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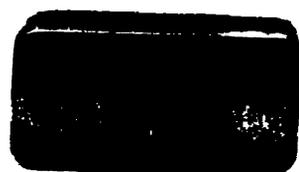
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**LUCIAN**  
OF  
**SAMOSATA.**

*From the Greek.*

WITH  
THE COMMENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF  
**WIELAND**

AND OTHERS.

---

BY WILLIAM TOOKE, F.R.S.

MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES AND OF THE FREE  
ECONOMICAL SOCIETY OF ST. PETERSBURG.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOLUME II.

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TOXARIS;  
OR  
THE FRIENDS.

---

MNESIPPUS. TOXARIS.

MNESIPPUS.

**I**N earnest, Toxaris? You Scythians do sacrifice to Orestes and Pylades, and hold them real gods?

**TOXARIS.** As I said, Mnesippus, we sacrifice to them, although we do not hold them gods, but simply good men.

---

**TOXARIS.** The Toxaris introduced by our author in this dialogue is not that celebrated friend of Solon, of whom mention is made in one of his prologues, entitled, The Scythian (though he seems once or twice to confound him with that person), but a more modern Toxaris (if it be not rather a fictitious character formed after the model of his old namesake), who must have lived in Lucian's era or not long prior to it. The topic of this conversation is a dispute between the Scythian and the Greek, which of the two nations can produce the most striking instances of friendship. The authenticity of the historical facts related in these stories it is now no longer possible to ascertain. That they are more or less morally wonderful is in the nature of the case, and is therefore by no means injurious to their credibility: but sundry chronological and geographical difficulties, with which the narratives of the Scythian are embarrassed, might render them somewhat suspicious. Be that however as it may, thus much is clear, that Lucian could never have entertained the thought of deciding the controversy by tales of his own invention, and that these anecdotes therefore in his own mind merited a certain degree of credit, and rested upon evidences that to him seemed unsuspecting. Moreover, it appears, from several passages in this dialogue, that the Scythians, here spoken of, had their usual residence in Taurida, and between the Don, the Palus Moëotis and the Euxine.

MNESIPP. It is then customary with you to sacrifice to excellent persons after their death, as though they were gods?

TOXARIS. Not only that, we have also stated festivals, instituted in honour of them, and celebrated with great solemnities.

MNESIPP. And what do you hope to gain by them? For, they being dead, I suppose you do it not in order to render them propitious to you?

TOXARIS. It would perhaps not be the worse if even the departed were favourably inclined to us. But independently of that, we believe we are doing good to the living by commemorating excellent men, and holding them in honour, even after their death. For we think thereby to render it delightful to others, to emulate their good example.

MNESIPP. I must confess, that in this particular you are right. But whereby have Orestes and Pylades acquired such signal estimation with you, since they were foreigners, and what is worse, your enemies? For, you know, when they were shipwrecked on your coast, and seized upon by your ancestors of those times, to be sacrificed to Diana, they found means to escape their keepers, broke through the guard, slew your king, laid violent hands on the priestess, stole even the goddess herself, carried her on board, and in contempt and scorn of the scythian laws\*, conveyed her away with their booty. If these were the exploits for which you pay them such signal honours, it cannot fail of being a delight to many to follow their example. I should have thought however this old story might have taught you, that little was to be gained by it, if many an Orestes and Pylades were cast upon your coast. I, for my part, can see no other advantage in it, than that of losing gradually in this manner the rest of your deities, and at last of being entirely without religion. — Indeed you have one expedient left, of supplying their place by the substitution of their ravagers: this is one method of obtaining gods†; though sounding a little extraordinary it must be owned. If however those deeds be not the cause of your paying divine honours to Orestes and Pylades, I should be

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\* Those namely in virtue whereof all foreigners landing on the coast of Taurida were sacrificed to Diana,

† It is obvious that Mnesippus here means to ridicule the Scythians, and this should, I think, be more strongly expressed in the translation than in the original, which generally in this speech of the grecian Mnesippus is rather too verbose.

glad to know, Toxaris, what other merits in your behalf they may have of sufficient magnitude to place them on a level with the deities\*, and to offer sacrifice to them, as they so narrowly escaped being victims themselves. To speak sincerely, your conduct herein seems inconsistent, and renders you obnoxious to ridicule.

