out, and the maiden had come to us for security, he did not abandon his design, in the execution of which the following circumstance assisted, as the Byzantians had received an oracle to this effect:—

"With *plant-born* name there lives an island race,
Whose land an isthmus to the shore doth brace;
Vulcan consorts there with the blue-eyed maid,
And there to Hercules be offerings paid."[30]

While all were in doubt what place was intended by these enigmatic words, Sostratus (who was one of the commanders) thus delivered his opinion:—"We must send to Tyre, and offer up a sacrifice to Hercules;[31] the expressions of the miracle clearly point to that city. The 'plant-derived name,' shews that the island of the Phœnicians is intended, the phœnix (or palm), being a plant; both sea and land lay claim to it: the latter joins it to the continent, the former washes it on either side; thus it is seated in the one element, but without abandoning the other, to which it is united by its narrow isthmus or neck of

land; moreover, it is not founded in the sea, but both under it and under the isthmus, the waters have free course; thus there is seen the singular spectacle of a city in the sea, and of an island upon shore. The mention made of 'Vulcan consorting with the blue-eyed maid,' alludes to the olive and the fire, which are found there in close proximity: for, in a sacred precinct surrounded by a wall, olive trees are seen to flourish, while fire issuing from their roots burns among the branches, and with its ashes benefits the tree; hence there exists a mutual friendship, and Minerva shuns not Vulcan." Upon this Chærophon, who shared the command with Sostratus in the war, his senior in age and a native of Tyre, extolled him highly for his excellent interpretation of the oracle. "It is not only fire, however," said he, "which claims our wonder; the water also deserves its share. I myself have seen the following marvels:—there is a fountain in Sicily whose waters are mingled with fire; the flame is seen to leap up from underneath, yet if you touch the water it will be found as cold as snow, so that neither is the fire extinguished by the water, nor the water ignited by the flame, but a mutual truce subsists between the elements.[32] There is also a river in Spain, not differing from others in appearance, but if you wish to hear it become vocal, you have but to wait and listen; for when a gentle breeze sweeps over its surface there is heard a sound as if from strings, the wind being the plectrum, the river itself the lyre.[33] I may likewise mention a lake in Lybia, resembling in its nature the Indian soil.[34] The Lybian maidens are well acquainted with its secrets and with the riches which, stored below its waters, are mingled with the mud, for it is, in fact, a fount of gold.[35] Plunging a long pole smeared with pitch into the lake, they lay

open its recesses; this pole is to the gold what the hook is to the fish, serving as a bait. The grains of gold alone attach themselves to the pitch, and are drawn on shore. Such is the gold-fishing in the Lybian waters."

After relating these marvels, Chærophon, with the consent of the state, proceeded to dispatch the victims and other offerings to Tyre. Callisthenes contrived to be among the number of the sacred functionaries,[36] and soon arriving at that city, he found out my father's residence, and matured his schemes against the females, who, as will presently be shown, went out to view the sacrificial show, which was in the highest degree sumptuous; there was a vast quantity of different kinds of incense used, such as cassia, frankincense, and crocus; there was also a great display of flowers, the narcissus, the rose, and the myrtle; the fragrance of the flowers vied with the perfumes of the incense; the breeze wafted them aloft, mingled their odours in the air, producing a gale of sweets. The victims were many in number and of various kinds; the most remarkable among them, however, were the oxen from the Nile, animals which excel not only in stature but in colours. They are altogether of very large size, with brawny necks, broad backs, and ample bellies;[37] their horns are not depressed, like those of the Sicilian ox, nor ill-shaped like the Cyprian, but project upward from the forehead of this animal with a gentle curve; the interval between them at their tips and at the roots being equal, so that they bear a resemblance to the moon when at the full; their colour is that which Homer so much praises in the Thracian horses.[38] The bull stalks along with lofty crest, as if to show that he is the monarch of the herd. If there is any truth in the legend of Europa, it

was into an Egyptian bull that Jove metamorphosed himself.

At the time of which I am speaking my mother-in-law was unwell; Leucippe also feigned indisposition, according to a preconcerted arrangement, that we might have an opportunity of meeting during the absence of the rest. My sister, therefore, and Leucippe's mother were the only ones who went out to see the show. Callisthenes, who knew by sight the wife of Sostratus, seeing my sister in her company mistook her for Leucippe, of whom he had no personal knowledge. Smitten by her appearance, and without making any inquiries, he points her out to a trusty attendant of his, commanding him to engage some pirates to effect her seizure, and arranging the manner of proceeding, for a high festival[39] was at hand when, as he understood, all the maidens would go down to the shore for the purpose of performing their ablutions. After giving these directions, and having discharged the duties of his function,[40] he withdrew. He had previously, I may remark, provided a vessel of his own, in case an opportunity should offer for carrying his schemes into effect.

Meanwhile the rest of the sacred functionaries had embarked and sailed away; he, however, went on board his vessel, and continued to lie a little off shore, both in order that he might appear to be taking his departure like the others, and also lest, being so near Tyre, any danger should happen to himself in consequence of carrying off the maiden. Upon arriving at Sarepta, a Tyrian village on the sea-coast, he purchased another craft, which he intrusted to his follower Zeno, who was to execute his plan. This man was able-bodied, and accustomed to a buccaneering life; he soon, therefore, succeeded in

gathering together some pirates from the above-named village, and then sailed for Tyre. Near this city there is an islet with a harbour, (the Tyrians call it the tomb of Rhodope); here the craft was stationed watching for the prey. Before the arrival of the high festival, however, which Callisthenes awaited, the omen of the eagle and the interpretation of the soothsayers were fulfilled. On the day preceding, we made preparations for the sacrifice to Jove, and late in the evening went down to the shore; none of our motions escaped Zeno, who cautiously followed us. When in the act of performing our ablutions, he made the preconcerted signal, upon which the boat made rapidly for the land, manned by ten young fellows; eight others were secretly in readiness on shore, dressed in women's clothes and with shaven chins; each had a sword concealed under his dress, and the better to avoid any suspicion, they had brought some victims with them as for sacrifice, so that we took them to be women. No sooner had we reached the pile than, raising a sudden shout, they rushed upon us, and put out our torches; we fled disorderly and in alarm, upon which they drew their swords, and seizing my sister, put her into the boat, and then embarking rowed off with the speed of an eagle. Some who had fled at the first onset saw nothing of what afterwards occurred; others who had witnessed everything cried out, "The pirates have carried off Calligone."

Meanwhile the boat was far out at sea, and upon nearing Sarepta made a signal which when Callisthenes recognised, he put out to meet it, and taking the maiden on board his own vessel, at once sailed away. I breathed again upon finding my marriage thus unexpectedly broken off, nevertheless I was sorry for the calamity which had befallen my

sister. A few days after this occurrence, I said to Leucippe, "How long, my dearest, are we to confine ourselves to kisses? they are pleasant enough as preludes, let us now add to them something more substantial; suppose we exchange mutual pledges of fidelity, for only let Venus initiate[41] us in her mysteries and then we need fear the power of no other deity."

By constantly repeating my solicitations, I at length persuaded the maiden to receive me into her own chamber, Clio lending us her assistance. I will describe the situation of her room: a large space in one part of the mansion contained two chambers on the right hand and as many on the left; a narrow passage, closed at the entrance by a door, gave access to them.[42] Those at the farther end were occupied by the maiden and her mother, and were opposite each other; of the two remaining ones, that next to Leucippe belonged to Clio, the other was a store-room. Leucippe's mother was always in the habit of attending her to bed; upon which occasions she not only locked the door inside, but had it secured by a slave on the outside, the keys being handed to her through an opening; these she kept until the morning, when calling the man she passed them back to him that he might unlock the door.

Satyrus contrived to have a set of keys made like them, and finding upon trial that they would answer, he with the consent of the maiden gained over Clio, who was to offer no impediment. Such was the plan which we devised. There was a slave belonging to the household, called Conops, a prying, talkative, lecherous fellow, in short everything that was bad. The man watched our proceedings very narrowly, and suspecting our intentions, used to keep open the

door of his dormitory until late at night, so that it was no easy matter to escape his observation. Satyrus wishing to make a friend of him, often talked and joked with him, and laughing in allusion to his name (Κώνωψ) would call him Gnat. The fellow seeing through the artifice of Satyrus pretended to return the joke, but, in doing so, exhibited his own ill-natured disposition. "As you are so fond," said he, "of punning upon my name, I will tell you a story about the gnat. The lion often complained to Prometheus that although he had formed him a large and handsome beast, had armed his jaws with teeth, and his feet with claws, and had made him more powerful than the other animals, still, notwithstanding all these advantages, he stood in fear of the dunghill cock.[43] 'Why dost thou without cause accuse me?' replied Prometheus; 'I have given thee every gift which it was in my power to bestow, it is thine own faint heartedness which is in fault.' The lion wept and bemoaned his condition, cursing his own want of courage, and in the end made up his mind to die. While in this frame of mind he happened to meet the elephant, with whom, after wishing him good morning, he entered into conversation. Seeing him continually flap his ears, 'What ails you,' he asked—'why are your ears never for a moment still?' The elephant, about whose head a gnat was at that moment flying, replied, 'If the buzzing insect which I see, was to get into my ear, the result would be my death.' Upon this the lion made the following reflection. 'Why should I (such as I am, and so much more fortunate than the elephant,) think of dying? It is better to stand in awe of a cock than to dread a scurvy gnat.'

"You see," said Conops, "what power the gnat possesses, since he can terrify the elephant." Satyrus

who saw into the malicious meaning of his words, replied with a smile, "I will now relate to you the story of the gnat and the lion, which I heard from a certain sage; as for your tale about the elephant, you are welcome to make what you can out of it. The braggart gnat said one day to the lion, 'So you think to lord it over me as you do over other creatures. I should like to know why? You are not handsomer than I am, nor yet bolder, nor yet more powerful; in what respect are you superior to me? In valour?—You tear with your claws and bite with your teeth, it is true; so does every woman when she quarrels;[44] and as to your size and beauty, you have indeed an ample chest and broad shoulders, and a whole forest of hair about your neck, but you little think how unsightly are your hinder parts. On the other hand, my greatness is commensurate with the air and with the power of my wings; the flowers of the meadow constitute my comeliness, they serve me in lieu of garments, with which, when weary with flying, I invest myself; neither is my valour any laughing matter; I am the very impersonation of a warlike instrument; I blow a blast[45] when I go to battle, and it is my mouth which serves for trumpet and for weapon, so that I am at once, a musician and an archer; moreover I am my own bow and arrow; my wings poised in air shoot me forward, and lighting down, I inflict a wound as with a shaft; who so ever feels it cries out and forthwith tries to find his enemy: I, however, though present, am at the same time absent; I fly and I stand my ground, and with my wings circle round the adversary, and laugh to see him dance with pain. But why should I waste more words?—let us at once join battle.' Saying this, he falls upon the lion, attacking his eyes and every other part which was unprotected by hair; at the

same time wheeling round him and blowing his trumpet. The lion was in a fury, turning himself in every direction and vainly snapping at the air; his wrath afforded additional sport to the gnat, who made an onslaught on his very mouth. Immediately he turned to the side where he was aggrieved, when his antagonist, like a skilful wrestler, twisting and twirling his body escaped clean through the lion's teeth, which were heard to rattle against each other in the vain attempt to seize him. By this time the lion was thoroughly tired by thus fighting with the air, and stood still, exhausted by his own efforts; upon which the gnat, sailing round his mane sounded a triumphant strain of victory; but stimulated by his excess of vanity he took a wider range, and all at once fell into a spider's web. When no hope of escape appeared, he sorrowfully said, 'Fool that I am, I entered the lists against a lion, and behold I am caught in the meshes of a spider!'" Having finished his story, Satyrus said, with a sarcastic laugh, "Be on your guard, and beware of spiders." Not many days had passed when Satyrus knowing what a belly-slave Conops was, purchased a powerful soporific draught and then invited him to supper.[46] Suspicious of some trick, he at first declined, but afterwards, over persuaded by his most excellent adviser—appetite, [47] he complied. After supper, when he was on the point of going away, Satyrus poured the potion into his last draught, he drank it off, and had just time to reach his dormitory, when he fell on his bed in a deep sleep. Upon this, Satyrus hurried to me and said, "Conops is fast asleep, now is the time to prove yourself as valorous as Ulysses:"[48] we instantly proceeded to the door which conducted to Leucippe's chamber; there he left me, and Clio stealthily admitted me, trembling with joy and fear; the dread

of danger disturbed my hopes, but the hope of success qualified the dread, and so hope became the source of fear, and pain the cause of pleasure.

Just as I had entered the maiden's room, her mother's sleep had been disturbed by a fearful dream; a robber armed with a naked sword, seized and carried off her daughter, after which, laying her upon the ground, he proceeded to rip her up, beginning at her private parts. Terrified by the vision, her mother started up and hurried to her daughter's apartment, which as I before said was close at hand. I had but just got into bed and hearing the doors open, had scarcely time to leap out before she was at her daughter's side. Aware of my danger I made a bolt through the opened door, and ran with all my might, till trembling from head to foot I met Satyrus, when we both made our way in the dark and retreated each to his own room. Leucippe's mother fainted, but upon recovering the first thing she did was to box Clio's ears, then tearing her own hair, she broke forth into lamentation. "Oh Leucippe," she said, "you have blighted all my hopes. And you Sostratus, who are fighting at Byzantium to protect the honour of other people's wives and daughters, you little think how some enemy has been warring against your house, and has defiled your own daughter's honour. Oh, Leucippe, I never thought to see you wedded after such a fashion as this! Would that you had remained at Byzantium! Would that you had suffered violence from the chances of war, and that some Thracian had been your ravisher! In such a case the violence would have excused the shame, whereas now, you are at the same time wretched and disgraced. The vision of the night did but mock my mind, the realities of the dream were hidden from me, for of a truth, yours has been a more fearful ripping up, and

your wound more fatal than any inflicted by the sword; and the worst is, that I am ignorant who is your ravisher. I do not even know what is his condition! for aught I can tell, he may be some wretched slave.[49]" When the maiden felt assured of my escape, she took courage and said: "Mother, there is no occasion for you to attack my chastity, nothing has been done to me deserving of your reproaches; nor do I know whether the intruder was a god, a demigod, or a mortal ravisher;[50] all I know is that I was heartily frightened and lay still, quite unable to cry out through fear; for fear, as you know, acts as a padlock upon the tongue: this, however, you may be assured of, no one has robbed me of my virginity." Notwithstanding these assurances of her daughter, Panthea gave way to a fresh paroxysm of grief. Meanwhile Satyrus and I were deliberating on the best course to be pursued; and we determined to make our escape out of the house before morning should arrive, when Clio would be put to the torture and be compelled to reveal everything.

This plan we at once carried into execution, and telling the porter that we were going out to visit our mistresses, we went straight to Clinias: it was midnight, and we had some trouble in gaining admission: Clinias who slept in an upper room heard our voices in discussion with his porter, and hurried down in alarm, while we could see at a short distance Clio running towards us, for she too it appeared had determined to make her escape. Almost in the same moment therefore Clinias heard our story, and we the narrative of Clio, while she was made acquainted with our future plans; we all went in doors, when we gave Clinias a more detailed account and stated our determination of leaving the city. "I will accompany you," said Clio, "for if I

remain behind till morning, death (the sweetest of torments, since it ends them) will be my lot." Clinias took my hand and leading me aside, he said, "It appears to me most advisable to get this wench out of the way at once, and after waiting a few days we can depart ourselves, if still of the same mind. According to your account the maiden's mother does not know who it was whom she surprised, nor will there be any one to furnish evidence since Clio is removed. Nay, we may perhaps persuade the maiden herself to share our flight; I will accompany you at all events."

We agreed to his proposal, so Clio was delivered to the care of one of his slaves to be put on board a boat, while we continued to deliberate upon the course best to be pursued. At last we resolved to make trial of Leucippe's inclination, and, should she be willing, to carry her off: in case of her rejecting our proposal, we determined to remain for the present and to await the course of events. The short remainder of the night was passed in sleep, and at daylight we returned home. Panthea had no sooner risen in the morning, than she had preparations made for putting Clio to the torture;[51] but when summoned she could no where be found. Upon this, returning to her daughter, "Will you still persist," said she, "in concealing the particulars of this pretty plot? Now, I find that Clio also has run off." Still more reassured by the intelligence, Leucippe replied, "What more would you have me tell you? What stronger testimony of the truth would you have me produce? If there is any way of proving a maid's virginity, you are welcome to prove mine." "Aye," said Panthea, "and by so doing to add to the troubles of our family by bringing in witnesses to its disgrace;" upon saying which, she hastily quitted the

apartment. Leucippe left to herself, and with her mother's words still ringing in her ears, was distracted by conflicting and various emotions;[52] she was deeply pained at having been discovered. Her mother's reproaches filled her with shame; she felt angry at having her word doubted. Now these feelings are like three billows which disturb the soul's tranquillity: shame making an entrance through the eyes unfits them for their natural office; pain preys upon the mind and extinguishes its ardour; while the voice of anger baying round the heart overpowers reason with its wrathful foam.[53] The tongue is the parent of these different feelings; bending its bow and aiming its arrow at the mark, it inflicts its several wounds upon the soul:[54] with the wordy shaft of railing it produces anger, with that of well founded accusation, begets pain, with that of reproof, causes shame; the peculiarity of all these arrows is, that they inflict deep but bloodless wounds, and there is available against their effects one remedy alone, which is, to turn against the assailant his own weapons. Speech, the weapon of the tongue, must be repelled by a weapon of like nature, for then the feeling of anger will become calmed and the sensations of shame and annoyance will be appeased; but if dread of a superior hinder the employment of such succours, the very fact of silence makes these wounds to rankle the more deeply, and unless these mental waves, raised by the power of speech, can cast up their foam, they will but swell and toss the more.[55]

What I have been saying will picture the condition of Leucippe's mind, who felt ready to sink under her troubles; it was while she was in this frame of mind that I dispatched Satyrus to her, in order to make overtures of flight. Anticipating him in her words,

she exclaimed:—"In the name of the gods, foreign and hospitable, deliver me out of my mother's power, and take me whither you will; for if you go away and leave me here, the noose suspended by my own hands shall be my death." When I was informed of her expressions, it freed me from a world of anxiety; and in the course of two or three days, when my father was absent from home, we made preparations for our flight. Satyrus had still remaining some of the potion which he had used so successfully upon Conops. While waiting at supper he poured out a little into the last cup, which he presented to Panthea; almost immediately after drinking it, she retired to her own room, and fell fast asleep. Leucippe had now another chambermaid, with whom Satyrus was on familiar terms; having given her likewise a portion of the draught, he proceeded to a third party, the porter, who was soon lying under the influence of the same soporific potion.

Meanwhile Clinias was awaiting us at the door with a carriage which he had in readiness, and while all were yet asleep, between nine and ten at night, we cautiously left the house, Satyrus leading Leucippe by the hand: Conops, as I may remark, who used to watch our movements, being fortunately absent, having been dispatched on an errand by his mistress. On getting out, we immediately entered the carriage, six in number, Leucippe, I and Satyrus, together with Clinias and two servants. We drove off in the direction of Sidon, where we arrived about midnight, and without delay continued our journey to Berytus, in hopes of finding some vessel in the harbour; nor were we disappointed, for on going to the port we found a ship on the point of sailing: without even inquiring whither she was bound, we got our baggage on board, and embarked a little before

dawn. It was then we learnt that the vessel was bound for the celebrated city of Alexandria, situated on the Nile.

The sight of the sea delighted me while as yet we were in the smooth water of the harbour; soon, however, upon the wind becoming favourable, loud tumult prevailed throughout the vessel; the sailors hurried to and fro, the master issued his commands, ropes were bent, the sail-yard was brought round before the wind, the sail was unfurled, we weighed anchor,[56] the ship began to move, the port was left behind, and the coast, as if itself in motion, seemed gradually to be retiring from us;[57] the Pæan was chanted, and many prayers were addressed to the guardian deities for a prosperous voyage. Meanwhile the wind freshened and filled the sail, and the vessel speeded on her course.

There was a young man on board, in the same cabin[58] with ourselves, when dinner time was come he politely invited us to partake of his meal. Satyrus was just then bringing out our provisions; so putting all into a common stock, we shared our dinner and our conversation. I began by saying, "Pray where do you come from, and by what name are we to address you?" "My name," he replied, "is Menelaus, and I am a native of Egypt; and now may I inquire who you are?" "I am called Clitopho, and my companion Clinias; our country is Phœnicia." "And what," he rejoined, "is the motive of your voyage?" "If you will relate your own story first, you shall then hear ours." Menelaus assented, and began as follows:—

"The cause of my leaving my home may be summed up in very few words:—envious love and ill-fated hunting. I was strongly attached to a handsome youth, who was very fond of the chase. I did

everything in my power to restrain him from this pursuit, but without success. Finding I could not prevail with him, I myself accompanied him.

"One day we were out hunting, and for a time everything went on successfully so long as harmless animals were alone the objects of our sport. At length a wild boar was roused; the youth pursued the brute, who faced about, and ran furiously to attack him; still the youth kept his ground, not withstanding that I repeatedly called out:—'Wheel round your horse; the beast is too powerful for you.' The boar continuing its career, and coming up, they closed in combat. Terrified lest the beast should wound the horse, and so bring down his rider, I launched my javelin without taking sufficient aim, and the youth crossing its course, received the stroke.[59]

"Picture to yourself the feelings of my mind. If I retained life at that moment, it was like a living death; and what was most lamentable of all, the wretched youth, who still breathed, extending his arms, embraced me, and so far from hating his destroyer, he expired still grasping my homicidal hand. On account of this lamentable occurrence his parents took legal proceedings against me; nor was I unwilling to stand my trial; indeed I offered no defence, considering myself fully deserving to suffer death. The judge, out of compassion, condemned me to three years' banishment, and that period having now expired, I am on my return home."

This narrative reminded Clinias of the unhappy death of Charicles, and he shed tears, which though in appearance they flowed for another's grief, were, in reality, drawn forth by his own sorrows.[60] "Are you weeping on my account," asked Menelaus, "or

has any similar disaster befallen you?" Upon this Clinias, with many sighs, detailed the circumstances of Charicles and the horse; and I likewise related my adventures. Seeing Menelaus very low spirited on account of his own thoughts, and Clinias still shedding tears at the recollection of Charicles, I endeavoured to dissipate their grief, by introducing a love topic for conversation; for Leucippe, I may observe, was not then present, but was asleep in the ship's hold. I began, therefore, with a smiling air: —"How much better off is Clinias than I am; he was no doubt longing to inveigh against women, according to his wont, and he can do so all the better now, having found one who sympathises with his tastes; but why so many should be addicted to the love of youths, for my part I cannot tell."

"There can be no doubt," said Menelaus, "which is preferable. Youths are much more open and free from affectation than women, and their beauty stimulates the senses much more powerfully."

"How so?" I asked; "it no sooner appears than it is gone. It affords no enjoyment to the lover, but is like the cup of Tantalus, while one is drinking the liquid disappears; and even the little which has been swallowed is unsatisfying. No one can leave such favourites without feeling his pleasure alloyed with pain, the draught of love still leaves him thirsty."

"You do not understand," rejoined Menelaus, "that the perfection of pleasure consists in its bringing with it no satiety; the very fact of its being of a permanent and satisfying kind takes away from its delight. What we snatch but now and then is always new, and always in full beauty. Of such things the pleasure is not liable to decay and age, and it gains in intensity what it loses by briefness of duration; for

this reason, the rose is considered the most lovely among flowers, because its beauty so quickly fades. There are two species of beauty among mortals, each bestowed by its presiding goddess;[61] the one is of heaven, the other of earth; the former chafes at being linked to what is mortal, and quickly wings its flight to heaven; the latter clings to earth, and cleaves to mortal bodies. Would you have a poet's testimony of the ascent of heavenly beauty? hear what Homer sings:—

'Ganymede,
Fairest of human kind, whom for that cause
The gods caught up to heav'n that he might dwell
For ever there, the cup-bearer of Jove.'[62]

But no woman, I trow, ever ascended to heaven for her beauty's sake, though Jove had abundance of intrigues with women: grief and exile were the portion of Alcmena; the chest and the sea were the receptacle of Danæ; and Semele became food for fire; [63] but—mark the difference—when Jove became enamoured of a Phrygian youth, he took him up to heaven to dwell with him, and pour out his nectar, depriving his predecessor of the office, she being, I rather think, a woman."

"In my opinion," said I, interrupting him, "female beauty has in it much more of the heavenly kind, because it does not so quickly fade; and the freer from decay, the nearer is anything to the divine nature. On the other hand, whatsoever in accordance with its mortal nature soon decays, is not of heaven, but of earth. I grant that Jove, enamoured of a Phrygian youth, raised him to the skies, but the beauty of woman brought him down from heaven; for a woman he bellowed under the form of a bull, for a woman he danced as a satyr, for a woman he

transformed himself into a golden shower. Let Ganymede, therefore, be Jove's cup-bearer, if you will, provided that Juno[64] also reclines at the banquet, and has a youth to wait on her. For my part, I cannot think upon his rape without feelings of pity: a savage bird is sent down, he is seized and borne aloft (cruel and tyrannous treatment, methinks), and the unseemly spectacle is seen of a youth suspended from an eagle's talons. No ravenous bird of prey, but the element of fire, bore Semele aloft; nor should there seem anything strange and unnatural in this, since it was by the same means that Hercules went up to heaven. You amuse yourself at the expense of Danæ's chest, but why do you pass over Perseus, who shared her fate? For Alcmena it sufficed that Jove for love of her robbed the world of three whole days.[65]

"Passing, however, from the legends of mythology, I will speak of the real delights of love, though my experience in such matters has been small, compared with that of others, and confined to females who sell their charms for lucre. In the first place, how tender and yielding is a woman's body to the touch, how soft are her lips when kissed; her person is in every way fitted for the amorous embrace: he who is connected with her tastes genuine enjoyments; her kisses are impressed upon his lips as seals upon a letter, and she kisses with such studied art as imbues the kiss with double sweetness. Not content to use her lips, she brings her teeth also into play, and feeding upon her lover's mouth, makes her very kisses bite. What pleasure also is there in the sensation of pressing a woman's breast, while in the amorous crisis, so powerful is her excitement, that she is actually maddened with delight. Her kisses are not confined to the lips, but lovers' tongues even do

their endeavour to kiss each other. At the conclusion of the amorous combat, she pants, overcome with the fiery delight, and her love-sick breath finding its way to her lips, encounter the lover's kiss still wandering there, and mingling with it both descend and exert their electric influence upon her heart, which leaps and beats, and were it not fast bound within, would desert its seat, and be drawn forth by the strength of kisses."[66]

"Upon my word," said Menelaus, "you seem no raw recruit, but a thorough veteran in the service of the Queen of Love, so minute are you in all your detail. Now hear what I have to say in favour of male beauty. With women their words and postures, everything, in short, is studied and artificial: and their beauty, if they possess any, is the laborious work of cosmetic appliances, of perfumes and of dyes;[67] divest them of these meretricious attractions, and they will appear like the daw stripped of its feathers, which we read of in the fable. The beauty of youths, on the other hand, requires no unguents or artificial essences to recommend it; nature has made it complete and sufficient in itself."[68]

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[1] Il. xvi. 823.

"As when the lion and the sturdy boar,
Contend in battle on the mountain tops
For some scant rivulet which both desire,
Ere long the lion quelle the panting boar."
Cowper's Tr.

[2] καμπαί, signify properly, the changes and inflections in a piece of music.

[3]

"The rose, of flow'rs th' enchanting pride;

The rose is Spring's enchanting bride;
The rose of every god's the joy;
With roses Cytherea's boy,
When, dancing, he'd some Grace ensnare,
Adorns the love-nets of his hair."
Anacreon. v. Addison's Tr.

[4] προτρυγαίου Διονύσου.

[5] The wine of most early celebrity was that which the minister of Apollo, Maron, who dwelt upon the skirts of Thracian Ismarus gave to Ulysses. It was red and honey-sweet; so precious, that it was unknown to all in the mansion save the wife of the priest and one trusty housekeeper; so strong, that a single cup was mixed with twenty of water; so fragrant, that even when thus diluted it diffused a divine and most tempting perfume.

See Odyss. ix. 203.; Dict. of Greek and Roman Antiq.

[6] κύλικα φιλοτησίαν.

[7]

.... "O this is from above—a stream
Of nectar and ambrosia, all divine!"
Od. B. ix. 355, Cowper.

[8] "He washed his garments in wine, and his clothes in the *blood of grapes*."—Gen. xlix. 11.

[9] ὑάλου ὀρωρυγμένης. Herodotus, iii. 24, uses the word ὑάλος, to describe the clear transparent stone, supposed to be Oriental alabaster, used by the Egyptians to enclose their mummies.

[10] The translation of this passage follows Villoisin's reading. For a mention of the cup of Glaucus, see Herod. i. 25. Mr. Blakesley, in his Edition remarks, that ἡ Γλαύκου τέχνη, was in the time of Plato (Phædon, § 132) a

proverbial one, applied to everything requiring in extraordinary amount of skill.

[11]

"While Venus fills the heart....
. . . . . .
Ceres presents a plate of vermicelli,—
For love must be sustain'd like flesh and blood,
—
While Bacchus pours out wine or hands a jelly.
—Byron.

[12] τὸ αὐτόματον ἡμῶν.

[13] "πῶς ἄν τις αὐτο φύγοι; πτερὰ ἔχει καὶ καταλήψεται."—Longus, B.i.

"All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire.
. . . . . .
He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low.
. . . . . .
Wings he hath which though ye clip
He will leap from lip to lip,
. . . . . .
And if chance his arrow misses
He will shoot himself in kisses."—Ben Jonson.

[14] The translation follows the reading in the edition by Jacobs.

[15] Tasso has introduced this stratagem of a lover into his Aminta, Act ii. sc. 2, where Sylvia cures Phyllis stung by a bee, by kissing her, upon which Aminta, pretends to have been stung in order to be cured by the same agreeable remedy.

