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# Selections from Lucian

Lucian (of  
Samosata.)

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SELECTIONS FROM  
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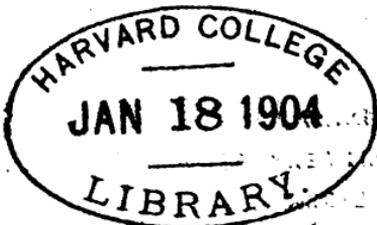
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NEW YORK : HARPER & BROTHERS  
PUBLISHERS  MDCCCXCII

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## INTRODUCTION.

 F these translations from the works of Lucian had been made from newly discovered manuscripts, or if he were a living author, writing at this moment in Spain or Denmark, so that what he has to say might come fresh and without prejudice to the minds of English readers, the task of introducing him would be as light as possible, for no writer is more frankly ready to speak for himself. Not even Benvenuto Cellini makes a cleaner breast of it than does the hero of *The Ass*, who, it is fair to suppose, shares Lucian's ideas on most subjects. Not even Dumas chronicles the faults and virtues of his characters with a more engaging naivete than the author of *A True History*. But this quality of simplicity in a writer, this easy approachableness and absolute good faith, which rank among the most endearing and lastingly popular traits he can exhibit, are seldom left undisturbed. In Lucian's case a great number of those who found him pleasant reading have made the poor return of trying to show that he is also something else. The fair landscape he opens to us, blooming and

cheerful as the Happy Islands that he tells of, is no longer the safe and tranquil place the wayfarer used to find it, for footsore Erudition, having munched her bread and cheese beneath his trees, marked her commendation of the spot by sinking shafts in it, and she now stands grimy at the pit-mouth, inviting all comers to descend.

The object of this introduction, then, is not so much to suggest what the reader is to think of Lucian as to put him on his guard against some current notions and beg him to judge for himself. The question which has chiefly been debated with regard to him ever since the time of Suidas and the scholiasts concerns his attitude towards things divine. On the one hand, he certainly smote the gods of the heathen in a very commendable way, so that some of his works were thought wholesome reading by Gregory of Nazianzus, and others. But, on the other hand, he spoke rather cavalierly of the Christians in one or two passages, was suspected of having Jonah in mind when he wrote *A True History*, and introduced a habit of thought which might be as harmful to the new religion as to old ones; so that Suidas uses hard language about him and says he came to a fitting end, being eaten by dogs. This opinion has had numbers of adherents ever since, and has been voiced now and again by a great theologian like Tschirner and perpetuated by minor writers. "I confess," says Sir Thomas Browne, "every country hath its Machia-

vel, every age its Lucian, whereof common heads must not hear, nor more advanced judgments too rashly venture on: it is the rhetoric of Satan, and may pervert a loose or prejudicate belief."

Of course, such a view could not escape the tendency to rehabilitate doubtful classical characters; the defence of Lucian has been as energetic and minute as the accusation, and the most disputed point in the case is his spiritual affinity to another great man of letters. I cannot tell who first likened him to Voltaire—possibly Voltaire—but the notion of a similarity of genius between the two was joyfully caught at by the detractors of the senior writer. Hume openly admired him, and this helped to make the comparison a commonplace of literary criticism. But, although even Wieland's critical sense was satisfied by the formula, so that Lucian's unconscious freedom of speech seemed to him to be like Voltaire and his naturalness like Rousseau, yet the doctrine was soon attacked from two different sides—by those who considered it injurious to Lucian, and also by those who considered it injurious to Voltaire. The most thorough-going and the most diverting attempt to wrap Lucian in respectability has been made by Professor K. G. Jacob, who represents him as the author of a theory of social reform by the education of the individual. He declares that Lucian clothed his ideas in flippancy (as Lucretius did his in verse) to make them more acceptable, but that he was

at bottom a serious person with a mission. Naturally, in the course of his exposition he falls foul of the likeness to Voltaire, and denies it in terms very damaging to the eighteenth century school of philosophy. But M. Croizet, writing fifty years later, denies it quite as vigorously on other grounds. While admitting that their styles have some common points, he bids us contrast Voltaire, the man of science, with Lucian, the rhetorician, and points out that while Voltaire interested himself in everything from Newton's discoveries to Shakespeare's plays, Lucian not only knows nothing of physical science or mathematics, but treats them with pleasantry as the playthings of disordered imaginations.

Bernays will not even admit superficial resemblances, and for the rest declares Lucian not only an ill-read trifler with solemn subjects, but a gloomy atheist, in contrast with whom he paints Voltaire as a rather religious man, doing his best to spread his own ideas of natural justice. But Bernays is not chiefly concerned with Lucian's general religious attitude. He acquits him of a deliberate attack on Christianity, pointing out that he cared not a straw for it one way or the other, because he was preoccupied with his antipathy to the sect of Cynic philosophers. He finds that Lucian was a professed Epicurean, although possessed of the slightest possible knowledge of the doctrines he upheld, and traces through his writings a systematic polemic against the Cynics.

In this hurly-burly of opinion those have not been wanting who thought him a Christian in disguise, and it is often said that whether consciously or unconsciously he did more than any other uninspired writer to make straight the path of the new religion. But M. Renan celebrates him as the incarnation of sanity in an age of superstition, rejecting Christianity along with every other form of the unverifiable, and applying to all religious phenomena the touchstone of his common-sense in a solid, thorough-going way which must have escaped M. Croizet's attention when he denied him a place beside Voltaire as a systematic thinker.

It is with theories like these that commentators on Lucian have busied themselves, and this is not the place to examine them in detail or attempt to supplant them. But turn from them, and look for a moment at the man himself and the times he lived in. The age of the Antonines was one of bodily and spiritual adventure, not in the sense in which the age of Perikles was, or the age of Elizabeth; not of heroic, history-making adventure, but of the small, personal enterprise of the average man. The Roman Empire had been in existence longer than our republic, and its material wealth and public order were relatively as great. In that day, as in our own, the practical achievements of a people not given to purely intellectual activity produced on men's imaginations the effects of a series of brilliant generalizations.

The white Roman roads over which the legions thundered were just as passable for the market-gardener and his ass or the travelling-carriage of a fine lady, followed by her lap-dog and Greek-master in a humbler vehicle. These roads spoke of romance backed by security, making it plain to every one that a traveller need no longer be an Herodotus or an Alexander, and so lured the Roman cockney forth to write his name on the Pyramids. With the travelling habit there grew up, of course, the study of comparative manners and a cosmopolitan way of life. Questions of practical conduct preoccupied even those professing to follow abstract thought. Athens had become a quiet university town, holding fastidiously aloof from the vulgar materiality of Roman life, but feeling in her own way the predominance of action over thought. The days were over when an Athenian citizen setting forth to market of a morning might be delayed indefinitely by a discussion of the immortality of the soul with the shop-keepers. Rhetoric was the chief object of pursuit in the schools, and was studied not disinterestedly, but with an eye to making a living as soon as possible. The great rhetoricians made tours in the provinces as lecturers do nowadays, and found them extremely lucrative. Life provided the clever men of the age with nothing more than themes for rhetorical exhibitions on the one hand and moral aphorisms on the other. All opinions were tolerated because

nothing was too paradoxical to be defended by an orator. The Empire suffered every man to keep the religion of his country, though it had no patience with such obscure, seditious sects as that of the persons calling themselves Christians (after the "sophist," their leader), who courted death for perversity's sake, and flouted Jupiter in the market-place, and blushed for Venus.

Into this world there was born in a remote Syrian town, for his own entertainment and our great advantage, a man with a relish for life, an eye for the bizarre, and a wonderful gift of expressing himself. In the little speech which opens this book he tells how he was attracted to the learning of the time, and burst away from the traditions of his family and the little town of his birth, as clever boys have been doing since history began. The disadvantage of being born to a provincial dialect was heavy, but he overcame it brilliantly. For about five years he wandered among the cities of Ionia, probably studying under the itinerant professors of rhetoric. He visited Greece, lived for some time in Antioch as an advocate, travelled through Syria and Egypt as a sophist, and saw Rome on his way to Gaul, where he stayed for ten years, amassing a fortune sufficient to enable him to return to the East. It was at this time that he visited his birthplace, Samosata, and told his townsmen the story of his boyish choice. He then removed his family to Athens, where he probably lived until he was

presented with an official appointment in Egypt. This happened when he was seventy, and he is said to have lived many years to enjoy it. These facts, which we gather chiefly from his own writings, are scanty; but they tell us enough to show that he lived the life of his time, seeing many cities of men and noting their ways, and his works are the offspring of his note-book. That he saw things chiefly from a humorous point of view will not be set down to his discredit at present, although it undoubtedly created great scandal at the time. It is difficult to the historic sense to feel shocked at blasphemies against a dead religion, and the modern reader is affected by Lucian's Zeus much as he is by Thackeray's Valaroso, King of Paphlagonia; but perhaps the feeling raised in the minds of many people by Mr. Arnold's parable of the three Lord Shaftsburys may represent the shock that Lucian gave his contemporaries. However, granting the shock to have been never so great, it was administered by a man to whom Zeus was amusing rather than objectionable, a man whose first object was to entertain, not to tread in the footprints of Epicurus, and free the human race from the debasing fear of the supernatural.

He was a man of his time; not a thinker, but an observer. He had a rhetorical belief in some of the more obvious forms of virtue, and a genuine active belief in literature; but beyond these he had not only very few beliefs but hardly any

opinions. To ask for such from him is, to use his own phrase, to milk the he-goat into a sieve. Those who read him to determine whether or not he was a scientific thinker, or a reliable historian, or a good citizen, start interesting questions no doubt, but they obscure for the world at large the fact that he is above all things a great writer of light literature. With almost equal propriety one might try to determine Thackeray's religious views from his chapters on "Clerical Snobs." Lucian laughed at the philosophers of his day as he found them, studying them as a conspicuous part of society, but to parody the catch-words of a school of thought is not to attack it with intent to kill. It is made a reproach to him that after having evidently read his Plato, he could so grossly misrepresent Plato's Sokrates in the *Sale of Lives*. Certainly, he read his Plato, and to good purpose, but the true import of what he read was not what he wanted, and he was at no pains to gather it. What he did gather and make worthy use of was an Attic style such as had not been written since Demosthenes. He read enormously among the best writers, and profited directly by what he read; indeed, his list of "books that have influenced me," if it could be entirely recovered, would make an admirable curriculum for any student of Greek. All this material he melted together with some alloy of modernisms into a style of great elegance and charm, made piquant by the fact that it is not quite the real thing but

a conscious imitation, after the fashion of *Henry Esmond* or *The Master of Ballantrae*. The selections translated in this book give a fair idea of the variety of forms in which he used his gift and show the structural skill which he brought to bear in each. He used the comic dialogue more freely than any other form of composition, but his stories seem to show greater literary genius than the dialogues themselves. Even in this age of short stories it would not be easy to match *A True History* for ability and workmanship, and each of the narratives of *Toxaris* stands out round and neat as a coin, where a single gesture does the work of the analytic novelist. Much of the charm of the original is lost in the translation, as the coloring of a face is lost in a photograph, but the outline, the structure, cannot be hidden. This is so striking and so admirable that it is hoped the reader of *The Ass* will forget to disturb himself about the philosophical views of the author further than to call him, in the words of one of his best friends:

“The sage who laughed the world away,  
Who mocked at gods and men and care,  
More sweet of voice than Rabelais,  
And lighter-hearted than Voltaire.”

## NOTE.

The Greek text used in these translations is that of Jacobitz in the Teubner library, and it has been adhered to throughout for the sake of simplicity. Where it has been found necessary to omit words, sentences, or even whole passages which would offend modern taste, this has been done without comment. All other omissions are indicated in the text.

The system of spelling Greek proper names adopted in this book is necessarily a compromise. The translator has endeavored to follow the tendency towards retaining the Greek spelling wherever the word in its Latin form has not become a part of English literature.



## THE DREAM.





WHEN I had just left school, and was beginning to grow up, my father consulted with his friends as to what further training he should give me. The majority decided against a liberal education ; it would demand, they said, great labor, much time, considerable expense, and brilliant good-luck ; whereas our means were small and called for some speedy succor. Now, if I should learn one of the industrial arts, I would, in the first place, be immediately able to support myself by my trade, and live no longer at my father's expense, great boy that I was. And in a short time I could gladden his heart by bringing home my earnings every day.

Accordingly, this question was made the theme of a second deliberation : What trade is the best and the easiest to learn, is becoming to a free citizen, and calls for least expense in tools while it furnishes a sufficient income ? Each member of the council recommended a different trade, according to his theory or experience. But my father looked towards my uncle—for my mother's brother was there, reputed to be a master of the

statuary's art—and said, “It would be unseemly if any other craft should carry the day when you are present. So take him” (pointing to me), “receive him in charge, and teach him to be a good stone-worker and mason and sculptor. He has ability to become even this last, and a natural skill in that direction, as you know.”

The ground of his opinion was my childish play at modelling in wax. Whenever the school-masters let me go, I would fall to scraping the wax from my writing-tablets and fashioning cows and horses, and, upon my word, even men, too, and with some truth to nature—at least my father thought so. The school-masters used to flog me for them; but now this very thing won me praise for my talents, and great hopes that I would speedily master my trade were based on my prowess in modelling. As soon as a propitious day was settled on for beginning my trade, I was handed over to my uncle, with no very strong objection on my part, for it seemed to me to offer a delightful form of play and a chance to cut a figure before my mates, if I should be seen carving gods and making little statues for myself and my chosen favorites. The first thing I did was what might have been expected of a beginner. My uncle gave me a chisel of some sort and bade me work gently at a flat block that lay in the middle of the room, addressing me in the words of the

proverb: "Well begun is half done." But in my ignorance I bore down too hard and broke the block. My uncle, in a fury, caught up a stick that lay to his hand and struck at my devoted head in no gentle or persuasive fashion, so that tears were my introduction to art.

I ran away from him and came home, bawling all the way with streaming eyes, and I related the story of the stick and denounced what I called my uncle's brutality, adding that he treated me thus from jealousy lest I should surpass him in his art. My mother was greatly incensed, and called her brother all manner of hard names, and when night came I fell asleep, still in tears, and my mind was busy all night long.

Now, up to this point all that I have told is the laughable history of a hobbledehoy; but listen, my friends, to a sequel no longer contemptible, but calling for close attention. For, to quote Homer, "The gods sent me a vision in my sleep through the ambrosial night," so vivid that it fell in nowise short of reality. To this day, after so great a lapse of time, the forms I saw remain in my eyes and the sounds I heard ring in my ears, and this shows how distinct it all was. Two women laid hold of me, each taking a hand and dragging me towards herself with great energy and strength; indeed, they almost tore me asunder in their contention. For first one of them

would prevail and all but get possession of me, and then I would be plucked away again by her rival. And they screamed in concert, one of them crying that it was her property she wished to get hold of, and the other that the first was vainly striving for what did not belong to her. This first woman was masculine and workman-like, with rough hair and callous hands. Her garments were girded up and full of marble chips, just as my uncle's were wont to be when he was polishing stone. But the other was of a very fair countenance, and her figure was shapely and her clothing well-ordered. Now at last they left it to me to decide which of them I would fain join. And first the harsh, man-like one spoke :

“My child,” she said, “I am the Art of Stone-cutting, which you began yesterday to learn, friendly to you and a relative by blood, inasmuch as your grandfather”—naming my mother's father—“was a stone-cutter, and your two uncles, and both of them are very well thought of on my account. If you are willing to hold aloof from this woman's folly and nonsense”—pointing to her rival—“and to come and dwell with me, you will in the first place be generously nurtured and have strong shoulders, and you will be a stranger to all jealousy ; you will never leave your fatherland and family to go out into foreign countries, and it is not for mere words that you will win praise

from every one. Do not be repelled by my shabby exterior and my soiled garments, for it was after beginning thus that the great Pheidias, too, showed the world his Zeus, and Polykleitos fashioned his Hera, and Myron won praise and Praxiteles wonder. Now these men are worshipped with the gods. If, then, you should become one of these, you, too, would certainly be famous throughout the world. You will make your father, too, an object of envy, and turn all eyes towards the land that bore you."

Thus, and at even greater length, spoke Handicraft, sprinkling her speech from end to end with stammering and rusticities in her eager argument and effort to persuade me. But I can no longer call it to mind, for most of it has already escaped my memory. When she now had made an end, the other began, somewhat in this way :

"I, my child, am Culture, an acquaintance and familiar of yours already, although you have not yet made full trial of me. This person has told you in advance what you will gain, forsooth, by becoming a stone-cutter ; namely, that you will be nothing but a workman, toiling with your body, on which all your hopes of a livelihood will depend. You will be yourself obscure ; your gains will be small and sordid, your mind dwarfed, your progress despicable. Your friends will not seek you out, your enemies will not fear you,

your townsmen will not envy you. You will be simply an artisan, one of the undistinguished crowd, tripping over every obstacle, and the obedient servant of every one capable of expressing himself, while you live the life of a dumb beast, a treasure-trove for any stronger man than you. And even if you should become a Pheidias or a Polykleitos, and should produce many marvellous works, it is your art that the world will praise, and not one of those who behold them, if he has sense, would pray to become like you. For they will deem you just what you are, a mechanic, an artisan, living by the sweat of your brow.

“But if you will hearken to me, I will display before you, to begin with, many works and wondrous doings of men of old, and I will report their sayings to you and make you master, so to speak, of all learning. I will adorn your soul, which is the dominant power within you, with many graces—to wit, self-control, righteousness, reverence, gentleness, equity, wisdom, strength, love of beauty, taste for the worthiest pursuits. For these are the things that really make the spotless beauty of the soul. No sequence of events in the past or present will escape you; nay, by my help you will behold even the future, and I will teach you ere long the nature of the whole universe, the divine as well as the human. You who are now poor, the son of a nobody,

meditating the adoption of such an ignoble craft, shall be shortly felicitated and envied by the world ; you shall have honor and praise and glory among the noblest ; you shall be clad like this ” —here she indicated her own garments, which were splendid in the extreme—“ and you shall be deemed worthy of office and eminence. When you go abroad you will not be unknown and obscure in a foreign land. I will set such marks upon you that every one who sees you will nudge his neighbor and point you out with his finger, saying, ‘ That is he.’

“ If any serious thing befall your friends, or even the state at large, all will look to you. When you chance to say anything the crowd will listen open-mouthed and marvel at you, and envy your gift and your father’s good-fortune. And this immortality which they say is sometimes bestowed on men I will store up for you. For even when you yourself perish from the world you will never cease from companionship with the cultured and conversation with the noblest. You know whose son Demosthenes was, and yet I made him the man he was. You know that Aischines’ mother was a dancer, and yet Philip paid court to him for my sake. Sokrates himself was brought up under the eye of this Art of Stone-cutting, but you hear how his praises are sung on all sides from the moment when he perceived the

better part and ran away from her and deserted to me. But if you reject such men as these, and brilliant achievements and ennobling words and a seemly guise, and honor and glory and fame and distinction, and political power and office, and respect as an orator and envy as a wit, you will wear a dirty shirt and take on the look of a slave; your hands will be full of crowbars and gravers and chisels and picks; you will stoop over your work, grovelling, prostrate, and altogether stunted; you will never look up or fix your thoughts on any manly, liberal theme; and you will ponder how to make your works symmetrical and well-shaped, but for your own symmetry and shapeliness you will take no care at all, making yourself of less worth than your stones."

While she was still speaking thus, and without waiting to hear her to the end, I seemed to spring up and leave the ugly woman in laborer's guise, and cross over to Culture right joyfully, particularly since that stick came into my head, and how the other had caused me a beating only yesterday on my first acquaintance with her. When she was deserted she at first went into a passion, smiting her hands together and grinding her teeth; but finally she grew rigid and turned to stone, as we hear Niobe did. Now even if this experience of her's seems extraordinary, do not disbelieve it, for dreams work wonders.

The other woman looked at me and said, "Now I will repay you for the justice of your judgment. Come forthwith and mount this car"—pointing to a car drawn by winged horses resembling Pegasus—"so that you may see what you would have missed knowing if you had not followed me."

Thereupon I mounted the car, and she drove; and borne aloft I beheld, from the east to the west, cities and nations and peoples, and I sowed something upon the earth like Triptolemos. However, what it was that I sowed I do not now remember, but only this, that the people looked up at me from beneath and praised me, and sped me on my way wherever I passed in my flight.

When she had shown these things to me, and me to these admiring people, she brought me down again, no longer dressed as I was when I flew away, but seeming to myself to arrive like a grandee born to the purple. She came upon my father himself, who was standing by and waiting for me, showed him my clothes and me, in what state I came, and reminded him, too, of the decision they had come near making about me. These are the things that I remember seeing when hardly more than a boy, I think, and still terrified at the thought of a flogging.

But in the midst of my narrative some one says, "Dear me, how tedious and long-winded his dream is." Or another interrupts with, "This is

a mid-winter night's dream, when the nights are longest; or perhaps he is a three-night man himself, like Hercules. How did it enter his head to spin out this nonsense for us and recall the nights of his childhood and old, decrepit dreams, served up with the chill of death on them and stale already? Does he take us, forsooth, for interpreters of dreams?"

No, my friend, and neither did Xenophon relate his dream when he thought his father's house was afire and the rest of it—you know his dream—as a bit of acting, nor was he consciously talking nonsense, seeing that he was in the midst of warfare and distress and surrounded by enemies. No, his narrative had a useful purpose, and so I, too, have related this dream to you to the end that young men may turn to the better part and lay hold of culture, particularly those who are tempted by poverty to play truant and sink to the worse life, to the destruction of what may have been noble natures. I am sure that these will be fortified by hearing my story, and will take me for a sufficient example if they bear in mind the origin whence I set forth after the higher life, and that my desire was for culture, so that I never lost heart in my old poverty, and, lastly, the guise in which I have come to you, certainly, to say the least of it, not less famous than any of the stat-uaries.

ZEUS THE TRAGEDIAN.

CHARACTERS.

ZEUS.

HERA.

ATHENE.

APHRODITE.

APOLLO.

HERMES.

HERAKLES.

KOLOSSOS.

MOMOS.

HERMAGORAS.

TIMOKLES.

DAMIS.

POSEIDON.



ERMES. O Zeus, why wand'rest, self-communing, lone,  
And sicklied o'er with this pale student's hue?

Make me the partner of thy sorrow's load,  
Nor scorn the prattle of a lowly friend.

*Athenc.* Yea, sire, great Kronides, our father and highest of rulers,  
I, the clear-eyed and divine, the Trito-born, clasp thee imploring.

Hide not thy grief in thine heart. Tell it forth that thy children may know it.  
What biting care dost thou hold in thy brain and thy bosom? What anguish  
Wrings that deep groan from thy soul and yellows thy fair, ruddy color?

*Zeus.* There is no woe that happens, sooth to tell,  
No pain, no chance-born theme of tragedy,  
Of which the godhead beareth not the load.

*Athene.* Great heav'n! What prologue doth begin his tale.

*Zeus.* O earthy offspring of the earth, fell race,  
And thou, Prometheus, what woe hast thou  
wrought!

*Athene.* What is 't? We are the band of thine  
own kin.

*Zeus.* Thunderbolt, sounding afar, how shall  
thy hurtling crash save me?

*Hera.* Keep your temper, Zeus, since I cannot  
answer you in comedy metre as the others do,  
nor have I swallowed Euripides whole so as to  
take my part in the drama when you give me the  
cue. Do you imagine that I don't know the  
cause of your distress?

*Zeus.* "Thou dost not know, else hadst thou  
shrieked aloud."

*Hera.* I know that the sum and substance of  
your trouble comes from love-making. Of course,  
I do not shriek, for I am used to this insulting  
treatment at your hands. Undoubtedly you have  
come upon some Danae or Semele or Europa  
again, and are attacked with love, and so you are  
scheming to become a bull or a satyr, or to pour  
down as a shower of golden rain through the roof  
into your lady-love's lap. These groans, these  
tears, this pallor are symptoms of the lover and  
nobody else.

*Zeus.* Poor, simple thing, do you think, then,  
that my present affairs have to do with love-mak-  
ing and such-like child's play?

*Hera.* Being Zeus, you are disturbed by nothing else, I know.

*Zeus.* O Hera, things divine are in extremity. As the saying is, it is touch and go with us whether we are still to be honored and to receive the gifts that are offered up on earth, or whether we are to be disregarded altogether and held utterly insignificant.

*Hera.* Surely the earth has not produced another race of giants? Or have the Titans broken their bonds and overpowered their guard, and taken up arms against us again?

*Zeus.* "Take heart. Beneath the earth all things are well."

*Hera.* Then what could happen to frighten us? If you have no anxiety of that kind I do not see why you have favored us with this little dramatic exhibition.

*Zeus.* Hera, Timokles the Stoic and Damis the Epicurean held a discussion yesterday on the doctrine of providence. I do not know how the question arose, but the audience was large and respectable, and that, to my mind, was the most annoying feature of the affair. Damis denied that the gods exist or have any hand whatever in the ordering and administration of the world. But the worthy Timokles strove to defend our side, and just then a crowd of people streamed in, so that the meeting came to no decision, but dis-

solved, agreeing to consider the rest of the question later. And now they are all on tiptoe with eagerness to hear which of the orators will prevail and be adjudged to set forth the truer cause. Do you see the danger and the strait we are in, since our cause stands or falls with a single man? One of two things will happen: either we shall be deemed mere names, and so of course disregarded, or else, if Timokles prove the better speaker, we shall be honored as heretofore.

*Hera.* Really this is very dreadful, and you were not so far wrong, Zeus, in addressing us in tragic vein.

*Zeus.* And yet you thought it was some Danae or Antiope that I was thinking about in such distress. Well, Hermes and Hera and Athene, what would be best? Take your turns in helping me to discover.

*Hermes.* I for my part say that an assembly ought to be called for open discussion.

*Hera.* I think precisely as he does.

*Athene.* But it strikes me just the other way, father. I do not think you ought to involve all heaven in your embarrassment, or show your own alarm at the affair; but make your arrangements privately so that Timokles may triumph and Damis be laughed out of court.

*Hermes.* But, Zeus, this course will not be unperceived, for the philosophers will hold their

tournament in public, and you will be accused of Caesarism if you do not let all have a voice in matters so weighty and common to all.

*Zeus.* Very well, then. Summon them at once and let all appear. For you are right.

*Hermes.* Halloo, gods! Come to the assembly! Do not loiter! Gather, all of you! Come! We are going to discuss great things!

*Zeus.* Hermes, is that bare, unadorned, prosaic style of announcement the proper thing, particularly when the greatest matters are in question?

*Hermes.* Why, what do you think more proper, Zeus?

*Zeus.* What do I think more proper? I say you ought to make your summons impressive by means of some sort of rhythm, and a sonorous, poetic form, to bring them the more readily.

*Hermes.* Yes; but such things belong to verse-writers and declaimers, Zeus, and I am the worst poet imaginable. I should certainly ruin my summons by having too many feet in it or too few, and they would laugh at the illiteracy of my composition. I see that even Apollo's verses in his oracles are sometimes jeered at, though his prophecies are generally very obscure, so that those who receive them have not much leisure to criticize the versification.

*Zeus.* Well, then, string a lot of Homer's verses

together in your summons, and convene us as he used. Of course you remember them.

*Hermes.* I can't say that I have them very pat. However, I will try:

Gods and goddesses all, let none fail to answer  
my summons.

Let not a single nymph or river-god, save only  
Ocean,

Tarry; but haste ye all to the council that Jove  
hath appointed.

All are bidden who feast at the hecatomb's glori-  
ous banquet,

All, e'en of low degree, or lowest; yea, even the  
nameless,

Seeing they too have a seat by the altars smok-  
ing with victims.

*Zeus.* Well done, Hermes. You could not have summoned them better, and the proof is that they are gathering already. So, receive them and seat them according to the value of each in material or workmanship; that is to say, the golden in the seats of honor, next to these the silver ones, then those of ivory, then those of bronze or stone; and in this class preference is to be given to the works of Pheidias and Alkamenes and Myron and Euphranor and artists of their rank. But thrust these vulgar ones, the work of bunglers, together on one side, and let them confine themselves to silently making a quorum.

*Hermes.* Very well. They shall take their seats in proper order. But I ought to know this: if one of them is of gold or of great weight but not well executed—in fact actually amateur's work and out of drawing—is he to take his seat in front of the bronzes of Myron and Polykleitos, and the marbles of Pheidias and Alkamenes, or is preference to be given to workmanship?

*Zeus.* It ought to be; but, nevertheless, the gold must take precedence.

*Hermes.* I see. Your orders are that they shall take their seats in order of wealth rather than in order of merit, in proportion to their taxable property.

Come to the front seats, then, you golden ones! It looks as though the barbarians would have the front seats to themselves. The Greeks, at any rate, are, as you see, graceful and goodly of aspect and shaped with skill, but they are all alike, of wood or stone, except the very most valuable of them, and they are ivory with something of golden decoration. But they are merely colored and plated with it, and within they, too, are wooden, and give shelter to whole droves of mice who inhabit them. But Bendis here, and Anoubis and Attis beside him, and Mithres and Men are of solid gold, heavy, and really valuable.

*Poseidon.* Now, Hermes, is this just, to let this

dog-headed Egyptian take precedence of me, Poseidon?

*Hermes.* No, Earthshaker ; but, you see, Lysippos made you of bronze and poor because the Corinthians had no gold at the time, and Anubis is whole mines richer than you. So you must e'en put up with being shoved aside, and not lose your temper if a god with such a great golden muzzle as his has been preferred to you.

*Aphrodite.* Take me, too, then, Hermes, and place me somewhere in the front rows, for I am golden.

*Hermes.* Not as far as I can see, Aphrodite. Unless I am exceedingly blear-eyed, you were quarried out of the white stone of Pentele, and then, at the good pleasure of Praxiteles, you became Aphrodite and were handed over to the Knidians.

*Aphrodite.* But I will furnish you a trustworthy referee in Homer, who, up and down in his poetry, declares me "golden Aphrodite."

*Hermes.* Oh, Homer says that Apollo, too, is full of gold and rich, but now you will see him sitting somewhere in the worst seats, for the robbers took his crown and stripped the pegs from his lyre. So you may congratulate yourself that you are not placed down among the servants.

*Kolossos.* I imagine that no one will venture to vie with me, for I am Helios, and as you see for

size. For if the Rhodians had not seen fit to make me abnormally large they could have made sixteen golden gods for the same money. So I ought to be considered proportionately rich. And I exhibit art, too, and accurate workmanship, in spite of my great stature.

*Hermes.* What is to be done, Zeus? This case, too, is certainly a hard one to decide, for if I regard his material, he is bronze; but if I compute how much money it cost to forge him, he ranks above the highest class.

*Zeus.* Why need he be here, anyhow, to comment on the smallness of other people and give trouble about his seat?

However, O mightiest of the Rhodians, even if you take rank never so much above the golden gods, how could you take your seat before them unless you ask them all to get up? If you were to sit down you would fill the whole Pnyx. So you would do better to stand during the meeting and bend over the assembly.

*Hermes.* Here is another nice point to decide between Dionysos here and Herakles. Both are bronze; their workmanship is the same, for both are by Lysippos; and, most vital point of all, they are equals by birth, being alike sons of Zeus. Which of them is to have precedence? They are wrangling about it, as you see.

*Zeus.* We are wasting time, Hermes. We should

have got to business long ago. Let them sit down now anyhow, each where he likes. By-and-by we will hold an assembly to debate these questions, and then I shall know how their ranks ought to be assigned.

*Hermes.* Good heavens, what a din they make, crying out, in plain every-day language, "Rations!" and "Where is the nectar?" and "The ambrosia is giving out!" and "Where are the hecatombs?" and "The sacrifices are common property!"

*Zeus.* Call them to order, Hermes. Make them stop this nonsense and hear why they were convened.

*Hermes.* But, Zeus, they do not all understand Greek, and I am no polyglot to deliver an announcement to Scythians and Persians and Thracians and Celts all at once. I think I should do best to enjoin silence by dumb show.

*Zeus.* Very well.

*Hermes.* There! Behold them reduced to the silence of the sophists. Now is your time to address them. See, they are looking towards you already, awaiting your speech.

*Zeus.* Hermes, you are my son, and I don't mind telling you just how I feel. You know what aplomb and magniloquence I have always shown in our assemblies?

*Hermes.* Indeed I do. I was always frightened

when I heard you speak, particularly when you would threaten to let down that golden rope and drag from their foundations the earth and the sea and the gods with them.

*Zeus.* But this time, my child, whether it is the greatness of the impending dangers or of the audience—for the meeting is well attended, as you see—my presence of mind has utterly deserted me, and I am trembling with nervousness and my tongue seems tied. And, most absurd of all, I have forgotten the opening of my speech, which I had prepared with a view to making as agreeable a first impression as possible.

*Hermes.* You have spoiled everything. Your silence is making them suspicious already, and the more you delay the more overwhelmingly bad news do they expect.

*Zeus.* Do you think, then, that I might begin to recite to them that introduction of Homer's?

*Hermes.* What one?

*Zeus.* "Hearken now, ye gods, and every goddess, hearken."

*Hermes.* Stuff! You have recited those opening lines often enough in your cups already. But, if you like, give up this tiresome business of poetry, and piece together any you choose of Demosthenes's orations against Philip, altering them a little. That is the way most speaking is done now, anyhow.

*Zeus.* That is a good idea—a sort of abridged rhetoric or oratory made easy for the embarrassed.

*Hermes.* Well, are you never going to begin?

*Zeus.* I imagine, men of Olympus, that you would gladly give considerable sums to obtain an idea of what this matter may be with reference to which you are now summoned. This being the case, you will do well to lend me your ears with all eagerness. Now the present crisis, deities, wellnigh declares, with audible voice, that we must give all our energies to considering the matters before us, but, as a matter of fact, we seem to me to treat them with negligence. But I should like—my Demosthenes fails me—to explain to you why I was so much disturbed as to call an assembly. Yesterday, as you are aware, Mnesitheos, the ship-master, offered a sacrifice of thanksgiving for his ship that was almost lost off Kaphereus, and we feasted in the Peiraieus—as many of us, that is, as Mnesitheos had invited to the banquet. After the libations you dispersed in different directions, pursuing your own devices, while I, seeing that it was not yet late, went up to the city to stroll about at dusk in the Kerameikos, pondering on the meanness of Mnesitheos. For he offered up, by way of feast to sixteen gods, one cock, aged and asthmatic at that, and four grains of frankincense, pretty well decayed, so

that it went out immediately on the embers, and not enough fragrance came out of the smoke to tickle the tip of your nose. And yet when his ship was actually going on the rocks and within the reef he promised whole hecatombs.

Well, revolving this in my mind, I turned up near the Painted Porch, and there I saw a great crowd of men gathered, some inside the porch itself, but most of them in the open air, and some were shouting, stretched out on the benches. I guessed what was the case: that they were philosophers of the eristic order, and I determined to stand by and listen to what they might say. I happened to have a cloud wrapped round me—a thick one—so I took on an exterior of their sort, drew forth my beard, and presented no bad imitation of a philosopher. And so I elbowed my way through the crowd and got inside without being recognized, and I found a violent controversy going on between that fox Damis the Epicurean and Timokles the Stoic, the best of men. Timokles was in a perspiration, and had lost his voice already with screaming, and Damis was exasperating him still further by sardonic mockery.