TOXARIS. Yet, dear Mnesippus, those exploits you just now mentioned were all very noble exploits. For, that a couple of individuals durst engage in such a bold adventure, and undertake so long a voyage, on an ocean, on which, excepting those argonauts who made the attack upon Colchis, never any Greek had ventured, not suffering themselves to be deterred either by the frightful tales that were related of it, nor by the epithet inhospitable †, which it bore, I suppose, on account of the savage people that inhabit its shores; that they, after being thrown into prison, so manfully extricated themselves from it; and, not satisfied with having saved their lives, took vengeance on the prince, who had wronged them, and sailed away with the image of Diana: how can such valiant achievements but be admirable, and with all nations who know how to set a just value upon virtue, be held worthy of supreme honour? But this is not what has induced us to constitute Orestes and Pylades our heroes ‡.

MNESIPP. Say then what other great and godlike acts they performed. For, as to their navigating the Pontus, which you ascribe to them as so great an achievement, I will produce to you a number of mariners, particularly among the Phœnicians, who in this respect were far greater heroes. These people sail not only on the Pontus, or to the Palus Mœotis and into the Bosphorus, but annually traverse the whole of the grecian

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\* I have transposed hither the *ισοβίης ἐπαινοῦσθε* that appears better above, in order to soften in some degree the chicanery in the reproach made by the Greek to the Scythian here in the original. For Toxaris had at setting out plainly declared, that the religious honours that were paid by his countrymen to both these heroes rested not upon the belief that they were gods. But it is singular enough that Mnesippus should not recollect that the Athenians likewise paid religious honours to the Scythian Toxaris, who died among them, after his death.

† The Pontus Euxinus (sometimes called the Black sea) was termed in antient times Axenos (inhospitable), because its farther shores were so dangerous to mariners, an appellation which afterwards, *euphemiz gratia*, was changed for *εὖξενος*, the kind to strangers; as the Furies, for the same reason, are styled Eumenides, the friendly.

‡ Properly: to consider them as heroes or demigods.

and barbarian sea \*, leaving no coast, no shores unexplored, and return home not till late in the autumn. You may just as well make gods of these; though three parts of them are only hucksters and fishmongers.

TOXARIS. Hear then, my witty friend †, and learn to discover how much more justly we barbarians appreciate brave men, than you Greeks, with whom neither at Argos, nor Mycenæ, a monument of Orestes and Pylades, of any note, is to be seen: whereas we have erected, as it was fit, since they were friends, a common temple to both, offer sacrifices to them, and shew them all possible honour; for that they were aliens and not Scythians, was no impediment to their being recognized as excellent men. With us no inquiries are made of what country brave men are; and it is no disparagement to them that they are not our friends: it is enough for us that they have performed honourable deeds; their actions make them ours. But what we most admire in these two men is the example of a perfect friendship, which they have set us. We consider them, so to say, as the lawgivers of friendship, and as masters of whom we should learn how to share both good and ill fortune with our friend; in short, how we should act in that respect for meriting the esteem and affection of the worthiest Scythians. What they did and what they suffered for each other, our ancestors caused to be engraved on a pillar of brass, which stands as a sacred monument in the temple of Orestes, and ordained by law, that this pillar should be the first school for our children, and the story engraved on it the first lesson they get by heart. Hence it is, that a Scythian could sooner forget the name of his father than be unacquainted with the acts of Pylades and Orestes. The same story, which is to be read on the pillar, is also seen in the gallery which surrounds the temple, represented in several antient drawings. In the first we perceive Orestes and his friend on board of their ship; in another, with their vessel gone to pieces between the rocks, and the two friends, led to the altar, bound, and dressed with flowers, for immolation; and on a third is Iphigenia going to complete

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\* That is, throughout the Mediterranean and the main ocean.