"Che, fingendo ch' un' ape avesse morso
Il mio labbre di sotto, incominciai
A lamentarmi di cotal maniera,
Che quella medicina che la lingua
Non richiedeva, il volto richiedeva."

[16]

... "fece
Più cupa, e più mortale
La mia piaga verace,
Quando le labbre sua
Giunse a le labbre mie.
N'a l'api d'alcun fiore
Colgon al dolce il mel, ch'allora io colei
Da quelle fresche rose."—Tasso.

[17]

"She blushed and frown'd not, but she strove to speak,
And held her tongue, her voice was grown so weak."—Byron.

[18]

"How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning."—Campbell.

[19]

"Fac primus rapias illius tacta labellis
Pocula; quoque bibit parte puella bibe."
Ovid, de Art. Am. i. 595.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge thee with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine."
Ben Jonson (imitation of a passage in Philostratus.)

[20] The original is highly poetical:—ἐπιτήρησας οὖν ὅτε τοῦ φωτὸς τὸ πολὺ τῆς αὐγῆς ἐμαραίνετο.

[21] In B. v. of the Ethiopics, Heliodorus says of the Spanish and British amethyst, that it is of a dull ruddy colour, resembling a newly budding rose; and of the amethyst of Ethiopia, that it emits a lustre like that of gold.

[22]

... "blending every colour into one,
Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle."—Byron.

[23] The πέπλος was an ample shawl serving for a robe; those of the most splendid hues and curious workmanship were imported from Tyre and Sidon.—See Iliad, vi. 289.

[24] τὸ ἕρμαιον.

[25] προτέλεια γάμων. These consisted of sacrifices and offerings made to the θεοὶ γαμήλιοι, or divinities who presided over marriage; the sacrificer was the father of the bride elect.

[26] οἰωνῶν βασιλεὺς. Æsch. Ag. 113.

[27]

..., "ministrum fulminis alitem
Cui rex Deorum regnum in aves vagas
Permisit."—Hor. iv. Od. iv. i.

[28] "nunquam visæ flagrabat amore puellæ."—Juv. iv. 14.

[29] Jacobs observes that this law of Byzantium is purely the invention of Tatius; one resembling it existed at Athens.

[30]

Νῆσός τις πόλις ἐστί φυτώνυμον αἶμα λαχοῦσα
Ἰσθμὸν ὁμοῦ καὶ πορθμὸν ἐπ' ἠπείροιο φέρουσα,
Ἔνθ"Ηφαιστος ἔχων χαίρει γλαυκώπιν 'Αθηνην.
Κεῖθι θυηπολίην σε φέρειν κέλομσι Ἡρακλῆι.

Tyre is called by Euripides, φοίνισσα νήσος, (Phœn. 211,) was built upon a small island,

200 furlongs from the shore. Alexander took it, after having joined the island to the continent by a mole.

[31] Herod. B. ii. c. 44, gives an account of his visit to the temple of the Tyrian Hercules, and of the rich offerings which he saw in it.

[32] "The fire had power in the water, forgetting his own virtue; and the water forget his own quenching nature."—Wisdom, xix. 20.

[33] See p. 234 of Brewster's Natural Magic, for a solution of the acoustic wonder of the vocal sounds emitted by the statue of Memnon.

[34] Herod. iii. 102, says of the Indian soil—

Ἡ δὲ ψάμμος ἡ αναφερομένη εστὶ χρυσῖτις.

[35] Herod. B. iv. 195, gives an account of a lake in the isle Cyraunis, on the east of Africa, from which the young women obtain gold-dust by means of feathers smeared with pitch.

[36] τῶν θεωρῶν.

[37]

.... "plurima cervix,
Tam longo nullus lateri modus: omnia magna."
Virg. G. iii. 52.

[38]

"His steeds I saw, the fairest by these eyes
Ever beheld and loftiest; snow itself
They pass in whiteness."—Iliad, x. 43. 7. Cowper's Tr.

[39] πανήγυρις.

[40] τὴν θεωρίαν ἀφοσιωμένος.

[41] μυσταγωγήσῃ.

[42] See the plan of a Greek house taken from Bekker's Charikles.—Dict. of Greek and Roman Antiq. p. 494.

[43] This fact is asserted by Ælian, B. vi. 22, and B. xiv. 9.

[44] "Oh!" sobb'd Antonia, "I could tear their eyes out."—Byron.

[45] In case the reader wishes to understand the philosophy of the gnat's trumpet, we insert the following passage from Cumberland's Trans. of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes.

Disciple. "'Twas put to Socrates, if he could say, when a goat
humm'd, whether the sound did issue from mouth or tail.

Streps. Aye; marry, what said he?

Disciple. He said your gnat doth blow his trumpet backwards
From a sonorous cavity within him,
Which being filled with breath, and forced along
The narrow pipe or rectum of his body,
Doth vent itself in a loud hum behind."

[46]

"Fallitur et multo custodis cura Lyæo;
Illa vel Hispano lecta sit una jugo.
Sunt quoque, quæ faciant altos medicamina somnos;
Victaque Lethæâ lumina nocte premant."
Ovid. Art. Am. iii. 645.

[47] ὡς δ' ἡ βελτίστη γαστήρ κατηνάγκασεν.

[48] The allusion is to Ulysses preparing to put out the eye of the Cyclops.

... "the gods infused
Heroic fortitude into our hearts."—Odyss. ix. 381.

[49]

"'Sdeath! with a *page*—perchance a king

Had reconciled him to the thing;
But with a stripling of a page—
I felt—but cannot paint his rage."—Byron.

[50] εἴτε δαίμων, εἴτε ἥρως, εἴτε ληστής.

For an instance of intercourse between demigods—ἥρωες—and mortals, see Herod. vi. 69.

[51] The evidence of slaves was always taken with torture, and their testimony was not otherwise received. For an animated picture of the severity sometimes practised towards slaves, male and female, by a capricious mistress, see Juv. vi. 475, 495.

[52] παντοδαπή τις ἦν.

This passage may be illustrated by a parallel one in the beginning of B. vii.

[53] Pliny, B. iv. 5. "Tot sinus Poloponnensem oram lancinant, tot maria allatrant."

[54] "They bend their tongues like their *bow* for lies."

[55] "Their tongue is as an *arrow* shot out."—Jer. ix. 3, 8. See also S. James iii. 5-9.

"Strangulat inclusus dolor atque cor æstuat intus
Cogitur et vires multiplicare suas."—Ovid. Trist. I. 63.

"Give sorrow words; the grief that doth not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."—Macbeth.

[56] The various operations when a vessel quitted or entered the harbour are described in two passages of Homer.—

"The crew
Cast loose the hawsers, and embarking, filled

The benches....
He, loud exhorting them, his people bade
Hand brisk the tackle; they obedient rear'd
The pine-tree mast, which in its socket deep
They lodg'd, then strained the cordage, and with thongs
Well twisted, drew the shining sail aloft."—Odyss. ii. 419.

"Around within the haven deep, their sails
Furling, they stow'd them in the bark below.
Then by its tackle lowering the mast
Into its crutch, they briskly push'd to land,
Heav'd anchors out, and moor'd the vessel fast."—Il. i. 4331

[57]

"Provehimur portu; terræque urbesque recedunt."
Vir. Æn. iii. 72.

[58] παρασκηνῶν.

[59] Tatius appears to have had in his mind the story of the death of Atys, son of Crœsus. See Herod. B. i. 37.

Compare the spirited account of the Boar-hunt and the death of Tlepolemus in the viiith book of Apuleius.

[60] Πάτροκλον πρόφασιν, a proverb derived from a passage in the Iliad, xix. 302:—

"All her fellow-captives heav'd
Responsive sighs, deploring each, in show
The dead Patroclus, but, in truth, herself."

[61] Tatius alludes to Venus Urania and Venus Popularis, the one the patroness of pure, the other of impure, love.

[62] Iliad xx. 2, 3, 4.

[63] See Anthon's Lemprière for the legends attached to their names.

[64] Göttling proposes to read "Hebe," which suits the context better.

[65] According to some accounts, two; according to others, three nights were required for the formation of Hercules, son of Alcmena.

"Violentus ille
Nocte non unâ poterat creari."—Seneca Ag. 825.

[66]

"A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love,
And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled from above;
Such kisses as belong to early days,
Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
Each kiss a heart-quake."—Byron.

Compare Lucret. iv. 1070-1079, and 1099-1114.

[67]

"Sed quæ mutatis inducitur, atque fovetur
Tot medicaminibus, coctæque siliginis offas,
Accipit et madidæ, facies dicetur, an ulcus."—Juv. vi. 471.

[68] "Omnibus autem mulierum omnium ungentis è puerorum sudoribus afflatus odor antecellet. Jam vero etiam ante venereos congressus palæstrâ cum iis decertare, palamque, ac sine rubore amplecti licet; neque ulla est carnis teneritas quæ complexuum tactioni cedat: sed corpora sibi mutuo resistunt ac voluptate contendunt. Basia quoque muliebrem illam diligentiam minime sapiunt, nec stulto errore labris illito decipiunt. Puer quemadmodum quidem novit, suavia dat, non ab arte aliquâ, sed à natura ipsâ proficiscentia; saneque basii puerilis imago ejusmodi est, ut si

quis concretum, atque in labrà commutatum nectar oscularetur. Ex quo fieri ullo modo nequit, ut aliqua basiandi tibi satietas oriatur; quinimmo quo plus haurias, hoc vehementiore siti labores, neque os indè abstrahere possis, donec præ voluptate basia ipso refugias."

BOOK III.

On the third day of our voyage a sudden change took place in the weather; the sky, which had been clear, grew so black as quite to obscure the light of day, and a violent gale ploughing up the sea blew directly in our teeth. Upon this, the master ordered the yard to be brought round;[1] the sailors speedily obeyed, furling one-half of the sail by dint of great exertions, but were compelled by the violence of the wind to leave the other unfurled. In consequence of this manœuvre one side of the vessel began to heel, while the contrary side became proportionally elevated, so that we every moment expected to be capsized, as the gale continued to blow with undiminished fury. To prevent this, and to restore, if possible, the vessel's equilibrium, we all scrambled to the side highest out of water, but it was of no avail. We ourselves, indeed, were raised, but the position of the ship was in no way altered; after long and vain endeavours to right her, the wind suddenly shifted, almost submerging the side which had been elevated, and raising high out of the water that previously depressed. An universal shriek arose from those on board, and nothing remained but to hurry back to our former station. We repeated this several times, our movements keeping pace with the shifting of the

vessel; indeed, we had scarcely succeeded in hurrying to one side, before we were obliged to hurry back in the contrary direction. Like those who run backwards and forwards in the course,[2] we continued these alternate movements during a great part of the day, momentarily expecting death, who, as it seemed, was not far off; for about noon the sun entirely disappeared, and we saw each other as if by moonlight; lightnings flashed from the clouds, the thunder rolled, filling the sky with its echoes, which were repeated from below by the strife of waters, while in the intermediate space was heard the shouts of the discordant winds,[3] so that the air seemed one mighty trumpet; the ropes breaking loose rattled against the sail and against each other till at last they were rent in pieces. We now began to be in no small fear that the vessel, from the shattered condition of her sides, would open and go to pieces; the bulwarks[4] too were flooded, being continually washed over by the waves. We however crawled under them for protection, and abandoning all hope resigned ourselves to Fortune. Tremendous billows following in quick succession tumbled one over the other, some in front, some at the sides of the ship, which as they approached was lifted high up as if upon a mountain, and when they retired was plunged down as into an abyss.[5] The most formidable were those which broke against the sides and made their way over the bulwarks, flooding all the vessel; even while approaching from a distance these were formidable enough, almost touching, as they did, the clouds; but when they neared and broke, you would have supposed that the ship must inevitably be swallowed up. We could scarcely keep our feet, so violent was the rolling of the vessel, and a confused din of sounds was heard;—the sea roared,

the wind blustered, the women shrieked, the men shouted, the sailors called to one another: all was wailing and lamentation.[6]

At length the master ordered the cargo to be thrown overboard; no distinction was made between gold and silver, and the commonest articles,—all were pitched over the sides; many of the merchants with their own hands tumbling into the sea the goods on which all their hopes were centred. By these means the ship was lightened, but the storm did not in any degree abate. At length the master, wearied out and in despair, let go the tiller, abandoned the ship to the waves, and standing at the gangway ordered the boats to be got ready and the sailors to embark. Upon this a fearful scene of strife arose; the sailors in the boat were beginning to cut the rope which attached it to the ship. Seeing this, the passengers endeavoured to leap in, which the crew would not allow, threatening with their swords and axes any who should venture on the attempt. The others upon this arming themselves as best they could with shattered oars and broken benches, showed a determination to retaliate, for in a storm might, not right, must settle matters. A novel kind of sea-fight now commenced; they in the boat, fearful of being swamped by the numbers who were descending from the vessel, laid about them in good earnest with their swords and axes; which the passengers as they leaped in were not backward in returning with their poles and oars, and some scarcely touched the boat before they fell into the water; others, who had succeeded in getting in, were struggling with the sailors to maintain their ground. The laws of friendship or neighbourly regard were no longer heeded; each looked to his own preservation, careless of the safety of any other; for the effect of

pressing danger is, that it dissolves even the tenderest ties. One of the passengers, a robust young fellow, succeeded at last in getting hold of the rope and dragging the boat towards the vessel; every one on board holding himself ready to leap in. A few succeeded in the endeavour, though not without receiving injuries; many in their attempt were plunged into the sea. The crew without further delay, cutting the rope with their axes, put off, and committed themselves to the mercy of the winds; those on board in the meantime having used every exertion to sink the boat. The vessel, after continuing for some time to pitch and roll upon the waves, was carried upon a sunken rock, when she struck and soon went to pieces, the mast falling over on one side and hastening her destruction. They who were at once swallowed up in the briny waves experienced a happier lot than their companions, in not having to remain with death before their eyes; for at sea the anticipation of drowning kills even before death actually arrives; the eye, bewildered by the expanse of waters, can set no limits to its fears: this it is which gives death so much more bitterness, and makes it regarded with dread proportioned to the vast nature of the sea itself.[7]

Upon the present occasion some were dashed against rocks and perished, others were pierced by pieces of broken oars, and some were seen swimming in a half-exhausted state. When the vessel was wrecked, some good genius preserved a portion of the prow, upon which I and Leucippe being seated, were carried along by the current; Menelaus, Satyrus, and some other passengers, had thrown themselves across the mast; Clinias at no great distance was swimming supported by the yard, and we could hear him calling out, "Hold on, Clitopho!" In a moment a

wave washed over him; at which sad spectacle we shrieked aloud. Boiling onward in our direction, it happily passed us, and we again caught sight of the yard, and Clinias riding upon its crest. "O, mighty Neptune," exclaimed I, with a deep groan, "take pity on us, and spare the remnants of this shipwreck; our terror has caused us already to die many deaths; if it be thy will to destroy us, do not divide us in our deaths; let one wave overwhelm us; or if we are fated to become food for the monsters of the deep let one devour us;—let us have one common death, one common tomb." I had not long uttered this prayer before the violence of the wind abated and the roughness of the waves subsided, and the surface of the sea was seen covered with floating bodies. Menelaus and his companions were thrown by the waves upon a part of the coast of Egypt which was at that time the general haunt of buccaneers. Late in the evening, Leucippe and I contrived to reach Pelusium, and upon getting to land thanked the gods for our escape; nor did we omit bewailing Clinias and Satyrus, believing them to have been drowned.

In the temple of Casian[8] Jupiter, at Pelusium, there is the statue of a youth very like Apollo; his hand is stretched out and holds a pomegranate, which has a mystic meaning.[9] After praying to this deity, and asking tidings of Clinias and Satyrus (for the god is believed to be prophetic) we walked about the temple; in the treasury[10] at the rear of this edifice we saw two pictures by the artist Evanthes. The subject of one was Andromeda, of the other, Prometheus. Both were represented as bound, for which reason probably the painter had associated them together. They furnished other points of resemblance also; both had a rock for their prison house, and savage beasts for their executioners, the

one being a bird of prey, the other a sea monster. The champions also who came to their rescue were both Grecians, Hercules and Perseus. The former is represented standing on the ground and aiming his arrow at the bird of Jove; the latter poised in air directs his attack against the fish. The rock is hollowed out, so as to suit the size of the maiden's body, and the rugged surface given it by the painter, plainly showed that it is intended to represent a production of nature, not the work of art; the maiden is fixed in the hollow of this rock, her lovely form giving her the appearance of a wondrously-carved statue,[11] but the chains and the sea-monster betokening a hastily-planned tomb.[12] Beauty and fear are mingled in her countenance, yet the pallor of her cheeks is not wholly untinged with colour, while the brightness of her eyes is tempered by a languor such as is seen in violets when they begin to fade; thus had the painter imparted to her the expression of comely fear.[13] Her arms, extended on either side, are chained against the rock, the wrists and fingers hanging down like the clusters from the vine; her arms are of spotless white, but approaching to a livid hue, and her fingers appear bloodless. Bound in this fashion she is awaiting death. Her attire is bridal, of white, and reaching to the feet, of a texture so fine as to resemble a spider's web, the production not of the wool of sheep, but of the down of winged insects whose webs Indian women gather from the trees and weave.[14] The monster is emerging from the sea opposite the maiden; his head alone appears above the waves, but the outline of his body is distinguishable beneath the water: the junctures of his scales, the curvature of his back, the ridge of his spines, the twisting of his tail; his immense jaws are expanded as far as his shoulders, and to the very

entrance of his maw. In the intermediate space is seen Perseus descending from the sky, his body naked, with the exception of a mantle about his shoulders, winged sandals upon his feet, and a cap resembling Pluto's helmet[15] upon his head; in his left hand he grasps the Gorgon's head, holding it forth in the manner of a shield; the face is fearful to behold, and even on the painter's canvas seems to glare with its eyes, to bristle up its locks, to shake its serpents. His right hand is armed with a weapon between a straight sword and a scimitar; from the hilt to the middle it is a sword, it then partakes of both, remaining sharp so as to inflict a wound, and becoming curved in order to follow up and improve the stroke. Such was the "Andromeda."

Next to it, as I before remarked, was a painting of Prometheus bound to the rock. Hercules stands near him, armed with his bow and arrows. The vulture is feasting upon his side, in which it has inflicted a lacerating wound, and with its beak inserted in the opening, seems to be digging after the liver, of which the painter allows a portion to be visible.[16] The talons of the bird are firmly planted upon the thigh of Prometheus, who shrinks with agony, contracts his side, and draws back his leg to his own hurt, for the movement brings the eagle nearer to his liver. The other leg is stretched out straight before him, and the tension of the muscles is visible to the extreme point of the toes;[17] his whole appearance is that of acute suffering, his eyebrows are contracted, his lips drawn in, and his teeth appear; you could almost compassionate the painting, as though itself felt pain. In his misery, Hercules is come to his aid, and is preparing to transfix his tormentor; already the arrow is on the bow, which he extends with his left hand, while with his right hand he draws the string

to his breast; in doing which the elbow is seen shortened from behind. The stretching of the bow, the drawing back the string, the hand touching the breast, all seemed the work of a single moment.[18] Prometheus appears divided between hope and fear; he looks partly at his wounded side, partly at Hercules; fain would he fix his eyes upon him alone; but his agony turns them back, in part, upon himself.

After remaining two days at Pelusium to recruit ourselves after our fatigues, having fortunately some money left we engaged an Egyptian vessel, and proceeded by way of the Nile to Alexandria, with the intention of making some stay there, thinking likewise that we might find in that city some of our shipwrecked friends. Upon nearing a certain town, not far from the river, we suddenly heard a loud shout; upon which the master exclaiming, "The buccaneers are upon us!" endeavoured to put about his vessel, and to sail back, when in a moment the bark was thronged with men of formidable and savage mien. They were all tall and stout; their complexion was black,—not the jet black of the Indians, but that of a mongrel Ethiopian; they had shaven heads and very small feet, and spoke a barbarous dialect.[19] As this was the narrowest part of the river, escape was impossible; so the master exclaiming, "We are all lost!" brought the vessel to. Four of the buccaneers came on board and carried off everything which they could lay hands on, not forgetting our stock of money; we were then taken on shore, bound and shut up in a hut, when the greater part of them rode away, leaving guards, who were to conduct us next day to the king, as their chief is styled, who, as we learnt from our fellow captives, was about two days' journey distant.

When night came on, and we were lying there bound and our guards were asleep, I found leisure to bewail Leucippe, reflecting how many calamities I had brought upon her. Deeply groaning in soul, and carefully suppressing any outward sound of grief, "Oh, ye gods and genii!" I said within myself, "if ye really exist and hear me, what heinous crimes have we committed, that in a few short days we should be plunged into such a depth of misery? And now, to crown all, ye have delivered us into the hands of Egyptian buccaneers, cutting us off from any chance of pity. Our voice and our entreaties might mollify the heart of a Grecian pirate; for words oftentimes beget compassion, and the tongue ministering to the necessities of the soul, subdues the angry feeling of the hearer; but in our present case, what language can we employ, what oaths of submission can we take? Had I tones more persuasive than the Syrens', these barbarian homicides would neither understand nor listen to me; I must then be content to supplicate with signs and gestures, and pantomimic[20] show; it is not so much for my own misfortunes, severe as they are, which I lament, but how shall I sufficiently bewail, how sufficiently weep for thine, Leucippe, thou who hast shown thyself so faithful in all the straits of love, so tender towards thy unhappy lover! Behold, the splendid preparation for thy marriage; a prison for thy bridal chamber, earth for thy couch, the noose and the rope for thy necklaces and bracelets, a pirate for thy bridesman,[21] a dirge for thy nuptial hymn. O Sea! I have thanked thee without reason; rather should I upbraid thee for thy mercy; greater in reality has been thy kindness to those whom thou hast drowned; our preservation deserves rather to be called destruction, for thou hast grudged us death except by the hands of buccaneers."

In this manner did I inwardly lament, but no tears came to my relief; this is indeed peculiar to the eyes in all great misfortunes; in the season of any ordinary grief, they flow readily enough,[22] and then they not only serve as intercessors between the sufferer and the cause of his sufferings, but they also diminish the inward swelling of the heart; but in the time of excessive sorrow, tears take to flight and are traitors to the eyes; sorrow encounters them as they are springing from their fountain, arrests their progress and compels them to retrace their way; accordingly, turned from the direction of the eyes they flow back upon the soul and exasperate its inward wounds.

Turning to Leucippe, who had not spoken a word, I said, "Why are you silent, dearest? Why do you not speak to me?" "Because," she replied, "though my soul still lives, my voice is already dead." The dawn imperceptibly overtook us while we were engaged in conversation, when a horseman suddenly rode up with a profusion of long matted hair;[23] his horse was as shaggy as himself and bare-backed, without housings of any kind, as is customary with the horses of these buccaneers. He came it appeared from their captain, with orders to bring away any maiden whom he might find to be an expiatory offering on behalf of the pirates, to their god. The guards immediately seized Leucippe, who clung to me with shrieks, but while some of them struck me, others tore her away, placed her on horseback and rode away, leaving us who were still bound to follow at greater leisure. We had scarcely proceeded two furlongs from the village when we heard a loud shouting mingled with the sounds of a trumpet, and presently a body of heavy armed soldiers appeared in view, upon which the pirates, placing us in the centre, stood their ground and prepared for

resistance. The soldiers were about fifty in number, some bearing long shields reaching to the feet, others having only bucklers. The buccaneers, who were far superior in numbers, began to pelt the military with clods of earth:[24] now, an Egyptian clod can do more execution than any other, for being of stony earth, it is at the same time heavy, rough, and jagged, can raise a swelling and inflict a wound. The soldiers relying upon the protection of their shields cared little for these missiles, and waiting till the buccaneers were tired with their exertions, they suddenly opened their ranks, when the light-armed darted out, each armed with a javelin and a sword, and so skilful was the aim that no one missed his mark; the heavy-armed proceeded to support them and a stubborn fight took place, in which abundance of blows and wounds were exchanged on either side. Military discipline made up for deficiency of numbers, the pirates began to give ground, which, when we observed, I and the other prisoners bursting through their ranks went over to the enemy; ignorant of our real condition the soldiers were about to kill us, when perceiving us to be naked and bound with cords, they received us into their ranks and sent us for safety to the rear; meanwhile a body of cavalry came up and extending their flanks they surrounded the buccaneers, got them into a narrow space and cut them down; the greater part were soon dispatched, some though severely wounded still resisted, the rest were taken prisoners. It was now about evening; the commander of the forces, Charmides by name, interrogated us severally, asking who we were, and how we had been captured. The others told their stories and I related my own adventures; after hearing every particular he desired us to follow him, promising to supply us with arms; it being his

intention, as soon as the rest of his troops came up, to attack the chief haunt of the pirates, where it was said there were ten thousand men. Being a good rider I requested the favour of a horse, and no sooner was my wish complied with, than mounting I went through the different evolutions of a cavalry soldier, to the great delight of the commander. He insisted on having me as a guest at his own table, and after hearing my history at supper time, expressed his commiseration of my misfortunes.

The listening to others' grief often times begets sympathy in the hearers, and this sympathy leads to friendship, the soul affected by the relation of woe, passing from feelings of pity to sensations of a tenderer kind.[25] Charmides, at any rate, was so much moved, that he could not refrain from tears; more than this he could not do, as Leucippe was in the power of the pirates. I may also mention that he kindly gave me an Egyptian as my servant. The next day he prepared to advance against the buccaneers, who were seen in great force on the other side of a trench which it was his object to fill up. They had constructed a rude altar of earth, and near it lay a coffin; two men were seen conducting the maiden, whose hands were bound behind her back.

I could not distinguish who they were, because their armour concealed them, but I easily recognized Leucippe. After pouring a libation upon her head, they led her round the altar, an Egyptian priest all the while chanting a hymn as was evident from the motion of his lips and the muscles of his face;[26] when this was ended, all at a signal being given retired to a considerable distance, when one of the young men who had conducted the maiden placed her upon the ground, bound her to four wooden pegs

—-just as image makers represent Marsyas bound to the tree—and then drawing a sword plunged it into her heart, and drawing the weapon downwards laid open all her belly so that the intestines immediately protruded; then they removed and laid them upon the altar, and when roasted they were cut into portions and partaken of by the pirates. The soldiers and their commander upon witnessing these proceedings cried out and averted their faces in disgust; strange to say, I continued to gaze in stupid astonishment, as if thunderstruck by the surpassing horror of the spectacle. There may really have been some truth in the legend of Niobe, and from being affected by the loss of her children, in the same way in which I was now, her motionless appearance may have given her the appearance of being turned to stone. When the horrible business was, as I supposed ended, the young men placed the body in the coffin, covering it with a lid, and after throwing down the altar, hurried back to their companions, not once looking behind them, for such had been the injunction of the priest.

By evening the trench was filled up and the soldiers after crossing it, encamped for the night and prepared their supper. Charmides seeing my distress, did all in his power to console me, but to no purpose; for about the first watch of the night, when all were asleep, I took my sword, proceeded to the spot and prepared to stab myself upon the coffin.—"Wretched Leucippe," I exclaimed, "thou most ill-fated of human kind, I lament not so much thy death, nor thy dying in a foreign land, nor that it has been a death of violence; but that such insults have been heaped upon thy misfortunes—that thou hast been made a victim to purify the most polluted of their kind—that thou hast been ripped up while yet alive, and able to

gaze upon the horrid process—that thou hast had an accursed altar and coffin for thy joint grave, the former for thy bowels, the latter for thy body. Had the fire consumed thy entrails, there would be less cause to grieve; but now, most horrible, they have been made to furnish forth food to a pirate band! O accursed altar-torch, O unheard of banquet! and yet the gods looked quietly down upon such proceedings,[27] and yet the fire was not extinguished, but polluted as it was sent up its odour with acceptance to the deities! Leucippe, thou shalt now receive from me the offering which befits thee." After uttering these words, I raised the sword and was on the point of stabbing myself, when by the light of the moon I perceived two men hastily running towards me; supposing them to be buccaneers, I paused in the expectation of being put to death by them; they soon reached the spot where I was standing and both called aloud to me, and who should they prove to be, but Satyrus and Menelaus. So profound was my grief at what had taken place, that though I saw before me two of my friends unexpectedly alive and well, I neither embraced them nor felt any emotion of joy.

Seizing my hand they endeavoured to wrest the sword from me. "In the name of the gods," said I, "grudge me not a welcome death, or rather, I should say, a medicine for all my ills. Do what you please; I will no longer remain in life, now that Leucippe is gone. You may indeed deprive me of this weapon, but there will remain a sword of grief within which slowly kills and drinks my blood; do you wish that I should die by this slow and lingering death?" Upon this, interrupting me, Menelaus said, "If this be your only reason for dying, you may put up your sword; Leucippe shall soon come to life again." I looked

steadfastly at him, and exclaimed, "Can you insult me in the midst of such calamities?—have some regard for hospitable Jove." Without farther delay he tapped upon the coffin several times, calling out, "Leucippe, since Clitopho is incredulous, do you bear witness to the truth of what I say;" and almost immediately a faint voice was heard proceeding from the interior. A sudden trembling seized me, and I gazed upon Menelaus, half believing him to be a sorcerer; he proceeded to remove the lid, when Leucippe slowly rose and came forth, presenting the most fearful spectacle which can be imagined; the lower part of her person was entirely laid open and all her bowels had been removed; we rushed into each other's embrace and both fell to the ground. When I had recovered myself a little, I said to Menelaus, "Will you not explain the meaning of all this? Is not this Leucippe whose face I behold, whose form I press, and whose voice I hear? What was it which I witnessed yesterday? Either it was an idle dream, or what I now see is an unreality; and yet this kiss is warm, loving, and sweet, as Leucippe's was wont to be."—"Her bowels shall soon be restored," was his reply; "the wound on her breast shall be healed, and you shall behold her sound as ever, but be so good as to cover your eyes, for I must call Hecate to lend us her assistance."

