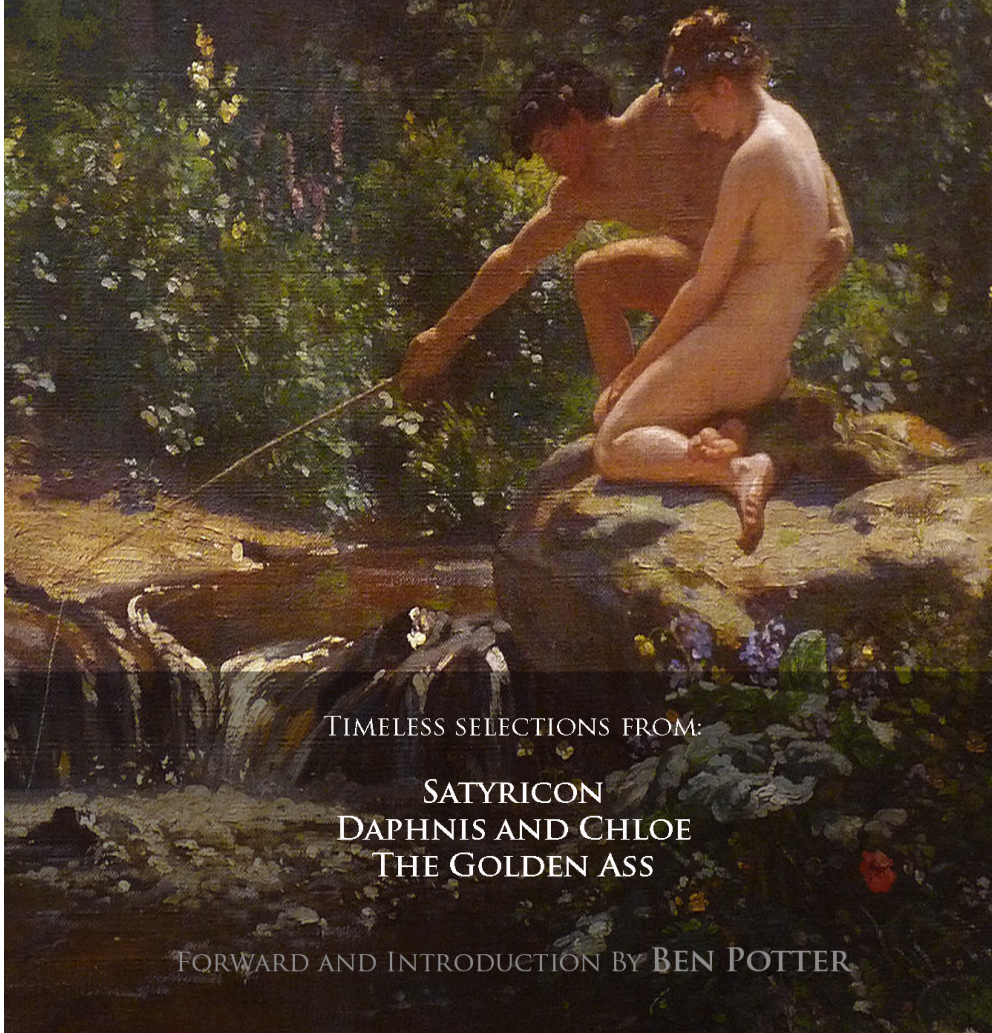


CLASSICAL WISDOM WEEKLY

PRESENTS

# The Ancient Novel



TIMELESS SELECTIONS FROM:

SATYRICON  
DAPHNIS AND CHLOE  
THE GOLDEN ASS

FORWARD AND INTRODUCTION BY BEN POTTER



CLASSICAL WISDOM WEEKLY



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# FOREWORD

Those who remain unmoved by the delights of ancient literature would still find it hard to deny that within its gamut lie works of truth, beauty, wisdom and delectation that have moulded minds, piqued passions and stimulated souls throughout the ages. Even the uninitiated can pluck out of the air a name that merits its place amongst the immortals: Homer, Plato, Euripides, Sappho, Catullus, Virgil, Aristotle, Herodotus... the illustrious scribes practically drip off the tongue.

And what all these great writers have in common – or, more accurately, the common trait they all lack – is that none of them practised their art using the format most great authors do in the modern world i.e. none of them was a novelist.

Though examples of dialogue, history, and lyric, epic and theatrical poetry abound, the dearth of creative, prose narratives in antiquity is surprising. Surprising, but understandable when one considers that the genre was not rejected by the above-mentioned artists, but that the novel did not really ‘exist’ for much of this time.

Though it’s hard to give a definitive date and attribution as to the origin of the ancient novel, in this anthology we will bring you the first three meaningful examples of it.

Like the genesis of the novel itself, our first specimen is a little confused and fragmentary. Petronius’ *Satyricon* was written in the reign of the emperor Nero (first century AD) and has only partly survived the ravages of time.

It is probably most famous for the character of Trimalchio – a coarse, new-money freedman whose vulgarity and excesses have become a bye-word for Roman decadence and poor taste. Thus, we have chosen to include all the of the passages of the *Satyricon* in which this bilious, if colourful, character features.

Our second choice swaps the lubricious excesses of Rome for the bucolic innocence of rural Greece in the form of Longus’ *Daphnis and Chloe*. Written in the second century AD, this novella of peace, beauty and, above all else, love is included here in its entirety.

Finally, we come to *The Golden Ass* (also called the *Metamorphoses*) of Apuleius. A naturalised Roman hailing from North Africa, Apuleius wrote an inspirational work of wit, wisdom and intense human interest. As the full text is too long to include in a compendium such as this (and, anyway, really needs to be read cover to cover to be fully appreciated), we have instead submitted chapters four to six for your approval.

This self-contained passage is something of a peculiarity and, indeed, some scholars think it may be an interpolation tacked onto the main text at a later date. Regardless, it proves interesting and entertaining reading and recounts the tale of *Cupid and Psyche* which the book’s protagonist overhears an old lady telling to a terrified young girl in a bandits’ cave.

Read the introductions to the excerpts to glean further insights into these fledgling novelists and their ground-breaking works, and if one immediately strikes you as more appealing than the others then do not hesitate to read them out of order – though they have been arranged

with a certain stylistic flow in mind, nothing will be lost by jumping from one author to another.

Enjoy.

Ben Potter

February 2019

# *SATYRICON* INTRODUCTION

There is (at least) one important step between the birth of western literature and the age of modern prose, and that is the genesis of the novel.

The text most commonly scrutinised in this moment of burgeoning beauty is the *Satyricon* of Gaius Petronius Arbiter written in the 1st century AD during the reign of the emperor Nero. If the finicky or pedantic wanted to critique the use of Petronius as the point of the novel's inception then they might point out that the *Satyricon* may not have been, in fact, the very first novel... nor, perhaps, was it written by Petronius... ahem... nor in the reign of Nero.

Oh, and possibly, it wasn't even called the *Satyricon*, as it is sometimes labelled as the *Satyrice*. Though, of course, the attribution and the date go hand in hand.

To give us some firmer ground on which to stand, we can safely state that Petronius was unquestionably a member of the Neronian court (famously represented by Leo Genn in the motion picture *Quo Vadis*). Moreover, chronicles of his lavish, lazy, witty, hedonistic and amoral character make him a good match as a potential author of the risqué *Satyricon*. Because the style of the novel strongly suggests it is Neronian and there is no other viable candidate to whom we can attribute the work, Petronius almost ascends to the title of authorship simply by a process of elimination.

Though despite evidence of undoubted, and occasionally high-brow, literary skill, Petronius (well... his mother anyway) may have welcomed the fact that his name is on the cover in pencil rather than ink.

The *Satyricon* is lubricious, grotesque, subversive, picturesque, imaginative and perverted in almost equal measure.

One can imagine it being something Roman Senators hid under their mattresses, passed around at the bathhouses and only read in public when concealed in the dust-jacket of Aristotle's *Ethics*.

The fragmented remains of the story (there are guesses that the c.200 extant pages could have run to as many as 1000) concern the trials, trysts and tribulations of the narrator, Encolpius, and his lover, an astoundingly beautiful 16-year-old servant-boy, Giton. As much of the work is missing, it is unclear as to the origins of the men, but it has been conjectured that Encolpius and his fair-weather friend (and constant rival for Giton's affections), Ascyltus, could be runaway gladiators.

The extant work begins with the three men lying, stealing and... well... shagging their way across the south of Italy. However, the bawdy and carefree tone is often punctuated by moments of acute and alarming earnestness. The culmination of an orgy scene instigated by Quartilla, an acolyte of the fertility god Priapus, sees a soldier bursting in whilst Giton is (consensually) deflowering a remarkably young virgin. The soldier is on the brink of assaulting both juveniles before being called away to deal with unrest in the street.

These sobering moments punctuate what is an otherwise amusing and light-hearted work as Encolpius and Giton take the guise of a homosexual, hedonistic and hubristic Laurel and Hardy; forever falling out of the frying pan and into the flaming fire.

Then there is perhaps the most famous passage in the entire work, indeed one of the most famous passages in all of ancient literature; the *Cena Trimalchionis*, the dinner of Trimalchio.

The resonance of this vignette is probably felt more tenderly than we realize.

F.Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* went with working titles of *Trimalchio* and *Trimalchio in West Egg*, before a less esoteric choice was made. Likewise, T.S. Eliot quotes directly from the passage in *The Waste Land*, while a reference is also made in Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. And, more recently, it is called upon in Robert Harris' superbly written *Pompeii*.

So, who exactly is Trimalchio? And why the enduring fascination with the 50 one-page-long chapters in which he features?

Trimalchio is an extraordinarily vain, fatuous, fat, not to mention flatulent (yes, really), arrogant, ignorant, and, above all, rich freedman who flaunts his wealth and the knowledge he doesn't have... at every opportunity.

The classic images we have of Roman excess, vulgarity and gluttony are all personified in this gouty and incontinent buffoon whose excessive hospitality proves too much even for the greedy and opportunistic Encolpius, Ascyltus and Giton.

At Trimalchio's frightful feast, course after course of increasingly sickening delicacies are wheeled out, often disguised as other things (e.g. pork cut into the shape of a bird), whilst the host conducts endless melodramatic cabaret acts involving staged errors committed by slaves who are then magnanimously absolved or freed.

Throughout the pretentious ostentation, Encolpius, as well as other guests, show their own snobbery and avarice by constantly criticizing and insulting Trimalchio *sotto voce* and then peeling into laughter or thundering into applause at their host's feeble puns, misquotations and garrulous stupidity. These wonderful passages are also peppered with interesting, amusing or macabre stories told by the dinner guests – one of which is the earliest known account of the werewolf myth.

The protagonists are only allowed to resume their immoral wanderings when they slip away during Trimalchio's mock funeral, which he instigates in order to hear some flattering eulogizing.

Petronius' brilliance here is seconded only to his bravery.

The character of Trimalchio was not merely a mockery of *nouveau riche* former slaves with much, much more money than taste or education, but it is widely thought to have been a parody of no less a man than Emperor Nero, himself!

Indeed, the entire book can be read as an attack on the rapid moral and intellectual decline Rome suffered during the age of said emperor. After all, Nero's reign was only 50 years after the Golden Age of Latin Literature, an age the author wistfully alludes to throughout the *Satyricon*.

It is perhaps because of this courageously damning and hilarious lampoon of the great dictator that the passages involving Trimalchio have endured so completely and have been recounted with such fervour.

Unfortunately for lovers of art and freedom, Petronius' bravery, belligerence and belittling finally caught up with him. He was arrested at Cumae in 66 AD, though in the end he opted for a noble suicide rather than succumbing to the whims of the authorities.

This, too, he did with the panache one would expect from such a flamboyant and sybaritic creature. Petronius' job at court had been *elegantine arbiter*, the Emperor's fashion adviser... so who could deny that he knew a thing or two about going out in style?

The words of Tacitus chronicle his last moments beautifully:

*"Having made an incision in his veins and then, according to his humour, bound them up, he again opened them, while he conversed with his friends... he listened to them as they repeated, not thoughts on the immortality of the soul or on the theories of philosophers, but light poetry and playful verse... he gave liberal presents... indulged himself in sleep... even in his will he did not... flatter Nero... on the contrary, he described fully the prince's shameful excesses... and sent the account under seal to Nero."*



# **THE SATYRICON OF PETRONIUS ARBITER**

**TRANSLATED BY W.C. FIREBAUGH**

## **CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH**

Having put on our clothes, in the meantime, we commenced to stroll around and soon, the better to amuse ourselves, approached the circle of players; all of a sudden we caught sight of a bald-headed old fellow, rigged out in a russet colored tunic, playing ball with some long haired boys. It was not so much the boys who attracted our attention, although they might well have merited it, as it was the spectacle afforded by this beslippered paterfamilias playing with a green ball. If one but touched the ground, he never stooped for it to put it back in play; for a slave stood by with a bagful from which the players were supplied. We noted other innovations as well, for two eunuchs were stationed at opposite sides of the ring, one of whom held a silver chamber-pot, the other counted the balls; not those which bounced back and forth from hand to hand, in play, but those which fell to the ground. While we were marveling at this display of refinement, Menelaus rushed up, "He is the one with whom you will rest upon your elbow," he panted, "what you see now, is only a prelude to the dinner." Menelaus had scarcely ceased speaking when Trimalchio snapped his fingers; the eunuch, hearing the signal, held the chamber-pot for him while he still continued playing. After relieving his bladder, he called for water to wash his hands, barely moistened his fingers, and dried them upon a boy's head.

## **CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH**

To go into details would take too long. We entered the bath, finally, and after sweating for a minute or two in the warm room, we passed through into the cold water. But short as was the time, Trimalchio had already been sprinkled with perfume and was being rubbed down, not with linen towels, however, but with cloths made from the finest wool. Meanwhile, three masseurs were guzzling

Falernian under his eyes, and when they spilled a great deal of it in their brawling, Trimalchio declared they were pouring a libation to his Genius. He was then wrapped in a coarse scarlet wrap-rascal, and placed in a litter. Four runners, whose liveries were decorated with metal plates, preceded him, as also did a wheel-chair in which rode his favorite, a withered, bleary-eyed slave, even more repulsive looking than his master. A singing boy approached the head of his litter, as he was being carried along, and played upon small pipes the whole way, just as if he were communicating some secret to his master's ear. Marveling greatly, we followed, and met Agamemnon at the outer door, to the post of which was fastened a small tablet bearing this inscription:

NO SLAVE TO LEAVE THE PREMISES  
WITHOUT PERMISSION FROM THE MASTER.  
PENALTY ONE HUNDRED LASHES.

In the vestibule stood the porter, clad in green and girded with a cherry-colored belt, shelling peas into a silver dish. Above the threshold was suspended a golden cage, from which a black and white magpie greeted the visitors.

## CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH

I almost fell backwards and broke my legs while staring at all this, for to the left, as we entered, not far from the porter's alcove, an enormous dog upon a chain was painted upon the wall, and above him this inscription, in capitals:

BEWARE THE DOG.

My companions laughed, but I plucked up my courage and did not hesitate, but went on and examined the entire wall. There was a scene in a slave market, the tablets hanging from the slaves' necks, and Trimalchio himself, wearing his hair long, holding a caduceus in his hand, entering Rome, led by the hand of Minerva. Then again the painstaking artist had depicted him casting up accounts, and still again, being appointed steward; everything being explained by inscriptions. Where the walls gave way to the portico, Mercury was shown lifting him up by the chin, to a tribunal placed on high. Near by stood Fortune with her horn of plenty, and the three Fates, spinning golden flax. I also took note of a group of runners, in the portico, taking their exercise under the eye of an instructor, and in one corner was a large cabinet, in which was a very small shrine containing silver Lares, a marble Venus, and a golden casket by no means small, which held, so they told us, the first shavings of Trimalchio's beard. I asked the hall-porter what pictures were in

the middle hall. "The Iliad and the Odyssey," he replied, "and the gladiatorial games given under Laenas." There was no time in which to examine them all.

## CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH

We had now come to the dining-room, at the entrance to which sat a factor, receiving accounts, and, what gave me cause for astonishment, rods and axes were fixed to the door-posts, superimposed, as it were, upon the bronze beak of a ship, whereon was inscribed:

TO GAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO  
AUGUSTAL, SEVIR  
FROM CINNAMUS HIS  
STEWARD.

A double lamp, suspended from the ceiling, hung beneath the inscription, and a tablet was fixed to each door-post; one, if my memory serves me, was inscribed,

ON DECEMBER THIRTIETH AND  
THIRTY FIRST  
OUR  
GAIUS DINES OUT

the other bore a painting of the moon in her phases, and the seven planets, and the days which were lucky and those which were unlucky, distinguished by distinctive studs. We had had enough of these novelties and started to enter the dining-room when a slave, detailed to this duty, cried out, "Right foot first." Naturally, we were afraid that some of us might break some rule of conduct and cross the threshold the wrong way; nevertheless, we started out, stepping off together with the right foot, when all of a sudden, a slave who had been stripped, threw himself at our feet, and commenced begging us to save him from punishment, as it was no serious offense for which he was in jeopardy; the steward's clothing had been stolen from him in the baths, and the whole value could scarcely amount to ten sesterces. So we drew back our right feet and intervened with the steward, who was counting gold pieces in the hall, begging him to remit the slave's punishment. Putting a haughty face on the matter, "It's not the loss I mind so much," he said, "as it is the carelessness of this worthless rascal. He lost my dinner clothes, given me on my birthday they were, by a certain client, Tyrian purple too, but it had been washed once already. But what does it amount

to? I make you a present of the scoundrel!”

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST

We felt deeply obligated by his great condescension, and the same slave for whom we had interceded, rushed up to us as we entered the dining-room, and to our astonishment, kissed us thick and fast, voicing his thanks for our kindness. “You’ll know in a minute whom you did a favor for,” he confided, “the master’s wine is the thanks of a grateful butler!” At length we reclined, and slave boys from Alexandria poured water cooled with snow upon our hands, while others following, attended to our feet and removed the hangnails with wonderful dexterity, nor were they silent even during this disagreeable operation, but they all kept singing at their work. I was desirous of finding out whether the whole household could sing, so I ordered a drink; a boy near at hand instantly repeated my order in a singsong voice fully as shrill, and whichever one you accosted did the same. You would not imagine that this was the dining-room of a private gentleman, but rather that it was an exhibition of pantomimes. A very inviting relish was brought on, for by now all the couches were occupied save only that of Trimalchio, for whom, after a new custom, the chief place was reserved.

On the tray stood a donkey made of Corinthian bronze, bearing panniers containing olives, white in one and black in the other. Two platters flanked the figure, on the margins of which were engraved Trimalchio’s name and the weight of the silver in each. Dormice sprinkled with poppy-seed and honey were served on little bridges soldered fast to the platter, and hot sausages on a silver gridiron, underneath which were damson plums and pomegranate seeds.

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND

We were in the midst of these delicacies when, to the sound of music, Trimalchio himself was carried in and bolstered up in a nest of small cushions, which forced a snicker from the less wary. A shaven poll protruded from a scarlet mantle, and around his neck, already muffled with heavy clothing, he had tucked a napkin having a broad purple stripe and a fringe that hung down all around. On the little finger of his left hand he wore a massive gilt ring, and on the first joint of the next finger, a smaller one which seemed to me to be of pure gold, but as a matter of fact it had iron stars soldered on all around it. And then, for fear all of his finery would not be displayed, he bared his right arm, adorned with a golden arm-band and an ivory circlet clasped with a plate of shining metal.

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD

Picking his teeth with a silver quill, "Friends," said he, "it was not convenient for me to come into the dining-room just yet, but for fear my absence should cause you any inconvenience, I gave over my own pleasure: permit me, however, to finish my game." A slave followed with a terebinth table and crystal dice, and I noted one piece of luxury that was superlative; for instead of black and white pieces, he used gold and silver coins. He kept up a continual flow of various coarse expressions. We were still dallying with the relishes when a tray was brought in, on which was a basket containing a wooden hen with her wings rounded and spread out as if she were brooding. Two slaves instantly approached, and to the accompaniment of music, commenced to feel around in the straw. They pulled out some pea-hen's eggs, which they distributed among the diners. Turning his head, Trimalchio saw what was going on. "Friends," he remarked. "I ordered pea-hen's eggs set under the hen, but I'm afraid they're addled, by Hercules I am let's try them anyhow, and see if they're still fit to suck." We picked up our spoons, each of which weighed not less than half a pound, and punctured the shells, which were made of flour and dough, and as a matter of fact, I very nearly threw mine away for it seemed to me that a chick had formed already, but upon hearing an old experienced guest vow, "There must be something good here," I broke open the shell with my hand and discovered a fine fat fig-pecker, imbedded in a yolk seasoned with pepper.

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH

Having finished his game, Trimalchio was served with a helping of everything and was announcing in a loud voice his willingness to join anyone in a second cup of honied wine, when, to a flourish of music, the relishes were suddenly whisked away by a singing chorus, but a small dish happened to fall to the floor, in the scurry, and a slave picked it up. Seeing this, Trimalchio ordered that the boy be punished by a box on the ear, and made him throw it down again; a janitor followed with his broom and swept the silver dish away among the litter. Next followed two long-haired Ethiopians, carrying small leather bottles, such as are commonly seen in the hands of those who sprinkle sand in the arena, and poured wine upon our hands, for no one offered us water. When complimented upon these elegant extras, the host cried out, "Mars loves a fair fight: and so I ordered each one a separate table: that way these stinking slaves won't make us so hot with their crowding." Some glass bottles carefully sealed with gypsum were brought in at that instant; a label bearing this inscription was fastened to the neck of each one:

OPIMIAN FALERNIAN

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

While we were studying the labels, Trimalchio clapped his hands and cried, "Ah me! To think that wine lives longer than poor little man. Let's fill 'em up! There's life in wine and this is the real Opimian, you can take my word for that. I offered no such vintage yesterday, though my guests were far more respectable." We were tipping away and extolling all these elegant devices, when a slave brought in a silver skeleton, so contrived that the joints and movable vertebra could be turned in any direction. He threw it down upon the table a time or two, and its mobile articulation caused it to assume grotesque attitudes, whereupon Trimalchio chimed in:

*"Poor man is nothing in the scheme of things  
And Orcus grips us and to Hades flings  
Our bones! This skeleton before us here  
Is as important as we ever were!  
Let's live then while we may and life is dear."*

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH

The applause was followed by a course which, by its oddity, drew every eye, but it did not come up to our expectations. There was a circular tray around which were displayed the signs of the zodiac, and upon each sign the caterer had placed the food best in keeping with it. Ram's vetches on Aries, a piece of beef on Taurus, kidneys and lamb's fry on Gemini, a crown on Cancer, the womb of an unfarrowed sow on Virgo, an African fig on Leo, on Libra a balance, one pan of which held a tart and the other a cake, a small seafish on Scorpio, a bull's eye on Sagittarius, a sea lobster on Capricornus, a goose on Aquarius and two mullets on Pisces. In the middle lay a piece of cut sod upon which rested a honeycomb with the grass arranged around it. An Egyptian slave passed bread around from a silver oven and in a most discordant voice twisted out a song in the manner of the mime in the musical farce called *Laserpitium*. Seeing that we were rather depressed at the prospect of busying ourselves with such vile fare, Trimalchio urged us to fall to: "Let us fall to, gentlemen, I beg of you, this is only the sauce!"

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH

While he was speaking, four dancers ran in to the time of the music, and removed the upper part of the tray. Beneath, on what seemed to be another tray, we caught sight of stuffed capons and sows' bellies, and in the middle, a hare equipped with wings to resemble Pegasus. At the corners of the tray we also noted four figures of Marsyas and from their bladders spouted a highly spiced sauce upon fish which were swimming about as if in a tide-race. All of us echoed the applause which was started by the servants, and fell to upon these exquisite delicacies, with a laugh. "Carver," cried Trimalchio, no less delighted with the artifice practised upon us, and the carver appeared immediately. Timing his strokes to the beat of the music he cut up the meat in such a fashion as to lead you to think that a gladiator was fighting from a chariot to the accompaniment of a water-organ. Every now and then Trimalchio would repeat "Carver, Carver," in a low voice, until I finally came to the conclusion that some joke was meant in repeating a word so frequently, so I did not scruple to question him who reclined above me. As he had often experienced byplay of this sort he explained, "You see that fellow who is carving the meat, don't you? Well, his name is Carver. Whenever Trimalchio says Carver, carve her, by the same word, he both calls and commands!"

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH

I could eat no more, so I turned to my whilom informant to learn as much as I could and sought to draw him out with far-fetched gossip. I inquired who that woman could be who was scurrying about hither and yon in such a fashion. “She’s called Fortunata,” he replied. “She’s the wife of Trimalchio, and she measures her money by the peck. And only a little while ago, what was she! May your genius pardon me, but you would not have been willing to take a crust of bread from her hand. Now, without rhyme or reason, she’s in the seventh heaven and is Trimalchio’s factotum, so much so that he would believe her if she told him it was dark when it was broad daylight! As for him, he don’t know how rich he is, but this harlot keeps an eye on everything and where you least expect to find her, you’re sure to run into her. She’s temperate, sober, full of good advice, and has many good qualities, but she has a scolding tongue, a very magpie on a sofa, those she likes, she likes, but those she dislikes, she dislikes! Trimalchio himself has estates as broad as the flight of a kite is long, and piles of money. There’s more silver plate lying in his steward’s office than other men have in their whole fortunes! And as for slaves, damn me if I believe a tenth of them knows the master by sight. The truth is, that these stand-a-gapes are so much in awe of him that any one of them would step into a fresh dunghill without ever knowing it, at a mere nod from him!”

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH

“And don’t you get the idea that he buys anything; everything is produced at home, wool, pitch, pepper, if you asked for hen’s milk you would get it. Because he wanted his wool to rival other things in quality, he bought rams at Tarentum and sent ‘em into his flocks with a slap on the arse. He had bees brought from Attica,



so he could produce Attic honey at home, and, as a side issue, so he could improve the native bees by crossing with the Greek. He even wrote to India for mushroom seed one day, and he hasn't a single mule that wasn't sired by a wild ass. Do you see all those cushions? Not a single one but what is stuffed with either purple or scarlet wool! He hasn't anything to worry about! Look out how you criticise those other fellow-freedmen-friends of his, they're all well heeled. See the fellow reclining at the bottom of the end couch? He's worth his 800,000 any day, and he rose from nothing. Only a short while ago he had to carry faggots on his own back. I don't know how true it is, but they say that he snatched off an Incubo's hat and found a treasure! For my part, I don't envy any man anything that was given him by a god. He still carries the marks of his box on the ear, and he isn't wishing himself any bad luck! He posted this notice, only the other day:

CAIUS POMPONIUS DIOGENES HAS  
PURCHASED A HOUSE  
THIS GARRET FOR RENT AFTER  
THE KALENDS OF JULY.

“What do you think of the fellow in the freedman's place? He has a good front, too, hasn't he? And he has a right to. He saw his fortune multiplied tenfold, but he lost heavily through speculation at the last. I don't think he can call his very hair his own, and it is no fault of his either, by Hercules, it isn't. There's no better fellow anywhere; his rascally freedmen cheated him out of everything. You know very well how it is; everybody's business is nobody's business, and once let business affairs start to go wrong, your friends will stand from under! Look at the fix he's in, and think what a fine trade he had! He used to be an undertaker. He dined like a king, boars roasted whole in their shaggy Bides, bakers' pastries, birds, cooks and bakers! More wine was spilled under his table than another has in his wine cellar. His life was like a pipe dream, not like an ordinary mortal's. When his affairs commenced to go wrong, and he was afraid his creditors would guess that he was bankrupt, he advertised an auction and this was his placard:

JULIUS PROCULUS WILL SELL AT  
AUCTION HIS SUPERFLUOUS  
FURNITURE”

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH

Trimalchio broke in upon this entertaining gossip, for the course had been removed and the guests, happy with wine, had started a general conversation: lying back upon his couch, “You ought to make this wine go down pleasantly,” he said, “the fish must have something to swim in. But I say, you didn’t think I’d be satisfied with any such dinner as you saw on the top of that tray? ‘Is Ulysses no better known?’ Well, well, we shouldn’t forget our culture, even at dinner. May the bones of my patron rest in peace, he wanted me to become a man among men. No one can show me anything new, and that little tray has proved it. This heaven where the gods live, turns into as many different signs, and sometimes into the Ram: therefore, whoever is born under that sign will own many flocks and much wool, a hard head, a shameless brow, and a sharp horn. A great many school-teachers and rambunctious butters-in are born under that sign.” We applauded the wonderful penetration of our astrologer and he ran on, “Then the whole heaven turns into a bull-calf and the kickers and herdsmen and those who see to it that their own bellies are full, come into the world. Teams of horses and oxen are born under the Twins, and well-hung wenchers and those who bedung both sides of the wall. I was born under the Crab and therefore stand on many legs and own much property on land and sea, for the crab is as much at home on one as he is in the other. For that reason, I put nothing on that sign for fear of weighing down my own destiny. Bulldozers and gluttons are born under the Lion, and women and fugitives and chain-gangs are born under the Virgin. Butchers and perfumers are born under the Balance, and all who think that it is their business to straighten things out. Poisoners and assassins are born under the Scorpion. Cross-eyed people who look at the vegetables and sneak away with the bacon, are born under the Archer. Horny-handed sons of toil are born under Capricorn. Bartenders and pumpkin-heads are born under the Water-Carrier. Caterers and rhetoricians are born under the Fishes: and so the world turns round, just like a mill, and something bad always comes to the top, and men are either being born or else they’re dying. As to the sod and the honeycomb in the middle, for I never do anything without a reason, Mother Earth is in the centre, round as an egg, and all that is good is found in her, just like it is in a honeycomb.”

## **CHAPTER THE FORTIETH**

“Bravo!” we yelled, and, with hands uplifted to the ceiling, we swore that such fellows as Hipparchus and Aratus were not to be compared with him. At length some slaves came in who spread upon the couches some coverlets upon which

were embroidered nets and hunters stalking their game with boar-spears, and all the paraphernalia of the chase. We knew not what to look for next, until a hideous uproar commenced, just outside the dining-room door, and some Spartan hounds commenced to run around the table all of a sudden. A tray followed them, upon which was served a wild boar of immense size, wearing a liberty cap upon its head, and from its tusks hung two little baskets of woven palm fibre, one of which contained Syrian dates, the other, Theban. Around it hung little suckling pigs made from pastry, signifying that this was a brood-sow with her pigs at suck. It turned out that these were souvenirs intended to be taken home. When it came to carving the boar, our old friend Carver, who had carved the capons, did not appear, but in his place a great bearded giant, with bands around his legs, and wearing a short hunting cape in which a design was woven. Drawing his hunting-knife, he plunged it fiercely into the boar's side, and some thrushes flew out of the gash. fowlers, ready with their rods, caught them in a moment, as they fluttered around the room and Trimalchio ordered one to each guest, remarking, "Notice what fine acorns this forest-bred boar fed on," and as he spoke, some slaves removed the little baskets from the tusks and divided the Syrian and Theban dates equally among the diners.

## CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST

Getting a moment to myself, in the meantime, I began to speculate as to why the boar had come with a liberty cap upon his head. After exhausting my invention with a thousand foolish guesses, I made bold to put the riddle which teased me to my old informant. "Why, sure," he replied, "even your slave could explain that; there's no riddle, everything's as plain as day! This boar made his first bow as the last course of yesterday's dinner and was dismissed by the guests, so today he comes back as a freedman!" I damned my stupidity and refrained from asking any more questions for fear I might leave the impression that I had never dined among decent people before. While we were speaking, a handsome boy, crowned with vine leaves and ivy, passed grapes around, in a little basket, and impersonated Bacchus-happy, Bacchus-drunk, and Bacchus-dreaming, reciting, in the meantime, his master's verses, in a shrill voice. Trimalchio turned to him and said, "Dionisus, be thou Liber," whereupon the boy immediately snatched the cap from the boar's head, and put it upon his own. At that Trimalchio added, "You can't deny that my father's middle name was Liber!" We applauded Trimalchio's conceit heartily, and kissed the boy as he went around. Trimalchio retired to the close-stool, after this course, and we, having freedom of action with the tyrant away, began to draw the other guests out. After calling for a bowl of wine, Dama spoke up, "A day's nothing at all: it's night before you can turn around, so you can't do better than to

go right to the dining-room from your bed. It's been so cold that I can hardly get warm in a bath, but a hot drink's as good as an overcoat: I've had some long pegs, and between you and me, I'm a bit groggy; the booze has gone to my head."

## **CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND**

Here Seleucus took up the tale. "I don't bathe every day," he confided, "a bath uses you up like a fuller: water's got teeth and your strength wastes away a little every day; but when I've downed a pot of mead, I tell the cold to suck my cock! I couldn't bathe today anyway, because I was at a funeral; dandy fellow, he was too, good old Chrysanthus slipped his wind! Why, only the other day he said good morning' to me, and I almost think I'm talking to him now! Gawd's truth, we're only blown-up bladders strutting around, we're less than flies, for they have some good in them, but we're only bubbles. And supposing he had not kept to such a low diet! Why, not a drop of water or a crumb of bread so much as passed his lips for five days; and yet he joined the majority! Too many doctors did away with him, or rather, his time had come, for a doctor's not good for anything except for a consolation to your mind! He was well carried out, anyhow, in the very bed he slept in during his lifetime. And he was covered with a splendid pall: the mourning was tastefully managed; he had freed some slaves; even though his wife was sparing with her tears: and what if he hadn't treated her so well! But when you come to women, women all belong to the kite species: no one ought to waste a good turn upon one of them; it's just like throwing it down a well! An old love's like a cancer!"

## **CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD**

He was becoming very tiresome, and Phileros cried out, "Let's think about the living! He has what was coming to him, he lived respectably, and respectably he died. What's he got to kick about'? He made his pile from an as, and would pick a

quadrans out of a dunghill with his teeth, any old time. And he grew richer and richer, of course: just like a honeycomb. I expect that he left all of a hundred thousand, by Hercules, I do! All in cold cash, too; but I've eaten dog's tongue and must speak the truth: he was foul-mouthed, had a ready tongue, he was a trouble maker and no man. Now his brother was a good fellow, a friend to his friend, free-handed, and he kept a liberal table. He picked a loser at the start, but his first vintage set him upon his legs, for he sold his wine at the figure he demanded, and, what made him hold his head higher still, he came into a legacy from which he stole more than had been left to him. Then that fool friend of yours, in a fit of anger at his brother, willed his property away to some son-of-a-bitch or other, who he was, I don't know, but when a man runs away from his own kin, he has a long way to go! And what's more, he had some slaves who were ear-specialists at the keyhole, and they did him a lot of harm, for a man won't prosper when he believes, on the spot, every tale that he hears; a man in business, especially. Still, he had a good time as long as he lived: for happy's the fellow who gets the gift, not the one it was meant for. He sure was Fortune's son! Lead turned to gold in his hands. It's easy enough when everything squares up and runs on schedule. How old would you think he was? Seventy and over, but he was as tough as horn, carried his age well, and was as black as a crow. I knew the fellow for years and years, and he was a lecher to the very last. I don't believe that even the dog in his house escaped his attentions, by Hercules, I don't; and what a boy-lover he was! Saw a virgin in every one he met! Not that I blame him though, for it's all he could take with him."