† The ἠ θάυμασι should here, agreeably to the context, and to the character of the interlocutor, be taken, not in earnest, but in the ambiguous import, wherein it so frequently appears in the platonic dialogues, and to which we should attribute a jocular tone, and a rather sarcastic gesture.

the sacrifice. On the opposite wall Orestes is seen again, set at liberty, on his having, by the assistance of his friend, slain Thoas and some other Scythians; and lastly, as they are weighing anchor and conveying away Iphigenia with the goddess. Vainly do the Scythians labour to stop the vessel now got afloat; some are seen clinging to the rudder and endeavouring to climb up; but as a sign that they can effect nothing, several others are seen either drowning, or, fearing the like fate, swimming back to the shore. In this conflict with the Scythians, particularly, the painter has found means to express in a very conspicuous manner the mutual affection of the two friends. Unconcerned about himself, each of them is solely intent upon driving off the enemies that rush upon his friend, and throws himself in the way of their darts, as if he made nought of dying, so he might save his friend, wishing rather to receive in his own body the mortal stroke intended for him.

This extraordinary affection of the two friends, this communion in all dangers, this faithful adherence to one another, this truth and constancy of their mutual attachment, appeared to us exceeding the common measures of humanity, and bespeaking endowments of mind far above the vulgar, who, so long as all goes prosperously, take it very ill of their friends, unless they have their share in the fruits of their success; but in an adverse gale that blows upon them, walk away and leave them to their fate. For you should be informed, that the Scythians hold friendship in higher estimation than anything else; and there is nothing of which a Scythian is more proud than in finding an opportunity to encounter an arduous task with a friend, and to sustain a perilous adventure in company with him: as they know no infamy so great as to be thought a traitor to friendship. This therefore is the reason that we hold Orestes and Pylades in such high respect, as men who excelled in those qualities which we prize as the best and noblest; and why we have given them in our language a title, which in yours may be rendered by "friendly dæmons," or "tutelar genii of friendship." \*

MNESIPP. How, my dear Toxaris? The Scythians then are not only, what has always been allowed them, excellent archers, and in general the best soldiers in the world; you prove to me, by your example, that they

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\* In the greek: why we style them *Coraci*, &c.

are likewise the greatest masters in the art of persuasion. Me at least you have converted from my former opinion; and I am now convinced, that you do well in holding Orestes and Pylades equal to the gods. But who would have thought that you were also so capital a limner as you now have proved yourself in the description of the paintings in your Oresteon? It was to me as if I saw them all before me, so livingly did you represent them. Nor did I know that friendship was valued at so high a rate in Scythia. I had always conceived the Scythians to be a wild and surly people, who were led by no other than ferocious passions, not knowing what friendship was, even among their nearest kinsfolks: and how could I conclude otherwise from all that I had heard of them, particularly that they ate up their deceased parents\*?

TOXARIS. Whether we are not more just and exact in all the other natural obligations to our parents than the Greeks, I shall not at present enter into dispute: but that the Scythians are more faithful friends than the Greeks, and that friendship is very differently esteemed among us than you, will not be difficult for me to prove. I only beseech you, for the sake of all the grecian deities, that you will listen to me without taking umbrage, while I state what I have observed during my long residence among you. To me it appears then, that to talk and to argue about friendship, nobody understands better than you: in practice however you lag far behind your theory. You are satisfied with being able to say and to demonstrate what a fine and charming thing this friendship is: but when it is wanted, you make no scruple to belie your own theory, and, so to speak, are truants to your task. When your tragedians bring on the stage scenes of exalted friendship, you cannot testify your applause by clappings sufficiently loud; you even perhaps shed tears at the representation of the dangers they brave for each other: while none of you will attempt anything generous for a friend; but when he is in distress, and really wants your assistance, all at once your fine tragedies fly up and vanish like a dream, leaving you like the empty and stupid mask of the tragedian, with its mouth wide open indeed, but uttering not a single word. With us it is directly the reverse; we prate not so well as you do about friendship, but we are much the better friends.