Believing him in earnest I followed his directions, and he began to practise his juggling tricks and to mutter certain sounds, at the same time removing the contrivances from Leucippe's body and restoring her to her usual appearance. "Uncover your face," he at length exclaimed. Slowly and with great trepidation—for I really believed that Hecate was there—I removed my hands from my eyes, and beheld Leucippe's own sweet self, unharmed in any

way: more astonished than ever, "My dear Menelaus," said I, "if you are the minister of any god, tell me where we are, and what all these things mean."—"Do not frighten him any more," interrupted Leucippe, "but at once tell him how you contrived to outwit the buccaneers."—"You may remember my telling you on board ship," said Menelaus, "that I am by birth an Egyptian; my property lies chiefly about this village, and I am consequently well acquainted with the principal persons in it; when I and Satyrus after being shipwrecked were thrown on shore we were conducted into the presence of the pirate chief; some of his people soon recognized me, upon which my chains were taken off, and after assuring me of safety I was strongly urged to join their company as being in some degree already known to them. Upon this I required that Satyrus should be delivered up to me, declaring him to be a slave of mine: 'Your wish shall be complied with,' they replied, 'provided you first give some proof of courage in our cause.' Fortunately they had just then been commanded by an oracle to offer up a virgin as an expiation for their robber band, and after tasting the victim's entrails they were to place the body in a coffin and to retire from the scene of sacrifice. The object of this was to strike terror into the minds of the hostile force; but," continued he, addressing Satyrus, "the rest of the story belongs more properly to you."

"Upon learning that Leucippe was taken captive," said Satyrus, taking up the narrative, "I felt sincere regret on her behalf, and urged Menelaus by all means to save her; some good genius came to our assistance; the day before the sacrifice we were sitting by the sea-shore, overcome with grief and considering what steps were to be taken. Some of the buccaneers espying a vessel which had got out of her

course from ignorance of the coast, hurried down to attack her; the crew endeavoured to put out to sea, but being too late they prepared for resistance.

"There happened to be among them a stage-player or reciter of Homeric poetry.[28] Arming himself and the rest after the manner of the heroes of the Iliad, they offered a brave resistance, but being at last overpowered by a number of the pirate boats, their vessel was sunk and themselves were slaughtered. It chanced that after this a chest floated on shore unperceived by the buccaneers; Menelaus getting it into a retired spot opened it, supposing it might contain something valuable; among the contents were a cloak and a sword with a hilt five palms in length, the blade of which was not so long: while Menelaus was carelessly handling it, the blade flew out and became equal to the hilt in length, and a different movement reduced it, to its former dimensions; the ill-fated owner had no doubt been accustomed to use it upon the stage for the infliction of mimic wounds. I immediately said to Menelaus, 'if only you will now give proof of your courage, the deity will second us, and we shall be able to preserve the maiden without being discovered by the buccaneers. We will get a sheepskin, one of the softest and most flexible which can be procured, this we will sew into the shape of a bag, corresponding in size with the human stomach, and after filling it with entrails and blood, we will secure the opening; having done this, we will fasten it upon the maiden's body, and by throwing over her a robe bound by a girdle and other fastenings we can easily conceal the artifice. The nature of the oracle given to the pirates and the construction of the sword, are both strongly in our favour: the oracle commands that the maiden when adorned for sacrifice is to be ripped open

through her dress; and as for the sword, you see how artfully it is contrived; if you press it against the human body, the blade flies into the hilt as into a scabbard, while all the time it will appear to the beholders to have been run into the body; on the present occasion just enough of the blade will remain out to cut open the false stomach as soon as the hilt reaches the sheepskin, and when withdrawn from the wound, the portion of the sword contained within the hilt will immediately fly out, so that it will appear to the spectator that the whole of the weapon was really plunged into the maiden. The pirates will not discover the deceit, for as I before said, the skin will be concealed by the dress put over it, and the entrails will immediately protrude from the gash which it has made; these we shall place upon the altar, and as no one is to approach the body, we shall be able to place it in the coffin. You remember the pirate-captain telling you that you were expected to display some proof of courage; now is the time to go to him and to make the offer.'

"I followed up my words by many entreaties, invoking Jove the hospitable, and reminding Menelaus of our having eaten at the same board[29] and suffered the same perils of shipwreck. The worthy and true hearted man replied, 'The undertaking is arduous, but one ought to be prepared to die in the sake of a friend,[30] and death in such a cause is sweet.' I then expressed my belief that Clitopho was still alive, for the maiden had mentioned to me his being left behind, among the other prisoners, in addition to which the buccaneers who had fled, brought word to their captain, that all the captives had contrived to escape into the enemy's ranks during the engagement. 'You will therefore,' I added, 'be doing him a very great kindness and will

also be the means of delivering this unhappy maiden out of her misfortunes.' I succeeded in persuading him, and Fortune favoured us in our undertaking. While I was busied in preparing what was needed for our contrivance, Menelaus proceeded to the buccaneers to make the proposal already mentioned. The chief, by a lucky chance, anticipated him, and said, 'We have a law, that new comers[31] amongst us, should first begin the sacrifice, especially when a human victim is to be offered; be ready therefore against to-morrow; your slave also must take part in the solemnity.'—'We will endeavour,' replied Menelaus, 'to show ourselves not inferior to any among yourselves.'—'Remember,' added the pirate-chief, 'that it will be for you to dress and arrange the maiden in the best manner for consummating the sacrifice.'[32] Afterwards, when alone, we took the opportunity of fitting out Leucippe in the manner before related, bidding her have no fear, and carefully instructing her what to do, enjoining her to remain quiet in the coffin, if necessary, the whole day, but when an opportunity offered to seek safety by flying to the encampment; having given her these directions we led her to the altar: what afterwards occurred you already know."

While listening to this narrative, I was overwhelmed by a variety of feelings, and did not know how sufficiently to express my deep gratitude to Menelaus; I however adopted the most common method, and throwing myself at his feet, I embraced his knees and worshipped him as a god, my heart thrilling with delight. Being now easy concerning Leucippe, "What," I inquired, "has become of Clinias?" "The last time I saw him," replied Menelaus, "was when he was clinging to the yard after the shipwreck; what afterwards became of him I cannot

tell."

Upon hearing this, I could not repress a cry of grief in the midst of my joy; no doubt some malignant genius envied me the possession of pure and unalloyed happiness; for this cause doubtless, he whom next to Leucippe I most valued, was especially selected as a victim by the sea, that not only his soul might perish,[33] but that he might lose the rights of sepulture. Oh, ruthless ocean, thus to curtail the full measure of thy mercy towards us!

There being nothing to detain us longer, we all repaired to the encampment, and passed the rest of the night in my tent; nor was it long before the adventure became known. At daybreak, conducting Menelaus to the commander, I related every particular; Charmides was highly pleased, and expressed himself in the most friendly terms towards him. He next inquired what the strength of the enemy amounted to. Menelaus replied, "That the whole place was full of desperate men, and that the buccaneers numbered perhaps ten thousand men."

"Our five thousand," said Charmides, "will be a match for twenty thousand such as they are: besides which two thousand men will shortly arrive from the troops who garrison the Delta and Heliopolis." While he was still speaking, a boy came in and said that an express had come from the camp in the Delta, to announce that the expected reinforcement would not arrive for five days; the incursions of the buccaneers in that quarter had been repressed indeed, but when the troops were on the point of marching, the sacred[34] bird, bearing the sepulchre of his father, had appeared among them, and on this account the march must be delayed during the period mentioned.

"And pray," inquired I, "what bird is this which is

treated with such respect? What sepulchre is it which he carries with him?"—"He is called the Phœnix," was the reply; "and is a native of Ethiopia; he is about the size of the peacock, but superior to him in beauty; his plumage is bedropt with gold and purple, [35] and he boasts of being descended from the sun, a claim which is borne out by the appearance of his head, which is crowned by a splendid circle, the very image of that orb.[36] The hues are mingled rose and azure, and the disposition of the feathers represent the rays. He belongs to the Ethiopians during his life, but the Egyptians possess him after he is dead. He is very long lived,[37] and upon his decease; his son bears him to the Nile, having first prepared his sepulchre in the following manner. Taking a mass of the most fragrant myrrh, sufficient for the purpose, he excavates the centre with his beak, and the hollow becomes a receptacle for the dead; then closing up the aperture with earth, he soars aloft and carries this fruit of his pious labour to the Nile. A flight of other birds attends him,[38] as a guard of honour, and he resembles a monarch making a progress. He never deviates from the place of his destination, the city of the sun, which is the resting-place of the departed bird; upon arriving there he stations himself upon an elevated spot, and awaits the arrival of the minister of religion. Presently an Egyptian priest comes forth from the sanctuary, bearing a book containing a picture of the bird, in order that he may judge whether it be genuine. The phœnix, aware of this, opens the receptacle, and exhibiting the body, makes intercession for its interment;[39] after which it is received by the sons of the priest and buried; thus, as I have already observed, this bird is an Ethiopian during his lifetime, but makes his grave with the Egyptians."

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[1] περιάγειν τὴν κεραίαν. Two ropes hung from the horns of the antenna or yard, the use of which was to turn it round as the wind veered, so as to keep the sail opposite the wind. See a cut at p. 52 of the Greek and Rom. Antiq.

"Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum."—Æn. iii. 549.

"At sunset they began to take in sail,
For the sky showed it would come on to blow,
And carry away, perhaps, a mast or so."—Byron.

[2] In the original the movements of the passengers are described by the words δίαυλος and δρόμος δολιχὸς, expressions referring to the stadium, where the runners turned round the goal and came back to the starting-place.

[3]

"The high wind made the treble, and as bass
The hoarse harsh waves kept time."—Byron.

[4] γέῤῥα; these appear to mean the παραῤῥύματα, made of skins and wicker-work, raised above the edge of the vessel, and intended as a protection against high waves, &c.—See Dict. Grk. and Rom. Antiq.

[5]

"Tollimur in cœlum curvato gurgite; et iidem
Subductâ ad manes imos descendimus undâ."
Virg. Æn. iii. 564.

[6]

"Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,
Clamour'd in chorus to the roaring ocean."—Byron.

[7]

"O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
. . . . . .
... often did I strive
To yield the ghost, but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air,
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea."
Shaksp. Richard III.

[8] So named from Mount Casius near Pelusium, where he had a temple.

[9] "It seems likely that the productivity of nature was symbolized by the fruit, remarkable as it was for the number of seeds it contained."—Note in Blakesley's Herod., vii. 41.

[10] κατὰ τὸν οπισθόδομον.

[11]

μαστούς τ'ἔδειξε, στέρνα, θ' ὡς ἀγάλματος
κάλλιστα.—Eurip. Hec. 560.

[12] αὐτοσκέδιος τάφος.

[13] ἐκόσμησεν εὐμόρφῳ φόβῳ.

[14] Tatius is supposed to mean the silkworm, which he calls πτηνός, from its changing into a butterfly.

"Quid nemora Æthiopum molli canentia lanâ
Velleraque ut foliis depectant Seres."—Virg. G. ii. 120.

In the 10th Book of the Ethiopics, the productions of the silkworm are called "ἀραχνίων νήματα καὶ ὑφάσματα."

[15] To put on Pluto's helmet was a proverb for becoming invisible. See Hom. Il. v. 844. In Crabbe's "Parish Register" the coat is made to

serve the same purpose:—-

"His shoes of swiftness on his feet he placed,
His *coat* of darkness on his loins he brac'd,
His sword of sharpness in his hand he took."

[16]

"... rostroque immanis vultur obunco
Immortale jecur tandens, fœcundaque pœnis
Viscera, rimaturque epulis, habitaque sub alto
Pectore."—Æn. vi. 697.

[17] εἰς τους δακτύλους ἀποξύνεται.

[18]

"Then seizing fast the reed, he drew the barb
Home to his bow, the bowstring to his breast,
And when the horn was rounded to an arch
He twang'd it."—Homer, Il. iv. 123.

[19] By comparing the description of the piratical haunt called the Pasturage (in the 1st Bk. of the Ethiopics) with that here given us of the personal appearance of the pirates, together with the account of their stronghold at the end of the 4th Book, we are enabled to form a good idea of the Egyptian βουκόλοι or buccaneers, and of their way of life.

[20] τὸν θρῆνον ὀρχήσομαι.

[21] νυμφαγωγός. Tatius probably used the term with reference to Leucippe being taken to the pirate-chief. The strict sense of the word will be found at p. 599 of Greek and Roman Antiquities.

[22] "Curæ leves loquuntur; ingentes stupent."—Sen. Hipp. A. 2. S. iii.

[23] In the Second Book of the "Ethiopics," the author remarks on this peculiarity of the Buccaneers:—"βονκόλοι γὰρ ἄλλα τε πρὸς το φοβερώτερον φαίνεσθαι, καὶ δὴ καὶ τὴν κόμην εἰς ὀφρὺν ἕλκουσι καὶ σοβοῦσι τῶν

ὤμων ἐπιβαίνουσαν."

[24] In Xen. Cyrop. ii. 3. 17, there is an account of a sham fight, where half the soldiers pelt with clods, the other half armed with canes.

[25]

.... "I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
. . . . . .
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd
And I lov'd her that she did pity them."—
Shaksp. Othello.

[26]

"Post terga juvenum nobiles revocat manus,
Et mœsta vittâ capita purpureâ ligat;
Non thura desunt, non sacer Bacchi liquor.
. . . . . .
Ipse—sacerdos—ipse funestâ prece
Letale carmen *ore violento* canit."
Sen. Thyestes. iv. 686.

[27]

.... "Magne regnator Deum.
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides
Ecquando sævâ fulmen emittes manu,
Si nunc serenum est?"—Sen. Hipp. 671.

[28] ῥαψωδός—one of a class of persons who got their living by reciting the poems of Homer, and who is here represented as accoutreing himself and the others in character.

[29] Τὸ ὁμοτράπεζου—to have eaten at the same table, was considered an inviolable obligation to friendship; and ἄλα καὶ

τράπεζαν πάραβαίνειν, to transgress the salt and the table; or in other words to break the laws of hospitality and to injure those by whom they had been entertained, was considered one of the greatest crimes.—Robinson's Antiq. of Greece.

[30]

"Thy friend put in thy bosome;...
. . . . . .
If cause require, thou art his sacrifice."
George Herbert.

[31] τοὺς πρωτομύστ ας.

[32] πρὸς τὴν ἀνατομήν.

[33] This passage may be illustrated by one which occurs in B. v. "It is said that the souls of those who have found a watery grave do not descend to Hades, but wander about the surface of the waves." Death by shipwreck, where the body was swallowed up by the deep, was especially dreaded by the ancients, since without burial of the body, the soul could not be admitted into the Elysian Fields.—See Ovid, Trist. i. 2, 61. Virg. Æn. vi. 325, 330.

[34] Compare the description of the Phœnix with those in Tacitus, Annal. vi. 28, and in Herod. ii. 73, where see a note in Blakesley's edit. The object of which is to show that by the Phœnix is meant a secular period.

[35] Pliny says, "Auri fulgore circà colla, cetera purpureus, cæruleam roseis caudam pennis distinguentibus."—H. N. x. 2.

[36]

"Æquatur toto capiti radiata corona
Phœbei referens, verticis alta decus."
Auctor Carm. incert.

[37] Five hundred years according to

Herodotus, according to other writers 1560 years.

[38] "Multo cæterarum volucrum comitatu novam faciem mirantium."—Tac. Ann. vi. 28.

[39] καὶ ἐστι ἐπιτάφιος σοφιστής.

BOOK IV.

Upon hearing of the preparations made by the buccaneers, and of the march of the reinforcements being postponed, Charmides resolved upon returning to his former quarters, and there to await their arrival. A lodging was assigned by him to Leucippe and me at a little distance. No sooner had I entered it, than taking her in my arms, I endeavoured to accomplish my wishes; she would not consent however, upon which I said to her: "Do you not observe how many strange and unforeseen accidents befall us; first we are shipwrecked, then we come into the hands of pirates, and next you are exposed to be sacrificed, and to undergo a cruel death. Fortune has just now lulled the storm, let us, therefore, take advantage of the opportunity, before any yet severer calamity overtakes us."

"It is not lawful for me to consent now," was her reply; "for while I was bewailing myself at the prospect of being sacrificed, the goddess Diana appeared to me in a dream and said: 'Weep not, maiden, thou shalt not die; I will protect thee, and thou must remain a virgin until I conduct thee to thine husband, who shall be Clitopho, and no one else.'"

Upon hearing this circumstance, I was very much

annoyed at the delay, but yet rejoiced at the prospect of future happiness opened to me; and her mention of the dream reminded me of something similar which had happened to myself. I thought that during the preceding night I saw the temple of Venus, and could discern the statue of the goddess within; upon approaching it with the design of offering up my prayers, the doors were suddenly closed, and while standing there in a state of disappointment, a female strongly resembling the statue of the goddess appeared to me and said: "It is not permitted thee to enter the temple now; but if thou wilt wait for a short period, I will not only open to thee its doors, but will constitute thee my priest." I related this dream to Leucippe, and although my attempts upon her chastity were not repeated, I could not get over my feelings of vexation.

An occurrence which just then took place gave Charmides an opportunity of seeing Leucippe and conceiving a passion for her. Some person had captured a very curious river animal, called by the Egyptians the Nile-horse, and in truth he resembles that animal in his belly and legs, except that he has cloven hoofs;[1] his size is equal to that of the largest ox; he has a short tail, which as well as his body, is devoid of hair; his head is large and round, with cheeks like those of a horse; his nostrils are widely expanded and breathe out sparks, as it were, of fiery vapours;[2] he has an immense under-jaw, which opens to nearly the length of his head, and it is garnished with canine teeth like those of a horse in shape and position, but three times as large. We were invited to see this creature, and looked at it with great interest; but the eyes of the commander were rivetted upon Leucippe, of whom he immediately became enamoured.

In order to detain us there the longer, and by this means to feast his own eyes, he entered upon a lengthy description of the animal, its nature and habits, and the manner in which it is captured; that it is so voracious as to eat up a whole field of corn, and is taken by employing the following stratagem. Having found out his usual haunt, the hunters dig a deep pit, which they cover with reeds and earth, underneath is placed a wooden chest with open doors which reach to the top of the pit. The animal in passing over the spot at once falls into the chest as into a cave, when the hunters, who have been on the watch, immediately close the doors, and in this manner secure their prey. It would be in vain to attempt capturing him by force; for not only is he very powerful, but has a hide so hard and thick[3] as to render him proof against any wounds; he may be called the Egyptian elephant, and in strength comes next to the elephant of India.

"Have you ever seen an elephant?" inquired Menelaus. "I have," replied Charmides, "and have conversed with persons well acquainted with the peculiarity attending its birth."

I here remarked that the animal was known to me only having seen a picture of it. "Well, then," continued he, "I will give you an account of it; for we have abundance of leisure. The time of gestation with the female is ten years,[4] so that when she brings forth her calf he is already old. To this cause we may, in my opinion, attribute his great bulk, his unrivalled strength, and his longevity; for he is said to live longer than Hesiod's crow.[5] His jaw may be said to resemble the head of an ox, for it appears to have two horns; these, however, are the curved tusks of the animal, between them projects his trunk,

resembling a trumpet in appearance and size, which is very convenient for taking up his accustomed food or any other edible; anything of this description he seizes with it, and bending it inwards, conveys it to his mouth; but if unsuited for his palate, he turns round his trunk, and extending it upwards delivers the article to the Ethiopian master, who sits upon him as a rider does on a horse, and whom he caresses and also fears, obeying his voice, and submitting to be beaten with an iron axe. I remember once seeing a strange sight, a Greek inserted his head into the mouth of the animal, which with expanded jaws continued to breathe upon him. As you may imagine, I was not a little struck with the boldness of the man and the good-nature of the elephant. The man told me that he had given the beast a fee for breathing upon him, that his breath was almost equal to Indian spices, and was a sovereign specific against the head-ache. It appears that the elephant is aware of his medical skill, and will not open his mouth for nothing, but like a self-conceited physician, asks for his fee beforehand; upon receiving it he becomes all complaisance, expands his jaws, and keeps his mouth open as long as the patient pleases, knowing that he has received a consideration for his breath."

"How comes so ill-favoured an animal to have so fragrant a breath?" I asked. "From the nature of the food upon which he feeds," said Charmides. "The country of the Indians is near the sun; they first behold the rising of that deity, they feel his hottest rays, and from his influence their skin acquires its hue.[6] Now there is in Greece a dark-coloured flower, which among the Indians is not a flower but a leaf, like those which are seen on any tree; in that land it conceals its fragrance, and is therefore in little

estimation; either it does not care for celebrity among its countrymen, or else it grudges them its sweetness; but if only it leave that country and be transplanted, it opens its secret treasure-house, instead of a leaf becomes a flower, and clothes itself with perfume. The Indians call this the black rose, and it is as common a food for the elephant as among us grass is for oxen; and from feeding upon it, almost from its birth, the animal exhales the fragrance of his food, and his breath becomes a fount of sweets."[7]

When Charmides had ended his dissertation and we were departed, he not long after—for whoever burns with the fire of love cannot endure delay—sent for Menelaus, and taking his hand, thus addressed him: —"Your conduct to Clitopho shows you to be a sincere friend, nor shall you have to complain of want of friendship upon my part. I have a favour to request which it is easy for you to grant, and by granting it you will preserve my life. Know that I am desperately smitten with Leucippe; you must heal the wound; she is in your debt for having saved her.[8] Now I will give you fifty gold pieces for the good service which I require, and she herself shall receive as many as she pleases."

"Keep your gold," replied Menelaus, "for those who make a traffic of their favours; you have already received me into your friendship, and it shall be my endeavour to promote your wishes."

Immediately afterwards he came to me and related the whole matter. After deliberating what course to adopt, dissimulation appeared most feasible, since it would have been dangerous to give him an absolute refusal, for fear of his employing violence, and it was wholly out of our power to escape, surrounded as we

were by the buccaneers in one direction, and by his troops on the other.

Returning to Charmides after a short interval, Menelaus said:—"Your object is accomplished. At first the maiden gave a downright refusal, but at length, upon my redoubling my entreaties and reminding her of her debt of gratitude towards me, she consented; stipulating, however, for a few days' delay until we can reach Alexandria; for this place being a mere village, everything becomes known, and there are many eyes upon us."

"You fix a long postponement to your favour," said Charmides. "Who can think of deferring his wishes in time of war? With an engagement before him, and so many ways of death, how can the soldier tell whether his life will be spared? If you will prevail on Fortune to guarantee my safety, I will wait. Consider that I am about to fight these buccaneers, and all the while a war of a different kind is raging in my soul; a warrior armed with bow and arrow, is committing havoc there; I feel myself vanquished; I am full of wounds; prithee send for the leech with speed, for the danger presses. I shall have to carry fire and sword among the enemy, but love has already kindled his torch to my destruction; extinguish this flame, I beseech, good Menelaus; it will be a fair omen to join in love before we join in battle; let Venus, therefore, herald me on my way to Mars."

"But you do not consider," rejoined Menelaus, "how difficult it is to avoid discovery from her intended husband, who is so enamoured of her."—"Oh! as for Clitopho, we can easily get him out of the way," said Charmides.

Seeing him so firmly bent upon his purpose, Menelaus began to have fears for my safety, and

suddenly he thought himself of a fresh excuse. "If you must know her real motive for this delay, it is that her monthly sickness is upon her, consequently she must abstain from sexual intercourse."—"In that case," said the other, "I will wait three or four days, which will be quite sufficient; but in the meanwhile she can, at any rate, come and talk to me. I can hear her voice, press her hand, and touch her person, and kiss her lips. Her indisposition need be no impediment to this."

When Menelaus told this to me, I exclaimed, that I would sooner die than have Leucippe bestow her lips upon another. "A kiss," I said, "is the best part of love; the moment of actual enjoyment is soon over, and brings with it satiety,[9] and is indeed worth nothing if we take away the kissing. A kiss need have no limit to its duration; it never cloys, it is always new.[10] Three things, excellent in their nature, proceed from the mouth, the breath, the voice, and last of all, the kiss, of which the lips are the instruments, but the seat of pleasure is in the soul. Believe me, Menelaus, for my troubles compel me to reveal the secret,[11] these are the only favours which I have received from Leucippe; she is a woman only as having been kissed by me; in all other respects she is still a virgin. I will not put up with the loss of them; I will not have my kisses adulterously dallied with."[12]

"If such be the case," said Menelaus, "we must speedily resolve upon some plan; one who is in love (like Charmides) as long as he has a hope of success will wait and feed on expectation, but if driven to despair, his love changes into hate and urges him to take vengeance upon the obstacle to his desires; and supposing he has the power to do this with impunity,

the very fact of being free from fear deepens his resentment and urges him on to his revenge." In the midst of our deliberation some one hastily entered, and informed us that Leucippe while walking about had suddenly fallen down, and lay there wildly rolling her eyes. We hurried to her, and finding her still lying on the ground, we asked what ailed her? No sooner did she see me, than starting up and glaring fiercely from her blood-shot eyes, she struck me with violence upon the face, and when Menelaus endeavoured to support her, she proceeded to kick his shins. Perceiving that she was labouring under frenzy, we seized her by main force and endeavoured to overpower her, she on her part resisted, and in her struggles was at no pains to hide what women generally wish to keep concealed. So great was the disturbance that at length the commander himself came in, and witnessed what was going on. At first he was suspicious of some fraud contrived against himself, and looked sternly upon Menelaus; but seeing the truth, he became moved by feelings of compassion.

Meanwhile cords were brought and the unhappy maiden was bound; upon seeing her hands confined in this manner, I besought Menelaus (all but a few having left the tent) to set her arms at liberty; "her tender arms," I said, "cannot endure this harsh treatment; leave me with her alone; my arms shall be her fetters, and she may exhaust her frenzy upon, me: why, indeed, should I wish to live, since Leucippe no longer knows me? How can I behold her lying thus bound, and though having the power, shew no desire to release her? Has Fortune delivered us from the hands of buccaneers only that she may fall a prey to madness? Unhappy that we are, when will our condition change? We escape dangers at

home only to be overtaken by the shipwreck; saved from the fury of the sea and freed from pirates, we were reserved for the present visitation—madness! Even shouldst thou recover thy senses, dearest, I fear lest the evil genius may have something worse in store! Who can be pronounced more unhappy than ourselves, who have cause to dread even what bears the appearance of good fortune! Let Fortune, however, again make us her sport, provided only I can see thee restored to health and sense!" Menelaus and those present did all they could to comfort me, saying that such maladies were not lasting, and were very common in the hot season of youth; at such a time the young blood, heated by the vigour of the body, runs boiling through the veins, and overflowing the brain drowns the powers of reason; the proper course, therefore, would be to have medical advice.

Menelaus went to the commander without delay, and requested that the physician belonging to the troops might be called in. Charmides readily complied, for a lover delights in granting favours. After visiting her, he said, "we must make her sleep in order to subdue the paroxysm of her disease; for sleep is the medicine of every sickness,[13] and afterwards we will have recourse to other means." Before leaving her, he gave us a portion of some drug, about the size of a pea, which was to be dissolved in oil and rubbed upon the top of her head, saying that he would shortly bring a pill to act upon her bowels. We followed his directions, and after her head had been rubbed for a short time, she fell asleep, and slept till morning. I sat by her bed side all night in tears, and when I saw the cords which still confined her hands, I could not help exclaiming, "Dearest Leucippe, bondage is still thy portion; not even in sleep is liberty allowed thee!

What images, I wonder, are now passing before thy mind? Does sense attend upon thy sleep? or do thy dreams also partake of frenzy?" Upon waking she uttered some incoherent words. Soon after the physician came and administered the other medicine.

Just at this time pressing orders arrived from the Viceroy of Egypt urging the commander to lead his men against the enemy. The troops were immediately mustered with their officers, and appeared on the ground in marching order, when, after giving them the watchword, he dismissed them to their quarters for the night, and next morning led them out to battle.

I will now describe the nature of the district against which they marched. The Nile flows in an unbroken stream from Egyptian Thebes as far as Memphis, when it throws out a small branch. Where the wide part of the river terminates, stands the village Cercasorum[14]; there the country becomes intersected by three streams; two flowing respectively to the right and left; the other continuing its onward course traverses the district called the Delta; none of these streams flow uninterruptedly to the sea, but upon reaching different cities separate into various branches, all of them larger than any Grecian rivers; its waters nevertheless are not enfeebled and rendered useless by the many divisions in their course; they bear vessels upon their surface; they are used for drinking, and contribute to fertilize the land. The mighty Nile is all in all to the Egyptians, both land and river, and sea and lake, and a singular spectacle it is to see in juxtaposition the ship and the mattock, the oar and the plough, the rudder and the hook,[15] sailors' cabins and labourers' huts, a resort for fishes and a

resting-place for oxen; where but lately a ship sailed, is seen a cultivated plain, and anon the cultivated plain becomes a watery space; for the Nile periodically comes and goes, and the Egyptians count the days and anxiously await the inundation, while the river on his part keeps to his appointed time, regulates the rising of his waters, and never exposes himself to the imputation of unpunctuality. Then comes the rivalry between the land and water; each exerts its power against the other; the water strives to flood the land, and the land does its endeavour to absorb the fertilizing water; in the end, conquest can be assigned to neither, but both may claim the victory, for each is co-extensive with the other. In the pasturage which is the resort of the buccaneers, a quantity of water is at all times found, for even when the Nile retires, the lakes formed by its inundation continue filled with watery mud; over these the inhabitants can either wade on foot or pass in boats, each of which will contain one person; any other kind would be imbedded in the mud, but those which they employ are so light[16] as to require very little water, and should none be found they take them on their backs, and proceed on foot until they arrive at more. These lakes, which I have mentioned, are dotted over with islets, some of them uninhabited, but abounding in papyrus reeds, between the intervals of which there is only room for a man to stand, while the space above is overarched by the summits of the leaves; it is in these places that the buccaneers assemble, and secretly concert their plans, masked by these reeds as by a fort. Some of the islets have huts upon them, presenting the appearance of a rudely constructed town, which serve as the dwellings of the pirates. One of them, more remarkable than the other for its extent and for

the number of its huts, was called Nicochis, and here it was that the main body of the freebooters was collected; confiding in their numbers, and in the strength of their position, the place being entirely insulated by lagoons, except for a narrow causeway the eighth of a mile long and seventy feet wide. As soon as they were aware of the commander's approach, they had recourse to the following stratagem:—mustering all the old men, they equipped them as suppliants, with palm branches, commanding the most able-bodied among the youth to follow, armed with swords and shields. The old men were to hold aloft their suppliant branches, the foliage of which would serve to conceal those in the rear,[17] who, by way of farther precaution, were directed to stoop and trail their spears along the ground.