## CHAPTER THE FORTY-FOURTH

Phileros had his say and Ganymedes exclaimed, "You gabble away about things that don't concern heaven or earth: and none of you cares how the price of grain pinches. I couldn't even get a mouthful of bread today, by Hercules, I couldn't. How the drought does hang on! We've had famine for a year. If the damned AEdiles would only get what's coming to them. They graft with the bakers, scratch-my-arse-and-I'll-scratch-yours! That's the way it always is, the poor devils are out of luck, but the jaws of the capitalists are always keeping the Saturnalia. If only we had such lion-hearted sports as we had when I first came from Asia! That was the life! If the flour was not the very best, they would beat up those belly-robbing grafters till they looked like Jupiter had been at them. How well I remember Safinius; he lived near the old arch, when I was a boy. For a man,

he was one hot proposition! Wherever he went, the ground smoked! But he was square, dependable, a friend to a friend, you could safely play mora with him, in the dark. But how he did peel them in the town hall: he spoke no parables, not he! He did everything straight from the shoulder and his voice roared like a trumpet in the forum. He never sweat nor spat. I don't know, but I think he had a strain of the Asiatic in him. And how civil and friendly-like he was, in returning everyone's greeting; called us all by name, just like he was one of us! And so provisions were cheap as dirt in those days. The loaf you got for an as, you couldn't eat, not even if someone helped you, but you see them no bigger than a bull's eye now, and the hell of it is that things are getting worse every day; this colony grows backwards like a calf's tail! Why do we have to put up with an AEdile here, who's not worth three Caunian figs and who thinks more of an as than of our lives? He has a good time at home, and his daily income's more than another man's fortune. I happen to know where he got a thousand gold pieces. If we had any nuts, he'd not be so damned well pleased with himself! Nowadays, men are lions at home and foxes abroad. What gets me is, that I've already eaten my old clothes, and if this high cost of living keeps on, I'll have to sell my cottages! What's going to happen to this town, if neither gods nor men take pity on it? May I never have any luck if I don't believe all this comes from the gods! For no one believes that heaven is heaven, no one keeps a fast, no one cares a hang about Jupiter: they all shut their eyes and count up their own profits. In the old days, the married women, in their stolas, climbed the hill in their bare feet, pure in heart, and with their hair unbound, and prayed to Jupiter for rain! And it would pour down in bucketfuls then or never, and they'd all come home, wet as drowned rats. But the gods all have the gout now, because we are not religious; and so our fields are burning up!"

## CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH

"Don't be so down in the mouth," chimed in Echion, the ragman; "if it wasn't that it'd be something else, as the farmer said, when he lost his spotted pig. If a thing don't happen today, it may tomorrow. That's the way life jogs along. You couldn't name a better country, by Hercules, you couldn't, if only the men had any brains. She's in hot water right now, but she ain't the only one. We oughtn't to be so particular; heaven's as far away everywhere else. If you were somewhere else, you'd swear that pigs walked around here already roasted. Think of what's coming! We'll soon have a fine gladiator show to last for three days, no training-school pupils; most of them will be freedmen. Our Titus has a hot head and plenty

of guts and it will go to a finish. I'm well acquainted with him, and he'll not stand for any frame-ups. It will be cold steel in the best style, no running away, the shambles will be in the middle of the amphitheatre where all the crowd can see. And what's more, he has the coin, for he came into thirty million when his father had the bad luck to die. He could blow in four hundred thousand and his fortune never feel it, but his name would live forever. He has some dwarfs already, and a woman to fight from a chariot. Then, there's Glyco's steward; he was caught screwing Glyco's wife. You'll see some battle between jealous husbands and favored lovers. Anyhow, that cheap screw of a Glyco condemned his steward to the beasts and only published his own shame. How could the slave go wrong when he only obeyed orders? It would have been better if that she-piss-pot, for that's all she's fit for, had been tossed by the bull, but a fellow has to beat the saddle when he can't beat the jackass. How could Glyco ever imagine that a sprig of Hermogenes' planting could turn out well? Why, Hermogenes could trim the claws of a flying hawk, and no snake ever hatched out a rope yet! And look at Glyco! He's smoked himself out in fine shape, and as long as he lives, he'll carry that stain! No one but the devil himself can wipe that out, but chickens always come home to roost. My nose tells me that Mammaea will set out a spread: two bits apiece for me and mine! And he'll nick Norbanus out of his political pull if he does; you all know that it's to his interest to hump himself to get the best of him. And honestly, what did that fellow ever do for us? He exhibited some two cent gladiators that were so near dead they'd have fallen flat if you blew your breath at them. I've seen better thugs sent against wild beasts! And the cavalry he killed looked about as much like the real thing as the horsemen on the lamps; you would have taken them for dunghill cocks! One plug had about as much action as a jackass with a pack-saddle; another was club-footed; and a third who had to take the place of one that was killed, was as good as dead, and hamstrung into the bargain. There was only one that had any pep, and he was a Thracian, but he only fought when we egged him on. The whole crowd was flogged afterwards. How the mob did yell 'Lay it on!' They were nothing but runaways. And at that he had the nerve to say, 'I've given you a show.' 'And I've applauded,' I answered; 'count it up and you'll find that I gave more than I got! One hand washes the other.'"

## CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH

"Agamemnon, your looks seem to say, What's this boresome nut trying to hand us?' Well, I'm talking because you, who can talk book-foolishness, won't.

You don't belong to our bunch, so you laugh in your sleeve at the way us poor people talk, but we know that you're only a fool with a lot of learning. Well, what of it? Some day I'll get you to come to my country place and take a look at my little estate. We'll have fresh eggs and spring chicken to chew on when we get there; it will be all right even if the weather has kept things back this year. We'll find enough to satisfy us, and my kid will soon grow up to be a pupil of yours; he can divide up to four, now, and you'll have a little servant at your side, if he lives. When he has a minute to himself, he never takes his eyes from his tablets; he's smart too, and has the right kind of stuff in him, even if he is crazy about birds. I've had to kill three of his linnets already. I told him that a weasel had gotten them, but he's found another hobby, now he paints all the time. He's left the marks of his heels on his Greek already, and is doing pretty well with his Latin, although his master's too easy with him; won't make him stick to one thing. He comes to me to get me to give him something to write when his master don't want to work. Then there's another tutor, too, no scholar, but very painstaking, though; he can teach you more than he knows himself. He comes to the house on holidays and is always satisfied with whatever you pay him. Some little time ago, I bought the kid some law books; I want him to have a smattering of the law for home use. There's bread in that! As for literature, he's got enough of that in him already; if he begins to kick, I've concluded that I'll make him learn some trade; the barber's, say, or the auctioneer's, or even the lawyer's. That's one thing no one but the devil can do him out of! 'Believe what your daddy says, Primigenius,' I din into his ears every day, 'whenever you learn a thing, it's yours. Look at Phileros the attorney; he'd not be keeping the wolf from the door now if he hadn't studied. It's not long since he had to carry his wares on his back and peddle them, but he can put up a front with Norbanus himself now! Learning's a fine thing, and a trade won't starve.'"

## CHAPTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH

Twaddle of this sort was being bandied about when Trimalchio came in; mopping his forehead and washing his hands in perfume, he said, after a short pause, "Pardon me, gentlemen, but my stomach's been on strike for the past few days and the doctors disagreed about the cause. But pomegranate rind and pitch steeped in vinegar have helped me, and I hope that my belly will get on its good behavior, for sometimes there's such a rumbling in my guts that you'd think a bellowing bull was in there. So if anyone wants to do his business, there's no call to be bashful about it. None of us was born solid! I don't know of any worse



torment than having to hold it in, it's the one thing Jupiter himself can't hold in. So you're laughing, are you, Fortunata? Why, you're always keeping me awake at night yourself. I never objected yet to anyone in my dining-room relieving himself when he wanted to, and the doctors forbid our holding it in. Everything's ready outside, if the call's more serious, water, close-stool, and anything else you'll need. Believe me, when this rising vapor gets to the brain, it puts the whole body on the burn. Many a one I've known to kick in just because he wouldn't own up to the truth." We thanked him for his kindness and consideration, and hid our laughter by drinking more and oftener. We had not realized that, as yet, we were only in the middle of the entertainment, with a hill still ahead, as the saying goes. The tables were cleared off to the beat of music, and three white hogs, muzzled, and wearing bells, were brought into the dining-room. The announcer informed us that one was a two-year-old, another three, and the third just turned six. I had an idea that some rope-dancers had come in and that the hogs would perform tricks, just as they do for the crowd on the streets, but Trimalchio dispelled this illusion by asking, "Which one will you have served up immediately, for dinner? Any country cook can manage a dunghill cock, a pentheus hash, or little things like that, but my cooks are well used to serving up calves boiled whole, in their cauldrons!" Then he ordered a cook to be called in at once, and without awaiting our pleasure, he directed that the oldest be butchered, and demanded in a loud voice, "What division do you belong too?" When the fellow made answer that he was from the fortieth, "Were you bought, or born upon my estates?" Trimalchio continued. "Neither," replied the cook, "I was left to you by Pansa's will." "See to it that this is properly done," Trimalchio warned, "or I'll have you transferred to the division of messengers!" and the cook, bearing his master's warning in mind, departed for the kitchen with the next course in tow.

## CHAPTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH

Trimalchio's threatening face relaxed and he turned to us, "If the wine don't please you," he said, "I'll change it; you ought to do justice to it by drinking it. I don't have to buy it, thanks to the gods. Everything here that makes your mouths water, was produced on one of my country places which I've never yet seen, but they tell me it's down Terracina and Tarentum way. I've got a notion to add Sicily to my other little holdings, so in case I want to go to Africa, I'll be able to sail along my own coasts. But tell me the subject of your speech today, Agamemnon, for, though I don't plead cases myself, I studied literature for home use, and for

fear you should think I don't care about learning, let me inform you that I have three libraries, one Greek and the others Latin. Give me the outline of your speech if you like me."

"A poor man and a rich man were enemies," Agamemnon began, when: "What's a poor man?" Trimalchio broke in. "Well put," Agamemnon conceded and went into details upon some problem or other, what it was I do not know. Trimalchio instantly rendered the following verdict, "If that's the case, there's nothing to dispute about; if it's not the case, it don't amount to anything anyhow." These flashes of wit, and others equally scintillating, we loudly applauded, and he went on: "Tell me, my dearest Agamemnon, do you remember the twelve labors of Hercules or the story of Ulysses, how the Cyclops threw his thumb out of joint with a pig-headed crowbar? When I was a boy, I used to read those stories in Homer. And then, there's the Sibyl: with my own eyes I saw her, at Cumae, hanging up in a jar; and whenever the boys would say to her 'Sibyl, Sibyl, what would you?' she would answer, 'I would die.'"

## CHAPTER THE FORTY-NINTH

Before he had run out of wind, a tray upon which was an enormous hog was placed upon the table, almost filling it up. We began to wonder at the dispatch with which it had been prepared and swore that no cock could have been served up in so short a time; moreover, this hog seemed to us far bigger than the boar had been. Trimalchio scrutinized it closely and "What the hell," he suddenly bawled out, "this hog hain't been gutted, has it? No, it hain't, by Hercules, it hain't! Call that cook! Call that cook in here immediately!" When the crestfallen cook stood at the table and owned up that he had forgotten to bowel him, "So you forgot, did you?" Trimalchio shouted, "You'd think he'd only left out a bit of pepper and cummin, wouldn't you? Off with his clothes!" The cook was stripped without delay, and stood with hanging head, between two torturers. We all began to make excuses for him at this, saying, "Little things like that are bound to happen once in a while, let us prevail upon you to let him off; if he ever does such a thing again, not a one of us will have a word to say in his behalf." But for my part, I was mercilessly angry and could not help leaning over towards Agamemnon and whispering in his ear, "It is easily seen that this fellow is criminally careless, is it not? How could anyone forget to draw a hog? If he had served me a fish in that fashion I wouldn't overlook it, by Hercules, I wouldn't." But that was not Trimalchio's way: his face relaxed into good humor and he said, "Since your memory's so short, you can gut him

right here before our eyes!” The cook put on his tunic, snatched up a carving knife, with a trembling hand, and slashed the hog’s belly in several places. Sausages and meat- puddings, widening the apertures, by their own weight, immediately tumbled out.

## CHAPTER THE FIFTIETH

The whole household burst into unanimous applause at this; “Hurrah for Gaius,” they shouted. As for the cook, he was given a drink and a silver crown and a cup on a salver of Corinthian bronze. Seeing that Agamemnon was eyeing the platter closely, Trimalchio remarked, “I’m the only one that can show the real Corinthian!” I thought that, in his usual purse-proud manner, he was going to boast that his bronzes were all imported from Corinth, but he did even better by saying, “Wouldn’t you like to know how it is that I’m the only one that can show the real Corinthian? Well, it’s because the bronze worker I patronize is named Corinthus, and what’s Corinthian unless it’s what a Corinthus makes? And, so you won’t think I’m a blockhead, I’m going to show you that I’m well acquainted with how Corinthian first came into the world. When Troy was taken, Hannibal, who was a very foxy fellow and a great rascal into the bargain, piled all the gold and silver and bronze statues in one pile and set ‘em afire, melting these different metals into one: then the metal workers took their pick and made bowls and dessert dishes and statuettes as well. That’s how Corinthian was born; neither one nor the other, but an amalgam of all. But I prefer glass, if you don’t mind my saying so; it don’t stink, and if it didn’t break, I’d rather have it than gold, but it’s cheap and common now.”

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIRST

“But there was an artisan, once upon a time, who made a glass vial that couldn’t be broken. On that account he was admitted to Caesar with his gift; then

he dashed it upon the floor, when Caesar handed it back to him. The Emperor was greatly startled, but the artisan picked the vial up off the pavement, and it was dented, just like a brass bowl would have been! He took a little hammer out of his tunic and beat out the dent without any trouble. When he had done that, he thought he would soon be in Jupiter's heaven, and more especially when Caesar said to him, 'Is there anyone else who knows how to make this malleable glass? Think now!' And when he denied that anyone else knew the secret, Caesar ordered his head chopped off, because if this should get out, we would think no more of gold than we would of dirt."

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SECOND

"And when it comes to silver, I'm a connoisseur; I have goblets as big as wine-jars, a hundred of 'em more or less, with engraving that shows how Cassandra killed her sons, and the dead boys are lying so naturally that you'd think 'em alive. I own a thousand bowls which Mummius left to my patron, where Daedalus is shown shutting Niobe up in the Trojan horse, and I also have cups engraved with the gladiatorial contests of Hermeros and Petraites: they're all heavy, too. I wouldn't sell my taste in these matters for any money!" A slave dropped a cup while he was running on in this fashion. Glaring at him, Trimalchio said, "Go hang yourself, since you're so careless." The boy's lip quivered and he immediately commenced to beg for mercy. "Why do you pray to me?" Trimalchio demanded, at this: "I don't intend to be harsh with you, I'm only warning you against being so awkward." Finally, however, we got him to give the boy a pardon and no sooner had this been done than the slave started running around the room crying, "Out with the water and in with the wine!" We all paid tribute to this joke, but Agamemnon in particular, for he well knew what strings to pull in order to secure another invitation to dinner. Tickled by our flattery, and mellowed by the wine, Trimalchio was just about drunk. "Why hasn't one of you asked my Fortunata to dance?" he demanded, "There's no one can do a better cancan, believe me," and he himself raised his arms above his head and favored us with an impersonation of Syrus the actor; the whole household chanting:

Oh bravo

Oh bravissimo

in chorus, and he would have danced out into the middle of the room before us all, had not Fortunata whispered in his ear, telling him, I suppose, that such low buffoonery was not in keeping with his dignity. But nothing could be so

changeable as his humor, for one minute he stood in awe of Fortunata, but his natural propensities would break out the next.

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-THIRD

But his passion for dancing was interrupted at this stage by a stenographer who read aloud, as if he were reading the public records, “On the seventh of the Kalends of July, on Trimalchio’s estates near Cumae, were born thirty boys and forty girls: five hundred pecks of wheat were taken from the threshing floors and stored in the granaries: five hundred oxen were put to yoke: the slave Mithridates was crucified on the same date for cursing the genius of our master, Gaius: on said date ten million sesterces were returned to the vaults as no sound investment could be found: on said date, a fire broke out in the gardens at Pompeii, said fire originating in the house of Nasta, the bailiff.” “What’s that?” demanded Trimalchio. “When were the gardens at Pompeii bought for me?” “Why, last year,” answered the stenographer, “for that reason the item has not appeared in the accounts.” Trimalchio flew into a rage at this. “If I’m not told within six months of any real estate that’s bought for me,” he shouted, “I forbid it’s being carried to my account at all!” Next, the edicts of his aediles were read aloud, and the wills of some of his foresters in which Trimalchio was disinherited by a codicil, then the names of his bailiffs, and that of a freedwoman who had been repudiated by a night watchman, after she had been caught in bed with a bath attendant, that of a porter banished to Baioe, a steward who was standing trial, and lastly the report of a decision rendered in the matter of a lawsuit, between some valets. When this was over with, some rope dancers came in and a very boresome fool stood holding a ladder, ordering his boy to dance from rung to rung, and finally at the top, all this to the music of popular airs; then the boy was compelled to jump through blazing hoops while grasping a huge wine jar with his teeth. Trimalchio was the only one who was much impressed by these tricks, remarking that it was a thankless calling and adding that in all the world there were just two things which could give him acute pleasure, rope-dancers and horn blowers; all other entertainments were nothing but nonsense. “I bought a company of comedians,” he went on, “but I preferred for them to put on Atellane farces, and I ordered my flute-player to play Latin airs only.”

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FOURTH

While our noble Gaius was still talking away, the boy slipped and fell, alighting upon Trimalchio's arm. The whole household cried out, as did also the guests, not that they bore such a coarse fellow any good will, as they would gladly have seen his neck broken, but because such an unlucky ending to the dinner might make it necessary for them to go into mourning over a total stranger. As for Trimalchio, he groaned heavily and bent over his arm as though it had been injured: doctors flocked around him, and Fortunata was among the very first, her hair was streaming and she held a cup in her hand and screamed out her grief and unhappiness. As for the boy who had fallen, he was crawling at our feet, imploring pardon. I was uneasy for fear his prayers would lead up to some ridiculous theatrical climax, for I had not yet been able to forget that cook who had forgotten to bowel that hog, and so, for this reason, I began to scan the whole dining-room very closely, to see if an automaton would come out through the wall; and all the more so as a slave was beaten for having bound up his master's bruised arm in white wool instead of purple. Nor was my suspicion unjustified, for in place of punishment, Trimalchio ordered that the boy be freed, so that no one could say that so exalted a personage had been injured by a slave.

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIFTH

We applauded his action and engaged in a discussion upon the instability of human affairs, which many took sides. "A good reason," declared Trimalchio, "why such an occasion shouldn't slip by without an epigram." He called for his tablets at once, and after racking his brains for a little while, he got off the following:

*The unexpected will turn up;  
Our whole lives Fortune bungles up.  
Falernian, boy, hand round the cup.*

This epigram led up to a discussion of the poets, and for a long time, the greatest praise was bestowed upon Mopsus the Thracian, until Trimalchio broke in with: “Professor, I wish you’d tell me how you’d compare Cicero and Publilius. I’m of the opinion that the first was the more eloquent, but that the last moralizes more beautifully, for what can excel these lines?”

*Insatiable luxury crumbles the walls of war;  
To satiate gluttony, peacocks in coops are brought  
Arrayed in gold plumage like Babylon tapestry rich.  
Numidian guinea-fowls, capons, all perish for thee:  
And even the wandering stork, welcome guest that he is,  
The emblem of sacred maternity, slender of leg  
And gloctoring exile from winter, herald of spring,  
Still, finds his last nest in the--cauldron of gluttony base.  
India surrenders her pearls; and what mean they to thee?  
That thy wife decked with sea-spoils adorning her breast and her head  
On the couch of a stranger lies lifting adulterous legs?  
The emerald green, the glass bauble, what mean they to thee?  
Or the fire of the ruby? Except that pure chastity shine  
From the depth of the jewels: in garments of woven wind clad  
Our brides might as well take their stand, their game naked to stalk,  
As seek it in gossamer tissue transparent as air.”*

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SIXTH

“What should we say was the hardest calling, after literature?” he asked. “That of the doctor or that of the money-changer, I would say: the doctor, because he has to know what poor devils have got in their insides, and when the fever’s due: but I hate them like the devil, for my part, because they’re always ordering me on a diet of duck soup: and the money-changer’s, because he’s got to be able to see the silver through the copper plating. When we come to the dumb beasts, the oxen and sheep are the hardest worked, the oxen, thanks to whose labor we have bread to chew on, the sheep, because their wool tricks us out so fine. It’s the greatest outrage under the sun for people to eat mutton and then wear a tunic. Then there’s the bee: in my opinion, they’re divine insects because they puke honey, though there are folks that claim that they bring it from Jupiter, and that’s the reason they sting, too, for wherever you find a sweet, you’ll find a bitter too.” He was just putting the philosophers out of business when lottery tickets were passed around in a cup. A slave boy assigned to that duty read aloud the names of the souvenirs:

“Silver s--ham,” a ham was brought in with some silver vinegar cruets on top of it; “cervical”--something soft for the neck--a piece of the cervix--neck--of a sheep was brought in; “serisapia”--after wit--“and contumelia”--insult--we were given must wafers and an apple-melon--and a phallus--contus--; “porri”--leeks--“and persica,” he picked up a whip and a knife; “passeres”--sparrows” and a fly--trap,” the answer was raisins--uva passa--and Attic honey; “cenatoria”--a dinner toga--“and forensia”--business dress--he handed out a piece of meat--suggestive of dinner--and a note-book--suggestive of business--; “canale”--chased by a dog--“and pedale”--pertaining to the foot-- , a hare and a slipper were brought out; “lamphrey”--murena--“and a letter,” he held up a mouse--mus--and a frog--rana--tied together, and a bundle of beet--beta--the Greek letter beta-- . We laughed long and loud, there were a thousand of these jokes, more or less, which have now escaped my memory.

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SEVENTH

But Ascyrtos threw off all restraint and ridiculed everything; throwing up his hands, he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. At last, one of Trimalchio’s fellow-freedmen, the one who had the place next to me, flew into a rage, “What’s the joke, sheep’s-head,” he bawled, “Don’t our host’s swell entertainment suit you? You’re richer than he is, I suppose, and used to dining better! As I hope the guardian spirit of this house will be on my side, I’d have stopped his bleating long ago if I’d been sitting next to him. He’s a peach, he is, laughing at others; some vagabond or other from who-knows-where, some night-pad who’s not worth his own piss: just let me piss a ring around him and he wouldn’t know where to run to! I ain’t easy riled, no, by Hercules, I ain’t, but worms breed in tender flesh. Look at him laugh! What the hell’s he got to laugh at? Is his family so damned fine-haired? So you’re a Roman knight! Well, I’m a king’s son! How’s it come that you’ve been a slave, you’ll ask because I put myself into service because I’d rather be a Roman citizen than a tax-paying provincial. And now I hope that my life will be such that no one can jeer at me. I’m a man among men! I take my stroll bareheaded and owe no man a copper cent. I never had a summons in my life and no one ever said to me, in the forum, pay me what you owe me. I’ve bought a few acres and saved up a few dollars and I feed twenty bellies and a dog. I ransomed my bedfellow so no one could wipe his hands on her bosom; a thousand dinars it cost me, too. I was chosen priest of Augustus without paying the fee, and I hope that I won’t need to blush in my grave after I’m dead. But you’re so busy that you can’t



look behind you; you can spot a louse on someone else, all right, but you can't see the tick on yourself. You're the only one that thinks we're so funny; look at your professor, he's older than you are, and we're good enough for him, but you're only a brat with the milk still in your nose and all you can prattle is 'ma' or 'mu,' you're only a clay pot, a piece of leather soaked in water, softer and slipperier, but none the better for that. You've got more coin than we have, have you? Then eat two breakfasts and two dinners a day. I'd rather have my reputation than riches, for my part, and before I make an end of this--who ever dunned me twice? In all the forty years I was in service, no one could tell whether I was free or a slave. I was only a long-haired boy when I came to this colony and the town house was not built then. I did my best to please my master and he was a digniferous and majestic gentleman whose nail-parings were worth more than your whole carcass. I had enemies in his house, too, who would have been glad to trip me up, but I swam the flood, thanks to his kindness. Those are the things that try your mettle, for it's as easy to be born a gentleman as to say, 'Come here.' Well, what are you gaping at now, like a billy-goat in a vetch-field?"

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-EIGHTH

Giton, who had been standing at my feet, and who had for some time been holding in his laughter, burst into an uproarious guffaw, at this last figure of speech, and when Ascyrtos' adversary heard it, he turned his abuse upon the boy. "What's so funny, you curly-headed onion," he bellowed, "are the Saturnalia here, I'd like to know? Is it December now?"

"When did you pay your twentieth? What's this to you, you gallows-bird, you crow's meat? I'll call the anger of Jupiter down on you and that master of yours, who don't keep you in better order. If I didn't respect my fellow-freedmen, I'd give you what is coming to you right here on the spot, as I hope to get my belly full of bread, I would. We'll get along well enough, but those that can't control you are fools; like master like man's a true saying. I can hardly hold myself in and I'm not hot-headed by nature, but once let me get a start and I don't care two cents for my own mother. All right, I'll catch you in the street, you rat, you toadstool. May I never grow an inch up or down if I don't push your master into a dunghill, and I'll give you the same medicine, I will, by Hercules, I will, no matter if you call down Olympian Jupiter himself! I'll take care of your eight inch ringlets and your two cent master into the bargain. I'll have my teeth into you, either you'll cut out the laughing, or I don't know myself. Yes, even if you had a golden beard. I'll bring

the wrath of Minerva down on you and on the fellow that first made a come-here out of you. No, I never learned geometry or criticism or other foolishness like that, but I know my capital letters and I can divide any figure by a hundred, be it in asses, pounds or sesterces. Let's have a show-down, you and I will make a little bet, here's my coin; you'll soon find out that your father's money was wasted on your education, even if you do know a little rhetoric. How's this--what part of us am I? I come far, I come wide, now guess me! I'll give you another. What part of us runs but never moves from its place? What part of us grows but always grows less? But you scurry around and are as flustered and fidgeted as a mouse in a piss-pot. Shut up and don't annoy your betters, who don't even know that you've been born. Don't think that I'm impressed by those boxwood armlets that you did your mistress out of. Occupo will back me! Let's go into the forum and borrow money, then you'll see whether this iron ring means credit! Bah! A dragged fox is a fine sight, ain't it? I hope I never get rich and die decently so that the people will swear by my death, if I don't hound you everywhere with my toga turned inside out. And the fellow that taught you such manners did a good job too, a chattering ape, all right, no schoolmaster. We were better taught. 'Is everything in its place?' the master would ask; go straight home and don't stop and stare at everything and don't be impudent to your elders. Don't loiter along looking in at the shops. No second raters came out of that school. I'm what you see me and I thank the gods it's all due to my own cleverness."

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-NINTH

Ascyrtos was just starting in to answer this indictment when Trimalchio, who was delighted with his fellow-freedman's tirade, broke in, "Cut out the bickering and let's have things pleasant here. Let up on the young fellow, Hermeros, he's hot-blooded, so you ought to be more reasonable. The loser's always the winner in arguments of this kind. And as for you, even when you were a young punk you used to go 'Co-co co-co,' like a hen after a rooster, but you had no pep. Let's get to better business and start the fun all over again and watch the Homerists." A troupe filed in, immediately, and clashed spears against shields. Trimalchio sat himself up on his cushion and intoned in Latin, from a book, while the actors, in accordance with their conceited custom, recited their parts in the Greek language. There came a pause, presently, and "You don't any of you know the plot of the skit they're putting on, do you?" he asked, "Diomedes and Ganymede were two brothers, and Helen was their sister; Agamemnon ran away with her and palmed off a doe on Diana, in her place, so Homer tells how the Trojans and Parentines fought among

themselves. Of course Agamemnon was victorious, and gave his daughter Iphigenia, to Achilles, for a wife: This caused Ajax to go mad, and he'll soon make the whole thing plain to you." The Homerists raised a shout, as soon as Trimalchio had done speaking, and, as the whole familia stepped back, a boiled calf with a helmet on its head was brought in on an enormous platter. Ajax followed and rushed upon it with drawn sword, as if he were insane, he made passes with the flat, and again with the edge, and then, collecting the slices, he skewered them, and, much to our astonishment, presented them to us on the point of his sword.

## CHAPTER THE SIXTIETH

But we were not given long in which to admire the elegance of such service, for all of a sudden the ceiling commenced to creak and then the whole dining-room shook. I leaped to my feet in consternation, for fear some rope-walker would fall down, and the rest of the company raised their faces, wondering as much as I what new prodigy was to be announced from on high. Then lo and behold! the ceiling panels parted and an enormous hoop, which appeared to have been knocked off a huge cask, was lowered from the dome above; its perimeter was hung with golden chaplets and jars of alabaster filled with perfume. We were asked to accept these articles as souvenirs. When my glance returned to the table, I noticed that a dish containing cakes had been placed upon it, and in the middle an image of Priapus, made by the baker, and he held apples of all varieties and bunches of grapes against his breast, in the conventional manner. We applied ourselves wholeheartedly to this dessert and our joviality was suddenly revived by a fresh diversion, for, at the slightest pressure, all the cakes and fruits would squirt a saffron sauce upon us, and even spurted unpleasantly into our faces. Being convinced that these perfumed dainties had some religious significance, we arose in a body and shouted, "Hurrah for the Emperor, the father of his country!" However, as we perceived that even after this act of veneration, the others continued helping themselves, we filled our napkins with the apples. I was especially keen on this, for I thought I could never put enough good things into Giton's lap. Three slaves entered, in the meantime, dressed in white tunics well tucked up, and two of them placed Lares with amulets hanging from their necks, upon the table, while the third carried round a bowl of wine and cried, "May the gods be propitious!" One was called Cerdo--business--, Trimalchio informed us, the other Lucrio--luck--and the third Felicio--profit--and, when all the rest had kissed a true likeness of Trimalchio, we were ashamed to pass it by.

## CHAPTER THE SIXTY-FIRST

After they had all wished each other sound minds and good health, Trimalchio turned to Niceros. "You used to be better company at dinner," he remarked, "and I don't know why you should be dumb today, with never a word to say. If you wish to make me happy, tell about that experience you had, I beg of you." Delighted at the affability of his friend, "I hope I lose all my luck if I'm not tickled to death at the humor I see you in," Niceros replied. "All right, let's go the limit for a good time, though I'm afraid these scholars'll laugh at me, but I'll tell my tale and they can go as far as they like. What t'hell do I care who laughs? It's better to be laughed at than laughed down." These words spake the hero, and began the following tale: "We lived in a narrow street in the house Gavilla now owns, when I was a slave. There, by the will of the gods, I fell in love with the wife of Terentius, the innkeeper; you knew Melissa of Tarentum, that pretty round-checked little wench. It was no carnal passion, so hear me, Hercules, it wasn't; I was not in love with her physical charms. No, it was because she was such a good sport. I never asked her for a thing and had her deny me; if she had an as, I had half. I trusted her with everything I had and never was done out of anything. Her husband up and died on the place, one day, so I tried every way I could to get to her, for you know friends ought to show up when anyone's in a pinch.

## CHAPTER THE SIXTY-SECOND

"It so happened that our master had gone to Capua to attend to some odds and ends of business and I seized the opportunity, and persuaded a guest of the house to accompany me as far as the fifth mile-stone. He was a soldier, and as brave as the very devil. We set out about cock-crow, the moon was shining as bright as midday, and came to where the tombstones are. My man stepped aside amongst them, but I sat down, singing, and commenced to count them up. When I looked around for my companion, he had stripped himself and piled his clothes by the side of the road. My heart was in my mouth, and I sat there while he pissed a ring around them and was suddenly turned into a wolf! Now don't think I'm joking, I wouldn't lie for any amount of money, but as I was saying, he commenced to howl after he was turned into a wolf, and ran away into the forest. I didn't know where I was for a minute or two, then I went to his clothes, to pick them up, and damned if

they hadn't turned to stone! Was ever anyone nearer dead from fright than me? Then I whipped out my sword and cut every shadow along the road to bits, till I came to the house of my mistress. I looked like a ghost when I went in, and I nearly slipped my wind. The sweat was pouring down my crotch, my eyes were staring, and I could hardly be brought around. My Melissa wondered why I was out so late. "Oh, if you'd only come sooner," she said, "you could have helped us: a wolf broke into the folds and attacked the sheep, bleeding them like a butcher. But he didn't get the laugh on me, even if he did get away, for one of the slaves ran his neck through with a spear!" I couldn't keep my eyes shut any longer when I heard that, and as soon as it grew light, I rushed back to our Gaius' house like an innkeeper beaten out of his bill, and when I came to the place where the clothes had been turned into stone, there was nothing but a pool of blood! And moreover, when I got home, my soldier was lying in bed, like an ox, and a doctor was dressing his neck! I knew then that he was a werewolf, and after that, I couldn't have eaten a crumb of bread with him, no, not if you had killed me. Others can think what they please about this, but as for me, I hope your geniuses will all get after me if I lie."

## CHAPTER THE SIXTY-THIRD

We were all dumb with astonishment, when "I take your story for granted," said Trimalchio, "and if you'll believe me, my hair stood on end, and all the more, because I know that Niceros never talks nonsense: he's always level-headed, not a bit gossipy. And now I'll tell you a hair-raiser myself, though I'm like a jackass on a slippery pavement compared to him. When I was a long-haired boy, for I lived a Chian life from my youth up, my master's minion died. He was a jewel, so hear me Hercules, he was, perfect in every facet. While his sorrow-stricken mother was bewailing his loss, and the rest of us were lamenting with her, the witches suddenly commenced to screech so loud that you would have thought a hare was being run down by the hounds! At that time, we had a Cappadocian slave, tall, very bold, and he had muscle too; he could hold a mad bull in the air! He wrapped a mantle around his left arm, boldly rushed out of doors with drawn sword, and ran a woman through the middle about here, no harm to what I touch. We heard a scream, but as a matter of fact, for I won't lie to you, we didn't catch sight of the witches themselves. Our simpleton came back presently, and threw himself upon the bed. His whole body was black and blue, as if he had been flogged with whips, and of course the reason of that was she had touched him with her evil hand! We shut the door and returned to our business, but when the mother put her arms around the body of her son, it turned out that it was only a straw bolster, no heart,

no guts, nothing! Of course the witches had swooped down upon the lad and put the straw changeling in his place! Believe me or not, suit yourselves, but I say that there are women that know too much, and night-hags, too, and they turn everything upside down! And as for the long-haired booby, he never got back his own natural color and he died, raving mad, a few days later.”

## CHAPTER THE SIXTY-FOURTH

Though we wondered greatly, we believed none the less implicitly and, kissing the table, we besought the night-hags to attend to their own affairs while we were returning home from dinner. As far as I was concerned, the lamps already seemed to burn double and the whole dining-room was going round, when “See here, Plocamus,” Trimalchio spoke up, “haven’t you anything to tell us? You haven’t entertained us at all, have you? And you used to be fine company, always ready to oblige with a recitation or a song. The gods bless us, how the green figs have fallen!” “True for you,” the fellow answered, “since I’ve got the gout my sporting days are over; but in the good old times when I was a young spark, I nearly sang myself into a consumption. How I used to dance! And take my part in a farce, or hold up my end in the barber shops! Who could hold a candle to me except, of course, the one and only Apelles?” He then put his hand to his mouth and hissed out some foul gibberish or other, and said afterwards that it was Greek. Trimalchio himself then favored us with an impersonation of a man blowing a trumpet, and when he had finished, he looked around for his minion, whom he called Croesus, a blear-eyed slave whose teeth were very disagreeably discolored. He was playing with a little black bitch, disgustingly fat, wrapping her up in a leek-green scarf and teasing her with a half-loaf of bread which he had put on the couch; and when from sheer nausea, she refused it, he crammed it down her throat. This sight put Trimalchio in mind of his own dog and he ordered Scylax, “the guardian of his house and home,” to be brought in. An enormous dog was immediately led in upon a chain and, obeying a kick from the porter, it lay down beside the table. Thereupon Trimalchio remarked, as he threw it a piece of white bread, “No one in all my house loves me better than Scylax.” Enraged at Trimalchio’s praising Scylax so warmly, the slave put the bitch down upon the floor and sicked her on to fight. Scylax, as might have been expected from such a dog, made the whole room ring with his hideous barking and nearly shook the life out of the little bitch which the slave called Pearl. Nor did the uproar end in a dog fight, a candelabrum was upset upon the table, breaking the glasses and spattering some of the guests with

hot oil. As Trimalchio did not wish to seem concerned at the loss, he kissed the boy and ordered him to climb upon his own back. The slave did not hesitate but, mounting his rocking-horse, he beat Trimalchio's shoulders with his open palms, yelling with laughter, "Buck! Buck! How many fingers do I hold up!" When Trimalchio had, in a measure, regained his composure, which took but a little while, he ordered that a huge vessel be filled with mixed wine, and that drinks be served to all the slaves sitting around our feet, adding as an afterthought, "If anyone refuses to drink, pour it on his head: business is business, but now's the time for fun."