Now, if you will believe it, their whole discussion was about us. Damis (confound him) declared that we have no forethought for men or guardianship of their affairs, asserting that we do not exist at all, for this was plainly the purport

of his speech. And some there were who applauded him. But the other, Timokles, took our side and fought for us, and excited himself, and did his best for us, praising our watchful care, and rehearsing how all things are arranged and reduced to regularity and order by us. He, too, had some applause, but he had already been speaking too long and his utterance was labored, so that the crowd looked away from him to Damis. Seeing what was at stake, I bade the night descend and break up the meeting, and so they went their ways, agreeing to examine the question completely the next day. I followed along with the crowd, and heard them praising Damis's arguments among themselves as they walked home, and already decidedly siding with him. But there were some, too, who did not think it right to decide beforehand between the rivals, but to wait and see what Timokles would say on the morrow.

These, deities, are my reasons for summoning you; no slight ones, if you consider that all our honor, revenue, and prestige come from men. And if they should be persuaded either that we do not exist at all or that we have no forethought for them, we shall have no more sacrifices and gifts and honor from earth, and we shall sit idly in heaven oppressed by hunger when we are deprived of those feasts and national holidays and games and sacrifices and vigils and processions.

In such a crisis we all ought certainly to devise some means of safety by which Timokles may be victorious and be held to make the truer argument, and Damis may be jeered by the audience. For I myself have small confidence that Timokles will win by his own exertions unless he also receives assistance from us. Accordingly, Hermes, announce in due form that remarks are in order.

*Hermes.* Hear ye, silence! Make no disturbance! Who wishes to speak, of those full-grown divinities whose right it is?

What is this? Does no one rise? They are all silent, overwhelmed by the importance of the news.

*Momos.* "Now I would that you all might turn to earth and to water!"

But for my part, Zeus, if I am at liberty to speak with perfect freedom, I have a good many things to say.

*Zeus.* Speak, Momos, without restraint. I am sure your frankness will be for our good.

*Momos.* Hear, then, deities, what at any rate I think in my heart of hearts, as they say. You must know that I have been pretty confidently expecting that our affairs would come to as bad a pass as this, and that numbers of sophists like these would spring up against us, finding grounds for their temerity in our own conduct. By heaven, we have no right to be angry with Epicurus or with his disciples and successors if they have

conceived these notions about us. What, then, could you ask them to think when they see such anarchy in human life, the best of them neglected, perishing utterly in poverty and disease and slavery, while worthless blackguards are preferred to them in honor, and surpass them in riches, and are placed in authority over their betters; when they see that sacrilege is not punished but escapes unnoticed, while sometimes innocent men are impaled on stakes and beaten to death? It is only natural, then, that when they see such things they decide as they do, that we have no existence at all, particularly when they hear the oracles saying that if a certain man crosses the Halys he will overthrow a great kingdom, without specifying whether it will be his own kingdom or his enemy's. And then again the oracle says:

“Salamis, dear to the gods, thou shalt slay children of women.”

But I imagine both the Persians and the Greeks were children of women.

And then when they hear from the minstrels how we fall in love, and receive wounds, and get put in chains and made servants, and are divided against ourselves, and have a myriad of troubles, all the time claiming to be blessed and indestructible, have they not a perfect right to jeer at us and make us of no account? But we get angry if certain persons who are human beings, and

not altogether devoid of wits, sift these matters and deny our providence, whereas we ought to felicitate ourselves if any still continue to sacrifice to sinners like us.

And now, Zeus, give me an honest answer to a question—for we are alone, and there is no mortal present in the assembly, except Herakles and Dionysos and Ganymedes and Asklepios, who have somehow got naturalized among us—have you ever paid enough attention to the people on earth to distinguish the bad ones from the good? You cannot say you have. Certainly, unless Theseus on his way from Troizen to Athens had incidentally exterminated those malefactors, Skeiron and the Pine-Bender and Kerkyon and the others might have continued to live riotously by the slaughter of wayfarers, as far as you and your providence are concerned. And if Eurystheus, living in the earliest times and full of forethought, had not been moved by philanthropy to inquire into every one's affairs, and had not sent forth his servant here, an active man and keen for labors, you, Zeus, would have given small thought to the Hydra and the Stymphalian birds and the Thraikian horses and the drunken insolence of the Kentaurs. On the contrary, if I must speak candidly, we sit and watch for just one thing, whether haply some one is sacrificing and sending up the savor of burnt-offerings beside the

altars. Everything else drifts down stream as chance carries it. Accordingly, our present experience is natural, and what we have yet in store for us, too, when little by little mortals lift their heads and find that it does them no good to offer us sacrifices and pageants. Then you will soon see your Epicurus and your Metrodoros and your Damis jeering, and the speakers on our side overcome and stopped by them. Not that Momos has much to lose if he falls into disrepute, for I was never one of the reputable ones, even while you were still prosperous and had a monopoly of the sacrifices.

*Zeus.* Do not mind this fellow's babble, deities, for he was always an ill-conditioned fault-finder. And, besides, in the words of the great Demosthenes, it is easy to criticise and blame and find fault—any one who likes can do that; but it is the gift of a truly sagacious counsellor to point out how the state of things may be improved, and this I am sure the rest of you will do, even if Momos holds his tongue.

*Poseidon.* I, as you know, am generally under water, and dwell by myself in the deep sea, doing my best to rescue mariners and forward ships and temper the winds. Nevertheless, I have a stake in things up here, too, and it is my opinion that this Damis ought to be disposed of before he comes to the contest, either by lightning or

some other means, lest his speech prevail—for you say, Zeus, that he is a plausible sort of fellow. In that way we shall show them at the same time that we take vengeance on people who say such things against us.

*Zeus.* Are you joking, Poseidon, or have you clean forgotten that we have nothing to do with such matters, but that the Fates weave his death for each man—for one by lightning, for another by the sword, for a third by fever or consumption? Do you suppose that if this were under my control I would have let those temple-robbers go forth unstricken from Pisa the other day, when they had' cut off two locks of my hair weighing six pounds each? Or would you yourself have ignored the fisherman from Oreos who carried off your trident at Geraistos? Above all, we should seem to have lost self-control in our distress and to be afraid of Damis's arguments, and therefore to be getting rid of the man rather than to endure to confront him with Timokles. Should we not in this way seem to be winning our case merely by default?

*Poseidon.* Now I thought I had hit on a short cut to victory.

*Zeus.* Nonsense, Poseidon. Your argument is worthy of one of your own tunny-fish, positively dense. Snatch away the opponent, forsooth, so that he may die unconquered and

leave his arguments behind without attack or exposure!

*Poseidon.* Very well, think of something better yourselves, if you dismiss my idea with a joke about the tunnies.

*Apollo.* If it were permitted by law to a beardless youth like me to address the meeting, I could, perhaps, make a useful contribution to the discussion.

*Momos.* In the first place, Apollo, the discussion has to do with such great questions that the right of speech does not go by years, but is common to all. For it would be a nice thing if, when we are in the extremest danger, we should quibble about a legal qualification. But, anyhow, you are already decidedly eligible as a speaker in the eye of the law, for you emerged long ago from among the youths; you have been inscribed on the rolls of the twelve, and you were almost a member of the council in Kronos's day. So don't try your youthful airs on us, but speak up boldly and tell us your views. And do not let the fact that you are a beardless orator embarrass you, particularly when you have your son Asklepios here with a beard to his waist. Moreover, it would be peculiarly fitting for you to show your wisdom now of all occasions, unless you have sat philosophizing with the Muses on Helikon to no purpose.

*Apollo.* It is not your business, however, Momos, to give these permissions, but Zeus's, and if he bids me I might perhaps say something worthy of the Muses and my exercises on Helikon.

*Zeus.* Speak, my child ; I give you leave.

*Apollo.* This Timokles is a worthy man and pious, and perfectly conversant with the methods of the Stoics, so that he teaches many young men and levies no small fee therefor. For he is very convincing when he discourses with his pupils in private ; but he lacks nerve for public speaking, and his utterance is untrained—half Greek and half barbarian. On this account he always raises a laugh in company, for he does not speak connectedly, but stammers and becomes confused, most of all when, in spite of this weakness, he wishes to exhibit elegance of style. His mind is surpassingly sharp and quick—so they say who are best informed in the doctrines of the Stoics—but by his feebleness in speaking and expounding he spoils his subject-matter and confuses it, and fails to make his points clear, but rather lays down enigmatical propositions ; and when it is his turn to answer expresses himself more darkly still. So he is misunderstood and laughed at. Now I think one should speak plainly, and take care above everything that his hearers understand him.

*Momos.* What you say in praise of plain-speaking, Apollo, is very just, though you do not prac-

tice it very much yourself in your oracles. They are ambiguous and enigmatical, and in a non-committal way throw most things on disputed ground, so that the hearers need another Apollo to tell them what you mean. But what is your advice in this case? How is Timokles's weakness in argument to be cured?

*Apollo.* By furnishing him, if we can manage it, with counsel: one of those clever men who would deliver worthily whatever Timokles devised and suggested to him.

*Momos.* This is certainly a beardless utterance, and still in want of a school-master! To set up an advocate in an assemblage of philosophers to expound Timokles's views to the company! Damos to be present in person, and speak in his own character, but Timokles to use a mime and pour whatever he thinks into his ear, and the actor to deliver it, perhaps himself not understanding what he hears! Of course it would be ridiculous to the crowd. But let us consider this rather different idea. You say, my admirable friend, that you are a seer, and you ask a good price for your services, and once even received bricks of gold. Why did you not give us an exhibition of your skill in the nick of time by telling us which of the Sophists is going to prevail in argument? For, of course, you know what the issue will be, since you are a seer.

*Apollo.* How can I, Momos, when I have no tripod with me, and no incense and no prophetic fountain like Kastalia?

*Momos.* Look, now, when you have got into a tight place you run away from conviction.

*Zeus.* Never mind, my child. Speak out, and do not give this backbiter pretexts for slander, and for saying, in his sneering way, that your skill is dependent on your tripod and your water and your incense, and that unless you have these your art will be lost.

*Apollo.* These things, father, are better done in Delphi or in Kolophon, where I have all the accessories to which I am accustomed. Still, bare as I am of these and unequipped, I will try to prophesy which of them will have the mastery. But you will bear with me if my verses should nor be very correct.

*Momos.* Speak, but only make your remarks clear, Apollo, so that they will not need an advocate themselves or interpretation. This is not a case of sheep's flesh and tortoise being boiled together in Lydia. You know what our inquiry is about.

*Zeus.* What in the world are you going to tell us, my child? The symptoms that precede the utterance are already alarming. His color is fading, his eyes are rolling, his hair is standing on end, and his gestures are those of a Ko-

rybant. His whole bearing is mystic, frantic, possessed.

*Apollo.* Hear now the word divine, declared by  
the prophet Apollo  
Dealing with shuddering strife that men wage,  
shrill with their screaming,  
Armed *cap-a-pie* with words, with arguments well-  
compacted.  
Hither and yon with the clucking that shifts to  
the side of the victor  
Strike they and bear to earth the towering stern  
of the plow-tail.  
Yet, when the locust shall fall 'neath the crooked  
claw of the vulture,  
Then the rain-bringing crows shall utter their  
ultimate portent.  
Victory lies with the mules, but the ass shall butt  
his fleet children.

*Zeus.* Why do you burst out laughing at this, Momus? Surely there is nothing humorous in our present situation. Stop, wretch, or you will choke with laughing.

*Momos.* How can I help laughing at such a clear, straightforward oracle?

*Zeus.* Then, perhaps, you will kindly interpret to us what he says.

*Momos.* It is perfectly plain, so that we shall not need Themistokles. The oracle says clearly that the seer is a juggler and that we are pack-

asses, by Zeus! and mules to believe in him, with not the wit of a locust among us.

*Herakles.* I do not hesitate, father, to express my views, even though I am only a resident foreigner. My idea is that when they meet and are already engaged in discussion, then, if Timokles prove the better man, we will allow the meeting to proceed to our advantage. But if it turn out otherwise, then by your leave I will shake the Porch itself from its foundations and hurl it at Damis, so that the accursed wretch may not offer insult to us.

*Zeus.* Heavens, Herakles, what a boorish speech, and how horribly Boeotian! To destroy so many for the sake of one wretch, and, what is more, the Porch with Marathon, Miltiades, Kynaegiros and all? If all these should perish together, how would the orators continue to practise, deprived of the chief theme of their speeches? Moreover, in your lifetime it was perhaps possible to do even a thing of that kind; but since you have become a god, you have learned, I presume, that the Fates alone control these matters, and we have no voice in them.

*Herakles.* Then, when I was slaying the lion or the hydra, the Fates were doing these things by my agency?

*Zeus.* Certainly.

*Herakles.* And at this moment if any one uses

insolence towards me, by rifling one of my temples or overturning my statue, shall I not destroy him unless it was long ago so decided by the Fates?

*Zeus.* By no means.

*Herakles.* Then, Zeus, hear me declare myself frankly, for I am a boor, as the comic poet said, and I call a spade a spade. If this is our plight, I shall bid a long farewell to the worship and savor of burnt-offerings and blood of victims in heaven, and go off to Hades. There the ghosts, at least, of the beasts I slew will be afraid of me, if I have my bow, though I be unarmed beside.

*Zeus.* Very well; nothing like a relative for turning state's evidence, as they say. You would have saved Damis the trouble of making these remarks by suggesting them yourself.

But who is this hasty-comer—bronze, well-formed, with a good outline and an obsolete coiffure? It must be your brother, Hermes, the one that stands in the market-place near the Porch. At all events, his hollows are full of pitch from having impressions of him taken daily by the statuaries.

Why, my child, do you come to us at racing speed? Have you, perhaps, some fresh news from earth?

*Hermagoras.* Great news, Zeus, and calling for the greatest attention.

*Zeus.* Speak, then, if some new trouble has arisen unknown to us.

*Hermagoras.* It chanced that even now the brass-workers

Were smearing me with pitch on breast and back.  
A breastplate modelled by the mimic's art  
Hung round me ludicrous. It was beat out  
Merely to take th' impression of my bronze.  
But I beheld a crowd approaching. Two  
Pale, screaming, quibbling, verbal prize-fighters,  
One Damis and the other—

*Zeus.* Drop the iambs, there's a good fellow.  
I know whom you mean. But tell me this, whether  
they have already joined battle.

*Hermagoras.* Not yet. They were still skir-  
raishing and attacking each other from afar with  
the javelins of abuse.

*Zeus.* What is there left for us to do now,  
deities, but bend down and listen to them? So  
let the Hours draw the bolt immediately and  
chase away the clouds and throw open the gates  
of heaven.

Heavens, what a crowd has gathered to hear  
them! But I am not very well satisfied with  
Timokles himself; he is trembling with confu-  
sion. He will ruin everything this day. Evi-  
dently he will not be able to stand against Da-  
mis. However, let us do what in us lies and  
pray for him.

"Silence on our side, that Damis, at least, may not hear us."

*Timokles.* What is this you say, Damis, you looter of temples? That the gods do not exist or exercise providence for men?

*Damis.* That is what I say; but do you first answer me, and state what reason you have for believing in their existence.

*Timokles.* I will not, you wretch. You answer me.

*Damis.* I will not. Answer yourself.

*Zeus.* So far our man has been far more successfully and loudly abusive. That's right, Timokles, pour on the abuse. Your strength lies there, since in other lines he stops your mouth and makes you dumb as a fish.

*Timokles.* By Heaven, I will not answer you first if I know it.

*Damis.* Then put your question, for you beat me that time by swearing. But spare abusive language, if you please.

*Timokles.* Very well. Tell me, then, is it your opinion, accursed wretch, that the gods exert no providence?

*Damis.* They do not.

*Timokles.* What, is the universe, then, not the result of design?

*Damis.* It is not.

*Timokles.* And did no god arrange the whole superintendence of things either?

*Damis.* No.

*Timokles.* But all things are borne along haphazard by an unreasoning current?

*Damis.* Yes.

*Timokles.* Now can you men endure to hear this and not stone the guilty wretch?

*Damis.* Why do you stir up the audience against me, Timokles? And who are you to show anger in the gods' behalf when they are not angry themselves? At least they have not handled me roughly, though they have heard me for a long time, supposing they do hear.

*Timokles.* They hear, Damis, they hear, and they will take vengeance on you some day.

*Damis.* And when would they have leisure for my case if, as you say, they are full of cares, managing the universe, infinite as it is? That is the reason they have not yet even punished you for your continual perjuries and your other crimes, which I will not specify lest I should be driven to use abusive language myself, contrary to our agreement. And yet I do not see how they could produce better proof of their own providence than by bringing your bad life to a bad end. But clearly they have gone abroad, across the ocean, perchance to visit the "blameless Ethiopians." At least it is their habit to go constantly to dine with them, and sometimes on their own invitation.

*Timokles.* What shall I say in reply to such shameless effrontery?

*Damis.* What I have been yearning to hear from you this long time : how you came to believe in the providence of the gods.

*Timokles.* I was convinced of it first by the order of natural events : the sun who always travels the same road and the moon similarly, and the recurring seasons, and the growth of plants, and the birth of animals, and these animals themselves so ingeniously contrived that they feed themselves and reason, and move about and walk, and build houses and make shoes, and all the rest of it. Do not these seem to you the works of providence?

*Damis.* Why, Timokles, you have assumed the very question in dispute, for it remains to be seen whether each of these is accomplished by providence. That natural events are such as you describe I, too, admit, but it does not follow of necessity that they owe their existence to any intelligent foresight. For it is possible that they had some other origin, and yet have now a consistent and methodical existence. But this forced action of theirs you call 'order,' and then, forsooth, you fly into a rage if some one rejects your argument when, after recounting and praising the nature of objects, you go on to believe that this is a proof that each of them is also put in its

place by providence. Wherefore, in the words of the comic poet,

“This is too feeble, tell me something else.”

*Timokles.* For my part, I do not think that additional proof is necessary; but still I will go on. Answer me, do you consider Homer the best of poets?

*Damis.* Certainly.

*Timokles.* Well, he convinced me by setting forth the providence of the gods.

*Damis.* But, my astonishing friend, every one will grant you that Homer is a great poet, but not that he or any poet whatsoever is a reliable witness in these matters. For their concern, I imagine, is not for truth, but to charm their hearers; and on this account they lull us with metres and amuse us with stories, and devise the whole thing in the interests of pleasure. Still, I should be pleased to hear what passages of Homer chiefly convinced you. Probably those in which he speaks of Zeus, and tells how his daughter and his brother and his wife plotted to put him in irons. And if Thetis had not perceived what was going on and called Briareos, our glorious Zeus would have been seized and tied up. It was in return for this and to repay his obligation to Thetis that he deceived Agamemnon by sending him a false dream for the destruction of many Greeks. Notice that he was unable to launch a thunder-

bolt and burn up Agamemnon himself, but must assume the role of cheat. Or was conviction forced upon you chiefly when you heard how Diomedes wounded Aphrodite and then Ares himself at the suggestion of Athene, and how the gods themselves fell to after a little and fought duels indiscriminately, gods and goddesses together, and how Athene overcame Ares because, I imagine, he was weak from the wound he had already got from Diomedes, and "Hermes, the ready-helper, stoutly stood against Leto?"

Or did the account of Artemis strike you as convincing, telling how her discontented nature was angered because Oineus did not ask her to his banquet, and how, accordingly, she let loose upon his land a certain boar of surpassing size and irresistible strength? Was it, then, by such narratives as these that Homer convinced you?

*Zeus.* Alas, alack! What an outcry the crowd made, deities, applauding Damis! And our man seems to have lost his head. He is frightened, certainly, and trembling, and on the point of throwing away his shield. He is already looking about for some loop-hole through which he can slip and make his escape.

*Timokles.* Perhaps you do not think that Euripides says anything sound, either, when he introduces the gods themselves upon the stage and shows them engaged in saving the good among

the heroes, but destroying the wicked and impiety like yours?

*Damis.* But, most illustrious of philosophers, if the dramatists have convinced you by such means as that, one of two things follows. Either you believe the actors to be for the moment gods, or else the divine masks themselves, and the shoes, and the tunics flowing to the feet, and the cloaks, and the loose sleeves, and the false paunches, and the padding, and all the rest of the apparatus which makes the tragedy impressive, which is most ridiculous, I think. But whenever Euripides speaks his own mind, unforced by the exigencies of the dramas, hear how bold he is:

“You see this boundless aether spread on high,  
 Enfolding earth in damp, encircling arms?  
 Deem then that this is Zeus, believe this god.”  
 and again,

“Zeus,

Whoe'er Zeus is, for I know not, unless  
 By hearsay,”

and other similar passages.

*Timokles.* Then all mankind and the nations have been deceived in believing in the gods and celebrating their feasts?

*Damis.* It is a good thing, Timokles, that you reminded me of the religious opinions among the nations, the very things which best show that there is no certainty about gods. For there is

much confusion, and different races have different faiths. The Scythians worship a sword; the Thracians, Zamolxis, a fugitive who came to them from Samos; the Phrygians, Mena; the Ethiopians, Day; the Assyrians, a dove; the Persians, fire; the Egyptians, water. Moreover, while this water-worship is common to all the Egyptians, the peculiar god of the people of Memphis is the bull, and that of the Pelusians is the onion; and others worship the ibis or the crocodile, and others a dog-headed creature or a cat or an ape. And, again, the rural communities differ from one another, so that some men hold the right shoulder to be a god, but those that dwell opposite to them the left. And some worship one side of the head, and others an earthen wine-cup or a bowl. Are not these things absurd, friend Timokles?

*Momos.* Did I not tell you, deities, that all these things would come to light and be rigorously investigated?

*Zeus.* You did, Momos, and your censure was just; and if we escape this present danger, I for one will try to straighten out these matters.

*Timokles.* But tell me, god-forsaken wretch, whose work would you call oracles and prophecies of future events, if not of the gods and their providence?

*Damis.* Hold your peace, my good fellow, on the subject of the oracles, for I shall ask you

which of them in particular you would like to recall. Perhaps that one Apollo delivered to the Lydian, which was neatly double-edged and looked both ways, like some of the Hermae, which are exactly alike on both sides to whichever part of them you look. For tell me, will Croesus by crossing the Halys be more likely to overthrow his own kingdom or that of Cyrus? And yet that Sardian pest paid no small sum for this reversible utterance.

*Momos.* The man is enumerating the very things I was most afraid of. Where now is our handsome harper? Go down and defend yourself against these charges of his.

*Zeus.* You strike us when we are down, Momos, finding fault with us now, when the season is past.

*Timokles.* Beware what you are doing, wretched Damis. You are all but overturning the very seats and altars of the gods with your arguments.

*Damis.* No, not all their altars, Timokles; for what harm do they do if they are full of incense and fragrance? But those of Artemis in Tauris I should be delighted to see turned upsidedown, whereon the maiden goddess feasts joyously on the things we wot of.

*Zeus.* Whence has this overwhelming evil come upon us? There is not a divinity that the man stands in awe of. He speaks his mind as freely as a wench in a procession, and he

“Grasps them all in order, deserving and undeserving.”

*Momos.* In truth, Zeus, you would find very few who do not deserve it among us. And surely the man will go on to lay hold of even the very greatest.

*Timokles.* Perhaps you do not hear Zeus thundering, you fighter against the gods?

*Damis.* Of course I hear the thunder; but as to whether it is Zeus who thunders, your knowledge would be more reliable if you had come from somewhere up there among the gods. For travellers from Crete tell us a different story: that a certain tomb is shown in that country, and beside it stands a pillar telling that Zeus will thunder no more, being long since dead.

*Momos.* I knew long ago that the man was going to say that. But, Zeus, why have you turned pale? Why do you tremble so that your teeth chatter? You must take heart and despise such manikins.

*Zeus.* What do you say, Momos? Despise them? Do you not see how large the audience is, and how they are persuaded against us already, and how Damis is leading them away with their ears stopped?

*Momos.* But, Zeus, if you liked you could let down a rope and  
“Drag not them alone, but earth, too, and the ocean.”

*Timokles.* Tell me, wretch, have you ever been at sea?

*Damis.* Yes, often.

*Timokles.* You were carried along then, were you not, either by the wind striking the main-sail and filling the staysail, or by the rowers, while some one person stood at the helm and brought the vessel through in safety?

*Damis.* Certainly.

*Timokles.* Then the ship could not sail unless it was steered; but you imagine that this universe moves along without pilot or guide?

*Zeus.* Well done, Timokles! that is a powerful comparison.

*Damis.* But, Timokles, darling of the gods, you would have seen that our pilot was always devising something to our advantage and making his arrangements at the proper time, and giving his commands to the sailors in good season, and that there was nothing useless or foolish about the ship. On the contrary, everything was altogether useful and necessary to their management of her. But this pilot of yours, whom you suppose to stand at the helm of this great ship, and his crew, do not order a single thing sensibly or as it ought to be. The forestay is hauled aft if it so happens, and the sheets forward. Sometimes the anchors are of gold, while the stern is ornamented with lead. Under water the ship's lines are good, but

above the water-line she is shapeless. And among the sailors themselves you will find that one who is lazy, unskilled, and afraid of his duties draws double or treble pay, while another, who is an expert swimmer and quick to spring to the yards, and who knows the best thing to do in every case, this man is set simply to bale out bilge-water. You will find the same sort of thing among the passengers, too. A worthless rascal occupies the place of honor next the captain, and receives attention. Another, an indecent fellow, or a parricide, or a temple-robber, is honored above others, and has taken possession of the upper deck, while many men of culture are penned together in a corner of the vessel and trodden underfoot by those who are really their inferiors. At any rate, you remarked how Sokrates made the voyage, and Aristeides and Phokion, without either daily bread enough or room to stretch their legs on the bare deck along the hold, and on the other hand how well Kallias and Meidias and Sardanapalos fared in their overweening luxury, spitting on those beneath. This is the sort of thing that goes on in your ship, sage Timokles, wherefore the shipwrecks are countless. But if any pilot stood at the helm, and kept a lookout and ordered everything, he would know in the first place who were good and who were worthless of the ship's company, and he would apportion to

each what befitted his merits, giving the better quarters near himself on deck to the better men, and the lower parts to the worse, and he would cause some of the better sort to sit at table together and come to terms of confidence. Among the sailors a zealous man would be distinguished by being put on the lookout or made captain of a watch, or set over all the others. But a lazy shirk would get the rope's end about his head five times a day. So, my friend, your comparison seems to have capsized because it fell into the hands of a bad pilot.

*Momos.* Things are running with the tide for Damis now, and he is sailing to victory with a fair wind.

*Zeus.* Your metaphor is just, Momos, and Timokles invents no forcible argument. He only laddles out easily refuted commonplaces one after another that are in every one's mouth.

*Timokles.* Well, since you do not think the analogy of the ship very forcible, listen while I cast the last blessed anchor I have, which you will not drag by any device.

*Zeus.* What in the world is he going to say?

*Timokles.* For see now whether my syllogism is fallacious, and whether you can possibly overturn it. If altars exist, gods exist also. But altars certainly exist, therefore gods exist also. What have you to say to that?

*Damis.* Let me have my laugh out first and then I will answer you.

*Timokles.* But it looks as if you would never be done laughing. However, tell me why my speech struck you as ridiculous.

*Damis.* Because you do not perceive that you have slung your anchor on a slender thread, though it is the last blessed one you have. For when you have made fast the proposition "gods exist" to the proposition "altars exist" you imagine that you have brought it to a safe anchorage. So since you have nothing more blessed to urge let us adjourn at once.

*Timokles.* Do you then admit yourself worsted by crying "Enough?"

*Damis.* Yes, Timokles, for you, like a hard-pressed fugitive, have taken sanctuary on your altars, and so, by the blessed anchor, I long to swear a truce with you on these very altars, so that we may no longer wrangle about them.

*Timokles.* You are chaffing me, you grave-rober, you blackguard, you disgusting beast, you knavish slave, you refuse! Don't I know who your father was and your mother, too, and how you strangled your brother, and are an evil-liver and corrupter of lads, you filthy, shameless wretch? Don't run away now, for you are going to get blows from me, too, before you get off. I am go-

ing to cut your throat directly with this potsherd, miscreant that you are !

*Zeus.* Damis is running off laughing, deities, and the other is chasing him with abuse, put out past bearing by Damis's wealth of impertinence, and apparently he is going to clip him in the head with the tile. But what shall we do now ?

*Hermes.* It seems to me the comic poet was right when he said :

“Do not profess defeat and you will suffer none.”

For what great harm is it if a handful of men go off persuaded to these views, seeing that there are many who know to the contrary, the majority of the Greeks, a numerous race, and all the barbarians ?

*Zeus.* However, Hermes, that was a capital remark that Dareios made about Zopyrus. In the same way I, too, would rather have one Damis for my ally than rule ten thousand Babylons.



**THE SALE OF LIVES.**

CHARACTERS.

JUPITER, MERCURY.

PYTHAGORAS, DIOGONES, DEMOKRITOS,  
HERAKLEITOS, SOKRATES, CHRYSIP- } *As slaves*  
POS, and a PYRRONIST. } *for sale.*

*Various buyers.*



**Z**EUS (*to his assistants*). Set the benches in order, and get the place ready for visitors; and you, range the lives in order and usher them in, but tidy them up first so that they may make a good appearance and attract a crowd. You, Hermes, make a proclamation, and, by the grace of heaven, summon the buyers to the sale-room forthwith. We are going to announce for sale philosophic lives of every description and varied principles, and if any one is not able to lay down his money on the nail he can pay up next year if he gives security.

*Hermes.* A crowd is gathering, so we must not waste time nor keep them waiting.

*Zeus.* Then let us proceed to sell.

*Hermes.* Which of them shall we put up first?

*Zeus.* This one with the long hair, the Ionian, for he seems to be a reverend person.

*Hermes.* Let the Pythagorean there show his points to the company.

*Zeus.* Announce him, pray.

*Hermes.* I offer the noblest life, the most reverend. Who will buy? Who wishes to be more

than human, to know the harmony of the all, and rise from the dead?

*Buyer.* He is not bad to look at, but just what does he know?

*Hermes.* Arithmetic, astronomy, magic, geometry, music, jugglery. A finished fortune-teller is before you.

*Buyer.* May one question him?

*Hermes.* With all my heart.

*Buyer.* What country are you of?

*Pythagoras.* Samos.

*Buyer.* Where were you educated?

*Pythagoras.* In Egypt, among the sages there.

*Buyer.* Well, then, if I buy you what will you teach me?

*Pythagoras.* I will not teach you anything. I will remind you.

*Buyer.* How will you remind me?

*Pythagoras.* By first making your soul clean, and washing off the filth that is on it.

*Buyer.* Now, suppose me already purified, what is your method of reminding?

*Pythagoras.* The first step is a long, speechless silence; you must not say a word for five whole years.

*Buyer.* You ought to teach mutes, my friend. But I am a talker with no desire to become a graven image. All the same, what comes after the silence and the five-year term?

*Pythagoras.* Practise in music and geometry.

*Buyer.* That is a nice statement! If I am to become a philosopher I must first learn to play the harp!

*Pythagoras.* In addition to these, counting.

*Buyer.* I can count now.

*Pythagoras.* How do you do it?

*Buyer.* One, two, three, four.

*Pythagoras.* Look, now; what you deem four is really ten, and a perfect triangle, and what we swear by.

*Buyer.* Hear me swear a mighty oath: by Four, I never heard diviner or more holy words.

*Pythagoras.* And after that, stranger, you will have knowledge concerning earth and air and water and fire—the mass of each, and what form it has, and what motion by consequence.

*Buyer.* Then has fire form, or air, or water?

*Pythagoras.* Very clear forms, for the formless and shapeless is immovable; and besides these things you will know that God is number and mind and harmony.

*Buyer.* This is startling!

*Pythagoras.* Beyond what I have already said, you will know that you yourself, who seem to be a unit, are one person in appearance and another in reality.

*Buyer.* What do you say? Am I somebody else and not this person now talking to you?

*Pythagoras.* Now you are he, but formerly you appeared in another body and with another name ; and in time you will change again into another.

*Buyer.* You mean this : that I shall be immortal, changing into one form after another ?

But that is enough on this subject. What are your habits of life ?

*Pythagoras.* I touch no sort of animal food, but anything else except beans.

*Buyer.* What is the reason of that ? Perhaps you dislike beans ?

*Pythagoras.* Not at all, but they are sacred and of a marvellous nature. But, what is more important, it is the custom of the Athenians to vote for officers with beans.

*Buyer.* All your remarks are lofty and priest-like. But take off your clothes and let me see you stripped. Good heavens, his thigh is golden ! He seems to be a god, not a mortal. I will buy him, by all means. How much do you ask for him ?

*Hermes.* Two hundred dollars.

*Buyer.* I will take him at the price.

*Zeus.* Make a note of the buyer's name and country.

*Hermes.* He is an Italian, I should think, from Croton or Tarentum, or somewhere in Magna Graecia. But he is not the sole purchaser ; almost three hundred clubbed together with him.

*Zeus.* Let them take him off. Put up another.

*Hermes.* What do you say to that dirty one from Pontos?

*Zeus.* By all means.

*Hermes.* Come here, you with the wallet slung from your shoulder, and the bare arms. Walk round the room.

I offer a manly life, a noble and generous life, a free life! Who buys?

*Buyer.* What do you say, salesman? You offer a free man for sale?

*Hermes.* I do.

*Buyer.* Then are you not afraid he will sue you for kidnapping, and bring you before the criminal court?

*Hermes.* He does not mind being sold at all, for he believes he is free in all circumstances.

*Buyer.* What use could one put such a dirty, ill-conditioned fellow to, unless you set him to digging or carrying water?

*Hermes.* Those are not his only uses. If you make a hall-porter of him you will find you can rely on him better than on your dogs; in fact, he has even the name of a dog.

*Buyer.* Where does he come from and what discipline does he profess?

*Hermes.* Ask the man himself; that is the better way.

*Buyer.* I am afraid of him, with his sullen, dark

look, lest he should bark and spring at me, and bite me, too, by Zeus! See how he brandishes his club, and knits his brows, and scowls beneath them in that threatening, angry way!

*Hermes.* Don't be afraid; he is tame.

*Buyer.* In the first place, my friend, where are you from?

*Diogones.* Everywhere.

*Buyer.* What do you mean?

*Diogones.* You see before you a citizen of the world.

*Buyer.* And who is your model?

*Diogones.* Herakles.

*Buyer.* Then why don't you wear the lion-skin, too? You are like him as far as the club goes.

*Diogones.* This is my lion-skin, my threadbare coat. Like him, I make war on pleasures; not under orders, but of my own will, deliberately choosing to purify life.

*Buyer.* A noble choice! But just what are we to understand that you know? What art are you master of?

*Diogones.* I am the liberator of mankind and the physician of their passions; but, above all, I wish to be the prophet of truth and free speech.

*Buyer.* Come, prophet, if I buy you, what training will you put me through?

*Diogones.* First, I will take you in hand and strip you of your luxury, locking you up with poverty

and clothing you in a threadbare cloak. Next, I will drive you to travail and toil, with the ground for your bed, water for your drink, and for your food whatever comes along. As for your money, if you have any, you will carry it down to the sea and throw it in, if you will be guided by me, and you will have no care for wife or child or fatherland; everything of that sort will seem trumpery to you. You will leave your paternal house, and take up your dwelling in a tomb, or in a deserted tower, or even in a tub. Let your wallet be full of pease and bescribbled books, and in this plight you will declare yourself happier than the great king. If any one should flog you or stretch you on the rack you will feel no pain.

*Buyer.* What do you mean by that—feeling no pain when one is flogged? I have not got the covering of a turtle or a lobster on my shoulders!