In case the commander yielded to the old men's supplications, the others were to make no hostile movements; if, on the contrary, he should reject their entreaties, they were to invite him to their city, with the offer of there surrendering themselves up to death; if he agreed to follow them, upon arriving at the middle of the narrow causeway, the old men, at a preconcerted signal, were to throw away their branches and make their escape, while the others were to make an assault with might and main. They proceeded to execute these directions, and upon approaching the commander, entreated him to reverence their old age and suppliant branches, and to take pity upon their town; they offered him a present of a hundred talents of silver for himself, together with an hundred hostages, to be forwarded by him to the seat of goverment.[18]

They were quite sincere in making these proposals,

and would have fulfilled them faithfully had he consented; upon his refusal, "We must then," said they, "submit to our destiny; at least grant us this one favour: do not put us to death at a distance from our town, conduct us to our 'fatherland,' to our hearths and homes, and there let us find our grave. We ourselves are ready to lead the way!" Upon hearing these words, Charmides laid aside his dispositions for battle, and ordered his forces to follow leisurely. The buccaneers had meanwhile posted some scouts at a distance, who were to watch the movements of the enemy, and who, when they had reached the causeway, were to let out the waters upon them. The canals which issue from the branches of the Nile have high banks, to hinder the river from flooding the land before the time, and when the fields require watering, a portion of the bank is cut through. Now there was a long and wide canal behind the town which we are speaking of; those who were stationed for the purpose cut through the banks as soon as they saw the enemy approaching, and in a moment the old men fled, the others charged with their spears, on rolled the waters rising higher and higher, the causeway was flooded, and all around became a sea.

The buccaneers at the first onset speared the foremost of the enemy, together with their commander, who were taken by surprise, and therefore quite unprepared, and it is difficult to describe the various ways in which the others perished. Some fell before they could even handle their weapons; some before they could offer any resistance; for to see their assailants and to receive their own death-wound was simultaneous; others were slain before they could see the hand which slew them; some overcome by terror, remained motionless awaiting death; others upon attempting to move

were taken off their legs by the force of the stream, while others again, who had betaken themselves to flight, were carried along and drowned in the deep part of the lagoons, where the water was above their heads; those even who were upon land had water up to their middles, which, by turning aside their shields, exposed their bodies to the enemy. The difficulty of knowing what was land and what was not, retarded many, and was the cause of their being taken prisoners; while others supposing themselves still on land came into deep water and were drowned; here were to be seen mishaps and wrecks of an unwonted kind,—a land engagement on the water, and a wreck upon the land.[19]

The buccaneers were greatly elated by their success, and attributed their victory not to fraud but to their own valour; for among the Egyptians their fear degenerates into abject cowardice, and their courage mounts to rashness; in this respect they are always in extremes, and are wholly subject either to the excess or the defect. Ten days had now passed and Leucippe was no better; upon one occasion while asleep she cried out in a frenzied manner, "Gorgias, it is thou who hast driven me mad!"[20] I told Menelaus of this in the morning, and began to consider whether there was any one in the village of that name. We were just going out, when a young man met and accosted me, saying, "I am come to save you and your wife." Perfectly astounded, and thinking that his coming was providential, "Are you Gorgias?" I inquired. —"No," replied he, "my name is Chæreas; Gorgias is the cause of all the mischief." I felt a thrill run through me, as I asked, "What mischief do you mean? Who is Gorgias? Some deity betrayed his name to me last night; be you an interpreter of the announcement."

"Gorgias," he resumed, "was an Egyptian soldier; he is now no more, having been slain by the buccaneers. He conceived a passion for your wife, and being well acquainted with the nature of drugs, he compounded a love philtre which he persuaded your Egyptian servant to mix with Leucippe's drink; he neglected to dilute the potion, so that instead of producing love it brought on madness. I was informed of all this yesterday by Gorgias' servant, who accompanied his master against the buccaneers, and who seems to have been specially preserved by Fortune for your sake. He asks four pieces of gold for effecting your wife's recovery, having, as he says, a drug which will counteract the effects of that which has been administered." "All blessings attend you for this good service!" I exclaimed; "pray bring the man here of whom you speak."

No sooner was he departed on this errand, than going in to the Egyptian, I struck him repeatedly about the head with my clenched fist, saying at every blow, "What was it which you gave Leucippe? What is it which has caused her madness?" The fellow in his fright confessed everything, confirming what Chæreas had already said; upon which we thrust him into prison, and there kept him. By this time Chæreas had returned, bringing the man with him. "Here are your four gold pieces as the reward for your seasonable information; but before you proceed to do anything, hear my opinion. As this lady's illness has been caused by swallowing a drug, I cannot but think it dangerous to administer more physic while the stomach is already under the influence of medicine; tell me, therefore, what are the ingredients in your proposed remedy, and compound it in my presence; upon these conditions I will give you four more gold pieces." "Your apprehensions are reasonable," he

replied; "but the ingredients in my medicine are all common and fit for human food, and I will myself swallow the same quantity which I give the lady." After specifying the various ingredients, he sent some one out to procure them; and as soon as they were brought, he pounded them together in our presence, made two draughts of them, saying, "one of them I will drink off, the other is for the lady; it will make her sleep all night, and in the morning she will awake quite recovered." He then swallowed the draught, and ordered the other to be taken at night. "I must now go and lie down," he said, "under the influence of the medicine." With these words he left us, having received the stipulated sum, and with the assurance of the additional reward being paid him, if Leucippe should recover. When the hour arrived for administering the draught, I poured it out, and thus addressed it:

"Offspring of the Earth, gift of Æsculapius, may the promises made of thee be verified; shew thyself propitious and preserve my beloved; subdue the power of that ruthless potion." Thus having entered into a kind of compact with the medicine, I kissed the cup and give it to Leucippe. She soon fell into a profound sleep, and while sitting beside her I said to her, as if she could still hear me, "Wilt thou really recover thy senses? Wilt thou know me again? Shall I hear that dear voice of thine? Give some token in thy sleep, as yesternight thou didst concerning Gorgias; happier are thy sleeping than thy waking hours; frenzy is thy portion when awake, but thou art inspired by Wisdom when asleep."

At length my words and thoughts were interrupted by the anxiously-expected break of day, and I heard Leucippe's voice calling me by name. Instantly I

hurried to her side, and inquired how she felt; she appeared to have no knowledge of what had passed, and seeing that her hands were bound, expressed surprise, and inquired who had tied them. Finding her restored to her right mind, I undid the knots in great agitation, through excess of joy, and then related to her all particulars. She blushed upon learning what had passed, and almost believed herself to be still committing the same extravagance; but my assurances gradually soothed and restored her to herself. Gladly did I pay the man the sum which had been promised him, and fortunately our finances[21] were in safety, for Satyrus had our money about his person[22] at the time when we were shipwrecked, and neither he nor Menelaus had been plundered by the buccaneers. While what I have been relating took place, a much more powerful force arrived from the seat of government, which succeeded in completely destroying the pirate settlement.

As the river was now freed from any dangers on the part of these marauders, we prepared to sail for Alexandria, accompanied by Chæreas, for whom we had conceived a friendship on account of the discovery which he had made to us about the potion. He was a native of the Isle of Pharos, and his calling that of a fisherman; he had served in a naval expedition against the buccaneers, and at its termination had been discharged. The river which, owing to the depredations of the pirates, had for a long time been deserted, was now crowded with vessels; and a pleasant thing it was to hear the songs of the sailors and the mirth of the passengers, and to see so many craft passing up and down. Our voyage was like a continuous festival, and the river itself seemed to be keeping holiday.[23] I for the first time

drank some of the Nile water, without any admixture of wine, being desirous to test its sweetness,—and wine, I may remark, always spoils the flavour of water. Having filled a transparent crystal glass, the liquid vied with, nay, surpassed it in brightness. It was sweet to the taste, and had an agreeable coldness, whereas some of the Grecian rivers are so very cold as to be injurious to the health. On this account the Egyptians have no fear in drinking its water, and stand in no need of wine.[24] Their way of drinking struck me as being curious. They do not draw up the water in a bucket, neither do they use any other cup than that which Nature has supplied, —their hand; when any one is thirsty he stoops over the side of the vessel, and, receiving the water in the hollow of his hand, jerks it upwards with such dexterity, that it is received into the open mouth, and not a drop is lost.

The Nile produces another monster, more noted for strength than even the river-horse, I mean the crocodile.[25] His shape is between that of a fish and a large animal. His length from head to tail is great, and out of proportion to his breadth; his skin is rough with scales; the surface of his back hard and of a black colour, while the belly is white. He has four legs, which bend in an oblique direction, like those of the land tortoise; his tail is long and thick, forming a solid mass, and differing from that of other animals in being the continuation of the spine, and therefore a constituent part of the body, and on the top it is set with sharp spines, like the teeth of a saw. It serves the crocodile for an implement with which to capture his prey; he strikes with it against his antagonist, and a single stroke will inflict several wounds. His head grows directly out of his shoulders in one line, for Nature has concealed his neck.[26]

The most formidable part about him are his jaws, which open to an immense extent; so long as they remain closed they form a head, but when expanded to take in its prey, they become all mouth; (the animal, I may observe, moves only the upper jaw) for so great is their expansion that it reaches to the shoulders and to the orifice of the stomach. He has many teeth, which are disposed in long rows: they are said to equal the days of the year in number. Were you to see the animal on land, you would not suppose him to be possessed of so much strength, judging from his size.

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[1] Herod. ii. 71, commits the same error, using the expression δίχηλον, whereas the foot of the animal is divided into toes like that of the elephant. In a note Mr. Blakesley remarks, that in some of the temples of Egypt, the animal is found depicted with cloven hoofs and huge projecting tusks, as described by Herodotus and Tatius.

[2] Compare Job's description of Leviathan. "Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out. Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or caldron. His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth."—xli. 19-21.

[3] "The hide is upwards of an inch and a half in thickness; it is chiefly used for whips; the well-known 'cowhides' are made of this material."—Wood's Nat. Hist.

[4] Pliny says:—"Decem annis gestare in utero vulgus existimat."—H. N. viii. 10.

The same strange notion is referred to by Plautus, Stich. A. 1, s. iii.

"Audivi sæpe hoc vulgo dicier,

Solere elephantum gravidam perpetuos decem
Esse annos."

[5] Hesiod extends the crow's life to 270 years. The passage referred to has been preserved by Plutarch:·—

"Ἐννέατοι ζώει γενεὰς λακέρυζα κορώνη
Ανδρῶν ἡβώντων."

"Servatura diu parem
Cornicis vetulæ temporibus Lycem."—Hor, iv. Od. xiii. 34.

[6] "Indi autem, quod calore vicini ignis, sanguis in atrum colorem versus est, nigri sunt facti."—Hyginus.

See also Ovid, Met. ii. 235.

[7] According to the Commentators, it is the καρυόφυλλον, or clove-tree, which produces this wonderful effect upon the elephant, making his breath

"Like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."—Twelfth Night.

[8] ὀφείλεταί σοι παρ' αὐτής ζωάγρια.

[9]

"Who rises from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?"
Merchant of Venice.

[10] φίλημα δὲ καὶ ἀόριστόν ἐστιν, καὶ ἀκόρεστον, καὶ καινὸν ἀεί.

[11] ἐξορχήσομαι τὰ μυστήρια, an allusion to the revealing of religious mysteries.—Liddell's Lex.

[12] οὐ μοιγεὐεται μου τὰ φιλήματα.

"Κόνωνι δέ εἶπεν ὅτι παύσει αὐτὸν μοὶχῶντα

τὴν θάλατταν."
Xen. Hell. I. vi. 15.

[13]

ὦ φιλον ὕπνου θέλγητρον, ἐπίκουρον νοσου,
. . . . . .
"ὦ πότνια λήθη τῶν κακῶν, ὡς εἶ σοφὴ
καὶ τοῖσι δυστυχοῦσιν εὐκτάια θεός."—Eur. Or.

"Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course.
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

[14] This reading is taken from the edit. by Jacobs, and is supported by a passage in Herod. ii. 17.

[15] Instead of the common reading, τρόπαιον, which yields no sense Salmasius proposes κρώπιον, a reaping hook.

[16] Lucan mentions boats made of the papyrus:—

... "sic cum tenet omnia Nilus
Conseritur bibulâ Memphitis cymba papyro."
Lucan. B. iv.

[17]

"Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us."—Macbeth.

[18] πρὸς τὴν σατραπείαν.

[19] The same manner of expression is used by Apuleius, B. iv., of the carcases of animals destroyed by pestilence.:—"Passim per plateas

plurima cerneres semivivorum corporum ferina *naufragia*." The reader will remember the figurative language employed to describe the death of Charicles, thrown from his unruly horse.

[20]

"The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses?"—Cymbeline.

[21] ἐφόδιαν.

[22] ἔτυχεν ἐζωσμένος;,—ζώνη, the girdle used as a purse.

[23] See the description of the procession to Babastis, in Herod. ii. 60, which illustrates the above passage.

[24] When the soldiers of Pescennius Niger murmured for want of wine, he replied to them, "Nilum habetis et vinum quæritis?" and the historian adds, "siquidem tanta illius fluminis dulcedo, ut accolæ vina non quærant."—Spartianus.

[25] See in Herod. ii. 68, 70, a description of the crocodile and of the mode of taking it.

BOOK V.

We arrived at Alexandria after a three days' passage. I entered by the gate of the Sun, and was at once amazed and delighted by the splendour of the city. A row of columns, on either side, led in a straight line to the gate of the Moon—these two divinities being the guardian gods of the city gates. In the midst of

these columns was the open part of the city, which branched out into so many streets, that in traversing them, one seemed journeying abroad though all the time at home.[1] Proceeding a little farther I came to a part named after the great Alexander; here began a second city and its beauty was of a twofold kind, two rows of columns equal in extent, intersecting each other at right angles. It was impossible to satisfy the eye with gazing upon the various streets, or to take in every object deserving of admiration; some of these one actually saw, others one was on the point of seeing; others one longed to see; others, again, one would not willingly have missed seeing; those which were actually present rivetted one's gaze; those which were anticipated tempted it to wander: after turning my eyes therefore, on every side, so distracted were my feelings of admiration, that I owned my sight to be thoroughly bewildered and unequal to its task. What most struck me was the extent of the city and its vast population, each of which in turn bore away the palm when compared with the other; the former seemed actually a country, the latter, a nation. When I looked at the vast size of the city, I doubted whether any number of inhabitants could fill it; and when I considered the multitude of the inhabitants, I asked myself whether any city could contain them; so evenly balanced was the calculation,[2] and so difficult was it to come to a decision.

It chanced at that time to be the festival of the great deity called Jove by the Greeks, Serapis[3] by the Egyptians; torches were lighted up throughout the city, and the effect of so much light was marvellous, for although evening had come on and the sun had set, there was no such thing as night, another sun might be said to have arisen, only that his rays were

scattered,[4] so that the city vied with heaven in brightness. I also visited the magnificent temple and saw the statue of the Milichian Jove, and after paying our devotions to his great divinity, and praying him to end at last, our troubles, we returned to the lodgings which Menelaus had engaged for us. The deity, as will be seen, did not hearken to our prayers, and another trial of fortune yet awaited us. Chæreas had for some time been enamoured of Leucippe, which was his motive for communicating to me the circumstance of the philtre, by doing which he hoped to become on intimate terms with us and to preserve her life for his own ends. Knowing how difficult success would be, he had recourse to stratagem. Being a seafaring man, he had no difficulty in getting together some fellows, half-fishermen half-pirates, with whom he arranged what was to be done, and then under pretence of keeping his birth-day, he invited us to an entertainment at Pharos. As we were leaving the house a sinister omen befell us; a hawk pursuing a sparrow struck Leucippe on the cheek with its wing; alarmed at the occurrence I looked up towards heaven and said —"Jove, what means this omen? If this bird be indeed sent by thee, show us, I pray, some clearer augury." Upon turning round, I found myself standing by a painter's shop where was a picture, the subject of which was in keeping with what had just taken place; it represented the rape of Philomela, the cruelty of Tereus in cutting out her tongue, every particular of the sad drama was seen depicted on the tapestry,[5] which was being held up by a female slave. Philomela stood pointing to the different figures which were worked upon it, and Procne was intimating that she understood her, at the same time casting stern and angry looks upon the picture.

There, the Thracian Tereus was seen struggling with Philomela, whose hair was dishevelled, her girdle loose, her dress torn, her bosom half naked; her right hand was planted against the face of Tereus, with her left she was endeavouring to pull her torn dress over her breast; Tereus was holding her in his arms, drawing her person towards him, and embracing her as closely as he could. Such was the subject of the tapestry. In the remainder of the painting, were seen the two sisters showing Tereus the relics of his supper, the head and hands of his own child; fear and bitter laughter are depicted on their faces; Tereus is leaping up from his couch and drawing his sword against them, and he has struck out his foot against the table[6] which neither stands nor falls, but seems in the very act of falling. "In my opinion," said Menelaus, "we should give up the excursion to Pharos, for we have encountered two unfavourable omens, the hawk's wing and the threatening picture; now those who profess to interpret such matters, bid us pay regard to the subjects of any pictures which we may happen to meet with, when setting out on any business, and to conjecture the result of our undertaking from the nature of what we see. Did you not observe how full of evil augury this picture is? There is depicted in it lawless love, shameless adultery and female misery; we ought therefore to defer our expedition." I concurred in opinion with him, and we excused ourselves from accompanying Chæreas on that occasion; he left us, very much vexed at our determination, saying he should come to us the next day.

Women are naturally fond of hearing stories, accordingly when he was gone, Leucippe turning to me said, "Pray tell me what is the subject represented in this picture? What birds are they? who are the

women? and who is that shameless man?" I proceeded to gratify her wishes.—"The hoopoe," I said, "was once a man called Tereus, the swallow and the nightingale were two sisters named Philomela and Procne, natives of Athens. One woman, it seems, is not enough for a barbarian, especially when an occasion offers for gratifying his lust; and such an opportunity was offered to Tereus through the sisterly affection of Procne, who sent her husband to invite Philomela; he conceived a passion for her, on his way back, made her a second Procne; then fearing lest she should reveal the deed, he, as the reward for her virginity deprives her of speech by cutting out her tongue, our nature's glory.[7] The precaution was fruitless, Philomela, by her skill contrived a silent voice; she inwove the tragedy into a web, descriptive of the facts, her hand supplying the place of a tongue, and revealing to her sister's eyes what otherwise would have been whispered into her ears. Procne, learning through this device the violence which had been perpetrated, determines to take fearful vengeance; and two angry women's minds, conspiring together, and influenced by mingled feeling of jealousy and sense of wrong, contrive a supper more detestable even then the rape.[8] They serve up to the father his own child; Procne had once been his mother, now she had forgotten the maternal tie, so powerfully do the pangs of jealousy prevail over those even of travail; for women, when exacting satisfaction for a violated bed, however deeply they may suffer in what they do, compensate the pain by the pleasure of inflicting vengeance.[9] Tereus supped upon this hellish banquet, and afterwards the sisters, trembling with fear yet laughing horribly, bringing the remnants of his child upon a dish. He recognizes the miserable

tokens, curses the food which he had swallowed, and discovers himself to be the father of what he had been feasting on. Maddened with fury, he draws his sword, and is in the act of rushing upon the women, when lo! the air receives them metamorphosed into birds. Tereus also becomes a bird, and ascends after them; and to show that their change of form has wrought no change in their hate, the hoopoe (Tereus) still pursues, and the nightingale (Procne) still flies." We had for once escaped the snare laid for us, but we gained by it only a single day, for next morning Chæreas arrived, and feeling ashamed to make any more excuses we went on board a vessel and sailed to Pharos. Menelaus said that he felt indisposed and remained at home. Chæreas took us first to the light-house and directed our attention to the wonderful superstructure upon which it stood—a rock situated in the sea, almost cloud-capped, and seeming to hang over the waters; upon the summit of this arose the tower, which with its light served vessels for a second pilot.[10] When we had viewed this, he took us to a house at the extremity of the isle and situated on the shore.

In the evening, under pretence of his stomach being disordered, he went out: in a short time we heard a great noise, and suddenly a number of powerful men burst into the room, sword in hand, and turned towards the maiden. Seeing my dearest life about to be carried off, I rushed into the midst of them armed as they were, and received a wound in the thigh, from the effect of which I fell bathed in blood; they immediately put Leucippe into a boat and rowed away. Aroused by the disturbance and alarm caused by this occurrence, the commandant of the isle came up whom I had known when with the army. I exhibited my wound, and earnestly besought him to

pursue the pirates. Accordingly, throwing himself and the soldiers with him into one of the many boats which were in the harbour, he gave them chase; I likewise was among the number, having caused myself to be lifted in.

When the pirates saw that we were gaining upon them and were prepared for an attack, they placed the maiden upon the deck with her hands bound behind her; some of them, after calling out in a loud voice, "Behold the prize you wish to win," severed her head from her body, and threw the trunk into the sea. Upon beholding this I uttered a loud cry and was on the point of casting myself into the water, but was prevented by those standing near me; I then requested the crew to lie upon their oars, that some one might jump into the sea and if possible recover the body for burial; they complied with my request and two of the sailors throwing themselves over the boat's side, got hold of the corpse and brought it on board. Meanwhile the pirates plied their oars still more vigorously, and when we were again nearing them they caught sight of another vessel, and recognizing those in her, hailed them to come to their assistance; these latter were purple-fishers[11] and like the others pirates. The commandant, seeing the odds against him, became alarmed and gave orders to back water,[12] for the pirates instead of continuing their flight, were now eager to provoke an engagement. Upon reaching the shore and landing, I threw myself upon the body and shed bitter tears.—"Thou hast indeed died a double death, my dearest Leucippe,"[13] I exclaimed, "divided as thou art between land and sea; I have a remnant of thee, but thou thyself art lost to me; the division is unfair, for thy larger portion which I possess (thy body) is in reality, thy lesser, (considering its worth,)

while the sea, in retaining the lesser part (thy head[14]), is in fact guilty of retaining all; since cruel Fortune envies me the happiness of kissing thy fair face, I will at least kiss thy neck." After giving vent to these lamentations, I had the body interred, and returned to Alexandria, where much against my will my wound was dressed, and where I continued to live a miserable life, though Menelaus did all in his power to console me. At the expiration of six months, the violence of my grief began to subside; time acts as medicine upon sorrow and heals the wounds which have been inflicted upon the soul, for the light of day, and the bright sun are full of cheerfulness, and though the mind may be fevered by excess of sorrow for a time, yet it is gradually cooled and overcome by the persuasive influence of time.

One day, when walking in the public square, some one came behind me, and without speaking a word, seized my hand, turned me round, and warmly embraced me. For a few moments I knew not who the party was, overcome by surprise I mechanically suffered myself to be embraced; at length, upon looking up and seeing his features, who should it prove to be but Clinias, so uttering a cry of joy, I returned his embrace with ardour. We then retired to my lodging, where I told him the particulars of Leucippe's death, and he related to me the manner of his escape.—"When the ship went to pieces," said he, "I laid hold of one end of the sailyard, which was already crowded with people, and endeavoured to hang on; after we had been tossed about for some time, a great wave overtaking us raised and dashed the yard against a sunken rock, from which it rebounded like an engine, and shot me off as though I had been hurled from a sling. I swam during the rest of the day, but with little hope of being saved; at

length, when exhausted and abandoning myself to the will of Fortune, I espied a vessel bearing down towards me; so alternately lifting up my hands, I supplicated help by gestures. Moved by pity, or perhaps merely obeying the impulse of the wind, the ship came near me, and while running by, one of the sailors cast a rope over the side; I seized it, and was thus drawn out of the jaws of death. The vessel was bound for Sidon, and some of those on board to whom I was known showed me every kindness. We arrived at the above city after two days' sail, when I requested the Sidonians on board (the merchant Xenodamas, and his father-in-law Theophilus), not to mention to any of the Tyrians whom they might meet, the circumstance of my being preserved from shipwreck. I did not wish any one to know that I had been away from home, and if those two preserved silence in the matter, I had hopes that nothing would be discovered; five days only had elapsed since my disappearance, whereas if you recollect, I had told my servants that I was going into the country for ten days; and fortunately I found this to be the prevalent belief among my friends. Your father did not return home until two days after this, upon his arrival he found a letter from his brother, Sostratus (which came the very day after our departure), in which he offered you his daughter's hand. Upon reading it and hearing of our flight your father was in great trouble, both because you had missed the prize intended for you, and because after so nearly bringing matters to a favourable issue, Fortune had failed merely through delay in the arrival of the letter. Not wishing his brother to know what had happened, he enjoined secrecy upon Leucippe's mother, thinking it probable he should be able to discover you, or at any rate, that upon hearing of the betrothment, you would

both gladly return, having it in your power to realize the object of your flight. He is now using every endeavour to find you out; and only a few days ago, Diophantus of Tyre, just returned from Egypt, informed him that he had seen you here; immediately upon hearing this, I took ship, sailed hither, and have for more than a week been seeking you in this city. As your father will soon be here, it is time for you to decide upon some plan." He ceased speaking, and I could not help inveighing bitterly against the cruel sport of Fortune. "How unfortunate is my lot, my uncle Sostratus gives me the hand of Leucippe, and sends me a bride from the theatre of war, so exactly measuring the time as to avoid anticipating our flight. My good luck and happiness comes just one day too late![15] Marriage and the nuptial hymn is talked of when death has claimed his victim, and it is a time for tears! Whom do they now offer me for a bride? Even her whose corpse I am not permitted to possess entire!" "You have no leisure for lamentations now," said Clinias; "what you have to settle is, whether you will return to your own country or await your father's arrival here."—"I will do neither the one nor the other," I replied; "how can I look my father in the face, after basely flying from his house, and enticing away her whom his own brother had entrusted to his charge? Nothing remains but to quit this city before he comes." At this moment Menelaus came in, accompanied by Satyrus, and upon seeing Clinias they hastened to embrace him. When informed by us of the state of affairs, —"You have an opportunity," said Satyrus, "of prosperously settling all your affairs, and of taking pity upon a heart which burns with love towards you. Listen," continued he, addressing Clinias, "Venus has thrown a piece of good fortune in the way of

Clitopho which he is unwilling to accept; a lady, by name Melitta, a native of Ephesus is doatingly in love with him; so rare is her beauty, that it fits her for a sculptor's model.[16] She is rich and young, and has lately lost her husband who was drowned at sea; she earnestly desires to make Clitopho, I will not say merely her husband but her 'lord paramount,'[17] and freely surrenders to him herself and all she has. She has passed two whole months here, endeavouring to persuade him. Yet he, heaven knows why, looks coldly upon her, and slights her suit, imagining, I suppose, that Leucippe will come to life again."

"In my opinion," replied Clinias, "Satyrus speaks sensibly; it is no time for hesitation and delay, when beauty, health, wealth, and love combine to woo you; her beauty will yield you delight, her wealth will supply the means of luxurious enjoyment, and her love will gain consideration for you; consider, moreover, that the deity hates pride and arrogance, so follow the advice of Satyrus and yield to destiny."—"Well then," said I, with a deep sigh, "do with me what you will, since Clinias is of your opinion; one stipulation I make, however, that I am not to be pressed to consummate the marriage until we arrive at Ephesus, for I have taken a solemn oath to be connected with no woman in this city where I have been bereaved of my Leucippe." Upon hearing me say this, Satyrus hastened to Melitta with the joyful tidings, and shortly after returned and said, that upon learning them, she had nearly fainted from excess of joy; he was also the bearer of an invitation to me to come to supper as a prelude to the marriage. I complied and proceeded to her house. No sooner did she see me, than falling on my neck she covered me with kisses. I must do her the justice of saying that she was really beautiful; her complexion

was fair as milk, but tinted with the rose,[18] her bright and sunny look was worthy of Venus herself, and she had a profusion of long golden hair, so that upon the whole I could not look at her without some pleasurable emotions.

A costly supper was served, she now and then took some of the viands for appearance sake, but in reality ate nothing, feeding her eyes on me. Lovers find their chief delight in gazing upon the beloved; and when once this tender passion has taken possession of the soul, there is no time or desire for taking food. The pleasure conceived by the eyes flows through them into the mind, bears along with it the image of the beloved, and impresses its form upon the mirror of the soul; the emanation of beauty darting like secret rays and leaving its outline on the love-sick heart.[19] I said to her, "Why is it that you touch none of your own delicacies?—you are like one of those who sup on the painter's canvas."—"The sight of you," replied she, "is more to me, than the choicest viands and the richest wines," accompanying the words with one of her kisses which I began to receive with some degree of pleasure; "this," said she after a pause, "is meat and drink to me."