## CHAPTER THE SIXTY-FIFTH

The dainties that followed this display of affability were of such a nature that, if any reliance is to be placed in my word, the very mention of them makes me sick at the stomach. Instead of thrushes, fattened chickens were served, one to each of us, and goose eggs with pastry caps on them, which same Trimalchio earnestly entreated us to eat, informing us that the chickens had all been boned. Just at that instant, however, a lictor knocked at the dining-room door, and a reveler, clad in white vestments, entered, followed by a large retinue. Startled at such pomp, I thought that the Praetor had arrived, so I put my bare feet upon the floor and started to get up, but Agamemnon laughed at my anxiety and said, "Keep your seat, you idiot, it's only Habinnas the sevir; he's a stone mason, and if report speaks true, he makes the finest tombstones imaginable." Reassured by this information, I lay back upon my couch and watched Habinnas' entrance with great curiosity. Already drunk and wearing several wreaths, his forehead smeared with perfume which ran down into his eyes, he advanced with his hands upon his wife's shoulders, and, seating himself in the Praetor's place, he called for wine and hot water. Delighted with his good humor, Trimalchio called for a larger goblet for himself, and asked him, at the same time, how he had been entertained. "We had everything except yourself, for my heart and soul were here, but it was fine, it was, by Hercules. Scissa was giving a Novendial feast for her slave, whom she freed on his death-bed, and it's my opinion she'll have a large sum to split with the tax gatherers, for the dead man was rated at 50,000, but everything went off well, even if we did have to pour half our wine on the bones of the late lamented."

## CHAPTER THE SIXTY-SIXTH

“But,” demanded Trimalchio, “what did you have for dinner?” “I’ll tell you if I can,” answered he, “for my memory’s so good that I often forget my own name. Let’s see, for the first course, we had a hog, crowned with a wine cup and garnished with cheese cakes and chicken livers cooked well done, beets, of course, and whole-wheat bread, which I’d rather have than white, because it puts strength into you, and when I take a crap afterwards, I don’t have to yell. Following this, came a course of tarts, served cold, with excellent Spanish wine poured over warm honey; I ate several of the tarts and got the honey all over myself. Then there were chick-peas and lupines, all the smooth-shelled nuts you wanted, and an apple apiece, but I got away with two, and here they are, tied up in my napkin; for I’ll have a row on my hands if I don’t bring some kind of a present home to my favorite slave. Oh yes, my wife has just reminded me, there was a haunch of bear-meat as a side dish, Scintilla ate some of it without knowing what it was, and she nearly puked up her guts when she found out. But as for me, I ate more than a pound of it, for it tasted exactly like wild boar and, says I, if a bear eats a man, shouldn’t that be all the more reason for a man to eat a bear? The last course was soft cheese, new wine boiled thick, a snail apiece, a helping of tripe, liver pate, capped eggs, turnips and mustard. But that’s enough. Pickled olives were handed around in a wooden bowl, and some of the party greedily snatched three handfuls, we had ham, too, but we sent it back.”

## CHAPTER THE SIXTY-SEVENTH

“But why isn’t Fortunata at the table, Gaius? Tell me.” “What’s that,” Trimalchio replied; “don’t you know her better than that? She wouldn’t touch even a drop of water till after the silver was put away and the leftovers divided among the slaves.” “I’m going to beat it if she don’t take her place,” Habinnas threatened, and started to get up; and then, at a signal, the slaves all called out together “Fortunata,” four times or more.

She appeared, girded round with a sash of greenish yellow, below which a cherry-colored tunic could be seen, and she had on twisted anklets and sandals worked in gold. Then, wiping her hands upon a handkerchief which she wore around her neck, she seated herself upon the couch, beside Scintilla, Habinnas’ wife, and clapping her hands and kissing her, “My dear,” she gushed, “is it really



you?” Fortunata then removed the bracelets from her pudgy arms and held them out to the admiring Scintilla, and by and by she took off her anklets and even her yellow hair-net, which was twenty-four carats fine, she would have us know! Trimalchio, who was on the watch, ordered every trinket to be brought to him. “You see these things, don’t you?” he demanded; “they’re what women fetter us with. That’s the way us poor suckers are done! These ought to weigh six pounds and a half. I have an arm-band myself, that don’t weigh a grain under ten pounds; I bought it out of Mercury’s thousandths, too.” Finally, for fear he would seem to be lying, he ordered the scales to be brought in and carried around to prove the weights. And Scintilla was no better. She took off a small golden vanity case which she wore around her neck, and which she called her Lucky Box, and took from it two eardrops, which, in her turn, she handed to Fortunata to be inspected. “Thanks to the generosity of my husband,” she smirked, “no woman has better.” “What’s that?” Habinnas demanded. “You kept on my trail to buy that glass bean for you; if I had a daughter, I’ll be damned if I wouldn’t cut off her little ears. We’d have everything as cheap as dirt if there were no women, but we have to piss hot and drink cold, the way things are now.” The women, angry though they were, were laughing together, in the meantime, and exchanging drunken kisses, the one running on about her diligence as a housekeeper, and the other about the infidelities and neglect of her husband. Habinnas got up stealthily, while they were clinging together in this fashion and, seizing Fortunata by the feet, he tipped her over backwards upon the couch. “Let go!” she screeched, as her tunic slipped above her knees; then, after pulling down her clothing, she threw herself into Scintilla’s lap, and hid, with her handkerchief, a face which was none the more beautiful for its blushes.

## CHAPTER THE SIXTY-EIGHTH

After a short interval, Trimalchio gave orders for the dessert to be served, whereupon the slaves took away all the tables and brought in others, and sprinkled the floor with sawdust mixed with saffron and vermilion, and also with powdered mica, a thing I had never seen done before. When all this was done Trimalchio remarked, “I could rest content with this course, for you have your second tables, but, if you’ve something especially nice, why bring it on.” Meanwhile an Alexandrian slave boy, who had been serving hot water, commenced to imitate a nightingale, and when Trimalchio presently called out, “Change your tune,” we had another surprise, for a slave, sitting at Habinnas’ feet, egged on, I have no doubt, by his own master, bawled suddenly in a singsong voice, “Meanwhile Aeneas and all of his fleet held his course on the billowy deep”; never before had my ears been assailed by a sound so discordant, for in addition to his barbarous

pronunciation, and the raising and lowering of his voice, he interpolated Atellane verses, and, for the first time in my life, Virgil grated on my nerves. When he had to quit, finally, from sheer want of breath, "Did he ever have any training," Habinnas exclaimed, "no, not he! I educated him by sending him among the grafters at the fair, so when it comes to taking off a barker or a mule driver, there's not his equal, and the rogue's clever, too, he's a shoemaker, or a cook, or a baker a regular jack of all trades. But he has two faults, and if he didn't have them, he'd be beyond all price: he snores and he's been circumcised. And that's the reason he never can keep his mouth shut and always has an eye open. I paid three hundred dinars for him."

## CHAPTER THE SIXTY-NINTH.

"Yes," Scintilla broke in, "and you've not mentioned all of his accomplishments either; he's a pimp too, and I'm going to see that he's branded," she snapped. Trimalchio laughed. "There's where the Cappadocian comes out," he said; "never cheats himself out of anything and I admire him for it, so help me Hercules, I do. No one can show a dead man a good time. Don't be jealous, Scintilla; we're next to you women, too, believe me. As sure as you see me here safe and sound, I used to play at thrust and parry with Mamma, my mistress, and finally even my master got suspicious and sent me back to a stewardship; but keep quiet, tongue, and I'll give you a cake." Taking all this as praise, the wretched slave pulled a small earthen lamp from a fold in his garment, and impersonated a trumpeter for half an hour or more, while Habinnas hummed with him, holding his finger pressed to his lips. Finally, the slave stepped out into the middle of the floor and waved his pipes in imitation of a flute-player; then, with a whip and a smock, he enacted the part of a mule-driver. At last Habinnas called him over and kissed him and said, as he poured a drink for him, "You get better all the time, Massa. I'm going to give you a pair of shoes." Had not the dessert been brought in, we would never have gotten to the end of these stupidities. Thrushes made of pastry and stuffed with nuts and raisins, quinces with spines sticking out so that they looked like sea-urchins. All this would have been endurable enough had it not been for the last dish that was served; so revolting was this, that we would rather have died of starvation than to have even touched it. We thought that a fat goose, flanked with fish and all kinds of birds, had been served, until Trimalchio spoke up. "Everything you see here, my friends," said he, "was made from the same stuff." With my usual keen insight, I jumped to the conclusion that I knew what that stuff was and, turning to Agamemnon, I said, "I shall be greatly surprised, if all those things are not made out of excrement, or out of mud, at the very least: I saw a like artifice

practiced at Rome during the Saturnalia.”

## CHAPTER THE SEVENTIETH

I had not done speaking, when Trimalchio chimed in, “As I hope to grow fatter in fortune but not in figure, my cook has made all this out of a hog! It would be simply impossible to meet up with a more valuable fellow: he’d make you a fish out of a sow’s coynte, if that’s what you wanted, a pigeon out of her lard, a turtle-dove out of her ham, and a hen out of a knuckle of pork: that’s why I named him Daedalus, in a happy moment. I brought him a present of knives, from Rome, because he’s so smart; they’re made of Noric steel, too.” He ordered them brought in immediately, and looked them over, with admiration, even giving us the chance to try their edges upon our cheeks. Then all of a sudden two slaves came in, carrying on as if they had been fighting at the fountain, at least; each one had a water-jar hanging from a yoke around his neck. Trimalchio arbitrated their difference, but neither would abide by his decision, and each one smashed the other’s jar with a club. Perturbed at the insolence of these drunken ruffians, we watched both of them narrowly, while they were fighting, and then, what should come pouring out of the broken jars but oysters and scallops, which a slave picked up and passed around in a dish. The resourceful cook would not permit himself to be outdone by such refinements, but served us with snails on a silver gridiron, and sang continually in a tremulous and very discordant voice. I am ashamed to have to relate what followed, for, contrary to all convention, some long-haired boys brought in unguents in a silver basin and anointed the feet of the reclining guests; but before doing this, however, they bound our thighs and ankles with garlands of flowers. They then perfumed the wine-mixing vessel with the same unguent and poured some of the melted liquid into the lamps. Fortunata had, by this time, taken a notion that she wanted to dance, and Scintilla was doing more hand-clapping than talking, when Trimalchio called out, “Philargyrus, and you too, Carrio, you can both come to the table; even if you are green faction fans, and tell your bedfellow, Menophila, to come too.” What would you think happened then? We were nearly crowded off the couches by the mob of slaves that crowded into the dining-room and almost filled it full. As a matter of fact, I noticed that our friend the cook, who had made a goose out of a hog, was placed next to me, and he stunk from sauces and pickle. Not satisfied with a place at the table, he immediately staged an impersonation of Ephesus the tragedian, and then he suddenly offered to bet his master that the greens would take first place in the next circus games.

## CHAPTER THE SEVENTY-FIRST

Trimalchio was hugely tickled at this challenge. “Slaves are men, my friends,” he observed, “but that’s not all, they sucked the same milk that we did, even if hard luck has kept them down; and they’ll drink the water of freedom if I live: to make a long story short, I’m freeing all of them in my will. To Philargyrus, I’m leaving a farm, and his bedfellow, too. Carrio will get a tenement house and his twentieth, and a bed and bedclothes to boot. I’m making Fortunata my heir and I commend her to all my friends. I announce all this in public so that my household will love me as well now as they will when I’m dead.” They all commenced to pay tribute to the generosity of their master, when he, putting aside his trifling, ordered a copy of his will brought in, which same he read aloud from beginning to end, to the groaning accompaniment of the whole household. Then, looking at Habinnas, “What say you, my dearest friend,” he entreated; “you’ll construct my monument in keeping with the plans I’ve given you, won’t you? I earnestly beg that you carve a little bitch at the feet of my statue, some wreaths and some jars of perfume, and all of the fights of Petraites. Then I’ll be able to live even after I’m dead, thanks to your kindness. See to it that it has a frontage of one hundred feet and a depth of two hundred. I want fruit trees of every kind planted around my ashes; and plenty of vines, too, for it’s all wrong for a man to deck out his house when he’s alive, and then have no pains taken with the one he must stay in for a longer time, and that’s the reason I particularly desire that this notice be added:

--THIS MONUMENT DOES NOT--

--DESCEND TO AN HEIR--

“In any case, I’ll see to it through a clause in my will, that I’m not insulted when I’m dead. And for fear the rabble comes running up into my monument, to crap, I’ll appoint one of my freedmen custodian of my tomb. I want you to carve ships under full sail on my monument, and me, in my robes of office, sitting on my tribunal, five gold rings on my fingers, pouring out coin from a sack for the people, for I gave a dinner and two dinars for each guest, as you know. Show a banquet-hall, too, if you can, and the people in it having a good time. On my right, you can place a statue of Fortunata holding a dove and leading a little bitch on a leash, and my favorite boy, and large jars sealed with gypsum, so the wine won’t run out; show one broken and a boy crying over it. Put a sun-dial in the middle, so that whoever looks to see what time it is must read my name whether he wants to or not. As for the inscription, think this over carefully, and see if you think it’s appropriate:

HERE RESTS G POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO

FREEDMAN OF MAECENAS DECREED

AUGUSTAL, SEVIR IN HIS ABSENCE  
HE COULD HAVE BEEN A MEMBER OF  
EVERY DECURIA OF ROME BUT WOULD  
NOT CONSCIENTIOUS BRAVE LOYAL  
HE GREW RICH FROM LITTLE AND LEFT  
THIRTY MILLION SESTERCES BEHIND  
HE NEVER HEARD A PHILOSOPHER  
FAREWELL TRIMALCHIO  
FAREWELL PASSERBY”

## CHAPTER THE SEVENTY-SECOND

When he had repeated these words, Trimalchio began to weep copiously, Fortunata was crying already, and so was Habinnas, and at last, the whole household filled the dining-room with their lamentations, just as if they were taking part in a funeral. Even I was beginning to sniffle, when Trimalchio said, “Let’s live while we can, since we know we’ve all got to die. I’d rather see you all happy, anyhow, so let’s take a plunge in the bath. You’ll never regret it. I’ll bet my life on that, it’s as hot as a furnace!” “Fine business,” seconded Habinnas, “there’s nothing suits me better than making two days out of one,” and he got up in his bare feet to follow Trimalchio, who was clapping his hands. I looked at Ascylos. “What do you think about this?” I asked. “The very sight of a bath will be the death of me.” “Let’s fall in with his suggestion,” he replied, “and while they are hunting for the bath we will escape in the crowd.” Giton led us out through the porch, when we had reached this understanding, and we came to a door, where a dog on a chain startled us so with his barking that Ascylos immediately fell into the fish-pond. As for myself, I was tipsy and had been badly frightened by a dog that was only a painting, and when I tried to haul the swimmer out, I was dragged into the pool myself. The porter finally came to our rescue, quieted the dog by his appearance, and pulled us, shivering, to dry land. Giton had ransomed himself by a very cunning scheme, for what we had saved for him, from dinner, he threw to the barking brute, which then calmed its fury and became engrossed with the food. But when, with chattering teeth, we besought the porter to let us out at the door, “If you think you can leave by the same door you came in at,” he replied, “you’re mistaken: no guest is ever allowed to go out through the same door he came in at; some are for entrance, others for exit.”

## CHAPTER THE SEVENTY-THIRD

What were we miserable wretches to do, shut up in this newfangled labyrinth. The idea of taking a hot bath had commenced to grow in favor, so we finally asked the porter to lead us to the place and, throwing off our clothing, which Giton spread out in the hall to dry, we went in. It was very small, like a cold water cistern; Trimalchio was standing upright in it, and one could not escape his disgusting bragging even here. He declared that there was nothing nicer than bathing without a mob around, and that a bakery had formerly occupied this very spot. Tired out at last, he sat down, but when the echoes of the place tempted him, he lifted his drunken mouth to the ceiling, and commenced murdering the songs of Menacrates, at least that is what we were told by those who understood his language. Some of the guests joined hands and ran around the edge of the pool, making the place ring with their boisterous peals of laughter; others tried to pick rings up from the floor, with their hands tied behind them, or else, going down upon their knees, tried to touch the ends of their toes by bending backwards. We went down into the pool while the rest were taking part in such amusements. It was being heated for Trimalchio. When the fumes of the wine had been dissipated, we were conducted into another dining-room where Fortunata had laid out her own treasures; I noticed, for instance, that there were little bronze fishermen upon the lamps, the tables were of solid silver, the cups were porcelain inlaid with gold; before our eyes wine was being strained through a straining cloth. "One of my slaves shaves his first beard today," Trimalchio remarked, at length, "a promising, honest, thrifty lad; may he have no bad luck, so let's get our skins full and stick around till morning."

## CHAPTER THE SEVENTY-FOURTH

He had not ceased speaking when a cock crowed! Alarmed at this omen, Trimalchio ordered wine thrown under the table and told them to sprinkle the lamps with it; and he even went so far as to change his ring from his left hand to his right. "That trumpeter did not sound off without a reason," he remarked; "there's either a fire in the neighborhood, or else someone's going to give up the ghost. I hope it's none of us! Whoever brings that Jonah in shall have a present."

He had no sooner made this promise, than a cock was brought in from somewhere in the neighborhood and Trimalchio ordered the cook to prepare it for the pot. That same versatile genius who had but a short time before made birds and fish out of a hog, cut it up; it was then consigned to the kettle, and while Daedalus was taking a long hot drink, Fortunata ground pepper in a boxwood mill. When these delicacies had been consumed, Trimalchio looked the slaves over. "You haven't had anything to eat yet, have you?" he asked. "Get out and let another relay come on duty." Thereupon a second relay came in. "Farewell, Gaius," cried those going off duty, and "Hail, Gaius," cried those coming on. Our hilarity was somewhat dampened soon after, for a boy, who was by no means bad looking, came in among the fresh slaves. Trimalchio seized him and kissed him lingeringly, whereupon Fortunata, asserting her rights in the house, began to rail at Trimalchio, styling him an abomination who set no limits to his lechery, finally ending by calling him a dog. Trimalchio flew into a rage at her abuse and threw a wine cup at her head, whereupon she screeched, as if she had had an eye knocked out and covered her face with her trembling hands. Scintilla was frightened, too, and shielded the shuddering woman with her garment. An officious slave presently held a cold water pitcher to her cheek and Fortunata bent over it, sobbing and moaning. But as for Trimalchio, "What the hell's next?" he gritted out, "this Syrian dancing-whore don't remember anything! I took her off the auction block and made her a woman among her equals, didn't I? And here she puffs herself up like a frog and pukes in her own nest; she's a blockhead, all right, not a woman. But that's the way it is, if you're born in an attic you can't sleep in a palace I'll see that this booted Cassandra's tamed, so help me my Genius, I will! And I could have married ten million, even if I did only have two cents: you know I'm not lying! 'Let me give you a tip,' said Agatho, the perfumer to the lady next door, when he pulled me aside: 'don't let your line die out!' And here I've stuck the ax into my own leg because I was a damned fool and didn't want to seem fickle. I'll see to it that you're more careful how you claw me up, sure as you're born, I will! That you may realize how seriously I take what you've done to me-- Habinnas, I don't want you to put her statue on my tomb for fear I'll be nagged even after I'm dead! And furthermore, that she may know I can repay a bad turn, I won't have her kissing me when I'm laid out!"

## CHAPTER THE SEVENTY-FIFTH

When Trimalchio had launched this thunderbolt, Habinnas commenced to beg him to control his anger. "There's not one of us but goes wrong sometimes," argued he; "we're not gods, we're men." Scintilla also cried out through her tears, calling him "Gaius," and entreating him by his guardian angel to be mollified. Trimalchio could restrain the tears no longer. "Habinnas," he blubbered, "as you hope to enjoy your money, spit in my face if I've done anything wrong. I kissed him because he's very thrifty, not because he's a pretty boy. He can recite his division table and read a book at sight: he bought himself a Thracian uniform from his savings from his rations, and a stool and two dippers, with his own money, too. He's worth my attention, ain't he? But Fortunata won't see it! Ain't that the truth, you high-stepping hussy'? Let me beg you to make the best of what you've got, you shekite, and don't make me show my teeth, my little darling, or you'll find out what my temper's like! Believe me, when once I've made up my mind, I'm as fixed as a spike in a beam! But let's think of the living. I hope you'll all make yourselves at home, gentlemen: I was in your fix myself once; but rose to what I am now by my own merit. It's the brains that makes the man, all the rest's bunk. I buy well, I sell well, someone else will tell you a different story, but as for myself, I'm fairly busting with prosperity. What, grunting-sow, still bawling? I'll see to it that you've something to bawl for, but as I started to say, it was my thrift that brought me to my fortune. I was just as tall as that candlestick when I came over from Asia; every day I used to measure myself by it, and I would smear my lips with oil so my beard would sprout all the sooner. I was my master's 'mistress' for fourteen years, for there's nothing wrong in doing what your master orders, and I satisfied my mistress, too, during that time, you know what I mean, but I'll say no more, for I'm not one of your braggarts!"

## CHAPTER THE SEVENTY-SIXTH

"At last it came about by the will of the gods that I was master in the house, and I had the real master under my thumb then. What is there left to tell? I was made co-heir with Caesar and came into a Senator's fortune. But nobody's ever satisfied with what he's got, so I embarked in business. I won't keep you long in suspense; I built five ships and loaded them with wine--worth its weight in gold, it was then--and sent them to Rome. You'd think I'd ordered it so, for every last one of them foundered; it's a fact, no fairy tale about it, and Neptune swallowed thirty million sesterces in one day! You don't think I lost my pep, do you? By Hercules, no! That was only an appetizer for me, just as if nothing at all had happened. I built



other and bigger ships, better found, too, so no one could say I wasn't game. A big ship's a big venture, you know. I loaded them up with wine again, bacon, beans, Capuan perfumes, and slaves: Fortunata did the right thing in this affair, too, for she sold every piece of jewelry and all her clothes into the bargain, and put a hundred gold pieces in my hand. They were the nest-egg of my fortune. A thing's soon done when the gods will it; I cleared ten million sesterces by that voyage, all velvet, and bought in all the estates that had belonged to my patron, right away. I built myself a house and bought cattle to resell, and whatever I touched grew just like a honeycomb. I chucked the game when I got to have an income greater than all the revenues of my own country, retired from business, and commenced to back freedmen. I never liked business anyhow, as far as that goes, and was just about ready to quit when an astrologer, a Greek fellow he was, and his name was Serapa, happened to light in our colony, and he slipped me some information and advised me to quit. He was hep to all the secrets of the gods: told me things about myself that I'd forgotten, and explained everything to me from needle and thread up; knew me inside out, he did, and only stopped short of telling me what I'd had for dinner the day before. You'd have thought he'd lived with me always!"

## CHAPTER THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH

"Habinnas, you were there, I think, I'll leave it to you; didn't he say--'You took your wife out of a whore-house'? you're as lucky in your friends, too, no one ever repays your favor with another, you own broad estates, you nourish a viper under your wing, and--why shouldn't I tell it--I still have thirty years, four months, and two days to live! I'll also come into another bequest shortly. That's what my horoscope tells me. If I can extend my boundaries so as to join Apulia, I'll think I've amounted to something in this life! I built this house with Mercury on the job, anyhow; it was a hovel, as you know, it's a palace now! Four dining-rooms, twenty bed-rooms, two marble colonnades, a store-room upstairs, a bed-room where I sleep myself, a sitting-room for this viper, a very good room for the porter, a guest-chamber for visitors. As a matter of fact, Scaurus, when he was here, would stay nowhere else, although he has a family place on the seashore. I'll show you many other things, too, in a jiffy; believe me, if you have an as, you'll be rated at what you have. So your humble servant, who was a frog, is now a king. Stychus, bring out my funereal vestments while we wait, the ones I'll be carried out in, some perfume, too, and a draught of the wine in that jar, I mean the kind I intend to have my bones washed in."

## CHAPTER THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH

It was not long before Stychus brought a white shroud and a purple-bordered toga into the dining-room, and Trimalchio requested us to feel them and see if they were pure wool. Then, with a smile, "Take care, Stychus, that the mice don't get at these things and gnaw them, or the moths either. I'll burn you alive if they do. I want to be carried out in all my glory so all the people will wish me well." Then, opening a jar of nard, he had us all anointed. "I hope I'll enjoy this as well when I'm dead," he remarked, "as I do while I'm alive." He then ordered wine to be poured into the punch-bowl. "Pretend," said he, "that you're invited to my funeral feast." The thing had grown positively nauseating, when Trimalchio, beastly drunk by now, bethought himself of a new and singular diversion and ordered some horn-blowers brought into the dining-room. Then, propped up by many cushions, he stretched himself out upon the couch. "Let on that I'm dead," said he, "and say something nice about me." The horn-blowers sounded off a loud funeral march together, and one in particular, a slave belonging to an undertaker, made such a fanfare that he roused the whole neighborhood, and the watch, which was patrolling the vicinity, thinking Trimalchio's house was afire, suddenly smashed in the door and rushed in with their water and axes, as is their right, raising a rumpus all their own. We availed ourselves of this happy circumstance and, leaving Agamemnon in the lurch, we took to our heels, as though we were running away from a real conflagration.

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# *DAPHNIS AND CHLOE* INTRODUCTION

*Daphnis and Chloe* is a Lesbian love story. If, at these words, you're either incensed by the erosion of 'traditional values' or a teenage boy about to have an aneurism at the wonders you're about to behold then I can say now: please lower your eyebrows, blood-pressure or anything else that may have inadvertently sprung up. For this is a literal (capital 'L') Lesbian love story from the languid prose of Longus; it's the original, bucolic tale of the starriest of star-crossed lovers.

Very little is known about Longus; this Greek author with a Latin name. He could easily have been a migrant to the island of Lesbos, though it's more commonly accepted that he was a freed slave of a Roman family – although this means he could have originated from anywhere and just happened to have had an unusually firm grasp of the Greek language.

Regardless, his knowledge and description of this beautiful island (most famous for Sappho and her laissez-faire attitude to sexuality) is such that he must have spent a considerable amount of time there.

Slightly mysteriously, Longus has become something of a forgotten man of the ancient world. Perhaps this was because of his mongrel or slavish status, perhaps because Roman eyes in the 2<sup>nd</sup> century AD looked West and not East, perhaps because that particular hundred years was one of a relative literary lull (considering what had preceded it)... or perhaps it was just one of those things!

Even still, he has not been without influence. His work is well-remembered in both art and music by no lesser men than François Boucher and Maurice Ravel, respectively. Also, *Daphnis and Chloe* may have been the inspiration for that swashbuckling Rob Reiner masterpiece, *The Princess Bride*. That said, and despite these various noble inspirations and intertexts, Longus is far from the household name he should be.

However, even before we make a judgement of quality, we can confidently say that Longus was an individual of no little importance. Not only did he write in prose, but he actually wrote a clear and unambiguous novel! This praise may sound scant in the extreme (after all, even Dan Brown is a novelist), but the art-form was far from established in the 2<sup>nd</sup> century AD and had its early practitioners been hackish and insipid (i.e. like Dan Brown) then it may not have lasted the course.

As it was, Longus was not merely an early exponent of the novel, but, as aforementioned, of star-crossed love... in addition to the pastoral idyll and ecphrasis (more on which in a second).

Despite its generally well-deserved reputation for (male) promiscuity, the ancient world did produce examples of couples striving to be together. However, what was lacking in the literature was the presence of the true, requited, all-consuming love of which Shakespeare was so very fond (his debt to Longus is not difficult to spot).

Examples that spring to mind from antiquity all fall short – Helen of Troy was an object of

glory and narcissism, Odysseus' Penelope was the key to unlock the Ithacan throne, and though Orpheus loved Eurydice, he valued his own life much more highly. Even worthy and moving poets like Sappho and Catullus were ultimately slaves to their genitals much more than their hearts. Thus, tales of monogamous, romantic relationships concerned with 'true love' (it seems just recompense to re-filch the phrase from *The Princess Bride*) were few and far between.

Longus was, if not quite the founder, then very much instrumental in the development of the romantic novel. Not only this, but his early formula for success is one that has rarely been significantly tampered with i.e. love by trial (trial in the Herculean rather than the Kafkaean sense of the word).

At every turn, Daphnis' and Chloe's love and lives are under threat from romantic rivals, negligent and offhandedly brutal parents, natural dangers, quasi-rapists, social status, sinister sodomites, pirates and slavers. In short, all the juicy fare that set a Pavlovian publisher salivating!

And just how are these many perilous obstacles met, mastered or, indeed, succumbed to? Well, I wouldn't dare deprive you of the pleasure of discovering that for yourselves! And although pleasure it is perfectly pertinent word, perhaps 'charm' is more *le mot juste*.

*Daphnis and Chloe* positively oozes charm.

The smitten and, often bumbling, protagonists give love a beguiling innocence that does well to glide on a zephyr comfortably above the saccharine. Such is their naivety, especially considering that they spend most of their days with animals, they are unable to comprehend how to sate their burning desire. Enlightenment arrives via an effusion of community spirit when a local woman of 'knowledge' takes pity on the beautiful young Daphnis and explicitly educates him in the mechanics of lovemaking.

Even more charming still is that, in the 1916 edition of George Thornley's translation, this almost embarrassingly tame passage was thought lubricious enough to need some censoring. It was not omitted altogether, but remained only in Latin – thus ensuring only a gentleman would be able to read it!

Innocent charm extends beyond the sexual and occurs in no small part due to the novel's propagation of the bucolic idyll.

Whilst many, including the Stratford Bard, stand on the shoulders of Longus, the Lesbian himself teeters on the substantial literary frame of no less a man than Virgil. It was the Augustan poet's veneration of all things pastoral that helped to give the countryside an aura of peace, tranquillity, purity and goodness, rather than face up to the grinding realities of perpetual toil, drought, flooding, famine and the imminent prospect of death from marauding Gauls, fierce animals, or capricious rulers.

The language and imagery of *Daphnis and Chloe* are drenched in rustic romance. It is almost too easy to hear the bleat of the goats and the rustle of the leaves lazily conceding supremacy to the sounds of panpipes and coquettish, teenage giggles. In all but the strictest geographical terms, an interloper into these hallowed pages could be forgiven for thinking: *et in Arcadia ego*.

The strangest thing about the story, a fact we find almost impossible to remember come journey's end, is that this is no tale of simple agrarian folk at all, nor is it about love, nor the gods behind such emotions, it is about a painting.

That is what was meant before by the esoteric mention of 'ecphrasis'; this rhetorical device is basically the use of art as a literary tool.

*Daphnis and Chloe* is one of the longest and most sustained examples of ecphrasis there has ever been. In the opening lines a man, presumably Longus, comes across "a spectacle the most beautiful and pleasing of any that ever yet I cast my eyes upon. It was a painted picture, reporting a history of love".

The inspiration of this supreme work prompts him to immortalise in print a work of similar beauty... or at least of comparable charm.

And a good thing he did too, as, had he not, then who knows how the evolution of prose in general and the novel in particular would have continued to develop. The world may never, for example, have seen the beauty and brilliance of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, a novel not only dripping in charm, but also indebted to ecphrasis.

True, we may have never had to suffer Dan Brown, but then again, we could have ended up with something much, much worse. On balance, I'd say we've come out on the right side of the ledger on this one.

# *DAPHNIS AND CHLOE BY LONGUS*

## THE 1896 ATHENIAN SOCIETY TRANSLATION

### Proëm

While hunting in a grove sacred to the Nymphs, in the island of Lesbos, I saw the most beautiful sight that I have ever seen: a picture representing a history of love. The grove itself was pleasant to the eye, covered with trees, full of flowers, and well-watered: a single spring fed both trees and flowers. But the picture itself was even more delightful: its subject was the fortunes of love, and the art displayed in it was marvellous: so that many, even strangers, who had heard it spoken of, visited the island, to pay their devotion to the Nymphs and examine the picture, on which were portrayed women in childbirth or wrapping children in swaddling clothes, poor babes exposed to the mercy of Fortune, beasts of the flock nurturing them, shepherds taking them up in token of adoption, young people binding one another by mutual vows, pirates over-running the seas, and enemies invading the land.

Many other subjects, all of an amatory nature, were depicted, which I gazed upon with such admiration that I was seized with the desire to describe them in writing. Accordingly, I diligently sought for someone to give me an explanation of the details: and, when I had thoroughly mastered them, I composed the four following books, as an offering to Love, the Nymphs, and Pan, and also as a work that will afford pleasure to many, in the hope that it may heal the sick, console the sorrowful, refresh the memory of him who once has loved, and instruct him who has never yet felt its flame. For no one has yet escaped, or ever will escape, the attack of Love, as long as beauty exists and eyes can see. May God grant that, unharmed ourselves, we may be able to describe the lot of others!

### Book One

1.1 There is in Lesbos a flourishing and beautiful city, named Mitylene. It is intersected by numerous canals, formed by the waters of the sea, which flows in upon it, and adorned with several bridges of white polished stone: to look at it, you would say that it was not a single city, but a number of islands. About two hundred stades distant from the city, a wealthy man possessed a very fine estate: mountains abounding in game, fruitful cornfields, hillocks covered with vine shoots, and ample pasturage for cattle; the sea washed a long stretch of soft sandy beach. (3>)

1.2 On this estate a goatherd named Lamon, while feeding his flock, found a child being suckled by a goat. There was a thicket of shrubs and briars, over which the ivy straggled, and beneath, a couch of soft grass, whereon the infant lay. Hither the

goat often ran and wandered out of sight, and abandoning its own kid, remained by the side of the child. Lamon, pitying the neglected kid, observed the direction in which the goat went: and, one day at noon, when the sun was at its height, he followed and saw it cautiously entering the thicket and walking round the child, so as not to tread on and hurt it, while the latter sucked vigorously at its teat as if it had been its mother's breast. Astonished, as was natural, he approached closer, and found that it was a little boy, beautiful and well-grown, and wrapped in handsomer swaddling clothes than suited a child thus exposed: it had on a little purple tunic fastened with a golden clasp, and by its side was a little dagger with an ivory hilt.

1.3 At first he was minded to take up the tokens, without troubling about the child: but afterwards, feeling ashamed at the idea of being outdone by the goat in humanity, he waited till night, and took everything to his wife Myrtale, the tokens, the child, and the goat. When she expressed her astonishment that goats should bring forth little children, he told her everything: how he had found the child lying exposed, and being suckled by the goat, and how he had felt ashamed to leave it to die. His wife agreed with him, and they resolved to hide the tokens, to bring up the child as their own, and to let the goat suckle him. Further, they decided to call him Daphnis, that the name might have a more pastoral sound.

1.4 When two years had passed, a shepherd belonging to the neighbourhood, named Dryas, while feeding his flocks, made a similar discovery and saw a similar sight. In his district there was a cave sacred to the Nymphs: a large rock hollowed out within, and circular without. Inside were statues of the Nymphs, carved in stone, with feet unshod, arms bared up to the shoulders, hair falling down over the neck, a girdle around the waist, and a smile on the face: to judge from their attitude, you would have said they were dancing. The dome of the grotto was the centre of this mighty rock. Water, gushing from a fountain, formed a running stream; a beautiful meadow extended in front of the cave, the soft and abundant herbage of which was nourished by the moisture of the stream. Within were to be seen hanging up milk-pails, flutes, pipes, and reeds, the offerings of the older shepherds.

1.5 A sheep, which had recently lambed, went so often to this grotto, that more than once she was thought to be lost. Dryas, wishing to punish her and make her stay with the flock to feed, as before, twisted a bough of pliant osier into a (4>) collar in the form of a running noose, and went up to the rock, in order to snare her. But when he drew near he beheld quite a different sight from what he had expected: he saw the sheep giving her teat, just like a human being, for a copious draught of milk, to a child, which, without a cry, eagerly shifted its clean and pretty mouth from one teat to the other, while the sheep licked its face, after it had had enough. It was a female child, and by its side also lay swaddling clothes and tokens, a cap interwoven with gold, gilded shoes, and gold-embroidered anklets.

1.6 Thinking that what he had found was sent from Heaven, and being moved to pity by the example of the sheep, he took the child up in his arms, put the tokens in his wallet, and prayed to the Nymphs that he might be permitted to bring up their

suppliant happily. Then when it was time to drive back his flock, he returned home, told his wife what he had seen, showed her what he had found, and bade her adopt and bring up the child as her own, without telling anyone what had happened. Nape - that was his wife's name - immediately took up the child and caressed her, as if afraid of being outdone in kindness by the sheep: and, that it might be more readily believed that the child was her own, she gave it the pastoral name of Chloe.