*Diogones.* You will admire that little saying of Euripides, with a word or two altered.

*Buyer.* What one?

*Diogones.* Your heart will suffer, but your tongue will feel no pain. But the most necessary qualities are these: you must be reckless and daring, and abuse all alike, kings and subjects. By this means you will be noticed and thought manly. Let your speech be uncouth, your voice discordant and strongly resembling a dog's. Wear a strenuous face, and choose a gait in keeping with

it; and let all your ways be wild and boorish. But let shame and reason and moderation stand afar off, and strip your blushes from your cheeks altogether. Haunt the most frequented spots, and even in those let your desire be for unshared solitude; and attach yourself to neither friend nor stranger, for that would upset your empire. And at last, if you see fit, eat a raw polyp or a jelly-fish, and die. Such is the happiness we procure for you.

*Buyer.* Be off with you! Your ways are foul and unnatural.

*Diogones.* But the easiest, at least, sirrah, and handy for every one to pursue; for they will not ask education of you, or oratory, or nonsense. No; this road is a short cut to fame; for even if you are a private citizen, a tanner, or a fish-monger, or a carpenter, or a cabinet-maker, nothing prevents your being a wonder if only you are shameless and bold, and have acquired the art of skilful abuse.

*Buyer.* I do not want your services in that line, but you might perhaps be convenient as a sailor or a gardener—particularly if the vendor is willing to sell you for not more than five cents.

*Hermes.* Take him; we shall be glad to get rid of him. He is a nuisance, yelling and abusing everybody generally with his foul tongue.

*Zeus.* Call another, the Cyrenaic, the one in the purple robe with the garland on his head.



*Hermes.* Come now, attention, all! This article is expensive, and only for the rich. This is a life of sweetness, a thrice-blessed life! Who wants luxury? Who will buy the daintiest thing going?

*Buyer.* Step forward, you, and tell me what you happen to know. I will buy you if you are useful.

*Hermes.* Do not annoy him, my good fellow, or ask him questions. He is drunk and cannot answer you, for his tongue is thick, as you perceive.

*Buyer.* And who in his senses would buy such an abandoned, dissipated slave? How he reeks of perfumes, and how reeling and uncertain his gait is! But tell me yourself, Hermes, if need be, what his points are, and what his pursuits.

*Hermes.* Primarily he is a clever man to live with you, able to drink with you, and just the man to go with a flute-girl on the revels of an amorous and spendthrift master. Moreover, he is a connoisseur of made dishes, a most experienced cook, and a complete professor of the art of pleasant living. In fact, he was educated at Athens, and also served various despots in Sicily, and is highly esteemed by them. This is the substance of his principles: to despise everything, make use of everything, and gather pleasure from every source.

*Buyer.* You had better cast your eye on some

one of these rich men with full purses. Certainly for buying a gay life I am not your man.

*Hermes.* It looks, Zeus, as though this one would be left on your hands.

*Zeus.* Set him aside and put up another. These two, for choice, the laugher from Abdera and the weeper from Ephesus, for I should like to sell the two together.

*Hermes.* Let them come down into full view. I offer the noblest lives; we announce the sagest of all!

*Buyer.* Heavens, what a contrast! The one never stops laughing, and the other seems to be in grief for somebody. He is consumed with weeping.

What is the matter, fellow? Why are you laughing?

*Demokritos.* What a question! Because all your doings and you yourselves strike me as so funny!

*Buyer.* What? You are laughing at us all, and don't take our doings seriously?

*Demokritos.* Even so, for there is nothing serious in them. They are all empty, a whirl of atoms, the infinite.

*Buyer.* By no means; it is you that are really empty and infinitesimal. What impudence! Will you not stop laughing?

But what are you weeping for, my good fellow?

I imagine it will be much pleasanter to talk with you.

*Herakleitos.* Because, friend, I deem human life a lamentable thing, worthy of tears, so soon passeth it all away. Therefore, I pity you and bewail your lot. The present does not strike me as important, and what is to come hereafter is unmixed woe—I mean the final conflagration and the catastrophe of the universe. These are the things I lament. Nothing is steadfast, but all things are somehow pressed together into an olla-podrida and the same thing is a joyless joy, a knowing without knowledge, a great littleness, drifting up and down and changing at the caprice of the playful Aeon.

*Buyer.* What may the Aeon be?

*Herakleitos.* A child at play, moving the chessmen, changing them by hazard.

*Buyer.* What, then, are men?

*Herakleitos.* Mortal gods.

*Buyer.* And what are the gods?

*Herakleitos.* Immortal men.

*Buyer.* Are you talking in riddles, fellow, or setting me conundrums? You make your meaning as dim, actually, as Apollo does.

*Herakleitos.* Because I am at no pains about you.

*Buyer.* Very well; neither will any but a lunatic buy you.

*Herakleitos.* I bid each of you go to the devil from his youth up, whether he purchase or purchase not.

*Buyer.* His affliction is not much removed from melancholia. For my part, I am not going to buy either of them.

*Hermes.* These two are left on our hands.

*Zeus.* Put up another!

*Hermes.* That Athenian there, the chatterbox?

*Zeus.* By all means.

*Hermes.* Come here, you! We offer a good, sensible life. Who buys the most holy?

*Buyer.* Tell me, just what do you happen to know?

*Sokrates.* I am a lover and wise in the science of love.

*Buyer.* Then how in the world could I buy you? For what I want is a tutor for my pretty boy.

*Sokrates.* Well, who could be a better man than I to associate with the fair? It is beautiful souls that I love, not bodies. Indeed, I swear it to you by the dog and the plane-tree.

*Buyer.* Heavens, what strange gods!

*Sokrates.* What's that you say? Don't you think the dog is a god? Perhaps you have not noticed how great Anubis is in Egypt, and Seirios in the heavens, and Kerberos among the dead.

*Buyer.* You are right, it was my mistake. But what is your manner of life?

*Sokrates.* I live by myself in a sort of state that I fashioned with a foreign form of government, and I enact my own laws.

*Buyer.* I should like to hear one of your principles.

*Sokrates.* Well, this is the most important: my decision about women. No woman is assigned to one man alone, but to every one who wishes her in marriage.

*Buyer.* What! Have you, then, abrogated the laws about marriage?

*Sokrates.* Dear me, yes, and all such petty formalities. Beauty shall be the reward of the bravest—those who have accomplished some brilliant feat of daring.

*Buyer.* A fine reward! And what is the substance of your philosophy?

*Sokrates.* The ideas and the types of existing things; for, indeed, everything that you see—the earth and all upon it, the sky, the sea—all these things have invisible images outside the universe.

*Buyer.* Where are they?

*Sokrates.* Nowhere; for if they were anywhere they could not be.

*Buyer.* I don't see these types you speak of.

*Sokrates.* Naturally; for your soul's eye is blind.

But I see the images of all things: an invisible you, another me, and everything double.

*Buyer.* Then you will do to buy, for you are wise and have good eyes.

Come, Hermes, how much will you charge me for him?

*Hermes.* Two thousand dollars.

*Buyer.* I take him at the price. However, I will pay you later.

*Hermes.* What is your name?

*Buyer.* Dion of Syracuse.

*Hermes.* Take him, with my best wishes.

Next I call you, the Epicurean. Who will buy this one? He is the pupil of that laughter and of the drunkard whom I offered a little while ago. But he has made one step in advance of them, inasmuch as he has less regard for holy things. For the rest, he is pleasant and the friend of good living.

*Buyer.* What's the price?

*Hermes.* Forty dollars.

*Buyer.* Here you are. But tell me what sort of food he likes.

*Hermes.* He lives on sweet things like honey, and particularly figs.

*Buyer.* That is easy enough. I will buy him penny-loaves of fig-cake.

*Zeus.* Call up another—that scowling fellow with the shaved head from the Porch.

*Hermes.* Very well. At all events, a great crowd of those who have come to the sale seem to be waiting for him. I offer for sale virtue herself, the most perfect of lives. Who wishes to know everything, alone of all men?

*Buyer.* What do you mean?

*Hermes.* This man alone is wise, he alone is beautiful, he alone is just, manly, a king, an orator, a millionaire, a legislator, and everything else.

*Buyer.* Then, friend, is he alone a cook, and a tanner, by Jove! and a carpenter, and everything of that sort?

*Hermes.* Apparently.

*Buyer.* Come, my friend, and tell me, your purchaser, what sort of person you are, and, to begin with, whether it is not an affliction to you to be sold and in slavery.

*Chrysippos.* Not at all; for those things are not under our control, and what is not under our control is therefore indifferent.

*Buyer.* I don't understand just what you mean.

*Chrysippos.* What, do you not understand that in such matters some things are preferred and some again rejected?

*Buyer.* I don't understand even yet.

*Chrysippos.* Naturally, for you are not accustomed to our terminology, nor have you the perceptive imagination. But the virtuous man, he who has mastered logical theory, knows not only

these things, but also the nature of an accident and a secondary accident, and how much difference there is between them.

*Buyer.* In the name of wisdom, kindly take the trouble to tell me this, too: what accidents and secondary accidents are. I am indescribably impressed by the roll of the words.

*Chrysippos.* No trouble at all. If a lame man, stumbling with that lame foot itself against a stone gets unexpectedly hurt, this man's lameness is evidently a primary accident to which he adds a secondary accident in the way of the wound.

*Buyer.* How clever! What else, now, do you claim to know?

*Chrysippos.* The meshes of argument wherewith I trip up my interlocutors and block their passage and reduce them to silence-by actually muzzling them. The name of this faculty is the famous syllogism.

*Buyer.* By Herkules, it is an irresistible, mighty weapon, from your description.

*Chrysippos.* I will give you a specimen. Have you a child?

*Buyer.* Certainly.

*Chrysippos.* If a crocodile should manage to snatch it, finding it wandering too near the river, and if, then, he should promise to restore it if you could tell him truly whether he had determined

to give it back or not, what would you tell him he had in mind?

*Buyer.* That is a difficult question, for I do not see which answer would be the more likely to get the child back. But do you, in Heaven's name, answer for me, and save my child before he eats him.

*Chrysisippos.* Never fear, I will teach you other things still more surprising.

*Buyer.* What sort of things?

*Chrysisippos.* The Reaper, the Master, and, above all, the Elektra, and the Veiled.

*Buyer.* What do you mean by the "Veiled," or the "Elektra?"

*Chrysisippos.* Elektra is that famous person, the daughter of Agamemnon, who at the same moment knows a thing and does not know it; for when Orestes stands beside her, still incognito, she knows, indeed, that Orestes is her brother, but that this is Orestes she does not know. And I will tell you about the "Veiled," too, a most extraordinary figure. Answer me, do you know your father?

*Buyer.* Yes.

*Chrysisippos.* Well, then, if I present some veiled person to you and ask whether you know him, what would you say?

*Buyer.* That I do not, of course.

*Chrysisippos.* And yet this very person was your

father! Therefore, if you do not know him, it is plain you do not know your father.

*Buyer.* Not at all, for if I unveil him I shall know the truth. However, what is the object of your philosophy? What do you do when you have reached the pinnacle of virtue?

*Chrysippos.* I shall then be occupied with the first things in the order of nature—riches, I mean, and health, and such like things. But before that one must needs toil much, sharpening his sight on books in fine print, taking notes, and filling himself with solecisms and uncouth phrases. Most important of all, it is not permitted to become a sage until you have drunk hellebore three times in succession.

*Buyer.* This is all very noble in you and extremely manly. But what are we to say when a man, who has already drunk the hellebore and arrived at virtue, turns money-lender at fifty per cent., for I see this belongs to your principles too?

*Chrysippos.* By all means. The sage is the only man fit to lend money; for since ratiocination is his peculiar function, and calculating ratios and per cents. seems to be the next thing to ratiocinating, it follows from these premises that the special business of the good man alone is to get not only simple interest like other people, but compound. For you know there are two sorts of interest, one sort coming first, and the other sec-



ond, as it were the offspring of the first, and of course you see what the syllogism has to say about it: if he gets the simple interest, he will also get the compound, but he does get the simple interest, therefore he will also get the compound.

*Buyer.* And must we say the same of the fees you take for imparting your wisdom to young men? Is it clear that the good man alone will make money out of his virtue?

*Chrysippos.* You grasp the idea. It is not on my own account that I take fees, but for the good of the giver himself. For since one party in a transaction must give and the other receive, I train myself to receive and my pupil to give.

*Buyer.* It ought to be the other way about. The young man ought to receive, and you, who alone are rich, to give out.

*Chrysippos.* You are chaffing, fellow; but be careful lest I let fly at you with the apodeiktic syllogism.

*Buyer.* What are the frightful effects of the weapon?

*Chrysippos.* Embarrassment, silence, confusion of mind. If you like, I will give you an extreme example, and prove in a twinkling that you are a stone.

*Buyer.* How a stone? You do not look to me like Perseus with the Gorgon's head, my friend.

*Chrysippos.* This is the way. Is the stone a body?

*Buyer.* Yes.

*Chrysippos.* Well, is not a living creature a body?

*Buyer.* Yes.

*Chrysippos.* But you are a living creature?

*Buyer.* Certainly, I have that appearance.

*Chrysippos.* Then you are a stone, for you are a body.

*Buyer.* Heaven forbid! In Zeus' name, release me and make me a man again!

*Chrysippos.* That is easy; be a man once more. For, tell me, is every body a living creature?

*Buyer.* No.

*Chrysippos.* Well, is a stone a living creature?

*Buyer.* No.

*Chrysippos.* But you are a body?

*Buyer.* Yes.

*Chrysippos.* And being a body you are a living creature?

*Buyer.* Yes.

*Chrysippos.* Then you are not a stone, because you are a living creature.

*Buyer.* Thank you. My legs were getting lifeless already and stiff, like Niobe's. But I am certainly going to buy you. What is his price?

*Hermes.* Two hundred and forty dollars.

*Buyer.* Here it is.

*Hermes.* Are you the sole purchaser?

*Buyer.* Dear me, no. All these people are with me.

*Hermes.* There are plenty of them, and strong in the shoulder. They are fit for "the Mower."

*Zeus.* Don't waste time. Call up another, the Peripatetic.

*Hermes.* You are the man I want—the handsome, the rich one.

Come now, buy the most intelligent life—the one whose forte is omniscience!

*Buyer.* What sort of a person is he?

*Hermes.* He leads a reasonable, well-ordered life, never doing either too much or too little. Most important of all, he is double.

*Buyer.* What do you mean?

*Hermes.* It seems that his visible man is one person and his inward man another; so, if you buy him, remember to call the one "exoteric," the other "esoteric."

*Buyer.* What does he know best?

*Hermes.* That there are three classes of goods, relating to the soul, the body, and to externals.

*Buyer.* He thinks like a human being. What is his price?

*Hermes.* Three hundred and seventy-five dollars.

*Buyer.* That is high.

*Hermes.* No, my good fellow, for he seems to have some money himself, so you can't buy him too quickly. Moreover, you will presently learn from him how long the gnat lives, how far down the sea is lighted by the sun, and the nature of the soul of the oyster.

*Buyer.* Herakles! there's precision for you.

*Hermes.* What would you say if you should hear things a great deal shrewder than these—how man is a laughing animal, but the ass neither a laughing, nor a house-building, nor a seafaring animal?

*Buyer.* Edifying and profitable knowledge! I will take him for four hundred dollars.

*Hermes.* Done.

*Zeus.* Whom have we still left?

*Hermes.* The sceptic here. Come forward, Pyrrhias, and be published as fast as you can. Most of the people have already stolen away, and there will be few buyers. All the same, who wants this fellow, too?

*Buyer.* I do. But first tell me, what is your line of knowledge?

*Philosopher.* Nothing.

*Buyer.* What do you mean by that?

*Philosopher.* That in my opinion nothing at all exists.

*Buyer.* Then are we nobody, too?

*Philosopher.* I don't even know that.

*Buyer.* Nor whether you happen to be somebody, either?

*Philosopher.* I am still more ignorant of that, by a good deal.

*Buyer.* What an uncertainty! But, tell me, what do you want with these balances?

*Philosopher.* I weigh arguments in them and get them even, and when I see them exactly equal and of the same weight, then I am ignorant which is the truer.

*Buyer.* What else are you clever at?

*Philosopher.* Everything, except chasing a runaway slave.

*Buyer.* Why can't you do that?

*Philosopher.* Because, good sir, I never apprehend.

*Buyer.* Of course. You do seem to be a slow, dull person. But what is the aim of your science?

*Philosopher.* Ignorance; neither to hear nor to see.

*Buyer.* You mean, then, to be blind and deaf?

*Philosopher.* Yes, and incapable of judgment and sensation, and, in a word, the double of an earthworm.

*Buyer.* I must buy you for that. How much do you say he is worth?

*Hermes.* Twenty dollars.

*Buyer.* Here it is. What have you to say, fellow? Have I bought you?

*Philosopher.* Doubtful.

*Buyer.* Not at all. I have purchased you and paid the money.

*Philosopher.* I suspend my judgment about it and consider.

*Buyer.* You will follow me, as my slave should.

*Philosopher.* Who knows whether you are telling the truth?

*Buyer.* The salesman and the eighteen dollars and the by-standers.

*Philosopher.* Are there, then, any standing by?

*Buyer.* I will clap you into the mill in a moment, and persuade you by a vicious argument that I am your master.

*Philosopher.* Suspend your judgment about that.

*Buyer.* No, by Heaven, I have formed my opinion already!

*Hermes.* Here, stop your resistance and follow your purchaser.

We will summon you again to-morrow, for we are going to put up the lives of the private citizens and artisans and tradesfolk.

**THE COCK.**

**CHARACTERS.**

**MIKYLLOS THE SHOEMAKER.**

**HIS COOK.**

**SIMON THE MISER.**



MIKYLLOS. May Zeus strike you dead, you confounded cock, for the envy in your heart and the clarion in your throat! Why did you lift up your voice and wake me when I was a rich man in a glorious dream and revelling in marvellous happiness? Can't you let me escape by night either from poverty, which I hate even worse than you? To judge from the great quiet that still prevails it is not yet midnight. It can't be, for I am not stiff yet with the early frost as usual—that is my trusty clock to tell me of the approach of day. But this sleepless beast has begun to crow already, just at the end of the evening, as if he were guarding the golden fleece in the story. Not for your own good, though! I shall certainly have my revenge when daylight comes, and smash you with my club. You would give me too much trouble just now, hopping about in the dark.

*Cock.* Master Mikylos, I thought I was going to do you a kindness by being as beforehand with the night as I could, so that you might get up and finish most of your work. Certainly if you

make one shoe before sunrise you will be so much ahead, having accomplished this towards your daily bread. However, if you prefer to sleep, I will hold my tongue at your pleasure and be as dumb as a fish; but do you look out lest by dreaming of riches you starve when you are awake.

*Mikylos.* O Zeus, god of prodigies, and Heracles, that keepest mischief from us, what is this fearful thing? The cock spoke like a human being!

*Cock.* Does a thing of this sort strike you, then, as a prodigy—that I should speak the same tongue as you?

*Mikylos.* I should think it is a prodigy. But do ye, O gods, avert misfortune from us!

*Cock.* You seem to me, Mikylos, to be actually illiterate. Have you not read Homer's poems, in which Achilles's horse, too, Xanthos, bade a long farewell to neighing, and stood in the midst of the battle and conversed, reciting whole verses, not prose as I do now? And he prophesied, too, and foretold coming events, and was not considered to be doing anything out of the way; nor did he who heard him call upon the Protector against evil as you did, thinking the sound an omen to be averted. Moreover, what would you have done if the keel of the *Argo* had spoken to you, or if the oak of Dodona had prophesied for you

with its own voice, or if you had seen skins creeping and heard the flesh of oxen lowing half-roasted on the spits? I am the coadjutor of Hermes, who is the most loquacious and eloquent of all the gods, and for the rest I was not likely to find much trouble in mastering the human language, seeing that I live with you and share your table. But if you should promise me to keep the secret I would not mind telling you the truer reason of our having the same language, and how I came to speak thus.

*Mikyllos.* But is not this a dream, too: a cock talking to me like this? Tell me, then, in the name of Hermes, my friend, what other reason there is for your gift of speech. You need not fear that I shall break silence and tell any one, for who would believe me if I told anything, giving out that I had heard it from a cock?

*Cock.* Listen, then. I am well aware that what I say will be most incredible to you, Mikyllos—I who now appear to you in the guise of a cock was not long ago a man.

*Mikyllos.* I have heard something of the kind about your race before: that a certain young man named Cock became a friend of Ares, and was a boon companion of the god, joined his revels, and shared his love affairs. So whenever Ares went to see his mistress, Aphrodite, he took Cock along, too, and, because he was suspicious

chiefly of the Sun, lest he should look down upon them and tell tales to Hephaistos, he always left the young man outside at the door to report the rising of the Sun. On one occasion Cock fell asleep and betrayed his post without meaning to, and the Sun appeared unexpectedly to Aphrodite and to Ares, taking his rest securely in his confidence that Cock would let him know if any one approached. In this way Hephaistos learned about them from the Sun and caught them, netting them and snaring them in the bonds which he had wrought for them before. Ares, when he was released, was furious against Cock, and changed him into the bird of that name, armor and all, so that he still has the crest of his helmet on his head; and this is the reason why, whenever you perceive the sun about to rise you lift up your voices long before to declare his rising, defending yourself to Ares, though it will do you no good now.

*Cock.* They tell that story, too; but my case was somewhat different, and it is quite lately that I turned into a cock, at your service.

*Mikyllos.* In what way? I have the greatest desire to know.

*Cock.* Do you know by hearsay one Pythagoras, a Samian, the son of Mnesarchos?

*Mikyllos.* Do you mean the sophist, the impostor, who made laws against tasting meat or eating

beans—declaring my favorite dish banished from the table—and who moreover persuaded people to keep silence for five years?

*Cock.* Of course you know this, too, that before he was Pythagoras he was Euphorbos?

*Mikylos.* They say that fellow was a juggler and a conjurer.

*Cock.* I myself am none other than that Pythagoras; so stop your railing at me, my friend, particularly since you do not know what manner of man I was.

*Mikylos.* This is an even greater prodigy than the other, to find a cock a philosopher! However, tell me, son of Mnesarchos, how is it that you have appeared to me as a bird instead of a man, and a Tanagrian instead of a Samian. The thing is incredible. I can't readily believe it, for I think I have observed two traits in you already very unlike Pythagoras.

*Cock.* What are they?

*Mikylos.* For one thing, you are talkative and noisy, while he, I believe, used to enjoin five whole years of silence. And the other thing is also entirely contrary to his law, for yesterday, when I had no food to scatter for you, I came and brought some beans, as you know, and you did not hesitate to pick them up. So that either you have lied and are somebody else, or else, if you are Pythagoras, you have broken the law, and by

eating beans have committed as great an impiety as if you had devoured your father's head.

*Cock.* Nay, Mikyllos, you do not know the reason of these things, nor what is suitable to each life. Formerly I did not eat beans, because I was a philosopher; but now I am willing to eat them, for they are bird's food and not forbidden to us. But come, you shall hear if you like how, after being Pythagoras, I come to be as you see, and what sort of lives I lived before, and what good I got of each transformation.

*Mikyllos.* Pray tell me; I should be enchanted to listen. If some one should ask me to choose whether I preferred to hear you tell about these things or see that heavenly dream again that I had a little while ago, I do not know which I should choose. You see how nearly akin I judge what you offer to the sweetest visions, and I hold you both in equal esteem, you and the blessed dream.

*Cock.* What! are you still pondering on your dream, wondering who in the world it was that appeared to you? Still cherishing certain fond images and chasing in memory an empty and (as the poets would say) fleeting happiness?

*Mikyllos.* I can tell you, *Cock*, that I will never forget that vision. The dream as it went left so much honey in my eyes that I can hardly lift my lids, for it drags them down again to sleep. You

know the tickling you get if you twirl a feather in your ear ; well, that is just the sensation I had from my dream.

*Cock.* By Herakles, this is a marvellous love that you declare for a dream ! They say dreams are winged and their flight is bounded by sleep, but this one has leaped beyond the mark and lingers in open eyes, seeming so honey-sweet and vivid. I should really like to hear what it was like, since you long for it so.

*Mikyllos.* I am ready to tell you, for it is a pleasure to me to recall and describe something of it. But when will you, Pythagoras, tell me about your transformations ?

*Cock.* When you, Mikyllos, stop dreaming and rub the honey from your eyelids. But tell me this first, whether your dream was sent through the gates of ivory or the gates of horn.

*Mikyllos.* Through neither, Pythagoras.

*Cock.* But Homer tells of these two only.

*Mikyllos.* Don't talk to me about that fool of a poet, who knew nothing about dreams. Perhaps poor dreams such as he used to see—not very clearly, either, for he was blind—came through such gates ; but mine, the most beautiful, came through golden gates, and itself was golden and clothed all in gold, and brought heaps of gold with it.

*Cock.* Stop your tale of gold, you Midas !

*Mikylos.* I saw heaps of gold, Pythagoras—heaps. You can't think how beautiful it was or how radiantly it shone! What is it Pindar says in praise of it? Remind me, if you know. He says water is best, and then goes on to speak of gold, placing a eulogy of it very properly at the very beginning of the book, in the most beautiful of all his odes.

*Cock.* This is probably what you want: "Best of all things is water, but gold—like a flaming fire by night it blazes out from all the haughty store of wealth."

*Mikylos.* The very thing, by Zeus! Pindar writes this praise of gold just as if he had seen my dream. If you wish to hear what it was like, listen, most sagacious Cock. You know I did not dine at home yesterday. Eukrates the millionaire fell in with me in the market-place and bade me come to his house after my bath in time for dinner.

*Cock.* I know it very well, for I went hungry all day until you came home late in the evening, rather drunk, and brought me those five beans—not a very ample meal for a cock who has been an athlete in his day and competed at Olympia, not without distinction.

*Mikylos.* Well, when I had come home from dinner I went to sleep as soon as I had given you the beans; and then, through the ambrosial night, as Homer says, a really heavenly dream appeared.

*Cock.* First, Mikyllos, tell me what happened at Eukrates's house, and what sort of a dinner you had, and all about the drinking-party after it. For there is nothing to prevent your dining again by fashioning a dream, as it were, of that dinner, and chewing in memory the cud of what you ate.

*Mikyllos.* I thought I should bore you if I described that, too; but since you wish it, I will certainly tell it. Never in all my life before, Pythagoras, had I dined with a rich man, when by some good-fortune I chanced upon Eukrates yesterday. I addressed him as usual, with "Good-morning, sir," and said no more lest I should mortify him by accompanying him in my shabby clothes. But he said, "Mikyllos, I am celebrating my daughter's birthday to-day, and I have asked a good many friends. Now I hear that one of them is poorly and not able to dine with me, so come yourself in his place after your bath, unless, indeed, the man I invited sends word finally that he will come. At present he is undecided."

When I heard this I made him a low bow and went off praying to all the gods to send a fever of some sort, or a pleurisy, or the gout, to that invalid whose successor and substitute I had been asked to be. The interval before bathing seemed ages long, because I was forever looking to see

what o'clock it was and at what hour one ought to have had his bath. And as soon as the time came I scrubbed myself in a hurry, and went off dressed with great propriety, having so adjusted my tunic that the cleaner part might be thrown over my shoulder. At the door I found a crowd, and among them, carried by four men in a litter, the man in whose stead I was to have dined, the one that was said to be ill, and indeed he was evidently in a bad way, for he groaned a little and had a slight cough, and cleared his throat from far down and with difficulty. He was of a uniform yellow and bloated, and nearly sixty years old. He was said to be a philosopher of the school that talks nonsense to boys. At all events, he wore a goat-like beard of an absurd length; and when Archibios, the doctor, blamed him for having come in this condition, he said, "Duty must be done, above all by a philosopher, even though a thousand diseases stand in the way; for Eukrates would think I held him lightly."

"Not at all," said I. "On the contrary, he will commend you if you prefer dying at home by yourself to coughing up your soul at the dinner."

To preserve his dignity he pretended that he had not heard the scoff. Presently Eukrates appeared from the bath, and when he saw Thesmo-  
polis—for that was the philosopher's name—  
"Professor," said he, "it is kind of you to come

to me. Still you would have lost nothing if you had stayed away, for your dinner would have been sent to you course by course."

As he spoke he entered the house, leading Thesmopolis by the hand, who was also supported by his servants. Accordingly I got ready to take myself off, but Eukrates turned round and after a good deal of hesitation said, when he saw me looking very downcast, "Come along, too, Mikyllos, and dine with us. I will tell my son to have his supper with his mother in the nursery so that there may be a place for you."

So I went in like a wolf who has almost lost his prey, ashamed that they should think I had driven Eukrates's boy from the table. When it was time to take our places on the couches, they first lifted Thesmopolis and set him up. It was no small job, by Zeus! for five—I think it was five—well-grown young men, and they stuffed cushions in all round him to keep him in position and enable him to hold out a long time. Then, as nobody could endure to sit near him, they took me and deposited me beside him, so that we were neighbors. Thereupon we dined, Pythagoras, and had a bountiful and varied dinner off abundance of silver and gold. There were golden goblets, and the waiters were beautiful boys, and between the courses there were singing-girls and clowns, and on the whole the entertainment

was delightful. The only drawback was that Thesmopolis gave me a good deal of trouble by boring me and talking to me about the "higher life," and instructing me that two negatives make an affirmative, and that if it is day it is not night, and sometimes he even proved that I had horns. He strung together a great deal more of such philosophy for me, quite gratuitously, and cut off my mirth, because he would not let me listen to the cither-playing and singing. Such, Cock, was the dinner.

*Cock.* Not much fun, Mikyllos, particularly as you were assigned to that silly old man.

*Mikyllos.* But now hear my dream, too. I thought that Eukrates was dying, being somehow childless, and he sent for me and made a will by which I was heir to everything he had, and shortly after died. I came into possession of the property, and drew gold and silver by the bucketful from a perennial stream. As to other things, clothing, and furniture, and plate, and servants, all I had was just what you would expect. I drove in a white chariot, lolling back, stared at and envied by all spectators. A quantity of servants ran and rode before me, and more followed. I wore his clothes and had as many as sixteen massive rings on my fingers, and I was ordering some brilliant feast to be prepared for the entertainment of my friends. Then, after the manner of

dreams, they were already present, and the supper was just being served, and the drinking was about to begin. I was in this situation, and pledging each of my guests in golden goblets, and the dessert was just coming in, when you raised your inopportune cry, put our feast to confusion, overturned the tables and scattered that wealth so that it was blown to the winds. Does it strike you that my anger against you was unreasonable? I should have liked to see that dream for three nights running.

*Cock.* What a lover you are of gold and wealth, Mikyllos. Do you admire this one thing of all others, and think it is happiness to have quantities of gold?

*Mikyllos.* I am not alone in my opinion, Pythagoras. You yourself, when you were Euphorbos, decked your locks with gold and silver when you went to fight the Achaians, actually in battle, where it was a better plan to carry iron than gold; but even there you thought you must wreath your hair with gold before you fought. And in my judgment that is why Homer said your hair was like the Graces, because "it was tightly bound with gold and with silver." For it is plain that it looked much more goodly and delightful when it was braided with the gold and vied with it in splendor. Still it does not make much difference, Goldlocks, whether you, who

were only Panthoos's son, honored gold or not. But the father of all men and gods, the son of Kronos and Rhea, when he fell in love with that Argolian girl, knew no lovelier form to assume, and no better way to break through the guard of Akrisios—you know, of course, that he turned into gold, and poured through the roof to be with his beloved. So why should I go on to tell you anything more about it, saying how many wants gold fills, and how it makes its owners handsome and clever and powerful, adds glory and reputation to them, and sometimes brings them in a twinkling from obscurity and contempt to prominence and fame. Now, you know my neighbor and fellow-craftsman, Simon, who dined with me not long ago; that time in the holidays when I made a bean soup with two slices of sausage in it.

*Cock.* I know the little snub-nosed creature. He picked up the earthen cup, the only one we had, and carried it off under his arm. I saw him, Mikyllos.

*Mikyllos.* Then it was he that stole it, and afterwards called so many gods to witness his innocence! But why did you not cry out and tell of him then, Cock, when you saw us being robbed?

*Cock.* I crowed, which was all I could do then. But what has Simon done? I thought you had something to say about him.

*Mikylos*. He had a cousin named Drimylos, who was enormously rich. While he was living he never gave Simon a cent. Why should he, who never touched his money himself? But he died the other day, and all his property has come by law to Simon, and now he of the dirty rags, he who used to lick his soup-plate, drives at his ease, wearing purple and scarlet, owning slaves and carriages and golden goblets and ivory tables, with the crowd bowing before him, and not so much as a glance for me any longer. At least, I saw him passing close by me and said, "How do you do, Simon?" But he flew into a rage and said, "Tell this beggar not to shorten my name. I am not called Simon, but Simonides." And what is more important, the women are in love with him already, but he is coy with them and fastidious. Some he approves and treats graciously, but others threaten to hang themselves because of his neglect. You see what good things gold can do, if it even transforms the ugly and makes them charming, as that cestus did in the poem. You know, too, what the poets say:

"O gold, fairest of possessions;"  
and,

"For it is gold that sways mortals."

But what are you laughing at in the midst of my story, Cock?

*Cock.* To see you, too, Mikyllos, sharing the vulgar error about rich people through your ignorance. Be assured that they live a much more wretched life than you do. I tell you as one who has been both poor and rich over and over again, and tried every sort of life. It will not be long before you yourself will have knowledge of each.

*Mikyllos.* By Zeus! it is high time for you to take your turn and tell about your metamorphoses, and what you know about each life.

*Cock.* Listen, but first know this, that I have seen no living soul happier than you.

*Mikyllos.* Than I? I wish you the same, for you move me to use bad language to you. But begin with Euphorbos, and tell me how you were changed into Pythagoras, and so on in order down to the cock. For you must have had a variety of sights and experiences in your manifold lives.

*Cock.* How my soul first took its flight from Apollo down to earth, and made its way into the body of a man in expiation of some crime would be over long to tell; and, moreover, it is not lawful for me to speak or you to hear such matters as these. Then I became Euphorbos.

*Mikyllos.* Tell me this first, have I, too, ever been changed like you?

*Cock.* Certainly.

*Mikyllos.* Who was I, then, if you can tell me, for I long to know.

*Cock.* You? You were an Indian ant of the gold-digging variety.

*Mikylos.* Poor devil, why did I hesitate to provide myself with even a few grains when I came from that life to this? But tell me, too, what I am going to be next. Probably you know. If it should be anything good, I will get up forthwith and hang myself from the peg you are standing on.

*Cock.* There is no way by which you can learn that. But when I became Euphorbos—to go back to what I was saying—I fought at Ilion, fell by the hand of Menelaos, and shortly after passed into Pythagoras. In the mean time I hung about homeless until Mnesarchos wrought my home for me.

*Mikylos.* With nothing to eat, my good sir, or to drink?

*Cock.* Of course. It is only the body that needs such things.

*Mikylos.* Well, then, tell me first about affairs at Ilion. Were things as Homer says they were?

*Cock.* How did he know anything about it, seeing he was a Baktrian camel at the time? But I will tell you this, that nothing was remarkable in those days. Ajax was not so tall nor Helen herself so beautiful as they are thought to have been. I saw some one with a white skin and a long neck, as was natural in a swan's daughter, but for the rest she was an old woman, almost He-

kuba's age. For Theseus, who was born in the time of Herakles, first carried her off and held her in Aphidnai; and Herakles captured Troy before in the days of our fathers at the latest. Panthoos used to tell me all these things, saying that he had seen Herakles when he was a boy.