In this manner did supper pass; at night she used every endeavour to persuade me to remain and share her bed; I however excused myself urging the same reason which I had previously advanced to Satyrus. Much against her will she allowed me to depart, upon the understanding that next day we should meet in the temple of Isis, in order to arrange matters and to plight our troth in presence of the goddess; accordingly I went thither the following morning accompanied by Clinias and Menelaus, and we took a mutual oath, I to love her in all sincerity;

she, to take me for her husband and to give me the control of all her property. I reminded her that the performance of these promises was to be deferred until we should arrive at Ephesus, "for as long as we are here," I said, "you must give place to my Leucippe." Another magnificent banquet was prepared, which was in name but not in reality the marriage supper, for as I have said, the consummation of our nuptials was postponed. During the entertainment, when the guests were wishing heath and happiness to the new married pair, Melitta turning to me, said half in jest, half in earnest, "How flat, stale, and unprofitable is all this, like the empty honours sometimes bestowed upon the dead; I have often heard of a tomb without a body, but never till now of a wedding without a consummation."[20] The next morning, induced by a favourable wind, we sailed from Alexandria; Menelaus accompanied us to the port, and after many embraces and wishes for my having a more prosperous voyage than formerly, took his leave; he was in all respects a worthy and excellent young man, and we mutually shed tears at parting. Clinias would not leave me, but determined to accompany us as far as Ephesus, and after remaining there some time, to return, as soon as my affairs were comfortably settled. The wind continued in our favour the whole day, and at night after supper we retired to rest in a cabin which had been parted off for me and Melitta in the hull of the vessel. We had no sooner entered it, then throwing her arms around me she urged me to consummate our marriage. "We are now," she said, "beyond the boundaries sacred to Leucippe, and within those where you are pledged to perform your promise. What need is there to delay until we arrive at Ephesus? Remember, the sea is not to be depended

on, the winds are faithless! Believe me, Clitopho, I burn; would that I should actually show the intenseness of the fire! would that it possessed the same nature as the ordinary fires of love; that so I might inflame you by my embraces! but, alas! it has a nature peculiar to itself, and the flame which usually extends its influence to both the lovers, in my case burns only its possessor! Strange and mystic fire, which refuses to quit its own peculiar precints; dearest Clitopho, let us begin the rites of Venus!"—"Do not," I replied, "urge me to forget that reverence which is due to the departed; we cannot be said to have passed the limits sacred to her memory until we arrive in another country. Have you not heard how she perished in the sea? I am therefore still sailing over Leucippe's grave; nay more, her shade may even now be flitting around our vessel: it is said that the souls of those who have found a watery grave do not descend to Hades, but wander about the surface of the waves; for aught we know, she may appear to us in the midst of our embrace. Besides, can you consider the tossing waves of the uncertain sea, a fitting place for consummating a bridal? Would you wish to have a fluctuating and unstable marriage bed?"—"Dearest," she resumed, "lovers need no feather-bed,[21] every place is accessible to the god of love; nay, rather is the sea a most proper and fitting place for celebrating the mysteries of Venus. Is not that goddess daughter of the sea: in honouring her shall we not be paying homage to her mother? Everything around us, moreover, is emblematic of the marriage rites; above us is the sailyard (resembling in form a yoke[22]) encircled by its ropes;—what can more fitly symbolise a wedding than a yoke and bands? close to our bed is the rudder,[23] emblem of safe arrival

within the port; Fortune herself is clearly guiding our nuptials to a happy issue. Neptune himself, who wedded a sea-bride, will wait upon us with his choir of Nereids; and the winds which sigh so softly among the ropes seem to be chanting our nuptial song; look too, at the bellying canvas, how it resembles a pregnant womb; even this is not without its propitious meaning, for it tells me that ere long you will be a father!"

Seeing her become so pressing and so excited, I replied,—"Let us, if you will, continue to discuss these subtle points until we reach our destination; I swear to you by the sea itself and by the fortune of our voyage, that I am as impatient as yourself; but remember that even the sea has its peculiar laws; and I have often heard say from ancient mariners that ships must not be made the scenes of amorous delights, either as being sacred in themselves,[24] or because wanton pleasure is unseemly amid the perils of the ocean. Let us not then, my love, cast insult upon the sea, or cause our nuptials to be distracted by alarms, rather let us keep in store for ourselves pure and unalloyed delight." These arguments mingled with kisses and endearments, produced the desired effect; and we passed the remainder of the night in sleep. Five days more, brought us to Ephesus; Melitta's house was one of the finest in the city, it was spacious and handsomely furnished, and she had a numerous establishment. After ordering a handsome supper she proposed that we should in the meanwhile visit her country-house, which was not more than half a mile out of town; we rode there in her carriage, and then getting out walked about in the kitchen-garden.[25] Suddenly a female approached and threw herself at Melitta's feet; she had on heavy fetters and held in her hand a hoe, her

hair had been cut off, her whole appearance was squalid, and her clothing consisted of a sorry tunic. "Lady," she exclaimed, "have pity upon one of your own sex, who once was free, but is now by the caprice of Fortune, a slave."—"Rise up," replied Melitta, "and tell me who you are and from whence you came, and by whom you have been thus fettered; for though in rags and misery your countenance bespeaks good birth."—"I received this treatment from your bailiff,[26]" resumed the woman, "because I refused to gratify his desires; my name is Lacæna and I am from Thessaly; I throw myself upon your mercy, beseeching you to release me from this wretched condition, and to guarantee my safety till I shall have paid the two thousand drachmas, for which Sosthenes purchased me from the hands of pirates; the sum shall soon be raised, and until then I am willing to remain your slave. See," she continued, "how cruelly I have been used," and opening her tunic she shewed her back[27] furrowed with stripes, a pitiable sight. Her voice and appearance overwhelmed me with strange feelings, for I seemed to recognize in her a resemblance to Leucippe. Addressing her, "Be comforted," said Melitta, "I will have you set at liberty and will send you home without ransom,"—then speaking to a slave, "Summon here Sosthenes!" The unhappy woman was then disincumbered of her fetters, and the steward made his appearance in great trepidation.—"Villain," said Melitta, "did you ever see any one, even among the most ill-conditioned of my slaves, used so shamefully?—tell me instantly, without any shuffling, who this female is."

"Mistress," replied the fellow, "all I know is, that a merchant, called Callisthenes, sold her to me, saying that he had bought her from some pirates, that she

was free-born, and named Lacæna." Melitta instantly degraded him from his office, but her she entrusted to the charge of her maid-servants, with orders to have her washed, decently dressed, and conducted to the city; then, after settling the business which had brought her thither, we rode back, and sat down to supper. While we were thus employed, Satyrus with a very serious countenance motioned to me to come out of the room: I did so, making some trifling excuse, when without uttering a word he put into my hand a letter, which even before reading it, filled me with consternation, for I recognized Leucippe's writing;—the contents were these:—

> "Leucippe, to my master Clitopho.
>
> "I am in duty bound to address you by this title, since you are united in marriage to my mistress. Although you are well aware of my sufferings on your account, it is necessary for me to remind you of them. For you I left the protection of my mother and became a wanderer; for you I suffered shipwreck and endured captivity among pirates; for you I became an expiatory victim and underwent a second death; for you I have been sold to slavery, bound in letters, made to bear a mattock and to hoe the ground; for you I have been beaten with the scourge;—and all this in order that you might become wedded to another woman —for suppose not that I will give myself up to any other man. No! I have borne, and without a murmur,

> all these ills, and you, exempt from them, have been enabled to form new marriage ties; if therefore you are impressed with any sense of the sufferings which I have undergone for love of you, urge your wife to send me home in accordance with her promise, and undertake to be security for the payment of the two thousand drachmas, which on my return, as I shall not be far from Byzantium, I will procure and send; though supposing you should have to pay them out of your own purse, it will only be a trifling compensation for all that I have suffered in jour behalf. Farewell, and may happiness attend your marriage —and remember that she who writes this letter has preserved her honour undefiled."

Upon reading these lines, I became a prey to a succession of conflicting feelings; love, fear, astonishment, doubt, joy, grief, by turns took possession of my mind.

"Did you bring this letter from the Shades below," I inquired of Satyrus. "What in the name of heaven does all this mean? Has Leucippe come to life again?"—"Most assuredly she has," replied he; "it is no other than she whom you saw in the country, but she is so changed in appearance from having had her hair cut off,[28] that scarcely any one would recognize her."—"And are you going to stop short at this good news?" I asked: "Do you mean my ears alone to be gratified and my eyes to have no share in

the delight?"—"For heaven's sake be cautious," was his reply; "let us first contrive some course of action, else you will bring destruction on us all. Only consider; here is this lady, one of the most distinguished for rank and wealth in Ephesus, madly in love with you, and we are in the midst of the toils without any possibility of getting free."—"Talk not of caution," rejoined I, "it is out of the question, joy thrills too strongly through all my veins. Think, too, how she upbraids me in her letter"—and upon this, I again eagerly ran over the contents, fancying I could see her in every line, and ejaculating as I read; —"Yes, dearest Leucippe, I plead guilty to thy charge! Thou hast indeed endured all these things for love of me! I have been the cause to thee of infinite misfortune!" And upon coming to the mention of the scourgings and other sufferings inflicted upon her by Sosthenes, I wept as though actually a witness of their infliction. Reflection turns the eyes of the soul upon the purport of what we read, and brings everything as vividly before us, as if it were actually being seen and done. Such was the influence of Leucippe's words, that her allusion to my marriage made me blush as though I had been really surprised in the commission of adultery.

"Satyrus," said I, "what excuses shall I offer? Leucippe, it is clear, knows everything; nay, her love may have become changed into hate! But tell me by what means she has been preserved? Whose corpse was that which was buried?"—"She will herself relate everything in proper season," he replied.—"What you have to do now is to write back an answer, in order to soothe her irritation. I solemnly declared to her that you married your present wife against your will."—"What! did you really tell her I was married? You have utterly undone me then! How could you be

guilty of such folly?"—"Why tax me with folly? The whole city is aware of it."—"But I swear by Hercules and my present Fortune that no actual marriage has taken place."—"Nonsense! you share her bed."—"I well know," said I, "that I shall not be credited, but nevertheless I speak the truth: up to this very day Clitopho has had no connexion with Melitta; however, the present question is, what am I to write to Leucippe? My mind is so confused by what has taken place, that I really know not how to begin."—"Upon my word," said Satyrus, "it is out of my power to help you, but I have no doubt that Love will suggest materials for a letter; but whatever you do, lose no time." I at length wrote as follows:—

> "Health to Leucippe, mistress of my heart! It is my lot to be at once happy and unhappy;—happy in that I have you mentally present to me; unhappy in that you are really absent from me. Only defer pronouncing judgment upon me until the truth shall be cleared up, and you will find that the example of your chastity has been followed by myself (if chastity may be spoken of in men); but if you already hate and have condemned me unheard, I swear to you, by those gods who have preserved your life, that ere long you shall have proof of my perfect innocence. Farewell, dearest, and still give me a place in your affections!"

This letter I delivered to Satyrus, desiring him to say all he could in my favour to Leucippe. I then went

back to supper full of joy, but not free from grief, well knowing that Melitta would not allow the night to pass without pressing me to consummate our nuptials, and, having recovered Leucippe, it was hateful to me even to look upon any other woman. I endeavoured to conceal what was passing in my mind, but it was to no purpose, so at last I feigned to be seized with a shivering fit.

Melitta guessed that I was seeking some excuse for not complying with her wishes, though as yet she had no actual proof. When, however, I arose from table without finishing my supper, and retired to rest, she got up and followed me into the bed-room. I then pretended that I felt much worse, upon which she became very urgent with me, and said, "Why will you persist in acting thus? How long will you continue to disappoint me? We have now crossed the sea, we are at Ephesus; the time is come for realizing your promise. Why should there be any more delay? How long are we to sleep together as though we were in a sanctuary?[29] You place before my eyes a refreshing stream,[30] of which nevertheless you prohibit me to drink; and though sleeping near the very fountain head, I am parched with thirst; my couch may compare with the feast of Tantalus." While thus venting her grief, she leaned her head upon my bosom and wept so piteously that I could not but sympathize with her sorrow; and feeling her reproaches to be just, I really was at a loss what to do. At last I said, "Believe me, dearest, by our country's gods, I feel an ardour equal to your own! but this sadden indisposition has seized me,—I know not from what cause,—and, as you are well aware, without the blessing of health it is in vain to think of love."[31]

While saying this, I wiped away her tears, and solemnly assured her, that ere long she should obtain everything she wished. Not without great difficulty, however, did I succeed in pacifying her. On the following day Melitta called for the maid-servants, to whom she had committed Leucippe, and inquired whether every requisite attention had been shewn her. They replied, that nothing had been omitted. Upon this Melitta sent for her, and when she came into the room said, "I need scarcely remind you of the kindness you have experienced from me; all I ask as a return is assistance which it is in your power to afford me. Now, I understand that you Thessalian women[32] can, by your magic, work so powerfully upon the minds of those you love, that their affections, instead of wandering to any other object, will thenceforth be wholly rivetted on you, their mistresses. It is a magic potion of this kind which I now want from you, to procure requital for the love which is consuming me. You remember, doubtlessly, the young man who was walking with me yesterday?"—"I suppose you mean your husband," replied Leucippe, maliciously, "for I have been told by some of the household that he stands to you in that relation."—"A pretty kind of husband!" interrupted Melitta; "he has in him more of marble than of manhood; and my rival is a certain dead Leucippe, whose name, whether waking or sleeping, is always on his lips. Four whole months have I spent in Alexandria, entirely on his account, praying and beseeching him, and leaving nothing undone likely to gain his love, but all to no purpose, for he remained as insensible to my entreaties as any stock or stone; and when at length he did give way, it was to become my husband but in name; for I swear to you by Venus, that after sleeping with him for a

week I have risen from his side as if I had been sleeping with a eunuch; in short, I have fallen in love with a statue, not a man.[33] To use the words, therefore, which yesterday you addressed to me, 'Have compassion upon one of your own sex;' give me your aid against the overweening and unimpressible man; by so doing you will save my life, which is now fast ebbing from me."[34]

Leucippe was rejoiced at finding that no intercourse had taken place between Melitta and myself, and believing it to be of no use to deny her magic skill, undertook to find suitable herbs, if permitted to go and seek for them in the country. These promises tranquillized Melitta, for the mind is easily persuaded to feed upon the empty hope of future good.[35] Meanwhile, knowing nothing of all this, I was in great perplexity how to put off Melitta during the approaching night, and to contrive a meeting with Leucippe. In the evening, Melitta, who had taken her out of town in a carriage, returned,[36] and we had just began our supper when a great disturbance was heard in the men's quarter of the house, and a servant rushed into the room, out of breath, and exclaiming, "Thersander is alive, and is arrived!"[37]

This Thersander was no other than Melitta's husband, who was supposed to have been lost at sea, the report of his death having been spread by two of his servants who had been saved when the ship was wrecked. In a moment he was in the room; for, having learnt every particular by the way, he had hastened home on purpose to surprise me. Melitta, in great alarm at an event so utterly unlooked for, started up and endeavoured to embrace her husband; who, however thrust her from him with great

violence, and then catching sight of me and exclaiming, "So, here is the spark himself!" he rushed towards me, and dealt me a tremendous blow in the face, after which, seizing me by the hair, he dashed me to the ground and beat me most unmercifully. All this time I remained as silent as if I had been at the celebration of the mysteries, neither asking him who he was, or why he used me so; for, suspecting the truth, I had not courage to retaliate, though possessing physical strength enough to do so.

At length when he was weary of striking and I of forming conjectures in my mind, I got up and said, "Pray, who are you, and what do you mean by this rough usage?" More than ever irritated by the sound of my voice, he recommenced his attack upon me, and called aloud for fetters and handcuffs; they were brought, and, after being bound hand and foot, I was shut up in a room. During this struggle, Leucippe's letter, which had been fastened under my tunic to the fringes of my shirt,[38] fell to the ground without my perceiving it, and was picked up by Melitta, who feared lest it might be one of her own letters written to me; when, however, she had an opportunity of reading it in private and met with Leucippe's name, it went like an arrow to her heart, but having so often heard of her death she did not at once identify the name with the female whom she had set at liberty; but as she read on, and felt all uncertainty upon the point removed, she became at once the divided prey of shame, rage, love, and jealousy;—she felt ashamed at exposure before her husband; she was enraged at the contents of the letter; this passion yielded to love on my account, which in its turn was stung by jealousy; but love, in the end, remained triumphant. Thersander, after the first ebullition of his anger, had retired to the house of a friend;

Melitta, therefore, in the evening, after speaking to the slave who kept guard over my apartment, came in privately, having for precaution posted two of her servants before the door.

She found me lying upon the floor, and approaching me shewed by her countenance, that she wished, were it possible, to give utterance in one breath to all her various emotions. "Wretched that I am," she at length exclaimed, "fatal for me was the day when I first beheld you; I, who have loved so madly yet so fruitlessly; who still doat upon him who hates me; who pity him who is the cause of all my pain, and whose love is not extinguished even by injury and insult!—What a pair of juggling plotters against me are you both! You have all along been making me your sport, and she, forsooth, is gone to procure a philtre for me! Little did I dream that I was seeking aid from those who were my bitterest enemies!" Thus speaking she threw Leucippe's letter on the ground; which I no sooner recognized than a sudden chill came over me, and I cast my eyes upon the ground as if convicted of a crime. She then continued in the same strain: "What misery is mine! My husband is lost to me through you, and henceforth I shall be deprived even of the barren pleasure which I have enjoyed, that of seeing you! Through you I have incurred my husband's hatred, who believes me guilty of an intrigue against his honour—an intrigue which has borne me none of the fruits of love, and from which all I gain is infamy! Other women receive enjoyment for the guerdon of their shame: I inherit the shame, but obtain none of the enjoyment! Barbarous and faithless man, how can you allow a loving woman thus to pine away, when you are yourself the slave of Love? Did you not dread his anger? Had you no reverence for his fires,—no

regard for his mysteries? Had these tearful eyes no influence over you,—more ruthless as you are than any pirate!—for even a pirate's breast will be softened by tears! Neither entreaty nor opportunity, nor my close embrace, has persuaded you to grant me so much as one amorous indulgence; nay, most insulting of all, after yourself returning my kisses and my embraces, you have risen from my side like any woman! What is this but the very ghost of matrimony? Remember also, that you have not been sharing the bed of one who is grown old, or who repulses your embraces, but of one who is young and ardent, and whom some might consider possessed of charms,—eunuch that you are!—unsexed and bane of beauty,[39] listen to my righteous imprecation:—may Love requite your fires as you have requited mine!"

Tears for a time choked her voice; but when I remained still silent and with downcast eyes, a sudden change came over her,[40] and she then resumed:—"Dearest Clitopho, anger and grief have hitherto dictated my words, but love prompts what I am now about to say; for believe me, however angry, I still burn with passion; however much wronged, I still feel love; yield to my entreaties then, and even now compassionate me! I no longer ask for joys of many days' duration, nor for the lengthened wedlock which in my folly I had dreamt of; I will be content with one amorous embrace. I ask but a little medicine to palliate this powerful disease,—extinguish, in some degree, the flame which now consumes me! Pardon me if I have spoken with too much haste and bitterness, for love when unsuccessful is pushed to phrenzy! Well aware how unseemly my conduct may appear, I am not ashamed to divulge the mysteries of Love, for I speak to one

already initiated,—to one who knows by his own experience what my feelings are. Lovers alone understand the wounds felt by those who love; to all others the arrows of the god and the havoc which he makes are equally unknown. One only day remains to us. I ask the performance of your promise. Remember the temple of Isis; show regard to the oaths which you took there. Were you willing to live with me, according to the troth you plighted, I would not care for a thousand Thersanders; but having recovered your Leucippe, you may not wed another; accordingly I surrender every claim, and ask only what may easily be granted. It is vain to resist my destiny; all things evidently conspire against me,—even the dead rise up again. Cruel sea, thou hast borne me safely only to plunge me into greater ruin, bringing back to me, for my confusion, the very dead. Nor was it enough for Leucippe to revive in order to assuage the grief of Clitopho, but the savage Thersander also must needs come back. And he has dared to strike Clitopho before my eyes without my having the power to aid him; he has dared to disfigure that face upon which I doat. He must have been blind to beauty when he did so! Once more I entreat you, my Clitopho, lord, as you are, of my affections, give yourself to me now, for the first time and the last; it will be to me as if many days were crowded into one short space! so may you never more be deprived of your Leucippe; so may she never again die a fictitious death! Do not scorn my love; it has produced your greatest happiness; it has been the means of restoring to you Leucippe; had I never been enamoured of you, had I never brought you here, Leucippe would still be dead to you. Some thanks are due to good fortune, Clitopho; he who lights upon a treasure honours the spot where he discovered it; he

builds an altar, he offers a sacrifice; he crowns the place with flowers; but though you have found in me a treasure full of love you despise your happy fortune! Think Love to be addressing you through my mouth, and saying, 'In this matter thou art bound to oblige me, thy tutor; initiate Melitta in my mysteries; I kindled the fire with which she burns.' Hear likewise how I have provided for your safety; you shall be set free from these chains, whether Thersander will or no, and you shall find a place of refuge with my foster-brother for as long a time as you may wish. In the morning you may expect to see Leucippe; she is to pass the night in the country for the sake of gathering herbs by moonlight,[41] for my simplicity was so imposed upon, as to believe her a Thessalian, and to ask of her a philtre to be administered to you. What else could I do, when disappointed in my wishes, than have recourse to herbs and drugs, the refuge of those who are unfortunate in love. You need be in no fear of Thersander; he has rushed out of the house in a rage, and betaken himself to one of his friends. The deity, indeed, seems to have purposely contrived his absence, that I may obtain the last favour which I ask. Let me then enjoy you, Clitopho!"

After this earnest and impassioned pleading, suggested by Love, who is a mighty master of eloquence,[42] she undid the fetters; and after kissing my hands applied them to her eyes and heart: "Feel," said she, "how my poor heart beats, agitated by fear and hope,—would that I could say, by pleasure!—and seeming to supplicate you by its palpitations." When, after setting me free, she hung about my neck in tears, I was no longer proof against human weakness; indeed I was in dread of incurring the wrath of Love[43] himself, especially as I had now

recovered Leucippe, and was about to leave Melitta, so that our present connexion would be no consummation of a marriage, but simply administering relief to a love-sick soul. Yielding to these reflections I returned her kisses and embraces, and though without the help of bed or other appliances of amorous delight, nothing was left to be desired. Love, indeed, is his own teacher, and an excellent contriver,[44] and makes every place his temple; nor is there any doubt that impromptu amorous intercourse is far preferable to that which is elaborated, and that it brings with it much more genuine enjoyment.

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[1] ἔνδημος ἀποδημία.

[2] τοιαύτη τις ἰσότητος τρυτάνη. "The beautiful and regular form of that great city, second only to Rome itself, comprehended a circumference of fifteen miles; it was peopled by three hundred thousand free inhabitants, besides at least an equal number of slaves."—Gibbon, vol. i. 452.

[3] See the description of his temple and statue.—Gibbon, vol. v. 108-114.

[4] The expression in the Greek is remarkable —ἄλλος ἀνέτελλεν ἥλιος κατακερματίζων.

"Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world shall be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun."—Romeo and Juliet.

[5] ὁ πέπλος. The piece of tapestry on which Philomela, during her captivity had worked the representation of her misfortunes, and which she had conveyed to her sister Procne.—See Ovid. Met. vi. 411-676.

[6]

"ἔσθει βορὰν ἄσωτον....
κἄπειτ' ἐπιγνοὺς ἔργον οὐ κατᾳίσιον
ὤμωξίν....
. . . . . .
λάκτισμα δείπνου ξυνδίκως τιθεῖς ἀρᾷ".—Æsch. Ag. 1568.

[7] τῆς φωνῆς τὸ ἄνθος. This expression may be illustrated by Psalm lvii. 9, "Awake up my *glory*;" and Psalm xvi. 10, "My *glory* rejoiced."

[8]

"O quam cruentas feminas stimulat dolor
Cum patuit una pellici et nuptæ domus!
Scylla et Charybdis Sicula contorquens freta
Minus est timenda, nulla non melior fera est."
Sen. Herc. Œt.

[9]

"And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly and quick and crushing; yet as real
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel."—Byron.

[10] This celebrated light-house, situated at the entrance of the port of Alexandria, was built by Sostratus of Cnidos on an island which bore the same name, at the expense of eight hundred talents. It was square, constructed of white stone, and with admirable art, exceedingly lofty, and in all respects of great dimensions. It contained many stories, which diminished in width from below upwards. The upper stories had windows looking seaward, and torches or fires were kept burning in them by night, in order to guide vessels into the harbour.—Dict. of Greek and Roman Antiq.

[11] πορφυρεῖς. Fishers of the murex or purple fish. See a note in Blakesley's Herod. vol. i. p. 522.

[12] πρύμναν ἐκρούσατο.—See Thucyd. vol. i. p. 50.

[13] Once before, when apparently sacrificed by Menelaus and Satyrus.—B. iii.

[14] The head, as the noblest part, being the representative of the whole person; and often used as a periphrasis for it by the Greek and Roman writers. Clitopho here exhibits his ingenuity at the expense of nature, forgetting that

"An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told."—Richard III.

[15] ὦ μαικάριος, ἐγὼ παρὰ μίαν ἡμέραν.

[16]

"Usque ab unguiculo ad capillum summus est festivissima
Estne? considera; signum pictum pulchre videris."
Plautus. Epidic. Sc. v. 1.

[17] δεσπότην, οὐ γὰρ ἄνδρα ἐρῶ.

[18]

"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."
Twelfth Night.

[19] The reader will call to mind a similar passage, in the conversation between Clinias and Clitopho, in B. i.

[20] κενοτάφιον μὲν γὰρ εἶδον, κενογάμιον δὲ οὔ.

[21] πᾶς τόπος ἐρῶσι θάλαμος.

[22] Alluding to the mast crossed by the sailyard.

[23] Melitta still pursues her favourite hobby, symbolism. The reader is referred to the "Pax"

of Aristophanes, line 142, with the note in Bothe's edit.

[24] The stern of the vessel was adorned with the image of the tutelary deity, whence that part of the ship was called *tutela*, and held sacred by the mariners.

... "non robore picto
Ornatas decuit fulgens tutela carinas."—Lucan, iii. 510.

See also, Hor. I. Od. xvi. 10; and Persius S. vi. 30.

[25] ὀρχάτους τῶν φυτῶν.

"πολλοί δὲ φυτῶν ἔσαν ὕρχατοι ἀμφίς·"

"Well planted gardens."—Cowper. Iliad. xvi. 123.

[26] Slaves who worked in the fields, were under an overseer (επίτροπός), to whom the whole management of the estate was frequently entrusted, while the master resided in the city.

[27] τὰ νῶτα διαγεγραμμένα—

"Quasi in libro cum scribuntur literæ calamo
Stilis me totum usque ulmeis conscribito."
Plaut. Ps. i. 5. 139.

[28] Slaves were not allowed to wear their hair long. "ἐπειτα δῆτα δοῦλος ὢν, κόμην ἔχεις."—Aristoph. Aves, 884.

[29] See the phrase, "Noctes puras habere."—Plautus, Asinar. iv. 1.

[30] See Proverbs v. 15-18.

[31]

... "health in the human frame,
Is pleasant, besides being true love's essence."—Byron.

[32] See Lucan, B. vi. 605, &c.

[33] See the anecdote of Lais and Xenocrates. Anthon's Classical Dict.

[34] διαῤῥεύσασαν.

[35]

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is, but always to be blest."—Pope.

[36] The text here is very corrupt in the Greek; the sense given is in accordance with Jacobs.

[37]

"Old Lambro pass'd unseen a private gate,
And stood within his hall at eventide;
Meanwhile the lady and her lover sate
At wassail in their beauty and their pride;
An ivory inlaid table spread with state
Before them, and fair slaves on every side;
Gems, gold, and silver, form'd the service mostly,
Mother of pearl and coral the less costly."—
Byron.

[38] εἴσω τοῦ χιτωνίσχου προσδεδμένην ἐκ τῶν τῆς ὀθόνης θνσάνων—See Dict. of Grk. and Rom. Antiq., p. 422, under the article *Fimbriæ*.

[39] ἀνδρόγυνε καὶ κάλλούς βάσκανε. The sense of βάσκανος is thus given by Jacobs:—"Qui insitâ vi invidiæ, pulchritudinis efficaciam debilitat aut destruit."

[40]

"Her anger pitch'd into a lower tune,
Perhaps the fault of her soft sex and age;
Her wish was but to 'kill, kill, kill,' like Lear's,
And then her thirst of blood was quench'd in tears."
Byron.

[41]

... "has nullo perdere possum
Nec prohibere modo, simul ac vaga luna decorum
Protulit os, quin ossa legant, herbasque nocentes."
Hor. S. i. 8, 20.

[42]

"And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
O! then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humanity."—Love's Labour Lost.

[43] Venue and Cupid were supposed to be irritated against those who shewed insensibility to their influence:—

"Ingratam Veneri pone superbiam."
Hor. Od. iii. 10. 9.

[44] αὐτουργὸς γὰρ ὁ ἔρως καὶ αὐτοσχέδιος σοφιστῆς, a passage parallel to one in B. i., αὐτοδίδακτος γὰρ ἐστίν ὁ θεὸς.

BOOK VI.

When at length, I had sufficiently eased Melitta's pains, I said to her, "How do you mean to provide for my escape and to perform your promises as to Leucippe?"—"Be in no anxiety respecting her," was the reply, "look upon her as already restored to your embrace; but put on my clothes and conceal your face in my robe; Melantho will conduct you to the

door, there you will find a young man who has orders from me to guide you to the house where Clinias and Satyrus await you, and whither Leucippe will shortly come." While giving me these directions, she dressed me so as to resemble her in appearance; then kissing me, she said, "You look handsomer than ever in this attire, and remind me of a picture of Achilles[1] which I once saw. Fare you well, dearest, preserve this dress as a memorial of me, and leave me your own, that I may sometimes put it on and fancy myself in your embrace;" she then gave me a hundred gold pieces, and called Melantho, a trusty servant, who was watching at the door, told her what to do, and ordered her to return, as soon as she had let me out. Thus disguised I slipped out of the room, the keeper, upon receiving a sign from Melantho, taking me for his mistress and making way; passing through an unfrequented part of the house I reached a back door, where I was received by the person whom Melitta had appointed to be there; he was a freedman who had accompanied us on our voyage from Alexandria, and with whom I had already been intimate.