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\* Where Mnesippus had picked up this idle report, to the truth of which Toxaris by his silence assents, I have nowhere been able to discover.

If this position, as may naturally be required, should be proved by examples, we had better, I think, let alone the friends of former ages; for there you might possibly be an overmatch for me, as you could appeal to a whole host of your poets, as very credible witnesses, who have sung the friendship of such men as Patroclus and Achilles, of Theseus and Perithous, and others of equal renown, in the most beautiful and sonorous strains. These therefore, if you please, we will, as I said, let alone, and confine ourselves simply to a few select examples in our own times; you producing yours from Greece, I mine from Scythia; and whichever of us shall bring instances of the most noble and disinterested friendship, shall be the conqueror, and may boast of having obtained for his country the prize in this most glorious of all contests. For my own part, I declare, before we proceed, rather would I be vanquished in a duel, and, according to the scythian custom, have my right hand cut off for it, than, having the honour to be a Scythian, be overcome in friendship by a Grecian.

**MNESIPP.** It is indeed no small enterprise to enter the lists against an adversary so expert and armed with such sharp weapons as you are, my dear Toxaris. I cannot however tamely give up the battle as lost, and thus at once betray the cause of all the Greeks. For by the example I have before me (according to our popular ballads, and your antient paintings which you just now so ingeniously tragedized), where two Greeks alone despatched such a multitude of Scythians, it would be an eternal disgrace, if all the nations of Greece now at once, merely because no one presented himself for the strife, should be overpowered by you alone. For were this to happen, I should indeed deserve not only to have my right hand hewn off, as the custom is with you, but to have my tongue cut out\*.—But shall we establish a certain number of friendly acts, disputing reciprocally the superiority; or shall he who can produce the greatest sum be declared the conqueror?

**TOXARIS.** By no means. We are not to decide the victory by the plurality, but by the weight and quality in equal numbers. If the facts which you relate shall be most excellent, and, as so many weapons, inflict deeper and severer wounds on me, than the blows I deal on you produce, then, though the numbers be equal, the sooner I must be forced to yield the palm to you.

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\* As the instrument which the Greeks best of all people knew how to employ.

**MNESIPP.** You are right. Let us then fix the number. Five, I think, will be sufficient.

**TOXARIS.** So do I. Do you begin; but swear first, that you will relate none but real facts. For truly it would be as easy to coin stories of this kind as difficult to disprove them: but if you have once sworn, it would be a violation of religion not to believe.

**MNESIPP.** Then I will swear if you deem it necessary. But by which of our gods. Will Jupiter Philius satisfy you?

**TOXARIS.** Perfectly. I, when it comes to my turn, will swear after my country fashion.

**MNESIPP.** Be then Jupiter, the guardian god of friendship, my witness, that I will produce nothing but what I either know by personal observation, or after strict investigation have been informed of by others, and will not feign even the minutest circumstance in addition to the fact, in a view to render it more tragical. I begin then with the friendship of Agathocles and Dinias, of whom so much is sung and said throughout Ionia. This Agathocles was born at Samos, and it is not long since he lived. Not distinguished from the generality of his countrymen by birth or fortune, but he rendered himself famous for his force and firmness in friendship. However it happened, he shewed from his childhood a particular attachment to a certain Dinias, Lycion's son, of Ephesus. This man had in a short time acquired immense riches, and saw himself therefore, as we may easily conceive, surrounded by numerous pretended friends, who possessed in an eminent degree the talent of quaffing with him, and of participating in all his amusements; to real friendship however they had not even the slightest disposition. Among these now Agathocles had long been numbered, because, like the rest, he frequently visited him, and joined in his potations; though this course of life was not at all to his taste. Dinias made no difference between him and his parasites: on the contrary, he at length entirely broke with him, on account of his frequently remonstrating with him, and reminding him of his ancestors, and advising him to keep with more care that large estate which his father had acquired with so much pains and industry. Dinias accordingly invited him no more to his parties of pleasure, and broke off all connexions with so troublesome a monitor.