*Mikylos.* Dear me! Was Achilles, as he is said to be, best in every way, or is that, too, a myth?

*Cock.* I never encountered him in battle, and I could not give you so exact an account of the Achaians' affairs. How could I, seeing that I was an enemy? However, I killed his comrade, Patroklos, without much trouble, piercing him with my spear.

*Mikylos.* And then Menelaos killed you more easily still.

But that will do on this subject. Now tell me about Pythagoras.

*Cock.* I was a complete sophist, Mikylos, for it is right, I think, to tell the truth. However, I was not uneducated nor neglectful of the noblest studies, and I even journeyed to Egypt to receive instruction from the priests. I made my way into the temples and mastered the books of Oros and Isis. And then I sailed back to Italy and so wrought upon the Greeks there that they reckoned me a god.

*Mikylos.* I have heard of this, and that you

were deemed to have risen from the dead, and that you once showed them that your thigh was gold. But tell me this, why did it occur to you to make a law against eating either flesh or beans?

*Cock.* Don't ask such things, Mikyllos.

*Mikyllos.* Why not?

*Cock.* Because I am ashamed to tell you the truth about them.

*Mikyllos.* Now, there is no reason whatever for hesitating to tell a man who is your messmate and friend, for I would no longer call myself your master.

*Cock.* I had no sound or reasonable motive; but seeing that if my practices were ordinary and the same as most people's, I should fail to draw on men to wonder at me, but the more outlandish they were the more august I seemed to them, this was the reason why I chose to innovate, pretending that my grounds were too holy for discussion, so that each might have his conjecture, and all stand amazed as at the dark sayings of the oracles. There, even you are laughing at me in your turn.

*Mikyllos.* Not so much at you as at the Krotoniates and Metapontines and Tarentines and the others who followed you speechless and kissed the footprints you left as you walked.

But when you had laid Pythagoras aside, what

character did you clothe yourself with after him?

*Cock.* Aspasia, the courtesan from Miletos.

*Mikylos.* Oh, what a tale! Pythagoras became even a woman among other people, and there was a time when you, most noble cock, were Aspasia, Perikles' mistress, and carded wool and wove the web and sold your favors!

*Cock.* I am not the only man who has done all these things. Teiresias, too, before me, and Kaineus, Elatos' son, were in my case, so that any joke you make against me will also be made against them.

*Mikylos.* Tell me, which life did you find pleasanter, when you were a man or when Perikles caressed you?

*Cock.* Beware of asking a question that was not agreeable even to Teiresias.

*Mikylos.* Even if you will not tell me, Euripides decided the matter adequately, saying that he would rather stand by his shield thrice than bear one child.

*Cock.* You will be a woman yourself, Mikylos, over and over in the great lapse of time.

*Mikylos.* Be hanged to you for thinking every one a Milesian or a Samian.

But what shape of man or woman did you appear in after Aspasia?

*Cock.* The cynic Krates.

*Mikylos.* Ye gods, that's a change—from a courtesan to a philosopher!

*Cock.* Then I was a king, then a poor man, and a little while after a satrap, then a horse, and a jackdaw, and a frog, and a thousand other things. It would take too long to enumerate them all. Finally I have been a cock many times, for I liked the life. I have served many others, kings and poor men and rich men, and now finally I live with you, laughing daily to hear you weep and wail over your poverty and admire the rich, in your ignorance of the evils belonging to them. Certainly, if you knew the cares they have, your first laugh would be at yourself for thinking a rich man over-happy.

*Mikylos.* Well then, Pythagoras, or whatever you would prefer to be called, so that I may not disturb your recital, calling you first one thing and then another—

*Cock.* It makes no difference whether you call me Euphorbus or Pythagoras or Aspasia or Krates, for I am all these. But you would do best to call this present form "Cock," not to be lacking in respect to the bird because it is held a humble creature, seeing that it embraces so many souls.

*Mikylos.* Well then, Cock, since you have tried pretty much every life and been everything, kindly tell me now what the private life of the rich is

and of the poor, too, to show me whether you are telling the truth when you declare me happier than the rich.

*Cock.* Come, look at it in this way: To you war is of no great moment, or the report that the enemy is invading us. You do not worry lest they attack your farm, cut down your crops, trample your shrubberies under foot, or ravage your grapes. When the trumpet sounds, if, indeed, you hear it at all, the most you do is to look for a place of safety for yourself, where you may escape the danger. But the rich, in addition to their personal anxiety, have the misery of looking from the walls and seeing all they had on their estates driven or carried away. And if subsidies are needed, they alone are called upon, and if an army must go out they have the posts of most danger as generals or cavalry officers. But you have an osier-shield, you are well equipped and lightly armed, so that you can save yourself, and you are ready to feast in honor of the victory when the triumphant general sacrifices to the gods.

In peace, on the other hand, you are one of the people, and you enter the assembly and domineer over the rich. They tremble and crouch before you, and propitiate you with grants, slaving to provide you with baths and games and shows and the other things in abundance. But

you, as auditor of the public accounts or examiner, rule them like a savage master, sometimes without even accounting for your acts. If it seems good to you, you shower down stones on them like hail with a free hand, or confiscate their property. You have no fear of the sycophant for your person, or of the robber lest he climb over the coping or burrow through the wall and steal your gold. And you need not trouble yourself with keeping accounts or dunning people or wrestling with those confounded stewards. No such cares tear you asunder. No; when you have finished a shoe and received your twenty cents for it, you leave your work towards night-fall, and, if you like, have your bath; then you buy a salt fish or some sprats or a handful of onions, and with this you make merry, singing most of the time, and philosophising with your good friend, poverty. This kind of life makes you healthy and strong and hardens you against the cold, for you are so whetted on the grindstone of your hardships that you are a shrewd fighter against things that other people find irresistible. Of course, none of those distressing diseases come your way. If ever a light fever touches you, you give way to it for a little, but then you start up and forthwith shake off the trouble. It flees on the instant in terror when it sees that you are a cold-water drinker, and have said a long

fare-ill to the doctor's visits. But those who have come to grief through indulgence have every evil under the sun : gout and consumption and pneumonia and dropsy, for these are the offspring of those sumptuous dinners. Accordingly, some of them who fly high, like Ikaros, and get near the sun, not knowing their plumage is fastened with wax, fall occasionally head-foremost into the sea with a mighty splash. But those who follow Dædalos, and whose ideas are not too lofty, but so near the earth that the wax is sometimes wet with spray, these, for the most part, fly in safety.

*Mikylos.* That is to say, people of good common-sense.

*Cock.* But the other sort, Mikylos, make shameful shipwreck. When Kroisos's feathers are plucked the Persians laugh to see him mount the pyre. Dionysios, his kingdom lost, is seen teaching school in Corinth. He descended from such a throne as his to teach children to spell.

*Mikylos.* Tell me, Cock, when you were a king—for you say you were once even on the throne—what was your experience of that life? I suppose you were perfectly happy, for you had whatever is best of all good things.

*Cock.* Do not remind me of that thrice unhappy time. As far as those external goods go that you speak of, I seemed indeed perfectly happy, but I had athousand troubles within.

*Mikylos.* What were they? This is astonishing, and I don't altogether believe it.

*Cock.* I ruled over a large and fertile country, Mikylos, fit to rank with the best for its population and the beauty of its cities. It was traversed by navigable rivers, and had a seaboard with good harbors. I had a large army, with well-trained cavalry, a considerable body-guard, a navy, untold treasure, quantities of gold plate, and all the rest of the royal *mise en scène* in profusion and excess. Whenever I went abroad the crowd saluted me, believing they beheld a god, and thronged on each others' heels to get sight of me; some would even mount the roofs and count it a great thing to have a clear view of my chariot, my robes, my outriders, and my escort. But I, conscious of my sorrows and agonies, made allowance for their ignorance and pitied my own case, which I compared with the colossal statues that Pheidias or Myron or Praxiteles wrought. Each of these, too, if you look at it from the outside, is a Poseidon or a Zeus of perfect beauty, made in gold or ivory, grasping the thunderbolt or the lightning or the trident in his right hand; but if you stoop and look inside you will see bars and bolts and nails piercing from side to side, and timbers and wedges and pitch and clay and a great many other things just as unsightly which are hidden there, to say nothing

of the crowds of rats and mice that sometimes colonize them. Well, royalty is much like this.

*Mikylos.* But you have not told me what the clay and bolts and bars of royalty are, nor the nature of that mass of unsightly things. To be stared at when you drive out, and to rule so many people, and to be saluted like a god, may justly be likened to the great statue, for they are both well-nigh divine. But tell me now, what is inside the colossus?

*Cock.* Where shall I begin? With the fears and frights and suspicions? The hatred and plots of those about the king? The scanty sleep, and that with one eye open, that these leave him? The troubled dreams, the tangled schemes, the hopes that never come to pass? Or the press of business, the audiences, the decisions, the going out to war, the orders to be given, the treaties to be made, the accounts to be kept? This will not suffer a king to have any pleasure, even in his dreams, but he alone must keep watch for all and feel a thousand cares.

“For sweet sleep held not Agamemnon, son of Atreus, revolving many things in his mind,” though all the Achaians were snoring. Kroisus was troubled because his son was deaf, Artaxerxes because Klearchos hired himself to Cyrus, another ruler because Dion whispered in the ears of some of the Syracusans, and another because Parme-

nion was praised. Ptolemy made Perdikkas wretched, and Seleukos did the same for Ptolemy. There are other sources of trouble, too: love won by force, a mistress that bestows her favors elsewhere, rumors of sedition, two or three of the body-guard whispering together. Worst of all, a king must hold his nearest and dearest in the greatest suspicion, and be ever expecting an ill turn from them. This one died of poison by his son's hand; that one actually was killed by his beloved; a third, perhaps, was snatched by a like manner of death.

*Mikylos.* That will do! These are horrible things you tell me of. To my mind, then, it is a good deal safer to sit stooping over one's last than to drink from a golden goblet if the loving-cup is mixed with hemlock or aconite. The only danger I run is of cutting my fingers so that they bleed for a moment, if my knife should slip aside and run out of the straight groove. But they, by your story, feast on deadly food, surrounded by a thousand evils. Then, when they fall from power, they are more like the tragic actors than anything else, whom you may see often with diadems, and ivory-hilted swords, and waving hair, and gold-sprinkled cloaks, as long as they are Kekrops or Sisypnos or Telephos. But if one of them steps into a hole, as often happens, and tumbles down in the middle of the stage, see how

the spectators laugh at the broken mask and diadem, and the actor's own bleeding head, and his legs bared so that you can see the wretched rags under his robe, and the straps that hold on his shapeless and ill-fitting buskins. You see how I have learned the art of simile from you already, my best of cocks! But we have seen what royalty is like; when you became a horse or a dog or a fish or a frog, how did you enjoy that sort of life?

*Cock.* You raise a great question, and this is not the time to discuss it. But to put it in a nutshell, every one of those lives, in my judgment, is freer from care than the human life, being measured only by the physical desires and needs. You will never find among the animals a horse who is a tax-gatherer, or a frog who is a spy, or a jackdaw who is a sophist, or a mosquito who is a cook, or a cock who is a libertine, or any other evil life you can think of.

*Mikylos.* Probably this is all very true, Cock, but I will confess my case to you without shame. I am still unable to rid my mind of the longing I have had from childhood to be a rich man. In fact, the dream still stands before my eyes pointing to gold, and, most of all, it chokes me to think of that confounded Simon revelling in such good-fortune.

*Cock.* I will cure you, Mikylos. It is still

night, so get up and come with me. I will take you to see Simon and into the houses of the other rich men, to show you how things are with them.

*Mikylos.* How can you? The doors are locked. You are not going to make a burglar of me, are you?

*Cock.* Heaven forbid; but Hermes, whose sacred bird I am, bestowed on me this special gift: if my longest tail-feather, the one that curls because it is so soft, be—

*Mikylos.* But you have two like that!

*Cock.* The man whom I permit to pluck the right hand one and keep it will be able to open any door and see everything, himself unseen, as long as I am willing.

*Mikylos.* I did not know, Cock, that you are a sorcerer, too. Now if you will give me this chance once, you will soon see all Simon's wealth transferred to this house; for if I can make my way in I will carry it off, and then he will have to come back to his lasts and nibble for a living.

*Cock.* That is not permitted. Hermes commanded me, if the holder of the feather should do anything of the sort, to give the alarm and have him caught in the theft.

*Mykillos.* That is a likely story! Hermes, a thief himself, begrudges theft to others! However, let us be off. I will keep my hands off the gold if I can.

*Cock.* First, Mikyllos, pluck the soft feather.

What are you doing? You have plucked them both!

*Mykillos.* To be on the safe side, Cock. And you will look better so. Your tail will be more symmetrical.

*Cock.* All right. Shall we go to see Simon first, or some other millionaire?

*Mikyllos.* Oh, Simon, by all means, who thinks himself a greater man by two syllables now he is rich. Here we are already at his door. What must I do next?

*Cock.* Touch the bolt with the feather.

*Mykillos.* That's done. Gracious heaven, the door has opened as if with a key!

*Cock.* Go in first. There, do you see him keeping vigil over his accounts?

*Mikyllos.* Yes! by Zeus, with a feeble, ill-fed lamp. And he is pale, I don't know why, and he has fallen away to a skeleton. It must be from anxiety, for I never heard he was ill otherwise.

*Cock.* Hear what he says. Then you will know why he is thus.

*Simon.* So that seventy thousand dollars is pretty safely buried under the bed, and nobody at all knows about it; but I have an idea that Sosylos the groom saw me burying the sixteen thousand under the manger. Anyhow, he is forever about the stable now, though he was not so

very careful or fond of his work before. And probably I am being plundered of a good deal besides this ; for where did Tibios get the money for those large fish they say he bought yesterday, and those ear-rings for his wife, worth a dollar at least? It is my money they are snatching, unlucky wretch that I am! Even my plate is not safely stored, and there is so much of it! I am afraid a house-breaker will get it. A great many people envy me and plot against me, particularly my neighbor Mikyllos.

*Mikyllos.* Yes, by Zeus! I am going off with a basin under my arm just as you did!

*Cock.* Hush, Mikyllos, he will know we are here.

*Simon.* The best plan is to sit up all night myself and look after everything. I will get up and make the round of the house. Who is that? I see you, you thief— Good heaven, you are only a pillar—that's all right.

I will dig up my money and count it again, lest I overlooked any the day before yesterday.

There, I hear some one coming to attack me again. Every one is besieging me and plotting against me. Where is my dagger? If I catch any one—

Come, I must bury the money again.

*Cock.* Such, Mikyllos, is the state of affairs with Simon. Let us be off to some one else while there is still a little of the night left.

*Mikylos.* Poor devil, what a life he leads. May my enemies get rich like him! I want to give him one good thump and then go off.

*Simon.* Who struck me? I am robbed, wretched man!

*Mikylos.* Bemoan yourself and lie awake, and stick to your gold till you turn to the color of it!

Let us go, if you please, to see Gniphon, the money-lender. He lives near by.

This door, too, opened of itself.

*Cock.* See, he is awake with his cares like the other, calculating his interest with his fingers stiff already. He must soon leave all these behind and turn to a book-worm or a carrion-fly.

*Mikylos.* I see a wretched, senseless human being, whose life now is not much better than a worm's or a gnat's. He, too, is worn to the bone with his accounts.

*Cock.* Well, now, Mikylos, should you like to fall heir to all this, along with the wealth of Eukrates?

*Mikylos.* Heaven forbid, Cock. I would rather starve. Farewell to gold and dinners! I call five cents a better fortune than to be robbed by your servants.

*Cock.* But for this time we must go home, for day is already beginning to break.

You shall see the rest another time, Mikylos.

**THE FERRY.**





HARON. Well, Klotho, my skiff here has been ready and in prime sailing-trim this long time. I have baled it out and set up the mast and bent the sail and furnished every oar with a thong. As far as I am concerned, there is nothing to prevent our weighing anchor and setting sail. But Hermes is late; he ought to have been here long ago. The ferry-boat is empty of passengers, as you see, though it might have made the passage three times to-day already. It is almost evening now, and we have not yet taken in a single obol. I know what will happen next. Pluto will suspect me of having been lazy in the matter, and all the while somebody else is to blame. But our noble and distinguished conductor of the dead has taken a draught of the earthly Lethe like any one else, and forgotten to come back to us. He is either wrestling with the lads, or playing the cither, or making speeches to air his nonsense; or very probably the gentleman is even stealing on the sly, for that, too, is one of his accomplishments. So he gives himself superior airs, and yet he is half one of us.

*Klotho.* What, Charon? How do you know that some pressage of business has not overtaken him? Perhaps Zeus has had to use him more than usual in matters above. He is his master, too.

*Charon.* Not so far as to have more than his share of control over a common servant. Certainly we have never detained him when he ought to go. But I know why it is. Down here there is nothing but asphodel and funeral libations and sacrificial cakes and offerings to the shades. All the rest is gloom and mist and darkness. But in heaven everything is radiant, and there is ambrosia in abundance, and no stint of nectar. So I imagine it is pleasanter to linger among these things. He flies from here as though he were running away from a prison. But when it is time to come down his pace is so leisurely and slow that he hardly gets here at all.

*Klotho.* Don't be angry any longer, Charon, for here he is himself, quite near, you see, bringing us a great many people and driving the crowd along with his staff more as if they were a herd of goats. But what is this? I see one in irons among them, and another laughing, and one has a leathern pouch slung about him and carries a club in his hand. He looks fiercely about and urges on the others. See, Hermes himself, too, is dripping with perspiration and panting, and

his feet are covered with dust. He can hardly breathe. What is the matter, Hermes? What is your hurry? It looks to us as if you were in trouble.

*Hermes.* It is all this wretch here, Klotho. He ran away, and I chased him till I came near deserting the ship for to-day.

*Klotho.* Who is he, and what did he want to run away for?

*Hermes.* That is easy to see—because he preferred to live. He is some king or despot, to judge from his lamentations and the things he mourns for. He says he has been deprived of great happiness of some sort.

*Klotho.* Then the poor fool tried to run away because he thought he could come to life again after the thread woven for him had already come to an end?

*Hermes.* Tried to run away, do you say? Yes, and if my very good friend here, the one with the club, had not helped me to capture him and put him in irons, he would have got clean away from us. For, from the moment Atropos handed him over to me, the whole way along he has been resisting and struggling, and he would plant his feet on the ground so that he was not exactly easy to conduct. And sometimes he would fall to supplication and prayer, begging me to let him go for a little and promising great bribes. But

I, of course, did not loose him, for I saw he was longing for the impossible. But when we had come to the very entrance and I was giving the customary inventory of the dead to Aiakos, and he was reckoning them by the memorandum sent to him by your sister, that confounded villain managed somehow to give us the slip and get off. Accordingly, there was one soul short by the count, and Aiakos, raising his eyebrows, said, "Don't use your thieving skill in all departments, Hermes. Be satisfied with your tricks in heaven. Dealings with the dead are exact, and can in no way evade scrutiny. The memorandum, you see, has 'one thousand and four' written on it, but you come bringing me one too few, unless you are prepared to say that Atropos has falsified her accounts for you."

I blushed at this speech, and instantly remembered what had happened on the road, and when I cast my eye about and saw this fellow nowhere I perceived that he had run away, and gave chase as hard as I could up the road to daylight. This good soul here followed me of his own motion. We ran like racers, and only caught him at Tainaros. He was as near as that to getting away.

*Klotho.* And we, Charon, were just accusing Hermes of neglecting his duties!

*Charon.* Well, what are we waiting for now? Haven't we lost enough time already?

*Klotho.* You are right; let them embark. I will take my note-book in my hand and sit by the gangway, as usual; and as each one of them comes aboard I will find out who he is and whence he comes, and what sort of death he died by. Do you, Charon, receive them and stack them together in lots; and you, Hermes, put these new-born children aboard first. For how could they answer any of my questions?

*Hermes.* See, ferryman, there are three hundred of these for you, counting those that were exposed.

*Charon.* Dear me, that is a large bag. You have brought us unripe dead.

*Hermes.* Shall we put the unwept aboard next to these, Klotho?

*Klotho.* Do you mean the aged? Yes, do so. Why should I trouble myself now to inquire into such ancient history? All you who are over sixty come forward at once. What is this? They do not hear me, because their ears are stopped with age. Probably you will have to lift these, too, and ship them.

*Hermes.* Here is another lot, lacking two of four hundred. These are all soft and ripe, and gathered in their prime.

*Charon.* No, by Jove! they are all raisins already.

*Klotho.* Bring on the wounded next to these,

Hermes. I will begin with you. Tell me by what death you have come here ; or, rather, I will examine you by reference to the documents. Eighty-four must have died in battle yesterday in Mysia, among them Gobares, the son of Oxyartes.

*Hermes.* They are here.

*Klotho.* Seven cut their own throats for love, and Theagenes the philosopher on account of the courtesan from Megara.

*Hermes.* These are at hand.

*Klotho.* Where are the two who killed each other fighting for the throne ?

*Hermes.* They are here.

*Klotho.* And he who was murdered by his wife and her lover ?

*Hermes.* Here he is, close by.

*Klotho.* Now bring those from the law-courts ; I mean the impaled and the flogged to death. And where are the sixteen who were killed by robbers ?

*Hermes.* You see this lot are here, the wounded. Shall I bring on the women *en masse* ?

*Klotho.* By all means ; and the shipwrecked *en masse*, for they died in the same way. And as for the fever patients, bring them all at once, too, and Agathokles the doctor with them.

Where is the philosopher Kyniskos, who ought to have died of eating Hecate's supper and the purifiactory eggs and a raw polyp to top off with ?

*Kyniskos.* I have been standing here at your service for some time, my good Klotho. What wrong have I done that you left me on earth so long? You almost spun out your whole spindle for me. However, I tried often to cut the thread and come, but somehow or other it was not to be broken.

*Klotho.* I left you to be a guardian and physician of human errors. But come aboard, and luck go with you!

*Kyniskos.* By Heaven, no, unless we shall first have shipped the fellow in fetters, for I am afraid he will persuade you with his prayers.

*Klotho.* Come, let me know who he is.

*Hermes.* Megapenthes, son of Lakydes, a despot.

*Klotho.* Come aboard.

*Megapenthes.* Not for worlds, Madam Klotho. Let me go up for a little while. Then I will come to you by my own free-will at no one's summons.

*Klotho.* What is the reason you want to go?

*Megapenthes.* Give me time to finish my house. I left my dwelling behind half built.

*Klotho.* Nonsense! Get in.

*Megapenthes.* I do not ask for a long time, Fate. Let me stay just this one day, to appear to my wife and tell her something about my money—where I kept my great treasure hidden.

*Klotho.* It is fixed. You cannot do it.

*Megapenthes.* Then will all that gold be lost?

*Klotho.* Not at all; you may be at ease about that. Your cousin Megakles will get hold of it.

*Megapenthes.* Oh, what an affront! My enemy, whom I was too easy-going to put to death before me?

*Klotho.* The same. He will survive you forty years and something over, in possession of your harem and your clothes and all your wealth.

*Megapenthes.* It is unjust, Klotho, to assign my property to my greatest enemies.

*Klotho.* I suppose, my noble sir, that you did not seize it when it belonged to Kydimachos, murdering the man himself and then slaying his children on their father's warm body?

*Megapenthes.* But at present it was mine.

*Klotho.* Well, your time of possession had run out.

*Megapenthes.* Listen, Klotho. There is something I should like to say to you in private without witnesses. You others step aside a moment.

If you will give me a chance to run away I promise to give you this day a million dollars in coin of the realm.

*Klotho.* You are absurd. Can you not get gold and dollars out of your head yet?

*Megapenthes.* I will throw in the two bowls, if you like, that I got when I killed Kleakritos.

They weigh a hundred talents of unalloyed gold apiece.

*Klotho.* Drag him in, for apparently he will not embark of his own will.

*Megapenthes.* I call you people to witness that my wall and my dockyards are unfinished. I could have completed them if I had lived five days longer.

*Klotho.* Never mind. Some one else will build them.

*Megapenthes.* Anyhow, this one thing it is perfectly reasonable to ask for.

*Klotho.* What is that?

*Megapenthes.* To come to life long enough to subdue the Persians, and impose taxes on the Lydians, and raise a huge monument to myself, inscribing on it how many great and warlike deeds I did in my lifetime.

*Klotho.* My man, this is not asking for a single day any longer, but to spend about twenty years.

*Megapenthes.* I am ready, moreover, to furnish sureties for my quickness and my reappearance. If you wish it, I will even provide you a substitute in my place in the person of my one beloved son.

*Klotho.* You wretch, him whom you have often prayed you might leave behind you?

*Megapenthes.* That used to be my prayer, but now I see the better course.

*Klotho.* He, too, will join you soon, slain by the new king.

*Megapenthes.* Well, but do not refuse me this thing at any rate, Fate.

*Klotho.* What is it?

*Megapenthes.* I wish to know what the course of events will be after me.

*Klotho.* You shall, for your knowledge will be an added torment. Midas the slave will have your wife; he has been her lover this long time.

*Megapenthes.* The villain! It was by her persuasion that I gave him his freedom.

*Klotho.* Your daughter will be counted among the harem of the present monarch. Your portraits and statues, which the city erected for you in times past, will all be overturned, a laughing-stock to the beholders.

*Megapenthes.* Tell me, is not one of my friends moved to anger by these acts?

*Klotho.* Why, who was a friend to you? What reason had any one to be? You know that all of them, those who bowed before you and those who extolled your every word and deed, acted from fear or hope, being friendly to your office and having an eye to the main chance.

*Megapenthes.* And yet they used to pour out their libations at the banquets, and pray with a loud voice that many good things might befall me, saying that every one of them was ready to die

in my stead if possible, and altogether they swore by me.

*Klotho.* Accordingly, it was after dining with one of them that you died yesterday. For that last cup that was handed to you sent you here.

*Megapenthes.* That is why I tasted something bitter! What was his object in doing it?

*Klotho.* You ask too many questions when you ought to be embarking.

*Megapenthes.* There is one thing that chokes me most of all, Klotho, and makes me long to rise to the light again, if but for a moment.

*Klotho.* What is this? It must be something tremendous.

*Megapenthes.* Karion, my slave, as soon as he saw I was dead, came late in the evening into the room where I was lying, without any trouble, for no one was so much as watching by me, and looked at me and said, "You wretched little creature, you gave me a blow many a time when I didn't deserve it." With these words he fell to plucking out my hair and beating me to his heart's content, and finally he spat upon me and went off, saying, "Go to the devil!" I was aflame with rage, but all the same I could not do anything to him, stiff and cold as I was. But if I could get hold of him—

*Klotho.* Stop your threats and come aboard. It is time now for you to go to your trial.

*Megapenthes.* And who will venture to pass judgment on a man of kingly rank?

*Klotho.* No one will judge the king, but the dead man must come before Rhadamanthos. You will soon see him assigning his doom to each with great justice and according to merit. Don't waste any more time just now.

*Megapenthes.* Make me a private citizen, Fate, if you will, a poor man, a slave instead of a king as I was. Only let me come to life again!

*Klotho.* Where is the man with the club? And you, too, Hermes; drag him in by the foot, for he would not come voluntarily.

*Hermes.* Come with me, you runaway. Take him, ferryman, and, to make him safe, dash it—

*Charon.* All right. He shall be made fast to the mast.

*Megapenthes.* Assuredly I ought to be placed in the seat of honor.

*Klotho.* Why?

*Megapenthes.* Because, by Heaven, I was a despot and had a body-guard of ten thousand men.

*Kyniskos.* Then Karion was right to pluck out the hair of such a mischievous creature. You will rue your tyranny when you have tasted the club.

*Megapenthes.* Will Kyniskos, then, dare to raise his staff against me? Did I not almost crucify you a day or two ago because you were too free and rough and disrespectful?

*Kyniskos.* That is why you, too, will stay crucified against the mast.

*Mikyllos.* Tell me, Klotho, do you take no account of me at all? Or because I am a poor man, is that a reason why I ought to be the last to embark, too?

*Klotho.* And who are you?

*Mikyllos.* Mikyllos the shoemaker.

*Klotho.* And you object to lingering? Do you not see what promises the tyrant makes on condition of being let off for a little while? I am amazed, then, if you, too, are not pleased at the delay.

*Mikyllos.* Listen, best of Fates. I am not greatly cheered by such a boon as the Cyclops gave to "Noman" in promising to eat him last. First or last, the same teeth are waiting. Moreover, I am not in the same plight as the rich. Our lives are poles asunder, as they say. Now the despot was considered happy while he lived. He was feared and stared at by all. When he left behind him so much gold and silver and raiment, so many horses and banquets and lovely boys and beautiful women, it was natural that he should take it ill and grieve at being dragged from them. For the soul sticks to such things as if it were somehow glued to them, and it is loth to give them up without a struggle, because it has clung to them so long. Or, rather, it is as

if they had come to be bound by fetters that cannot be broken. Of course if any one drags them off by force they shriek and beg mercy; and though they have a bold face for other things, they show themselves cowards about this, the road that leads to Hades. They turn back and have a lovesick longing to see the things of daylight even if from afar, just as this fool here did, trying to run away on the road and persecuting you with entreaties here. But I, because I had nothing at stake in life, neither estates nor apartment houses nor gold nor furniture nor reputation nor portraits, naturally had my loins girt up; and as soon as Atropos nodded to me I gladly threw down my knife and my sole—for I had a boot in my hand—and jumped up and followed barefoot, not even waiting to wash off the stains from the leather. No, I rather led the way, looking ahead; for there was nothing behind that turned my head or called me back. And, by Zeus! I see already that everything is charming down here; for in my opinion it is most delightful to have universal equality, and no one better than his neighbor. I judge that debtors are not dunned for their debts here nor taxes paid; and most important of all, no one is frozen in winter or falls ill or gets beaten by his betters. We poor men laugh: it is the rich who feel the pain and bewail their case.

*Klotho.* I have seen you laughing for some time, Mikyllos. What was it chiefly that stirred your mirth?

*Mikyllos.* I will tell you, goddess of my greatest reverence. I lived near a despot on earth, so that I saw pretty plainly all that went on in his house, and he seemed to me then to be somehow equal with the gods. For I counted him blessed when I saw the bloom of his purple, the crowd of his followers, the gold, the gemmed goblets, the silver-footed couches. And, moreover, the steam and savor of his dinner preparations used to drive me wild, so that he seemed to me more than mortal, thrice blessed, and almost handsomer than other people, and taller by two feet! lifted up as he was by fortune, dignified in his gait, with head thrown back, inspiring awe in those he met. But when he came to die, and had laid aside his luxury like a garment, I saw all his absurdity; but still more I laughed at myself for having admired such a wretch, judging of his happiness from the steam of his kitchen, and calling him blessed on the strength of the blood of the shell-fish in the Laconic Sea. And he was not the only one. When I saw the money-lender Griphon groaning with remorse because he had not had the good of his money, but was dying without a taste of it, leaving his property to the spendthrift Rodochares—for he was next of kin

and chief legatee by law—I could not help laughing; most of all when I remembered how yellow and dirty he always was, his brow full of care and rich only with the fingers that counted his millions, gathering little by little what lucky Rodochares will send spinning presently.

But why do we not proceed now? We will have the rest of our fun on the voyage watching the others bemoan themselves.

*Klotho.* Get in and let the ferryman draw up the anchor.

*Charon.* My friend, where are you going? The skiff is full already. Wait here till to-morrow. We will ferry you over early in the morning.

*Mikyllos.* It is a crime, Charon, for you to leave a dead man behind who is stale already. I will indict you before Rhadamanthos for illegal practices.

Alas, alack! they are off already, and I shall be left here alone. But why not swim after them? I am not afraid of giving out and drowning, because I am dead already. Moreover, I have not even got the obol to pay the ferryman.

*Klotho.* What are you doing? Stay where you are, Mikyllos. It is not permitted to cross in that fashion.

*Mikyllos.* And yet I may possibly get into port before you do.

*Klotho.* Heaven forbid. Come up with him and catch him. You, Hermes, help pull him in.

*Charon.* Now, where shall he sit? Every seat is full, as you see.

*Hermes.* On the despot's shoulders, if you agree.

*Klotho.* Happy thought, Hermes.

*Charon.* Climb up, then, and set your foot on the villain's neck; and a fair voyage to us!

*Kyniskos.* Charon, it is fair to tell you the truth from this moment. I should not have an obol to pay you when I have got across, for I have nothing but this wallet, which you see, and this club. But if you want any baling done, I am ready, or even to take an oar. You will have no fault to find if only you give me a strong, well-balanced oar.

*Charon.* Row, then; for even that is payment enough from you.

*Kyniskos.* Is it, or must I start a boat-song to give the time?

*Charon.* By all means, if you know some sailor's song.

*Kyniskos.* I know a number; but see, these others are wailing tearfully in opposition. They will put us out in our singing.

*First Dead Man.* Alas for my goods!

*Second Dead Man.* Alas for my fields!

*Third Dead Man.* Woe is me, what a house I have left!

*Fourth Dead Man.* How many thousands my heir will get to make ducks and drakes of!

*Fifth Dead Man.* Alas for my young children!

*Sixth Dead Man.* Who will gather grapes from the vines I planted for myself last year?

*Hermes.* Mikyllos, do you make no lament? It is impious for any one to cross without a tear.

*Mikyllos.* Nonsense. I have nothing to lament for on a prosperous voyage.

*Hermes.* Still, just join a little in the groaning for custom's sake.

*Mikyllos.* I will make my moan, then, since you think best, Hermes. Alas for my soles! Alas for my old lasts! Woe is me for my rotten sandals! Poor wretch, I shall never again go without food from daybreak to nightfall! Never again shall I stalk about in winter barefoot and half naked, my teeth chattering with the cold! Who, pray tell, will have my knife and my awl?

*Hermes.* You have mourned enough; we have almost finished our voyage.

*Charon.* Come, pay me the ferry-charge first! —Give me yours, too.—Now they have all paid. —Pay me your obol, too, Mikyllos.

*Mikyllos.* You are joking, Charon, or else your accounts are writ in water, as they say, if you expect any obol from Mikyllos. I absolutely do not know whether an obol is four-sided or round.

*Charon.* This is a fine, profitable voyage to-day!

However, take yourselves ashore. I am going after the horses and cows and dogs and other animals, for they, too, must needs cross now.

*Klotho.* Take them and conduct them, *Hermes*. I myself must sail to the other shore, to bring over *Indopatris* and *Eraminthe*, the *Seres*. They are already dead just now from fighting with each other about the boundaries of their territories.

*Hermes.* Let us proceed, friends, or, rather, all follow me in order.

*Mikyllos.* Goodness, how dark it is. Where now is the handsome *Megillos*? Or how can any one tell here whether *Simmiche* is more beautiful than *Phryne*? All things are equal and of the same complexion, and there are no such things as degrees of beauty. Even my threadbare cloak, which always used to seem hideous to me, is now just as good as the king's purple, for they are both invisible and covered by the same darkness. *Kyniskos*, where may you happen to be?

*Kyniskos.* Here I am. Let us stroll on together, if agreeable to you.

*Mikyllos.* By all means. Give me your arm. Tell me, is not this much the same sort of thing as the *Eleusinian* mysteries—for of course you have been initiated?

*Kyniskos.* You are right. See, now, this person advancing with a torch, looking fiercely and

threateningly about her. I wonder whether it is an Erinnys?

*Mikyllos.* Probably, from the look of her dress.