1.7 The two children soon grew up, more beautiful than ordinary rustics. When the boy was fifteen years of age, and the girl thirteen, Lamon and Dryas both dreamed the following dream on the same night. They dreamed that the Nymphs of the grotto with the fountain, in which Dryas had found the little girl, delivered Daphnis and Chloe into the hands of a saucy and beautiful boy, who had wings on his shoulders and carried a little bow and arrow: and that this boy touched them both with the same arrow, and bade them tend, the one goats, the other sheep.

1.8 When they saw this vision, they grieved to think that Daphnis and Chloe were destined to tend sheep and goats, since their swaddling clothes seemed to give promise of better fortune: for which reason they had brought them up more delicately than shepherds' children, had taught them to read, and given them all the instruction possible in a country place. They resolved, however, to obey the gods in regard to those who had been saved by their providence. Having communicated their dreams to each other, and offered sacrifice, in the cave of the Nymphs, to the winged boy (whose name they did not know), they sent the maiden and the lad into the fields, having instructed them in all that they had to do: how they ought to feed their flocks before midday, and when the heat had abated: when they should drive them to drink, and when drive them back to the fold: when they should use the shepherd's crook and when (5>) the voice alone. They undertook this duty as joyfully as if they had been entrusted with some important office, and were fonder of their goats and sheep than shepherds usually are: for Chloe felt she owed her life to a ewe, while Daphnis remembered that when exposed, he had been nurtured by a goat.

1.9 It was the beginning of spring, and all the flowers were blooming in the woods and meadows, and on the mountains. The humming of bees, and the twittering of tuneful birds were already heard, and the new-born young were skipping through the fields: the lambs were gambolling on the mountains, the bees were buzzing through the meadows, the birds were singing in the bushes. Under the influence of this beautiful season, Daphnis and Chloe, themselves tender and youthful, imitated what they saw and heard. When they heard the birds sing, they sang: when they saw the lambs gambol, they nimbly skipped in rivalry: and, like the bees, they gathered flowers, some of which they placed in their bosoms, while they wove garlands of others, which they offered to the Nymphs.

1.10 They did everything in common, and tended their flocks side by side. Daphnis frequently gathered together Chloe's wandering sheep: while she often drove back his too venturesome goats from the precipices. Sometimes one of them tended the



two flocks alone, while the other was intent upon some amusement. Their amusements were those of children or shepherds. Chloe would pluck some stalks of asphodel from the marsh, to weave a locust-trap, without any thought for her flock: while Daphnis, having cut some slender reeds, and perforated the intervals between joints, joined them with soft wax, and practised himself in playing upon them until nightfall. Sometimes they shared the food they had taken with them from home, their milk, or wine. In short, it would have been easier to find sheep and goats feeding apart than Daphnis separated from Chloe.

1.11 While they were thus engaged in their youthful sports, Love contrived the following trouble for them. There was a wolf in the district, which, having recently brought forth young, frequently carried off lambs from the neighbouring fields to feed them. The villagers accordingly assembled together by night, and dug some trenches, one fathom in depth and four in breadth: the greater part of the earth which they dug out they removed to a distance from the trenches: then, placing over the hole long pieces of dry wood, they covered them with the remainder of the earth, so that it looked level ground just as it had been before: this they did so cunningly that, if even a hare had run across, it would have broken the pieces of wood, which were more brittle than bits of straw; and then it would have been seen that it was not solid earth at all, but an imitation. Although they dug several similar trenches (6>) on the mountains and plains, they could not succeed in catching the wolf, which perceived the snare, but were the cause of the loss of a number of sheep and goats, and Daphnis also nearly lost his life, in the following manner.

1.12 Two goats, in a fit of jealousy, charged each other so violently that the horn of one was broken, and, mad with pain, he took to flight bellowing, closely and hotly pursued by his victorious adversary. Daphnis, grieved at the sight of the mutilated horn, and annoyed at the insolence of the victor, seized his club and crook, and started in pursuit of the pursuer. But, while the goat was trying to make his escape, and Daphnis was in angry pursuit, they could not see clearly what was in front of them, and both fell into one of these pits - the goat first, and Daphnis after him. This saved Daphnis from injury, since he was able to hold onto the goat to break his fall. In this situation he waited in tears to see if anyone would come to pull him up again. Chloe, having seen what had happened, ran up, and, finding that he was still alive, called one of the herdsmen from the neighbouring fields to her assistance. The herdsman came up, and looked for a long rope with which to haul him out, but found none. Then Chloe unloosed the band which fastened her hair, and gave it to the herdsmen to let down. Then they stood on the edge of the pit and pulled: and Daphnis, holding on to the band as it was being hauled up, at last succeeded in reaching the summit. Then they drew up the wretched goat, whose horns were both broken - so fully was his vanquished adversary avenged - and made a present of him to the herdsman, in return for his assistance, having agreed to tell those at home that he had been carried off by a wolf, if anyone missed him. Returning to their flocks, and finding them all feeding peacefully and in good order, they sat down on the trunk of an oak, to see whether Daphnis had been wounded in any part of his body by his fall. But they found no trace of any injury

or blood: only his hair and the rest of his person were covered with earth and mud. Daphnis therefore resolved to wash himself, before Lamon and Myrtale found out what had happened.

1.13 He went with Chloe to the grotto of the Nymphs, where the fountain was, and gave her his tunic and wallet. And Daphnis, standing by the spring, began to wash his hair and his whole person. His hair was dark and thick, and his body tanned by the sun; one would have thought that it was darkened by the reflection of his hair. Chloe looked at him, and he seemed to her to be very handsome; and, because she had never thought him handsome before, she imagined that he owed his beauty to his bath. She washed his back and shoulders, and, finding his skin soft and yielding beneath her hand, she more than once secretly touched (7>) herself, to see whether her own skin was more delicate. Then, as it was near sunset, they drove back their flocks to the homestead: and, from that moment, Chloe had but one thought, one desire - to see Daphnis in the bath again.

The following day, when they returned to the pasture, Daphnis sat down under his favourite oak-tree and played on his pipe, looking awhile at his goats, which, lying at his feet, seemed to be listening to his strains. Chloe, seated near him, was also looking after her sheep, but her eyes were more frequently fixed upon Daphnis. She again thought him handsome as he was playing on his pipe, and this time, imagining that he owed his beauty to the music, she took the pipe herself, to see whether she could make herself beautiful. She persuaded him to take a bath again, saw him in the bath and touched him: then, on her way home, she again began to praise his beauty, and this praise was the beginning of love. She did not know what was the matter with her, being a young girl brought up in the country, who had never even heard anyone mention the name of Love. But her heart was a prey to langour, she no longer had control over her eyes, and she often uttered the name of Daphnis. She ate little, could not sleep at night, and neglected her flock: by turns she laughed and cried, slept and started up: her face was pale one moment, and covered with blushes the next: a cow, stung by the gadfly, was not more uneasy than Chloe. Sometimes, when she was quite alone, she talked to herself in the following strain:

1.14 "I am ill, but I do not know the nature of my illness: I feel pain, but am not wounded: I am sad, but I have lost none of my sheep. I am burning, although seated in the shade. The brambles have often torn my flesh, but I did not weep: the bees have often stung me, but I ate my food. The evil which now gnaws my heart must be sharper than all those. Daphnis is beautiful, but so are the flowers: his pipe gives forth sweet notes, but so do the nightingales: but yet I care not for them. Would that I were his pipe, that I might receive his breath! Would that I were one of his goats, that I might be tended by him! O cruel water, that hast made Daphnis so beautiful, while I have washed in thee in vain! I perish, O beloved Nymphs, and you, too, refuse to save the girl who has been brought up in your midst. When I am dead, who will crown you with garlands? Who will feed my poor sheep? Who will look after the noisy grasshopper, which I took so much trouble to catch, that it

might send me to sleep, chirping in front of the grotto? But now Daphnis has robbed me of sleep, and the grasshopper chirps in vain."

1.15 Such were the words she spoke in her suffering, seeking in vain for the name of Love. But Dorcon, the herdsman who had extricated Daphnis and the (8>) goat from the pit, a youth whose beard was just beginning to grow, who knew the name of Love and what it meant, had felt an affection for Chloe ever since that day, and, as time went on, his passion increased. Thinking little of Daphnis, whom he looked upon as a mere child, he resolved to gain his object, either by bribery or violence. He first made them presents: to Daphnis he gave a rustic pipe, the nine reeds of which were fastened together with brass instead of wax, and to Chloe a spotted fawn's skin, such as Bacchus was wont to wear. Then, thinking that he was on sufficiently friendly terms with them, he gradually began to neglect Daphnis, while every day he brought Chloe a fresh cheese, a garland of flowers, or some ripe fruit; and once he presented her with a young calf, a gilt cup, and some young birds which he had caught on the mountains. She, knowing nothing of the arts of lovers, was delighted to receive the presents, because she could pass them on to Daphnis. One day - since Daphnis also was destined to learn what Love meant - a discussion arose between him and Dorcon as to which of them was the handsomer. Chloe was appointed judge: and the victor's reward was to be a kiss. Dorcon spoke first:

1.16 "I am taller than Daphnis: I am a cowherd, while he is only a goatherd, as much superior to him as cows are superior to goats. I am white as milk, ruddy as corn fit for the sickle: my mother reared me, not a wild beast. He is short, beardless as a woman, black as a wolf. He tends goats, and stinks like them. He is so poor that he cannot even keep a clog: and if, as is reported, a goat has suckled him, he differs little from a kid."

After Dorcon had spoken thus, Daphnis replied:

"Yes, like Zeus, I was suckled by a goat: I tend goats that are larger than his cows, and I do not smell of them, any more than Pan, who is more like a goat than anything else. I am content with cheese, hard bread, and sweet wine: if he have these, a man is rich in the country. I am beardless, so was Dionysus: I am dark, so is the hyacinth: and yet Dionysus is superior to the Satyrs, the hyacinth to the lily. He is as red as a fox, bearded like a goat, white as a woman from the city. If you kiss me, you will kiss my mouth: but, if you kiss him, you will only kiss the hairs on his chin. Lastly, O maiden, remember that you were suckled by a sheep: and yet how beautiful you are!"

1.17 Chloe could wait no longer: delighted at such praise, and having long been eager to kiss Daphnis, she jumped up and kissed him, simply and artlessly, but yet her kiss had power to inflame his heart. Dorcon, deeply annoyed, hastened away, to think of some other way of satisfying his desires. Daphnis, on the other hand, seemed to have received a sting, rather than a kiss. He (9>) immediately became sad and pensive: he was seized with a chill, and was unable to restrain his palpitating heart: he wanted to look at Chloe, and, when he did so, his face was covered with blushes. Then, for the first time, he admired her fair hair, her eyes as

large as those of a heifer, her face whiter than goats' milk: it seemed as if he then began for the first time to see, and had hitherto been blind. He merely tasted his food, and hardly moistened his lips with drink. He who was once more noisy than the locusts, remained silent: he who was formerly more active than his goats, sat idle: his flock was neglected, his pipe lay on the ground, his face was paler than the grass in summer. He could only speak of Chloe: and, whenever he was away from her he would rave to himself like this.

1.18 "What on earth has Chloe's kiss done to me? Her lips are tenderer than roses, her mouth is sweeter than a honeycomb, but her kiss is sharper than the sting of a bee. I have often kissed my kids: I have often kissed newly-born puppies, and the little calf which Dorcon gave me: but this kiss is something new. My pulse beats high: my heart leaps: my soul melts: and yet I wish to kiss again. O bitter victory! O strange disease, the name of which I cannot even tell! Can Chloe have tasted poison before she kissed me? why then did she not die? How sweetly sing the nightingales; but my pipe is silent! How wantonly leap the kids, but I sit still! How sweetly bloom the flowers, but I weave no garlands! The violets and hyacinths bloom, but Daphnis fades. Shall even Dorcon appear more beautiful than Daphnis?"

1.19 Such were the passionate outbursts of the worthy Daphnis, who then for the first time felt the influence of love. But Dorcon, the herdsman, the lover of Chloe, seizing the opportunity when Dryas was planting a tree near a vine-shoot, went up to him with some cheeses and pipes. He gave him the cheeses, since he had been an old friend of his, at the time when he himself pastured his flock. Then he began to speak of marriage with Chloe, and promised him a number of valuable presents, if he should gain her hand: a yoke of oxen for ploughing, four swarms of bees, fifty young apple trees, an ox-hide for making shoes, and, every year, a calf that had been weaned. Allured by the prospect of such presents, Dryas was on the point of giving his consent. But afterwards, thinking that the maiden deserved to make a better marriage, and being afraid that, if he were found out, he might be punished and even put to death, he refused his consent, at the same time asking Dorcon not to be offended.

1.20 Dorcon, thus for the second time cheated of his hopes, and having lost his fat cheeses for nothing, determined to lay violent hands on Chloe when he found her alone. Having observed that Daphnis and Chloe took it in turns to (10>) drive their flocks to drink, he contrived a scheme worthy of a shepherd. He took the skin of a large wolf, which one of his oxen, fighting in defence of the kine, had killed with his horns, and flung it over his shoulders, whence it hung down to his feet, so that the forefeet covered his hands, and the hinder his legs down to his heels, while the head with its gaping mouth enclosed his head like a soldier's helmet. Having thus transformed himself into a wild beast as best he could, he proceeded to the spring where the goats and sheep used to drink after they came from pasture. This fountain was in a hollow valley, and the whole spot around was full of wild brambles and thorns, low growing juniper bushes and thistles, so that even a real

wolf could easily have concealed himself there. Here Dorcon hid himself, waiting for the time when the animals came to drink, hoping to frighten Chloe under the guise of a wolf, and so easily lay hands upon her.

1.21 After he had waited a little while, Chloe came driving the flocks to the spring, having left Daphnis cutting fresh foliage for the kids to eat after pasture. The dogs who assisted them to guard the sheep and goats followed her: and, with the natural curiosity of keen-scented animals, they tracked and discovered Dorcon preparing to attack the maiden. With a loud bark, they rushed upon him as if he had been a wolf, surrounded him, before he was able in his astonishment to rise upon his feet, and bit at him furiously. At first, afraid of being recognised, and being for some time protected by the skin which covered him, he lay in the thicket without uttering a word: but when Chloe, terrified at the first sight of the supposed animal, shouted for Daphnis to help her, and the dogs, having torn off the skin, began to fix their teeth in his body, he cried out loudly and implored Chloe and Daphnis, who had just come up, to assist him.

They quickly calmed the dogs with their familiar shout; then taking Dorcon, who had been bitten in the legs and shoulders, to the fountain, they washed his wounds, where the dogs' teeth had entered the flesh, and chewed the green bark of an elm-tree and spread it over them. In their ignorance of the audacity prompted by love, they thought that Dorcon had merely put on the wolf's skin for a joke: wherefore they felt no anger against him, but tried to console him, and, having helped him along a little distance, sent him on his way.

1.22 Dorcon, having been in such deadly peril, after he had made good his escape from the mouth of a dog (not, as the proverb goes, of a wolf), devoted his attention to his wounds. Daphnis and Chloe, however, found considerable difficulty in getting together their goats and sheep, which, alarmed by the sight (11>) of the wolf's skin, and thrown into confusion by the barking of the dogs, had fled to the tops of the mountains or down to the seashore. Although they had been trained to obey their masters' voice and to be soothed by the sound of the pipe, and to gather together when they merely clapped their hands, fear had caused them to forget everything; and they could only get them back to the fold with difficulty, after tracking them like hares. During that night alone they slept soundly, and weariness was a remedy for their amorous uneasiness: but, as soon as day came again, they felt the same passion as before. They were glad when they saw each other, and sorrowful when they parted: they suffered, they wanted something, but they did not know what they wanted. They only knew, the one that he had been undone by a kiss, the other that she had been destroyed by a bath.

1.23 In addition to this, the season of the year still further inflamed their passion. It was the end of spring and the commencement of summer: all Nature was in full vigour: the trees were full of fruit, the fields of corn. The chirp of the grasshopper was sweet to hear, the fruit sweet to smell, and the bleating of the sheep pleasant to the ear. The gently flowing rivers seemed to be singing a song: the winds, blowing softly through the pine branches, sounded like the notes of the pipe: even the

apples seemed to fall to the ground smitten with love, stripped off by the sun that was enamoured of their beauty. Daphnis, heated by all these surroundings, plunged into the river, sometimes to bathe, at other times to snare the fish that sported in the eddies of the stream: and he often drank, as if he could thereby quench the fire that consumed him. Chloe, after having milked her sheep and most of Daphnis's goats, was for a long time busied in curdling the milk: for the flies annoyed her terribly and stung her, when she endeavoured to drive them away. After this, she washed her face, and crowned with branches of pine, and girt with the skin of a fawn, filled a pail with wine and milk to share with Daphnis.

1.24 When noon came on, they were more enamoured than ever. For Chloe, having seen Daphnis quite naked, was struck by the bloom of his beauty, and her heart melted with love, for his whole person was too perfect for criticism: while Daphnis, seeing Chloe with her fawn skin and garland of pine, holding out the milk-pail for him to drink, thought that he was gazing upon one of the Nymphs of the grotto. He snatched the garland from her head, kissed it, and placed it on his own: and Chloe took his clothes when he had stripped to bathe, kissed them, and in like manner put them on. Sometimes they pelted each other with apples, and parted and decked each other's hair. Chloe declared that Daphnis's hair, being dark, was like myrtle berries: while (12>) Daphnis compared Chloe's face to an apple, because it was fair and ruddy. He also taught her to play on the pipe: and, when she began to blow, he snatched it away and ran over the reeds with his lips: and, while he thus pretended to show her where she was wrong, he speciously kissed the pipe in the places where her mouth had been.

1.25 While he was piping in the noonday heat, and the flocks were resting in the shade, Chloe unwittingly fell asleep. When Daphnis perceived this, he put down his pipe, and gazed at her all over with greedy eyes, without any feeling of shame, and at the same time gently whispered to himself: "How lovely are her eyes in sleep! How sweet the perfume from her mouth, sweeter than that of apples or the hawthorn! Yet I dare not kiss it: her kiss pricks me to the heart, and maddens me like fresh honey. Besides, if I kiss her, I am afraid of waking her. O chattering grasshoppers! You will prevent her from sleeping, if you chirp so loudly! And on the other side, the he goats are butting each other with their horns: O wolves, more cowardly than foxes, why do you not carry them off?"

1.26 While he was thus talking to himself, a grasshopper, pursued by a swallow, fell into Chloe's bosom: the swallow followed, but could not catch it: but, being unable to check its flight, touched Chloe's cheek with its wing. Not knowing what the matter was, she cried out loudly, and woke up with a start: but, when she saw the swallow flying close to her, and Daphnis laughing at her alarm, she was reassured, and rubbed her still drowsy eyes. The grasshopper, as if in gratitude for its safety, chirped its thanks from her bosom. Then Chloe cried out again, and Daphnis laughed: and, seizing the opportunity, thrust his hand into her breast, and pulled out the grateful insect, which continued its song, even while held a prisoner

in his hand. Chloe was delighted, and having kissed the insect, took it and put it, still chirping, into her bosom.

1.27 Another time, they were listening with delight to the cooing of a wood pigeon. When Chloe asked what was the meaning of its song, Daphnis told her the popular story: "Once upon a time, dear maiden, there was a maiden, beautiful and blooming as you. She tended cattle and sang beautifully: her cows were so enchanted by the music of her voice, that she never needed to strike them with her crook or to touch them with her goad: but, seated beneath a pine-tree, her head crowned with a garland, she sang of Pan and Pinus, and the cows stood near, enchanted by her song. There was a young man who tended his flocks hard by, beautiful and a good singer himself, as she was, who entered into a rivalry of song with her: his voice was more powerful, (13>) since he was a man, and yet gentle, since he was but a youth. He sang so sweetly that he charmed eight of her best cows and enticed them over to his own herd, and drove them away. The maiden, grieved at the loss of her cattle, and at having been vanquished in singing, begged the Gods to transform her into a bird before she returned home. The Gods listened to her prayer, and transformed her into a mountain bird, which loves to sing as she did. Even now it tells in plaintive tones of her misadventure, and how that she is still seeking the cows that strayed away.

1.28 Such were the enjoyments which the summer afforded them. But, in mid-autumn, when the grapes grew ripe, some Tyrian pirates, having embarked on a light Carian vessel, that they might not be suspected of being barbarians, landed on the coast: and, armed with swords and corslets, carried off everything that came into their hands, fragrant wine, a great quantity of wheat, and honey in the honeycomb, besides some cows belonging to Dorcon. They also seized Daphnis as he was wandering on the shore: for Chloe, being a simple girl, for fear of the insolence of the shepherds, did not drive out the flocks of Dryas so early. When the robbers beheld the tall and handsome youth, a more valuable booty than any they could find in the fields, they paid no heed to the goats or the other fields, but carried him off to their ship, weeping and in great distress what to do, and calling the while for Chloe in a loud voice. No sooner had they loosed the cable, and begun to ply their oars, and put out to sea, than Chloe drove down her flock, bringing with her a new pipe as a present to Daphnis. But, seeing the goats scattered hither and thither, and hearing Daphnis calling to her ever louder and louder, thinking no more about her sheep, she flung away the pipe, and ran to Dorcon, to implore his aid.

1.29 She found him lying prostrate on the ground, hacked by the swords of the robbers, and almost dead from loss of blood. But, when he saw Chloe, revived by the smouldering fire of his former passion, he said: "Chloe, dear, I am at the point of death: when I tried to defend my cattle, the accursed brigands hewed me to pieces like an ox. But do you save Daphnis for yourself: avenge me, and destroy them. I have taught my cows to follow the sound of the pipe, and to come when they hear it, however far off they may be feeding. Come, take this pipe, and play

the same strain upon it which I once taught Daphnis, and he in turn taught you. Leave the rest to my pipe and my cows that are on yonder ship. I also make you a present of the pipe, with which I have gained the victory over many herdsmen and shepherds. Kiss me once in return, and (14>) lament for me when I am dead: and, when you see another tending my cattle, then think of me."

1.30 When Dorcon had thus spoken, and had kissed her for the last time, he breathed his last as he spoke and kissed her. Chloe took the pipe, put it to her lips, and blew with all her might. And the cows heard it, and, recognising the strain, began to low, and all with a bound sprang into the sea. As they had leaped from the same side of the vessel, and caused the sea to part, it upset and sank under the waves that closed over it. Those on board were flung into the sea, but with unequal prospect of safety. For the pirates were encumbered with swords, and clad in scaly coats of mail, and greaves reaching halfway down the leg. But Daphnis, who had been tending his flocks, was unshod, and only half clothed, owing to the burning heat. The pirates had only swum a little way, when the weight of their armour dragged them down into the depths: Daphnis easily threw off the clothes he had on, yet it cost him some effort to swim, since he had hitherto only swum in rivers: but soon, under the impulse of necessity, he reached the cows by an effort, and, while with each hand he grasped one by the horns, he was carried along between them without difficulty, or danger, as if he had been driving a cart: for an ox swims far better than any man: it is only inferior to the water-fowl and fishes. An ox would never sink, were it not that the horn falls off his hoofs when it gets wet through. The truth of what I say is borne out by many places on the coast which are still found bearing the name of "Ox fords."

1.31 Thus Daphnis, against all expectation, was saved from the double danger of the robbers and shipwreck. When he came to land, and found Chloe weeping and smiling through her tears, he threw himself into her arms, and asked her what she had meant by playing on the pipe. And she told him everything, how she had run to Dorcon for help, how his cows had been trained to obey the sound of the pipe, what strain she had been bidden to play, and how Dorcon had died: only, from a feeling of modesty, she said nothing about the kiss she had given him. Then both resolved to honour the memory of their benefactor, and went with his relatives to bury the unhappy Dorcon. They heaped earth over him in abundance, and planted a number of cultivated trees round about, and hung up as an offering to the deceased the first fruits of their labours: they poured libations of milk over his grave, crushed grapes, and broke several shepherds' pipes. His cows lowed piteously, wandering hither and thither the while: and to the herdsmen and shepherds it seemed that they were mourning for the death of their master. (15>)

1.32 After the burial of Dorcon, Chloe led Daphnis to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she washed him, and then she herself, for the first time in Daphnis's presence, also washed her own fair and beautiful person, which needed no bath to set off its beauty: then, plucking the flowers that were in season, they crowned the statues of the Nymphs, and hung up Dorcon's pipe against the rock as an offering.



After this, they went to look after their sheep and goats, which were all lying on the ground, neither feeding nor bleating, but, I believe, pining for the absent Daphnis and Chloe. But, as soon as they came in sight, and began to shout and pipe as usual, they jumped up and began to feed: the goats skipped wantonly, as if delighted at the safe return of their master. Daphnis however could not bring himself to feel happy: for, since he had seen Chloe naked, in all her beauty formerly hidden and then revealed, he felt a pain in his heart, as if it was consumed by poison. His breath now came rapidly, as if someone was pursuing him: and now failed him, as if exhausted in previous attacks. Chloe's bath seemed to him more terrible than the sea. He thought that his soul was still amongst the pirates, for he was merely a young rustic and as yet knew nothing of the thievish tricks of Love.

## Book Two

2.1 It was now the middle of autumn, and the vintage was close at hand; everyone was in the fields, busily intent upon his work. Some were repairing the wine-presses, others cleaning out the jars: some were weaving baskets of osier, and others sharpening short sickles for cutting the grapes: some were preparing stones to crush those full of wine, others preparing dry twigs which had been well beaten, to be used as torches to light the drawing off of the new wine by night. Daphnis and Chloe, having abandoned the care of their flocks, assisted each other in these tasks. Daphnis carried bunches of grapes in baskets, threw them into the press and trod them, and drew off the juice into jars: while Chloe prepared food for the vintagers, and poured some of the older wine for them to drink, while at the same time she picked some of the lowest bunches from the trees. For all the vines in Lesbos grow low, and are not trained to trees: their branches hang down to the ground, spreading like ivy, so that even a child that is, so to speak, only just out of its swaddling clothes, could reach the grapes.

2.2 As is customary at the festival of Bacchus, on the birthday of the wine, women had been summoned from the neighbouring fields to assist; and they cast amorous eyes on Daphnis, and extolled him as vying with Bacchus in (16>) beauty. One of them, bolder than the rest, kissed him, which excited Daphnis, but annoyed Chloe. On the other hand, the men who were treading the wine presses made all kinds of advances to Chloe, and leaped furiously, like Satyrs who had seen some Bacchante, declaring that they wished they were sheep, to be tended by her: this, again, pleased Chloe, while Daphnis felt annoyed. Each wished that the vintage was over, and that they could return to the familiar fields, and, instead of uncouth shouts, hear the sound of the pipe and the bleating of their flocks.

In a few days the grapes were gathered in, the casks were full of new wine, and there was no need of so many hands: then they again began to drive their flocks down to the plain, and joyfully paid homage to the Nymphs, offering them grapes still hanging on the branches, the first fruits of the vintage. Even before that they had never neglected them as they passed by, but when they drove their flocks to

pasture, as well as on their return, they reverently saluted them; never omitting to bring them a flower, some fruit, some green foliage, or a libation of milk. And they afterwards reaped the reward of this piety from the Gods. Then they gambolled like dogs loosed from their bonds, piped, sang to the goats, and wrestled sportively with the sheep.

2.3 While they were thus amusing themselves, an old man appeared before them, clad in a goatskin, with shoes of undressed leather on his feet, and carrying a wallet, a very old one, round his neck. Seating himself close by them, he addressed them as follows: "My children, I am old Philetas: I have sung many songs to these Nymphs, I have often played the pipe to Pan yonder, and guided a whole herd of oxen by my voice alone. I am come to tell you what I have seen, and to declare to you what I have heard.

"I have a garden, which I have planted and cultivated myself, ever since I became too old to tend my flocks. You will always find there everything that grows, in its proper season: in spring, roses, lilies, hyacinths, single and double violets: in summer, poppies, wild pears, and all kinds of apples: and, in the present autumn season, grapes, figs, pomegranates, and green myrtles. Every morning flocks of birds assemble in the garden, some to seek food, others to sing: for it is thickly shaded by trees, and watered by three fountains. If you were to remove the wall that surrounds it you would think it was a native forest.

2.4 "When I went into my garden yesterday about mid-day, I saw a lad under the myrtles and pomegranate-trees, with some of their produce in his hands: he was white as milk and ruddy as fire, and his body shone as if he had just been bathing. He was naked and alone, and he was amusing himself with plucking (17>) the fruit as if the garden had belonged to him. I rushed at him to seize him, being afraid that, in his wantonness, he might break my trees: but he nimbly and easily escaped my hand, now running under the rose-bushes, now hiding himself under the poppies, like a young partridge. I have often had trouble in chasing young kids, and tired myself with running after newly-born calves: but this was a wily creature, and could not be caught. Being an old man, and obliged to support myself with a stick, I soon became tired: and, being afraid that he might escape, I asked him to which of my neighbours he belonged, and what he meant by plucking the fruit in a stranger's garden. He made no answer, but, coming close to me, laughed quietly, flung some myrtle berries at me, and, somehow or other, appeased my anger. I asked him to come to me without fear, and I swore by my myrtles, and, in addition, by my apples and pomegranates, that I would let him pluck the fruits of my trees and cull my flowers whenever he pleased, if he would only give me one kiss.

2.5 "Then, laughing loudly, he began to speak in a voice sweeter than that of a swallow, or nightingale, or swan as old in years as myself: 'It would be easy for me to kiss you, Philetas: for my wish to be kissed is stronger than your desire to become young again: but look to it whether the gift is suitable to your age. For, when you have once kissed me, your years will not exempt you from a desire to pursue me: but neither the hawk, nor eagle, nor other bird that is swift on the wing

can catch me. I am not a child, even though I seem to be: I am older than Kronos, more ancient than all time. I knew you in the bloom of your first youth, when you tended your numerous flock in yonder marsh, and I was by your side when you played upon your pipe under the beech trees, when you were in love with Amaryllis, but you did not see me; and yet I was very close to her. I gave her to you, and the fruit of your union has been stalwart sons, good herdsmen and labourers. But now Daphnis and Chloe are my care: and, when I have brought them together in the morning, I come into your garden, to enjoy the sight of the plants and flowers, and to bathe in this spring. This is why all the produce of your garden is fair to see, since it is watered by my bath. Look whether any branch is broken, whether any fruit is plucked, whether any flower is trodden upon, or your springs disturbed. Think yourself happy that you are the only man who has seen this child in your old age.'

2.6 With these words, he sprang up, like a young nightingale, upon the myrtles, and, mounting from branch to branch, at length reached the top. Then I saw that he had wings on his shoulders, and a bow and arrows between the wings and his shoulders, and after that I saw him no more. But, unless my (18>) grey hairs count for nothing, unless I have grown more foolish with age, you are consecrated to Love, my children, and Love watches over you."

2.7 Daphnis and Chloe were as delighted as if they had heard some fable, and not a true story, and asked what Love was; whether it was a bird or a child, and what it could do. Philetas replied: "My children, Love is a winged God, young and beautiful. Wherefore he takes delight in youth, pursues beauty, and furnishes the soul with wings: his power is greater than that of Zeus. He has power over the elements and over the stars: and has greater control over the other Gods that are his equals than you have over your sheep and goats. The flowers are all the work of Love; the plants are his creation. He makes the rivers to run, and the winds to blow. I have seen a bull smitten with love, and it bellowed as if stung by a gadfly: I have seen a he-goat kissing its mate, and following it everywhere. I myself have been young, and was in love with Amaryllis: then I thought neither of eating nor drinking, and I took no rest. My soul was troubled, my heart beat, my body was chilled: I shouted as if I were being beaten, I was as silent as a dead man, I plunged into the rivers as if I were consumed by fire: I called upon Pan, himself enamoured of Pitys, to help me: I thanked Echo, who repeated the name of Amaryllis after me: I broke my pipes, which, though they charmed my kine, could not bring Amaryllis to me. For there is no remedy for Love, that can be eaten or drunk, or uttered in song, save kissing and embracing, and lying naked side by side."

2.8 Philetas, having thus instructed them, departed, taking away with him a present of some cheeses and a horned goat. When they were left alone, having then for the first time heard the name of Love, they were greatly distressed, and, on their return to their home at night, compared their feelings with what they had heard from the old man. "Lovers suffer: so do we. They neglect their work: we have done the same. They cannot sleep: it is the same with us. They seem on fire: we are

consumed by fire. They are eager to see each other: it is for this that we wish the day to dawn more quickly. This must be Love, and we are in love with each other without knowing it. If this be not love, and I am not beloved, why are we so distressed? Why do we so eagerly seek each other? All that Philetas has told us is true. It was that boy in the garden who once appeared to our parents in a dream, and bade us tend the flocks. How can we catch him? He is small and will escape. And how can we escape him? He has wings and will overtake us. We must appeal to the Nymphs for help. But Pan could not help Philetas, when he was in love with Amaryllis. Let us, therefore, try the remedies of which he told us: let us kiss and embrace each other, and (19>) lie naked on the ground. It is cold: but we will endure it, after the example of Philetas."

2.9 This was their nightly lesson. At daybreak they drove out their flocks, kissed each other as soon as they met, which they had never done before, and embraced: but they were afraid to try the third remedy, to undress and lie down together: for it would have been too bold an act for a young shepherdess, even for a goatherd. Then again they passed sleepless nights, thinking of what they had done, and regretting what they had left undone. "We have kissed each other," they complained, "but it has profited us nothing. We have embraced, but nothing has come of it. The only remaining remedy is to lie down together: let us try it: surely there must be something in it more efficacious than in a kiss."

2.10 With such thoughts as these their dreams were naturally of love and kisses and embraces: what they had not done in the day, they did in a dream: they lay naked together. The next morning, they got up more inflamed with love than ever, and drove their flocks to pasture, whistling loudly, and hurried to embrace each other: and, when they saw each other from a distance, they ran up with a smile, kissed, and embraced: but the third remedy was slow to come: for Daphnis did not venture to speak of it, and Chloe was unwilling to lead the way, until chance brought them to it.

2.11 They were sitting side by side on the trunk of an oak: and, having tasted the delights of kissing, they could not have enough: in their close embrace their lips met closely. While Daphnis pulled Chloe somewhat roughly towards him, she somehow fell on her side, and Daphnis, following up his kiss, fell also on his side: then, recognising the likeness of the dream, they lay for a long time as if they had been bound together. But, not knowing what to do next, and thinking that this was the consummation of love, they spent the greater part of the day in these idle embraces; then, cursing the night when it came on, they separated, and drove their flocks home. Perhaps they would have found out the truth, had not a sudden disturbance occupied the attention of the whole district.

2.12 Some wealthy young Methymnaeans, wishing to amuse themselves away from home during the vintage, launched a small vessel, manned with their servants as oarsmen, and coasted along the shore of Mitylene, which affords good harbourage, and is adorned with splendid houses, baths, parks, and groves, some natural, others artificial, but all pleasant to dwell in. Coasting along and putting in

to land from time to time, they did no damage, but amused themselves in various ways. They fastened hooks to the end of a fine (20>) line attached to the end of a reed, and caught fish from a rock that jutted out into the sea: or, with dogs and nets, captured the hares which were scared by the noise of the labourers in the vineyard; or again, they set snares for ducks, wild geese, and bustards, which, besides affording them sport, provided them with an addition to their repast. If they wanted anything else, they bought it from the villagers, at a higher price than it was worth. They only needed bread, wine, and lodging, for, as it was late in the autumn, they did not think it was safe to pass the night on the water: they accordingly drew up the ship on land, being afraid of a storm by night.

2.13 It chanced that a peasant, being in need of a rope to lift up the stone that was used for crushing the grapes after they had been trodden (his own [rope] being broken), went secretly down to the sea-shore, and, finding the ship unguarded, unfastened the cable, took it home, and used it for what he wanted. In the morning the young Methymnaeans looked everywhere for the rope, and, as no one admitted the theft, after abusing their hosts, they put out to sea again. Having sailed on about thirty stades, they put in at that part of the coast where was the estate on which Daphnis and Chloe dwelt: since it seemed to them to be a good country for coursing. But, as they had no rope with which to moor their vessel, they twisted some long green osiers into a cable, and with them fastened it to land: then, having let loose their dogs to scent the game in the most likely spots, they spread their nets. The dogs, running in all directions and barking, frightened the goats, which left the hills and fled hastily in the direction of the sea. There, finding nothing to eat in the sand on the shore, some of them, bolder than the rest, went up to the boat, and gnawed off the osiers with which it was fastened.