Unfortunately these sycophants put it into the head of this thoughtless man, that a certain Chariclea, the wife of a respectable person, named Demonax, who at Ephesus was invested with the first office in the city, was mortally in love with him. Presently arrived love letters, half-withered nosegays \*, bitten apples †, and other the like enticements, by which our artful women know how to inveigle young men, and insensibly set them all on fire; by flattering their vanity with the opinion that they are their first love. These artifices succeed particularly with such as are vain of their beauty; and you may safely rely upon it, that they are already ensnared before they are aware of the net that is spread for them. Chariclea was in fact an exceedingly nice little woman, but so accomplished and licentious a wanton, that the first who made suit to her, might be sure of her favours. She was to be had at all prices, and on any terms; a man had only to look at her, and she nodded immediate consent, and he need never be afraid of meeting resistance in Chariclea. She was withal more refined in her stratagems than all the hetærae together, for decoying into her entire possession those on whom she set her eyes, and were yet wavering; while firmly to secure him that was once caught, she had the art of whetting his fondness, and now by affected anger, then by flatteries, then again by scorn and apparent inclination to another, to revive the ardour of his passion. In short, the lady was always provided with an infinite variety of such little tricks, and was an expert mistress in all the departments of gallantry.

This woman then drew the parasites of Dinias into her plot against the unfortunate youth, and they acted their parts as confidants and go-betweens in this comedy so well, that he poor fellow was in a short time inflamed with a most vehement passion for Chariclea. Into worse hands it was not possible for such a simple and inexperienced young man to fall, than into those of this siren, who had already entrapped many such, ruined several wealthy families, by assuming such a variety of disguises, and by a thousand amorous blandishments, in which her heart had not the

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\* Half-withered, as a sign that the lady had already worn the flowers on her head or in her bosom; for by that they obtained their value.

† A piece of gallantry with the Greeks, rather surprising to us, and which does great honour to their niceness and delicacy.

slightest share, completely inveigling them into her intrigues. But she no sooner saw him entirely in her power, than she struck her talons so fast, and cut (if I may so speak) so deep into him, that she not only plunged the unfortunate Dinias into the extremest misery, but ruined herself together with her prey. The first thing she did, was to bait the hook with the aforesaid love-letters \*, she next sent her confidential female slave, with directions to tell him, how the poor woman wept herself blind for love of him, what sleepless nights she passed, and how greatly she feared lest so many torments would at last make her put an end to them, by strangling herself with her hair-band. Till the unhappy Dinias could no longer resist the force of such mighty proofs, that he was a perfect Adonis, extremely dangerous to the hearts of all the women of Ephesus, and yielded at length to her solicitations, by flying to the consolation of the afflicted fair-one.

Having succeeded thus far, it is easy to imagine, how totally he was soon subdued by a woman who could season her conversation with all the charms of voluptuousness ; who understood the art of shedding tears at the proper moment, or interrupting her discourse by a tender sigh ; who could scarcely endure to let him leave her embraces ; on his return rushed out to meet him with the most courteous and captivating salutations, and sometimes singing to him the most enchanting airs, accompanied with the music of the cithara. What was more natural, than that a woman who practised all these enchantments against him, should get the entire possession of him ? Accordingly, seeing now that he was over head and ears in love, and that he was softened and mellowed by the ardour of his passion, she had recourse to another of her wiles calculated completely to turn his head. She feigned to be with child by him : a sure

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\* The metaphor is obviously taken from the flies with which the angler baits his hook. Lucian proceeds in general throughout this little production, which seems to be one of his earlier years, after the manner of the sophists ; in the imitation of whose witticisms he succeeds too well, by running in chace of a figure, and never leaving it till the metaphor is spun out into a little allegory. I have taken pretty great liberties with the whole of this passage, now by transposing some of his metaphors to another place, now changing them for others, now leaving them out entirely, in order at least to observe the *ne quid nimis* rather better than he does, and to render his Mnesippus, who as a true *græculus* is too fond of hearing himself talk, more tolerable to readers of taste.