*Hermes.* Receive these people, Tisiphone—a thousand and four.

*Tisiphone.* Indeed, Rhadamanthos here has been waiting for you a long time.

*Rhadamanthos.* Bring them forward, Erinnys. You, Hermes, officiate as herald and summon them.

*Kyniskos.* Rhadamanthos, in the name of your father, produce me and examine me first.

*Rhadamanthos.* Why?

*Kyniskos.* I have a great desire to accuse some one of the evil deeds I know he committed in his lifetime, and my testimony would not be worthy of credence unless it has first been shown what my character is and how I passed my life.

*Rhadamanthos.* And who are you?

*Kyniskos.* Kyniskos, my good sir, of the philosophical persuasion.

*Rhadamanthos.* Come here and stand your trial first. Hermes, call for the accusers.

*Hermes.* If any one accuses Kyniskos, the defendant, let him come forward.

*Kyniskos.* No one comes.

*Rhadamanthos.* But this is not enough, Kyniskos. Take off your clothes, so that I may judge you by your brands.

*Kyniskos.* How should I be a branded slave?

*Rhadamanthos.* Every evil deed that one of you commits in his life brands invisible marks on his soul.

*Kyniskos.* Here I stand stripped, so look for these brands you talk about.

*Rhadamanthos.* He is spotless from head to foot, except for these three or four blurred and very indistinct brands. But what is this? Here are the prints and traces of many burnings, but they have been washed out somehow, or rather cut out. What do these mean, Kyniskos, and how is it that you look spotless again?

*Kyniskos.* I will tell you. I used to be wicked because I was ignorant, and won many a brand by this means. But as soon as I began to take to philosophy, I washed off, little by little, all the stains from my soul, by the use of this so excellent and effectual medicine.

*Rhadamanthos.* I dismiss you to the islands of the blest, to the society of the noblest, after you have accused the despot you mention.

Summon the others.

*Mikylos.* My case, too, Rhadamanthos, is a trifling one, and calls for a short inquiry. I am stripped for you already, so examine me.

*Rhadamanthos.* Who may you be?

*Mikylos.* Mikylos, the shoemaker.

*Rhadamanthos.* Well done, Mikylos; you are

perfectly spotless and unmarked. You, too, I dismiss along with Kyniskos here. Now summon the tyrants.

*Hermes.* Let Megapenthes, son of Lakydes, appear. Which way are you turning? Come forward. I am summoning you, the despot. Shove him out, Tisiphone, head-foremost into the middle.

*Rhadamanthos.* But you, Kyniskos, accuse him now and expose him utterly, for the man is at hand as defendant.

*Kyniskos.* There is no need of words at all, for you will very speedily know him for what he is from his brands. However, I, too, will unveil the man for you and exhibit him still more plainly by what I say. The deeds this accursed wretch committed while he was a private citizen I think it best to omit; but when he banded himself with the most daring spirits and collected a body-guard, and, revolting, imposed himself on the State as a tyrant, he slew thousands without trial, and by taking possession of their property amassed enormous wealth, and left no form of excess untried. No; he treated the wretched citizens with every sort of insolence. He seduced the maidens, debauched the young men, and bore himself in every way offensively to his subjects. And you could not even punish him adequately for his suspicion, his vanity, and his overbearing manner

to those who happened in his way, for a man would more easily have looked at the sun without winking than at him. And who could describe his inventiveness in the way of punishments to gratify his cruelty? He did not keep his hands off even his next of kin. And you will know immediately that these things are not an empty slander against him if you summon those that were murdered by him. In fact, they are here unbidden, as you see, crowding about him and throttling him. All these, Rhadamanthos, died by the wretch's hand. Some he plotted against for the sake of their beautiful wives. Some gave way to anger at his insolence when their sons were led astray. Some died because they were rich, and some because they were honest and well-conducted, and in no way complacent of his actions.

*Rhadamanthos.* Enough already of witnesses! But strip him of his purple, too, so that we may know how many brand-marks he has. Dear me, he is perfectly livid and covered with marks, or, rather, he is black and blue with them. Now, how should he be punished? Shall we cast him into the fiery stream or hand him over to Kerberos?

*Kyniskos.* Not at all, but, with your permission, I will suggest a new and fitting punishment for him.

*Rhadamanthos.* Speak ; I shall be deeply grateful to you.

*Kyniskos.* It is the custom, I believe, for all, when they die, to drink of the water of Lethe.

*Rhadamanthos.* Certainly.

*Kyniskos.* Then let him alone of all men have no taste of it ?

*Rhadamanthos.* Why ?

*Kyniskos.* In this way he will undergo the worst punishment, remembering what he was and what power he had on earth, and pondering on his lost splendors.

*Rhadamanthos.* You are right. Let him be sentenced and carried off and bound along with Tantalos, remembering the deeds he did while he was alive.

A TRUE HISTORY.



## Book I.



ATHLETES and those who pay attention to bodily training do not bestow all their care on securing a vigorous condition or on active exercise. They give some of it to the question of seasonable relaxation ; in fact, they conceive this to be a very important part of their training. In just the same way I believe it to be fitting for those engaged with literature to relax their minds after a prolonged reading of the more weighty authors, and render them more vigorous for subsequent labor. And this period of relaxation would be more profitable for such persons if they should spend it over works which do not merely furnish pastime by their wit and charm, but which exhibit also some clever train of thought. This is the ideal I propose to myself for the following pages. For the novelty of the idea and the charm of the subject will not be their only attraction, nor yet the persuasive, consistent way in which I set forth lies of all sorts, but the fact that each of the events I record is a parody of some of the poets and historians and philosophers of antiquity, who wrote such wonderful and fabulous his-

tories. I would even insert their names if they were not going to disclose themselves to your own mind as you read.

Ktesias, the Knidian, son of Ktesiochos, wrote an account of the countries of the Indians and their manners and customs, which he never saw himself or heard of from any one else. And Iambulus, too, wrote an astonishing account of things in the Atlantic Ocean. It is patent to all that he drew on his imagination, but he carried out his design pleasantly enough. Many other writers, too, have chosen the same subjects and written on them, assuming to give an account of their own wanderings and journeys, and the size of the beasts they saw, and the savagery of the people and their strange ways of life. The founder of the sect, the teacher of all this tomfoolery, was Homer's Odysseus, who talked to Alkinous and his people about the servitude of the winds; and one-eyed people who eat raw flesh and live barbarously; yes, and of creatures with a plurality of heads, and of transformations wrought on his companions by drugs. Any amount of such marvels he described to the Phaeacians, as if they were greenhorns.

Now, when I fell in with all these works, I did not greatly blame the men for their lying, because I saw at once that this was the habit of those even who promise to write philosophy. But the

one thing that filled me with wonder at them was that they believed their falsifications undetected. Accordingly, I too, since my vanity made me eager to leave something for posterity, was not going to be the only one without a share in the story-teller's license, and as I had nothing true to relate—for I have had no experiences worth telling—I turned myself to lying far more consistently than the others. For the one true statement I shall make is this: that everything I say will be a lie. In this way I think I should even escape the arraignment of others, since I admit myself that there is not a true word in what I say. Well, then, my book deals with things I neither saw nor lived through myself, nor learned from others—things, moreover, which absolutely do not exist, nor could possibly. Wherefore my readers must put no manner of trust in them.

I once made a voyage, setting forth from the Pillars of Hercules into the Western Ocean, with a following wind. The cause of my journey and my object in making it were the restless curiosity of my mind, a yearning for novelties, and a desire to learn what is the boundary of the ocean, and what sort of people dwell on the other side. To this end I stored a ship with a great quantity of provisions, put plenty of water, too, aboard, secured fifty of my comrades who were of my way of thinking, laid in, moreover, a good stock of

weapons, furnished myself with an excellent ship's master at high wages, and had the vessel—she was a light-built, fast-sailing craft—put in repair as though for a long, hard voyage.

Well, we sailed for a day and a night with a favorable wind, still in sight of land and making no great progress. But as the sun rose on the next day the wind increased, the sea rose, it grew dark, and it became impossible even to take in the sails. Accordingly, we surrendered ourselves to the wind, and were storm-tossed for seventy-nine days; but on the eightieth the sun suddenly shone out, and we perceived an island at no great distance, high and wooded, with no fierce breakers thundering about it, for the sea had already greatly subsided. So we brought the ship to land and disembarked, and for some time we lay on the ground, as was natural after our long distress. But when we had got upon our feet we chose out thirty of our number to stay and guard the ship, and twenty to go inland with me and reconnoitre the island.

When we had advanced as much as six hundred yards from the sea through the woods we saw a pillar of wrought brass, bearing an inscription in Greek characters, blurred and rubbed away, which read: "Herakles and Dionysos came to this point." And there were two footprints in the rock close by—one a hundred feet long, the

other smaller. I have no doubt that one of them, the smaller, was left by Dionysos, the other by Herakles. We paid our devotions and went forward. We had not gone far when we came to a river flowing with wine—more like the wine of Chios than any other. The stream was full and wide, so that in some places it was navigable. So it came home to us more than ever that we must believe the legend on the pillar when we saw these signs of Dionysos's passage that way. I made up my mind to explore the source of the river and ascended along the stream; but I found no spring, only a quantity of great vines full of grapes, with a drop of translucent wine trickling from the root of each, and from these the river took its rise. There were also a quantity of fish to be seen in it, very like wine in color and taste. In fact we got drunk from eating some of them that we caught, and we actually found them full of lees when we cut them open. Later, however, we bethought ourselves of the other sort of fish that live in water, and by mixing the two we mitigated the strength of our wine food. We took some jars, and laid in a supply of water and of wine, too, from the river, and having encamped near it on the beach for the night, we set sail at daybreak with a gentle breeze. But about noonday, when we had lost sight of the island, a whirlwind suddenly arose, spun the ship

around, lifted her four hundred miles in the air, and did not set her back in the sea again; but as she was hanging aloft in the air a wind struck the sails, filled the canvas, and bore her on. For seven days and as many nights we coursed through the air, and on the eighth we saw a great earth in the air like an island, bright and round, and shining with a great light. We made for it, came to anchor, and went ashore. On examining the country we found it inhabited and cultivated. By day we could see nothing from it, but when night came on many other islands appeared in the neighborhood, some larger and some smaller, of the color of fire, and a certain other earth below them with cities on it, and rivers and seas and forests and mountains. This we judged was our own.

We determined to go still farther into the interior, but we met some of the Hippogyps, as they call themselves, and they arrested us. These Hippogyps are men riding on great vultures, using the birds like horses, for the vultures are large and for the most part three-headed. You may understand their size from this: each of their feathers is longer and thicker than the mast of a good-sized merchantman. Now it was the business of our Hippogyps to fly about the country, and, if they found a stranger, bring him to the king. Accordingly, they took us in charge and

brought us to him. When he had looked at us, he said: "I see, strangers, that you are Greeks." For he judged from our appearance and clothing. Upon our replying that we were, he asked:

"How, then, have you come hither, traversing such a waste of air?"

We told him our whole story, and then he began in turn and told us about himself: how he, too, was a man, Endymion by name, and had once been snatched up from our earth in his sleep, and, arriving here, had become king of the country. He said that this earth was what appeared to us below to be the moon. But he bade us take heart and suspect no danger, for we should have everything we wanted.

"If," said he, "I bring to a successful issue the war I am now waging against the inhabitants of the Sun, you will find this the pleasantest place of residence in the universe."

We asked who the enemy were and what was the matter in dispute.

"Phaeton," said he, "the king of the Sun-folk—for the Sun is inhabited as well as the Moon—has been at war with us for a long time already. It began from this cause: I had collected the poorest of my subjects and planned to send them off to colonize the Morning-star, which is a wilderness, uninhabited by any one. Now Phaeton, in his jealousy, stopped the colonists, meeting

them half-way on their journey with his Ant-cavalry. On that occasion we were beaten—for our numbers were not equal to theirs—and we retired, but now I want to march out again and convoy the colonists. So, if it be agreeable to you, join my expedition. I will furnish you with a vulture apiece from the royal stables and the rest of your equipment. We shall set out to-morrow.”

“We are at your service,” said I. He then invited us to supper, and we spent the night with him.

[Here follows a detailed account of the extraordinary troops marshalled by Endymion and Phaeton, and the manner in which the battle was fought, the Moonites defeated, and the hero taken prisoner with two of his companions. The victorious Sun-folk built a wall between their country and the Moon, cutting off the sunlight, so that Endymion’s people were forced to sue for peace, which was granted on easy terms, the chief stipulations being that the Moon should pay a yearly tribute of a hundred thousand gallons of dew, and that the Morning-star should be settled by colonists from the Sun as well as the Moon, and any one else who cared to join them.]

Such were the terms of the peace. The wall was forthwith torn down, and we prisoners-of-war were surrendered. On our return to the Moon

our comrades and Endymion himself came out to meet us, and embraced us with tears ; and he asked me to stay there and join his colony, promising to give me his own child in marriage. However, I by no means listened to him, but begged him to convey me down into the sea again ; and when he saw it was impossible to move me he sent us off after feasting us for seven days.

Then, after making our adieux to the king and his people, we embarked and set sail. On me Endymion also bestowed some gifts, two of their crystal tunics, five bronze ones, and a suit of bean-armor—all of which I left in the whale. He sent also a thousand Hippogyps to escort us fifty miles.

On our voyage we sailed past a number of places, and put in at the Morning-star, which we had just helped to colonize, and disembarked and took in water. Going aboard again we made off into the Zodiac on the left, all but touching the Sun as we sailed past. We did not go ashore, though many of my mates were eager to, for the wind did not permit it. However, we saw the country, which was blooming, rich, well-watered, and full of all pleasant things. When the Cloud-centaurs, who are mercenaries of Phaeton, saw us, they flew towards the ship ; but, on learning that we were allies, they withdrew. The Hippogyps, too, had already left us.

After sailing all the next night and day we arrived towards evening at what is called Lamp-town, having already entered upon our downward course. This city lies between the tracts of the Pleiades and the Hyades, a good deal lower than the Zodiac. Here we disembarked, but we found no human being, only a multitude of lamps running about and transacting business in the market-place and on the wharves. Some were small, the lower classes, as it were ; but a few were large and of high rank, and these were brilliant, and could be seen afar. Each of them had his own private residence or lantern, and a name, like a man, and we heard them utter speech. They offered us no injury, but even invited us to be their guests. Still we were afraid of them, and not one of us dared either to sit at table or pass the night with them. They have erected a palace in the midst of the city, and there the ruler sits all night, calling on each by name. If any one does not respond, he is condemned to death as having deserted his post. Death with them is to be extinguished. We were present and saw what happened, and heard the lamps defending themselves and explaining the reasons for their tardiness. There I recognized also the lamp from our house, and, addressing him, asked him how things were going on at home, and he gave me a full account.

We spent that one night there, and the next

day we put out to sea again, being already nearer the clouds. And there we saw Cloudcuckoo-town (to our amazement), but we did not put in, as the wind was in the wrong direction. But Crow, son of Blackbird, was said to be on the throne, and I bethought me of Aristophanes the poet, a grave man and truthful, and one whose writings have been unworthily discredited.

On the third day thereafter we also got plain sight of the ocean, but no land was anywhere to be seen save those islands in the air, and they had already taken on a fiery, dazzling look. On the fourth day, about noon, the wind fell gently and subsided, and we sank onto the sea. When we touched the water it was wonderful to see the excesses of our joy and delight. We made what cheer our means would allow, and sprang overboard and swam about, for there happened to be a calm and the sea was quiet. But a change for the better seems to be often the beginning of greater evils, and so it was in our case. For two days only we sailed with fine weather, and at day-break, on the third, just before sunrise, we suddenly sighted a great number of sea-monsters and whales, with one among them bigger than all the rest, a hundred and seventy miles long. It came on with its mouth yawning open, making wide commotion in the sea, scattering foam in all directions, and showing its great teeth. They

were all as sharp as pickets and white as ivory. Well, we said our last farewells, embraced each other, and waited. The creature was already alongside, and swallowed us down at a gulp, ship and all. However, it did not close its teeth in time to crush us, but the ship slipped in through the openings.

When we were within, all was dark at first, and we saw nothing; but presently the creature opened its mouth, and we beheld a great cavern, so broad in all directions and so high that it might have held a city of ten thousand souls. In the midst lay the fragments of small fish and other animals, sails of ships, anchors, human bones, and merchandise; and down the middle there was dry land, with hills formed, I suppose, by the settling of the mud the creature drank down. At all events, there were woods on it, and plants of all sorts grew there and vegetables had sprung up, so that it was in all respects like tilled soil. The circumference of the land was twenty-seven miles. We could also see sea-fowl, gulls, and halcyons building nests in the trees.

Well, at first we wept a long time, but by-and-by I roused my comrades and we propped the ship. Then we rubbed dry sticks together and made a fire, and cooked a meal of anything we could lay our hands on. There was an abundance of fish at hand of all sorts, and we still had some

of the water we had laid in at the Morning-star. Next morning when we arose, every time the whale opened its mouth we saw now land, now mountains, now sky alone, and often islands. By this we perceived the creature was rushing swiftly through all parts of the sea.

When we had already grown accustomed to this manner of life, I took seven of my companions and made my way into the forest, wishing to explore it thoroughly. I had not gone a thousand yards before I came upon a temple dedicated to Poseidon, as the inscription showed, and shortly after a number of graves with headstones, and near by a spring of clear water. Moreover, we heard the barking of a dog, and perceived smoke rising in the distance, so that we judged there must be a habitation of some sort. Accordingly, we hastened our steps, and came upon an old man and a young one working very industriously in a garden-plot, and watering it with water from the spring. We halted, overjoyed, and at the same time filled with fear, and they must have had the same feeling towards us, for they stood speechless.

But presently the old man said, "Who are you, strangers? Are you," said he, "some of the gods of the sea, or ill-fated mortals like ourselves? For we are men, and we were reared on dry land; but now we have become sea-dwellers, and we

swim about in company with this monster who encloses us, not rightly knowing what condition we are in; for reason tells us we are dead, and yet we believe we are alive."

In answer to this I, too, spoke: "We, too, are men, father—new-comers, at your service. We were gulped down, the other day, ship and all. We are making this expedition for the sake of knowing what is in the forest, for it seemed large and thickly wooded. Some god, I think, led us, so that we might see you, and know that we are not the only men penned up in this monster. But come, tell us your story—who you are and how you came hither."

But he said he would neither give nor seek information until he had offered us such hospitality as was in his power; so he took possession of us and led us to his dwelling, which was tolerably made, with beds built in it and furnished with the other necessaries. He set before us vegetables and fruits and fish, and poured out wine for us, too; and when we had eaten our fill, he inquired what our adventures had been. I related them all in order—the storm, our experiences on the island, our voyage in the air, the war, everything up to our engulfment by the whale. He was greatly astonished, and in turn gave us an account of his own fortunes.

"By birth, friends, I am a Cypriote. Being en-

gaged in commerce, I set out from my native land with my boy, whom you see, and a number of slaves as well, and sailed for Italy, carrying a cargo of all sorts of wares in a large ship, which you perhaps saw lying in fragments at the whale's mouth. Well, as far as Sicily we had a favorable voyage, but there a tempest fell upon us and drove us three days out to sea, where we fell in with the whale and were swallowed bodily. We two alone were saved; all the others perished. We buried our comrades and built the temple to Poseidon, and then we fell into our present mode of life, tilling our kitchen-garden, and eating fish and fruits. The forest, as you see, is extensive, and there are actually quantities of grapes in it, which make the sweetest wine. The spring, too, which perhaps you know, gives very clear and cold water. We make our bed of leaves; we have no lack of fire; we capture the birds that fly in; we take alive the fish that find their way into the monster's gills; and there, too, we bathe when we wish. There is a salt lake, also, not far off, more than two miles in circumference, stocked with fish of all sorts. There we swim and sail, too, in a small skiff that I built myself. This is the twenty-seventh year since we were swallowed. As far as these things go, our life was perhaps tolerable; but our neighbors, the people who live near us, are extremely rough and violent, for they are sav-

ages who have never had commerce with civilization."

"What!" said I, "are there, then, still other men in the whale?"

"Numbers of them," said he, "inhospitable and barbarous in their manners. The western territory towards the tail is inhabited by the Dried-herring folk, an eel-eyed, lobster-faced race, warlike, fierce, and eaters of raw flesh. On the other side, towards the right, are the Triton-weasels, who are like men above but like weasels below. However, they are less unruly than the others. On the left are the Crabclaws and the Tunny-heads, who have made a friendly alliance between themselves. The country between is inhabited by the Crayfish and the Skaitfeet, a warlike race and very swift in running. The eastern part towards the mouth consists of waste deserts washed by the sea. But this region I hold, paying the Skaitfeet a yearly tribute of five hundred oysters. Such is the nature of the country; it is for you to see to it that we may be able to hold our own in war with so many tribes and get our living."

"What are their numbers in all?" said I.

"More than a thousand," he replied.

"And what arms have they?"

"None," said he, "except fish-bones."

"Very well, then," I said; "it would be best to engage them in battle, for they are unarmed and

we are armed. If we overcome them we shall dwell without fear of molestation for the future."

This course was determined on, and we went back to the ship and made ourselves ready. The day for paying the tribute was at hand, and we were going to make a refusal to pay it the ground of war. Sure enough, the savages sent messengers to demand the tribute, but our friends answered them scornfully and chased them away. The Skaitfeet and the Crayfish were the first to advance, furious with Skintharos—for that was his name—and making a great noise. But we had suspected their attack, and awaited them fully armed, having sent forward an ambuscade of twenty-five men. The order given to the men in ambush was that when they perceived the enemy had passed by they should spring out, and this is what they did. Springing out, they fell upon them from the rear; and we ourselves, who were also twenty-five in number (for Skintharos and his son fought with us), met them in front and joined battle, fighting desperately with might and main; and finally we put them to flight and chased them to their caves. The enemy lost one hundred and seventy men; we lost one, and the pilot was wounded in the back with the rib of a mullet.

That day and night we encamped on the battle-field, and raised a trophy by fixing the dried spine of a dolphin upright. But the next day all

the others who had learned what was going on presented themselves. The Driedherrings were on the right wing, with Pelamos in command, the Tunnyheads were on the left, and the Crabclaws occupied the centre. The Triton-weasels remained neutral, not choosing to join either side. We took the initiative, advanced to meet them, and engaged with a great shout close by the temple of Poseidon. The hollow chamber echoed our cry as if it had been a cavern. We routed them, unarmed as they were, and chasing them into the depths of the forest, made ourselves masters of the rest of the country. Soon after they sent messengers, who gathered up their dead and discussed an alliance; but we decided not to treat with them. On the contrary, we marched against them next day, and literally cut them to pieces, with the exception of the Triton-weasels. These, when they saw what had happened, rushed out through the gills and threw themselves into the sea. We marched into the country, stripped already of enemies, and dwelt securely thereafter, instituting exercises of various sorts and hunting; and we cultivated the vines, and gathered the fruits from the trees, and were in every respect like well-fed prisoners left at large in a great prison, from which escape was impossible.

We lived in this fashion for a year and eight months; but on the fifth day of the ninth month

I rose at about the second yawning of the whale—for he opened his mouth once in every hour, so that we reckoned our time by it—well, about the second yawning, as I said, a sudden great uproar was heard, and what sounded like the commands of officers and the rhythmic cry of rowers. Startled, as you may suppose, we crept up to the very mouth of the monster, and standing inside the teeth, we beheld the most amazing sight I ever saw—namely, giants a hundred yards tall, sailing towards one another on huge islands as if they were triremes. Now I know that what I am going to recount will seem highly incredible, nevertheless I shall tell it.

The islands were long, but not particularly high, and each was as much as twelve miles in circumference. About twenty-eight of the giants sailed on each, part of them seated in order on either side, and rowing with great pine-trees—branches, leaves and all—for oars. Aft, as if on the poop, stood the pilot on a high hill, handling a bronze rudder five hundred yards long. At the prow stood as many as forty in armor, fighting. They were like men in all respects save their hair, but that was of flaming fire, so that they had no need of helmets. They had no sails, but the wind, striking against the trees, which grew in forests on each, filled them, and drove the island whithersoever the pilot wished. A boatswain

stood over the rowers to give them their time, and the islands moved quickly at his order like so many great ships.

At first we saw only two or three islands, but afterwards as many as six hundred appeared, ranged themselves in opposition, and began a naval battle. Many dashed against each other's prows, many were run into and sunk, but some grappled and fought vigorously, and could not easily be shaken off, for the warriors at the prow showed the greatest spirit in boarding the other vessel and killing her men, but no one took a prisoner alive. Instead of grappling-irons they threw great polyps, fastened one to another. These entangled themselves in the trees and so held the island itself. Their missiles and weapons were oysters large enough to fill a cart and sponges thirty yards round. The commander on one side was Fleetfoot, on the other Sea-Drinker. The cause of the battle appeared to be a dispute about plunder, for Sea-Drinker was said to have driven off many herds of dolphins belonging to Fleetfoot, as we could hear from what they shouted to one another, and in the same way we learned the names of the kings.

Finally, Fleetfoot and his party were victorious, and they sank about a hundred and fifty of the enemy's islands and captured three more with their crews, but the others backed water and

fled. The victors gave chase for a while, but when evening had fallen they returned to where the débris floated, took possession of most of the enemies' belongings and recovered their own; for not less than eighty of their own islands had sunk. They also raised a trophy in honor of the victory on the whale's head, by setting one of the enemy's islands on a post. That night they encamped round the whale, floating close by, having fastened their hawsers and anchors to him, for they had anchors, too—large ones made of glass and very strong. The next day they sacrificed on the whale, buried their comrades on him, and sailed off rejoicing and apparently singing a song of victory. Such are the details of the island engagement.

### BOOK II.

FROM this time our life in the whale became insupportable to me; I chafed against our imprisonment, and sought some device that would make escape possible. My first idea was to dig through the right side and make our way out, and we began the excavation. But when we had advanced as much as a thousand yards and accomplished nothing, we gave over digging, and decided to set fire to the forest, for this would kill the

whale, and if he should die we could easily get out. Accordingly, we set fire to it, beginning from the tail, and for seven days and as many nights he paid no attention to the burning. But on the eighth and ninth days we saw he felt ill—at least he opened his mouth more languidly, and when he did open it, shut it again on the instant. On the tenth and eleventh days he grew rigid, and began to smell. On the twelfth we perceived just in time that, unless we propped his teeth open when he yawned so that they could not close again, we were in danger of being shut up in the corpse and perishing with him. When we had accordingly propped the mouth open with great beams we got the ship ready, and put in as much water as we could and the other provisions. Skintharos was to be captain.

Next day the whale died. We dragged the ship up, guided it through the openings between the teeth, and lowering it by ropes attached to them, sank gently into the sea. We disembarked on the whale's back, sacrificed to Poseidon, and encamped there three days beside the trophy, for there was no wind. On the third day we sailed away. In the neighborhood we fell in with a number of bodies from the sea-fight. We pushed our way through them, and took their measure with amazement.

For some days we sailed with a temperate wind;

but then it came on to blow violently from the north, a great frost prevailed, and the whole sea froze, not on the surface only, but to a depth of four hundred fathoms, so that we could disembark and run on the ice. But as the wind continued and we were no longer able to endure it, we devised the following plan—Skintharos was the author of it: We dug a great cave in the ice, and there we dwelt for thirty days, building a fire and living on fish, which we found by digging. When at last our food failed we came out, and hauled the frozen ship out of the ice. Then we spread the sails and swept along as if we were sailing, gliding smoothly and gently over the ice. On the fifth day it grew warm, the ice melted, and everything became water again. After we had sailed as much as thirty-four miles we touched at a small uninhabited island, where we took in water—for ours had already given out—and shot two wild bulls, and set sail again. These bulls did not have their horns on their foreheads but beneath their eyes, as Momos thought they ought to be. Shortly after we entered a sea, not of water, but of milk, and we sighted a white island in it covered with vines. This island was an enormous cheese, very compact, as we learned later by eating of it. It was three miles in circumference. The vines were full of grapes; but it was milk, not wine, that we squeezed from them and drank.

There was a temple in the middle of the island erected to Galatea the Nereid, as we learned from the inscription. As long as we stayed there the earth supplied us with food, both substantial and light, and for drink we had the milk from the grapes. Tyro, daughter of Salmonus, was said to be queen of these parts, having been thus honored by Poseidon after her death.

We stayed five days in the island, and set sail on the sixth with a favorable wind and a smooth sea. On the eighth day, when we had sailed out of the milk and into salt, blue water, we perceived a number of persons running on the sea, like ourselves in every detail of body and stature, except only their feet, for these were of cork. I suppose that is why they were called Corkfeet. We were astonished when we saw they did not sink, but skimmed over the waves and serenely pursued their course. They approached us and even greeted us, and told us in Greek that they were hurrying to Cork, their native land. Accordingly, they accompanied us some distance, running alongside; then they turned from our course and went off, wishing us a fair voyage. Shortly after we sighted a number of islands, among them Cork, whither they were hastening. It was near us on the left hand, and was a city set on a high round cork. Farther on, and more to the right, were

five very large, high islands, with great fires blazing up from them.

But off our bow there lay a single island, broad and low, not less than sixty miles in extent. As soon as we came near it a wonderful air breathed about us, sweet and fragrant, such an odor as the historian Herodotus says comes from Araby the Blest. It was like the fragrance of roses and narcissus and hyacinths and lilies and violets, with myrtle and laurel and grape-blossoms added, such a sweetness it was that fell upon us. As this fragrance reached our senses and raised in us hopes of the best of fortune after our long distresses, we drew little by little nearer to the island. Then we perceived that it was girt with harbors where no waves broke, and that great, clear rivers rolled quietly into the sea. We saw meadows, too, and woods, and tuneful birds, some singing on the beach and many more in the branches. And the land was steeped in a light, gentle-breathing air. Certain sweet breezes blew softly through the wood and shook it, and even the branches as they moved gave forth a pleasant, continuous sound like the strains of flutes left hanging in the trees. There was a sound, too, of many mingled voices, not discordant, but such as you would hear at a banquet when the flutes are heard and some of the guests speak out their praise, and some applaud with their

hands, in accord with the flute or the cither. Enchanted by all this we ran our ship in, anchored her, and went ashore, leaving Skintharos and two of our comrades aboard.

As we were advancing through the flowery meadows we came upon the sentinels and coast-guards, who bound us with garlands of roses—for these are the heaviest bonds they use—and led us before the ruler. On the road we learned from them that this was called the Island of the Blest, ruled by Rhadamanthos of Krete. When we were brought into his presence our case was the fourth in order for decision. The first was that of Telamonian Ajax, to decide whether or not it was fitting for him to dwell with the heroes. The charge against him was that he had slain himself in frenzy. At last, after much debate, Rhadamanthos decided thus: for the present he was to be handed over to Hippokrates of Kos, the doctor, to drink hellebore, and afterwards, when he should have regained his senses, he was to be admitted to the feasts of the heroes.

The second was a sentimental case, in which Theseus and Menelaos disputed which had a right to Helen. Rhadamanthos decided that she belonged to Menelaos, because he had undergone such toils and dangers on account of his marriage with her. And he pointed out that Theseus.

on the other hand, had other wives, the Amazon and the daughters of Minos.

The third case was a question of precedence between Alexander, son of Philip, and Hannibal the Carthaginian. It was decided that the *pas* belonged to Alexander, and a chair was set for him beside Cyros the Elder, of Persia.

As the fourth case we were brought forward. He asked what circumstances had brought us, still living men, within sacred precincts, and we told him the whole story in order. He then sent us aside for some time and considered our case, discussing it with his colleagues; for many others were on the bench with him, and among them Aristides the Just, of Athens. He announced his decision as follows: we were to pay, after death, the penalty for our curiosity and our voyage; but for the period fixed by him we might stay in the island and dwell with the heroes, and then take ourselves off. He set the day of our departure at not more than seven months' distance.

Théreupon the garlands fell from us of their own accord, leaving us free, and we were led into the city, and to the banquet-hall of the blest. The city itself is all of gold, but the wall around it is of emerald. There were seven gates, each a single piece of cinnamon. But the streets of the city and the ground within the walls were ivory. The temples of all the gods were built of beryll

stone, and the great altars in them, on which hecatombs are offered, are single amethysts. Around the city flows a river of the sweetest unguents, fifty yards broad and twenty-five deep, so that one may swim in it pleasantly. The baths of this country are great buildings of crystal filled with the fragrance of burning cinnamon. But, instead of water, there is warm dew in the pools.

For garments the people wear delicate purple spiders' webs. They themselves have no bodies; they are impalpable and fleshless, and present to the eye nothing but a shape, a contour. But although they are thus disembodied, they yet have consistency, move, reason, and utter speech. In fact, it is just as though their naked souls were walking about, wearing the likeness of their bodies. At any rate, unless you should lay hold of one of them, you would not detect that what your eye rested on was incorporeal. They are like shadows, except that they are upright and not dark. No one grows old; each remains at the age he had when he came. Nor is there any night with them, or very bright day either, for the light that pervades the land is like that white radiance of dawn before the sun has risen. Moreover, they know only one time of year, for it is always spring there, and the south wind is the only one that blows. The country blooms with all sorts of flowers and of green things, too, culti-

vated plants and shady forest-trees. The vines bear twelve times a year, bringing forth their fruit every month. But the pears and apples and other fruits are said to come thirteen times yearly, for in one month, called there the month of Minos, the trees bear twice. Instead of grain the ears bear loaves, ready for eating, on their heads like mushrooms. There are three hundred and sixty-five springs of water about the city, as many more of honey, and five hundred of perfumed oil; but these are smaller. There are seven rivers of milk and eight of wine.

The place of their banquets is outside the city, in what is called the Elysian Field. It is a very beautiful meadow surrounded by a dense wood of all sorts of trees, which shade the guests as they lie beneath them on beds of blossoms. The winds wait upon the guests and serve them with everything but wine. This they need not serve, for surrounding the place are great trees of the clearest crystal, and the fruits of these trees are wine-cups of every sort of workmanship and size. So that, when any one comes to table, he gathers one or two of the cups and sets them beside him, and they are straightway filled with wine. This, then, is the manner of their drinking, and as for garlands, they have none, but the nightingales and other tuneful birds gather flowers from the neighboring meadows in their beaks, and let them

fall like snow as they fly over the guests, singing the while. And I will tell you how they are anointed with perfumes. Thick clouds draw up perfume from the springs and the river; then they station themselves above the banquet, and when the winds gently press them they let fall a light rain like dew.

At the feast they amuse themselves with music and singing, and their favorites are the songs of Homer; for he is there in person and feasts with them, sitting next above Odysseus. The choruses are composed of youths and maidens, and Eunomos of Lokris, Arion of Lesbos, Anakreon and Stesichoros conduct them and sing with them. For Stesichoros, too, I saw there, as Helen had already made it up with him. When these cease singing a second chorus comes forward, composed of swans and swallows and nightingales. As soon as they begin to sing, the whole forest, set going by the winds, accompanies them on the flute.

But the greatest incentive they have to good cheer is this: there are two springs near the feasting-place, one of laughter and the other of pleasure. Every one drinks from each of these at the beginning of the merry-making, and the rest of the time is spent with pleasure and laughter.