2.14 It so happened that the sea was rather rough, as there was a breeze blowing from the mountains: and, as soon as the boat was unfastened, the tide carried it away into the open sea. When the young Methymnaeans saw what had occurred, some of them ran down to the shore, and others called their dogs together: and all raised such a shout that all the labourers hurried up from the neighbouring fields. But it was all in vain: for, as the breeze freshened, it bore away the vessel down the current with irresistible force.

Then the Methymnaeans, having thus sustained a considerable loss, looked for the keeper of the goats, and, having found Daphnis, flogged him and stripped him of his clothes. One of them, taking up a dog-leash, twisted Daphnis's hands behind his back, intending to bind him. He shouted loudly as he was being beaten, and implored the countrymen to help him, above all Lamon and Dryas. They, being vigorous old men, whose hands were hardened (21>) by their labours in the fields, assisted him stoutly, and demanded that a fair inquiry should be held into what had taken place.

2.15 As the others who had come up pressed the same demand, the herdsman Philetas was chosen as umpire: for he was the oldest of those present, and he had

the reputation amongst his fellow villagers of being perfectly impartial. First the young Methymnaeans briefly and clearly made their complaint:

"We came to these fields to hunt. We had fastened our boat to the shore with a green osier withy, and left it there: after which, we set out with our dogs to look for game. Meanwhile, this man's goats went down to the shore, ate the osiers, and set loose the boat. You yourself saw it being carried away out to sea: what do you think was the value of the property with which it was loaded? of the clothes and dog trappings, besides money enough to purchase this estate? Wherefore, by way of recompense, we claim that we have a right to carry away this rascally goatherd, who pastures his flock at the sea-shore as if he were a sailor."

2.16 Such was the charge brought by the Methymnaeans. Daphnis, although suffering terribly from the blows which he had received, seeing Chloe amongst those present, made light of the pain, and spoke as follows:

"I tend my goats properly. No one in the village has ever complained of a goat of mine browsing in his garden or breaking down his sprouting vines. It is the fault of these sportsmen, who have dogs so badly broken that they keep running about and barking so loudly that, like so many wolves, they have driven my goats from the hills and plains to the seashore. But they have eaten the osiers: could they find any grass, or wild arbutus, or thyme to eat on the sand? Again, their boat had been destroyed by the winds and waves: the storm, not my goats, is to blame for this. Again, there was a large store of clothes and money on board: who would be so foolish as to believe that a boat, carrying so valuable a freight, would have been fastened with nothing but a rope made of osier-withies?"

2.17 Having thus spoken, Daphnis began to weep, and moved the villagers to great compassion: so that Philetas, who had to pronounce the verdict, swore by Pan and the Nymphs that neither Daphnis nor his goats were in the wrong, but the sea and the wind, which were under the jurisdiction of others. However, Philetas could not convince the Methymnaeans, who, in the impulse of their rage, again seized Daphnis, and would have bound him, had not the villagers, roused at this, rushed upon them like a flock of starlings, or jackdaws, and speedily rescued Daphnis, who also was stoutly defending himself. Then, with vigorous blows of their clubs, they routed the (22>) Methymnaeans, and did not cease from pursuing them, until they had driven them out of their territory.

2.18 While they were thus engaged in the pursuit of the Methymnaeans, Chloe quietly led Daphnis to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she washed his face which was smeared with the blood from his nostrils; then, taking a slice of bread and some cheese from her wallet, she gave him to eat, and - what comforted him most of all - she imprinted upon his mouth a kiss sweeter than honey with her tender lips.

2.19 Thus Daphnis had a narrow escape, but the matter did not rest there: for the Methymnaeans, having reached their home with great difficulty on foot, whereas they had come in a ship, full of wounds instead of in the enjoyment of luxury,

called an assembly of their fellow citizens, and, holding out olive branches in sign of supplication, besought them to deign to avenge them: they did not, however, utter a word of truth, for fear that they might be laughed at, for having allowed themselves to be so maltreated by a few shepherds: but they accused the Mitylenaeans of having plundered them and seized their vessel and its contents, as if they had been at open war.

The Methymnaeans believed what they said when they saw their wounds, and, thinking it their duty to avenge their wrongs, since the young men belonged to the highest families in the place they immediately decided to make war without the usual formalities, and ordered their chief captain to put to sea with ten galleys and ravage their coast: for, as the winter was close at hand, it was not safe to entrust a larger fleet to the mercy of the waves.

2.20 On the following day, the captain put out to sea, using his soldiers as oarsmen, and directed his course towards the coastland of Mitylene. He carried off a large number of cattle, and a quantity of corn and wine, since the vintage was only just over, and also took prisoner a considerable number of those who were working in the fields. He at last landed on the estate where Daphnis and Chloe were tending their flocks, and carried off everything that he could find. At the time Daphnis was not with his flock: for he had gone up to the wood to cut some green branches to serve as fodder for the kids during the winter. Seeing the inroad from a distance, he hid himself in the hollow trunk of a dry beech-tree. Chloe, who was with her flocks, being pursued, fled to the grotto of the Nymphs as a suppliant, and besought her pursuers to spare herself and her flocks, out of respect for the goddesses. But it was all in vain: the Methymnaeans insulted the statues and drove off the flocks, and Chloe with them, as if she had been a sheep or a goat, whipping her with switches. (23>)

2.21 Their ships being now loaded with all kinds of booty, they made up their minds to sail no further, but directed their course homewards, being afraid of the wintry season and hostile attacks. Accordingly they rowed away as hard as they could, but they made slow progress, as there was no wind. Daphnis, when all was quiet, went down to the plain where their flocks had been in the habit of feeding, and finding neither goats nor sheep nor Chloe, but everywhere desolation, and Chloe's pipe, with which she used to amuse herself, lying on the ground, he cried aloud and lamented piteously, now running to the beech under which they used to sit, and now to the seashore, to look for her, and then to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she had taken refuge when she was being carried off. There he flung himself on the ground and reproached the Nymphs with having abandoned her:

2.22 "Chloe has been carried off from you, O Nymphs, and you have had the heart to see and endure it - she who used to weave for you chaplets of flowers and offer you libations of fresh milk, whose pipe hangs suspended yonder as an offering to you. No wolf has ever carried off a single goat of mine, but an enemy has carried off the flock and she who tended it with me. They will flay the goats and sacrifice the sheep, and Chloe will have to dwell in some distant city. How shall I dare to

return to my father and mother without my goats and without Chloe, as if I had proved false to my charge? For I have no longer anything to tend.

"Here I will lie and await death, or some other attack. Are you suffering like myself, Chloe? Do you still remember these fields, these Nymphs, and me? Or do you find some consolation in the sheep and goats that are your fellow prisoners?"

2.23 While he was thus lamenting, a deep sleep overcame him in the midst of his grief and tears. The Nymphs appeared to him, three tall and beautiful women, half-naked, without sandals, with their hair floating down their backs, just like their statues. At first they seemed to feel compassion for Daphnis: then the eldest addressed him in the following words of comfort:

"Do not reproach us, Daphnis: Chloe is more our care than yours. We took pity on her when she was but a child, and adopted her when she was exposed in this cave and brought her up. She has no more to do with the sheep and fields than you have to do with the goats of Lamon. Besides, we have already thought of her future: she shall neither be carried off as a slave to Methymna, nor become part of the enemy's spoil. We have begged the God Pan, whose statue is under yonder pine, to whom you have never offered so much as a chaplet of flowers in token of respect, to go to the assistance of Chloe: for he (24>) is more used to the ways of camps than we are, and he has often left the country to take part in battle. He will set out, and the Methymnaeans will find him no contemptible foe. Be not troubled: arise and show yourself to Lamon and Myrtale, who, like yourself, lie prostrate with sorrow, thinking that you also have been carried off. Tomorrow Chloe will return with the sheep and goats; you shall tend them and play on the pipe together; leave the rest to the care of Love."

2.24 At this sight and at these words Daphnis started up from sleep. Weeping both for joy and grief, he did obeisance to the statues of the Nymphs and promised, if Chloe should be saved, that he would sacrifice to them the finest of his goats. He next ran to the pine tree, beneath which stood the statue of Pan, with the legs of a goat, his head surmounted by horns, in one hand holding his pipe, in the other a bounding goat. He did obeisance to him also, begged his assistance on behalf of Chloe, and promised to sacrifice a goat to him. The sun was almost set before he ceased from his tears and entreaties; then, taking up the green branches which he had cut, he returned home, where his reappearance comforted Lamon and Myrtale and filled them with joy. Having taken a little food, he went to bed: but even then his rest was disturbed by tears. He prayed that the Nymphs might appear to him again in a dream, and prayed for the speedy coming of the day, on which they had promised him that Chloe should return. Never had a night seemed so long to him. Meanwhile, the following events had taken place.

2.25 The Methymnaean captain, when he had proceeded about ten stades, was desirous of giving his men some rest, as they were greatly fatigued with rowing. Accordingly, having reached a promontory which jutted out into the sea in the shape of a crescent, the bay of which afforded a quieter port than any harbour, he cast anchor, but at some distance from the shore, for fear that the inhabitants might



annoy him; then he allowed his crew to enjoy themselves undisturbed. Since they were abundantly supplied with everything, they drank and made merry, as if they had been celebrating a feast in honour of a victory. But, when night began to fall and put an end to their enjoyment, suddenly the whole earth appeared in flames: the splash of oars was heard upon the waters, as if a numerous fleet were approaching. They called upon the general to arm himself: they shouted to each other: some thought they were already wounded, others lay as if they were dead. One would have thought that they were engaged in a battle by night, although there was no enemy. (25>)

2.26 After a night thus spent, a day followed even more terrible to them than the night. They saw Daphnis's goats with ivy-branches, loaded with berries, on their horns: while Chloe's rams and ewes were heard howling like wolves: Chloe herself appeared, crowned with a garland of pine. Many marvellous things also happened on the sea. When they attempted to raise the anchors, they remained fast to the bottom: when the oars were dipped into the water to row, they snapped. Dolphins, leaping from the waves, lashed the ships with their tails, and loosened the fastenings. From the top of the steep rock overhanging the promontory was heard the sound of a pipe: but the sound did not soothe the hearers, but terrified them, like the blast of a trumpet. Then, smitten with affright they ran to arms, and called upon their invisible enemies to appear: after which, they prayed for the return of night, hoping that it might afford them some relief. All who possessed any intelligence clearly understood that all the marvellous things that they had seen and heard were the work of God Pan, who was angry with them for some offence they had committed against him: but they could not guess the cause of it, for they had not plundered any spot that was sacred to him. At last, however, at mid-day, when their general had fallen asleep, not without the intervention of the Gods, Pan himself appeared to him and spoke as follows:

2.27 "O most impious and sacrilegious of men! What has driven your frenzied minds to such audacity? You have filled with war the country that I love, and have carried off the herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats entrusted to my care: you have dragged away from my altars a young girl whom Love has reserved for himself, to adorn a tale. Nay, you did not even respect the presence of the Nymphs, nor me, the great God Pan. Wherefore you shall never again see Methymna with such booty on board, nor shall you escape this pipe, which has so smitten you with alarm: I will swamp you in the waves and give you as food to the fishes, unless you speedily restore Chloe and her flocks, sheep and goats, to the Nymphs. Arise then, put ashore the young girl with all that I have mentioned: and then I will guide your course by sea, and Chloe's by land."

2.28 Alarmed at this vision, Bryaxis - that was the captain's name - started up, summoned the commanders of the ships, and ordered them to search for Chloe with all speed amongst the captives. They soon found her and brought her before him: for she was sitting down, with a pine garland on her head. Recognising by this that it was she to whom his vision referred, he put her on board his own vessel, and

conveyed her to land. As soon as she had gone ashore, the sound of the pipe again made itself heard from the summit of the (26>) rock, not martial and awe-inspiring, as before, but playing a pastoral air such as shepherds play when driving out their flocks to feed. Then immediately the sheep hurried down the gangway, without stumbling: while the goats descended with even greater confidence, being accustomed to climb steep places.

2.29 Then the sheep and the goats danced, skipped, and bleated around Chloe, as if they rejoiced with her: but the herds and flocks of the other shepherds remained where they were in the hollow ship, as if the sound of the pipe had not summoned them. While all were lost in admiration at this, and were singing the praises of Pan, stranger sights were seen on both elements. For the vessels of the Methymnaeans unmoored themselves of their own accord, before the anchors were pulled up, and a dolphin, leaping out of the sea, piloted the commander's ship: on land the sweet sounds of a pipe guided the goats and sheep, although no one could be seen playing upon it. Thus the two flocks went on, feeding the while, delighted to hear such strains.

2.30 It was about the time when the flocks were being driven to the plains after mid-day, when Daphnis, perceiving from a lofty hill the approach of Chloe and the herds, with a loud cry of "O Nymphs! O Pan!" hastened down, ran towards Chloe, and, after embracing her, fainted from excess of joy. Even the hot kisses of Chloe, as she clasped him in her arms, scarcely revived him; but at last, having regained consciousness, he made his way to the well-known beech, and, sitting on its trunk, inquired of her how she had managed to escape her numerous foes. Then she told him everything: the ivy that grew on the horns of her goats, the roaring of the sheep, the garland of pine-leaves that sprouted upon her head, the fire that blazed forth upon the land, the noise of oars upon the sea, the two different sounds of the pipe, the martial and the peaceful, the horrors of the night, and how she had been guided on the road which she did not know by the sound of sweet music.

Then Daphnis, recognising the vision of the Nymphs and the influence of Pan, told her in turn all that he had seen and heard, and how that, when he was on the point of death, his life had been restored by the Nymphs. Then he sent her to fetch Dryas and Lamon, and all that was necessary for sacrifice: and, taking the choicest of his goats, he crowned it with ivy, just as the enemy had seen them, poured a libation of milk between its horns, sacrificed it to the Nymphs, hung up and flayed it, and consecrated its skin to them as a votive offering.

2.31 When Chloe had returned, together with Dryas and Lamon and their wives, he roasted part of the flesh and boiled the rest, after having offered the (27>) firstlings to the Nymphs, and poured a libation from a full bowl of sweet wine. Then, having spread couches of leaves on the ground for the use of the guests, he enjoyed himself eating and drinking; but at the same time he kept an eye upon his flocks, for fear that a wolf might attack them. After this they sang some hymns in honour of the Nymphs, composed by some ancient shepherds. When night came on, they lay down in the fields, and on the following day bethought them of Pan. They

crowned the goat that led the flock with branches of pine, and led him to the tree under which stood the image of the God: then, having poured a libation of wine over him, they sang praises to Pan, sacrificed, hung up, and flayed the goat. They roasted part of the flesh and boiled the rest, and set it down close by in the meadow on green leaves. The skin with the horns was hung up on the pine tree near the statue, an offering of shepherds to the shepherds' God. They also gave him of the firstlings, and poured libations in his honour from a larger bowl, while Chloe sang, and Daphnis played the flute.

2.32 After this they sat down and refreshed themselves. While they were thus engaged, by chance the herdsman Philetas came up, bringing some garlands of flowers to Pan, and some vine-branches full of bunches of grapes. He was accompanied by his youngest son Tityrus, a fair and impudent lad, with reddish hair and grey eyes, who ran and skipped along like a kid. When they saw Philetas and his son, the others, jumping up, went with them to place the garlands on the statue of Pan, and hung the vine shoots on the branches of the pine: then, making Philetas sit down with them, they invited him to share their feast. After the manner of old men who are somewhat heated with wine, they began to tell all sorts of tales: how they tended their flocks when they were young, and how they had escaped many attacks of robbers. One boasted of having slain a wolf, and another (this was Philetas) of being inferior in his skill on the pipe to Pan alone.

2.33 Daphnis and Chloe begged him to give them a specimen of his skill, and to play on his pipe at a feast in honour of the God who delighted in such music. Philetas consented, although complaining that his years had left him but little breath, and took Daphnis's pipe. But it was too small for the display of great skill, being only fit for a lad to play upon. Philetas therefore sent Tityrus to his cottage, which was about ten stades distant, to fetch his own pipe. The lad, throwing off his smock, ran off as swiftly as a fawn: meanwhile, Lamon offered to tell them the story of the pipe, which a Sicilian goatherd had related to him in return for the present of a goat and a pipe. (28>)

2.34 "This pipe in former times was not a musical instrument, but a beautiful maiden, who had a melodious voice. She tended goats, sported with the Nymphs, and sang as now. Pan, who saw her tending her goats, sporting, and singing, tried to persuade her to yield to his advances, promising that her goats should always bring forth twins. But she scoffed at his love, and declared that she would never have anything to do with a lover who was neither a goat nor a perfect man. Thereupon Pan was proceeding to violence, but Syrinx fled, until at last, weary of running, she flung herself into a swamp and disappeared amongst the reeds. Pan, enraged, cut down the reeds, and, not finding the maiden, understood what had happened. Then, cutting some reeds of unequal length, in token of an unequal love, he joined them together with wax and fashioned this instrument. Thus she who was once a beautiful maiden is now an instrument of music-the pipe."

2.35 Lamon had scarcely finished his story,- which was highly praised by Philetas, who declared that it was sweeter than any song - when Tityrus returned with his

father's pipe, which was very large and made of larger reeds than usual, while the waxen fastenings were overlaid with brass. One would have said that it was the very pipe which Pan had first made. Then Philetas sat upright, tried all the reeds to see if there was a free current of air, and, finding that his breath passed through unchecked, blew so loud and lustily, that it seemed as if several pipes were being played at once: then, gradually blowing more gently, he changed his tune to a more pleasant strain, and, displaying to them the most perfect skill in pastoral music, he showed them what strains were best for a herd of oxen, or a flock of goats or sheep - sweet and gentle for sheep, loud and deep for oxen, sharp and clear for goats: and all these notes he imitated on a single pipe.

2.36 While all, quietly reclining on the ground, listened in silence, charmed by the music, Dryas got up, begged Philetas to strike up a Bacchanalian air and then began the vintage dance. He seemed in turns to be plucking the fruit, carrying the baskets, treading the grapes, filling the jars, and drinking the new wine: so perfect was the imitation, and so naturally did the dance represent the vines, the wine-press, the jars, and Dryas drinking, to the life.

2.37 The third old man, having thus danced amid the applause of all, embraced Daphnis and Chloe, who quickly started up and began to represent in the dance the story told by Lamon. Daphnis took the part of Pan, and Chloe that of Syrinx. He tried to persuade her with his entreaties, while she rejected his advances with a smile. He pursued her, and ran on tiptoe, to represent the goat's cloven feet: while Chloe pretended to be weary in her flight and at last (29>) hid herself in the forest which served as a swamp. Then Daphnis took Philetas's large pipe, drew from it a mournful strain, like the lamentations of a lover, then a passionate air, to touch her heart, and, lastly, a strain of recall, as if he had lost and was seeking her. So well did he play that Philetas, overcome by admiration, jumped up and embraced him, and made him a present of his pipe, with a prayer that Daphnis in his turn might leave it to a successor like himself.

2.38 Daphnis dedicated to the God Pan the small flute which he had hitherto used, embraced Chloe as if he had really lost and found her again, and drove back his flock, playing on his pipe the while.

As night was close at hand, Chloe also drove back her sheep to the sound of the same pipe: the goats went side by side with the sheep, while Daphnis walked close to Chloe. Thus they enjoyed each other's society until nightfall, when they separated, after promising to drive their flocks to pasture earlier than usual on the following day, which they did. At daybreak, they were in the fields. Having first saluted the Nymphs, and next, the God Pan, they sat down beneath the oak, where they played upon the pipe, kissed and embraced each other, and lay down side by side, but that was all. Then they got up and bethought themselves of food, and drank wine, mingled with milk.

2.39 Warmed and further emboldened by what they had drunk, they commenced an amorous contest, and at last swore mutual fidelity. Daphnis swore by Pan beneath the pine tree that he could not live without Chloe, even for a single day:

while Chloe, having entered the grotto, swore by the Nymphs to live and die with Daphnis. So simple and innocent was she that, when she came out of the grotto, she demanded that Daphnis should take a second oath.

"Daphnis," said she, "Pan is an amorous and inconstant God: he was enamoured of Pitys and Syrinx, he never ceases to annoy the Dryads and the Epimelian Nymphs with his solicitations. Wherefore, even if you forget the oath that you have sworn by him, he will forget to punish you, even though you should have more mistresses than there are reeds in your pipe. Do you therefore swear by this herd of goats and by the she-goat that reared you, that you will never desert Chloe as long as she remains true to you: but if she breaks her vows to you and the Nymphs, flee from her, loathe her, and kill her like a wolf."

Daphnis, pleased at being thus mistrusted, stood upright in the midst of his flock, and, taking hold of a she-goat with one hand, and of a he-goat with the other, swore to love Chloe as long as she loved him: and that, if she ever preferred another, he would kill himself instead of her. Then Chloe was delighted, and no longer had any doubts: for she was young and a simple (30>) shepherdess, and saw in the sheep and goats the Gods of shepherds and goatherds.

## Book Three

3.1 When the Mitylenaeans heard of the descent of the ten vessels, and were informed by certain persons who came from the country of the plundering of their territory, they considered such outrages on the part of the Methymnaeans unbearable, and resolved to take up arms against them without delay. Collecting a force of three thousand heavy-armed infantry, and five hundred cavalry, they despatched them by land, under the command of Hippasus, being afraid of journeying by sea during the winter season.

3.2 Hippasus accordingly set out, but was careful not to plunder the territory of the Methymnaeans: he carried off neither flocks nor any kind of booty from the husbandmen and shepherds, considering such conduct to be rather the act of a brigand than of a general. He marched with all speed against the city itself, hoping to be able to attack it while the gates were left unguarded. When he was about one hundred stades distant from the city, a herald met them to propose a truce. The Methymnaeans, having learnt from the prisoners that the Mitylenaeans knew nothing of what had taken place, and that the whole affair was merely an attack of a few shepherds and labourers upon some insolent young men, regretted that they had behaved with greater violence than prudence towards a neighbouring city. They were accordingly anxious to restore all the plunder that they had taken, and to re-establish friendly relations between the two cities, both by sea and land. Hippasus sent the herald to the Mitylenaeans, although he had been appointed commander with unlimited power: at the same time he pitched his camp about ten stades from Methymna, to await instructions from his government. At the end of two days, the messenger returned with orders to the commander to receive the

booty, and to return home without committing any act of hostility. Having the choice between peace and war, they were of opinion that peace would be more advantageous.

3.3 Thus ended the war between Methymna and Mitylene, as suddenly as it had commenced. Winter came on, a greater hardship than the war for Daphnis and Chloe: suddenly there was a heavy fall of snow, which blocked up all the roads and kept all the labourers indoors. Torrents rushed down with violence from the mountains, the water was frozen hard, the trees seemed buried beneath the hoar frost: the earth was completely hidden, except around the (31>) fountains and the banks of the streams. No herdsman led his flocks to pasture, or set foot outside his door: in the morning, at cockcrow, they lighted a large fire, round which they gathered, some twisting hemp, others weaving goats' hairs or making snares for birds. The only thing they had to think about was to give the oxen in the stalls straw to eat, the sheep and goats in the cotes plenty of leaves, and the pigs in the sties acorns and beech nuts.

3.4 The necessity of remaining at home gladdened the hearts of the other labourers and shepherds, who thus enjoyed some relaxation from their daily task, and, after they had breakfasted, had a long sleep. In this respect the winter seemed to them more enjoyable than spring, summer, or autumn. But Daphnis and Chloe had always in mind the pleasant pastimes which they were now forced to abandon - their kisses, embraces, and meals shared together: they passed sad and sleepless nights, and waited for the return of spring as a resurrection. It grieved them sorely when they touched a wallet from which they had eaten, or saw a pail from which they had drunk together, or a pipe, carelessly thrown aside, that had been a gift of affection. They prayed to Pan and the Nymphs to put an end to their sorrows, and to show the sun again to them and their flocks; at the same time, they endeavoured to find some means of seeing each other. Chloe was terribly embarrassed, and did not know what to do: for her supposed mother never left her for a moment: she taught her to card wool, and turn the spindle, and talked to her of marriage. Daphnis, however, since he had more time to himself, and was cleverer than the young girl, devised the following scheme for seeing her.

3.5 In front of Dryas's cottage, close to the courtyard gate, grew two large myrtles and an ivy plant. The myrtles almost touched, and the ivy had worked its way between them in such a manner that, spreading its branches on either side like a vine, it formed a kind of arbour shaded by its intertwining foliage: berries, large as grapes, hung down from the branches, upon which settled swarms of birds, which were unable to procure food outside - blackbirds, thrushes, doves, starlings, and all the birds that are fond of feeding on ivy. Daphnis went out under pretence of catching some of these birds, taking with him a wallet full of honey-cakes, and some birdlime and snares, so as to allay all suspicion. Although the distance was ten stades at the most, the snow, which was not yet melted, caused him great inconvenience: but Love can make its way through everything, through fire, water, and the snows of Scythia.

3.6 He made all haste to the cottage, and, having shaken the snow from his feet, he set up his snares, and smeared some long sticks with birdlime: then he (32>) sat down waiting for the birds and thinking of Chloe. The birds came in great numbers, and he caught so many that he had plenty to do to pick them up, kill, and pluck them. But no one left the house, neither man, nor woman, nor fowl: for all had shut themselves up and were seated round the fire. Daphnis was utterly at a loss what to do, and cursed his unlucky star: then he thought of venturing to knock at the door, but did not know what plausible excuse to make. He discussed the matter with himself as follows: "If I say that I have come to fetch something to light a fire with, they will ask me if I have no nearer neighbours. If I ask for some bread, they will tell me that my wallet is full of food. If I say I want wine, they will answer that we have only just got in the vintage. If I say I have been chased by a wolf, they will ask where his footprints are. If I say that I came to catch birds, they will ask me why I do not return home, now that I have caught enough. And, as for declaring openly that I want to see Chloe, who would make such a confession to a girl's mother and father? All such excuses are open to suspicion: the best thing will be to hold my tongue. I shall see Chloe again in the spring, since I am not destined to see her this winter."

After this soliloquy he picked up his birds and was preparing to go, when, as if Love had taken compassion upon him, the following incident occurred.

3.7 Dryas was at table with his family: the meat had been cut up and distributed, the bread served, and the goblet mixed, when one of the sheep dogs, taking advantage of the moment when no one was watching him, seized a piece of meat, and ran out of doors. Dryas, greatly enraged (for the piece of meat was his own portion), snatched up a cudgel, and ran after him like another dog. In his pursuit, he passed close to the ivy, and saw Daphnis who had just flung his spoil over his shoulders, and had made up his mind to depart. Then, immediately forgetting all about the meat and the dog, he shouted, "Good day, my lad," embraced him, and led him into the house. When Daphnis and Chloe saw each other, they nearly fainted for joy: however, they managed to keep on their feet, and greeted and saluted each other: and this helped to prevent them from falling.

3.8 Thus Daphnis, having, beyond all expectation, both seen and kissed Chloe, took a seat near the fire, and laid upon the table the doves and blackbirds with which his shoulders were burdened. He told them how, weary of being obliged to stay at home, he had set out to catch birds, and how he had trapped them with snares and birdlime, owing to their greediness for myrtle and ivy-berries. They praised his activity, and pressed him to eat some of what the dog had left. Chloe was bidden to pour out wine for them to drink, which she gladly (33>) did. She served all the rest first, reserving Daphnis for the last: for she pretended to be angry with him because, having come so far, he was on the point of going home without seeing her. However, before she offered him the cup, she dipped her lips into it and then gave it to him: and he, although very thirsty, drank the contents slowly, in order to make the pleasure last longer.

3.9 The bread and meat soon disappeared from the table: then, remaining seated, his hosts began to ask him about Myrtale and Lamon, at the same time congratulating them upon having such a support in their old age. Daphnis was delighted at their commendation, since Chloe heard them: but when they invited him to stay until the following day, when they intended to offer sacrifice to Dionysus, he was ready to fall down and worship them in place of the God. He immediately pulled out the honey-cakes from his wallet and all the birds which he had caught: and they got them ready for the evening meal. A second goblet was prepared, and the fire re-lighted: and, when it was night, they sat down to another hearty meal. After this they sang and told stories, and then went to bed. Chloe with her mother, and Daphnis with Dryas. Chloe thought of nothing but the happiness of seeing Daphnis on the following day; while Daphnis satisfied himself with an idle enjoyment: he thought it happiness even to sleep with Chloe's father, clasped him in his arms, and kissed him again and again, dreaming that he was kissing and embracing Chloe.

3.10 At daybreak, it was bitterly cold, and a north wind was nipping everything. The family got up, and having sacrificed a year old ram to Dionysus, lighted a large fire, and made preparations for a meal. While Nape was making the bread, and Dryas cooking the meat, Daphnis and Chloe, being left to themselves, retired to the ivy bower in front of the yard, where they again set up the nets and smeared the twigs with birdlime, and caught a large number of birds. In the meantime, they continually kissed each other and held delightful converse.

"It was for your sake that I came, dear Chloe." "I know it, Daphnis." "It is for your sake that I am destroying these poor birds. What then am I to you? Do not forget me." "I do not forget you, I swear by the Nymphs whom I formerly invoked as the witnesses of my oath in the grotto, whither we will soon return, as soon as the snow melts." "It lies very deep, Chloe: I am afraid that I myself shall melt first." "Courage, Daphnis: the sun is hot." "Would that it were as hot as the fire which consumes my heart." "You are laughing at me and trying to deceive me." "No, I swear it by the goats, by which you bade me swear." (34>)

3.11 While Chloe was thus answering Daphnis, like an echo, Nape called them. They ran into the house with their catch, which was much larger than that of the previous day. After they had poured libations to Dionysus, they ate, crowned with garlands of ivy. Then, when the time came, after they had celebrated the praises of Bacchus and chanted Evoe, Dryas and Nape sent Daphnis on his way, having first filled his wallet with bread and meat. They also gave him the wood-pigeons and thrushes to take to Lamon and Myrtale, since they knew that they would be able to catch as many as they wanted, as long as the winter and the ivy-berries lasted. Then Daphnis departed, after kissing them all - Chloe last, that her kiss might remain pure and without alloy. He afterwards found several fresh excuses for returning, so that they did not pass the winter entirely deprived of the joys of love.

3.12 With the commencement of spring the snow began to melt, the earth again became visible, and the green grass sprouted. The shepherds again drove their



flocks into the fields, Daphnis and Chloe first of all, since they served a mightier shepherd. They ran first to the grotto of the Nymphs, then to the pine tree and the image of Pan, and after that to the oak, under which they sat down, watching their flocks and kissing each other. Then, to weave chaplets for the Gods, they went in search of some flowers, which were only just beginning to blossom under the fostering influence of Zephyr and the warmth of the sun: however, they found some violets, hyacinths, pimpernel, and other flowers of early spring. After they had drunk some new milk drawn from the sheep and goats, they crowned the images, and poured libations. Then they began to play upon their pipes, as if challenging to song the nightingales, which were warbling in the thickets and gradually perfecting their lamentation for Itys, as if anxious, after long silence, to recall their strains.

3.13 The sheep began to bleat, the lambs gambolled, or stooped under their mothers' bellies to suck their teats. The rams chased the sheep which had not yet borne young, and mounted them. The he-goats also chased the she-goats with even greater heat, leaped amorously upon them, and fought for them. Each had his own mate, and jealously guarded her against the attacks of a wanton rival. At this sight even old men would have felt the fire of love rekindled within them: the more so Daphnis and Chloe, who were young and tortured by desire, and had long been in quest of the delights of love. All that they heard inflamed them, all that they saw melted them and they longed for something more than mere embraces and kisses, but especially Daphnis, who, having spent the winter in the house doing nothing, kissed Chloe fiercely, (35>) pressed her wantonly in his arms, and showed himself in every respect more curious and audacious.

3.14 He begged her to grant him all he desired, and to lie with him naked longer than they had been accustomed to do: "This," said he, "is the only one of Philetas's instructions that we have not yet followed, the only remedy that can appease Love." When Chloe asked him what else there could be besides kisses, embraces, and lying together, and what he meant to do, if they both lay naked together, he replied: "The same as the rams and the he-goats do to their mates. You see how, after this has been accomplished, the former no longer pursue the latter, nor do the latter flee from the former: but, from that moment, they feed quietly together, as if they had enjoyed the same pleasure in common. This pastime, methinks, is something sweet, which can overcome the bitterness of love." "But," answered Chloe, "do you not see that he-goats and she goats, rams and sheep, all satisfy their desire standing upright: the males leap upon the females, who receive them on their backs? You ask me to lie down with you naked: but see how much thicker their fleece is than my garments." Daphnis obeyed (!), lay down by her side, and held her for a long time clasped in his arms: but, not knowing how to do what he was burning to do, he made her get up, and embraced her behind, in imitation of the he-goats, but with even less success: then, utterly at a loss what to do, he sat down on the ground and began to weep at the idea of being more ignorant of the mysteries of love than the rams.

3.15 In the neighbourhood there dwelt a labourer named Chromis, already advanced in years, who farmed his own estate. He had a wife whom he had brought from the city, young, beautiful, and more refined than the countrywomen: her name was Lycaenium. Every morning she saw Daphnis driving his goats to pasture, and back again at night. She was seized with a desire of winning him for her lover by presents. Having watched until he was alone, she gave him a pipe, a honeycomb, and a deerskin wallet, but she was afraid to say anything, suspecting his love for Chloe. For she had observed that he was devoted to the girl, although hitherto she had only guessed his affection from having seen them exchange nods and smiles. One day, in the morning, making the excuse to Chromis that she was going to visit a neighbour who had been brought to bed, she followed them, concealed herself in a thicket to avoid being seen, and heard all they said, and saw all they did. Even Daphnis's tears did not escape her. Pitying the poor young couple, and thinking that she had a two-fold opportunity - of getting them out of their (36>) trouble and, at the same time, satisfying her own desires - she had recourse to the following stratagem.

3.16 The next day, having gone out again on pretence of visiting her sick neighbour, she proceeded straight to the oak under which Daphnis and Chloe were sitting, and, pretending to be in great distress, cried: "Help me, Daphnis: I am most unhappy. An eagle has just carried off the finest of my twenty geese: but, as the burden was a heavy one, he could not carry it up to the top of the rock, his usual refuge, but has alighted with his prey at the end of the wood. In the name of the Nymphs and Pan yonder, I beseech you, go with me into the forest, for I am afraid to go alone: save my goose, and do not leave the number of my flock imperfect. Perhaps you will also be able to slay the eagle, and he will no longer carry off your kids and lambs. Meanwhile, Chloe can look after your goats: they know her as well as you: for you always tend your flocks together."

3.17 Daphnis, suspecting nothing of what was to come, immediately got up, took his crook and followed Lycaenium. She took him as far from Chloe as possible, and, when they had come to the thickest part of the forest, she bade him sit down near a fountain, and said: "Daphnis, you are in love with Chloe: the Nymphs revealed this to me last night. They told me in a dream of the tears you shed yesterday, and bade me relieve you of your trouble by teaching you the mysteries of love. These consist not in kisses and embraces alone, or the practices of sheep and goats, but in connexion far more delightful than these: for the pleasure lasts longer. If then you wish to be freed from your troubles and to try the delights of which you are in search, come, put yourself in my hands, a delightful pupil: out of gratitude to the Nymphs, I will be your instructress."

3.18 Daphnis, at these words, could no longer contain himself for joy: but, being a simple countryman and goatherd, young and amorous, he threw himself at her feet and begged her to teach him without delay the art which would enable him to do to Chloe what he desired: and, as if it had been some profound and heaven-sent secret, he promised to give her a kid lately weaned, fresh cheeses made of new

milk, and even the mother herself. Lycaenium seeing, from his generous offer, that Daphnis was more simple than she had imagined, began to instruct him in the following manner. She ordered him to sit down by her side just as he was, and to kiss her as he had been accustomed to kiss Chloe, and, while kissing, to embrace her and lie down by her side. When he had done so, Lycaenium, finding that he was ready for action and inflamed with desire, lifted him up a little, and, cleverly slipping under him, (37>) set him on the road he had sought so long in vain: and, without more ado, Nature herself taught him the rest.