Upon her return, Melantho found the keeper preparing to secure the room for the night, she desired him to open the door, and going in, informed her mistress of my escape; Melitta called in the keeper, who seeing the right bird flown and another in his place,[2] was struck dumb with astonishment: "I did not employ this artifice," said she, "from believing you unwilling to favour Clitopho's escape, but because I wished to give you the means of clearing yourself from blame in the opinion of Thersander. Here are ten gold pieces; if you choose to remain here, you are to regard them as a present from Clitopho, if you prefer getting out of the way

they will help you on your journey." "Mistress," replied the keeper, whose name was Pasio, "I am ready to follow your suggestion." It was agreed, that the man should go away and remain in concealment until Thersander's anger had subsided, and he and his wife were again upon good terms. Upon leaving the house, my usual ill fortune overtook me; and interwove a new incident in the drama of my life. Whom should I encounter but Thersander! who persuaded by his friend not to sleep away from his wife, was returning home.

It happened to be the festival of Diana, the streets were full of drunken fellows, and all night long crowds of people continued traversing the public square. I had hoped to encounter no other danger but this, but I was mistaken, peril of a worse kind was still in store for me. Sosthenes, the purchaser of Leucippe, whom Melitta had turned out of his office, no sooner heard of his master's return, than he not only continued to act as bailiff, but determined to revenge himself upon Melitta. He began by informing against me, acquainting his master with all which had taken place; he then invented a very plausible story above Leucippe, for finding he could not enjoy her himself he determined to play pimp to his master, and by that means to alienate him from his wife.—"Master," said he, "I have purchased a maiden of incredible beauty; words will not do her justice, to form a just idea of her you must see her; I have been keeping her purposely for you; for I heard that you were alive and fully believed the fact, but did not choose to make it public, in order that you might have clear proof of my mistress's guilt, and not be made the laughing stock of a foreigner and worthless libertine; my mistress took her out of my hands yesterday and thinks of giving her her

freedom, but Fortune has reserved for you the possession of this rare beauty; she has been sent for some reason or other into the country, where she now remains, and where with your leave I will secure her until your arrival."

Thersander approved of his scheme and bid him put it into execution; accordingly Sosthenes proceeded to the farm, and finding out the cottage where Leucippe was to pass the night, he ordered two of the labourers to entice away the maids, who had accompanied her, under pretence of having something to say to them in private; he then went accompanied by two others, to the cottage where Leucippe was now alone, seized her and having stopped her mouth, carried her off to a lone habitation, where setting her down, he said, "Maiden, I am the bearer of great good fortune to you, and I hope that you will not forget me, in your prosperity; be under no alarm at having been carried off, no injury is intended you, it will be the means of obtaining my master for your admirer." Leucippe could not utter a word, so much was she overcome by the sense of the unexpected calamity. Sosthenes hurrying back informed Thersander of what he had done, again, extolling Leucippe's beauty to the skies; he was on the point of returning home, but inflamed by the description, and having his mind filled with such a lovely vision,[3] he determined at once to pay a visit to the maiden as the festival was still on foot, and the distance not more than half a mile. It was when on his way thither, that disguised in Melitta's dress I came directly upon him. Sosthenes was the first to recognize me; "Here comes the rake-hell himself," exclaimed he, "masquerading it, in my mistress's clothes!"

The young man, my guide, who was a little in advance hearing this, took to his heels in a fright without giving me any previous warning. I was immediately seized by the pair, and the noise made by Thersander drew together a number of the revellers, when he became louder than ever in his charges, heaping upon me all manner of abuse,[4] calling me a lecher, a cut-purse, and I know not what besides; in the end I was dragged to the public prison, thrust in, and a charge of *Crim. Con.*[5] entered against me. The disgrace of a prison and the abuse gave me little or no concern, for as my marriage with Melitta had been public, I felt confident of being able to refute the charge of adultery; all my anxiety arose from not having actually recovered my Leucippe, for the mind is naturally inclined to be a "prophet of ill,"[6] our predictions of good are seldom realized. In the present case I augured nothing favourable for Leucippe, and was a prey to fears and suspicions of every kind.

Thersander, after having had me locked up, continued on his way, and upon his arrival found Leucippe lying upon the ground and brooding over what Sosthenes had said. Grief and fear were plainly depicted upon her countenance; indeed I consider it quite a mistake to say that the mind is invisible, it may be seen distinctly reflected on the face as in a mirror; in seasons of happiness joy sparkles in the eyes; in the time of sorrow the countenance is overcast[7] and reveals the inward feelings. A light was burning in the cottage; upon hearing the door open, Leucippe raised her eyes for a moment and then cast them down again. It is in the eyes that beauty has its seat, and Thersander having caught a momentary glimpse of the beauty which (rapid as

lightning) flashed from hers, was at once on fire with love, and waited spell bound, in hopes of her raising them again; but when she continued to gaze upon the ground, he said, "Fair maiden, why waste the light of thine eyes upon the earth, why not look up and let them dart fresh light into mine?"

Upon hearing his voice, Leucippe burst into tears, and appeared even more charming than before,[8] for tears give permanency and increased expression to the eyes, either rendering them more disagreeable, or improving them if pleasing, for in that case the dark iris, fading into a lighter hue, resembles, when moistened with tears, the head of a gently-bubbling fount; the white and black growing in brilliancy from the moisture which floats over the surface, assume the mingled shades of the violet and narcissus, and the eye appears as smiling through the tears which are confined within its lids. Such was the case with Leucippe; her tears made her appear beautiful even in grief; and if after trickling down they had congealed, the world would have seen a species of amber hitherto unknown.[9] The sight of her charms, heightened as they were by her grief, inflamed Thersander; his own eyes filled with moisture. Tears naturally awaken feelings of compassion, especially a woman's tears, and the more so in proportion to the copiousness with which they fall; and when she who weeps is beautiful and he who beholds her is enamoured, he cannot avoid following her example; the magic of her charms, which is chiefly in her eyes, extends its influence to him; her beauty penetrates into his soul, her tears draw forth his own, he might dry them, but he purposely abstains from doing so, for he would fain have them attract the notice of the fair one; he even checks any motion of his eyelids, lest they should fall before the time, sympathetic

tears being the strongest proof of love. This was the case with Thersander, he shed tears partly because grief has really in it something which is infectious, partly that he might appear to sympathize with Leucippe's sorrow. "Pay her every attention which her state of mind requires," said he in an under tone to Sosthenes; "however unwillingly I will leave her for the present for fear of annoying her; when she is more composed I will pay her another visit. Maiden," added he, addressing her, "cheer up, I will soon find means to dry those tears of yours;" and whispering to Sosthenes, "remember," said he, "that you promote my suit, and come to me to-morrow morning," with which words he left the cottage.

While these things were taking place, Melitta had lost no time in sending a young man into the country, who was to bid Leucippe return without delay, as she had no longer any need of ingredients for a philtre. Upon his arrival, he found the female servants in great trouble seeking for her everywhere, he therefore at once came back and informed his mistress of what had taken place. Melitta, upon learning that Leucippe had disappeared, and that I had been committed to prison, was thrown into violent agitation: though ignorant of the whole truth her suspicions fell upon Sosthenes, and being determined to ascertain by means of Thersander where Leucippe was, she had recourse to subtlety, combining with it a show of truth. Upon Thersander coming home and shouting out, "So you have got your paramour set free and have smuggled him out of the town;—why did you not accompany him? why stop here? why not take yourself off, and see how he looks now that he is in 'durance vile?'"—"What paramour?" replied Melitta with the greatest composure. "What delusion are you labouring under?

—If you will only calm your passion and listen to me, I will very soon explain the truth; all I wish for on your part, is candour; forget any slanderous reports which you have heard, let reason take the place of anger and listen to what I have to say.—This young man is neither my paramour nor yet my husband; he is a native of Phœnicia, and belongs to one of the first families in Tyre; he was so unfortunate as to suffer shipwreck and lost everything which he possessed. Upon hearing of his misfortunes I took compassion upon him (remembering what had befallen you), and received him into my house.

"'Thersander,' said I, mentally, 'may perhaps be wandering about himself, some tender hearted female may have taken pity upon him; nay, if as report says, he has perished, I will shew kindness to all who have experienced the perils of the sea!' Many are the shipwrecked passengers to whom I have shewn hospitality, to many a corpse washed up by the waves have I here given burial; if I saw so much as a plank from a vessel borne to land, I drew it up on shore, 'for,' I said, 'it may have belonged to the ship in which Thersander sailed!' This young man was one of the last who was rescued from a watery grave, and in treating him with kindness, I was in fact honouring you. Like you, dearest, he had encountered the perils of the deep; in him therefore, I was paying regard to the impersonation of your sufferings. You have now had laid before you the motives by which I have been influenced.—I may add, that he was in great sorrow for his wife; he had believed her dead, but she was still alive, and, as he was informed, in the power of Sosthenes our bailiff. The report proved true, for upon proceeding into the country we found her there. It is in your power to

test the truth of what I say, you can bring before you both Sosthenes and the female of whom I speak; if you can convict me of falsehood, then call me an adultress." Melitta spoke, all along, as if in ignorance of Leucippe's disappearance, reserving to herself the power—should Thersander wish to ascertain the truth—of bringing forward the maid-servants who had accompanied Leucippe, and who could solemnly declare that the maiden was nowhere to be found. Her motive was to persuade Thersander of her own innocence, and it was for this purpose that she urged him to bring forward Leucippe. To give yet greater colour to her artful words, "Dearest husband," she added, "during the time that we lived together, you have never discovered any blot in my character, neither shall you do so now.[10] The report, at present raised against me, has arisen from people being ignorant of the cause which induced me to shew kindness to this young man; rumour has been busy in your case, also; for you, recollect, were reported to have perished. Now rumour and calumny are two kindred evils, and the former may be called the daughter of the latter. Calumny is sharper than any sword—more burning than any fire, more pernicious than any Siren, while rumour is more fluid than water, swifter than the wind, fleeter than any wing of bird.[11] No sooner has calumny shot forth a poisoned word than it flies like an arrow and wounds, even in his absence, him against whom it is directed; while whosoever hears this word is readily persuaded, feels his anger kindled, and turns all its violence against the victim. On the other hand, rumour the offspring of this shot, flows onward like a torrent, and floods the ears of every listener; words, like wind, speeding it on its course, and,—to use another similitude—the wings of the human tongue

bearing it aloft and enabling it to cleave the air.[12] These are the foes against whom I have to contend, they have gained the mastery over your mind, and have closed your ears against my words." Here she paused, and taking his hand endeavoured to kiss it; her plan was not without success, for Thersander became more calm, influenced by the plausibility of her speech, and finding the account given of Leucippe to harmonize with what he had heard from Sosthenes. His suspicions gave way, however, only in part, for jealousy when once it has gained entrance into the mind, is hard to be got rid of. The intelligence that the maiden was my wife annoyed him greatly, and increased his animosity towards me; and saying that he should enquire into the truth of what he had heard, he retired to rest alone.—Melitta, on her part was very much distressed at being unable to perform her promise. Meanwhile Sosthenes after the departure of Thersander (whom he had encouraged with hopes of speedy success) again went in to Leucippe, and assuming a joyful countenance, "Everything is going on satisfactorily Lacæna," said he, "Thersander is deeply enamoured of you, and very probably will make you his wife; this success is entirely owing to me, for I have extolled your beauty to the skies, and his mind sees and thinks of you alone. Dry your tears therefore, maiden, rise from the ground, sacrifice to Venus on account of your good fortune, and do not forget how much you owe to me." "May as much happiness befall you as you have just announced to me," was her reply. Sosthenes, believing that she spoke sincerely and not in irony, proceeded in a friendly tone and manner: "I will tell you moreover who Thersander is; he is the husband of Melitta whom you lately saw, his family is one of the first in Ionia,

his wealth is even greater than his birth, but it is surpassed by his kindness of disposition. I need not dwell upon his age, for you have seen that he is still young and handsome, two qualities especially acceptable to women."

Leucippe could no longer endure listening to such nonsense: "Wicked wretch!" she exclaimed, "how much longer do you mean to pollute my ears? What is Thersander to me? Let his beauty delight his wife, his riches benefit his country, and his good qualities be of service to those who need them. What matters it to me, if he be nobler in birth than Codrus, and surpass Crœsus in his wealth? For what purpose should you enumerate another man's good qualities to me? Thersander shall receive my praise, when he ceases wishing to do violence to another's wife." Upon this, changing to a serious air, "Are you jesting, maiden?" he asked. "What have I to do with jesting?" was her reply. "Leave me to my own adverse fortune and evil genius; I know full well that I have fallen into the power of villains." "You must be incurably crazed," said Sosthenes, "to talk thus. Is it like being in the power of villains, to have the offer made to you of wealth, marriage, and a luxurious life; to receive for your husband one so favoured by the gods, that they have actually snatched him from the jaws of death?" And then he gave an account of the shipwreck, magnifying Thersander's escape, and making of it a greater wonder than of Arion and his Dolphin.[13]

When he had finished his marvellous tale, and still Leucippe made no reply, "You had better consult your own interest," he resumed, "and not talk in this fashion to Thersander, lest you should provoke one who is actually amiable; for when once kindled, his

anger knows no bounds. Kindness of heart, when it meets with a due return, increases, but when slighted, it soon changes into angry feelings; and then the desire of taking vengeance is proportioned to the previous willingness of doing good." Leaving Leucippe for a time, we will now speak of some of the other characters in this tale. When Clinias and Satyrus learned from Melitta that I had been incarcerated they immediately came to the prison, desirous of sharing my captivity; the jailor, however, would not consent, but bid them at once be gone, and though sorely disappointed there was no alternative. They left me, therefore, after I had enjoined them to bring me tidings of Leucippe in the morning; and I remained alone, thinking of Melitta's promise, and racked by feelings of mingled fear and hope.

The next day Sosthenes proceeded according to his appointment to Thersander, and my friends returned to me. Thersander eagerly inquired whether any favourable impression had been made upon Leucippe; Sosthenes replied evasively, "She raises objections against receiving you, but I scarcely believe her to be sincere in what she says; I rather suspect that she fears you may desert her and expose her to shame, after once enjoying her." "Let her dismiss all such apprehensions," replied Thersander; "my feelings of love towards her are so ardent, that they will end only with my life.[14] One thing alone gives me uneasiness; I am very anxious to know for certain whether, as Melitta told me, she is the wife of the young man." Thus discoursing they came to the cottage where Leucippe was confined; when near the door they stopped and listened and could hear her speaking to herself in a mournful voice. "Alas! alas! Clitopho, you know not where I am and in what

place I am detained; neither am I acquainted with your present condition; and this mutual ignorance augments our mutual grief. Can Thersander have surprised you in his house? Can you have suffered any cruel treatment at his hands? Often have I longed to question Sosthenes about you, but I was at a loss what reason to assign; if I spoke of you as my husband, I feared that by provoking the resentment of Thersander, I might produce evil consequences to yourself; if I inquired after you as after a mere stranger, it might have been said why do women meddle with what in no way concerns them? Often has my tongue been on the point of speaking but has refused its office. Often have I ended by saying to myself, 'Dear Clitopho, faithful husband of thy Leucippe, thou who couldst share the couch of another woman, yet without enjoying her, though I, in my jealousy doubted thy fidelity, could I indeed behold thee again, after so long an interval, and yet not snatch a single kiss!' What if Thersander comes again to question me? Shall I throw off all disguise, and disclose the plain unvarnished truth? Suppose not, Thersander, that I am a sorry slave; I am daughter of the Byzantian Commandant, wife of one foremost in rank among the Tyrians. I am no Thessalian, neither am I called Lacæna. No! this is the invention of pirate violence; my very name has been stolen from me! I am in reality the wife of Clitopho, a native of Byzantium, the daughter of Sostratus and Panthea. But, alas! Thersander would give no credit to my words, or, if he did, my freedom of speech might be the cause of injury to my best beloved! What then? I will again assume the mask—and again my name shall be Lacæna!" Thersander, retiring a little from the door, said to Sosthenes, "Did you hear those words of hers, unworthy of belief,

indeed, as to their tenour, but full of the spirit of love, and breathing grief and self reproach? This adulterous rival of mine supplants me everywhere; the villain must surely be a sorcerer; Melitta loves, Leucippe doats upon him;—would that I were Clitopho!"

"You must not show a faint heart, master," replied Sosthenes; "you should go in at once and plead your suit; she loves this worthless fellow, it is true; but only because she has received addresses from no one else; you have but to insinuate yourself into her good graces, and your superior personal appearance will speedily gain the day and banish him from her heart. A new lover soon drives out the old. Women love the individual while present and remember him when absent until another is found to take, his place; then he is soon blotted from their recollection." Thersander now felt emboldened, for one readily believes words which flatter with a prospect of success; and desire, by dwelling upon its object, is sure to beget sanguine hope. After waiting a short time therefore, that he might not seem to have overheard her works, he put on what he hoped would appear an engaging air, and entered the cottage.

The sight of Leucippe inflamed his mind; she appeared more charming then ever, and her presence acted as fuel to the fire of love which had been burning in his breast all night. He with difficulty restrained himself from at once folding her in his arms, and sitting down beside her, began to talk of various unconnected trifles, as lovers are wont to do when in the company of their mistresses. At such times the soul is centred upon the object of its love, reason no longer guides their speech, and the tongue

mechanically utters words.[15] In the course of his address, he put his arm round her neck with the view of kissing her, and she aware of his intention hung down her head upon her bosom; he used all his endeavours to raise her face, and she with equal perseverance continued to conceal it the more and more; when this mutual struggle had continued for some time, Thersander, under the influence of amorous obstinacy, slipped his left hand under her chin, and seizing her hair with his right, compelled her to raise her head. When at length, he gave over, either from succeeding in his object, or failing, or from being weary of the sport, Leucippe said to him indignantly, "Your conduct is unfitting and ungentlemanly, though fit enough for the slave Sosthenes; the master and his man are worthy of each other; but spare yourself any farther trouble, you will never succeed unless you become a second Clitopho."

Distracted between anger and desire, Thersander was at a loss what to do. These passions are like two fires in the soul; they differ in nature, but resemble each other in intensity; the former urges to hatred, the latter to love; the sources also of their respective flames are near to one another, anger having its seat in the heart,[16] the liver being the abode of love.[17] When, therefore, a person is attacked by these two passions, his soul becomes the scales in which the intensity of either flame is weighed. Each tries to depress its respective scale, and love, when it obtains its object is generally successful; but should it be slighted, then it summons its neighbour, anger, to its aid, and both of them combine their flame. When once anger has gained the mastery, and has driven love from its seat, being implacable by nature, instead of assisting it to gain its end, it rules like a

tyrant, and will not allow it (however anxious) to become reconciled with its beloved. Pressed down by the weight of anger, love is no longer free, and vainly endeavours to recover its dominion, and so is compelled to hate what once it doated upon. But, again, when the tempest of anger has reached its height, and its fury has frothed away, it becomes weary from satiety, and its efforts cease; then love, armed by desire, revives, comes to the rescue, and attacks anger sleeping on his post; and calling to mind the injuries done to the beloved during its frenzy, it grieves and sues for pardon, and invites to reconciliation, and promises to make amends in future. If after this it meets with full success, then it continues to be all smiles and gentleness; but if again repulsed and scorned, then its old neighbour, anger, is once more called in, who revives his slumbering fires, and regains his former power. Thersander, so long as he was buoyed up with hopes of succeeding in his suit, had been Leucippe's humble servant; but when he found all his expectations dashed to the ground, love gave way to wrath, and he smote her upon the face. "Wretched slave!" he exclaimed, "I have heard your love-sick lamentations, and know all; instead of taking it as a compliment that I should speak to you, and regarding a kiss from your master as an honour, you must, forsooth, coquet and give yourself airs;[18] for my part, I believe you to be a strumpet, for an adulterer is your love! However, since you refuse to accept me as a lover, you shall feel my power as a master."

Leucippe meekly replied, "Use me as harshly as you please; I will submit to everything except the loss of chastity," and turning to Sosthenes, "you can bear witness to my powers of endurance; for I have received at your hands harder measure even than

this!" Ashamed at having his conduct brought to light, "This wench," said he, "deserves to be flayed with the scourge and to be put upon the rack, in order to teach her better manners towards her master."

"By all means follow his advice!" resumed Leucippe to Thersander, "he gives good counsel; do the worst which your malice can suggest;—extend my hands upon the wheel;[19] bare my back to the scourge; burn my body in the fire;[20] smite off my head with the sword; it will be a novel sight to see one weak woman contend against all your tortures, victorious against all! You brand Clitopho as an adulterer, and yet you yourself would commit adultery! Have you no reverence for your tutelary goddess Diana?[21] Would you ravish a virgin in the very city sacred to a virgin? O goddess, why do not thy shafts avenge the insult?" "You a virgin forsooth!" replied Thersander, contemptuously; "you who passed whole days and nights among the pirates! Prythee were they eunuchs, or given only to platonic love, or were they blind?"—"Ask Sosthenes," said she, "whether or not I preserved my chastity against his attempts; none of the freebooters behaved to me so brutally as you have done; it is you who deserve the name of pirate, since you feel no shame in perpetrating deeds which they abstained from[22] doing. You little think how your unblushing cruelty will redound hereafter to my praise; you may kill me in your fury, and my encomium will be this: 'Leucippe preserved her chastity despite of buccaneers, despite of Chæreas, despite of Sosthenes, and crown of all (for this would be but trifling commendation), she remained chaste despite even of Thersander, more lascivious than the most lustful pirate; and he who could not despoil her of her honour, robbed her of her life.' Again,

therefore, I say, bring into action all your engines and implements of torture, and employ the aid of Sosthenes, your right trusty counsellor. I stand before you a feeble woman, naked and alone, having but one weapon of defence, my free spirit,[23] which is proof against sword and fire and scourge. Burn me, if you will; you shall find that there be things over which even the fire is powerless!"

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[1] The allusion is to Achilles disguised in female attire among the daughters of Lycomedes. See Statius, "Achilleis."

"And now being femininely all array'd.
With some small aid from scissors, paint, and tweezers,
He looked in almost all respects a maid."—Byron.

See Herod. iv. 146, where the Minyeans escape from confinement by a similar device of their wives.

[2] τὴν ἔλαφον ἀντὶ παρθένου, a proverb alluding to Diana substituting a stag in the place of Iphigenia when on the point of being sacrificed at Aulis—

"λέγ' οὕνεκ' ἔλαφον ἀντιδοῦσα μου θεὰ
"Αρτεμις, ἔσωσε μ', ἣν ἔθυσ' ἐμὸς πατήρ."—Iph. in Taur. 783.

[3]

"Nam si abest quod ames, præsto simulacra tamen sunt
Illius."—Lucret. iv. 1055.

[4] ῥητά καὶ ἀῤῥητα βοῶν.

[5] ἔγκλημα μοιχείας ἐπιφέρων.

[6]

"Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Misgave him; he the faltering measure felt."
Milton, P. L. ii. 843.

"Τίπτε μοι τόδ' ἐμπ'έδως
δεὶμα προστατήριον
καρδίας τερασκόπου πότᾶται."—Æsch. Ag. 944.

[7] "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance; but by sorrow of the heart, the spirit is broken."—Prov. xv. 13.

[8]

"As pearls from diamonds dropt. In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it."—Shakspeare.

[9]

"Inde fluunt lacrymæ, stillataque sole rigescunt
De ramis electra novis."—Ovid. Met. ii. 864.

[10]

"And she, although her manners shew'd no rigour,
Was deem'd a woman of the strictest principle,
So much as to be thought almost invincible."—Byron.

[11]

"Fama, malum, quo non aliud velocius ullum;
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo."
Virg. Æn. iv. 174.

[12]

"Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks;
I, from the Orient to the drooping West,
Making the wind my posthorse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth;
Upon my tongues continued slanders ride:
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports."
Introduction to 2nd part of Henry IV.

[13] See Herod. i. 23, 24.

[14]

"Wax to receive and marble to retain.

He was a lover of the good old school,
Who still become more constant as they cool."—Byron.

[15]

"And on the thought my words broke forth.
All incoherent as they were."—Byron.

[16]

"Κἀμοι προσέστη καρδίας κλνδώνιον
χολῆς."—Æsch. Choe. 183.

[17]

"Quum tibi flagrans amor,
. . . . . .
Sæviet circa jecur ulcerosum."
Hor. I, Od. xxv. 13.

[18] "αλλὰ καὶ ἀκκίζῃ καὶ σχηματίζῃ πρὸς ἁπόνοιαν."

[19]

"ἐπὶ τοῦ τροχοῦ γὰρ δεῖ σ'ἐκεῖ στρεβλούμενον
εἰπεῖν ἅ πεπανούργηκας."
Aristoph. Plut. 875. See also Virg. Æn. vi. 616.

[20] The allusion is to the fire placed under the revolving wheel, by which the sufferer was slowly roasted. A reference to this species of torture will be found in ch. 50 of Tertullian's Apology.

[21] "Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there, that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great goddess Diana?"—Acts xix. 35.

[22]

"Harpers have sung and poets told,
That he, in fury uncontrolled,
The shaggy monarch of the wood
Before a virgin fair and good

Hath pacified his savage mood;
But passions in the human frame
Oft put the lion's rage to shame."—Scott.

[23]

"Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty!"—Byron.

BOOK VII.

The scornful reproaches of Leucippe stirred up a tumult of conflicting passions in Thersander's mind; he was incensed by her taunts, vexed at his ill success, and perplexed how to secure the accomplishment of his desires. Without saying another word he rushed out of the house to give vent to the storm and tempest of his soul.[1] Shortly after, having conferred with Sosthenes, he went to the jailor, and endeavoured to persuade him to administer a dose of poison to me; this, however, the jailor refused to do, his predecessor having suffered death for taking off a prisoner in this manner. Failing in this, he obtained his consent to introduce a man (who was to pass for a criminal) into my cell, under pretence of wishing to extract some secrets out of me through him. The man had been previously tutored by Thersander, and was casually to introduce Leucippe's name, and to say that she had been murdered by the contrivance of Melitta. Thersander's object in persuading me of her death was to hinder me (in case I obtained a verdict of acquittal) from instituting any further search for her recovery, and the name of Melitta was introduced in order that, after learning Leucippe's death, I might not entertain any thoughts of marrying her, and so by settling at

Ephesus might interrupt Thersander in the prosecution of his schemes, but on the contrary, might be induced to quit the city without delay, from hatred to Melitta for having contrived the death of my beloved.

As soon as this fellow came near me, he began to play his appointed part, and with a knavish groan[2] exclaimed, "Alackaday! what a miserable thing is life! There is no keeping out of trouble! It stands a man in no stead to be honest! Some cross accident is sure to overtake him! Would I could have guessed the character of my fellow traveller, and what work he had been engaged in!" This, and much more of the same sort, he said speaking to himself, craftily endeavouring to attract my attention, and to make me inquire what it was that ailed him. He did not succeed, however, for I was sufficiently taken up with my own troubles, and he went on with his groans and ejaculations. At length—for the unfortunate take pleasure in listening to another's griefs, finding in it a kind of medicine for their sorrows—one of the prisoners asked, "What trick has the jade Fortune been playing you? I suspect that, like myself, she has laid you up in limbo without deserving it." He then proceeded to tell his own story, giving an account of what had brought him into prison; and having finished, requested the other to favour him with the particulars of his own misfortune. He of course readily complied.

"I left the city yesterday," said he, "to go towards Smyrna, and had proceeded about half a mile, when I was joined by a young man out of the country. He saluted me, and after walking with me for a few minutes, inquired whither I was going. I told him, and he said that luckily his road lay in the same

direction, so that we proceeded in company, and entered into conversation. Stopping at an inn, we ordered dinner, and presently four men came in and did the same. Instead of eating, however, they continued watching us, and making signs to one another. I plainly enough saw that we were the objects of their notice, but was wholly at a loss to understand the meaning of their gestures. My companion gradually turned very pale, left off eating, and at last began to tremble all over. Instantly they sprang up, seized, and bound us; one of them also dealt him a violent blow upon the face; upon which, as if he had been already on the rack, and even without a question being asked him he cried out, 'I admit having killed the girl! Melitta, Thersander's wife, hired me to do the deed, and gave me a hundred gold pieces for my trouble; here they are every one—take them for yourselves; and for heaven's sake let me off!'"

Upon hearing these names I started as if stung, and turning to him, "Who is Melitta?" I asked.—"She is a lady of the first rank in this city," was his reply. "She took a fancy to a young man, said to be a native of Tyre; he found a favourite wench of his (whom he had given up for lost), among the number of Melitta's slaves, and she, moved by jealousy, had the girl seized by the fellow whom ill luck made my fellow-traveller, and he, in obedience to Melitta's orders, has made away with her.—But to return to my own story. I, who had never seen the man before, nor had dealings with him of any kind, was dragged along with him, bound, as an accomplice in his crime; but what is harder than all, they had not gone far, before, for the sake of his hundred pieces, they let him go, but kept me in custody and carried me before the judge."

Upon hearing this chapter of accidents, I neither uttered a sound nor shed a tear, for both voice and tears refused their office, but a general trembling seized me, my heart sunk within me, and I felt as at the point of death. After a time, recovering in some degree from the stupor which his words had caused, "How did the ruffian despatch her?" I asked, "and what has become of her body?" But having now performed the business for which he was employed, by stimulating my curiosity, he became obstinately silent, and I could extract nothing more from him. In answer to my repeated questions, "Do you think," said he, at length, "that I had a hand in the murder? The man told me he had killed her; he said nothing of the place and manner of her death." Tears now came to my relief, and I gave full vent to my sorrow. It is with mental wounds as with bodily hurts; when one has been stricken in body some time elapses before the livid bruise, the result of the blow is seen; and so also any one who has been pierced by the sharp tusk of a boar, looks for the wound, but without immediately discovering it, owing to its being deeply seated; but presently a white line is perceived, the precursor of the blood, which speedily begins to flow; in like manner, no sooner have bitter tidings been announced, than they pierce the soul, but the suddenness of the stroke prevents the wound from being visible at once, and the tooth of sorrow must for some space have gnawed the heart ere a vent is found for tears, which are to the mind what blood is to the body.