I wish to tell you, also, what famous persons I saw there. There were all the demi-gods and the

heroes who went on the Trojan expedition, with the exception of Lokrian Ajax; he, they said, was being punished in the realm of the wicked. Among the barbarians there were both the Cy-ruses, Anacharsis the Scythian, Zamolxis the Thracian, and Numa the Italian. Sparta was represented by Lykourgos, and Athens by Pho-kion, Tellos, and all the sages except Periander. I also saw Sokrates, son of Sophroniskos, gossiping with Nestor and Palamedes. Round him were Hyakinthos of Lacedaemon, Narkissos of Thespieae, Hylas, and many other handsome lads, and it seemed to me that he was fond of Hya-kinthos. At all events, he often put him down in argument. It was rumored that Rhadamanthos was out of temper with Sokrates, and had often threatened to banish him from the island if he continued his nonsense and was not willing to stop revelling in his irony. Plato only was not there, and I was told that he was living himself in the city he had fashioned, under the constitu-tion and laws with which he endowed it in his writings.

Aristippos, however, and Epicuros held the greatest honors there, because they were charm-ing and agreeable and most convivial. Aesop the Phrygian was there, too, and held the office of court-jester. Diogenes of Sinope had so al-tered his ways as to marry Lais, the courtesan,

and was given to getting up and dancing when he was drunk, and playing other drunken tricks. Not one of the Stoics was there, for they were said to be still climbing the steep hill of "the higher life." And I heard this of Chrysippos himself, that it was not permitted to him to come to the island until he had completed his fourth course of hellebore-treatment. They said that the Academics wished to come, but were still suspending their judgment and considering the matter, for they had not yet an apprehension even of this, whether there be any such island or no. I imagine they particularly dreaded the judgment of Rhadamanthos, for by their principles they deny any standard for forming judgments. They asserted that many of their number set out to follow these who actually arrived, but were so deliberate that they were left behind, and turned back when they had come half-way. These, then, were the most noteworthy people there. The person most looked up to was Achilles, and next after him Theseus.

Before more than two or three days had passed I approached Homer, the poet, when we were both at leisure, and asked him several questions; among others, what his birthplace was, telling him that this was a great subject of research among us to this day. He said he was aware already that some believe he was born in Chios,

some in Smyrna, and many in Colophon. He was, however (he said), a Babylonian, and in his own country was called not Homer, but Tigranes. But when later he made his *home* in Greece as a hostage he changed his name.

I also asked him about those verses in his poems rejected by the critics, whether they were written by him or not, and he declared they were all his. As you will imagine, this filled me with contempt for the callous criticism of the commentators Zenodotos and Aristarchos. When he had satisfied me on these points, I asked what in the world was his reason for beginning his poem with the word "wrath." He said that was the way it came into his head, and he took no pains about it. I was eager to know this, too: whether he wrote the *Odyssey* before the *Iliad*, as most critics declare; but he said he did not. As to that other story about him, that he was blind, I very soon perceived that it was false, for he saw, so that there was no need even to put the question. I repeated my action frequently when I saw him unoccupied, going up to him and interrogating him. He answered me cordially, especially after he had won his lawsuit. An indictment for slander had been brought against him by Thersites, on the ground of the scoffs against him in Homer's poems. But Homer won the suit, having *Odysseus* as counsel.

During this same time Pythagoras of Samos also put in an appearance after his seventh transformation, his lives in the forms of as many animals, and his completion of the cycles of the soul. His whole right thigh was of gold. He was judged worthy to dwell with the others, but there was doubt whether he ought to be called Pythagoras or Euphorbos. Empedokles also came, done to a turn, with his whole body roasted. He, however, was not admitted, though he begged hard.

Some time after this their games were held in honor of the Festival of the Dead. Achilles presided for the fifth time and Theseus for the seventh. A full description would be too lengthy, but I will narrate the most important events. Karos, of the line of Hercules, won the wrestling prize, although he had Odysseus for a competitor. The boxing-match was a tie between Areion the Egyptian, who is buried in Corinth, and Epeios, who contended together. For the all-round contest they offer no prize there, and as for the foot-race, I no longer remember who was the winner. Among the poets Homer was easily the real victor, but nevertheless Hesiod won the prize. The prize for all alike was a wreath woven of peacock's feathers.

Hardly were the games at an end when word was brought that the criminals who were being punished in the realm of the wicked had broken

their chains and overpowered the guard, and were marching against the island. Phalaris of Agrigentum was in command, the report said, with Busiris the Egyptian, the Thracian Diomede, and Skeiron and the Pine-bender, with their followers. When Rhadamanthos heard these tidings he marshalled the heroes on the beach, the commanders being Theseus, Achilles, and Telamonian Ajax, who had by this time recovered his wits. The forces joined battle and the heroes were victorious, owing chiefly to the exploits of Achilles. Sokrates, too, distinguished himself in the right wing much more than at the battle of Delium, while he was living. For when the enemy advanced he kept his place with unflinching front. As a reward for his bravery a prize was bestowed on him later in the shape of a very large and beautiful garden in the suburbs, where he assembled his followers and conversed with them, calling the place the Academy of the Dead. The vanquished were collected, of course, and sent back again in irons to still greater punishments. Homer wrote an account of this battle, too, and presented me with a copy on my departure for me to carry to men in this land, but I lost it afterwards, with my other belongings. The first line of the poem was this :

“Sing to me now, O Muse, the wars of the shades of the heroes.”

Their next proceeding was to cook some beans, according to their custom after a successful war, and hold a festival of victory with a great banquet. But Pythagoras alone would not partake. He sat a distance fasting, and filled with loathing at the eating of beans.

Six months had already gone by and half of the seventh when a disaster happened. Kinyras, Skintharos's son, tall and handsome, had for some time already been in love with Helen, who, on her side, made no secret of her lively passion for the youth. At any rate, they were constantly making signs to one another at table and pledging each other as they drank their wine, and then they would rise and wander off alone in the forest. Well, at last Kinyras, urged on by his passion and his helpless condition, conceived the plan of stealing Helen and running off with her. She, too, approved the idea of going off to one of the neighboring islands, either Cork or Cheeseland. They had some time ago taken three of my most valiant comrades into the conspiracy, but Kinyras had not mentioned it to his father, for he knew he would hinder him. They carried out their preconcerted plan. The night came. I was not at hand, for I happened to be asleep in the banquet-hall. The conspirators eluded the others, captured Helen, and set sail in haste.

About midnight Menelaus awoke, and, finding

his wife gone, he gave the alarm and went with his brother to the king, Rhadamanthos. At day-break the watchmen brought word that they could make out the ship at a great distance. Accordingly Rhadamanthos ordered fifty of the heroes into a vessel made of a single log of asphodel, and bade them give chase. They rowed with a will, and overtook the fugitives towards noon just as they were entering the sea of milk in the neighborhood of Cheeseland; so near were they to getting off! They made the ship fast to their own with a chain of roses and sailed back, Helen weeping for shame behind her veil. Kinyras and his followers were first asked by Rhadamanthos whether they had any other accomplices, and when they said they had not, he bound them, flogged them with mallows, and sent them off to the realm of the wicked. They decided that we, too, must be sent out of the island on short notice, giving us only the following day. Thereupon I burst into lamentations and wept at the thought of leaving so many delights and setting forth on my wanderings again. But the heroes heartened me by saying that before many years I should return to them, and they showed me a chair and a couch made ready against that day near the noblest. I went to Rhadamanthos and begged and besought him to read the future for me and map out my voyage, and he told me I should re-

turn to my native land after many wanderings and dangers, but he persisted in refusing to set the time of my arrival. However, he pointed out the neighboring islands, of which five were visible, with a sixth in the distance, and told me these were the islands of the wicked, these nearer ones, "from which," said he, "you see the great fires flaming up, and the sixth, yonder, is the City of Dreams. Beyond this is Kalypso's island, but you cannot see it from here. When you have sailed past these you will come to the great continent which is opposite your own. There you will have many adventures and pass among all sorts of tribes, and visit barbarous people, and in time you will come to the other continent."

So much he told me ; and, plucking a mallow-root from the earth, he handed it to me, bidding me call upon this in my greatest perils. He also laid these injunctions on me in case I should ever get back to this country: never to stir the fire with my sword, never to eat beans, and never to kiss a girl more than eighteen years old. If I should keep these rules in mind I might confidently hope to return to the island.

After this I made ready for the voyage, and when the time was come I feasted together with them. The next morning I went to Homer, the poet, to ask him to write me a distich for an in-

scription, and when he had composed it I erected a pillar of beryll stone above the harbor, and inscribed it as follows :

“ Lucian, beloved of the gods who dwell in bliss everlasting,  
Saw these realms, and then returned to the land of his fathers.”

This was our last day ; on the next we set forth, escorted by the heroes. At this juncture Odysseus, too, came to me unbeknownst to Penelope, and gave me a letter to carry to Kalypso in the island of Ogygia.

[The first land made by Lucian on this voyage was one of the Islands of the Wicked, where Timon of Athens was gate-keeper. Here he saw Kinyras and others in torment, but the severest punishments were reserved for liars and inaccurate historians, among whom he saw Ktesias the Knidian and Herodotus. Thence he sailed to the Island of Dreams, and so to Ogygia.]

On the third day thereafter we made the island of Ogygia and went ashore, but first I opened the letter and read the contents. It ran as follows :

#### ODYSSEUS GREETES KALYPSO.

“ Know that as soon as I sailed away from your island on the raft I had built I suffered ship-

wreck, and was only just saved by Leukothea and brought to the country of the Phaeacians. They conveyed me to my own land, where I found my wife's numerous suitors revelling at my expense. I killed them all, but was afterwards taken off by Telegonos, my son by Circe. At present I am in the Island of the Blest, repenting deeply that I left your hospitality and the immortality you offered me, and as soon as I get a chance I will make my escape and come to you."

This was what the letter said, together with a request that she would show us hospitality.

When I had advanced a short distance from the sea I found a cave such as Homer described, and the lady herself spinning wool. When she had taken the letter and read it through she burst into tears and wept a long time, but after a while she invited us to dinner and feasted us nobly. She asked questions about Odysseus and about Penelope, what she was like to look at, and whether her good sense was so remarkable as Odysseus used to boast it. We made such answers as we thought would be agreeable to her. Then we went off to the ship and bivouacked near by on the beach.

These, then, were my adventures on the sea, during my voyage among the islands, in the air,

afterwards in the whale and when we had escaped thence, and among the heroes . . . until I reached the opposite continent. What happened to me on land I will describe in the following books.



TOXARIS; OR, FRIENDSHIP.

**CHARACTERS.**

**MNESIPPOS.**

**TOXARIS.**



**MNESIPPOS.** What do you say, Toxaris? Do you Scythians sacrifice to Orestes and Pylades, and believe in them as gods?

*Toxaris.* We sacrifice to them, certainly; still we do not hold them to be gods, but good men.

*Mnesippos.* But is it customary with you to sacrifice to good men, too, when they die, just as you do to the gods?

*Toxaris.* Not only that, but we keep feast-days and holidays in their honor.

*Mnesippos.* What do you hope to get from them? Surely you don't offer sacrifice for the sake of getting the good-will of dead men.

*Toxaris.* It is no harm to have even the dead on your side. But we also consider that we act for the advantage of the living by keeping the great and good in mind, and for this reason we honor the dead. For it is our belief that by these means many of our people will conceive a desire to be such men as these were.

*Mnesippos.* You are right about that. But what was it you found so admirable in Orestes and

Pylades that you raised them to equality with the gods, though they were strangers in your land and your bitter foes? For when the Scythians of that day had seized them after their shipwreck and driven them off to be sacrificed to Artemis, they set upon the jailers, overpowered the guard, slew the king, carried off the priestess, and actually stole the statue of Artemis herself and set sail, laughing at the commonwealth of Scythia.

Now, if this is the sort of thing you honor the men for, you cannot be too quick to produce many like them. But consider yourselves what the result will be, to judge from the past—whether it is to your advantage to have many cases of Orestes and Pylades sailing into Scythian ports. To my mind this would be the quickest way to become irreverent and godless yourselves, and to banish the surviving gods from your country. Then, I suppose, you will transfer your devotions from the whole body of gods to the men who come to steal them, and sacrifice to your temple-robbers as if they were divine. But if it is not for these achievements that you honor Orestes and Pylades, tell me, Toxaris, what else they ever did for your good, in return for which you have now reversed your former judgment and sacrifice to them, bringing victims to those who once came extremely near being victims themselves. It seems absurdly inconsistent with the past.

*Toxaris.* And yet, Mnesippos, those were noble deeds, though you laugh at them. Just think, they were only two men, and yet they dared this gallant adventure; sailed all this distance from home and ventured into the Pontos, unknown as yet to the Greeks, except those who manned the *Argo* in the expedition against Kolchis, and they were not frightened by the stories about this sea or its name of "The Inhospitable," gained for it, I suppose, by the savage tribes on its shores. And when they were captured they took the affair in such a courageous way that they were not contented merely to make their escape, but when they had first taken their revenge and carried off the statue of Artemis, then they sailed away. Now, are not these wonderful achievements, and really worthy of divine honor from any one who gives bravery his approval? Still, it is not because we see these traits in Orestes and Pylades that we deem them heroes.

*Mnesippos.* Do go on and tell of something else they did, really divine and godlike. As far as their voyage and their journey into foreign lands are concerned, I could show you a great many more godlike among the merchants, particularly the Phœnicians, who not only sailed into the Pontos and as far as the Maiotis and the Bosphoros, but to every point in Greek or barbarian waters. These people make an annual round of

every cape and every peninsula, so to speak, and late in the autumn they sail back to their own country. To be consistent, you hold these, too, as gods—peddlers, and perhaps fish-mongers, though most of them be.

*Toxaris.* Now listen, my amazing friend, and observe how much more candidly we barbarians judge good men than you Greeks. In Argos and Mykenai there is not even a noble tomb to be seen of Orestes and Pylades, but in our country there is shown a temple raised to them in common, as was natural since they were comrades, and sacrifices are offered to them and all other honors. The fact that they were foreigners, not Scythians, does not in the least prevent their being adjudged good men. For we do not ask whence noble and good people come, and we bear them no grudge for working good deeds, even if they are not our friends. On the contrary we applaud their acts, and adopt them as countrymen on the strength of them. But what we chiefly wondered at and praised in these men was this, that they seemed to us to be the noblest pair of friends in the world, and authorized to lay down for the rest of mankind the principle that friends must share all fortunes, and thus win the reverence of the best of the Scythians.

Our ancestors inscribed an account of their sufferings with each other, or for each other, on a

bronze pillar and set it up as an offering in the Oresteion, making a law that the earliest training and education of their children should be to learn by heart the inscription on this pillar. The result is that it would be easier for one of them to forget his father's name than to be in ignorance of the deeds of Orestes and Pylades. Moreover, on the wall enclosing the temple there are ancient pictures displaying everything related on the pillar. One shows Orestes sailing in company with his friend; another shows him captured after his ship went to pieces on the rocks and made ready for the sacrifice, with Iphigeneia in the act of beginning the ceremony. On the opposite wall he is seen at the moment when he had burst his bonds and was killing Thoas and a number of other Scythians, and, finally, they are painted sailing away with Iphigeneia and the goddess. The Scythians are vainly trying to stop the ship, which is already under sail, and are hanging in the rigging and trying to board her; but they fail completely and some get wounded, and others, in fear of a like fate, swim off to land. In this picture we can see best how much tenderness they showed for each other in the struggle with the Scythians. For the artist has depicted each careless of his own opponents, but warding off attacks on his friend, and trying to receive the missiles intended for him, thinking it nothing to

die in saving his friend and taking on his own body the blow aimed at the other.

Such devotion as this of theirs, such partnership in dangers, the faithfulness and good-fellowship and honesty and firmness of their mutual love, seemed to us not to belong to human nature, but to a finer temperament than that of men. For the majority, as long as the wind is favorable, take it ill if their friends do not divide their pleasures with them in equal shares, but if there comes the least breath of adversity they leave them to face danger alone. I will tell you another thing, too, that there is no office of friendship that a Scythian thinks greater, nor anything in which he takes more pride, than helping a friend in trouble and sharing his dangers, so that we think the hardest name a man can be called is "traitor to friendship." This is the reason we honor Orestes and Pylades, who were the best in what the Scythians deem good, and pre-eminent in friendship, which we admire above all things. So we have given them the name of "Korakoi," which in our language signifies "genii of friendship."

*Mnesippos.* Toxaris, I see that the Scythians have not only been great archers, and better than other nations in warlike pursuits, but are also the most persuasive orators in the world. For though I was of the other opinion a while ago, I now think you are quite right to deify

Orestes and Pylades. And I had no idea, my dear fellow, that you were a good painter as well. You have brought before me most vividly the pictures in the Oresteion, and the battle of the heroes and their vicarious wounds; but I never should have supposed that friendship was made so much of among the Scythians. I thought that inasmuch as they are inhospitable and wild, they dwelt together in constant feud and passion and anger, and entertained no friendship towards even their next of kin, judging from the things we hear of them, and particularly that they eat their fathers when they are dead.

*Toxaris.* Whether we are juster and more pious than the Greeks in these other matters, such as our relations with our parents, is not a point that I care to dispute with you at present; but it is easy to show that Scythian friends are far truer than Greek friends, and friendship is made more of by us than by you. Now, by the gods of the Greeks, do not take it ill if I tell you some of the things I have noted in my long stay among you. You seem to me to be able to discuss friendship, it is true, better than other people, but your practice of it is by no means worthy of your preaching. In fact, you are perfectly satisfied when you have eulogized it and shown how great a good it is, and in time of need you forsake your theories and make your escape some-

how from the thick of action. Whenever the tragedians mount the stage and show you instances of the friendship you admire, you cry, "Bravo!" and applaud; and when they run into danger for another, most of you are even moved to tears; but in your own persons you do not venture to perform any praiseworthy act for another; and if your friend happens to be in need of anything, all these sentiments of tragedy instantly take to themselves wings and fly away like dreams, leaving you like those empty, hollow masks whose great yawning mouths utter not the slightest sound. With us the case is reversed; for in proportion as we are poorer in arguments about friendship we are richer in its works.

Come, now, let us do something of this sort, if it takes your fancy. Let us leave the friends of old whom you or I could count out of the question; for under that head you would be rich in them, summoning many credible poets to testify to the friendship of Achilles and Patroklos, and the *camaraderie* of Theseus and Peirithoos and the others, singing them in metre with the most beautiful language. But let us select a few from our contemporaries and tell their exploits—I for Scythia, you for Greece—and he who is victorious and able to produce the best friends will be openly the better man, and will proclaim his the better country, because he has won in a very no-

ble and beautiful contest. For my part, I should vastly prefer losing my right hand for having been worsted in single combat—that is the Scythian forfeit—to being judged inferior to another man in respect of friendship, and that, too, though I am a Greek Scythian myself.

*Mnesippos.* It is no joke, Toxaris, to venture single combat with a man like you for opponent, equipped with arguments so pointed and so apt. However, I will not basely leave the whole Greek cause in the lurch on such short notice and retire before you; for, seeing that so many Scythians, as your stories and ancient paintings show, of which you delivered such a vigorous account a little while ago, were worsted by two, it would be a great scandal if all the Greeks, so many nations and so many cities as they are, should lose their case by default to you. If this should happen, it would be fair to cut off, not my right hand, as your custom is, but my tongue. But shall we limit ourselves as to the number of friendly exploits, or shall he who is able to mention most have so much better chance of victory?

*Toxaris.* Oh dear, no. Let us agree that victory shall not lie in the number of exploits; but if yours are better and more striking than mine, though the same in number, they will, of course, wound me more vitally, and I shall give way sooner before their blows.

*Mnesippos.* Very well. Let us agree how many are enough. Five apiece, it strikes me.

*Toxaris.* I think so, too. But first declare, and upon oath, that you will speak the very truth. Otherwise, to invent this kind of thing is no great job, and refutation would be difficult; but if you should take your oath it would be impious not to believe you.

*Mnesippos.* We will swear, if you do not think an oath superfluous. But which of our gods do you— Or will the God of Friendship do?

*Toxaris.* Certainly; but I will take our national oath when it is my turn to speak.

*Mnesippos.* Then let Zeus, the God of Friendship, witness that all I shall tell you I speak either of my own knowledge or having learned from others, with all the exactitude in my power, and adding nothing of my own to the story.

[His first story celebrates the friendship of Agathokles of Samos for Deinias of Ephesos. Deinias was a very rich young man, who was surrounded by evil companions, and soon wasted his whole substance in riotous living. Thereupon Agathokles, a man of moderate means and his friend from childhood, whose good advice had made him insupportable in the heyday of Deinias's prosperity, sold the house of his fathers and handed over the proceeds to his friend. Deinias finally killed two persons in a disgraceful

embroglio, and was sentenced to transportation for life to one of the Cyclades. Agathokles accompanied him into exile, tended him through a long illness, and after his death continued to live in the island to be near the grave of his friend.]

*Toxaris.* I wish you were not on oath, Mnesippos, so that I might be at liberty to disbelieve your story. By your account this Agathokles is a true Scythian in friendship. I hope you are not going to tell of any one else like him.

*Mnesippos.* Then hear about another, Euthydikos of Chalkis. Simylos, the ship-master of Megara, told me the story, swearing that he had seen the thing with his own eyes. He said he was sailing from Italy to Athens early in the autumn, carrying passengers from various places, and among these were Euthydikos and Damon his friend, a Chalkidian like himself. They were of the same age, but Euthydikos was strong and robust, while Damon was pale and feeble and seemed to be just recovering from a long illness. Now, as far as Sicily, Simylos said, the voyage was prosperous, but when they had passed through the strait and come out into the Ionian Sea a great storm fell upon them. It would be useless to give the details—whelming waves and waterspouts and hail-storms and all the horrors of a gale. But when they were just off Zakyntos,

scudding under bare poles, with cordage dangling overboard to break the force of the sea, Damon grew sea-sick in such a pitching and tossing, and leaned over the side of the ship to vomit. Just then, I suppose, the ship heeled over more violently to that side and the wave receded at the same time. At all events, he fell head foremost into the sea with all his clothes on, poor wretch! which made swimming all the harder. He straightway gave a choking shriek, hardly keeping himself on top of the wave. When Euthydikos, who happened to have his clothes off in bed, heard it, he threw himself into the sea, got hold of Damon, who had already given up—all this could be seen from a distance in the bright moonlight—and swam along with him, helping to keep him above water. Those on the ship were eager to help them and full of pity for their fate, but they could do nothing, running before such a gale. One thing only was possible, and that they did; they threw overboard for them a great number of corks and some punting-poles, so that they might swim on one of these if they chanced on it; and finally they threw over the companion-ladder bodily, which was a large one.

Consider, now, in Heaven's name, what stronger proof of affection a man could give to his friend who had fallen by night into such a wild

sea than to share his death! Pray, call before your eyes the towering waves, the noise of the broken water, the boiling foam, the night, the despair; then that drowning man, hardly keeping his head above water, stretching out his hands to his comrade, and the comrade leaping to him instantly and swimming with him, fearful lest Damon should perish before him. This is the way to see that in Euthydikos, too, I have described for you no unworthy friend.

*Toxaris.* Were they lost, Mnesippos, or were they saved by some miracle? I am greatly alarmed about them.

*Mnesippos.* Be comforted. They were saved, and they are in Athens at this moment, pursuing philosophy. Simylos could only tell me what he saw that night, that the one fell overboard and the other leaped after him, and that they were swimming together as far as they could be seen in the night. But the sequel I learned from Euthydikos's friends. In the first place, they came upon some of the corks and supported themselves on these, swimming with difficulty; and later, towards daybreak, they saw the companion and swam to it, and, mounted on this, they swam easily the rest of the way to Zakynthos.

After these, who are not bad specimens in my opinion, hear of a third man no whit worse than they. Eudamidas of Corinth, himself a very poor

man, had two rich friends, Aretaios of Corinth and Charixenes of Sikyon. When he died he left a will, which perhaps may seem absurd to others, but I am not at all sure that such things do to you, a man of virtue, who honor friendship, and are competing for the first prize in it. The will read: "I bequeath to Aretaios my mother to support and tend in her old age, and to Charixenes my daughter to give in marriage, with as large a dowry as he can afford,"—for he had an aged mother and a young daughter just of marriageable age—"and if, in the mean time, anything happens to either of the legatees, let the other," said the will, "take his share." When this will was read, those who knew the poverty of Eudamidas but were not aware of the friendship between him and the legatees, turned the matter to a jest, and every one of them went off laughing and saying that Aretaios and Charixenes had come into a joyful inheritance if they were to make payment to Eudamidas, and if they who were living were to leave their property to a dead man. But the heirs to whom these things were bequeathed came as soon as they heard of it, and carried out the provisions of the will. Now, Charixenes died only five days later, and Aretaios showed himself the best of heirs by assuming both his own share and the other's. He still supports Eudamidas's mother, and the daughter he gave in marriage not long

ago. Of his estate of five thousand dollars he gave two thousand with his own daughter and two thousand with the daughter of his friend, and deemed it right to celebrate both marriages on the same day. What do you think of Aretaios, Toxaris? Does he seem to you to furnish a bad example of friendship, inheriting such a legacy and not betraying his friend's bequest? Or shall our mature decision be to place him as one among the five?

*Toxaris.* He, too, is a noble man. But I admire far more the confidence which Eudamidas placed in his friends. He showed that he, too, would have done likewise for them, even if the duty had not been left him by will, and would have been the first to come as the unappointed heir of such a legacy.

*Mnesippos.* You are right. But I will tell you of a fourth, Zenothemis, the son of Charmoleos, from Marseilles. He was pointed out to me in Italy when I was there on an embassy from our government, and he was a tall, handsome man, and apparently rich. There sat beside him in his carriage a woman who was hideous in every way. Her right side, moreover, was withered, and she had lost an eye. She was altogether deformed, a revolting scarecrow. On my expressing wonder that a man so handsome and in the prime of life could endure to have such a woman

driving about with him, the man who had pointed him out told me what had necessitated the marriage, for he knew all the circumstances perfectly, being himself a native of Marseilles. He said that Menekrates, the father of the ill-favored woman, and Zenothemis were friends, and equals in riches and position. But after a while Menekrates was deprived of his estate, and at the same time disfranchised by a condemnation of the Six Hundred for proposing an unconstitutional measure. This, he said, was the penalty in Marseilles for making unconstitutional propositions. Now Menekrates was in great grief, partly because of the scandal of the condemnation, and partly because from being a rich and honored man he was now become poor, and of no reputation. But his greatest trouble was his daughter, who was already marriageable, being eighteen years old, but of so ill-favored an aspect that no one, however humbly born or poor, would have seen fit to take her without a struggle, even with all the fortune her father once possessed. She was also said to have epileptic fits at the waxing of the moon.

But Zenothemis, to whom he was pouring out these griefs, said to him, "Cheer up, Menekrates. You are not utterly destitute, nor will your daughter fail to find a bridegroom worthy of her race."

So saying, he took him by the hand, led him to his house, and presented him with a share of his

great estate. Then he gave orders for a banquet, and feasted his friends and Menekrates just as if he had persuaded one of his companions to agree to marry the girl. When the banquet was over, and they had poured libations to the gods, he offered a brimming goblet to Menekrates and said :

“Receive a loving-cup from your son-in-law, for this day I shall marry your daughter, Kydimache. Her dowry I took a long time ago, twenty-five thousand dollars.”

“Out with you !” cried Menekrates. “I hope neither you nor I is so mad as to forget your youth and beauty, and see you yoked with this unsightly, disfigured girl.”

But while he was still speaking the other carried off the bride and presently came back, having married her. And from that day he has held to her with great affection, and takes her everywhere with him, as you see. Far from being ashamed of his marriage, he seems to take pride in it, showing that he despises bodily charms or blemishes and wealth and public opinion, but regards only his friend Menekrates, who, he thinks, is none the worse in respect of friendship because of the condemnation of the Six Hundred. However, Fortune herself has rewarded his deeds in this way : this ugly woman bore him a most beautiful child, and the other day his father took him up and carried him into the senate, garlanded

with the suppliant's twigs and wrapped in black garments to make him the more pathetic, to plead for his grandfather. And when the baby laughed aloud at the senators and clapped his hands, they warmed to the child and reversed the decision against Menekrates; and at present he is enfranchised again, thanks to the advocate he employed with the senate.

This, then, is what the man from Marseilles said Zenothemis had done for his friend, a noble action, as you see, and such as few Scythians would do, who are said to be particular in choosing the most beautiful women even for their harems.

We have the fifth case still to consider, and I should not like to name another man and pass over Demetrios of Sounion. This Demetrios sailed to Egypt in company with Antiphilos of Alopeke. They were friends from childhood, being of the same age, and they lived together as students in Egypt, Demetrios pursuing the Cynic system under that famous sophist from Rhodes, and Antiphilos studying medicine. It came to pass after a while that Demetrios went into the interior to see the Pyramids and the Memnon, for he had heard of the Pyramids that, in spite of their height, they throw no shadow, and of the Memnon that it cries out at the rising of the sun. Being desirous, then, of seeing the Pyramids and

hearing the Memnon, he sailed up the Nile, leaving Antiphilos, who dreaded the journey and the heat, behind.

When Demetrios had been gone six months, Antiphilos got into a scrape that called for some very good friend. A slave of his, Syros by name and a Syrian by nation, joined himself to a gang of temple-robbers, and, entering the temple of Anoubis in their company, stole from the god two golden goblets, a caduceus—this also of gold—some dog-headed gods in silver, and other booty of the sort, which was all stored with Syros. They were caught selling some article and imprisoned, and when they were stretched on the wheel they straightway confessed the whole. Being led forth, they came to Antiphilos's house and brought out the booty, which was lodged under a bed in a dark corner. Both Syros and his master were immediately bound, Antiphilos being seized in the middle of his professor's lecture. Nobody rescued him, but even those who had been his companions turned away from the man who was said to have robbed Anoubis, and they counted it an impiety in themselves if they had ever drunk or feasted with him. His other slaves, two in number, cleared everything out of the house, and ran off.

The unhappy Antiphilos had accordingly been in durance a long time, with the reputation of

being the most abandoned malefactor in the prison, and the Egyptian jailer, a superstitious man, considered that he was pleasing and avenging the god by bearing heavily on Antiphilos. If he ever defended himself, declaring that he had never done anything of the sort, he was thought utterly shameless, and hated the more. Presently he fell ill and suffered a great deal, naturally, for he slept on the ground, and at night he could not stretch out his legs because they were in the stocks. For by day the collar and a handcuff on the left-hand were enough, but at night they must needs bind him completely. Moreover, the ill-stench of the place, the stifling atmosphere created by so many prisoners confined in the same room, cramped for space and hardly breathing, the clang of iron, the scarcity of sleep—all these things were oppressive and unendurable to a man who was unused to them, and had had no experience of such a squalid life.

When he had begun to despair, and would not even take food, Demetrios arrived one day, ignorant of all these events. When he learned how things stood he came running forthwith to the prison, but he was not admitted then, for it was evening, and the jailer had locked the door some time before and gone to sleep, bidding his slaves to keep guard. But early in the morning he got in, after many supplications, and, passing along,

sought Antiphilos for a long time, whose sufferings had made him unrecognizable. Making the round he examined each of the prisoners, as people do who are searching in the ranks for their own dead, already disfigured by death. And if he had not called his name, "Antiphilos Deionomenous!" it would have been some time before he recognized him, so greatly was he changed by the horrors he had experienced. But when Antiphilos heard the voice he called in reply, and, as the other approached, he parted his hair, filthy and matted with dirt, and drew it back from his face and showed who he was. Both the friends fell swooning at the unexpected sight, but presently Demetrios raised himself and Antiphilos too, and inquired of him exactly how everything stood. He bade him be of good courage, and, tearing his cloak in two, he wrapped himself in one half and the other he gave to Antiphilos, stripping off the dirty, ragged cloths he wore.

After this he kept him company, caring for him and serving him in every way. He hired himself to the merchants at the docks from day-break till noon, and earned a good wage as a stevedore. Then, leaving his work, he handed over part of his earnings to the jailer, whom he thus rendered gentle and peaceable, and the rest sufficed him for his friend's maintenance. Through the day he used to stay with Antiphilos,

cheering him up; but when night fell he would rest close by the door on a little bed he had made, with leaves thrown on it.

Some time, then, they passed in this way, Demetrios being free of entry and Antiphilos finding his misfortunes easier to bear. But after a certain robber died in the prison, apparently of poison, a strict guard was instituted, and no permissions whatever were granted to those who asked to visit the prison. In these circumstances Demetrios was in despair and grief, and, having no other means of being near his friend, he went to the governor and denounced himself as having a share in the undertaking against Anoubis. At this statement he was forthwith taken off to prison and brought to Antiphilos, for by many prayers to the jailer he contrived by his authority to be fastened next to his friend in the same stocks. It was then he showed most plainly the tenderness he had for him by disregarding his own sufferings. And yet he fell ill himself, but he suffered the less because his mind was bent on securing rest for his friend. So they bore their troubles lightly, being together.

After a while an event happened, as follows, which put an end to their misfortunes. One of the prisoners provided himself with a file from some source or other, and, with many of the captives for accomplices, sawed off the chain to which

they were fastened in a row, their wooden collars being hung on it, and set them all free. They had no difficulty in killing the guards, who were few in number, and then scattered in all directions as each best could, most of them being taken again afterwards. But Demetrios and Antiphilos stayed on the spot, and even held Syros, who was in the act of running off. When day broke and the governor of Egypt heard what had happened, he despatched men to pursue the runaways; but sending for Demetrios and his friend he freed them from their fetters, and praised them for having been the only ones who did not make off. However, they were not the men to be satisfied with this dismissal. On the contrary, Demetrios cried aloud with indignation that it would be a great injustice if they were to appear to be criminals who had been liberated out of pity or by way of commendation for not having run away, and finally he compelled the magistrate to make a careful examination of the matter. When he had informed himself of their innocence he dismissed them with eulogies, expressing great admiration for Demetrios in particular, and condoling with them on the punishment which they had unjustly borne. He made them each a present out of his own pocket, two thousand dollars to Antiphilos and twice as much to Demetrios.

Antiphilos is still living in Egypt, but Demetrios

left his four thousand dollars also with him and went off into Egypt among the Bramins, saying only this to Antiphilos, that his conduct in leaving him so soon would surely be excusable; he had no need of the money as long as he kept his present character of being able to do with little, and Antiphilos had no need of a friend now that his affairs were going smoothly. Such are Grecian friends, Toxaris, and if you had not already slandered us by saying that we pride ourselves on our phrases, I should have related to you the many noble arguments that Demetrios used in court, not defending himself at all, but Antiphilos, actually with tears and supplications, until Syros was flogged into acquitting them both.

My story, then, is told of this handful of good and true friends out of the many that memory first supplied me with, so I will now descend from the post of orator and leave the floor to you. But you had better be careful to make your Scythians out no worse than these, but a good deal better, unless you want to lose your right hand. You must speak up like a man, for it would be an absurd experience for you if, after having praised Orestes and Pylades like a professional orator, you should prove an indifferent speaker in behalf of the Scythians.

*Toxaris.* It is all very well that you spur me on to speak! Don't you care whether you lose

your tongue by defeat in the contest? But I will begin directly without any of your phrase-making; that is not our way in Scythia, particularly when the deeds speak louder than the words that tell of them. You need not expect me to follow you in elaborating the praises of a hero who married a plain wife without a dowry, or another who gave two thousand dollars as a wedding-present to a friend's daughter, or even one who offered himself for imprisonment with the certainty of a speedy release. For all these are trifles, and not one of them calls for exertion or courage. But I will tell you of many a murder and war and death for the sake of a friend, to show that it is childish to compare your case with ours in Scythia. Still, your feeling is reasonable enough, and it is natural that you should eulogize these small matters, for you have no great occasions for displaying friendship, sunk in peace as you are, just as calm weather furnishes no opportunity to learn a pilot's quality. You need a storm for that. But with us one war follows on the heels of another, and we are either riding against some one else, or retiring before invaders, or falling to and fighting about pasturage or booty. In these emergencies, above all others, a man needs staunch friends. Accordingly, we cement friendships in the most enduring way, deeming them our only invincible weapons.