3.19 When this lesson in the mysteries of Love was finished, Daphnis, still as simple as before, would have hastened at once to Chloe, to teach her all that he had learnt, for fear of forgetting it, if he delayed. But Lycaenium stopped him, and said: "There is something else you must know, Daphnis: I am a woman, and you have not hurt me: for, long ago, another man taught me what I have just taught you, and took my maidenhead as his reward. But Chloe, when she enters upon this struggle with you for the first time, will weep and cry out, and will bleed as if she had been wounded. But you need not be afraid at the sight of the blood: when you have persuaded her to yield to your desire, bring her here, where, if she cries, no one can hear her; if she weeps, no one can see her; if she bleeds, she can wash herself in the spring. And never forget that I made you a man before Chloe."

3.20 After she had given him this advice, Lycaenium went off to another part of the wood, as if she was still looking for her goose. Daphnis, thinking over what she had said, felt his passion somewhat cooled, and hesitated to press Chloe to grant him anything more than kisses and embraces. He did not wish to make her cry out, as if she was being attacked by an enemy, or to make her weep, as if she were in pain, or to make her bleed, as if she had been wounded: for, being a novice in the art of love, he was afraid of this blood, thinking it impossible that it could proceed from anything but a wound. He accordingly left the wood, resolved to enjoy himself with her in the usual way, and, when he reached the place where she was sitting weaving a chaplet of violets, he pretended that he had rescued the goose from the eagle's claws: then he embraced and kissed her, as he had kissed Lycaenium while they toyed together: for this at least he thought was free from danger. Chloe crowned his head with the chaplet, and kissed his hair, which smelt sweeter to her than the violets: then she took out of her wallet a piece of fruit-cake and some bread and gave him to eat; and, while he was eating, she would snatch a morsel from his mouth, and eat it, just like a young bird pecking from its mother's beak.

3.21 While they were eating, and were even more busily engaged in kissing each other, a fishing-boat came in sight proceeding along the coast. There was no wind, and the sea was calm: wherefore the crew decided to use their oars, and rowed on vigorously, for they were taking some fish that they had just caught to one of the wealthy citizens. After the custom of sailors, in order to lighten their toil, one of them sang a song of the sea, which regulated the (38>) movement of the oars, while the rest, like a chorus, joined in with the singer at intervals. As long as they

were in the open sea, their song was but faintly heard, since their voices were lost in the expanse of air: but when they ran under a promontory, or entered a deep crescent-shaped bay, their voices sounded louder, and the refrain of their song was heard more distinctly on the land: for the bottom of the bay terminated in a hollow valley, which received the sound like a musical instrument, and gave back an echo which represented separately the splash of the oars and the voice of the singers, delightful to hear: for, when one sound came from the sea, the answering echo from the land took it up, and lasted longer, since it had commenced later.

3.22 Daphnis, knowing what it was, had eyes for nothing but the sea. He was delighted at the sight of the boat gliding along the coast swifter than a bird on the wing, and endeavoured to catch some of the airs that he might play them on his pipe. Chloe, who had never heard an echo before, looked first towards the sea, while the fishermen were singing, and then towards the wood, to see whose voices answered. When the boat had passed, all was silent in the valley. Then Chloe asked Daphnis whether there was another sea behind the promontory, or another boat with another crew singing the same strains, and whether they all ceased singing at once. Then Daphnis smiled pleasantly, and kissed her more tenderly; and, placing upon her head the chaplet of violets, began to tell her the story of Echo, demanding as his reward ten kisses more.

3.23 "There are several kinds of Nymphs, my dear Chloe, Nymphs of the forest, of the woods, and of the meadows: they are all beautiful, and all skilled in singing. Echo was the daughter of one of these: she was mortal, since her father was a mortal, and beautiful, being born of a beautiful mother. She was brought up by the Nymphs, and taught by the Muses to play on the flute and pipe, the lyre and the lute, and to sing all kinds of songs: when she grew up, she danced with the Nymphs and sang with the Muses: but, jealous of her virginity, she avoided all males, both Gods and men. Pan was incensed against the maiden, being jealous of her singing, and vexed that he could not enjoy her beauty. He inspired with frenzy the shepherds and goatherds, who, like dogs or wolves, tore the maiden to pieces, and flung her limbs here and there, still quivering with song. Earth, out of respect for the Nymphs, received and hid them in her bosom, where they still preserve their gift of song, and, by the will of the Muses, speak and imitate all sounds, as the maiden did when alive - the voices of men and Gods, musical instruments, and the cries of wild beasts: they even imitate the notes of Pan when playing on his pipe. And he, when he hears it, springs up and rushes down the mountains, with the sole desire of (39>) finding out who is the pupil who thus conceals himself." When Daphnis had finished his story Chloe gave him, not ten, but ten times ten kisses: for Echo had repeated nearly all her words, as if to testify that he had spoken nothing but the truth.

3.24 The sun grew daily hotter for spring was at its close and summer was beginning, and the delights of summer returned to them once more. Daphnis swam in the rivers, Chloe bathed in the springs: he played on the pipe, in rivalry with the rustling of the pines, she emulated the nightingales in her song: they chased the

noisy locusts, caught the chirping grasshoppers, plucked the flowers, shook the fruit from the trees and ate it: they even sometimes lay naked together side by side under the same goatskin. Then Chloe would have soon become a woman, had not Daphnis been deterred by his horror of blood. Often, being afraid that he might not be able to contain himself, he would not allow Chloe to remove her clothes: whereat she was astonished, but was too bashful to inquire the reason.

3.25 During this summer, a number of suitors for the hand of Chloe presented themselves, coming from all parts to ask her of Dryas in marriage. Some brought presents, others made lavish promises. Nape, her hopes being thus excited, advised him to let Chloe marry, and not keep a girl of her age at home, who might, at any moment, while tending her flocks, lose her virginity and bestow herself upon some shepherd for a present of roses or apples: it would be better, said she, to make her mistress of a home and to keep the presents they had received for their own son lately born. Sometimes Dryas felt tempted by these arguments: for each of the suitors made far handsomer offers than might have been expected in the case of a simple shepherdess; but at other times he came to the conclusion that the girl was too good for a rustic husband, and that, if she ever found her parents again, they might make him and Nape rich. He accordingly put off answering from day to day, receiving in the meantime a considerable number of presents. Chloe, seeing all this, was overcome with grief, which she for a long time concealed from Daphnis to avoid giving him pain: but at last, as he importuned her with questions, and was even more unhappy than if he knew all, she told him everything - her numerous and wealthy suitors, Nape's reasons for hastening on her marriage, and how Dryas, without absolutely refusing his consent, had deferred his answer to the next vintage.

3.26 When Daphnis heard this, he nearly went out of his mind: he sat down and began to weep, declaring that he should die if Chloe no longer came to tend her flocks in the fields; and not he alone, but her sheep also, if they lost such a (40>) shepherdess. Then, having recovered himself a little, he took courage and thought of asking her father for her hand himself. He already reckoned himself one of her suitors, and hoped to be easily preferred before the rest. One thing alone disturbed him: Lamon was not rich, and even though (?) he had been rich, he was not free: this alone made his chances slighter. Nevertheless, he decided to prefer (?) his suit, and Chloe approved his resolution. He did not, however, venture to speak directly to Lamon, but, feeling bolder with Myrtale, he told her of his love and spoke to her of his wish to marry Chloe. At night, she told Lamon, who was greatly annoyed at the proposal: he sharply rebuked her for wanting to marry, to the daughter of a simple shepherd, a youth who, to judge from the tokens found with him when he lay exposed, might look forward to a higher destiny, and who, if he found his parents again, might not only grant them their freedom, but might bestow upon them a larger estate even than the one on which they worked. Myrtale, fearing that Daphnis might do something desperate, or even take his own life, if he lost all hope of winning Chloe, gave him other reasons for Lamon's refusal. "We are poor, my son," she said to him, "we rather want a bride who will bring a dowry with her:

while they [Dryas and Nape] are wealthy, and seek wealthy suitors. But, come, persuade Chloe, and let her try and persuade her father, not to ask for a large settlement, but to allow you to marry. No doubt she loves you and would prefer for her bed fellow a handsome youth, though poor, to an ape, however wealthy."

3.27 Myrtale, who never expected that Dryas would give his consent, since there were far wealthier suitors for the hand of Chloe, thought that she had very cleverly avoided the question of the marriage. Daphnis, for his part, could find nothing to say against this: but, finding how little chance he had of getting what he wanted, he did what poor lovers usually do - he began to weep, and again implored the assistance of the Nymphs, who appeared to him at night, while he was asleep, in the same dress and form as on the first occasion. The eldest of them again addressed him: "Chloe's marriage is the business of another God: but we will give you some presents which will soften the heart of Dryas. The vessel which belonged to the young Methymnaeans, the osier cable of which your goats formerly ate, was carried far out to sea all that day by the winds. But, during the night, when a violent breeze blew from the sea, it was driven ashore on the rocky promontory. The vessel was shattered to pieces, and nearly all that was in it was lost: but a purse of three thousand drachmas was cast up by the waves, and it now lies upon the shore, hidden under some seaweed, close to a dead dolphin, the stench from which is so noisome that no passer-by will go near it. Go, take the purse, and give it to (41>) Dryas. It is enough for you now to show that you are not poor: but a day will come when you will be even wealthy."

3.28 With these words, they disappeared, and night with them. At daybreak, Daphnis jumped up full of joy, and eagerly drove his goats to pasture. Having kissed Chloe and paid his respects to the Nymphs, he went down to the shore, saying he was going to bathe, and walked along the sand on the beach, looking for the three thousand drachmas. He had not to trouble himself long: for the evil smell of the dolphin, which lay rotting on the shore, soon reached his nostrils. Following the smell as a guide, he soon reached the spot, removed the seaweed, and found the purse full of money. He took it, stowed it away in his wallet, and, before departing, gave thanks to the Nymphs and the sea itself: for, although he was a goatherd, he began to think that the sea was pleasanter than the earth, since it had assisted his marriage with Chloe.

3.29 Having gained possession of the three thousand drachmas, he delayed no longer. He thought himself the richest man, not only amongst the husbandmen in the neighbourhood, but of all men living, hastened to Chloe, told her of the dream, showed her the purse, told her to mind the flocks till he returned, and then ran with all speed to Dryas, whom he found with Nape, beating some wheat on a threshing-floor. Then, quite confidently, he approached the subject of marriage: "Give Chloe to me to wife: I know how to play on the pipe, to prime vines, and to plant trees: I also know how to plough, and to winnow the corn in the breeze: how I can tend flocks, Chloe herself can testify. I had fifty goats at first, I have doubled their number. I have reared some fine large he-goats, whereas before I was obliged to

borrow those belonging to others. I am young and your neighbour, against whom no one has any complaint. I was brought up by a goat, Chloe by a sheep: and, though I am so far superior to her other suitors, I will not be outdone by them even in presents. They will give you some goats and sheep, a yoke of mangy oxen, or some corn, not enough to feed a few fowls: but I will give you these three thousand drachmas. But let no one know of this, not even my father Lamon." With these words, he offered Dryas the money, and embraced him.

3.30 When Dryas and Nape saw so large a sum of money, they immediately promised him Chloe in marriage, and undertook to persuade Lamon to give his consent. Daphnis and Nape remained, driving the oxen round, and beating out the ears with the threshing machines. Dryas, having first stored away the money with the tokens, hastened to Lamon and Myrtale, to ask for the hand of Daphnis for their daughter, a most unusual proceeding. He found them measuring out some barley that had lately been winnowed, and greatly (42>) disheartened, because the crop was disproportionate to the seed that had been sown. He tried to console them, saying that the same complaint was to be heard everywhere: and then asked the hand of Daphnis for Chloe, saying: "Although others offer much for the honour, I will take nothing from you, but will rather give you something out of my own purse. They have been brought up together, and while tending their flocks, have become so attached to each other, that it would be hard to separate them: and they are now both of marriageable age." This and more said Dryas, as a man who was to have 3,000 drachmas for a reward, if he persuaded Lamon and Myrtale. Lamon, being no longer able to allege his poverty as an excuse (since the parents of the girl did not reject the alliance), nor the age of Daphnis (for he was now a well-grown youth), nevertheless shrunk from stating the real reason of his hesitation, namely, that Daphnis was above such a connection. He remained silent for a while, and then said:

3.31 "You do right in preferring neighbours to strangers, and in esteeming riches above honourable poverty. May Pan and the Nymphs reward you for it. I myself am anxious for this marriage: for I should be mad, seeing that I am now an old man, and have need of more hands to help me, if I did not consider it a great honour to enter into an alliance with your family. Chloe herself is much sought after, being a good and beautiful girl. But, as I am a serf, I have nothing of which I can dispose: I must first inform my master and gain his consent. Come then, let us put off the marriage until autumn, when, according to those who have visited us from the city, he will be here. Then they shall become man and wife: in the meantime, let them love each other like brother and sister. But let me tell you this, Dryas: you are asking for the hand of a youth whose station is superior to our own." When he had thus spoken, Lamon kissed Dryas, and offered him wine to drink, for the sun was at its height: then he accompanied him part of the way home, with every mark of affection.

3.32 Dryas, who had listened attentively to Lamon's last words, began to think, as he was walking along, who this Daphnis might be: "He was reared by a goat, as if

the Gods watched over him: he is fair to look upon, and in no way resembles this snub-nosed old man or his bald-headed wife. He has been able to lay his hands upon three thousand drachmas, a larger sum than a man in his position could make out of pears. Was he exposed by some one, like Chloe? did Lamon find him, as I found her? were any tokens found with him, like those I found with Chloe? If this be so, O Pan and you, dear Nymphs, perhaps (43>) Daphnis will one day find his parents and find out the mystery attached to Chloe."

Thus reflecting and dreaming, Dryas went on until he reached the threshing floor, where he found Daphnis eagerly waiting to hear what news he had brought. He cheered him, called him his son-in-law, promised that the marriage should take place in the autumn, and pledged him his word that Chloe should never marry anyone but Daphnis.

3.33 Daphnis, then, quicker than thought, without tasting food or drink, ran straight to Chloe, whom he found milking the cows and making cheese. He told her the good news of their approaching marriage, and kissed her, openly and without concealment, as his betrothed, and assisted her in all her tasks. He drew the milk into the pails, curdled the cheeses in the crates, and put the lambs and kids under their mothers. When all this was done, they washed themselves, ate and drank, and went in search of ripe fruit, of which they found abundance, since it was the fruitful season of the year—wild and garden pears and apples, some fallen on the ground, and others still on the trees. Those on the ground were more fragrant, and smelt like wine: those on the trees were fresher, and glittered like gold. There was one apple-tree, the fruit of which had already been plucked, and which was stripped of its fruit and leaves. All its branches were bare, and only a single apple remained on the topmost bough, fine and large, more fragrant than all the rest. He who had plucked the others had not ventured to climb so high, or had forgotten to take it: or it may be that so fine an apple was reserved for a love-sick shepherd.

3.34 When Daphnis saw this apple, he was eager to climb and pluck it, and, when Chloe tried to prevent him, he paid no heed to her, and she went off to her flocks. Then Daphnis climbed the tree, reached and plucked the apple, and took it to Chloe. Seeing that she was annoyed, he said: "Dear Chloe, the beautiful seasons have made this apple to grow, a beautiful tree has nourished it, the sun has ripened it, and chance has preserved it. I should have been blind not to see it, and foolish to leave it there, to fall to the ground and be trodden under foot by a grazing herd or poisoned by some creeping serpent, or to be consumed by time, though admired by all who saw it. Aphrodite was presented with an apple as the prize of beauty: I present this to you as the meed of victory. You are as beautiful as Aphrodite: your judges are alike: Paris was a shepherd, I am a goatherd." With these words, he placed the apple in Chloe's bosom, and, when he drew near, she kissed him, so that he did not regret that he had been bold enough to climb so high, for he was rewarded with a kiss that he valued above the golden apples of the Hesperides.

(44>)



## Book Four

4.1 Meanwhile, one of Lamon's fellow servants arrived from Mitylene and informed him that their master would visit his estate a little before the vintage, to see whether the inroad of the Methymnaeans had done any damage. As the summer was nearly over, and autumn was close at hand, Lamon made preparations to receive his master, and put his house and garden in order, that he might find everything pleasant to look upon. He cleaned the fountains, that the water might be bright and pure, removed the dung from the yard, that he might not be annoyed by the smell, and put the grounds in order, that they might look as pleasant as possible.

4.2 These grounds were very beautiful, like royal parks. They were about a stade in length, situated on high ground, about four plethra in breadth, so that they were rectangular in shape. All kinds of trees were to be found there, apple-trees, myrtles, pear trees, pomegranates, fig-trees, and olives: on one side was a lofty vine, which with its black grapes overspread the apple and pear trees, as if to contend with them in fruitfulness. These were the cultivated trees: but there were also cypresses, laurels, planes, and pines, over which, instead of the vine, spread branches of ivy, whose large berries turning black looked like ripe grapes. The fruit trees were in the centre of the garden, as if for better protection: those that did not bear fruit stood round them like an artificial fence, and the whole was shut in by a little wall. Everything was admirably arranged and distributed: the trunks of the trees were kept apart, but, overhead, the branches were so intertwined that what was due to Nature seemed to be the work of art. There were also beds of flowers, some growing wild, others cultivated roses, hyacinths, and lilies that had been planted: violets, narcissuses, and pimpernel, which grew wild. There was shade in summer, flowers in spring, grapes in autumn, and fruit in every season of the year.

4.3 From this spot the plain could be seen, with the shepherds feeding their flocks; also the sea, and the vessels passing along, which added enjoyment to this delightful spot. In the very centre of the garden, there was a temple and altar of Dionysus, the latter covered with ivy, the former with vine branches. Within the temple were pictures representing incidents in the life of the God: Semele brought to bed, Ariadne asleep, Lycurgus bound in chains, Pentheus being torn to pieces, conquered Indians, Tyrrhenians changed into dolphins, and everywhere Satyrs and Bacchantes leading the dance. Nor was Pan (45>) forgotten: he was seated on a rock, playing upon his pipe, so that he seemed to be playing the same air both for those who were treading the wine-press and for the Bacchantes who were dancing.

4.4 Such were the grounds to which Lamon devoted all his attention, lopping off the dry leaves and tying up the vine-branches. He placed a garland of flowers upon the head of Dionysus, and conveyed water to the flower-beds from a spring which had been discovered by Daphnis, and was hence called "Daphnis's spring." Lamon also advised Daphnis to get his goats into as good condition as possible, as his

master would want to inspect them, since he had not visited his estate for so long a time. Daphnis had no fear of not being praised for the condition of his flock: he had doubled their number, not one of them had been carried off by wolves, and they were fatter than the sheep. But, as he was eager to do everything to obtain his master's approval of his marriage, he spared no pains to make them sleek and fat, driving them out to pasture in the early morning, and not driving them home until late in the evening. He took them twice to drink, and carefully sought for the places where there was the best pasturage. He also took care that there were new drinking vessels, plenty of milk-pails, and larger cheese-vats. He was so particular that he even anointed their horns, and combed their hair: you would have thought you were looking upon Pan's sacred flock. Chloe also assisted him in his labours, and, neglecting her sheep, devoted the greater part of her time to the goats: so that Daphnis declared that it was owing to her that they looked in such good condition.

4.5 While they were thus engaged, a second messenger arrived from the city, bidding them gather the grapes as speedily as possible; since he had been ordered to stay until the new wine was made, when he was to return to the city to fetch his master in time for the autumn vintage. They gave Eudromus (so was the slave called, because he acted as his master's courier) a hearty reception, stripped the vines, pressed the grapes, put the new wine into casks, and cut off a number of branches with the grapes still unpicked, so that those who came from the city might have an idea of the delights of the vintage and might think that they had taken part in them.

4.6 When Eudromus was ready to hurry back to the city, Daphnis gave him several presents, such as a goatherd might have been expected to give some well-made cheeses, a young kid, and the shaggy skin of a white goat, to wear during the winter when he was running messages. Eudromus was highly pleased, kissed Daphnis, and promised to say everything in his favour to his master. Then he departed, full of kindly feelings: but Daphnis, full of anxiety, (46>) remained with Chloe in the fields. She felt equally timid, when she remembered that Daphnis, a youth who had never seen anything but goats, mountains, husbandmen, and herself, was now for the first time to see his master, whom he had hitherto only known by name. She was very anxious to know how Daphnis would address his master, and was greatly disturbed in mind regarding their marriage, for fear it might prove an idle dream. They kissed each other over and over again, and embraced tenderly: but their kisses were mingled with apprehension and their embraces were tinged with sadness, as if their master were already present, and they were afraid of him or were obliged to keep their love a secret. While they were in this distress, the following trouble came upon them.

4.7 In the neighbourhood there lived a cowherd named Lampis, a man of insolent and overweening disposition. He too sought Chloe's hand from Dryas, and had already given him several presents to further his suit. Seeing that, if his master's consent were obtained, Daphnis would marry her, he cast about for the means of embittering the master against the young couple. Knowing that he took great pride

in his garden, he determined to spoil and rob it of its beauty. Since, if he cut down the trees, he might be betrayed by the noise, he determined to devote his energies to destroying the flowers. He waited until it was night, climbed over the low wall, pulled up, broke off, and trod down the flowers like a wild boar, and then withdrew without having been seen by anybody. The next morning, Lamon went into the garden to water the flowers from his spring; and, when he saw the whole place thus ravaged, at the sight of this desolation, which was clearly the work of an enemy rather than of a robber, he immediately rent his cloak, and invoked the Gods with loud cries. Myrtale at once threw down what she had in her hands and ran out: Daphnis, who was driving out his goats, turned back: and when they saw what had happened they cried aloud and burst into tears.

4.8 It was idle (?) to lament the loss of the flowers, but the fear of their master made them weep. Even a stranger would have wept at the sight: the whole place was in disorder, and nothing could be seen but upturned earth and mud. If by chance some flower had escaped the general destruction, it still looked gay and bright, and retained its former beauty, although lying on the ground. Swarms of bees hovered round, humming incessantly, as if they too lamented what had happened. Lamon cried out in his consternation: "Alas! my rose trees, how they are broken! Alas! my violets, how they are trodden under foot! Alas! my hyacinths and narcissuses, which the hand of some wretch has uprooted! The spring will return, but they will blossom no more: the summer (47>) will come, but they will not bloom: autumn will come again, but they will not deck anyone's head. And you, my lord Dionysus, had you no pity for these unhappy flowers, near which you dwelt, with which I have often crowned your brows? How can I show the garden to my master? What will he think when he sees it? He will hang the old man on a pine tree, like Marsyas: and perhaps Daphnis as well, thinking that his goats have done this damage."

4.9 At these words, they wept even more bitterly, not so much on account of the flowers as for themselves. Chloe was bitterly distressed, at the thought that Daphnis would be hung: she prayed that their master might not come, and passed her days in bitterness, thinking that she already saw Daphnis under the lash. One evening, Eudromus came to inform them that the master himself would not arrive for three days, but that his son would be there on the morrow. They accordingly thought over what had happened, and took Eudromus into their confidence. He, being well disposed towards Daphnis, advised him to tell everything to their young master beforehand, promising to do his best for them, since he possessed some influence with him, being his foster-brother. When the day came, they did as he had advised them.

4.10 Astylus arrived on horseback, accompanied by his parasite, also on horseback. Astylus's beard was only just beginning to grow, but Gnatho's (so was the parasite named) had long been familiar with the razor. Lamon, together with Daphnis and Myrtale, fell at his feet and besought him to have compassion upon an unfortunate old man, and to save from his father's wrath one who had committed no offence:

and at the same time he told him all that had occurred. Astylus was moved to pity by his supplication: he went to the garden, inspected the damage done to the flowers, promised to make his father relent, and undertook to lay the blame upon his own horses, and to say that they had been fastened up in the garden, but, having become frisky, had broken loose, and trampled down, trodden under foot, and uprooted the flowers. Lamon and Myrtale wished him all prosperity in return for his kindness: and Daphnis presented him with some kids, cheeses, birds with their young, grapes still on the vine-branches, and apples on the boughs: to these he added some fragrant Lesbian wine, most delightful to drink.

4.11 Astylus, having expressed his satisfaction, went to hunt the hares, like a wealthy young man who had nothing to do but amuse himself, and was visiting the country in search of some fresh diversion. Gnatho, who knew nothing except how to eat till he could eat no more, and to drink till he was drunk, and was all throat and belly and lust, had carefully observed Daphnis when he brought the presents to Astylus. Being naturally fond of boys, and (48>) finding Daphnis handsomer than any of the youths in the city, he resolved to make advances to him, thinking that he would find no difficulty in seducing a simple goatherd. Having made up his mind to this, instead of accompanying Astylus to the chase, he went down to the place where Daphnis was tending his flock, under pretence of looking at the goats, but in reality he had eyes for nothing but Daphnis. In order to coax him, he praised his goats, and begged him to play a pastoral air upon his pipe: then he promised to obtain his freedom for him shortly, saying that he was all-powerful with his master.

4.12 When Gnatho thought he had won Daphnis's affection, he lay in wait for him one evening as he was driving back his goats from pasture, ran up to him and kissed him. Then he asked him to turn his back to him and let him do to him what the he-goats did to the she-goats. Daphnis was slow to understand, but at last he said to himself that, while it was quite natural for he-goats to mount she-goats, no one had ever seen a he-goat mounting a he-goat, or a ram another ram instead of a sheep, or a cock treading a cock in place of a hen. Meanwhile, Gnatho attempted to lay violent hands upon Daphnis, who dealt him a vigorous blow, which felled him to the ground, since he was already drunk and could hardly stand. After this, Daphnis ran away as swiftly as a fawn, leaving Gnatho on the ground, more in need of the assistance of a man, than of a boy, to help him along. From that time Daphnis shunned him altogether, changing the pasturage of his goats from one place to another, avoiding Gnatho as carefully as he sought Chloe. Nor did Gnatho trouble him any more, when he found that he was not only handsome, but also strong and vigorous. But he watched for an opportunity to speak to Astylus about him, hoping that his young master would make him a present of Daphnis, since he knew that he was ready to grant almost every favour he asked.

4.13 For the moment he could do nothing: for Dionysophanes had just arrived with Clearista, and nothing was heard but the noise of animals, slaves, men, and women. In the meantime, Gnatho set about composing a long and amorous discourse upon Daphnis. Dionysophanes, whose hairs were already beginning to

turn grey, was a tall, handsome man, who need not have shrunk from rivalry with many a young man: in addition to this, he was richer than most men, and none were more virtuous. On the first day of his arrival, he offered sacrifice to all the Gods who preside over husbandry, to Demeter, Dionysus, Pan, and the Nymphs, and gave a feast to all the household. On the following days, he went to see how Lamon had done his work: and, at the sight of the ploughed fields, the well-kept vines, and the beautiful garden - for Astylus had taken the blame for the damage done to the flowers - he was (49>) delighted, congratulated Lamon, and promised him his freedom. After this he went to see the goats and the goatherd.

4.14 Chloe immediately ran away into the forest, feeling bashful and afraid of so many visitors: but Daphnis remained where he was, with a shaggy goat skin fastened round him, and a new wallet hanging from his shoulder, holding in one hand some fresh cheeses, and in the other some sucking kids. If ever Apollo tended the flocks of Laomedon as a hired servant, he must have looked like Daphnis, who, without saying a word, his face covered with blushes, bowed and presented his gifts.

Then Lamon said: "O master, this is the goatherd: you gave me fifty goats and two he-goats to look after: he has doubled the number of the goats, and increased the he-goats to ten. You see how fat and sleek they are, what long hair they have, and how sound their horns are. He has also taught them to understand music: when they hear the sound of his pipe, they are ready to do anything."

4.15 Clearista, who was present and heard what was said, was anxious to put it to the proof: she ordered Daphnis to play on his pipe to his goats as he was accustomed to do, and promised to give him a cloak, a tunic, and a pair of shoes for his trouble. Daphnis made them sit down as if they were at the theatre, stood up under the beech tree, took his pipe out of his wallet, and, to commence with, drew from it merely a feeble strain. The goats immediately stood up, and lifted their heads. Then he piped to pasture and the goats began to browse, with their heads towards the ground. He played a clear sweet strain, and they all lay down. He played a shrill air, and they fled towards the forest, as if a wolf was approaching. After a brief interval, he piped a recall, and they came out of the forest, and ran to his feet. They obeyed the notes of the pipe more readily than servants obey their masters' orders.

The visitors were astonished, especially Clearista, who swore to give what she had promised to the gentle goatherd who played so well. Then they returned to the homestead for dinner, and sent Daphnis something from their own table. Daphnis shared the food with Chloe, highly pleased at tasting city cookery, and feeling sanguine of obtaining his master's consent to his marriage.

4.16 Gnatho, inflamed still more by what he had seen of the goatherd, and considering that life would not be endurable if he did not get possession of Daphnis, waited his opportunity until Astylus was walking in the garden: then, leading him up to the temple of Dionysus, he kissed his hands and feet. When Astylus asked what was the meaning of his behaviour, and bade him speak,

swearing that he would grant whatever favour he asked, Gnatho replied: (50>)  
"Your poor Gnatho is lost, O master. I who hitherto cared for nothing but the pleasures of the table, who used to swear that there was nothing more delightful than old wine, who considered your cooks far superior to all the youths of Mitylene - I now think that there is nothing beautiful in the world but Daphnis. I do not so much as taste the most dainty dishes, although so many are prepared each day - meat, fish, and honey-cakes. I should like to be a goat, I should like to eat grass and leaves, listening to his pipe and tended by him. Save Gnatho, I beseech you, and remedy a love that is irremediable. If you do not, I swear to you by my God that I will take a hearty meal, and then stab myself in front of Daphnis's door; and you will never again call me your dear little Gnatho, as you used to do in jest."

4.17 When Gnatho began to kiss his feet again, Astylus could no longer resist his entreaties, for he was a generous youth, who had himself felt the pains of love. He promised to ask his father for Daphnis and to take him to the city, nominally as his slave, but really as Gnatho's minion. Then, wishing to cheer him up, he asked him with a smile if he were not ashamed of being in love with Lamon's son, and why he was so anxious to sleep with this young goatherd, at the same time pretending that the smell of goats disgusted him. But Gnatho, like one who had gone through the whole course of erotic lore at the tables of debauchees, replied shrewdly enough in regard to himself and Daphnis:

"No lover troubles himself about such things: in whatever form he finds beauty, he is smitten with it. Men have been known to become enamoured of a plant, a river, or a wild beast: and yet who would not pity a lover who has to fear what he loves? No doubt the form that I love is that of a slave, but its beauty is free. Do you see how like his hair is to the hyacinth, how his eyes glitter beneath his brows, like a jewel in a setting of gold? His face is ruddy, his teeth are white as ivory. Who would not long for a tender kiss from his lips? In loving a goatherd, I am but following the example of the Gods. Anchises was a cowherd, and Aphrodite possessed him: Branchius tended goats, and Apollo loved him: Ganymede was a shepherd, and Zeus carried him up to heaven. Let us not despise a lad, whose goats we see obey him, as if even they were enamoured of him: let us rather thank the eagles of Zeus for allowing such beauty to remain upon the earth."

4.18 Astylus, who was highly amused by this speech, laughed and told Gnatho that love produced very plausible orators: at the same time, he promised to watch for an opportunity to speak to his father about Daphnis. But Eudromus had heard all that was said without being seen. His friendship for Daphnis, whom he considered a worthy young man, and his indignation at the idea of (51>) such beauty being handed over to the insults of a drunken wretch like Gnatho, made him go and tell Daphnis and Lamon at once. Daphnis, in great consternation, at first thought of flight in company with Chloe, or of dying together with her. Then Lamon called Myrtale out and said to her: "We are lost, my dear wife: the moment is come to reveal what has long been hidden. Although the goats and everything else be abandoned, I swear, by Pan and the Nymphs, even though I should be left like a

worn-out ox in the stall, that I will no longer hold my tongue in regard to the history of Daphnis. I will tell how I found him exposed: I will declare how he has been brought up: and I will show all the tokens that I found exposed with him. That infamous wretch Gnatho shall know what manner of man he is, and who it is that he has the audacity to love. Do you look after the tokens, and see that I have them ready to hand."

4.19 Having settled this, they went indoors. Meanwhile, Astylus, finding his father disengaged, hastened to him and asked permission to take Daphnis home with him to the city, declaring that he was a handsome lad and too superior to be left in the country, and that Gnatho would soon teach him city manners. His father willingly gave his consent, and, having sent for Lamon and Myrtale, told them the good news that Daphnis would in future serve his son Astylus instead of tending goats, and promised to give them two goatherds to take his place. Then, when all the other slaves had gathered together, delighted at the prospect of having so handsome a fellow-servant, Lamon asked leave to speak, and, on its being granted, began as follows:

"O master, hear a true story from an old man: I swear by Pan and the Nymphs that I will not utter a word that is false. I am not the father of Daphnis, nor has Myrtale the good fortune to be his mother. He was exposed when a child by other parents, who perhaps had enough children already. I found him abandoned, and being suckled by one of my goats, which I buried in the garden when it died: for I loved it because it had performed the part of a mother towards the infant. I also found some tokens lying by its side: this I confess, master, and also that I kept them: for they show that he belongs to a higher rank of life than our own. I have no objection to his serving Astylus, for he will be a good servant to a good and honourable master: but I cannot endure that he should become the laughing-stock of the drunken Gnatho, who wants to take him to Mitylene and make him play the part of a woman."

4.20 After this Lamon was silent and burst into tears. But when Gnatho waxed bolder and threatened to chastise him, Dionysophanes, astounded at what Lamon had said, knitted his brows and ordered Gnatho to hold his tongue: (52>) then he again questioned the old man, exhorting him to speak the truth, and not to invent some story, in order that he might keep his son. When Lamon persisted in his tale, swore by all the Gods that it was true, and offered to submit to the torture if he had lied, Dionysophanes, with Clearista sitting by his side, carefully considered what he had said. "What object could Lamon have in speaking falsely, seeing that he was to have two goatherds in place of one? How could a rude peasant have invented such a story? Again, was it not at the outset incredible that so handsome a youth should be the offspring of an old man like Lamon and a shabby old woman like Myrtale?"

4.21 They determined not to trust any further to conjecture, but to examine the tokens at once, to see if they indicated that Daphnis belonged to a higher rank of life. Myrtale immediately went to fetch them out of an old sack in which they had

been stored away. When they were brought, Dionysophanes looked at them first, and when he saw the little purple tunic with its golden clasp, and the dagger with the ivory handle, he cried aloud, "O Lord and master Zeus," and called his wife to look: and she, as soon as she saw them, in like manner cried aloud, "O kindly Fates: are not these the jewels which we gave to Sophrosyne to put by the side of our own son when she exposed him? There is no doubt about it: they are the same. Dear husband, the child is ours. Daphnis is your son, and has fed his father's goats."

4.22 While she was still speaking, Dionysophanes kissed the tokens, and wept from excess of joy. Then Astylus, understanding that Daphnis was his brother, immediately threw off his cloak, and hastened to the garden, wishing to be the first to embrace him. But when Daphnis saw him coming towards him, accompanied by a number of people, and shouting "Daphnis," thinking that he wanted to seize him, he threw away his wallet and his pipe, and fled towards the sea, intending to throw himself from the top of the rock: and perhaps, by a strange caprice of Fortune, Daphnis, who had just been found, would have been lost, had not Astylus, perceiving his intention, shouted to him: "Stop, Daphnis, fear nothing: I am your brother: your former master and mistress are your parents. Lamon has told us all about the goat, and shown us the tokens: look, turn around and see how glad and cheerful they seem. But kiss me first: I swear by the Nymphs that I am speaking the truth."