It was thus with me; the arrows of grief inflicted an instant wound, but their result was imperceptible until the soul had leisure to vent itself in tears and lamentations. Then, indeed, I exclaimed, "What evil genius has deluded me with this brief gleam of joy,

and has shewn me my Leucippe only to lay a foundation for fresh calamities? All that has been allowed me was to see her, and I have not been permitted to satiate even the sense of sight! My pleasure has, indeed, been like the baseless fabric of a dream. O my Leucippe, how often hast thou been lost to me? Am I never to cease from tears and lamentations? Is one death perpetually to succeed another? On former occasions Fortune has been merely jesting with me, but now she is in earnest! In those former imaginary deaths of thine, some consolation, at least, was afforded me, for thy body, wholly or in part, was left at my disposal! But now thou art snatched away both in soul and body! Twice hast thou escaped the pirates, but Melitta, more foul than any pirate, has had thee done to death. And I, impious and unholy that I am, have actually kissed thy murderess, have been enfolded in her accursed embrace, and she has anticipated thee in receiving from me the offerings of Love!" While thus plunged in grief, Clinias came to visit me. I related every particular to him, and declared my determination of putting an end to my existence. He did all in his power to console me. "Consider," he said, "how often she has died and come to life again; who knows but what she may do the same on this occasion also? Why be in such haste to kill yourself? You will have abundant leisure when the tidings of her death have been positively confirmed."

"This is mere trifling," I replied; "there is small need of confirmation; my resolve is fixed, and I have decided upon a manner of death which will not permit even the hated Melitta to escape unscathed. Listen to my plan:—In case of being summoned into court[3] it was my intention to plead not guilty. I have now changed my determination, and shall

plead guilty, confessing the intrigue between Melitta and myself, and saying that we mutually planned Leucippe's death; by this means she will suffer the punishment which is her due, and I shall quit this life which I so much detest."—"Talk not thus," replied he; "can you endure to die under the base imputation of being a murderer, and, what is more, the murderer of Leucippe?"—"Nothing is base," replied I, "by which we can wreak vengeance upon our enemies."[4] While we were engaged in argument, the fellow who had communicated the tidings of the fictitious maiden was removed, upon pretence of being taken before the magistrate to undergo an examination. Clinias and Satyrus exerted themselves, but ineffectually, in order to persuade me to alter my resolution; and on the same day they removed into lodgings, so as to be no longer under the roof of Melitta's foster-brother. The following day the case came on; Thersander had a great muster[5] of friends and partisans, and had engaged ten advocates; and Melitta had been equally on the alert in preparing for her defence. When the counsel on either side had finished speaking, I asked leave to address the court, and said, "All those who have been exerting their eloquence, either for Thersander or for Melitta, have been giving utterance to sheer nonsense; I will reveal the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I was once passionately in love with a female of Byzantium named Leucippe; she was carried off by pirates, and I had reason to believe that she was dead. Meeting with Melitta in Egypt, we formed a connexion, and after some time we travelled together to this city, and Leucippe, whom I just now mentioned, was found working as a slave upon Thersander's estate, under his bailiff, Sosthenes. By what means he obtained possession of a free-born female, and what

were his dealings with the pirates I leave it to you to guess.

"Melitta, finding that I had recovered my former mistress, became apprehensive of her regaining her influence over my affections, and contrived a plan for putting her to death. I entered into her schemes, —for what avails it to conceal the truth?—having received a promise that she would settle all her property upon me; a man was found, who, for the reward of a hundred gold pieces, undertook the business. When the deed was done, he fled, and is now somewhere in concealment. As for myself, Love was not long in taking vengeance upon my cruelty. No sooner did I hear of the murder being perpetrated, than I bitterly repented of what had taken place, and all my former fondness revived. For this reason I have determined to turn evidence against myself, in order that you may send me whither she is gone to whom I am still so deeply attached. Life is intolerable to one who, in addition to being a murderer, loves her of whose death he has been the cause."

Every one in court was utterly astounded at the unexpected tenour of my speech, especially Melitta. The advocates of Thersander already claimed a triumph,[6] while those engaged in Melitta's behalf anxiously questioned her as to the truth of what I had said. She was in great confusion; denied some points, virtually admitted others, confessed to having known Leucippe, and indeed confirmed most of what I had said, with the exception of the murder. This general agreement on her part with the facts advanced by me, created a suspicion against her, even in the minds of her own counsel, and they were at a loss what line of defence to adopt on her behalf.

At this critical juncture, while the court was being a scene of great clamour, Clinias came forward and requested to be heard, for "Remember," said he, "a man's life is now in jeopardy." Obtaining permission to speak, "Men of Ephesus!" he began, (his eyes filling with tears,) "do not precipitately condemn to die one who eagerly longs for death, the natural refuge of the unfortunate. He has been calumniating himself, and has taken upon him the guilt of others. Let me briefly acquaint you with what has befallen him. What he has said respecting his mistress, her being carried off by pirates, about Sosthenes, and other circumstances which happened before the pretended murder, are strictly true. The young woman has undoubtedly disappeared; but whether she is still alive, or has been made away with, it is impossible to say; one thing is certain, that Sosthenes conceived a passion for her, that he used her cruelly for not consenting to his desires, and that he was leagued with pirates. My friend believing her to be murdered, is disgusted with life, and has, therefore invented this charge against himself; he has already confessed with his own mouth that he is anxious to die owing to grief at the loss which he has sustained. Consider, I pray you, whether it is likely that one who is really a murderer would be so desirous of dying with his victim, and would feel life so insupportable. When do we ever find murderers so tender-hearted, and hatred so compassionate? In the name of the gods, therefore, do not believe his words; do not condemn to death a man who is much more deserving of commiseration than of punishment. If, as he says, he really planned this murder, let him bring forward the hired assassin; let him declare what has become of the body. If neither the one nor the other can be produced, how can any

belief be attached to such a murder? 'I was in love with Melitta,' he says, 'and therefore I caused Leucippe to be killed!' How comes he to implicate Melitta, the object of his affection, and to be so desirous of dying for Leucippe, whose death he compassed? Is it usual for persons to hate the object of their love, and to love the object of their hatred? Is it not much more probable that in such circumstances he would have denied the crime (even had it been brought home to him) in order to save his mistress, instead of throwing away his own life afterwards, owing to a vain regret for her loss? What can possibly, therefore, be his motive for charging Melitta with a crime of which she is not guilty? I will tell you, and in so doing do not suppose that I have any desire of inculpating this lady,—my sole wish is to make you acquainted with the real truth.

"Before this sea-faring husband of hers came to life again so suddenly, Melitta took a violent fancy to this young man, and proposed marriage to him; he on his part was not at all disposed to comply with her wishes, and his repugnance became yet greater when he discovered that his mistress, whom he had imagined dead, was in slavery, under the power of Sosthenes. Until aware who she was, Melitta, taking pity upon her, had caused her to be set at liberty, had received her into her own house, and treated her with the consideration due to a gentlewoman in distress; but after becoming acquainted with her story, she was sent back into the country, and she has not been heard from since. The truth of what I say can be attested by Melitta herself and the two maids in whose company she was sent away. This was one thing which excited suspicions in my friend's mind that Leucippe had been foully dealt with through her rival's jealousy; a circumstance which

took place after he was in prison confirmed these suspicions, and has had the effect of exasperating him not only against Melitta but against himself. One of the prisoners, in the course of lamenting his own troubles, mentioned that he had unwittingly fallen into the company of a man who had committed murder for the sake of gold; the victim was named Leucippe, and the crime, he said, had been committed at the instigation of Melitta. Of course I cannot say whether this be true or not, it is for you to institute inquiries. You can produce the prisoner who made mention of the hired assassin; Sosthenes, who can declare from whom he purchased Leucippe, and the maids, who can explain her disappearance. Before you have thoroughly investigated each of these particulars, it is contrary to all law, whether human or divine, to pass sentence upon this unfortunate young man, on the bare evidence of his frenzied words, for there can be no doubt that the violence of his grief has affected his intellect."

The arguments of Clinias appeared just and reasonable to many of those present, but Thersander's counsel, together with his friends, called out that sentence of death ought to be pronounced without delay upon the murderer who, by the providence of the gods, had been made his own accuser. Melitta brought forward her maids, and required Thersander to produce Sosthenes, who might probably turn out to be the murderer. This was the challenge[7] mainly insisted upon by her counsel. Thersander, in great alarm, secretly despatched one of his dependants into the country, with orders to Sostratus to get out of the way at once, before the arrival of those who were about to be sent after him.

Mounting a horse without delay, the messenger rode full speed to inform the bailiff of the danger he ran of being put to the torture, if taken. Sosthenes was at that moment with Leucippe, doing his best to soothe her irritated feelings. Hearing himself summoned in a loud voice, he came out of the cottage; and, upon learning the state of matters, overcome with fear, and thinking the officers were already at his heels, he got upon the horse, and rode off towards Smyrna; after which the messenger returned to his master. It is a true saying that fear drives away the power of recollection, for Sosthenes in his alarm for his own safety was so forgetful of everything else, that he neglected to secure the door of Leucippe's cottage. Indeed slaves, generally speaking, when frightened, run into the very excess of cowardice. Melitta's advocates having given the above-mentioned challenge, Thersander came forward and said, "We have now surely had quite enough of this man's silly stories; and I cannot but feel surprised at your want of sense, who, after convicting a murderer upon the strongest possible evidence, his own admission of his guilt, do not at once pass sentence of death upon him; whereas, instead of doing this, you suffer yourselves to be imposed upon by his plausible words and tears. For my part I believe him actuated by personal fears, and to be an accomplice in the murder; nor can I see what possible need there can be for having recourse to the rack in a matter so clear already. Nay, more, I fully believe him to have had a hand in another murder; for three days have now elapsed since I saw Sosthenes, the man whom they call upon me to bring forward; it is not at all improbable that this is owing to their contrivance, since it was he who informed me of the act of adultery which has taken place, and having put him

to death, they now craftily call upon me to produce the man, knowing it to be out of my power to do so. But even supposing he were alive and present, what difference could it make? What questions would he put to him? 'Did he ever purchase a certain female?'—'Yes.' 'Was this female in the power of Melitta?'—'Yes.' Here would be an end of the examination, and Sosthenes would be dismissed. Let me now, however, address myself to Clitopho and Melitta.

"What have you done, I ask, with my slave?—for a slave of mine she assuredly was, having been purchased by Sosthenes, and were she still alive, instead of having been murdered by them, my slave she would still be." Thersander said this from mingled malice and cunning, in order that if Leucippe should turn out to be still alive, he might detain her in a state of servitude. He then continued: —"Clitopho confessed that he killed her, he has therefore pronounced judgment upon himself. Melitta, on the other hand, denies the crime—her maids may be brought forward and tortured in order to refute what she says. If it should appear that they received the young woman from her, but have not brought her back again, the question will arise, What has become of her? Why was she sent away? And to whom was she sent? Is it not self-evident that some persons had been hired to commit the murder, and that the maids were kept in ignorance of this, lest a number of witnesses might render discovery more probable? No doubt they left her at some spot where a gang of ruffians were lying in concealment, so that it was out of their power to witness what took place. He has also trumped up some story about a prisoner who made mention of the murder. I should like to know who this prisoner is, who has not said a word

on the subject to the chief magistrate, but has communicated, it seems, every particular to him, except the name of his informer. Again, I ask, will you not make an end of listening to such foolery, and taking any interest in such transparent absurdities? Can you imagine that he would have turned a self-accuser without the intervention of the deity?" Thersander, after speaking to this effect, concluded by solemnly swearing that he was ignorant what had become of Sosthenes.

The presiding judge, who was of royal extraction,[8] and who took cognizance of cases of blood, had, in accordance with the law, a certain number of assessors,[9] men of mature age, whose province it was to assist him in judicial investigations. After conferring with them, he determined to pronounce sentence of death upon me, agreeably to a law which awarded capital punishment to any one standing convicted upon his own accusation. Melitta was to have a second trial, and her maids were to be examined by torture, Thersander was to register his oath, declaratory of his ignorance as to Sosthenes. I, as already condemned to death, was to be tortured in order to make me confess whether Melitta was privy to the murder. Already was I bound, stripped, and suspended aloft by ropes, while some were bringing scourges, others the fire and the wheel, and Clinias was lamenting loudly, and calling upon the gods, when lo! the priest of Diana crowned with laurel, was beheld approaching: the sign of a sacred embassy coming to offer sacrifices to the goddess. In such cases there is suspension[10] of all judicial punishments during the days occupied in the performance of the sacrifice, and in consequence of this I was released. The chief of the sacred embassy was no other than Leucippe's father. Diana had

appeared to the Byzantians, and had secured them victory in the war against the Thracians, in consequence of which they felt bound to send her a sacrifice in token of their gratitude. In addition to this, the goddess had appeared to Sostratus himself at night, signifying to him that he would find his daughter and his nephew at Ephesus. Just about this time, Leucippe perceived the door of the cottage to be left open; and as, after a careful examination, Sosthenes was nowhere to be seen, her usual presence of mind and sanguine hopes returned. She remembered how often, contrary to all expectation, she had been preserved, and the thought of this gave her increased boldness. Fortune moreover favoured her, since the temple of Diana was near the spot. Accordingly, hurrying thither, she sought refuge within its precincts. The temple afforded sanctuary to men and virgins,—any other woman incurred death by entering it, unless she happened to be a slave who had some cause of complaint against her master; in which case she was permitted to take refuge there, and the matter was submitted to the decision of the magistrates; supposing the master was acquitted, he took back his slave, being bound by oath to bear her no ill will on account of her having run away; but if, on the contrary, the slave was proved to have justice on her side, she remained in the temple, and was employed in the service of the goddess. Leucippe arrived at the temple just at the time when Sostratus was conducting the priest to the scene of the trial, in order to suspend the proceedings, and was very near encountering her father.

When I was set free, the court broke up, and I was surrounded by a concourse of people, some pitying me, some calling upon the gods in my behalf, others

questioning me. Sostratus, coming by at the time, no sooner saw than he recognized me; for, as I before mentioned, he had formerly been at Tyre upon the occasion of a festival of Hercules, and had passed a considerable time there before the period of our flight. He at once knew me, and the more readily because his dream had led him to expect that he should find me and his daughter there. Coming up to me, therefore, "Do I see Clitopho?" said he; "and where is Leucippe?" Instantly recognizing him, I cast my eyes to the ground and remained silent, while the bystanders related to him every particular relative to my self-accusation. He no sooner heard what they had to say than with an ejaculation of bitter grief, and smiting his head he made a rush at me, and was very near pulling out my eyes, for I remained altogether passive and offered no resistance to his violence. At length Clinias coming forward, checked his fury, and endeavoured to pacify him. "What are you about?" said he: "why are you venting your wrath against him; he loves Leucippe more dearly than you do, for he has courted death from belief that she was no longer in existence;" and he added a great deal more in order to calm his irritation. He, on the other hand, continued to vent his grief, and to call upon Diana. "Is it for this that thou hast summoned me hither, O goddess? Is this the fulfilment of my vision? I gave credence to the dreams which thou didst send, and flattered myself that I should find my daughter! In lieu of which thou offerest me, forsooth, a welcome present,—my daughter's murderer!" Hearing of the vision sent by Diana, Clinias was overjoyed. "Take courage, sir," he said; "the goddess will not belie herself! Rest assured your daughter is alive; believe me, I am prophesying truth; do you not remark how wonderfully she has

rescued your nephew from the clutches of his torturers?"

While this was going on, one of the ministers of the goddess came hurriedly to the priest, and announced that a foreign maiden had taken refuge in the temple.[11] This intelligence, given in my hearing, inspired me with new life; my hopes revived, and I summoned courage to look up. "My prediction is being fulfilled, sir," said Clinias, addressing Sostratus; and then turning to the messenger he inquired, "Is the maiden handsome?"—"She is second in beauty only to Diana herself," was the reply.

At these words I leaped for joy, and exclaimed, "It must be Leucippe!"—"You are right in your conjecture," said he; "this was the very name she gave; saying likewise that she was the daughter of one Sostratus, and a native of Byzantium." Clinias now clapped his hands and shouted with delight, while Sostratus, overcome by his emotions, was ready to sink upon the ground. For my part, in spite of my fetters, I made a bound into the air, and then shot away towards the temple, like an arrow from a bow. The keepers pursued me, supposing that I was trying to escape, and bawled out to every one "Stop him! stop him!" At that moment, however, I seemed to have wings upon my heels, and it was with much difficulty that some persons at length caught hold of me in my mad career. The keepers upon coming up were disposed to use violence, to which, however, I was no longer inclined to submit; nevertheless they persisted in dragging me towards the prison. By this time Clinias and Sostratus had arrived at the spot; and the former called out, "Whither are you taking this man?—he is not guilty of the murder for which he has been condemned!" Sostratus spoke to the

same effect, and added that he was father to the maiden supposed to have been murdered. The bystanders, learning the circumstances which had taken place, were loud in their praises of Diana, and surrounding me would not permit me to be taken to prison; on the other hand, the keepers declared that they had no authority to set a prisoner at liberty who had been condemned to death. In the end, the priest, at the urgent entreaty of Sostratus, agreed to become bail, and to produce me in court whenever it should be required. Then at length freed from my fetters, I hurried on towards the temple, followed by Sostratus, whose feelings of joy could hardly, I think, equal my own.

Rumour,[12] who outstrips the swiftest of men, had already reached Leucippe, and informed her of all particulars respecting me and Sostratus. Upon catching sight of us she darted out of the temple, and threw her arms around her father, but at the same time her looks were turned on me; the presence of Sostratus restrained me from embracing her, though I gazed intently upon her face; and thus our greetings were confined to eyes.

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[1]

"And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along;
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose."—Scott.

[2] ἀνοιμώξας πάνυ κακούργως.

[3] εἰ κληρωθείη τὸ δικαστήριον.

[4] χρὴ δὲ πᾶν ἔρδοντα μανρῶσαι τὸν ἐχθρόν.

"Dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirit?"

Æn. ii. 390.

[5] παρασκιύη; see the opening of the oration of Æschines against Ctesiphon.

[6] ἀνεβόησαν ἐπινίκιον.

[7] πρόκλησιν, a formal challenge proposed by a party to his opponent that the decision of a disputed point should be determined by the evidence of a third party. One of the most common was the demand or offer to examine by torture a slave supposed to be cognizant of the matter in dispute.—See Dict. of Grk. and Roman Antiq.

[8] The events of this romance are supposed to take place when Asia was still subject to the Persian Empire, but Tatius borrows his judicial forms from those in use among the Greeks. He describes the προέδρος to be of *royal extraction*, probably because cases of blood were tried before that archon, who was styled βασιλεύς. —Jacobs.

[9] Each of the three superior archons was at liberty to have two assessors (πάρεδροι) chosen by himself, to assist him by advice and otherwise in the performance of his various duties.—Dict. of Grk. and Rom. Antiq.

[10] During the absence of the sacred vessel (θεωρίς) on its mission to Delos, the city of Athens was purified, and no criminal was allowed to be executed.

[11] See a very full description of the magnificent temple of Diana in Anthon's "Lemprière."

[12] "Nec tamen Fama volucris, pigrâ pennarum tarditate cessaverat; sed protinus in patriâ, Deæ providentia adorabile beneficium, meamque ipsius fortunam memorabilem, narraverat passim."—Apul. Met. xi.

BOOK VIII.

Just as we were sitting down and beginning to converse upon the various events which had taken place, Thersander, accompanied by several witnesses, arrived in a great bustle, and addressing himself to the priest in a loud voice said, "I warn you, in the presence of these witnesses, that you have acted illegally in setting at liberty a prisoner condemned to death; besides which, what right have you to detain my slave, a lewd woman, who is insatiable in her appetite for men?" Exasperated by this language, and not enduring to hear her called a slave and accused of lewdness, I interrupted him, "You are trebly a slave[1] yourself, and the rankest lecher who ever existed, where as she is free born, and pure and worthy of her guardian goddess!"—"Dare you vent your insolence on me, convicted felon that you are?" exclaimed he, accompanying his words with a couple of blows, which, given with all his might, caused the blood to flow from my nose in streams; in his haste to deal me a third, he struck me on the mouth, and my teeth inflicting a severe wound upon his fingers avenged the insult offered to my nostrils. Uttering a cry of pain, he drew back his hand, and did not offer any further violence; while, pretending not to notice that he was hurt, I filled the temple with outcries at the usage which I had received. "Whither," I exclaimed, "shall we henceforth flee to escape the hands of violence? Where shall we seek sanctuary, if Diana is despised? Lo! I have been attacked in the very temple, and struck in front of the holy curtain! [2] I had supposed that such acts could take place only in some howling wilderness, with no human

witness to behold them; but you—abandoned wretch that you are!—exercise your brutality in the very presence of the gods! Temples are wont to afford an asylum, even to the guilty; but I, who am wholly innocent and a suppliant of the goddess, have suffered violence before the altar,—nay, before the eyes of the goddess! The blows inflicted on me have virtually fallen upon Diana herself! Nor has your drunken fury been content with blows, you have even dealt wounds, such as one receives in battle, and you have defiled the sacred pavement with human blood! Who ever poured out such drink offerings to the Ephesian goddess? Barbarians do so, and so do the Tauri, and blood is sprinkled upon the altars of the Scythian Diana;[3] but you have made a savage Scythia of the polished Ionia, and the gore fit only for Tauris is seen to flow at Ephesus! Why not proceed yet farther, and draw your sword against me? Though what need is there of swords, the work of a weapon has already been accomplished by your naked hand! Yes! your blood-stained and homicidal hand has done deeds fit only for a scene of murder!"

Attracted by my outcries, a crowd of those who were in the temple flocked together, who rated him soundly for his conduct, and the priest himself said, "Are you not ashamed to exhibit such behaviour openly and in the temple?" Encouraged by their presence, "Men of Ephesus!" I said, "you see how foully I have been treated. Yes! I, a free man and a native of no mean city, have had a plot contrived against my life by this wicked man, and have been preserved only by the intervention of Diana, who has brought to light the falsehood of the charge against me. It behoves me now to go forth in order to cleanse my face; I may not do so within the temple, lest the holy water should be defiled by the blood of

violence." Thersander was with difficulty forced out, and muttered to himself as he departed: "Your fate is already sealed, and ere long the law shall have its due; as for this strumpet who would fain pass for a virgin, she shall undergo the ordeal of the syrinx." When at last we were rid of him, I went out and cleansed my face; it was now supper-time, and the priest entertained us very hospitably.

I could not summon up courage to look Sostratus in the face, from a recollection of what had been my conduct towards him, and he perceiving this, and guessing my feelings, was equally unwilling to look towards me; Leucippe also sat with downcast eyes, so that the supper was altogether a very solemn affair. When however the wine circulated, and reserve began to disappear under the influence of Bacchus, patron of freedom and ease,[4] the priest, addressing Sostratus, said, "My worthy guest, will you not favour us with your own history?—it must, I imagine, contain some interesting passages, and the listening to such subjects adds zest to the wine." Sostratus readily availed himself of the opportunity to speak, and replied, "My own story is a very simple one; you are already acquainted with my name and country, and when I have added that I am uncle to this young man and father to the maiden, you have heard all.—Do you, son Clitopho, (turning to me) lay aside all bashfulness and relate whatever you have to say worth hearing; the grief and vexation which I have endured is to be attributed to Fortune not to you; besides, to tell of past troubles when one has escaped from them, is a source of pleasure rather than of grief."[5]

Upon this, I detailed all the events which had occurred since leaving Tyre—the voyage, the

shipwreck, our being cast upon the coast of Egypt, our falling among the buccaneers, the carrying off of Leucippe, the adventures of the false stomach contrived by Menelaus, the passion conceived for her by the commander, the discovery of the love potion by Chæreas, Leucippe's second rape by corsairs, and the wound received by me of which I exhibited the scar. When I approached the subject of Melitta, I related the story in such a manner as to give an exalted idea of my own continence, yet without being guilty of any falsehood. I spoke of her violent passion for me, her urgent but unsuccessful entreaties to obtain its gratification, her munificent promises, her grief at being disappointed, our subsequent voyage to Ephesus, the supper, my sharing her bed, and (invoking at the same time Diana's name) my rising from her side as pure as one female would from another, my being seized and put in prison, my false accusation of myself; this and every other matter I detailed down to the appearance of the Sacred Embassy, suppressing only the disgrace of my connexion with Melitta.[5]

"Leucippe's adventures," said I, in continuation, "are stranger even than mine. She has been sold to slavery, has been compelled to labour in the field, has been despoiled of the honours of her head,[6] of which you can see the tokens;" and then passing on to the conduct of Sosthenes and Thersander, I entered much more into detail than I had done, when speaking of myself. My object in doing this, was to gratify Leucippe, in the hearing of her father. "She has endured every ill in her person," said I, "excepting one, and to avoid that one, she has submitted to all the others; and has continued, to this day, father (addressing Sostratus), pure as when first you sent her from Byzantium. It is no merit in me to

have abstained from consummating the object for which we fled; the merit is entirely on her side for having preserved inviolate her chastity in the midst of villains, nay, against that arch villain, the shameless and violent Thersander. Our flight from home was caused by mutual love; but I can assure you, father, that during the voyage we were quite platonic, our intercourse was no other than that of a brother and a sister; and if there be such a thing as virginity in men, I am still a virgin as regards Leucippe; she, long since bound herself by a vow to Diana.[7]

"Queen of love," ejaculated I, "be not wroth nor deem thyself to have been slighted by us! we were but unwilling to celebrate our nuptials in the absence of the maiden's father; he has now happily arrived; be thou present therefore, and smile propitiously upon us." The priest had listened open-mouthed to my story, and Sostratus had been shedding tears during the recital of his daughter's sufferings. "Now that you have heard the account of our adventures," said I to our host, "I have a favour to ask of you. What did Thersander's parting words refer to, when he made mention of the syrinx?"—"You have a right to make the inquiry," replied he; "and I am both able and willing to comply with your request. It will be some return for the narrative with which you have just favoured us. You see the grove in the rear of the temple; in it is a cave, entrance into which is forbidden to women in general, but is permitted to maidens who have preserved their purity. A little within the doors a syrinx is suspended; perhaps you Byzantians are already acquainted with the nature of this instrument; should it be otherwise, I will give you a description of it, and will likewise relate the legend of Pan, with which it is connected.

"The syrinx is composed of a certain number of reed pipes, which collectively produce the same sounds as a flute; these reeds are placed in regular order and mutually compacted, presenting the same appearance on either side; beginning from the shortest, they ascend in gradation to the longest, and the central one holds a medium proportion between the two extremities. The principle of this arrangement arises from the laws of harmony, the two extremes of sound (as well as of length) are found at either end, and the intervening pipes convey downwards a gradation of notes so as to combine the first and shrillest with the last and deepest of all. The same variety of sounds, (as before observed) are produced by Minerva's flute[8] as by the syrinx of Pan; but in the former case, the fingers direct the notes, in the latter, the mouth supplies the place; in the one case, the performer closes every opening except the one through which the breath is intended to proceed; in the other case, he leaves open the aperture of every other reed, and places his mouth upon that one only which he wishes to emit a sound; his lips leap (as we may say) from reed to reed and dance[9] along the syrinx; as the laws of harmony require.[10] Now, this syrinx was originally neither pipe nor reed, but a damsel[11] whose charms made her most desirable. Smitten by love, Pan pursued her, and she fled for refuge to a thicket; the god still closely following her, stretched forth his hand to seize as he supposed her hair, but lo! instead of hair, he grasped a bunch of reeds, which, so the legend says, sprang from the earth as she descended into it. Enraged at his disappointment, Pan cut them down, imagining that they had stolen from him the object of his love; but when his search after her still proved unavailing, he supposed the maiden to have

been changed into these reeds, and wept at his hasty act, thinking that in so doing he had caused the death of his beloved. He then proceeded to collect and place together what he imagined to be her limbs, and holding them in his hands, continued to kiss what fancy pictured to be the mangled remains of the maiden's body. Deeply sighing as he imprinted kisses on the reeds, his sighs found a passage through these hollow pipes, forming sounds of music, and thus the syrinx came to have a voice. This instrument Pan suspended within the cave, and he is said often to resort hither in order to play upon it. At a period subsequent to the event of which I am speaking, he conveyed the place as a gift to Diana, upon the condition that none save a spotless maiden should be allowed to enter it. Whenever therefore the virginity of any female comes into suspicion, she is conducted to the entrance of this cavern, and it is left to the syrinx to pronounce judgment upon her. She enters in her usual dress, and immediately the doors are closed. If she proves to be a virgin, a sweetly clear and divinely ravishing sound is heard, caused either by the air which is there stored up, finding its way into the syrinx,[12] or by the lips of the god himself. After a short space, the doors open of their own accord, and the maiden makes her appearance, wearing a crown of pine leaves. If, on the other hand, the female has falsely asserted her claim to virginity, the syrinx is silent, and instead of music, the cave sends forth a doleful sound, upon which those who attended her to the entrance depart and leave her to her fate. Three days after, the priestess of the temple enters, and finds the syrinx fallen to the ground, but the female is no where to be seen. I have now told you everything, and it is for you maturely to deliberate upon what course you intend

pursuing. If, as I sincerely hope, the maiden is a virgin, you may fearlessly submit to the ordeal, for the syrinx has never falsified its character. Should the case be otherwise, it is needless to suggest what is the safer course; and you well know, what a female, exposed as she has been to various perils, may have been compelled to submit to, quite against her will."