In the first place, I should like to describe to you our manner of acquiring friends. We do not do it over our cups as you do, or because a certain man happens to be a playfellow or a neighbor; but when we see a good man of great ability, we all strive for him, and we think it proper to win a friend as you do a wife, courting him a long time and taking all similar measures not to meet with a disappointment in friendship or figure as rejected aspirants. And when at length one has been chosen as his friend, the next step is a contract and a mighty oath that they will live together and, if need be, die for one another. This is the manner of the oath: we cut our fingers and let the blood trickle into a cup and then we dip our sword-points in it and, desisting from this at the same moment, we drink. When once we have done this, nothing can thereafter put us asunder. Three at most are permitted to enter into such a contract, since a man with many friends seems as bad to us as a woman with many lovers or husbands, and we think his friendship will no longer be so sure when it is parcelled among many tendernesses.

I will begin with the recent adventures of Dandamis. When his friend Amizokes was carried off as a prisoner of war by the Sauromatians—but first I will take our national oath for you, since that was our original agreement. I swear

by the Wind and by the Sword, Mnesippos, that I will tell you nothing false about Scythian friends.

*Mnesippos.* I did not insist on an oath from you, Toxaris; but you did well not to swear by any god.

*Toxaris.* What do you mean? Don't you think that the Wind and the Sword are gods? Are you, perhaps, unaware that nothing is greater to men than life and death? So whenever we swear by the Wind and the Sword we swear by the Wind as the source of life and the Sword because it brings death.

*Mnesippos.* If that is your reason you might have plenty of other gods like the Sword: the arrow and the spear and the hemlock and the noose, and the like. For this god Death has many forms, and offers innumerable roads leading his way.

*Toxaris.* See now how captious you are! What a lawyer's trick it is to break in in the midst and spoil my speech! I held my tongue while you were talking.

*Mnesippos.* I'll not do it again, Toxaris, your reproof was very just. So go on with confidence just as if I were not present to hear you. I will be as silent as that.

*Toxaris.* It was the fourth day of friendship between Dandamis and Amizokes, that is, since

they had drunk each other's blood, when the Sauromatians invaded our country with ten thousand horsemen and an army of foot reported to be three times as many. Since they fell upon us when we were not expecting an invasion, they put all our troops to flight, killing many of the warriors and capturing the survivors, except a few who were quick enough to swim across the river to where the other half of our camp was with part of the wagons. For our leaders had seen fit for some reason or other to encamp us in that way on both banks of the Tanais. They next proceeded to drive off our flocks, secure the prisoners, pillage the tents and seize the wagons, most of which they captured, men and all, and they insulted our wives and concubines under our very eyes, which nearly maddened us.

Now Amizokes was taken prisoner, and as they were leading him off he called upon his friend by name, cruelly bound as he was, and reminded him of the cup of blood. When Dandamis heard him he did not hesitate an instant, but swam across to the enemy with all of us looking on. The Sauromatians, lifting their darts, set on him as if to kill him, but he shouted the word "Ziris!" When a man says this word the enemy do not kill him, but receive him as a messenger about exchange of prisoners. So he was led to the commander, and of him he demanded his friend. The com-

mander asked for a ransom, saying the prisoner should not go forth unless he got a great price for him.

“All that I possessed,” said Dandamis, “has been pillaged by you. But if, stripped as I am, I can in any way pay the price, I am at your service. Command what you will. If you like, take me in his stead, and use me as you see fit.”

“There is no need,” said the Sauromatian, “to keep the whole of you, particularly as you came saying ‘Ziris!’ but lay down a part of what you have, and you may take your friend.”

Dandamis asked what he wanted, and the other demanded his eyes. He instantly presented them to be cut out, and when this had been done, and the Sauromatians were in possession of the ransom, he received Amizokes and went away leaning on him, and together they swam across and returned to us saved. This event put heart into all the Scythians, and they no longer considered themselves worsted by the Sauromatians, seeing that the enemy had not carried off our greatest good, but that our noble disposition was left to us and our constancy in friendship. And the same thing frightened the Sauromatians extremely, for they calculated what sort of men we would be to fight with when we were prepared if we showed such endurance when we were surprised. So when night came they left most of the

flocks, and burned the wagons and retreated. But Amizokes could no longer bear to see at the price of Dandamis's blindness, so he, too, put out his own eyes, and they were both permitted a quiet life by the Scythian commonwealth, and supported at the public expense with every honor.

What could you tell to match this, Mnesippos, if I should let you count up ten more in addition to your five, and not on oath, either, so that you might add plenty of inventions? And yet I gave you the bare facts. If you had told a story like this I know very well how much cleverness you would have mixed in your tale, what prayers Dandamis offered, and the manner of blinding him, and what he said and how he went off again, and how the Scythians received him with blessings, and the other devices you are wont to employ on your audience.

But now hear of another man, equally admirable: Belittas, a cousin of this Amizokes. When he saw his friend Basthes dragged from his horse by a lion—they happened to be hunting together—and that the lion had already clutched him and clung to his throat tearing him with his claws, he leaped down from his own horse, fell upon the beast from behind, and dragged him over, diverting his rage to himself. He passed his fingers between the animal's teeth, and tried his best to drag Basthes out of his jaws until the lion let

him go, half dead already, and, turning upon Belittas, grappled with him and slew him too. But even as he was dying he found time to strike the lion in the breast with his sword, so that they all died together, and we buried them, digging two graves near together, one for the friends and one opposite for the lion.

My third case, Mnesippos, shall be the friendship of Makentes, Lonchates, and Arsakomas. This Arsakomas fell in love with Mazaia, daughter of Leukanor, king of the Bosporians, when he went as an envoy in the matter of the tribute which the Bosporians pay us periodically, and which was then three months overdue. Mazaia was a tall, beautiful girl, and Arsakomas, seeing her at dinner, became enamored and fell into a bad way about her. He had finished the business of the tribute, and the king had given him his answer, and was feasting him by way of dismissal. Now it is the custom on the Bosporos for suitors to propose for girls at dinner, stating the qualifications which render them desirable parties. On this occasion there happened to be a great many aspirants at the dinner, kings and kings' sons, and Tigrapates was there, the monarch of the Lazians, and Adyrmachos, the ruler of Machlyëne, with many others. Each suitor is obliged to announce himself and tell why he has come a-wooing, and then to eat his dinner

quietly, sitting among the others. But when dinner is over he must ask for a wine-glass and pour out a libation on the table, and propose for the girl, setting forth his advantages of birth, or wealth, or influence, in the most favorable light. In accordance with this custom many had poured out the libation and made their proposals, counting up their kingdoms and riches ; and last of all Arsakomas called for a glass, and instead of pouring out a libation—for it is not our practice to pour out our wine, indeed it is held an impiety towards the god—he emptied the glass at a draught, and said :

“Your majesty, give me your daughter Mazaia to hold as my wife. I am a better match than these others as far as wealth and possessions go.”

Leukanor was amazed, for he knew that Arsakomas was poor, and a commoner of the Scythians, and he inquired :

“How much cattle have you, Arsakomas, or how many wagons? For these are the things you Scythians are rich in.”

“Nay,” said Arsakomas, “I have neither wagons nor herds, but I have two friends so noble and brave that no other Scythian can match them.”

A shout of laughter rose at these words, and no account was taken of his offer, for they thought he was drunk. In the early morning Adyrmachos,

who had been chosen from the other suitors, made ready to conduct his bride to the Maiotis among the Machlyëans. But Arsakomas made his way home and told his friends how he had been insulted by the king, and laughed to scorn at the dinner because they thought him poor.

“And yet,” said he, “I explained to the king how rich I am in having you, Lonchates and Makentes, and how much better and more secure your devotion is than the power of the Bosphorians. But while I was going through this he flouted me and passed me by, and bestowed the right to lead away the bride on Adyrmachos the Machlyëan, because he said he owned ten golden goblets and eighty four-seated wagons, and any amount of sheep and cattle. You see how high above true men he rates store of beeves and superfluous drinking-cups and heavy wagons. For my part, my friends, I was doubly wounded, both because I love Mazaia, and because this public affront cut me deeply, and I think you were as much wronged as I. For a third of the insult belongs to each of you, at least if we were living as though we were one man since the day we came together, and feel pain and pleasure from the same causes.”

“Not only so,” rejoined Lonchates, “but each of us feels the whole of the insult when you are treated in that way.”

"The next question," said Makentes, "is, what shall we do in this case?"

"Let us parcel out the job," said Lonchates. "I, for my part, promise to bring to Arsakomas the head of Leukanor, and you must fetch him the bride."

"Very good," said he. "And you, Arsakomas, seeing that this is a great business, must stay here to collect and make ready arms and horses and other equipment as much as you can get. For it is not unlikely that an army and a war will be what we shall need next. You will have no trouble in gathering a goodly following since you are a true man yourself, and our kinsmen are not few; but the best way will be to take your seat on the ox-hide."

These plans were agreed to, and Lonchates went off, just as he was, direct to the Bosporos, and Makentes to the Machlyëans, both on horseback. Arsakomas stayed at home and addressed himself to the young men, armed a force of his kinsmen, and finally seated himself on the ox-hide.

The custom of the hide is this: When a man has received an injury and wishes to revenge himself on some one, but sees that his unaided strength will not suffice him, he sacrifices an ox, cuts the flesh in pieces and boils it, stretches the hide on the ground and seats himself on it, draw-

ing his hands behind his back as if his arms were tied at the elbow. This is our most urgent form of supplication. The flesh of the ox lies alongside, and kinsmen, and any one else who will, take a morsel, and, setting the right foot on the hide, promise aid according to the ability of each, one agreeing to furnish five horsemen, found and paid, another ten, another yet more, another hoplites or foot-soldiers as many as he is able, and the poorest offering himself alone. Sometimes a great throng gathers about the hide, and a force of this sort is most sure to hang together and most irresistible in battle because they are upon oath, for stepping upon the hide constitutes an oath.

In this way Arsakomas occupied himself, and about five thousand horsemen joined him, and hoplites and foot-soldiers to the number of twenty thousand.

Lonchates made his way to the Bosphoros incognito, and presented himself before the king, who was engaged in affairs of state, saying that he came as a public emissary from Scythia, but brought also private news of great moment to the king. When he was bidden speak, he said :

“The Scythians make this public and open demand : that your herdsmen will not cross over into our plains, but pasture their flocks only to the end of the rocky ground. And they deny that the plunderers of whose incursions into your

country you complain were sent out with the general consent, but declare that each of them carries on his robbery for his own private advantage; and that if one of them should be caught you are authorized to punish him. This is their communication. But I will inform you on my own account of a great expedition that is coming against you under Arsakomas, son of Mariantes, who was recently an envoy to your court. I believe your rejection of him as a suitor for your daughter is the cause of his enmity. He has been sitting on the ox-hide this week past and has collected a considerable force."

"I had heard myself," rejoined Leukanor, "that a force was being gathered by some one's ox-hide, but I did not know that it was collected against us, or that Arsakomas was at the head of it."

"It is against you, however, that it is being prepared," said Lonchates. "But Arsakomas is an enemy of mine, and he takes it ill that I am honored before him by the elders and am thought the better man in all respects. And if you should promise me your other daughter, Barketis—since I am no unworthy match in other respects—I will come before long and bring you his head.

"I promise," said the king, growing extremely frightened, for he knew the reason Arsakomas had for being angry about the marriage, and he always trembled at the Scythians anyhow.

“Swear, then,” said Lonchates, “in very truth to keep your agreement and not to repudiate it.”

At this point, and just as the king had lifted his hand to heaven, intending to swear, Lonchates said,

“Not here, for some of the by-standers might suspect the matter of our oath. But let us go into the temple of Ares here and shut the doors and take our oaths so that nobody can hear them. For if Arsakomas should get wind of this I am afraid he would offer me up as a sacrifice before battle, since he is already surrounded by no small force.”

“Very well,” said the king. Then, turning to his attendants, “Remove to a distance, and let no one be found in the temple unless I call him.”

When they had entered and the body-guard had withdrawn, Lonchates drew his sword, grasped the king’s mouth with his other hand to prevent his crying out, and smote him in the breast. Then he cut off his head and went out with it under his cloak, pretending to speak with the king as he went, and saying that he would be back directly, as if Leukanor had sent him on some errand.

When he had thus made his way to the place where he had left his horse tied, he mounted and spurred off to Scythia. There was no pursuit, for it was a long time before the Bosphorians

found out what had happened, and when they did find it out they fell to quarrelling about the succession. These, then, were the exploits of Lonchates, done in fulfilling his promise to Arsakomas by bringing the head of Leukanor.

Makentes, on his part, arrived among the Machlyëans, having heard on the road what had happened at the Bosphorus. Thus he was the first to announce to them the murder of the king, and he added :

“The state, Adyrmachos, summons you to the throne because you are his son-in-law. So do you ride first and seize the empire, appearing on the scene while matters are in disorder. Let the young lady follow after you with chariots, for you will the more easily conciliate the Bosphorian mob if they see the daughter of Leukanor. I am an Alanian and related to the girl on the mother’s side, for it was from our family that Leukanor chose his wife, Masteira. And now I am come to you from Masteira’s brothers in Alania, who bid you ride to the Bosphoros as quickly as you may, and not permit the empire to pass into the hands of Eubiotos, a bastard brother of Leukanor, who has always been a friend of the Scythians and detested by the Alanians.”

This speech Makentes delivered, wearing the dress of the Alanians and speaking their language, for on these points the Scythians and

Alanians agree with this one exception, that the Alanians do not wear their hair very long, as the Scythians do. But in this respect, too, Makentes had likened himself to an Alanian by cutting his hair as much short of the Scythian length as an Alanian's would probably be. So by these means he got credence as a relative of Masteira and Mazaia.

“And now, Adyrmachos,” said he, “I am ready to ride with you to the Bosporos if you like, or, if need be, to stay behind and escort the young lady.”

“That is what I should prefer,” said Adyrmachos, “to have you escort Mazaia. For if you go with us to the Bosporos we should only be one horseman the more, but if you should escort my wife for me you would be worth a multitude.”

This was done, and Adyrmachos rode off, having handed over his maid-wife Mazaia to Makentes. He, on his part, escorted her in her chariot during the day, but when night fell he set her upon a horse—for he had provided that one horseman beside himself should accompany them—and, leaping on his own, he no longer rode by the Maiotis, but turned off inland, keeping the Mitraian mountains on his right. He let the girl rest now and then, and on the third day crossed the Machlyëan border into Scythia. His

horse, when he stopped galloping, stood still for a moment, and then fell dead.

Makentes handed over Mazaia to Arsakomas, saying, "Receive the fulfilment of my promise also." He was stunned by the unexpected vision, and strove to express his thanks, but Makentes said, "Stop trying to make me out a different person from yourself. To thank me for what I have done is much as if my left-hand should acknowledge its obligation to my right because it had been tended when it was wounded, and tenderly cared for when it was tired. So it would be an absurdity in us, too, if we who have joined our fortunes this long time, and as nearly as possible made ourselves into one man, should still think it a great thing if a part of us does something for the good of the whole body. For it is for his own good that he does it, seeing he is part of the benefitted whole." Thus did Makentes meet Arsakomas's thanks.

Adyrmachos, when he heard of the fraud, did not continue his journey to the Bosporos, for Eubiotos was already installed in office, having been summoned from Sauromatia, where he was sojourning. He returned home, collected a great army, and marched through the hill-country upon Scythia. Soon after, Eubiotos, too, made an attack, leading a rabble of Greeks and picked troops from Alania and Sauromatia, forty thou-

sand strong. He and Adyrmachos joined forces, thus forming an army of ninety thousand men, of whom a third were mounted archers. But we—for I, too, had a share in their rising, and contributed a hundred found horsemen on the occasion of the ox-hide—sembled to the number of nearly thirty thousand, counting the horsemen, and awaited the onset. Arsakomas was in command.

When we saw them coming we advanced to meet them, sending the cavalry against them first. When the battle had been fiercely waged a long time our side began to give in. Our phalanx was gradually broken into, and finally the whole Scythian army was cut in two, and one part retired, not distinctly worsted, however; indeed, their flight looked like an orderly retreat, and even the Alanians did not dare to pursue them far. But the Machlyëans and Alanians surrounded the other half, which was the smaller, and cut them down in every direction with a generous discharge of arrows and darts, so that the surrounded were almost exhausted, and most of them were already throwing down their arms. As it happened, both Lonchates and Makentes were in this division, and they had both been wounded already through their hardihood—Lonchates in the thigh with the butt-end of a lance, and Makentes in the head with an axe, and in the shoulder with the shaft of a pike.

When Arsakomas, who was with us in the other division, perceived this, he felt that it would be a shocking thing if he were to go off and leave his friends behind, so he clapped spurs to his horse, and, raising a shout, rode through the enemy, waving his sword on high, so that the Machlyëans could not withstand the rush of his courage, but fell apart and gave way to him to pass through. When he had recovered his friends and heartened up the others, he darted upon Adyrmachos, and, striking him in the neck with his sword, cleft him to the belt. At his fall the whole force of the Machylëans fell into disorder, and then the Alanians and the Greeks followed suit, so that we began to have the advantage, and we should have gone on killing for a long time if night had not robbed us of the business.

On the following day suppliants came from the enemy asking for peace, the Bosphorians promising to pay double their tribute, the Machlyëans saying that they would give hostages, and the Alanians agreeing to subdue for us as indemnity for that invasion, the Sindianoï, who had been at feud with us for a long time. On these terms we made a treaty, as had been agreed upon much earlier by Arsakomas and Lonchates, and peace was made under the direction of these men.

Such deeds, Mnesippos, the Scythians dare do for friends.

*Mnesippos.* Very tragical and romance-like. But may the Sword and the Wind, by whom you swore, have mercy on me; for I do not think a man would be much to blame if he should disbelieve your tales.

*Toxaris.* Beware, my friend, lest your doubt be envy. Doubt as you will, you will not keep me from telling other such deeds of Scythians that I know of.

*Mnesippos.* Only not at great length, my dear fellow, nor using such unbridled words. You abused my silence to run up and down through Scythia and Machlyëne, and off to the Bosphoros and back again.

*Toxaris.* I must obey your commands even in this, and speak briefly lest you weary of following me about with your ears. But hear what services I myself received from a friend named Sisinnes. When I left home and went to Athens, through my desire for a Greek education, I put in at Amastris, on the Pontos; for ships from Scythia call there, the city being not far from Karambis. Sisinnes accompanied me, my friend from childhood. We spied a sort of lodging-house near the harbor, and, removing our luggage into it from the ship, we went out to stroll in the market-place, suspecting no evil. But in the mean time some thieves forced the bolt and carried off everything, leaving us not even enough to

get through the day with. Now when we came home and found what had happened, we felt it would not do to accuse the neighbors, for there were many of them, or the landlord, for we were afraid most people would think us sharpers if we said that some one had robbed us of fifteen hundred dollars, a great deal of clothing, some rugs, and everything else we had. We considered our circumstances and what we should do, utterly without resources in a foreign country, and my opinion was that we had better thrust our swords between our ribs then and there and die, rather than submit to be shamefully destroyed by hunger and thirst. But Sisinnes tried to encourage me, and implored me to do nothing of the sort, for he had a plan by which we should get food enough. And for the nonce he took to carrying wood from the harbor, and returned with provisions bought with his wages. But early next morning, as he was walking about the market-place, he saw a kind of procession, as he said, of noble and beautiful youths. They were enlisted to fight in single combat for pay, and the contest was to come off in three days. He made full inquiries about them, and then came to me and said, "Don't call yourself poor any longer, Toxaris, for in three days I shall prove you rich."

That was all he told me, and we managed to eke out a wretched existence in the interval.

When the games were about to begin we also were among the spectators, for Sisinnes dragged me out, persuading me that it would be a pleasure to see the wonderful Greek games, and brought me to the theatre. Sitting there we first saw wild beasts infuriated with darts and then chased by dogs, or let loose upon bound men, who, we concluded, were criminals. Then the single fighters entered, and the herald, bringing forward a well-grown youth, said that whoever wished to fight him was to come into the arena and get two thousand dollars, the wages for fighting. At this Sisinnes rose, and, leaping into the arena, offered to fight, and asked for weapons. When he received the money he brought it to me and gave it into my hands. "If I should win, Toxaris," he said, "we will go off together with plenty of money, but if I fall, bury me and go back to Scythia." Thereupon I cried out, but he took the armor and put it all on except the helmet. This he did not wear, but fought bare-headed. The first thing that happened was that he was wounded, cut under the knee with a curved sword, so that the blood ran plentifully. I was already dead in advance with fear. But, watching his adversary, who came on too boldly, he struck him on the breast and drove home so that he went down in an instant between Sisinnes's feet.

Sisinnus was exhausted himself by his wound, so that he sat down on the body and almost gave up his own ghost. But I ran forward, raised him up and comforted him, and when they had dismissed him as already the victor I lifted him and carried him home. After he had been nursed a long time he survived, it is true, and lives to this day in Scythia, married to my sister. But, nevertheless, he is lame from his wound. This, Mnesippos, took place neither in Machlyene nor in Alania, so as to be unsupported by evidence and open to disbelief, but many of the folk of Amasiris are at hand who remember the contest of Sisinnus.

When I have told you as my fifth case the deeds of Abauchas I will stop. This Abauchas once came into a city of the Borysthenites, bringing with him his wife, whom he loved tenderly, and two small children, one of them a baby at the breast and the other a girl seven years old. A friend of his, Gyndanes, journeyed in company with him, and he, moreover, was suffering from a wound he got from robbers who had waylaid them on the road. For in fighting them he got a thrust in the thigh, so that he could not even stand for pain. As they were asleep at night—they happened to be lodging in an upper story—a great fire broke out, all means of exit were cut off, and the flames surrounded the house on every

side. Thereupon Abauchas awoke, and he left his weeping child behind and shook off his wife, who clung to him, calling to her to save herself; but he lifted his friend and made his way down, and was in time to get out through part of the house not yet entirely seized by the fire. His wife followed, carrying the baby, and bidding the little girl come after; but the woman was half-burnt and let the baby fall from her arm, and barely leaped through the flame with the little girl, who also had a narrow escape from death.

When it was afterwards made a reproach to Abauchas that he had deserted his wife and children to bring Gyndanes out, he would say, "It is an easy matter for me to have more children, and it is impossible to know whether they will be good or not; but it would take me a long time to find another such friend as Gyndanes, who has given me great proof of his affection."

These five, Mnesippos, I have chosen from many to tell you of. And now it should be time to decide between us whether you are to lose your tongue or I my right hand. Who, then, shall be our judge?

*Mnesippos.* No one, for we did not appoint any arbiter of the discussion. But do you know what we shall do? Since we have this time shot our arrows without a mark, let us choose an umpire and tell him the stories of other friends, and then

he who is defeated shall be punished by the loss of his tongue if it be I, of his right hand if it be you. Nay, this is barbarous; but since you have shown yourself an encomiast of friendship, and I, too, believe that mankind have no better or fairer possession, why should not we too agree between ourselves that we are friends now and will be forever, and acquiesce in a common victory, carrying off the greatest prizes—instead of one tongue or one right-hand, each gaining two and four eyes besides, and four feet, and a double allowance of everything? For when two or three friends join they form something like the painters' picture of Geryon, a man with six hands and three heads. It strikes me that they were three people acting in concert as they ought to do, if they are friends.

*Toxaris.* You are right; let us do so.

*Mnesippos.* But we need no blood, Toxaris, and no sword to cement our friendship. For this present talk of ours and our striving for like things will be more sure than that cup of which you drink, since to my mind such matters need not compulsion but good-will.

*Toxaris.* I approve. Let us be friends and hosts from this moment, you to me here in Greece, and I to you if you should ever come to Scythia.

*Mnesippos.* I assure you I would cheerfully go farther yet to find such friends as your words prove you to be, Toxaris.

LOUKIOS; OR, THE ASS.





ONCE made a journey to Thessaly, having a matter of business connected with my paternal estate to arrange there with a man of that country. A horse carried me and my luggage, and a single servant accompanied me. We followed the usual road, and fell in with other travellers who happened to be going to Hypata, a town in Thessaly in which they lived. We joined company, made our provisions common stock, and in this way achieved that laborious journey. When we were approaching the town I asked the Thessalians whether they knew a resident of Hypata named Hipparchos, for I had a letter of introduction to him from home and expected to lodge with him. They said they did, and told me what part of the town he lived in, and that, although he had plenty of money, his household consisted solely of one maid-servant and his wife. "For," said they, "he is a terrible miser."

When we had come very near the town we saw a garden with a tolerable cottage in it, and this was where Hipparchos dwelt. So the others made

their adieux and rode on, and I went up to the door and knocked. After a good deal of difficulty and delay the woman managed to hear me, and finally came to the door. I asked whether Hipparchos was at home.

“He is,” said she; “but who are you and what do you want to see him for?”

“I am the bearer of a letter from Dekrianos, the sophist of Patrai.”

“Wait here,” said she, and, closing the door, she went away. After a while she came back and bade us enter. Accordingly, I went into the house, saluted the master, and presented my letter. It happened that he was just beginning his dinner, reclining on a narrow couch. His wife sat near him, and a table stood before them with nothing on it as yet. As soon as he had cast his eye over the letter he said: “Dekrianos is my dearest friend and the noblest Greek of them all. I take it kindly of him that he sends his own comrades to me with confidence. You see my cottage, Loukios; it is small, but it is just the right size to hold the owner; and you will transform it into a great house, if you will live in it and put up with it.”

Then he called the maid-servant. “Palaistra, show the gentleman to a bed-chamber, and bring him thither what luggage he has. And then direct him to the bath: he has come a long journey.”

At these words the girl Palaistra led the way and showed a very pretty little sleeping-room. "That is your bed," said she; "and for your servant I will set a couch alongside and put a pillow on it." When she had thus spoken we went off to bathe, and I gave the girl money to buy a little harley for my horse. She carried in all my belongings and deposited them in my room. When we had bathed and come back to the house we presented ourselves immediately, and Hipparchos, shaking hands with me, bade me recline beside him. The dinner was not too frugal, and the wine was pleasant and old. After dinner we sat talking over our wine—the usual way of entertaining a guest. That whole evening we spent in drinking, and so to bed.

Next day Hipparchos asked me whither I purposed going next, or whether I was going to stay there all the time. "I am going on to Larissa," said I, "but probably I shall spend four or five days here." This, however, was a subterfuge. I had the greatest desire to remain there and search out one of the women versed in sorcery, and see some of their marvellous exhibitions—a human being with wings, or turned into stone; and I surrendered myself to my passion for such a sight, and strolled about the town with no idea how to begin the search, but strolling nevertheless. While I was thus employed I saw a woman

approaching, young still and well to do, as far as I could judge from a casual meeting. She was dressed in bright stuffs, had a number of attendants, and displayed an extravagance of gold. When I came nearer, the lady greeted me and I returned the salutation.

“My name is Abroia,” she said. “You may have heard your mother speak of me as a friend. You, her children, are as dear to me as my own. Why, then, my child, do you not come to me as my guest?”

“Thank you very much,” said I, “but I should be ashamed to desert a friendly man’s house when I have no fault to find with him. But as far as my inclination is concerned, dear madam, I would lodge with you.”

“Where do you lodge, then?” she asked.

“With Hipparchos.”

“The miser?” cried she.

“Don’t call him that, madam,” said I. “He has entertained me brilliantly and generously. Actually, you might accuse him of extravagance.”

But the lady smiled, and, taking me by the hand, led me apart and said to me: “Pray, be on your guard in every way against Hipparchos’s wife, for she is a powerful sorceress. She casts a longing eye on all young men, and if one of them rejects her advances she revenges herself on him by her arts. Many a one has she turned

into an animal, and many a one destroyed outright. You, my child, are handsome as well as young, so that you find favor with women at once; and you are a stranger, so that there is no danger in dealing with you."

When I heard that what I had been seeking so long was living in the same house with me, I paid no more heed to the lady. As soon as I could take my leave I made off homeward, saying to myself as I went: "Come, now, you who say you are eager to see this wonderful sight, wake up and invent some sage plan to come at what you want. Practise on Palaistra, the maid-servant—for the wife of your host and friend is sacred; wrestling with her, I assure you, you will easily learn what you want, for servants know everything about their masters, good and bad."

Talking thus with myself, I entered the house. I did not find Hipparchos at home or his wife either; but Palaistra was sitting by the fire preparing the dinner, and I opened my discourse forthwith.

"Lovely Palaistra," said I, "how gracefully you turn and sway your body and the kettle at the same time! My marrow melts at the sight. He is a lucky man who dips his finger in that dish."

The girl was of a very lively humor and full of charming ways. "Fly, young man," said she, "if

you are in your senses and want to live. I am made of fire and smoke. If you should but touch me you will sit here covered with blisters, burned through by me. No doctor will heal you, not even a god, save only me who burned you. Strangest of all, I will make you suffer the more, and you will cherish the painful cure and cling to it, and you would be stoned rather than escape from your pleasant pain. Why do you laugh? You see before you a scientific cook of men. These trumpery eatables are not the only things I can prepare; no, I know well how to butcher and flay and carve that great and noble viand, man. My dearest pleasure is to lay hold of his very vitals and heart."

"You are perfectly right," I said; "for even while I was at a distance, before I had come near you, you not only burned me, by Heavens! but set me all in a blaze. Through my eyes you flung your invisible fire into my vitals and are roasting me, though I never did you any harm. So, heal me, in the name of goodness, with those bitter-sweet remedies you speak of yourself. I am butchered already; take me and flay me as you will."

At this she burst into a peal of sweet laughter, and after that she was a complete conquest. I said to her one day, "My dear, get me sight of your mistress practising her mysteries or changing

her shape. For a long time I have been eager to see this curious thing. Or, better still, if you know anything of the black art, exhibit it yourself, and show yourself to me in some other form than your own. I have a notion that you are not altogether ignorant of this science, and I know it from my own heart, not from hearsay ; for I used to be adamantine, the women said, and I never cast these eyes tenderly on any girl before ; but you laid hold of me by your arts and led me off, after our loving contest, as the captive of your spear."

"Stop making fun of me," said Palaistra. "What incantation could charm Love, since he is lord of all sorcery? No, sweetheart ; I swear by your head that I know nothing whatever of these things. I have never learned so much as my letters, and my mistress is very jealous of her art. But if I should have a chance, I will try to show her to you in the act of changing her shape."

A few days later Palaistra informed me that her mistress was intending to put on the guise of a bird and fly off to her lover.

"Now is your time, Palaistra," said I, "to do me a kindness ; for it is in your power to satisfy the long-cherished desire of your suppliant."

"Never fear," said she. And when it was evening she came for me, and brought me to the door

of the chamber in which her master and mistress slept, and bade me stand by a narrow chink in the door and watch what was going on within. Well, I saw the lady stripping off her clothes. When she was naked she advanced to the lamp, took two grains of incense and cast them on the flame, and, standing still, addressed a long speech to it. Then she opened a strong little chest with a great many boxes in it, lifted one of them and took it out. I do not know the nature of the contents, but from its appearance I judged it was oil. From this box she anointed herself completely, beginning with her finger-nails, and suddenly feathers sprang out on her, her nose grew horny and curved, and she displayed all the other properties and traits of a bird. She was nothing else than a night-hawk. When she was completely feathered she gave a harsh cry like a hawk's, stood up, and took her flight out of the window.

I thought I must be dreaming such a sight as this, and rubbed my eyelids with my fingers, not believing that I had seen with my own waking eyes. When I had at length with difficulty convinced myself that I was not asleep, I forthwith begged Palaistra to anoint me, too, with that drug, and feather me and let me fly; for I wanted to learn by experiment whether if my human shape was altered I should have the mind, too, of a bird. She stealthily opened the bedroom door and

brought the box. I had already made haste to strip, and I anointed myself from head to toe. But alas, alack! I did not become a bird! No; a tail grew out on me behind, my fingers and toes disappeared somehow, my nails reduced themselves to four and were nothing more nor less than hoofs, my hands and feet became the feet of a beast of burden, my ears grew long, and my face enormous. When I surveyed myself all over I saw that I was an ass, but I had no human voice left wherewith to blame Palaistra. However, I stretched out my lower lip, and by my shape itself and by my sidelong asinine glance I reproached her as well as I could for having made me an ass instead of a bird. She smote her face with both hands. "Wretched girl that I am," she cried, "what a dreadful thing I have done! In my hurry I blundered, because the boxes were so alike, and brought the wrong one, not the one that makes feathers grow. But cheer up, do, sweetheart! There is a very easy cure for this. You have only to eat some roses, and the beast will immediately fall from you and you will give me back my lover. Only stay this one night, dear, in the ass, and at daybreak I will run and fetch you some roses, and you will eat them and be cured."

While she spoke thus she stroked my ears and the rest of my hide. I was an ass in all other

respects, but I had the heart and mind of a man—the same Loukios, but not his voice. Well, heaping silent reproaches on Palaistra for her mistake, and chewing my lip, I went off to where I knew my horse was stabled, together with another ass, a real one, belonging to Hipparchos. When they saw me coming in to join them they feared that I was going to share their feed, so they put back their ears and made ready to defend their bellies with their heels. I grasped the situation, and taking my stand at a distance from the manger, burst into a laugh, but my laugh was a bray. Then I said to myself: “Confound my untimely curiosity! What if a wolf should come in, too, or some other wild beast! The chances are that I shall be killed, though I have done nothing wrong.” But though I reflected thus, I had no idea, poor devil! of the evil that awaited me.

When the night was already far advanced, with its great silence and sweet sleep, there was a noise from without as though the wall were being broken through, and so it was. There was a hole already large enough to admit a man, and one man after another made his way through it promptly until a number were inside, swords in hand. Then they tied up Hipparchos and Palaistra and my man in their rooms, and so stripped the house fearlessly, carrying out the money and

the clothes and the furniture. When there was nothing more left in it, they took me and the other ass and the horse, saddled us, and strapped all they had stolen onto us. Laden with these heavy loads, they drove us up the mountain by an un-trodden road, beating us with clubs, and bent on escaping. I am not able to describe the feelings of the other beasts, but I, for my part—barefoot, inexperienced, treading on sharp stones, and bearing so much stuff—was ready to die. Every now and then I stumbled, but I was not at liberty to fall down, for some one from behind would instantly give me a blow across the haunches with a club; and when I frequently longed to cry, “O Cæsar!” I could do nothing but bray. I could bring out the “O” full and loud, but the “Cæsar” would not follow. And even for this they clubbed me, because they thought my braying would betray them. So, when I found that my cries were in vain, I resolved to go on in silence, with the gain, at least, of not being beaten.