4.23 Even when he heard this oath, Daphnis was loath to stop: however, he waited for Astylus, and kissed him when he came running up to him. In the meantime, all the household, men and women servants, and his mother and father came and embraced and kissed him, with tears of joy. Daphnis welcomed them all affectionately, but especially his father and mother, whom (53>) he clasped to his bosom as if he had already known them for a long time: so quickly does Nature make her claim felt. For a while he even forgot Chloe: and when he reached the homestead, they gave him a handsome dress (?), and he sat down by the side of his father, who addressed him and Astylus as follows:

4.24 "My sons, I married when I was a very young man, and, after a short time, I became a happy father, as I then imagined. My first child was a son, the second a daughter, and the third, Astylus. I thought that three children were enough, and, when another son was born, I exposed him together with these jewels and tokens, which I considered rather as funeral ornaments than as tokens by which he might be afterwards recognised. But Fortune willed otherwise. My eldest son and daughter died of the same complaint on the same day: but you, Daphnis, have been preserved to us by the providence of the Gods that we may have greater support in our old age. Do not bear a grudge against me, my son, for having exposed you: for, though I did so, it was sorely against my will. Nor do you, Astylus, be annoyed that you will have to share your inheritance, for to a wise man a brother is better than all possessions. Love one another: as far as wealth is concerned, you need not envy even a king. For I will leave to both [of you] large estates, a number of clever



and industrious servants, gold, silver, and all other blessings that rich men enjoy. But I specially wish that Daphnis should have this estate, and I make him a present of Lamon and Myrtale, and the goats which he has tended."

4.25 While he was still speaking, Daphnis suddenly started up and said: "You have just reminded me, father: I will go and take my goats to drink: they are thirsty about this time, and are waiting for the sound of my pipe, while I am sitting here." Hereupon all laughed, at the idea that Daphnis, who had just become a master, should still wish to perform the duties of a goatherd. They sent someone else to look after his goats, offered sacrifice to Zeus Soter, and held high festival. Gnatho alone was not present, but, seized with alarm, he remained day and night in the temple of Dionysus, as a suppliant. The report soon spread that Dionysophanes had found his son, and that the goatherd Daphnis had become master of the estate: and, the next morning, the peasants gathered together from all parts to congratulate the young man, and offer presents to his father, the first to arrive being Dryas, who had brought up Chloe.

4.26 Dionysophanes made them all stay for the festivities: for he had prepared abundance of bread and wine, waterfowl, sucking-pigs, honey-cakes of all kinds, and victims to be offered as a sacrifice to the Gods of the country. Then Daphnis, having collected all his pastoral equipments, distributed them as (54>) offerings to the Gods. To Dionysus he consecrated his wallet and goat-skin, to Pan his pipe and flute, to the Nymphs his crook and the milk-pails which he had made himself. But - so much sweeter is that to which we are accustomed than strange and unexpected good fortune - Daphnis wept as he parted with each of these things. He did not offer up his milk-pails before he had milked his goats once again, nor his goat-skin before he had put it on again, nor his pipe before he had played upon it: he kissed them all, spoke to his goats, and called his he-goats by name: he also went and drank at the fountain, because he had often done so before with Chloe. But he did not yet venture to declare his love, since he was waiting for a better opportunity.

4.27 While Daphnis was engaged in these ceremonies, this was what happened to Chloe. She was sitting down, weeping, while she tended her flock, and lamenting, as indeed was only natural: "Daphnis has forgotten me: he is dreaming of a wealthy match. Why did I make him swear by his goats instead of the Nymphs? He has abandoned them as he has abandoned Chloe: even when he was sacrificing to the Nymphs and Pan, he felt no desire to come and see me. Perhaps he has found some handmaids at his mother's house whom he prefers. May he be happy: but I can live no longer."

4.28 While she thus gave utterance to her thoughts, the herdsman Lampis came up with a band of peasants and carried her off, being persuaded that Daphnis would no longer care to marry her and that Dryas would accept Lampis as her husband. As she was being carried off, uttering piercing cries, some one who had seen what had taken place went and told Nape, who informed Dryas, who in his turn told Daphnis. The latter, almost beside himself, had neither the courage to confess

everything to his father, nor the strength of mind to resign himself to this misfortune; he entered the garden-walk, and thus lamented:

"What a painful discovery! How much better it would have been for me to remain a shepherd! How much happier I was when I was a slave! Then I used to see Chloe: but now Lampis has carried her off, and at night he will sleep with her. But I am drinking and enjoying myself, and in vain have I taken an oath by Pan, my goats, and the Nymphs."

4.29 Daphnis's lamentations were heard by Gnatho, who was concealed in the garden. Thinking this a good opportunity for making peace with him, he went in search of Dryas, accompanied by some young men of Astylus's retinue, ordered him to conduct him to Lampis's house, and hastened thither with him. He came upon the herdsman just as he was taking Chloe inside, snatched her away from him, and severely beat the peasants who were with him. He was anxious to bind Lampis, and to take him away like a prisoner of war, but he got the start and (55>) ran away. Having accomplished this exploit, Gnatho returned at nightfall. He found Dionysophanes in bed, but Daphnis was still up, weeping in the garden. Gnatho conducted Chloe to him, told him what had taken place, begged him not to bear him ill will any longer, but to keep him - for he would be a useful servant - and not to drive him away from his table, otherwise he would die of hunger. When Daphnis saw Chloe, and clasped her in his arms, he pardoned Gnatho because of the service he had rendered him, and excused himself to Chloe for his own neglect.

4.30 After taking counsel together, they resolved not to mention their marriage as yet: meanwhile, Daphnis would see Chloe secretly, and only tell her mother of his love. Dryas, however, did not agree with this: he thought it best to tell Daphnis's father, and himself promised to obtain his consent. At daybreak, he put the tokens which had been found with Chloe into his wallet, and presented himself before Dionysophanes and Clearista, whom he found seated in the garden, together with Astylus and Daphnis. When all were silent, he addressed them as follows: "A necessity, similar to that which forced Lamon to speak, compels me to reveal what has hitherto been kept a secret. Chloe is not my daughter, neither did I rear her. She is the daughter of other parents who exposed her in the grotto of the Nymphs, where she was suckled by an ewe. I saw this with my own eyes, and when I saw it, I wondered, and brought up the child as my own. Her beauty is sufficient proof of this: she in no way resembles us. The tokens also bear witness; for they are too valuable to belong to shepherds. Look at them, try and discover the girl's parents, and see whether you consider her worthy of marriage with Daphnis."

4.31 Dryas did not say this without a purpose, and it was not lost upon Dionysophanes, who, casting his eyes upon Daphnis, and seeing that he turned pale and was weeping silently, easily discovered the secret of his love. He accordingly took the greatest pains to verify what Dryas had said, being more anxious about his own son than about a young girl who was a stranger to him. When he saw the tokens - the gilt shoes, the anklets, and the head dress - he called Chloe to him, and bade her be of good cheer, since she already had a husband, and would soon find

her father and mother. Then Clearista took her and dressed her as became her son's intended wife: while Dionysophanes took Daphnis aside, and inquired of him whether Chloe was a virgin: and when he swore that nothing more had taken place between them than kisses and vows of fidelity, he expressed himself pleased at the oath they had taken, and made them sit down to table. (56>)

4.32 Then could be seen the power of beauty, when it is adorned: for Chloe, richly dressed, with her hair plaited and her face washed, appeared far handsomer to all who saw her, so that even Daphnis scarcely recognised her. Leaving the tokens out of consideration, anyone would have been ready to swear that Dryas could not be the father of such a daughter. However, he was present, and sat on the same couch with Nape, Lamon, and Myrtale. On the next and following days, victims were sacrificed, goblets of wine were prepared, and Chloe also consecrated to the Gods everything that belonged to her - her pipe, wallet, goat-skin, and milk pails. She poured some wine into the water of the fountain at the bottom of the grotto, because she had been suckled on its brink, and had often bathed in it: she also crowned with a garland of flowers the tomb of the sheep, which was pointed out to her by Dryas. She also piped to her flocks, and, having sung a hymn to the Nymphs, she prayed to them that the parents who had exposed her might be found worthy to be allied by marriage with Daphnis.

4.33 When they became tired of the rustic festivities, they resolved to return to the city, to try and find out who Chloe's parents were, and to hasten on the marriage. Accordingly, in the morning, they packed up their things, and made ready for their journey: but, before they started, they gave Dryas another three thousand drachmas, and to Lamon the privilege of gathering the corn and grapes of half the estate, together with the goats and goatherds, four yoke of oxen, some winter garments, and freedom for himself and his wife.

After this, they set out for Mitylene, with a splendid equipage of horses and chariots. As they reached the city at night, the inhabitants were not aware of their arrival: but, on the following day, a crowd of men and women assembled round the house. The former congratulated Dionysophanes on having found a son, and all the more, when they saw how handsome Daphnis was: the latter shared Clearista's joy at having found, not only a son, but a wife for him. They also were struck with astonishment at Chloe's incomparable beauty. The whole city was in a state of excitement over the young man and the maiden: their union was already looked upon as a happy one, and hopes were expressed that Chloe's birth might be found to be worthy of her beauty. More than one wealthy woman prayed to the Gods that she might be credited with being the mother of so beautiful a daughter.

4.34 Dionysophanes, weary with constant thought, fell into a deep sleep, and dreamed a dream. It seemed to him that the Nymphs were begging Love to give his consent to the marriage. Then the God unbent his bow, placed it on the ground by the side of his quiver, and ordered Dionysophanes to invite all (57>) the nobles of Mitylene to a banquet, and, when the last cup was filled, to show the tokens to each guest, and to sing the song of Hymen. Struck with this vision and the directions

given by the God, when he rose in the morning, he ordered a sumptuous banquet to be prepared, furnished with every dainty that the land, the sea, the lakes, and rivers could produce, and invited all the nobles of Mitylene. At evening, after the cup with which libations are offered to Hermes had been filled, one of the attendants brought in the tokens upon a silver vessel, and carried them round and showed them to each of the guests.

4.35 All declared that they did not recognise them, with the exception of one Megacles, who, on account of his great age, had been placed at the end of the table. As soon as he beheld them, he shouted out loudly:

"What is this I see? My daughter, what has become of you? Are you still alive? Or did some shepherd find these tokens and pick them up? Dionysophanes, I beseech you, tell me, where did you get these tokens of my child? Now that you have found Daphnis, do not grudge me the happiness of finding something."

Dionysophanes at first desired him to state how she had been exposed: and Megacles, in as firm a tone and voice as before, replied:

"Formerly I was badly off, for I had spent what I possessed upon the public games and triremes. While I was thus situated, a daughter was born to me. Being afraid to bring her up in poverty, I decked her out with these tokens and exposed her, for I knew that there were many people who are ready to adopt the children of others. She was exposed in the grotto of the Nymphs, and entrusted to the protection of the Goddesses. In the meantime, Fortune favoured me: my wealth increased daily, but I had no heir, for I have not been fortunate to have even another daughter. The Gods also, as if to mock me, send me visions at night, announcing that a ewe shall make me a father."

4.36 Then Dionysophanes shouted even louder than Megacles: he started up, brought in Chloe richly attired, and said: "Here is the child you exposed: thanks to the providence of the Nymphs, a ewe nourished this maiden, as a goat suckled Daphnis for me. Take the tokens and your daughter, and give her to Daphnis as his bride. We exposed them both: we have found them both: both have been under the care of Pan, the Nymphs, and the God of Love." Megacles approved, clasped Chloe in his arms, and sent for his wife Rhode. They slept that night at the house of Dionysophanes: for Daphnis had sworn that he would not entrust Chloe to anyone, not even to her own father.

4.37 At daybreak they agreed to return to the country, at the earnest request of Daphnis and Chloe, who could not get used to city life: besides, they had decided that the wedding should be a rustic one. They returned to Lamon's (58>) house, where Dryas was presented to Megacles, and Nape to Rhode, and all preparations were made for a brilliant festival. Megacles consecrated Chloe in presence of the Nymphs, and, amongst other offerings, dedicated the tokens to them, and made up to Dryas the sum of ten thousand drachmas.

4.38 As it was a very fine day, Dionysophanes ordered couches of green leaves to be spread in front of the grotto, invited all the villagers to the festivities, and

entertained them handsomely. Lamon and Myrtale were there, together with Dryas and Nape, Dorcon's relations, Philetas and his sons, Chromis and Lycaenium: even Lampis was forgiven, and allowed to be present. All the amusements were of a rustic and pastoral character, as was natural, considering the guests. One sang a reaper's song, another repeated the jests of the vintage season: Philetas played the pipe, Lampis the flute, Dryas and Lamon danced: Daphnis and Chloe embraced each other. The goats also were feeding close at hand, as if they desired to take part in the banquet. This was not altogether to the taste of the city people: but Daphnis called some of them by name, gave them some green leaves to eat, took them by the horns and kissed them.

4.39 And not only then, but as long as they lived, they devoted most of their time to a pastoral life. They paid especial reverence to the Nymphs, Pan, and Love, acquired large flocks of goats and sheep, and considered fruit and milk superior to every other kind of food. When a son was born to them, they put him to suck a goat: their daughter was suckled by a ewe: and they called the former Philopoemen, and the latter Agele. Thus they lived to a good old age in the fields, decorated the grotto, set up statues, and erected an altar to Shepherd Love, and, in place of the pine, built a temple for Pan to dwell in, and dedicated it to Pan the Soldier.

4.40 But this did not take place until later. After the banquet, when night came, all the guests accompanied them to the nuptial chamber, playing on the pipe and flute, and carrying large blazing torches. When they were near the door, they began to sing in a harsh and rough voice, as if they were breaking up the earth with forks, instead of singing the marriage hymn. Daphnis and Chloe, lying naked side by side, embraced and kissed each other, more wakeful than the owl, the whole night long. Daphnis put into practice the lessons of Lycaenium, and then for the first time Chloe learned that all that had taken place between them in the woods was nothing more than the childish amusement of shepherds.

# THE GOLDEN ASS INTRODUCTION

Our next contender is not only the singular Latin novel extant in its entirety, but it is probably the solitary substantial piece of prose from the ancient world that can hold its own in the modern sense. It does not largely (or even solely) rely on being ‘of interest’ or ‘of historical importance,’ but is instead that most elusive and wonderful of things: an elegant piece of literature and entertainment in its own right.

The recipient of this rather obsequious eulogizing is Lucius Apuleius and the text in question is the exemplary *Metamorphoses*, commonly referred to as *The Golden Ass*.

A quick internet search of the book will often regurgitate adjectives such as ‘bawdy’ or ‘picaresque’ and, whilst both are certainly justifiable, they do not quite do this peculiar (perhaps unique) work due service.

We could also call it a semi-autobiography, a cautionary guide for a young nobleman, or a set of Milesian Tales (so influential to Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales*).

Far more than anything else, *The Golden Ass* is a work of religious devotion – and a proselytizing one at that.

To fully appreciate this, we need to understand a little about Apuleius himself. At this point you could be forgiven for expecting the almost stock-phrase: ‘Unfortunately, we have almost no biographical information about [insert name] and what we do have is highly dubious’.

Well surprisingly, and unlike many other noteworthy characters from antiquity, not only do we have a decent amount of information to go on, but it also paints a picture of an extremely colourful life.

Born in the North African town of Madaurus, Apuleius was a true man of the world. Studying first at Carthage, then Athens, he eventually made his way to Rome where he read Latin oratory and took a place at the bar.

However, this was not before he managed to flit away a small fortune, bequeathed to him by his father, through drinking and whoring his way around Greece during a trip to the Olympic Games.

His later taste for the law may well have germinated from the necessity to defend himself against accusations of black magic when, shortly after marrying his friend’s mother, said friend promptly died.

The fact that the bride was enormously wealthy, as well as significantly advanced in years, convinced the bereaved family that Apuleius had bewitched the mother and poisoned the son. Apuleius’ tongue-in-cheek (and victorious) legal defence, *A Discourse on Magic*, is his other, significant, surviving work.

In fact, all this sin and scandal does not diminish, but accentuates, the most important feature of Apuleius’ life; his devotion to the gods. Not to the whole ancient pantheon mind you, but primarily to Isis, Osiris and then later, Asclepius.

But it is to Isis that *The Golden Ass* is foremost devoted.

The vehicle Apuleius uses to exalt his goddess is a broad plot almost completely lifted from either Lucian of Samosata or Lucius of Patras, whose efforts, *Ass* and *The Ass* respectively, follow the same basic thread:

- A nobleman engages in activities not worthy of his station
- He dabbles in the dark arts
- He is accidentally transformed into a donkey
- This incarnation allows him to spy on private conversations and see all sorts of ribald behaviour
- He suffers greatly before regaining human form

The first two steps set up the precautionary tale, not exactly against impiety, but ‘mis-piety’. Classics legend Robert Graves explains: “A nobleman should not play with black magic: he should satisfy his spiritual needs by being initiated into a respectable mystery cult along with men of his own station”.

However, it is the last step to which Apuleius gives his most serious attention.

His re-transformation comes about through the kindness of the goddess Isis and he, in turn, devotes his life to her.

The religious allegory is not a subtle one; when a man behaves badly, when he dishonours or disregards the gods, he must go through the trials and tribulations of bestial servitude and suffering. Only upon accepting Isis into his heart will he be truly humanized and given the opportunity to enjoy the fruits of the hereafter.

One suspects that Apuleius would have been rather pleased at learning some considered his work to be no more than a series of foolhardy and lubricious frolics. This seems exactly the point of the work – to not be considered overtly religious, but to charm, compel and covertly convert.

Though that’s not to say that he was entirely dismissed as an indecorous interloper into the world of tasteful literature.

It seems the black magic accusation against him caused some to see *The Golden Ass* as a literal memoir rather than an amusing recruitment tool... or indeed a work solely of wit and whimsy.

The Christian community, or at least its intelligentsia, seemed genuinely troubled that Apuleius’ miraculous exploits were perceived as even more wonderful than those of Christ. Indeed, several centuries later, the Inquisition did their utmost to transform *The Golden Ass*, once and for all, into ashes.

Apuleius’ countryman, St Augustine, stated that his pagan predecessor “either reported or invented his transformation into asinal shape”.

In fact, the lives of these two devout Africans run along parallel lines, i.e. Carthage university, debauchery, residence at Rome, salvation. The key difference being that Apuleius chronicles his transformation with a sense of humour, a little less vitriol, and far less pomposity.

Unlike Augustine, who wallowed in the blissful guilt of his youthful transgressions until he was old and grey, Apuleius saw his debaucheries as pleasurable pit stops on the road to enlightenment.

He appreciated what many of us instinctively know, though don't always like to admit: that the follies of youth are what maketh the man.

He doesn't quite go as far as to say that fornication and degradation are necessary rites of passage... but if he does speak of regretting them, then he does so with a suppressed smirk and a twinkle in his eye.

After all, a young man cannot remain a crude beast forever, but that doesn't mean he shouldn't enjoy his asinine desires while they last.



# THE MOST PLEASANT AND DELECTABLE TALE OF THE MARRIAGE OF CUPID AND PSYCHE

FROM BOOKS IV TO VI OF *THE GOLDEN ASS* BY  
LUCIUS APULEIUS (2<sup>nd</sup> CENT. AD)

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM ADLINGTON (1566)

## The Fourth Book

THERE was once a certain king, inhabiting in the West parts, who had to wife a noble dame by whom he had three daughters, exceeding fair of whom the two elder were of such comely shape and beauty as to excel and pass all other women living, whereby they were thought, worthily, to deserve the praise and commendation of every person, and deservedly to be preferred above the residue of the common sort. Yet the singular passing beauty and maidenly majesty of the youngest daughter did so far surmount and excel them two that no earthly creature could by any means sufficiently express or set out the same; by reason whereof (after the fame of this excellent maiden was spread abroad in every part of the city) the citizens and strangers there, being inwardly pricked by zealous affection to behold her famous person, came daily by thousands, hundreds and scores to her father's palace, and as if astonished with admiration of her incomparable beauty did no less worship and reverence her, with crosses, signs and tokens, and other divine adorations, according to the custom of the old used rites and ceremonies, than if she were Lady Venus indeed.

And shortly after the report was spread into the next cities and bordering regions that the goddess whom the deep seas had borne and brought forth, and the froth of the surging waves had nourished, to the intent to show her high magnificency and divine power in earth, to such as erst did honour and worship her, was now conversant amongst mortal men, or else that the earth, and not the seas, by a new concourse and influence of the celestial planets, had budded and yielded forth a new Venus, endued with the flower of virginity.

So daily more and more increased this opinion, and now is her flying fame dispersed into the next island, and well-nigh into every part and province of the whole world. Whereupon innumerable strangers resorted from far countries, adventuring themselves by long journeys on land, and by great perils on water, to behold this glorious virgin. By occasion whereof such a contempt grew towards the goddess Venus, that no person travelled to the town Paphos, nor to the isle of Cnidus, no, nor to Cythera, to worship her. Her ornaments were thrown out, her

temples defaced, her pillows and cushions torn, her ceremonies neglected, her images and statues uncrowned, and her bare altars unswept, and foul with the ashes of old burned sacrifice, for why every person honoured and worshipped this maiden instead of Venus; and in the morning at her first coming abroad, offered to her oblations, provided banquets, called her by the name of Venus who was not Venus indeed, and in her honour presented flowers and garlands in most reverent fashion.

This sudden change and alteration of celestial honour did greatly inflame and kindle the mind of very Venus, who (unable to temper herself from indignation, shaking her head in raging sort) reasoned with herself in this manner, "Behold the original parent of all these elements, behold the Lady Venus renowned throughout all the world, with whom a mortal maiden is joined now partaker of my honour; my name, registered in the city of heaven, is profaned and made vile by terrene absurdities, if I shall suffer any mortal creature to present my Majesty on earth, or if any shall bear about a false furnished shape of my person! In vain did Paris that shepherd (in whose just judgment and confidence the great Jupiter had affiance) prefer me above the residue of the goddesses for the excellency of my beauty. But she, whatsoever she be that hath usurped my honour, shall shortly repent her of her unlawful estate.

Instantly she called her winged son, Cupid, rash enough, and hardy, who, by his evil manners, contemning all public justice and law, armed with fire and arrows, running up and down in the nights from house to house, and corrupting the lawful marriages of every person, doth nothing but that which is evil. Although he were of his own proper nature sufficiently prone to work mischief, yet she egged him forward with words, and brought him to the city, and showed him Psyche (for so the maiden was called), and having, told the cause of her anger, not without great rage, "I pray thee," (quoth she), "my dear child, by motherly bond of love, by the sweet wounds of thy piercing darts, by the pleasant heat of thy fire, revenge the injury which is done to thy mother, by the false and disobedient beauty of a mortal maiden, and I pray thee without delay, that she may fall in love with the most miserable creature living, the most poor, the most crooked, and the most vile, that there may be none found in all the world of like wretchedness."

When she had spoken these words she embraced and kissed her son, and took her voyage towards the sea. When she was come to the sea she began to call the gods and goddesses, who were obedient at her voice. For incontinent came the daughters of Nereus singing with tunes melodiously: Portunus with his bristled and rough beard: Salacia, with her bosom full of fish: Palemon, the driver of the dolphin, the trumpeters of Triton, leaping hither and thither, and blowing with heavenly noises. Such was the company which followed Venus marching towards the ocean sea.

In the mean season Psyche with all her beauty received no fruit of her honour. She was wondered at of all, she was praised of all, but she perceived that no king nor

prince, nor any of the inferior sort, did repair to woo her. Everyone marvelled at her divine beauty, as it were at some image well painted and set out. Her other two sisters, which were nothing so greatly exalted by the people, were royally married to two kings. But the virgin Psyche, sitting at home alone, lamented her solitary life, and being disquieted both in mind and body, although she pleased all the world, yet hated she herself her own beauty.

Hereupon the miserable father of this unfortunate daughter, suspecting that the gods and powers of heaven envied her estate, went to the town called Miletus to receive the oracle of Apollo, where he made his prayers and offered sacrifice, and desired a husband for his daughter. But Apollo, though he were a Greek and of the country of Ionia, because of the foundation of Miletus, gave answer in Latin verse, the sense whereof was this:

Let Psyche's corpse be clad in mourning weed,  
And set on rock of yonder hill aloft.  
Her husband is no wight of human seed,  
But serpent dire and fierce as may be thought,  
Who flies with wings above in starry skies  
And doth subdue each thing with fiery flight.  
The gods themselves and powers that seem so wise,  
With mighty Jove, be subject to his might  
The rivers black and deadly floods of pain  
And darkness eke as thrall to him remain.

The king, once happy, when he heard the prophecy of Apollo returned home sad and sorrowful, and declared to his wife the miserable and unhappy fate of his daughter. Then they began to lament and weep, and passed over many days in great sorrow.

But now the time approached of Psyche's marriage; preparation was made, black torches were lighted, the pleasant songs were turned into pitiful cries, the melody of Hymenmus was ended with deadly howling, the maiden that should be married did wipe her eyes with her veil. All the family and people of the city wept likewise, and with great lamentation was ordained a remiss time for that day; but necessity compelled that Psyche should be brought to her appointed place, according to the divine commandment. And when the solemnity was ended, they went to bring this sorrowful spouse, not to her marriage, but to her final end and burial.

But while the father and mother of Psyche went forward, weeping and crying, to do this enterprise, Psyche spoke to them in this sort, "Why torment you your unhappy age with continual dolour? Why trouble you your spirits, which are more rather mine than yours? Why soil ye your faces with tears, which I ought to adore and worship? Why tear you my eyes in yours? Why pull you your hoar hairs? Why knock you your breasts for me? Now you see the reward of my excellent beauty:

now, now, you perceive (but too late) the plague of envy. When the people did honour me and call me new Venus, then you should have wept, then you should have sorrowed, as though I had been then dead. For now that I see and perceive that I am come to this misery by the name only of Venus, bring me, and (as fortune hath appointed) place me on the top of the rock. I greatly desire to end my marriage, I greatly covet to see my husband; why do I delay? Why should I refuse him that is appointed to destroy all the world?

Thus ended she her words, and thrust herself amongst the people that followed. Then they brought her to the appointed rock of the high hill, and set her thereon, and so departed. The torches and lights were put out with the tears of the people, and every man gone home: the miserable parents, well-nigh consumed with sorrow, gave themselves to everlasting darkness.

Here ends the Fourth Book of Lucius Apuleius

### **The Fifth Book**

XXII.- The most pleasant and delectable tale of the marriage of Cupid and Psyche

THUS poor Psyche, being left alone weeping and trembling on the top of the rock, was blown by the gentle air of shrilling Zephyrus and carried from the hill, with a meek wind, which retained her garments up, and by little and little brought her down into a deep valley, where she was laid in a bed of most sweet and fragrant flowers.

Fair Psyche, being sweetly couched amongst the soft and tender herbs, as in a bed of sweet and fragrant flowers, and having qualified the troubles and thoughts of her restless mind, was now well reposed. When she had refreshed herself sufficiently with sleep, she rose with a more quiet and pacified mind, and fortun'd to espy a pleasant wood environed with great and mighty trees. She espied likewise a running river as clear as crystal.

In the midst of the wood, well-nigh at the fall of the river, was a princely edifice, wrought and built, not by the art or hand of man, but by the mighty power of God,

and you would judge, at the first entry therein, that it were some pleasant and worthy mansion for the powers of heaven. For the embowings above were of citron and ivory, propped and undermined with pillars of gold, the walls covered and sealed with silver, and divers sorts of beasts were graven and carved, that seemed to encounter with such as entered in. All things were so curiously and finely wrought, that it seemed either to be the work of some demigod, or God Himself. The pavement was all of precious stones, divided and cut one from another, whereon was carved divers kinds of pictures, in such sort that blessed and thrice blessed were they which might go upon such a pavement. Every part and angle of the house was so well adorned that, by reason of the precious stones and inestimable treasure there, it glittered and shone in such sort that the chambers, porches and doors gave light as it had been the sun. Neither otherwise did the other treasure of the house disagree to so great a majesty, that verily it seemed in every point a heavenly palace fabricate and built for Jupiter himself.

Then Psyche, moved with delectation, approached nigh, and taking a bold heart entered into the house, and beheld everything there with great affection; she saw storehouses wrought exceeding fine and replenished with abundance of riches. Finally there could nothing be devised which lacked there. But amongst such great store of treasure this was more marvellous, that there was no closure, bolt or lock to keep the same.

While with great pleasure she viewed all these things, she heard a voice without any body, that said, "Why do you marvel, madam, at so great riches? Behold, all that you see is at your commandment. Wherefore, go you into the chamber and repose yourself upon the bed, and desire what bath you will have, and we whose voices you hear be your servants, and ready to minister to you according to your desire. In the mean season, royal meats and dainty dishes shall be prepared for you."

Then Psyche perceived the felicity of Divine Providence, and according to the advertisement of the incorporeal voices, she first reposed herself upon the bed, and then refreshed her body in the baths. This done, she saw the table garnished with meats, and a chair to sit down.

When Psyche was sat down, all sorts of divine meats and wines were, brought in, not by any body but as it were with a wind, for she could see no person before her, but only hear voices on every side. After all the services were brought to the table, one came in and sang invisibly, another played on the harp, but she saw no man. The harmony of the instruments did so greatly shrill in her ears that (though there were no manner of person) yet seemed she in the midst of a multitude of people.

All these pleasantries finished, when night approached Psyche went to bed: and when she was laid, and the sweet sleep came upon her, she greatly feared for her virginity because she was alone. Then came her unknown husband and lay with

her: and after that he had made a perfect consummation of the marriage, he rose in the morning before day and departed.

Soon after came her invisible servants, presenting to her such things as were necessary, and thus she passed forthli a great while: and (as it happened) the novelty of the things by continual custom did increase her pleasure, but specially the sound of the instruments was a comfort to her being alone.

During this time that Psyche was in this place of pleasures, her father and mother did nothing but weep and lament, and her two sisters, hearing of her most miserable fortune, came with great dolour and sorrow to comfort and speak with their parents.

The night following Psyche's husband spoke to her (for she might feel his eyes, his hands and his ears) and said, "O my sweet spouse and dear wife, fortune doth menace to thee imminent peril and danger, whereof I wish thee greatly to beware. For know thou that thy sisters, thinking that thou art dead, be greatly troubled, and are come to the mountain by thy steps; whose lamentations if thou fortune to hear, beware that thou do in no wise either make answer or look up towards them. For if thou do, thou shalt purchase to me great sorrow, and to thyself utter destruction." Psyche, hearing her husband, was contented to do all things as he commanded.

After he was departed, and the night passed away, Psyche lamented and cried all the day following, thinking that now she was past all hope of comfort, in that she was closed within the walls of a prison, deprived of human conversation, and commanded not to aid or assist her sorrowful sisters, no, nor once to see them. Thus she passed all the day in weeping, and went to bed at night without any refectation of meat or bath.

Incontinently after came her husband, who (when he had embraced her sweetly) said, "Is it thus that you perform your promise, my sweet wife? What do I find here? Pass you all the day and the night in weeping? And will you not cease in your husband's arms? Go to, do what you will, purchase your own destruction, and when you find it so, then remember my words, and repent, but too late."

Then she desired her husband more and more, assuring him that she should die unless he would grant that she might see her sisters, whereby she might speak with them and comfort them.

At length he was contented, and moreover he willed that she should give them as much gold and jewels as she would; but he gave her a further charge, saying, "Beware that ye covet not (being moved by the pernicious counsel of your sisters) to see the shape of my person, lest by your curiosity you be deprived of so great and worthy estate."

Psyche being glad herewith, rendered to him most entire thanks, and said, "Sweet husband, I had rather die than to be separate from you for whosoever you be, I love and retain you within my heart, as if you were my own spirit or Cupid himself. But I pray you grant this likewise, that you would command your servant Zephyrus to bring my sisters down into the valley, as he brought me." Wherewithal she kissed him sweetly, and desired him gently to grant her request, calling him her spouse, her sweetheart, her joy and her solace, whereby she enforced him to agree to her mind; and when morning came he departed away.

After long search made, the sisters of Psyche came to the hill where she was sat on the rock, and cried with a loud voice, in such sort that the stones answered again. And when they called their sister by her name, so that their lamentable cries came to her ears, she came forth, and said, "Behold, here is she for whom you weep; I pray you torment yourselves no more, cease your weeping."

And at once she commanded Zephyrus by the appointment of her husband to bring them down. Neither did he delay, for with gentle blasts he retained them up, and laid them softly in the valley.

I am not able to express the often embracing, kissing and greeting which was between them three; all sorrows and tears were then laid apart.

"Come in," (quoth Psyche), "into our house, and refresh your afflicted minds with your sister." After this she showed them the storehouses of treasure, she caused them to hear the voices which served her, the bath was ready, the meats were brought in.

When they had eaten and filled themselves with divine delicacies, they conceived great envy within their hearts, and one of them, being very curious, demanded what her husband was, of what state, and who was the lord of so precious a house. But Psyche, remembering the promise which she made to her husband, feigned that he was a young man, of comely stature, with a flaxen beard, and had great delight in hunting in the hills and dales by. And lest by her long talk she should be found to trip or fail in her words, she filled their laps with gold, silver and jewels, and commanded Zephyrus to carry them away.

When they were brought up to the mountain they took their ways homeward to their own houses, and murmured with envy that they bore against Psyche, saying, "Behold, cruel and contrary fortune, behold how we (born all of one parent) have divers destinies, but especially we, that are the elder two, be married to strange husbands, made as handmaidens, and as it were banished from our country and friends, whereas our younger sister hath so great abundance of treasure, and got a god to her husband, who hath no skill how to use so great plenty of riches; saw you not, sister, what was in the house? What great store of jewels, what glittering robes, what gems, what gold we trod on? If she have a husband according, as she

affirmeth, there is none that liveth this day more happy in all the world than she. And so it may come to pass 'that at length for the great affection and love which he may bear to her, he may make her a goddess, for (by Hercules) such was her countenance, so she behaved herself, that (as a goddess) she had voices to serve her, and the winds did obey her. But I, poor wretch, have first married a husband older than my father, more bald than a coot, more weak than a child, and one that locks me up all day in the house."

Then said the other sister, "And in faith I am married to a husband that hath the gout twofold, crooked, not courageous in paying my debt; I am fain to rub and mollify his stony fingers with divers sorts of oils, and to wrap them in plasters and salves, so that I soil my white and dainty hands with the corruption of filthy clouts, not using myself like a wife, but more like a servant and you, my sister, seem likewise to be in bondage and servitude, wherefore I cannot abide to see our younger sister in such great felicity. Saw you not, I pray, how proudly and arrogantly she handled us even now? and how in vaunting herself she uttered her presumptuous mind, how she cast a little gold into our lap, and (being weary of our company) commanded that we should be borne and blown away? Verily, I live not nor am a woman, but I will deprive her of all her bliss. And if you, my sister, be so far bent as I, let us consult together, and not utter our mind to any person, no, nor yet to our parents, nor tell that ever we saw her. For it sufficeth that we have seen her, whom it repenteth to have seen neither let us declare her good fortune to our father, nor to any other, since as they seem not happy whose riches are unknown, so shall she know that she hath sisters, no abjects, but more worthier than she. But no, let us go home to our husbands and poor houses, and when we are better instructed let us return to suppress her pride."

This evil counsel pleased these two evil women, and they hid the treasure which Psyche gave them, and tore their hair, renewing their false and forged tears. When their father and mother beheld them weep and lament still, they doubled their sorrows and griefs, but full of ire and forced with envy they took their voyage homeward, devising the slaughter and destruction of their sister.

In the mean season the husband of Psyche warned her again in the night with these words, "Seest thou not" (quoth he) "what peril and danger evil fortune doth threaten to thee, whereof if thou take not good heed it will shortly come upon thee: for the unfaithful harlots do greatly endeavour to set their snares to catch thee, and their purpose is to make and persuade thee to behold my face, which if thou once fortune to see (as I have often told) thou shalt see no more. Wherefore if these naughty hags, armed with wicked minds, do chance to come again (as I think no otherwise but that they will), take heed that thou talk not with them, but simply suffer them to speak what they will. Howbeit, if thou canst not restrain thyself, beware that thou have no communication of thy husband, nor answer a word if they fortune to question of me. So will we increase our stock, and this young and



tender child, couched in thy womb, if thou conceal my secrets, shall be made an immortal god, but otherwise a mortal creature."