device, the more to inflame an infatuated lover. She came no longer to him, under the pretext that she was watched by her husband, who had got scent of her intrigue. This was more than the poor besotted Dinias could bear: he could no longer live without her, wept and sobbed, sent every moment one of his parasites to her, called incessantly upon her name, had always her image in his arms, which had been made for him of white marble, moaning over it aloud; at last he threw himself upon the ground, rolling about like one distracted: in a word, his love became a real frenzy. For the presents he had made her, were no longer in proportion to the apples and nosegays which he received from her, but he presented her now with houses and whole farms at once, and, together with them, female slaves, splendid attire and sums of money as much as she could desire; insomuch that the Lysio family, the wealthiest and noblest in all Ionia, was in a short space clean emptied and drained to the bottom. When Chariclea perceived that there was nothing more to be squeezed out of him, she abandoned him, and ran in chace of a rich young gentleman of Crete, who likewise soon fell into her snares, and suffered himself to be persuaded that she was mightily enamoured of him. Poor Dinias, on seeing himself suddenly deserted not only by Chariclea but by his former table-friends (for these were with her gone over to the favourite Cretan), addressed himself now to Agathocles, who had long known the bad state of his affairs, and recounted to him, not without confusion of face, all that had befallen him since their separation; his passion, the ruin of his estate, the disdain with which the lady accosted him, the rival whom she favoured; and concluded all by declaring that he must either have Chariclea again or he must die. Agathocles, who thought this not the proper moment for expostulating with him upon his past behaviour, in neglecting him so long alone of all his friends, and preferring the parasites who now left him in his distress; immediately sold his patrimonial house at Samos, which was all the substance he possessed, and brought to his friend the three talents\* it produced. Dinias had scarcely received this sum, when the report of his having money again, revived his former loveliness in Chariclea's eyes. The maid was immediately despatched, and the love letters again were sent, filled with

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\* Five hundred and eighty one pounds, five shillings.

reproaches for his tedious absence ; even the parasites now ran up to him in all haste, with their former adulations ; they had had their harvest, and were come to gather up the gleanings.

In the mean time a private meeting was agreed on between him and the lady, and Dinias slipped into her house about bed-time. But scarcely were they together alone, when Demonax, Chariclea's husband, whether he had by chance discovered something that gave him intimation of what was going on, or whether it was in concert with his wife (for both are reported), suddenly sprang up from a hiding-place, ordered the doors to be barred, fell upon Dinias with a drawn sword, and threatening the severest vengeance the law allows a husband to take on an adulterer, commanded the servants to secure his person. This extremity of distress inspired the unfortunate Dinias with a desperate rage ; snatching up an iron bar which accidentally lay near him, he aimed with it such a violent stroke at Demonax, that, lighting on his temple, it laid him instantly dead on the spot : then, turning to Chariclea, he gave her reiterated blows with the bar, and finished by thrusting through her breast the husband's sword. The servants, who from the beginning of the affray had stood as if petrified, gazing at this dreadful tragedy in speechless amazement, endeavoured now to lay hold of the murderer : but seeing him still furiously bent on destruction with the bloody sword in his hand, they all ran away. Dinias stole out of the house, and passed the rest \* of the night with Agathocles, to talk over what had happened, and to deliberate on what measures were next to be taken on the probable explosion of the affair. By break of day however, the people in authority (for the transaction was already public) apprehended Dinias, who did not deny the murder, and carried him before the proconsul of Asia. This magistrate sent him immediately to the emperor ; and not long afterwards Dinias was transported to Gyaros †, one of the Cyclades, there to remain in exile during his life.

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\* The omitted *ταλικῶτον ἔργον ἰσχυροτάτου*, after he had performed such a great exploit, looks like an unseasonable joke, and might be left out without depriving the picture in any degree of its truth and force.