After this day came, and we had already climbed many mountains. They muzzled us so that we might not browse along the road for our breakfasts and thus be caught; so for that day, too, I remained an ass. At high noon we halted at a sort of farm-house belonging to people who were friends of the robbers, to judge from what happened, for they greeted each other with kisses,

and the owners of the house bade the others halt, and set breakfast before them and gave us animals barley. The others breakfasted, but I fasted in misery. Since I had never at that time breakfasted on raw barley, I looked around to see what I could eat. I saw a garden there behind the court-yard, full of fine vegetables, and above these I saw roses. In the house they were all occupied with their breakfast, and I managed to give them the slip and get to the garden, partly to eat my fill of raw vegetables, and partly for the sake of the roses, for I calculated that if I ate those flowers I should certainly become a man again. When I had made my way into the garden I stuffed myself with lettuces, and radishes, and parsley, such vegetables as men are wont to eat raw; but those roses were not real ones, they were such as grow on the wild laurel. The plant is called rose-laurel, and it makes a poor breakfast for any ass or horse, for it is said that if they eat it they die on the spot.

In the mean time the gardener perceived me, snatched up a club, and ran into the garden. When he saw the enemy, the destroyer of his vegetables, he seized me as a severe master seizes a thieving slave and pounded me with his club, sparing neither ribs nor thighs. He even crushed my ears and mangled my face. When I could stand it no longer I kicked with both feet,

knocked him on his back on top of the vegetables, and ran for the mountain. Seeing me making off at a run he shouted that they were to loose the dogs on my trail. The dogs were numerous and large enough to fight with bears, and I knew that if they caught me they would tear me to pieces. So after I had made a short detour I decided that the proverb is right, "better run back than into trouble," and accordingly I started back and made my way to the farm again. They captured the dogs who had been chasing me, and tied them up, but me they beat and did not stop until in my agony I had cast up all the vegetables.

When it was time to take to the road again they also heaped most of the booty and the heaviest on me, and this having been arranged we set out. I was soon exhausted, what with my beating and with carrying my load, and my hoofs were crushed by the road. At this point I made up my mind to fall down where I was and never get up again, though they beat me to death, for I hoped great gain from this if my plan should work. My idea was that they would give up in despair, divide my load between the horse and the mule, and leave me to lie there for the wolves. But some jealous divinity perceived my plans and made them work just the other way. For the other ass followed the same train of thought as mine and fell down in the

road. First they took to beating the poor wretch, bidding him get up ; but as he did not respond at all to the blows, some of them took hold of his ears and some of his tail and tried to rouse him. When they were unsuccessful in this, and he lay like a stone in the road, utterly worn out, they argued among themselves that their efforts were useless, and that they were wasting their time for escape sitting by a dead ass ; so they took all the gear he had been carrying and divided it between me and the horse. As for the wretched partner of my captivity and burdens, they laid hold of him, cut the sinews of his legs with a sword, and thrust him still quivering over the precipice, and down he went, dancing the death-dance.

When I saw in the case of my fellow-traveller the outcome of the plans I had formed I made up my mind to bear my present plight bravely and plod on with spirit, for I was in hopes that I might chance on my roses at any turn, and by their means be restored to myself. And I heard the robbers saying our journey was almost done, and that they would stay at their next halting-place. Accordingly, we carried all that burden at a quick pace, and before evening we came to their house. An old woman was sitting inside, where a great fire was burning. The robbers took all the things we had been carrying and set them inside. Then they asked the old woman, " Why in Heav-

en's name are you sitting like this instead of getting our supper ready?"

"Why, everything is ready for you," said the hag. "Plenty of bread, jars of old wine, and some game that I have cooked for you."

Then they fell to praising her, and, taking off their clothes, anointed themselves before the fire. There was a jar in the house full of warm water, from which they drew and poured over themselves, thus taking a hasty bath. A little later a number of young men arrived, bringing as much gold and silver and clothing as they could carry, and a great deal of jewelry, women's and men's. These were accomplices of the others, and when they had bestowed their booty within they, too, bathed in the same manner. After this they had a bountiful supper, and there was a great deal of conversation among the cutthroats over their wine. The old woman put barley before me and the horse, and he set to and gulped it down in a hurry, fearing, probably, that I would share it. But for my part, whenever I saw the old woman go off I devoured the masters' bread.

The next day one young man was left behind with the old woman, and all the others went off on professional business. I bewailed my fate and this strict guard, for I could despise the old woman and run away under her very eyes, but the young man was tall, and had a dangerous look.

moreover, and he always carried a sword and fastened the door every time he went out.

Three days after this, almost at midnight, the robbers came back, bringing no gold or silver or anything else except a very beautiful young girl. She was in tears, and her clothes were torn and her hair dishevelled. They deposited her in the house on the mattresses, bade her cheer up, and told the old woman to stay inside all the time, and keep watch over her. The girl would neither eat nor drink; she did nothing but weep and tear her hair, so that I myself, standing near by at the manger, wept in sympathy with the beautiful maiden. In the mean time the robbers were supping in the vestibule. Towards morning one of the spies, who had been chosen by lot to watch the roads, came and reported that a stranger was going to pass that way carrying a great deal of treasure. The robbers rose up just as they were, armed themselves, saddled both me and the horse, and drove us off. I, poor wretch, knew that we were marching out to battle and murder, and I advanced reluctantly, whereupon they beat me with a stick to urge me on. When we came to the road by which the stranger was to drive, the robbers fell upon his carriages with one accord, killed his servants, selected the most valuable articles, and placed them on the horse and me, and hid the rest of the things there in the wood.

Then they drove us homeward thus laden, and I, being urged on and beaten with a stick, struck my foot on a sharp stone, and received a painful wound from the blow, which made me limp as I paced the rest of the journey. The robbers said to each other, "Why do we keep this ass who stumbles on everything? Let us throw him over the precipice, he brings us bad luck." "Yes," said another, "let us throw him over to be a scape-goat for the gang." And they formed to attack me. But I, hearing their talk, walked the rest of the way on my wounded foot as though it belonged to somebody else, for the fear of death made me insensible to the pain of it.

When we came to our abiding place they took the booty from our shoulders and put it carefully away. Then they fell to and dined, and when night came they went off to secure the rest of the things. "Why do we take this wretched ass?" said one of them. "He is useless with his wounded hoof. We will carry some of the things and the horse the rest." So they went off, leading the horse. It was a bright moonlit night. Then I said to myself: "You poor wretch, why do you stay here any longer? Vultures and the children of vultures will dine off you. Don't you hear what they are plotting against you? Do you want to be thrown over a precipice? It is night now and there is a bright moon. The robbers

are off on the road. Fly, and save yourself from these cutthroat masters."

While I was thus thinking to myself I perceived that I was not even tied to anything, but that the halter by which they led me on the road was hanging alongside. This added circumstance spurred me to the greatest eagerness for flight, and I emerged at a run and was making off; but when the old woman saw me on the point of escaping she seized me by the tail and held on. However, I said to myself that if I were caught by an old woman I should deserve the precipice and any other death, and I dragged her. But she shrieked with all her might to the captive maiden to come out. She ran forward, and when she saw the old woman hanging on to the ass like a second Dirke she found courage for a brave deed and worthy of desperate youth. She sprang onto my back, seated herself there, and urged me on. I, fired with love of freedom and the girl, fled with all my might and ran like a horse, leaving the old woman behind. The girl prayed to the gods to grant her a safe escape, and to me she said: "If you bring me to my father, my pretty ass, I will free you from all labor, and you shall have a bushel of barley every day for breakfast." I ran on, quite forgetting my wound in my eagerness to escape my murderers, and the hope of getting plenty of assistance and attention if I should save the maiden.

But when we came to where the road split into three the enemy met us on their homeward way. They recognized their unhappy prisoners in the moonlight while we were still at a distance, ran up to us, and laid hold of me, saying: "Oho, my fine madam, where are you going at this unseasonable hour, you poor, suffering thing? Aren't you even afraid of ghosts? Come home with us and we will hand you over to your friends." This they said with a sardonic laugh, and they turned me about and dragged me back. Then I remembered my lame foot and fell to limping. "What," said they, "are you lame now because you were caught running away? When your mind was set on flight you were sound and flew on wings, swifter than a horse." These words were followed by the stick, and I got a wound on my thigh at once as a warning.

When we turned into our lodging again we found the old woman hanging from a stone by a cord. Apparently she had been so afraid of her masters when they should discover the girl's flight that she had hanged herself. They spoke admiringly of her courage, cut her down, and threw her over the precipice with the cord round her neck. The girl they tied up inside the house, and then they supped and drank heavily. Meanwhile they began at once to talk with each other about the girl.

“What shall we do with the runaway?” asked one of them.

“There is nothing to do,” said another, “but throw her down on top of our old woman. She has robbed us of as much treasure as she could, and was on her way to betray our whole establishment. For be assured, my friends, that if she had reached her kinsmen not one of us would have been left alive, for our enemies would have fallen on us with every preparation and captured us all. So let us take our revenge on the foe, but not by giving her such an easy death as falling onto the rock. Let us invent for her the most painful and lingering death, and one that will only kill her after keeping her a prisoner in long torment.”

Then they set themselves to think out a form of death, and some one said, “I know you will applaud my invention. We must kill the ass who is a nuisance, and, moreover, pretends at present to be lame, and helped and ministered to the girl’s flight into the bargain. Let us slaughter him, then, early in the morning, cut open his belly, take out all his vitals, and place this virtuous maiden in the ass. We will let her head project so that she may not be stifled at once, but all the rest of her body shall be hidden inside. Then we will stitch her securely in and throw them both out to the vultures, preparing them a novel

breakfast. Note, my friends, the horror of the torture : in the first place, to live in the dead body of an ass, then to bake with the beast in the hottest sun of summer, and to die of lingering starvation, unable even to strangle herself. And, finally, the vultures will make their way in through the ass, and tear her flesh along with his while she is yet alive."

A general shout of applause greeted this monstrous idea as though it were something delightful ; but I bewailed my lot. I was destined to be slaughtered, and not even after death to lie a peaceful corpse, but to serve as the tomb of an unhappy and innocent girl.

But before day had fairly come a crowd of soldiers suddenly appeared who had come to attack these villians, and they forthwith clapped them all in irons and carried them off to the governor of the country. And it happened that the girl's fiancé came with them, for it was he that had given information as to the whereabouts of the robbers' headquarters. So he took charge of the girl, set her on my back, and led her thus to her home. When the villagers caught sight of us still at a distance they knew the expedition was successful, for I brayed the good tidings to them, and they ran to meet us, embraced us, and led us in.

The young girl had a great deal to say about me, doing justice to her partner in captivity, in

flight, and in the danger of that common death. And by my mistress's orders a breakfast was set before me, consisting of a bushel of barley and hay enough for a camel. But it was then most of all that I cursed Palaistra for having changed me into an ass by her art and not into a dog, for I saw the dogs sneaking into the kitchen and gorging themselves with plenty of food, such as is served at the wedding-banquet of a wealthy pair. A few days after the marriage my mistress declared in her father's presence that she was indebted to me, and longed to make me a just return; whereupon he gave orders to turn me out to grass in the pasture with the mares. "For if he is at liberty," said he, "he will enjoy life." And this recompense would have seemed perfectly just if the matter had come before an ass as judge. So he called one of the grooms and handed me over to him, and I was delighted at the prospect of doing no more work.

When we arrived at the farm the herdsman put me with the mares, and led the drove of us into the pasture. But even here it was fated that I should have the same experience as Kandaules; for the man in charge of the mares left me in the possession of his wife, Megapole, for domestic service, and she harnessed me in the mill, and made me grind wheat and barley at her bidding. It is true that it was no great evil to a grateful ass

to turn a mill for his own masters, but the worthy woman hired out my wretched neck to the other peasants of the district, who were numerous, taking her pay in flour. And she would also roast the barley allowed me for my breakfast, put it before me for me to grind, make cakes of it, and eat them whole, leaving me to breakfast on the bran. So I grew thin and ugly in a short time, for I had no comfort in-doors at the mill, nor out-of-doors in the pasture, because my fellow-grazers fought with me. Moreover, I was often sent up into the mountain to fetch wood on my shoulders, and this was the crown of my sorrows. In the first place, there was a high mountain to be climbed by a terribly straight road, and in the second place, I was barefoot on a steep and stony path. Besides this they sent with me as driver a wretch of a small boy, who found a new way to torture me every time. First he used to flog me even when I was trotting faster than I should, and not with a trimmed stick, but one covered with sharp knots. He always used to strike the same spot on my haunch, so that he opened a wound there with his club, and he always aimed at the sore place. His next idea was to lay a burden on me that would have been too heavy for an elephant. The descent from the mountain was steep, but even there he used to flog me. And if he saw that my load had slipped and was hanging to one

side, so that some of the sticks ought to be taken off and added to the lighter side to make it balance, he would by no means proceed in this way. No; he would lift great stones from the mountain-side and put them on the side of my fardel that was lighter and slipping up, and I would go on, poor wretch, carrying in addition to the wood an equal weight of useless stones. Moreover, there was a stream that crossed the road and was never dry, and the boy, to save wetting his shoes, used to perch on my back behind the wood, and thus cross the river.

If ever I fell down, worn out with carrying my load, that would be the occasion of unendurable suffering. He who ought to have dismounted and given me the assistance of his hand by raising me from the earth, and, if need were, taking off my load, would neither get down nor lift a finger to help me, but from his seat he would batter me with his stick, beginning at my head and ears, until the blows aroused me. And he played an even more intolerable trick on me than this. He collected a fagot of the sharpest thorns, tied them with a cord, and hung them behind on my tail. As may be imagined, they dangled and fell forward against me as I descended the mountain and pricked my hind-quarters till they were covered with wounds. I was helpless to protect myself, for the source of my pain followed me at

each step, hanging from my own body. If I advanced gingerly to avoid the thorns I was half-killed with the club ; if I shunned the club then that horror at my back attacked me sharply. In fact, my driver's one object in life was to kill me.

Once, when I could no longer bear my many cruel sufferings, I let out at him with my heels, and he never forgot that kick. He was ordered one day to carry some tow from one village to another, so he took me, collected a mass of tow, tied it on my back, and made it fast with an additional and painful strap, brewing a fearful plot against me as he adjusted the load. When it was time to start he stole an ember still hot from the hearth, and when we were at some distance from the house he hid it in the tow. The tow immediately burst into flame—for what else would it do?—and my load was nothing but a huge conflagration. I saw that I should be roasted in an instant, and, coming upon a deep mud-hole in the road, I flung myself into the wettest part of it. There I rolled the tow, and twisted and turned myself until I had sprinkled that hot and painful burden with mud. Then I made the rest of the journey with more safety, for the boy could not set me on fire any more because the tow was mixed with mud. And when he arrived he had the impudence to tell this lie about me: that I had plunged into the fireplace of my own accord

as I was passing it. Well, that time I survived the tow, though I did not expect to ; but the villain of a boy invented something much worse than this for me. He took me up the mountain and put a great load of wood on me, but this he sold to a neighboring farmer, and drove me home with no load and no wood, and accused me falsely to his master. "I don't see the good, sir," said he, "of supporting this ass, for he is terribly lazy and slow." When the master heard this he said, "Well, if he is willing neither to walk nor to carry a load, kill him and give his vitals to the dogs, but save his flesh for the work-people, and if any questions are asked as to the manner of his death lay it to the wolf." The rascally boy, my driver, was charmed, and was for killing me at once, but in the dead of night a messenger came from the village to the farm, saying that the bride, the one who was stolen by the robbers, had been walking with her bridegroom late in the evening on the sea-shore, when suddenly the sea rose, caught them, and carried them out of sight, and that this was the end of their happiness and their agony. This news, that the house was bereft of its young master and mistress, determined the farm-people to live in slavery no longer. They laid their hands on everything in the house and fled. The master of the horses took me, too, collected all the goods he could, and packed them on me and

the mares. I was put out at having to carry the load of a real ass, but I was glad to accept this trial in place of the knife.

We travelled all night over a painful road, and in three days more we finished our journey and came to Beroia, a large and populous town in Macedonia. There our drivers determined to settle us and themselves, and we beasts were sold at auction by a loud-voiced crier in the middle of the market-place. The by-standers wished to open our mouths and look at them, and they saw the age of each by his teeth. They bought the others one by one, but I was left last of all, and the auctioneer bade them take me home again. "See," he said, "this fellow only has found no master."

But fickle Nemesis who whirls our fortunes constantly about brought a master even to me, such as I should not have prayed for. He was an old rascal of the sort who carry the Syrian goddess around among the villages and farms, and make her beg. This man bought me at the handsome price of six dollars! When we arrived at Philebos's lodging—for this was my purchaser's name—he shouted in a loud voice, just before the door, "Little girls, I have bought you a slave, a handsome, stout Cappadocian." These "little girls" were a crowd of abandoned men, coadjutors of Philebos, and they all applauded in

answer to his shout, for they thought he had really made a human purchase. But when they saw his slave was an ass they jeered Philebos and burst out laughing.

The next day they got ready for work, as they expressed it, prepared the goddess, and set her on my back. Then we marched out of the city and tramped about the country. Whenever we came into a village, I, the bearer of the goddess, halted, the crowd of flute-players blew a frenzied strain, and the others, tearing off their Oriental head-dresses, bending their heads and twisting their necks, would cut their arms with their swords, and each thrusting his tongue outside his teeth, would cut that, too, so that in a moment they would be covered with fresh blood. When I saw these doings I at first stood trembling lest the goddess might sometime have need of asses' blood, too. But after they had mutilated themselves in this way they collected coppers and small silver coins from the surrounding spectators. Some one might add figs and cheese and a jar of wine, or a bushel of wheat or barley for the ass. By these means the company provided for their own maintenance and the service of the goddess whom I carried.

Towards evening one day we halted at the farm of a rich man. The master was at home, received the goddess in his house with much

pleasure, and offered sacrifices to her. I am still mindful of the terrible danger I was in at that house, for the proprietor had received as a present from one of his friends a haunch of wild ass. The cook took possession of it to dress it, but by his carelessness it was lost, for a crowd of dogs contrived to steal in where it was. The man was so terrified at the storm of blows and the torture he would get for the loss of the haunch that he determined to hang himself by the neck. But his wife, who was my heavy curse, said, "Nay, dearest, don't take your own life or give way to such despair. Be guided by me and all will go well. Take these rascals' ass out to a lonely spot, then kill him, cut off this quarter, the haunch, bring it here, dress it and serve it to your master, throwing the rest of the creature down some precipice. They will think he has run away somewhere and got lost. You see how fat he is, and how much better in every way than that wild one."

The cook praised the woman's idea. "A happy thought, wife," said he. "It is my only way to escape a flogging, and it shall be done immediately." Thus did the wretch who was to be my cook plot with his wife, standing in my presence.

But when I saw what was going to happen, I made a strong resolve to save myself from the knife; so, breaking the halter they led me by, I

leaped out and entered at a run the room where the rascals were seated at table with the proprietor of the farm. Running in thither, I pranced about and overturned everything, lamp and tables together. I thought I had invented in this a clever means of safety, and that the proprietor would forthwith order me to be locked up where I could be guarded safely as an unruly ass. But this piece of cleverness brought me into the extremest danger. They thought I was mad, armed themselves with plenty of swords and lances and thick sticks, and got ready to kill me. When I saw what great peril I was in, I ran past them into the room where my masters were to sleep, and, seeing this, they closed the doors carefully from the outside.

As soon as day dawned I received the goddess on my back again, and set out in company with the begging priests, and we came to another village, large and populous, where they announced something even more striking than usual in the way of hocus-pocus—namely, that the goddess would not stay in the house of a man, but would occupy the temple of the most highly honored local goddess they had. The people received the foreign goddess very gladly, and lodged her with their own. To us they assigned lodgings with a poor family. When my masters had made a long stay here they desired to go on to the neighbor-

ing city, and asked their goddess back from the villagers. They entered the sacred precincts themselves, brought her away, set her on my back, and drove me off. But, as luck would have it, the profane wretches had used the occasion of entering this temple to steal a votive vessel of gold, which they carried off hidden under the goddess. As soon as the villagers discovered what had happened they gave chase; when they came near they leaped down from their horses, arrested them in the road, accused them of sacrilege and temple-robbing, and demanded the stolen offering. Searching everywhere they found it in the lap of the goddess. So they bound the wretches, led them back, and cast them into prison. The goddess whom I carried they took and placed in another temple, and the golden vessel they restored to the local goddess.

The next day they decided to sell the prisoners' goods and me, and they disposed of me to a stranger from a neighboring village, a baker by trade. He took possession of me, bought ten bushels of wheat, which he placed on my back, and drove me home to his own house over a hard road. When we arrived he led me into the mill, where I beheld a great crowd of beasts, my fellow-slaves, and a great number of mills, all turned by them, and everything was covered with flour. They left me there in idleness that day,

seeing that I was a new slave, and had come over a hard road carrying a heavy burden. But on the morrow they covered my eyes with a bandage, harnessed me to the shaft of the mill, and then started me up. Although I knew how to work a mill from much experience, I feigned ignorance; but my hopes were vain, for a number of the millers seized clubs and surrounded me; and when I was not expecting it—for I could not see—they pounded me with one accord, and such was the effect of their blows that I suddenly began to whirl round like a top. And I learned by experiment that it will not do for a slave to wait for the master's hand before he does his work.

Well, I grew very thin and weak in body, till my master decided to sell me, and he disposed of me to a man who was a market-gardener by trade, for he had rented a garden to cultivate. This was our daily work: My master would load me with vegetables early in the morning, and take them to the market. Having disposed of them to the dealers, he would drive me back to the garden. Then he would fall to digging and planting and watering, while I stood idle. Still this life was terribly hard for me. In the first place, when winter came my master could not afford coverings for himself, and still less for me; and I trod barefoot through the slimy mud and over the hard, rough, frozen roads; and the only food

for man and beast alike was lettuces, hard and bitter.

One day, when we were setting out for the town, we happened upon a fine-looking man in a soldier's uniform, who began to address us in the Latin tongue, and asked the gardener whither he was driving me, the ass. My master, not understanding the language, I suppose, made no reply. The other grew angry at what he thought an insult, and struck with his whip at the gardener, who thereupon closed with him, twirled him off his legs, and stretched him in the road. As he lay there he pounded him with hands and feet, and a stone from the road. The soldier at first resisted, and threatened that when he got on his feet he would kill the gardener with his sword; but my master, being thus instructed from the very lips of his foe, chose the safer part, drew the sword from him and hurled it to a distance. Then he fell to pounding him again where he lay. The soldier, seeing that his plight was already past bearing, pretended to be killed by the blows. This frightened the gardener, so that he left him lying there just as he was, carried off the sword, and rode away on me to the town.

When we were arrived there he confided the charge of the garden to a partner of his, and, fearing possible danger from the affair in the road, he hid himself and me in the house of one

of his friends in the town. The next day they laid their plans and acted as follows: my master they concealed in a chest; me they hung by the feet, and carried me up a ladder to the second story, and shut me up there. The soldier, as we heard afterwards, picked himself up out of the road with difficulty when we were gone, and made his way into the city, stunned with the beating he had had. When he found the soldiers of his company, he told them of the gardener's madness, and they, accompanying him, learned our hiding-place. They brought the magistrates of the city with them, who sent some of their people into the house and bade all within come out. When they appeared, the gardener was nowhere to be seen. The soldiers, however, declared he was in the house with me, his ass, but the people of the house said no other creature was left inside, either man or ass. At this an uproar of vociferation rose in the narrow street, and I, in my headstrong curiosity about everything, longed to know who were shouting, so I peeped down from above through the window. As soon as they saw me they raised an outcry. The people of the house were detected in their lie, and the magistrates, entering and ransacking everything, found my master lying in the chest. Him they arrested and packed off to prison, to give an account of his desperate conduct, and me they brought down

and handed over to the soldiers. They all burst into inextinguishable laughter at my having given information from the upper story and betrayed my own master, and I was the origin, on this occasion, of the proverb about the "peeping ass."

I do not know what happened the next day to my master the gardener, but the soldier determined to sell me, and parted with me for five dollars. The purchaser was a servant to a very rich man of Thessalonika, the largest town in Macedonia. His trade was to cook meats for his master, and he had a brother, a fellow-slave, who understood bread-baking and the flavoring of honey-cakes. These brothers were messmates always, lodged in the same house, held the tools of their trade as common property, and finally installed me, too, in their lodging. After the master's dinner these two used to bring home a quantity of fragments, the one of meats and fish, the other of bread and cakes. They would shut me in with these, leaving me the delightful task of guarding them while they went to bathe. And I, bidding farewell with all my heart to my portion of barley, would devote myself to the skill and earnings of my masters, and so for a long time I revelled in human food. At first, when they returned, they used to take no notice of my carnivorous tendency, because there was such a multitude of dishes, and because I still stole my din-

ner with fear and discretion. But when at last I perceived their unconsciousness, I used to eat up the choicest morsels and a great deal beside. Then they began to notice their loss, and each at first looked suspiciously at the other, and called him thief, robber of common goods, lost to all sense of honor, and after that they both grew careful, and counted the morsels.

The effect on me was that by living this pleasant and luxurious life I grew handsome again in body from having my natural food, and my hide shone with a fresh growth of hair. But my most worthy masters, when they saw me growing fat and sleek, although my barley was not consumed, but remained of the same amount, began to suspect my audacity. So they went out as if going to the bath, closed the doors, and applied their eyes to a crack and watched what went on within. Innocent of the fraud, I forthwith advanced and took my dinner. They first burst out laughing at sight of the incredible meal. Then they called the other slaves to see me, and there was a general laugh, so that the master himself heard it, because it made such an uproar outside, and asked what the joke was out there. When he heard he rose up from his wine, peeped in, and saw me swallowing a bit of wild-boar. With a shout of laughter he entered the room. I was greatly disturbed at being discovered by the mas-

ter as a thief and glutton in one, but he laughed at me for a long time, and began by ordering me to be led in to his supper-party. There he bade them set a table for me, and put on it all sorts of things, such as no other ass could eat—meats, oysters, soup, fish—some dressed with caviare and olive-oil, and some sprinkled with mustard. I, when I saw fortune smiling sweetly on me, and perceived that this foolery only could save me, stood at the table and dined, though I had already made a hearty meal. The company shouted with laughter, and somebody said, “This ass drinks wine, too, if any one will pour some out for him.” So the master ordered it, and I drank what was offered me.

He perceived, as you may suppose, that I was a remarkable creature, and ordered one of his stewards to pay my price to the man who had bought me, and as much again, and he handed me over to a young freedman of his establishment, bidding him instruct me in whatever would make me most diverting for him. The young man found the task easy, for I obeyed instantly every instruction. First he made me recline on a couch, leaning on my elbow like a man. Then he taught me to wrestle with him, and actually to dance, standing upright on my hind-feet, and to nod my head or shake it in answer to questions, and a number of other things—all of which I

could have done even without teaching. And the report spread far and wide that my master had an ass who drank wine, wrestled, danced—most surprising of all, nodded and shook his head appropriately when spoken to, and, when he was thirsty, summoned the butler by a movement of his eyes. The spectators wondered at the thing as a marvel, not knowing that a man was shut up in the ass, and I made a fat living out of their ignorance. I learned to amble and carry my master on my back, galloping with a pace so gentle that the rider hardly perceived the motion. My harness was superb. I wore a purple saddle-cloth, my bit was inlaid with gold and silver, and I was hung with bells which made the sweetest music.

As I have said, Menekles, our master, was from Thessalonika, and had come to this place to make arrangements for a spectacle he had promised his countrymen of men skilled to fight with weapons in single combat. The gladiators were by this time secured, and the party set out. We started at early morning, and I carried my master whenever a stretch of road was rough and hard for the carriages to traverse. When we arrived in Thessalonika every one was eager for the exhibition and for a sight of me, for my renown had preceded me from afar, and the report of my versatility and manlike gifts of dancing and

wrestling. My master displayed me to the most distinguished of his townsmen over their wine, and made those amazing frolics of mine an accessory of the dinner. But the man in charge of me made an income of a good many dollars out of me. He used to lock me up in a room, and when people wished to see me and my incredible performances he would open the door on payment of a fee. They used to bring in all sorts of eatables, particularly such as were considered revolting to an ass's stomach, but I ate them all, so that in a few days, by dining with my master and the townfolk, I had already grown large and terribly fat.

Finally that day arrived which was to bring such distinction to my master. They decided to exhibit me in the theatre, and this was the manner of my appearance. A large couch was prepared, wrought of Indian tortoise-shell fastened with bolts of gold. I was laid on it, and in this posture placed on a machine of some sort, transported to the theatre, and deposited in the middle amid shouts of applause and a universal clapping of hands. A table was spread for me, and many dishes were set on it such as human epicures have for dinner. Slave boys stood in attendance, handsome cup-bearers who served me with wine in a golden cup. The man in charge of me, who was standing behind, bade me eat my dinner,

But I was divided between shame at being exposed in the theatre and fear lest, perchance, a bear or a lion should leap in.

At this moment some one passed by carrying flowers, and among the others I saw the leaves of freshly-gathered roses. Without an instant's hesitation I sprang up and jumped from the couch. The spectators thought I was getting up to dance, but I fell upon the flowers, tore one from another, selected the roses, and swallowed them. And while the audience were still wondering at me, that beast's form fell from me and vanished, the whilom ass disappeared, and to my joy Loukios himself stood there naked. At this incredible and most unexpected sight the company broke into great uproar in their terror, and two opposing parties formed in the theatre. For some thought I ought to be burned on the spot as a master of unholy potions and a devil of many shapes, but others said it was only fair to wait for my account of myself and to hear the case first, and then decide on it. For my part, I ran to the governor of the province, who happened to be present at the exhibition, and told him from below that the Thessalian serving-maid of a Thessalian woman had made an ass of me by anointing me with magic ointment, and I prayed him to put me under guard until I should persuade him that I had told him my true history.

“Tell us your name,” said the governor, “and the names of your parents and relatives, if you have any, and your city.”

“Sire,” said I, “my name is Loukios, and my brother’s name is Gaios. As to our family names, we have the same. I am a writer of histories and other works, and my brother is an elegiac poet and a skilful diviner. Our birthplace is Patrai, in Achaia.”

When the magistrate heard this he cried, “You are the son of a family who are very dear to me, and my guest-friends. They have entertained me in their house and given me presents, and I know you tell the truth, since you are a child of theirs.”

And he sprang from his seat, embraced me, kissed me again and again, and conducted me to his home. At this juncture my brother also arrived, bringing me money and many other things. Thereupon the governor declared me free officially in the presence of the people, and we went down to the sea, looked out a ship, and put our luggage aboard. Then we sailed away from the city with a favorable wind, and a few days later I arrived in my native land. There I offered a sacrifice to the gods, my saviors, and set up a votive offering, since I had been brought home, and after long wanderings, and with great difficulty, saved—not out of the lion’s jaws, by Heaven, but out of the curiosity of the ass.



THE HALCYON.

### CHARACTERS.

CHAIREPHON.

SOKRATES.

[The critics regard this dialogue as probably not by Lucian, although it is always found in collections of his works ; but as it can be ascribed to no other author with any more certainty, its merits seem to warrant its appearance here.]



**HAIREPHON.** What is the cry, Sokrates, that comes to us from the distant breakers on the headland yonder? How sweet it sounds! What creature has such a note as that? Surely the water-fowl are voiceless.

*Sokrates.* Nay, it is a sea-bird, Chairephon, called the halcyon, full of plaints and tears, and a legend about her has long been current among men. They say that she was once a woman, the daughter of Aiolos, son of Hellen, and married to Ceÿx the Trachinian, who was the son of the Morning-star, fair son of a fair father. And when her young husband died she mourned for him, longing for his love. Then by some god's will (they say) she took on the feathery guise of a bird, and flits about the seas seeking him; for she could not find him on the land, though she searched the world over.

*Chairephon.* Is this, then, the halcyon? I had never heard the note before, and it fell upon my ear like something quite new. Certainly the creature sings a mournful song. How large a bird may it be, Sokrates?

*Sokrates.* Small, and yet her wifely love won great honor from the gods; for in the nesting-time of these birds the world observes the "halcyon days," as they are called, which bring an interval of fine weather in midwinter. To-day is a perfect example of them. Do you not see how clear the air is? and the expanse of sea, how waveless and calm! Like a mirror, one might say.

*Chairephon.* Yes; this certainly seems to be a halcyon day, and yesterday was just such another. But tell me, Sokrates, how in the name of the gods can we possibly believe those old stories that tell of birds changing into women or women into birds? All those things seem to the last degree impossible.

*Sokrates.* My dear Chairephon, I suspect that we are altogether too dull of vision to judge of the possible and the impossible; for we reason according to our human ability, which cannot know or see or be believed. And many things, even easy ones, seem difficult to us, and accessible things seem out of reach, often because our minds are inexperienced, and often, too, because they are childish. For every man, even if he be very old, seems like a child, since certainly our life is a tiny thing, and short as childhood in comparison with all time. And how, my friend, can men, who are ignorant of the powers of the

gods and other divine beings, affirm whether any such thing is possible or impossible? You saw, Chairephon, what a storm there was three days ago. It actually terrifies one even to recall those flashes of lightning and peals of thunder and the extraordinary violence of the wind. One would have thought the whole world was on the eve of dissolution. But presently there was a marvellous change, and the fine weather set in which has lasted ever since. Now, which do you think the greater and more laborious task—to bring such clear weather out of that irresistible whirlwind and chaos, or to remodel a woman's shape and make it into a bird's? Why, even human children who understand modelling will often take a bit of clay or wax, and easily fashion different shapes in succession from the same lump. To the godhead, then, whose great superiority over our powers is beyond comparison, all these things are perhaps easy and without effort. For by how much do you think the whole sky surpasses you in size? Will you tell me that?

*Chairephon.* What mortal, Sokrates, could think or tell such a thing as that? It is not in our power so much as to name it.

*Sokrates.* And do we not see, even in comparing men with one another, great differences in ability? Compare, for instance, a man grown with a young child five or ten days old. It is amazing

how they differ in their powers, for almost all the actions of life, both those that are performed by means of our ingenious arts and those of the body and soul; for it seems impossible for them to enter even into the mind of a child as young as that. And as for the strength of one adult man, it surpasses that of a child immeasurably, for one man could easily overpower any number of children, since it seems that by nature we have always in early life a time of perfect helplessness and impotence.

Now, seeing that man apparently differs from man to such a degree, how shall we suppose the whole heaven compares with our powers in the eyes of those that attain to such vision? It will probably seem likely to many that the power and understanding and reason of the universe are as much in excess of what Sokrates or Chairephon has as its size surpasses that of our bodies. Moreover, many things that are impossible to others are easy to you and me and hosts of men like us, and even the arts of flute-playing and reading and writing are more impossible to the uninstructed, until they learn them, than making birds into women or women into birds. Nature, we may say, deposits a footless, wingless creature in the honey-comb. Then she sets it upon feet, and gives it wings, and makes it bright with the bravery of many varying colors, and lo! it is a

bee, a clever maker of honey fit for the gods. And from voiceless, lifeless eggs she forms all sorts of flying and walking and swimming creatures, employing, as some hold, divine arts of the boundless air. Seeing, then, that the powers of the immortals are vast, and that we are mortal and altogether tiny and unable to understand either great or small or even to cope with most of those things that concern ourselves, we can give no sure opinion about either halcyons or nightingales.

But the famous story of thy lays, melodious mourner, I will hand down to my children as I received it from my fathers, and I will often chant thy dutiful, wifely love to my wives, Xanthippe and Myrto, and tell them all, but chiefly what glory the gods gave thee.

You will do likewise, will you not, Chairephon?

*Chairephon.* Yes, Sokrates; and what you have said may fitly be a double encouragement of love between man and wife.

*Sokrates.* Then it is high time for us to say farewell to Halkyone and set out from Phaleron towards the town.

*Chairephon.* Very well; I am ready.

THE END.





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