Then Psyche was very glad that she should bring forth a divine babe, and very joyful that she should be honoured as a mother. But those pestilent and wicked furies, breathing out their serpentine poison, took shipping to bring their enterprise to pass. Then Psyche was awarned again by her husband in this sort, "Behold, the last day, the extreme case, and the enemies of thy blood have armed themselves against us, pitched their camps, set their host in array, and are marching towards us for now thy two sisters have drawn their swords, and are ready to slay thee. O with what force are we assailed this day! O sweet Psyche, I pray thee to take pity on thyself of me, and deliver thy husband and this infant from so great danger. See not neither hear, these cursed women, which are not worthy to be called thy sisters, for their great hatred and breach of sisterly amity, for they will come like sirens to the mountain, and yield out their piteous and lamentable cries." When Psyche had heard these words she sighed sorrowfully, and said, "O dear husband, this long time you have had experience and trial of my faith, and doubt you not but that I will persevere in the same. Wherefore command your Zephyrus that he may do as he hath done before, to the intent that if you have charged me not to behold your venerable face, yet that I may comfort myself with the sight of my sisters. I pray you by these beautiful ears, by these round cheeks, delicate and tender, by your pleasant white breast, whose shape and face I shall learn at length by my child, grant the fruit of my desire, refresh your dear spouse Psyche with joy, who is bound and linked to you for ever. I little esteem to see your visage and figure, little do I regard the night and darkness thereof, for you are my only light."

Her husband (being as it were enchanted with these words, and compelled by violence of her often embracing, wiping away her tears with his hair) yielded to his wife. And when morning came he departed as he was accustomed to do.

Now her sisters arrived on land, and never rested till they came to the rock, without visiting of their father and mother, and leaped down rashly from the hill themselves. Then Zephyrus according to the divine commandment brought them down (though it were against his will) and laid them in the valley without any harm. At I once they went into the palace to their sister without leave, and when they had eftsoons embraced their prey, and thanked her, (with flattering words) for the treasure which she gave them, they said, "O dear sister Psyche, know you that you are now no more a child but a mother? How happy shall we be that shall see this infant nourished amongst so great plenty of treasure? That if he be like his parents, as it is necessary he should, there is no doubt but a new Cupid shall be born."

By this kind of means they went about to win Psyche by little and little. Because they were weary with travel, they sat them down in chairs, and after they had washed their bodies in baths they went into a parlour, where all kinds of meats

were ready prepared. Psyche commanded one to play with his harp; it was done. Then immediately another sang, others tuned their instruments, but no person was seen. By their sweet harmony and modulation the sisters of Psyche were greatly delighted.

Howbeit the wickedness of these cursed women was nothing suppressed by the sweet noise of these instruments, but they settled themselves to work their treason against Psyche, demanding who was her husband, and of what parentage. Then she (having forgotten, by too much simplicity, that which she had spoken before of her husband) invented a new answer, and said that her husband was of a great province, a merchant and a man of middle age, having his beard interspersed with grey hairs; which when she had said (because she would have no further talk) she filled their laps full of gold and silver, and bid Zephyrus to bear them away.

In their return homeward they murmured with themselves, saying, "How say you, sister, to so apparent a lie of Psyche's? For first she said that her husband was a young man of flourishing years and had a flaxen beard, and now she saith that it is half grey with age; what is he that in so short space can become so old? You shall find it no otherwise my sister, but that either this cursed queen hath invented a great lie, or else that she never saw the shape of her husband. And if it be so that she never saw him, then verily she is married to some god, and hath a young god in her; but if it be a divine babe and fortune to come to the ears of my mother (as God forbid it should), then may I go and hang myself; wherefore let us go to our parents, and with forged lies let us colour the matter."

After they were thus inflamed and had visited their parents, they returned again to the mountain, and by the aid of the wind Zephyrus were carried down into the valley, and after they had strained their eyelids to enforce themselves to weep, they called to Psyche in this sort. "Thou (ignorant of so great evil) thinkest thyself sure and happy, and sittest at home nothing regarding thy peril, whereas we go about thy affairs, and are careful lest any harm should happen to thee, for we are credibly informed, neither can we but utter it to thee, that there is a great serpent full of deadly poison, with a ravenous and gaping throat, that lieth with thee every night. Remember the oracle of Apollo, who pronounced that thou shouldst be married to a dire and fierce serpent; and many of the inhabitants here by and such as hunt about in the country affirm that they saw him yesternight returning from pasture and swimming over the river, whereby they do undoubtedly say that he will not pamper thee long with delicate meats, but when the time of delivery shall approach, he will devour both thee and thy child. Wherefore advise thyself whether thou wilt agree to us that are careful for thy safety, and so avoid the peril of death, and be contented to live with thy sisters, or whether thou wilt remain with the serpent, and in the end be swallowed into the gulf of his body. And if it be so that thy solitary life, thy conversation with voices, this servile and dangerous pleasure and the love of the serpent do more delight thee, say not but that we have played the parts of natural sisters in warning thee."

Then the poor and simple wretch Psyche was moved with the fear of so dreadful words, and (being amazed in her mind) did clean forget the admonitions of her husband and her own promises made to him. And (throwing herself headlong into extreme misery) with a wan and sallow countenance, scantily uttering a third word, at length spoke in this sort, "O my most dear sisters, I heartily thank you for your great kindness towards me, and I am now verily persuaded that they who have informed you hereof have informed you of nothing but truth, for I never saw the shape of my husband, neither know I from whence he came; only I hear his voice in the night, insomuch that I have an uncertain husband and one that loveth not the light of the day, which causeth me to suspect that he is a beast as you affirm. Moreover I do greatly fear to see him, for he doth menace and threaten great evil to me if I should go about to spy and behold his shape. Wherefore, my loving sisters, if you have any wholesome remedy for your sister in danger, give it now presently."

Then they, opening the gates of their subtle minds, put away all privy guile, and egged her forward in her fearful thoughts, persuading her to do as they would have her. One of them began, and said, "Because we little esteem any peril or danger to save your life, we intend to show you the best way and means as we may possibly do. Take a sharp razor and put it under the pillow of your bed, and see that you have ready a privy burning lamp with oil, hid under some part of the hanging of the chamber, and (finely dissimulating the matter) when (according to his custom) he comes to bed and sleeps soundly, arise you secretly, and with your bare feet go and take your lamp, with the razor in your right hand, and with valiant force cut off the head of the poisonous serpent. We will aid and assist you, for when by the death of him you shall be made safe, we will marry you to some comely man."

After they had thus inflamed the heart of their sister (fearing lest some danger might happen to them by reason of their evil counsel), they were carried by the wind Zephyrus to the top of the mountain, and so they ran away, and took shipping.

When Psyche was left alone (saving that she seemed not to be alone, being stirred by so many furies) she was in a tossing mind, like the waves of the sea, and although her will was obstinate and resisted to put in execution the counsel of her sisters, yet she was in doubtful and divers opinions touching her calamity. Sometime she would, sometime she would not, sometime she is bold, sometime she fears, sometime she mistrusts, sometime she is moved, sometime she hates the beast, sometime she loves her husband; but at length the night came, and she made preparation for her wicked intent. Soon after, her husband came, and when he had kissed and embraced her, he fell asleep. Then Psyche (somewhat feeble in body and mind, yet given strength by cruelty of fate) received boldness and brought forth the lamp, and took the razor. So by her audacity she changed her kind, but when she took the lamp and came to the bedside, she saw the most meek and sweetest beast of all beasts, even fair Cupid couched fairly, at the sight of whom

the very lamp increased his light for joy, and the razor turned his edge. But when Psyche saw so glorious a body, she greatly feared, and (amazed in mind, with a pale countenance, all trembling) fell on her knees, and thought to hide the razor, yea, verily, in her own heart, which she had undoubtedly done, had it not (through fear of so great an enterprise) fallen out of her hand.

When she saw and beheld the beauty of his divine visage she was well recreated in her mind. She saw his hairs of gold, that yielded out a sweet savour: his neck more white than milk, his purple cheeks, his hair hanging comely behind and before, the brightness whereof darkened the light of the lamp, his tender plume feathers dispersed upon his shoulders like shining flowers, and trembling hither and thither, and the other parts of his body so smooth and soft that it did not repent Venus to bear such a child. At the bed's feet lay his bow, quiver and arrows the weapons of so great a god.

When Psyche curiously beheld them, marvelling at the weapons of her husband, she took one of the arrows out of the quiver and pricked herself withal, and was so grievously wounded that the blood followed. Thereby of her own accord she added love upon love. Then more and more broiling in the love of Cupid, she embraced him and kissed him a thousand times, fearing the measure of his sleep.

But alas! while she was in this great joy, whether it were for envy or for desire to touch this amiable body likewise, there fell out a drop of burning oil from the lamp upon the right shoulder of the god.

O rash and bold lamp, the vile ministry of love, how darest thou be so bold as to burn the god of all fire, whereas he invented thee to the intent that all lovers might with more joy pass the nights in pleasure? The god being burned in this sort, and perceiving that promise and faith were broken, fled away without utterance of any word from the eyes and hands of his most unhappy wife. But Psyche fortun'd to catch him (as he was rising) by the right thigh, and held him fast as he flew above in the air, until such time as (constrained by weariness) she let go and fell down upon the ground. But Cupid followed her down, and lighted upon the top of a cypress tree, and angrily spoke to her in this manner, "O simple Psyche, consider with thyself how I (little regarding the commandment of my mother, who willed me that thou shouldst be married to a man of base and miserable condition) came myself from heaven to love thee, and wounded my own body with my proper weapons to have thee to my spouse; and did I seem a beast to thee, that thou shouldst go about to cut off my head with a razor, who loved thee so well? Did not I always give thee in charge? Did not I gently will thee to beware? But those cursed aiders and counsellors of thine shall be worthily rewarded for their pains. As for thee, thou shalt be sufficiently punished by my absence."

When he had spoken these words he took his flight into the air. Then Psyche fell flat on the ground, and as long as she could see her husband she cast her eyes after

him into the air, weeping and lamenting piteously. But when he was gone out of sight she threw herself into the nearest running river, for the great anguish and dolour that she was in for the lack of her husband. But the water would not suffer her to be drowned, but took pity upon her, in honour of Cupid, who was accustomed to broil and burn the river itself, and so, being afraid, threw her upon the bank amongst the herbs.

Then Pan, the rustical god, sitting on the river-side, embracing and teaching the mountain goddess Echo to tune her songs and pipes, by whom were feeding the young and tender goats, when he perceived Psyche in so sorrowful case, not ignorant (I know not by what means) of her miserable estate, endeavoured to pacify her in this sort, "O fair maid, I am a rustic and rude herdsman, howbeit (by reason of my old age) expert in many things. As far as I can learn by conjecture, which (according as wise men term it) is called divination, I perceive by your uncertain gait, your pale hue, your sobbing sighs and your watery eyes that you are greatly in love. Wherefore hearken to me, and go not about to slay yourself, nor weep at all, but rather adore and worship the great god Cupid, and win him to you by your gentle promise of service."

When the god of shepherds had spoken these words, she gave no answer, but made reverence to him as to a god, and so departed.

But after Psyche had gone a little way, she fortun'd (unawares) to come to a city where the husband of one of her sisters dwelt, which when Psyche understood, she caused her sister to have knowledge of her coming. So they met together, and after great embracing and salutation, the sister demanded the cause of her travel thither.

"Marry," (quoth she), "do not you remember the counsel that you gave me, whereby you would that I should kill the beast who under colour of my husband did lie with me every night? Understand that as soon as I brought forth the lamp to see and behold his shape, I perceived that he was the son of Venus, even Cupid himself. Then I (being stricken with great pleasure, and desirous to embrace him) could not thoroughly assuage my delight; but alas (by evil chance), the boiling oil of the lamp fortun'd to fall on his shoulder, which caused him to awake, and (seeing me armed with fire and weapon) he said, 'How darest thou be so bold to do so great a mischief? Depart from me, and take such things as thou didst bring: for I will have thy sister (and named you) to my wife, and she shall be placed in thy felicity.' And immediately he commanded Zephyrus to carry me away from the bounds of his house."

Psyche had scarcely finished her tale, but her sister (pierced with the prick of desire and wicked envy) ran home, and (feigning to her husband that she had heard word of the death of her parents) took shipping and came to the mountain. And although there blew a contrary wind, yet, being brought in a vain hope, she cried, "O Cupid, take me, a more worthy wife, and thou, Zephyrus, bear down thy

mistress." So she cast herself down headlong from the mountain. But she fell riot into the valley neither alive nor dead, for all the members and parts of her body were torn amongst the rocks, whereby she was made a prey to the birds and wild beasts, as she worthily deserved.

Neither was the vengeance of the other delayed, for Psyche, travelling in that country, fortun'd to come to another city, where her other sister dwelt, and when she had declared all such things as she told to her first sister, she ran likewise to the rock and was slain in like sort. Then Psyche travelled about in the country to seek her husband Cupid, but he was gotten into his mother's chamber, and there bewailed the sorrowful wound which he had caught by the oil of the burning lamp.

Then the white bird, the gull, which swims on the waves of the water, flew towards the ocean sea, where she found Venus washing and bathing herself: to whom she declared that her son was burned and in danger of death, and moreover that it was a common bruit in the mouth of every person (who spoke evil of all the family of Venus) that her son did nothing but haunt harlots in the mountain, and that she herself was wont lasciviously to riot on the sea, whereby they say that there is now no more graciousness, no pleasantry, no gentle ways, but uncivil, monstrous and horrible: moreover, the marriages are not for any amity, or for love of children, but full of envy, discord and debate.

This the curious gull did clatter in the ears of Venus, reprehending her son. But Venus began to cry, and said, "What, hath my son gotten any love? I pray thee gentle bird that dost serve me so faithfully) tell me what she is, and what is her name, who has troubled my son in such sort, whether she be any of the nymphs, of the number of the goddesses, of the company of the Muses, or of the mystery of my Graces?"

To whom the bird answered, "Madam, I know not what she is, but this I know, that she is called Psyche."

Then Venus with indignation cried out, "What! is it she -- the usurper of my beauty, the vicar of my name? What! did he think that I was a bawd, by whom he fell acquainted with the maid?"

Immediately she departed, and went to her chamber, where she found her son wounded as it was told to her. When she beheld him she cried out in this sort, "Is this an honest thing? Is this honourable to thy parents? Is this reason, that thou hast violated and broken the commandment of thy mother and sovereign mistress? Whereas thou shouldst have vexed my enemy with loathsome love, thou hast done contrary. Being but of tender and unripe years thou hast with too licentious appetite embraced my most mortal foe, to whom I shall be made a mother, and she a daughter. Thou presumest and thinkest (thou trifling boy, thou varlet, and without all reverence) that thou art most worthy and excellent, and that I am not able by

reason of my age to have another son; which if I might have, thou shouldst well understand that I would bear a more worthier than thee. But to work thee a greater despite, I do determine to adopt one of my servants, and to give him these wings, this fire, this bow and these arrows, and all other furniture which I gave to thee -- not for this purpose, neither is anything given thee of thy father for this intent, but thou hast been evil brought up and instructed in thy youth. Thou hast thy hands ready and sharp. Thou hast often offended thy ancients and especially me that am thy mother. Thou hast pierced me with thy darts, thou contemnest me as a widow, neither dost thou regard thy valiant and invincible father; and to anger me more, thou art amorous of wenches and harlots. But I will cause that thou shalt shortly repent thee, and that this marriage shall be dearly bought. To what a point am I now driven? What shall I do? Whither shall I go? How shall I repress this beast? Shall I ask aid of my enemy Sobriety, whom I have often offended to engender thee, or shall I seek for counsel of every poor and rustical woman? No, no! Yet had I rather die.

"Howbeit, I will not cease my vengeance -- to her must I have recourse for help, and to none other: I mean to Sobriety, who may correct thee sharply, take away thy quiver, deprive thee of thy arrows, unbend thy bow, quench thy fire, and (which is more) subdue thy body with punishment. When I have cut off this thy hair, which I have dressed with my own hands, and made to glitter like gold, and when I have clipped thy wings which I myself have caused to burgeon, then shall I think to have sufficiently revenged myself upon thee, for the injury which thou hast done."

When she had spoken these words, she departed in a great rage out of her chamber. But immediately, as she was going away, came Juno and Ceres demanding the cause of her anger.

Then Venus made answer, "Verily you are come to comfort my sorrow, but I pray you with all diligence to seek out one whose name is Psyche, who is a vagabond, and runneth about the countries. I think you are not ignorant of the bruit of my son Cupid, and of his demeanour, which I am ashamed to declare."

Then they, understanding and knowing the whole matter, endeavoured to mitigate the ire of Venus in this sort: "What is the cause, madam, or how hath your son so offended that you should so greatly accuse his love and blame him by reason that he is amorous? And why should you seek the death of her whom he doth fancy? We most humbly entreat you to pardon his fault, if he have accorded to the mind of any maiden. What, do not you know that he is a young man, or have you forgotten of what years he is? Doth he seem always to you to be a child? You are his mother, and a kind woman; will you continually search out his dalliance? Will you blame his luxury? Will you bridle his love? And will you reprehend your own art and delights in him? What god or man is he, that can endure that you should sow or disperse your seed of love in every place, and to make a restraint thereof within

your own doors? Certes, you will be the cause of the suppression of the public places of young dames."

In this sort these goddesses endeavoured to pacify her mind, and to excuse Cupid with all their power (although he were absent), for fear of his darts and shafts of love. But Venus would in no wise assuage her heat, but (thinking that they did rather trifle and taunt at her injuries) she departed from them, and took her voyage towards the sea in all haste.

Here ends the Fifth Book of Lucius Apuleius.

### **The Sixth Book**

IN the mean season Psyche hurred herself hither and thither, to seek for her husband, the rather because she thought that if he would not be appeased with the sweet flattery of his wife, yet he would take mercy upon her at her servile and continual prayers. And, espying a church on the top of a high hill, she said, "What can I tell whether my husband and master be there or no?"

She went quickly thitherward, and with great pain and travail, moved by hope, after she had climbed to the top of the mountain, she came to the temple and went in. Behold, she espied sheaves of corn lying in a heap, blades writhed like garlands, and reeds of barley; moreover she saw hooks, scythes, sickles and other instruments to reap. But everything lay out of order, and as it were cast in by the hands of labourers; which when Psyche saw, she gathered up and put everything duly in order, thinking that she would not despise or contemn the temples of any of the gods, but rather get the favour and benevolence of them all.

By and by Ceres came in, and beholding her busy and curious in her chapel, cried out afar off, and said, "O Psyche, needful of mercy, Venus searcheth for thee in every place to revenge herself and to punish thee grievously; but thou hast more mind to be here, and carest for nothing less than for thy safety."

Then Psyche fell on her knees before her, watering her feet with her tears, wiping the ground with her hair, and with great weeping and lamentation desired pardon, saying, "O great and holy goddess, I pray thee by thy plenteous and liberal right hand, by thy joyful ceremonies of harvest, by the secrets of thy sacrifice, by the



flying chariots of thy dragons, by the tillage of the ground of Sicily, which thou hast invented, by the marriage of Proserpina, by the diligent inquisition of thy daughter, and by the other secrets which are within the temple of Eleusis in the land of Athens, take pity on me thy servant Psyche, and let me hide myself a few days amongst these sheaves of corn until the ire of so great a goddess be past, or until I be refreshed of my great labour and travail."

Then answered Ceres, "Verily, Psyche, I am greatly moved by thy prayers and tears, and desire with all my heart to aid thee. But if I should suffer thee to be hidden here, I should incur the displeasure of my cousin, with whom I have made a treaty of peace, and an ancient promise of amity. I advise thee to depart hence, and take it not in evil part that I will not suffer thee to abide and remain within my temple."

Then Psyche, driven away contrary to her hope, was doubly afflicted with sorrow, and so she returned back again. And behold, she perceived afar off in a valley a temple standing within a forest, fair and curiously wrought. Minding to overpass no place whither better hope did direct her, and to the intent she would desire the pardon of every god, she approached nigh to the sacred doors. She saw there precious riches and vestments engraven with letters of gold, hanging upon branches of trees and the posts of the temple, testifying the name of the goddess Juno, to whom they were dedicated.

She kneeled down upon her knees, and embracing the altar with her hands, and wiping her tears, began to pray in this sort: "O dear spouse and sister of the great god Jupiter, which art adored among the great temples of Samos, called upon by women with child, worshipped at high Carthage, because thou wert brought from heaven by the Lion, the rivers of the flood Inachus do celebrate thee, and know that thou art the wife of the great god and the goddess of goddesses. All the East part of the world hath thee in veneration, all the world calleth thee Lucina. I pray thee to be my advocate in my tribulations. Deliver me from the great danger which pursues me, and save me that am wearied with so long labours and sorrow for I know that it is thou that succourest and helpest such women as are with child and in danger."

Then Juno, hearing the prayers of Psyche, appeared to her in all her royalty, saying, "Certes, Psyche, I would gladly help thee, but I am ashamed to do anything contrary to the will of my daughter-in-law, Venus, whom always I have loved as my own child; moreover, I shall incur the danger of the law entitled *De servo corrupto*, whereby I am forbidden to retain any servant fugitive against the will of his master."

Then Psyche, cast off likewise by Juno, as without all hope of the recovery of her husband, reasoned with herself in this sort, "Now what comfort or remedy is left to my afflictions, when my prayers will nothing avail with the goddesses? What shall

I do? Whither shall I go? In what cave or darkness shall I hide myself to avoid the anger of Venus? Why do I not take a good heart, and offer myself with humility to her whose anger I have wrought? What do I know whether he whom I seek be in the house of his mother or no? "

Being thus in doubt, poor Psyche prepared herself to her own danger, and devised how she might make her orison and prayer to Venus.

After Venus was weary with searching by sea and land for Psyche, she returned toward heaven, and commanded that one should prepare her chariot, which her husband Vulcan gave to her by reason of marriage, so finely wrought that neither gold nor silver could be compared to the brightness thereof. Four white pigeons guided the chariot with great diligence, and when Venus was entered in, a number of sparrows flew chirping about, making sign of joy, and all other kind of birds sang sweetly, foreshowing the coming of the great goddess. The clouds gave place, the heavens opened and received her joyfully, the birds that followed nothing feared the eagles, hawks and other ravenous fowls in the air.

Incontinently she went to the royal palace of the god Jupiter, and with a proud and bold petition demanded the service of Mercury in certain of her affairs; whereunto Jupiter consented.

Then with much joy she descended from heaven with Mercury, and gave him an earnest charge to put in execution her words, saying, "O my brother, born in Arcadia, thou knowest well that I, who am thy sister, did never enterprise to do anything without thy presence. Thou knowest also how long I have sought for a girl and cannot find her. Wherefore there resteth nothing else save that thou with thy trumpet do pronounce the reward to such as take her. See thou put in execution my commandment, and declare that whatsoever he be that retains her, wittingly, against my will, shall not defend himself by any means or excusation."

When she had spoken thus, she delivered to him a libel wherein was contained the name of Psyche and the residue of his publication; which done she departed away to her lodging.

At once, Mercury (not delaying the matter) proclaimed throughout all the world that whatsoever he were that could tell any tidings of a king's fugitive daughter, the servant of Venus, named Psyche, should bring word to Mercury, and for reward of his pains he should receive seven sweet kisses of Venus.

After Mercury had pronounced these things, every man was inflamed with desire to search out Psyche; and this proclamation was the cause that put away all doubt from Psyche. But she was scarcely come in sight of the house of Venus, when one

of her servants, called Custom, came out, and espying Psyche, cried with a loud voice, saying, "O wicked harlot as thou art, now at length thou shalt know that thou hast a mistress above thee! What, dost thou make thyself ignorant, as though thou didst not understand what travail we have taken in searching for thee? I am glad that thou art come into my hands. Thou art now in the gulf of hell, and shalt abide the pain and punishment of thy great contumacy." And therewithal she took her by the hair, and brought her in before the presence of Venus.

When Venus espied her she began to laugh, and as angry persons accustom to do, she shook her head and scratched her right ear, saying, "O goddess, goddess, you are now come at length to visit your mother, or else to see your husband, that is in danger of death by your means. Be you assured I will handle you like a daughter. Where be my maidens Sorrow and Sadness?"

When they came, she delivered Psyche to be cruelly tormented. Then they fulfilled the commandment of their mistress, and after they had piteously scourged her with whips and rods, they presented her again before Venus, who began to laugh again saying, "Behold, she thinketh to move me to pity, and to make me a grandmother to her child! Am not I happy that in the flourishing time of all my age I shall be called a grandmother, and the son of a vile harlot shall be accounted the grandson of Venus? Howbeit, I am a fool to term him by the name of a son, since the marriage was made between unequal persons, in the fields, without witnesses, and not by the consent of their parents; wherefore it is illegitimate, and the child that shall be born a bastard, if we fortune to suffer thee to live till thou be delivered."

When Venus had spoken these words she leaped upon the face of poor Psyche, and tearing her apparel, took her violently by the hair, and dashed her head upon the ground. Then she took a great quantity of wheat, barley, millet, poppy seed, pease, lentils and beans, and mingled them all together in a heap, saying, "thou evil-favoured girl, thou seemest unable to get the grace of thy lover by no other means than by diligent and painful service, wherefore I will prove what thou canst do. See that thou separate all these grains one from another, disposing them, orderly in their quality, and let it be done before night."

When she had appointed this task to Psyche, she departed to a great banquet that was prepared that day. But Psyche went not about to dissever the grain (as being a thing impossible to be brought to pass, by reason it lay so confusedly scattered), but being astonished at the cruel commandment of Venus, sat still and said nothing.

Then the little pismire, the emmet, taking pity on her great difficulty and labour, cursing the cruelty of the wife of Jupiter and of so evil a mother, ran about hither and thither, and called to her all the ants of the country, saying, pray you, my friends, ye quick sons of the ground, the mother of all things, take mercy on this

poor maid espoused to Cupid, who is in great danger of her person. I pray you help her with all diligence."

Incontinently one came after another, dissevering and dividing the grain, and after they had put each kind of corn in order, they ran away again in all haste.

When night came, Venus returned home from the banquet well tippled with wine, smelling of balm, and crowned with garlands of roses. When she espied what Psyche had done, she said, "This is not the labour of thy hands, but rather of his that is amorous of thee." Then she gave her a morsel of brown bread, and went to sleep.

In the mean season Cupid was closed fast in the most surest chamber of the house, partly because he should not hurt himself with wanton dalliance, and partly because he should not speak with his love. So these two lovers were divided one from another.

When night was passed, Venus called Psyche and said, "Seest thou yonder forest that extends out in length with the river? There be great sheep shining like gold, and kept by no manner of person. I command thee that thou go thither and bring me home some of the wool of their fleeces."

Psyche arose willingly, not to do her commandment, but to throw herself headlong into the water to end her sorrow. But a green reed, inspired by divine inspiration, with a gracious tune and melody spoke to her and said, "O Psyche, I pray thee not to trouble or pollute my water by the death of thee. Yet beware that thou go not towards the terrible sheep of this coast, until such time as the heat of the sun be past, for when the sun is in his force, then seem they most dreadful and furious, with their sharp horns, their stony foreheads, and their gaping throats, wherewith they arm themselves to the destruction of mankind. Until the midday is past and the heat assuaged, and until they have refreshed themselves in the river, thou mayst hide thyself here by me under this great plane tree; and as soon as their great fury is past, thou mayst go among the thickets and bushes under the woodside and gather the locks of their golden fleeces, which thou shalt find hanging upon the briers.

Thus spoke the gentle and benign reed, showing a means to Psyche to save her life, which she bore well in memory, and with all diligence went and gathered up such locks as she found, and put them in her apron, and carried them home to Venus.

But the danger of this second labour did not please her, nor give her sufficient witness of the good service of Psyche, and with a sour resemblance of laughter she said, "Of certainty I know that this is not thy act, but I will prove if thou be of so stout a courage and singular prudency as thou seemest. Seest thou the top of yonder great hill, from whence there runneth down water of black and deadly

colour, which nourisheth the floods of Styx and Cocytus? I charge thee to go thither and bring me a vessel of that water. "Wherewithal she gave her a bottle of crystal, menacing and threatening her rigorously.

Then poor Psyche went in all haste to the top of the mountain, rather to end her life than to fetch any water. When she was come up to the ridge of the hill, she perceived that it was impossible to bring it to pass; for she saw a great rock gushing out most horrible fountains of waters, which ran down and fell by many stops and passages into the valley beneath. On each side she saw great dragons, stretching out their long and bloody necks, that never slept, but were appointed to keep the river there. The waters themselves had voices, saying, "Away, away, what wilt thou do? Fly, fly, or else thou wilt be slain."

Then Psyche, seeing the impossibility of this affair, stood still as though she were transformed into a stone, and although she was present in body, yet was she absent in spirit and sense, by reason of the great peril which she saw, insomuch that she could not comfort herself with weeping, such was the present danger that she was in.

But the royal bird of great Jupiter, the eagle, remembering his old service which he had done when, led by Cupid, he brought up the boy Ganymede to the heavens, to be made the butler of Jupiter, and minding to show the like service in the person of the wife of Cupid, came from the high house of the skies, and said to Psyche, "O simple woman, without all experience, dost thou think to get or dip up any drop of this dreadful water? No, no, assure thyself thou art never able to come nigh it, for the gods themselves do greatly fear at the sight thereof. What, have you not heard that it is a custom among men to swear by the puissance of the gods, and the gods do swear by the majesty of the river Styx? But give me thy bottle."

And suddenly he took it, and filled it with the water of the river, and taking his flight through those cruel and horrible dragons brought it to Psyche.

She, very joyful thereof, presented it to Venus, who would not yet be appeased, but menacing more and more, said, "What, thou seemest to me a very witch and enchantress, that bringest these things to pass. Howbeit thou shalt do one thing more. Take this box and go to hell to Proserpina and desire her to send me a little of her beauty, as much as will serve me the space of one day, and say that such as I had is consumed away since my son fell sick. But return again quickly, for I must dress myself therewithal, and go to the theatre of the gods."

Then poor Psyche perceived the end of all her fortune, thinking verily that she should never return, and not without cause, since she was compelled to go to the gulf and furies of hell. Wherefore, without any further delay, she went up to a high tower to throw herself down headlong, thinking that it was the nearest and readiest way to hell. But the tower (as inspired) spoke to her, saying, "O poor wretch, why

goest thou about to slay thyself? Why dost thou rashly yield to thy last peril and danger? Know thou that if thy spirit be once separate from thy body, thou shalt surely go to hell, but never to return again, wherefore hearken to me. Lacedaemon, a city of Greece, is not far hence. Go thou thither and inquire for the hill Taenarus, where thou shalt find a hole leading to hell, even to the palace of Pluto. But take heed that thou go not with empty hands to that place of darkness, but carry two sops sodden in the flower of barley and honey in thy hands, and two halfpence in thy mouth, and when thou hast passed a good part of that way, thou shalt see a lame ass carrying wood, and a lame fellow driving him, who will desire thee to give him up the sticks that fall down. But pass thou on and do nothing. By and by thou shalt come to the river of hell, where Charon is ferryman. He will first have his fare paid him before he will carry the souls over the river in his boat. Whereby you may see that avarice reigneth amongst the dead; neither Charon nor Pluto will do anything for nought. For if it be a poor man that would pass over, and lacketh money, he will be compelled to die in his journey before they will show him any relief. Wherefore deliver to the vile Charon one of the halfpence which thou bearest, for thy passage, and let him receive it out of thy mouth.

"And it shall come to pass as thou sittest in the boat thou shalt see an old man swimming on the top of the river holding up his deadly hands, and desiring thee to receive him into the bark. But have no regard to his piteous cry. When thou art passed over the flood thou shalt espy old women spinning, who will desire thee to help them; but beware thou do not consent to them in any case, for these and like baits and traps will Venus set, to make thee let fall one of thy sops. And think not that the keeping of thy sops is a light matter, for if thou lose one of them thou shalt be assured never to return again to this world. Then thou shalt see a great and marvellous dog with three heads barking continually at the souls of such as enter in, by reason he can do them no other harm. He lieth day and night before the gate of Proserpina, and keepeth the house of Pluto with great diligence. But if thou cast him one of thy sops thou mayst have access to Proserpina without danger. She will make thee good cheer, and entertain thee with delicate meat and drink. But sit thou upon the ground and desire brown bread, and then declare thy message to her; and when thou hast received such beauty as she giveth, in thy return appease the rage of the dog with thy other sop, and give thy other halfpenny to covetous Charon, and come the same way again into the world as thou wentest. But above all thing, have a regard that thou look not in the box, neither be too curious about the treasure of the divine beauty."

In this manner the tower spoke to Psyche, and advertised her what she should do. And immediately she took two halfpence, two sops and all things necessary, and went to the mountain Taenarus to go towards hell.

After Psyche had passed by the lame ass, paid her halfpenny for passage, neglected the old man in the river, denied to help the women spinning, and filled the ravenous mouth of the dog with a sop, she came to the chamber of Proserpina.

There Psyche would not sit in any royal seat, nor eat any delicate meats, but kneeling at the feet of Proserpina, only contented with coarse bread, declared her message; and after she had received a mystical secret in the box she departed, and stopped the mouth of the dog with the other sop, and paid the boatman the other halfpenny.

When Psyche was returned from hell, to the light of the world, she was ravished with great desire, saying, "am not I a fool that, knowing I carry here the divine beauty, I will not take a little thereof to garnish my face, to please my lover withal?"

Immediately she opened the box, but she could perceive no beauty nor anything else save only an infernal and deadly sleep, which immediately invaded all her members as soon as the box was uncovered, in such sort that she fell down on the ground, and lay there as a sleeping corpse.

But Cupid, being now healed of his wound and malady, not able to endure the absence of Psyche, got him secretly out at a window of the chamber where he was enclosed, and (receiving his wings) took his flight towards his loving wife. When he had found her, he wiped away the sleep from her face, and put it again into the box, and awaked her with the tip of one of his arrows saying, "O wretched caitiff, behold thou wert well-nigh perished again with thy overmuch curiosity. Well, go thou, and do thy message to my mother, and in the mean season I will provide for all things accordingly." Wherewith he took his flight into the air, and Psyche brought her present to Venus.

In the mean season, Cupid, being more and more in love with Psyche, and fearing the displeasure of his mother, did pierce into the heavens, and arrived before Jupiter to declare his cause. Then Jupiter, after he had eftsoons embraced him, spoke in this manner, "O my well-beloved son, although thou hast not given due reverence and honour to me as thou oughtest to do, but hast rather soiled and wounded this my breast (whereby the laws and order of the elements and planets be disposed) with continual assaults of terrene luxury and against all laws, and the *discipline Julia* [anti-adultery law], and the utility of the public weal, in transforming my divine beauty into serpents, fire, savage beasts, birds, and into bulls; howbeit, remembering my modesty, and that I have nourished thee with my own proper hands, I will do and accomplish all thy desire, so that thou canst beware of spiteful and envious persons. And if there be any excellent maiden of comely beauty in the world, remember yet the benefit which I shall show to thee, by recompense of her love towards me again."

When he had spoken these words, he commanded Mercury to call all the gods to council, and if any of the celestial powers did fail of appearance, he should be condemned in ten thousand pounds: which sentence was such a terror to all the gods that the high theatre was replenished, and Jupiter began to speak in this sort:

"O ye gods, registered in the books of the Muses, you all know this young man Cupid, whom I have nourished with my own hands, and the raging flames of whose first youth I thought best to bridle and restrain. It sufficeth in that he is defamed in every place for his adulterous living, so that all occasion thereof ought to be taken away by means of marriage. He hath chosen a maiden that fancieth him well let him have her still and possess her according to his own pleasure!" Then he returned to Venus, and said, "And you, my daughter, take you no care, neither fear you the dishonour of your progeny and estate, neither have regard in that it is a mortal marriage, for it seemeth to me just, lawful and legitimate by the law civil."

Incontinently after, Jupiter commanded Mercury to bring up Psyche, the spouse of Cupid, into the palace of heaven. And then he took a pot of immortality, and said, "Hold, Psyche, and drink to the end thou mayst be immortal, and that Cupid may be thy everlasting husband."

At once the great banquet and marriage-feast was sumptuously prepared, and Cupid sat down with his dear spouse between his arms: Juno likewise with Jupiter, and all the other gods in order; Ganymede filled the pot of Jupiter, and Bacchus served the rest. Their drink was nectar, the wine of the gods. Vulcan prepared supper, the Hours decked up the house with roses and other sweet smells, the Graces threw about balm, the Muses sang with sweet harmony; Apollo tuned pleasantly to the harp, Venus danced finely, Pan and the Satyrs played on their pipes.

And thus Psyche was married to Cupid, and afterwards she was delivered of a child, whom we call Pleasure.