Eagerly interrupting the priest, Leucippe said, "You need be under no alarm on my account, I am quite ready to enter, and be shut up within the cave."—"I rejoice to hear you say so," replied he, "and I congratulate you on the good fortune which has preserved your virtue." As it was near evening we retired to the chambers prepared for us by the priest; Clinias had not supped with us from fear of being burdensome to our kind host, but had returned to his former lodgings. The legend of the syrinx caused Sostratus much uneasiness, as he evidently feared, that out of regard to him, we had been advancing undue claims to chastity; perceiving this, I made a sign to Leucippe to remove as best she could, the suspicions of her father. His anxiety had not escaped her observation, and even before receiving a hint from me, she had been devising how to set his mind at rest. Upon embracing him, therefore, as he retired to rest, "Father," she said, in a low voice, "you need be under no apprehension; I solemnly swear to you by Diana, that both of us have spoken nothing but the truth." The following day, Sostratus and the priest were occupied in performing the object of the sacred embassy, by offering the victims; the members of the Senate were present at the solemnity, and hymns of praise resounded in honour of the goddess. Thersander also was there, and coming to the president he desired to have his case postponed to

the next day, as the condemned criminal had been set at liberty by some meddling persons, and Sosthenes could no where be found. His request was complied with, and we on our part, made every preparation for meeting the charge which was to be brought against us. When the morning of trial arrived, Thersander spoke as follows:—"I am utterly at a loss how to begin, and against whom first to direct my charges; the offence which has given rise to this trial involves various others equal in importance, and implicates several parties, and each of their offences might supply matter for a separate trial; my words must almost unavoidably fail in doing justice to each division of the subject, and in my eagerness to hasten to some point hitherto untouched, I must necessarily deal imperfectly with that upon which I am engaged. How indeed can it be otherwise in a case like this, wherein is mixed up adultery, impiety, bloodshed and lawless excesses of every kind! Where adulterers are found murdering other people's slaves, murderers corrupting other people's wives, whoremongers and harlots interrupting and disgracing with their presence holy solemnities and the most sacred places? Nevertheless I will proceed. You condemned a criminal to death—on account of what cause, it matters not—you sent him back in chains to prison, there to be kept until the execution of the sentence; yet this man who is virtually your prisoner, now stands before you at liberty and attired in white; aye, and no doubt will venture to raise his voice in order to declaim against me—or rather, I should say, against you and against the justice of your verdict. I demand to have the sentence of the Court read aloud.—There, you have now heard it. 'The sentence of the Court is that Clitopho be put to death.'—Where then is the

executioner? Let the prisoner be led away, let the hemlock[13] be administered—he is already dead in law, and has lived a day too long. And now, what excuse have you to plead, holy and reverend priest? In which of the sacred laws do you find it laid down that prisoners, duly condemned by a sentence of the court, and delivered up to chains and death, are to be rescued and set at liberty? On what grounds do you arrogate to yourself a power superior to that of the judges and the Court? President! it is time for you to quit your chair and to abdicate to him your place and power! Your authority is gone, your decrees are good for nought! He takes upon himself to reverse the sentence you have passed.—Why any longer stand among us, sir Priest, as a mere private individual? By all means go up higher, take your place upon the bench; issue henceforth your judgments, or if it please you better, your arbitrary and tyrannical decrees; spurn law and justice under your feet; believe that you are more than man; claim for yourself worship next after Diana, since you have already arrogated her peculiar privilege. Hitherto she alone has afforded sanctuary to suppliants, but to suppliants, be it remembered, whom the law has not yet condemned;—not those to whom chains and death have been decreed, for the altar should be a refuge not to the wicked but to the unfortunate! You, forsooth, liberate a prisoner; you acquit a condemned criminal! You therefore arrogate a power superior to that of Diana's self! Who, until now, ever heard of a murderer and adulterer inhabiting the chamber of a temple, instead of the dungeon of a prison? A foul adulterer under the same roof with a virgin goddess, and having for his partner a shameless woman, a slave and runaway! You it is who have entertained the worthy pair at bed and

board; nay, probably have shared her bed. You have converted the temple of the goddess into a common brothel. You have made her sanctuary, a den of whoremongers and harlots; your doings would hardly find a parallel in the vilest stew! So far as regards these two I have now done, one will I trust meet with his just deserts, let the sentence of the law be put in force against the other.

"My second charge is against Melitta for adultery; and here I need not speak at any length, as it has already been decided that her maids shall be submitted to the torture, in order to ascertain the truth. I demand, therefore, to have them produced; and if, after undergoing the question, they persist in denying their knowledge that the accused has for a considerable time cohabited with her in my house, not only in the character of paramour but of husband, then I am bound freely to acquit her of all blame. But should the contrary be proved, then I claim that in accordance with the laws she be deprived of her marriage portion, and that it be given up to me,[14] in which case the prisoner must suffer death, the punishment awarded to adulterers. Whether, however, he shall suffer under this charge or as a murderer, matters little; he is guilty of both crimes, and though suffering punishment will, in fact, be evading justice,[15]—for whereas he owes two deaths, he will have paid but one. One other subject there remains for me to touch upon: this slave of mine and her respectable pretended father. I shall, however, reserve what I have to say on this head until you have come to a decision respecting the other parties."

Thersander having now ended, it was for the priest to speak. He was possessed of eloquence, and had in

him a large share of the Aristophanic vein; accordingly he attacked Thersander's debauched manner of life with great wit and humour. "By the goddess," said he, "it is the sign of having a foul tongue, thus shamelessly to rail against honest folks, —but it is nothing new to this worthy gentleman, for throughout his life the filthiness of his tongue has been notorious.[16] The season of his youth was passed among the lewdest of mankind, among whom he gave himself up to the most abandoned practices, and while affecting gravity, sobriety, and a regard for learning, his body was made the slave of all impurity. After a time he left his father's house, and hired a miserable lodging, where he took up his abode. And how do you suppose he earned his living? Why, partly by strolling about the town and singing ballads, partly by receiving at home fellows like himself, for purposes which I shall not now name. All this time he was supposed to be cultivating his mind, and improving his education; whereas, accomplished hypocrite! he was but throwing a veil over his iniquities. Even in the wrestling school his manner while anointing his body, and his attitudes, and his always choosing to engage in wrestling with the stoutest and comeliest of the youths, showed his detestable propensities. Such was his character during his youthful days. Upon arriving at manhood, he threw off the mask, and exhibited before the eyes of all the vices which hitherto he had endeavoured to keep concealed.

"As he could no longer turn any other part of his body to account, he determined thenceforth to exercise his tongue, and admirably has he succeeded in sharpening it upon the whetstone of impurity,[17] making his mouth the vehicle for shameless speech, pouring out its torrents of abuse on every one, and

having his effrontery stamped upon his very face, he has gone the length (as you have seen) of coarsely insulting in your presence an individual whom you have honoured with the priesthood. Were I a stranger to you, and had not my life been passed among you, I should deem it necessary to dwell upon my own character, and that of my usual associates; but there is no occasion for doing this. You well know how opposite has been my way of living to the slanderous imputations which he has cast upon me. I therefore pass on at once to his recent charges. I have set at liberty, he says, a convicted criminal; and upon these grounds he proceeds to inveigh bitterly against me, and applies to me the epithet of tyrant, and I know not how many other hard words. Now a tyrant is one who oppresses the innocent, not one who steps forward to defend the victim of false accusation. What law, I demand, sanctioned your committing this young man to prison? Before what tribunal had he been condemned? What judge had pronounced his sentence? Granting the truth of every charge advanced against him, he has at all events a right to a fair trial; he has a right to be heard in his own defence; he has a right to be legally convicted! If need be, let the law (which is supreme over all alike,) imprison him; until it has altered its decrees not one of us can claim authority over another. But if proceedings such as we have seen, are to be countenanced, it would be advisable at once to close the courts, to abolish the tribunals, to depose the magistrates. With far greater justice may I retort against him the expressions which he has employed respecting me. I may say, President, make way for Thersander, for your presidentship is but an empty name,—it is he who really exercises your powers; nay, more, exercises powers which you do not

possess. You have assessors, without whose concurrence you can pass no sentence. You can exercise no authority except upon the judgment seat; you cannot sit at home and condemn a man to chains and prisons. This worshipful gentleman, however, is both judge and jury;[18] all offices are, forsooth, concentrated in his single person; he makes his house his court of justice; there he inflicts his punishments; thence he issues his decrees and condemns a man to chains; and to make matters yet better, he holds his court at night![19] And what is it which now finds employment for his lungs? 'You have set free,' he says, 'a criminal condemned to death.' I ask, What death? I ask, What criminal?—for what crime condemned? 'For murder,' he replies. A murderer! Where, then, is the murdered victim? She whom you declared to have been done to death, stands before you alive and well. The charge, therefore, at once falls to the ground, for you cannot consider this maiden as an airy phantom, sent up by Pluto from the realms below! You are yourself a murderer,—aye, and a double murderer. Her you have slain by lying words; him you wished in reality to slay. I may add her also; for we know of your doings in the country. The great goddess Diana has, however, happily preserved them both, by delivering the maiden from the hands of Sosthenes, and this young man from you. As for Sosthenes, you have purposely got him out of the way, in order to escape detection. Are you not ashamed to have your charges against these strangers proved to be the vilest calumnies? What I have said will have sufficed to clear myself; the defence of the strangers I shall leave to others."

An advocate of considerable reputation as an orator, and a member of the senate, was about to address the court on behalf of me and Melitta, when he was

interrupted by one of Thersander's counsel, named Sopater:—"Brother Nicostralus," said he, "I must claim the right of being first heard against this adulterous couple; it will be your turn to reply afterwards.

"What Thersander said related only to the priest, and scarcely touched upon the case of the prisoner; and when I shall prove him to be richly deserving of a two-fold death, then will be the time for you to rebut my charges." Then, stroking his chin, and with a great flourish of words, he proceeded:—"We have listened to the buffoonery of this priest, venting his scurrilous falsehoods against Thersander, and endeavouring to turn against him the language so justly directed against himself. Now, I maintain, that throughout Thersander has adhered to truth; the priest has taken upon himself to liberate a prisoner; he has received a harlot beneath his roof; he has been on friendly terms with an adulterer. Not a word has he uttered against Thersander but what savours of the vilest calumny, but if anything especially becomes a priest, surely it is to keep a civil tongue in his head,—and in saying this I am but borrowing his own words. However, after edifying us with his wit and jests, he went on to adopt a tragic strain, and bitterly inveighed against us for handcuffing an adulterer, and sending him to prison. I wonder what it cost to kindle in him this prodigious warmth of zeal? Methinks I can give a tolerably shrewd guess. He has looked with a longing eye upon the features of these two shameless guests of his; the wench is handsome, the youth has a goodly countenance; both are well suited for the private pleasures of a priest! Which of the two best served your turn? At any rate you all slept together; you all got drunk together; and there are no witnesses to depose how your

nights were passed. I sadly fear me that Diana's fane has been perverted into Aphrodite's temple! It will furnish matter for future discussion whether you are fit to be a priest. As to my client Thersander, every one knows that from his earliest years he has been a pattern of sobriety and virtue; no sooner was he arrived at manhood, than he contracted a marriage according to the laws; his choice was indeed unfortunate, and trusting to her rank and wealth, he found himself the husband of a wife very different from what he had expected. There can be little doubt that she long ago went astray, unknown to this most exemplary of men; it is plain enough that latterly she has cast off all shame, and has indulged her disgraceful propensities to the utmost. No sooner had her husband set out on a long voyage than she thought it a favourable opportunity for indulging her loose desires; and then it was that, unfortunately for her, she lighted upon this 'masculine whore;'[20] a paramour who among women is a man, and among men a woman.

"Not content to cohabit with him in impunity in a foreign land, she must needs transport him with her over an extent of sea, and on the voyage must needs take her lascivious sport in the sight of all the passengers. O, shameless adultery, in which sea and land, had both a share. O shameless adultery, prolonged even from Egypt to Ionia! Generally, when women are guilty of adultery they confine themselves to a single act, or if they repeat their crime, it is with every precaution which may ensure concealment. In the present case, however, she commits the sin by sound of trumpet, if I may so say. The adulterer is known to every one in Ephesus, and she herself is not ashamed to have brought him hither like so much merchandise; making an

investment in good looks, taking in a paramour by way of freight! She will say, 'I concluded my husband to be dead.' 'In that case,' I reply, 'were your husband dead, you would be free from criminality, for there would then be no sufferer by the adulterous act, nor is any dishonour cast on marriage if the husband is no longer in existence; but if the husband be alive, the marriage bond is still in force, his rights over his wife continue, and he has, by her criminality, suffered a grievous wrong.'"

Thersander here interrupted him, "It is needless to examine any one by torture, as was formerly proposed. I offer two challenges: one to this wife of mine, Melitta; the other to the pretended daughter of this ambassador, who is lawfully my slave." He then read aloud; "I Thersander challenge Melitta and Leucippe (such I understand is the strumpet's name) to submit to the following ordeal:—If the former, as she asserts, has had no intercourse with this stranger during the period of my absence, let her go unto the sacred fountain of the Styx, declare her innocence upon oath, and then stand acquitted of any further guilt. Let the latter, if free-born and no longer a maiden, remain my slave, for the temple of the goddess affords sanctuary to slaves alone; if, on the other hand, she asserts herself to be a virgin, let her be shut into the cave of the syrinx." We immediately accepted this challenge, being already aware that it would be made.

Melitta, likewise conscious that nothing improper had taken place during the actual absence of Thersander, said, "I accept the challenge; and will here add, that during the period referred to I had criminal intercourse with no one, whether foreigner or citizen; and I will ask you," addressing

Thersander, "to what penalty will you submit, provided the charge prove groundless and calumnious?"—"I will submit to whatever the law decrees," was his reply. The court then broke up, the following day being appointed for the respective ordeals referred to in the challenge. The following is the legend of the Stygian fountain:—

"There was once a beauteous maiden, named Rhodopis, whose supreme delight was in the chase. She was swift of foot, unerring in her aim; she wore a head-band, had her robe girt up to the knee, and her hair short, after the fashion of men. Diana met her, bestowed many commendations on her, and made her her companion in the chase. The maiden bound herself by oath to observe perpetual virginity, to avoid the company of men, and never to humiliate herself by submitting to amorous indulgence.[21] Venus overheard the oath, and was incensed at it, and determined to punish the damsel for her presumption. There happened to be a youth of Ephesus, named Euthynicus, as much distinguished among men for beauty as Rhodopis was among those of her own sex. He was as ardently devoted to the chase as the maiden, and like her was averse to the delights of love. One day when Diana was absent, Venus contrived to make the game which they were following run in the same direction; then addressing her archer son, she said, 'Do you see yon frigid and unloving pair, enemies to us and to our mysteries? The maiden has even gone the length of registering an oath against me! Do you see them both following a hind? Join the chase, and begin by making an example of the maiden;—your arrows never miss.' Both at the same moment bend their bows,—she against the hind, but Cupid against her,—and both hit the mark, but the successful huntress herself

becomes a victim; her arrow pierces the shoulder of the deer, but Cupid's shaft penetrates her heart, and the result of the wound was love for Euthynicus. Cupid then aims a shaft at him, and with the same effect. For a time they stand and gaze upon each other; their eyes are fascinated; they cannot turn away;[22] gradually their inward wounds become inflamed; the fire kindles,[23] and love urges their steps to the cavern where now the fountain flows, and there they violate their oath.[24] Diana soon after saw Venus laughing, and readily comprehended what had taken place, and as a punishment changed the maiden into a fountain, upon the spot where her chastity was lost. For this reason, when any female is suspected of impurity, she is made to step into the fountain, which is shallow, reaching only to midleg, and then it is that the ordeal takes place. The oath declarative of chastity is written on a tablet, and suspended from her neck; if truly sworn, the fountain remains unmoved; if falsely taken, it swells and rages, rises to her neck, and flows over the tablet."

Next morning a great concourse assembled, and at the head came Thersander, with a confident expression of countenance, and looking at us with a contemptuous smile. Leucippe was attired in a sacred robe of fine white linen, reaching to the feet and girded about her waist; round her head she had a purple fillet, and her feet were bare. She entered the cavern with an air of becoming modesty. Upon seeing her disappear within, I was overcome by agitation, and said mentally, "I doubt not your chastity, dearest Leucippe, but I am afraid of Pan; he is a virgin-loving god, and for aught I know, you may become a second syrinx. His former mistress easily escaped him, for her course lay over an open plain; whereas you are shut up within doors, and so

blockaded that flight is out of the question, however much you may wish to fly. O Pan! be thou propitious; do not violate the statutes of the place, which we have religiously observed; grant that Leucippe may again return to us a virgin; remember thy compact with Diana, and do no injury to the maiden." While talking to myself in this manner, sounds of music proceeded from the cavern, more ravishingly sweet, I was assured, than had been heard on any former occasion: the doors were immediately opened, and when Leucippe sprang forth, the multitude shouted with delight, and vented execrations upon Thersander. What my own feelings were, I cannot pretend to describe. After gaining this first signal triumph, we left the spot, and proceeded to the place which was to be the scene of the remaining ordeal, the people following again to behold the spectacle. Everything was in readiness, the tablet was suspended to Melitta's neck, and she descended into the shallow fountain with a smiling countenance. No change was perceptible in the water, which remained perfectly still, and did not in the slightest degree exceed its usual depth, and at the expiration of the allotted time the president came forward, and taking Melitta by the hand, conducted her out of the fountain. Thersander, already twice defeated, and surely anticipating a third defeat, took to his heels and fled to his own house, fearing that the people would, in their fury, stone him. His apprehensions were well founded, for some young men were seen at a distance dragging Sosthenes along; two of them were Melitta's kinsmen, and the others were servants, whom she had despatched in quest of him. Thersander had caught sight of him, and feeling sure that when put to the torture he would confess everything, he secretly left the city, as

soon as night came on. Sosthenes was committed to prison by order of the magistrates, and we returned triumphant upon every point, and accompanied by the shouts and good wishes of the people.

Next morning they whose business it was[25] conducted Sosthenes before the magistrates. Aware that he was about to be put to the question, he made a full confession of everything, stating how far Thersander had been the prime agent, and how far he had himself assisted in carrying out his schemes! nor did he omit to repeat the conversation which had taken place between his master and him before the cottage-door. He was sent back to prison there to await his sentence, and a decree of banishment was pronounced against Thersander. When this business was concluded, we again returned to the hospitable dwelling of the priest, and while at supper resumed the subject of our former conversation, mutually relating any incidents which had previously been omitted. Leucippe, now that the purity of her character was fully established, no longer stood in awe of her father, but took pleasure in narrating the events which had befallen her. When she came to that part of her story which referred to Pharos and the pirates, I requested her to give us every particular about them, and especially to explain the riddle of the severed head, as this alone was wanting to complete the history of her adventures. "The recital will interest us all," I said, "especially your father."

"The unhappy female to whom you allude," replied Leucippe, "was one of that class who sell their charms for money. She was inveigled on board, under pretence of becoming the wife of a sea captain, and remained there in ignorance of the real

cause for which she had been brought, passing her time in the company of one of the pirates, who pretended to have a passion for her. When I was seized, they placed me, as you saw, in a boat, and rowed off with all their might; and afterwards when they perceived that the vessel despatched in pursuit was gaining upon them, they stripped the wretched woman of her clothes, which they put on me, making her dress herself in mine; then placing her at the stern in sight of the pursuers, they cut off her head and cast the body overboard, doing the same with the head, when the pursuit was given up. Whether she had been brought on board for the above purpose, or in order to be sold, as they afterwards told me, I cannot say; certain it is that she was put to death by way of eluding the pursuers, the pirates imagining that I should fetch more money as a slave than she would do. It was this determination on their part which earned his just reward for Chæreas, who had suggested the murder of the female in place of me. The pirates refused to let him retain exclusive possession of me, saying that on his account one woman had already been lost to them, who would have been a source of gain. They proposed, therefore, that I should be sold to make up the loss, and that the money should be equally divided. He replied in an angry and threatening manner, asserting his prior claims, and reminding them of their compact, and that I had been carried off, not in order to be sold, but to be his mistress. Upon this, one of the pirates came behind him, and dealt him his measure of justice by striking off his head and flinging his body into the sea,—a worthy requital of his perfidious conduct towards me.

"After two days' sail, the pirates put in at some place, the name of which I do not know, where they sold

me to a merchant who used to traffic with them, and from his hands I passed into the possession of Sosthenes."

"My children," said Sostratus, when Leucippe had concluded, "I will now relate what has happened to Calligone, for it is but fair that I should contribute my share to the conversation."[26] Upon hearing my sister's name mentioned, I became all attention, and said, "Prithee, sir, proceed; I shall rejoice to hear that she is still alive." He commenced by repeating what has already been mentioned respecting Callisthenes, the oracle given to the Byzantians, the sacred embassy sent to Tyre, and the stratagem for carrying off Calligone. He went on to say: "Callisthenes discovered during the voyage that she was not my daughter; but although matters had thus turned out quite contrary to his intentions, he conceived a strong passion for his fair captive, and throwing himself at her knees: 'Lady,' he said, 'do not imagine that I am a corsair or a villain; I am of good birth, and second in rank to none in Byzantium. It is Love who has compelled me to turn pirate, and to employ this stratagem against you. Deign, therefore, to consider me your slave from this day forth. I offer you my hand in marriage. You shall have for your dowry more wealth than your father would have bestowed upon you, and you shall preserve your maiden state so long as you may please.'

"By means of these, and other insinuating words, he brought her to look favourably upon him, for he was handsome in person and possessed a flow of persuasive language. Upon arriving at Byzantium he had a deed drawn up assigning her an ample dowry; he then proceeded to make other preparations, purchased for her splendid dresses, jewellery and

ornaments, in short, whatsoever was required for the wardrobe and toilette of a lady of rank and wealth. Having done this, he abstained from soliciting her virtue, and in fulfilment of his promise allowed her to remain a maiden, and thus he gradually won her affections. In a short time, quite a wonderful alteration took place in the young man; he became conciliatory in manner, and prudent and orderly in his mode of living; he shewed respect by rising up before his elders,[27] and was the first courteously to salute any whom he met; his former indiscriminate profusion, which had been mere lavish prodigality, now became wisely directed liberality, choosing for its objects those who were suffering from poverty and required assistance.

"All who remembered his former and dissolute course of life were amazed at this sudden change. He shewed me the most marked attention, and I could not help loving him and attributing his former conduct more to an excess of open-heartedness than to any actual vicious propensities, and I called to mind the case of Themistocles, who after a youth spent in licentiousness, in after life excelled all his countrymen in soundness of judgment and many virtues.[28] I really felt sorry at having repulsed him, when he was a suitor for my daughter's hand, he treated me with so much respect, giving me the title of father, and escorting me[29] whenever I had occasion to go through the forum. He likewise took great interest in military exercises, especially in what related to the cavalry department; he had always been fond of horses, but hitherto merely to indulge his love of amusement and his luxurious tastes; yet though actuated by no higher motives, he had been unconsciously fostering the seeds of skill and courage; and eventually his chief ambition was to

distinguish himself by valour and ability in the field. He contributed largely from his own private resources the expenses of the war, and was elected my colleague in command, in which position he shewed me a still greater degree of attention and deference. When at length, victory declared itself on our side, through the visible intervention of the deity,[30] we returned to Byzantium, and it was decreed, that the public thanks of the State should be conveyed to Hercules and Diana, for which purpose he was to proceed to Tyre, while I was despatched to this city. Before setting out Callisthenes took me by the hand and related every particular respecting Calligone. 'Father,' he said, 'the impetuosity of youth led me away in the first instance; but in the course which since then, I have pursued, deliberate choice and principle have influenced my actions. I have scrupulously respected the maiden's honour, during a time of war and confusion when men are generally least inclined to deny themselves the indulgence of their desires. My intention is now to conduct her to her father's house, at Tyre; and then to claim her for my bride, at her father's hand, in accordance with the law.[31] I have made an ample settlement upon her, and shall consider myself most fortunate, if he grants my suit; if, on the contrary, I meet with a repulse he will receive back his daughter as pure as when she left his home.'

"I will now read you a friendly letter, which—feeling anxious that the marriage should be concluded—I addressed to my brother, before the termination of the war, in which I mentioned the rank of Callisthenes, and bore testimony to his good birth, the honourable position which he had attained, and his eminent services in the field. If we gain our cause in the new trial[32] moved by Thersander, I propose,

first of all to sail to Byzantium, and afterwards to proceed to Tyre."

Clinias came to us next day, with the intelligence that Thersander had secretly left the city, that his object in appealing from the recent decision was but a pretext to gain time, and that he had no intention of following up the case. After waiting three days, the period appointed for taking fresh proceedings, [33] we appeared before the President, and having satisfactorily proved by reference to the statutes, that Thersander had no longer any legal ground against us, we embarked and enjoyed a favourable voyage to Byzantium, where our long-desired nuptials took place. A short time after, we sailed to Tyre, which we reached two days after the arrival of Callisthenes, and where I found my father preparing to celebrate my sister's wedding on the following day. We were present on the occasion, and assisted at the religious ceremonial, offering up our united prayers that both our marriages might be crowned with happiness; and we arranged, after wintering at Ephesus, to proceed to Byzantium in the spring.

THE END.

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[1] τρίδουλος, a slave through three generations.

"ἐὸν τρίτης ἐγὼ μητρὸς φανῶ τριδουλος."
Soph. Œd. Tyr. 1054.

[2] ἐν τοῖς τῆς αὐλαίας χωρίοις. In temples, curtains served more especially to veil the statue of the divinity:—"Dum velis candentibua reductis in diversum, Deæ venerabilem conspectum apprecamur."—Apul. Met. xi.

[3]

"ἤκουσιν ἐς γῆν κυανέαν Συμπληγάδα
πλάτῃ φυγόντες δίπτυχοι νεανίαι
θεᾷ φίλον πρόσφαγμα καὶ θντήριον
Ἀρτέμιδι."—Iph. in Tauris, 230.

[4]

"Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
Plerumque duro; tu sapientium
Curas et arcanam jocoso
Consilium retegis Lyæo."—Hor. iii.; Od. xxi. 1.

[5] τὴν πρὸς Μελίττην αἰδώ.

[6] "If a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her; for her hair is given her for a covering."—1 Cor. xi. 15.

Apuleius, Met. B. ii. has a remarkable passage illustrative of the indispensableness of a fine head of hair to constitute perfect female beauty. "Si cujuslibet eximiæ pulcherrimæque feminæ caput capillo spoliaveris et faciem nativâ specie nudaveris, licet illa cœlo dejecta, mari edita, fluctibus educata, licet, inquam Venus ipsa fuerit, licet omni Gratiarum choro stipata, et toto Cupidinum populo comitata et baltheo suo cincta, cinnama fragrans et balsama rorans, calva processerit, placere non poterit nec Vulcano suo."

[7] See the beginning of B. iv. where Diana enjoins upon Leucippe the preservation of her chastity.

[8] ὁ τῆς Ἀθηνᾶς αἰλὸς.

[9] μεταπηδᾶ—χορεύει.

[10] Throughout this description of the syrinx, the Greek text is very corrupt: "locus graviter afflictus," is the expression of Jacobs, who gives four closely printed octavo pages of notes, to elucidate its difficulties. The translator has endeavoured to give, what (after

a comparison of the notes) appeared to him the true sense.

[11] See the same legend, towards the end of Longus, B. ii.

[12] τοῦ τόπου πνεῦμα ἔχοντος μουσικὸν εἰς τὸν σύριγγα ταμιεῖον.

[13] "sorbitio—dira cicutæ."—Persius, S. iv. 2.

[14] By the Roman law, a woman convicted of adultery was mulcted in half her dowry (*dos*) and the third part of her property (*bona*), and banished to some miserable island, such as Seriphos.—Dict. of Grk. and Rom. Antiq.

[15] δίκην δεδωκὼς οὐ δέδωκε.

[16] Here and elsewhere in the address of the worthy priest of Diana occur equivoques, which, owing, to the genius of the English language and a regard for decency are incapable of and unfit for translation. The commentators illustrate the passage referred to in this note by an epigram of Martial, iii. 80.

"De nulli quereris, nulli maledicis, Apici;
Rumor ait, linguæ te tamen esse malæ."

[17] εἰς ἀσέλγειαν ἀκονᾷ.

[18] πάντα ἑαυτοῦ γίνεται, δήμος, βουλή, πρόεδρος, στρατηγός.

[19] Among the Greeks legal proceedings terminated at sunset; nor could decrees of the senate, among the Romans, be passed after that time; hence we find as terms of reproach: "Senatus consulta *vespertina*," in Cicero; and "advocati nocturni" in Petronius.

[20] πόρνος:—the word given as a translation, is found in "Troilus and Cressida."

[21]

"... she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow,...
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes."
Romeo and Juliet.

[22] The reader will call to mind the "love at first sight" of Theagenes and Chariclea, so well described in the Third Book of the Ethiopics.

[23]

"For, oh, Love's bow,
Shoots buck and doe;
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore."
Troilus and Cressida.

[24] Compare Æneid, B. iv. 115-126.

[25] ὀι τἀύτην ἔχοντες τήν πίστιν.

[26] ἵνα μὴ ἀσυμβολήσω μυθολογίας παντάπασι.

[27]

"Credebant hoc grande nefas et morte piandum
Si juvenis vetulo non adsurrexerat."—Juv. xiii. 54.

[28] "Omnium postea Graii sanguinis virorum clarissimus extitit."—Val. Max. vi. 15. 2.

[29] ἐδορυφόρει—"quod honoris causâ fiebat a clientibus."—Jacobs.

[30] The appearance of Diana is mentioned in B. vii.

[31] The law referred to in B. ii.

[32] ἣν τὴν ἔφεσιν ἀγωνισώμεθα.

Ἔφεσις, an appeal in order to obtain a new

trial, vide Dict. of Greek and Rom. Antiq. p. 62.

Jacobs observes that the original is here probably imperfect, no previous mention having been made of a new trial.—&c.

[33] προθεσμία. The term limited for bringing actions and prosecutions at Athens.—Dict. of Greek and Roman Antiq. p. 797.

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