† This small island was so rude and uninhabitable, that Strabo found nothing on it, but a number of wretched fishing-huts ; and it was with the Romans a severe punishment for people

Agathocles stood by him in all his misfortunes; he accompanied him in his journey to Italy, was the only friend that stuck to him on his arraignment, and deserted him on no occasion. Neither, when he went to the place of his exile, could he resolve to forsake his comrade, but banished himself with him, and chose the naked rock of Gyaros for his abode; where being destitute of all necessary sustenance and supplies, he hired himself to some purple-dyers of the island, and nourished his friend on the wages he earned of them, by diving for the murex. He nursed and attended him in his lingering sickness; and even after his death would never return to his own country: he would have reckoned it a disgrace to forsake even the bones of his friend on that desert island. Here then you have an example to what lengths a Greek can carry his friendship; and one that occurred no long time ago: for it is not more than four or five years since Agathocles died in Gyaros.

TOXARIS. I wish, my dear Mnesippus, that you had not sworn to the truth of this story; that I might be permitted to think it feigned, so perfectly does Agathocles resemble a scythian friend. I fear you will be very much puzzled to name such another.

MNESIPP. Hear then what I will relate to you of a certain Euthydicus of Chalcis\*, as I have it from the mouth of the pilot Simylus of Megaræ, who affirmed it to me with an oath, as having seen it with his eyes. This man was once sailing, towards the end of May†, from Italy to Athens. Among several other passengers that he had on board were this Euthydicus, and a certain Damon, a comrade and countryman of his; both of like age, only with this difference, that the former was a man robust and healthy, the other pale and sickly, and had the look of a person just recovered from a tedious illness. To the height of Sicily, Simylus said, they had a prosperous passage: but when they had passed the straits‡ and got into the Ionian sea, they were overtaken by a tre-

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of condition, who were accustomed to a luxurious life, to be banished, especially during life to Gyaros. It is in reference to this that Juvenal says:

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris vel carcere dignum!*

\* There were two cities of that name, one the capital of the island Eubœa, and the other an ætolian city at the mouth of the river Evenus.

† In the gr. about the time when the pleiades set; which happens when the sun enters gemini.

‡ Which part Sicily from Calabria.

mendous storm. I spare you the description of the rolling billows, the whirlwinds, the hail, and all the rest that necessarily belongs to a raging tempest. Suffice it to say, that they are compelled to take in all their sails, and (according to the custom of our mariners) to let a number of large coiled ropes into the sea, in order somewhat to break the force of the waves, and to keep the vessel in a sort of equipoise. They were approaching the island of Zacynthus\*, when Damon, who by the violent motion, and continual tossing of the ship, was seized with a fit of seasickness, got up about midnight, and had, for a purpose easily to be conceived, bent forward with half his body overboard; when all at once, in an instant, the ship shelving all on that side, a wave struck her, and precipitated him into the sea. Unfortunately he had all his clothes on, and therefore could not save himself by swimming †: so that nothing was left for him but to scream out, that he could no longer keep his head above the waves, but must be drowned. Euthydicus, who was then reposing naked on his bed, no sooner heard his cries, than he started up, threw himself into the sea, seized his comrade, who had given up all hope of deliverance, held him up, and happily swam with him to the ship. It being moon-light ‡, the people on deck could observe almost all their motions: but unluckily the wind was so high, that with all their good will, it was impossible for them to relieve the poor sufferers. All they could do, they did; which was to throw to them some pieces of cork and a few poles, to lay hold on, in case they could reach them. At last they even threw the ship's ladder overboard, large enough to hold them both if they could get upon it. Now consider, dearest Toxaris, whether it is possible to give a stronger proof of attachment to a friend, than that here given by Euthydicus to Damon. For what else could he expect in braving such a tempestuous sea, but to perish with his friend? Put yourself in his place, represent to yourself the swelling billows rolling over one another, think of the horrible murmurs and confused roarings of the

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\* Now Zante, an island of the ionian sea, belonging to the Venetians,

† An art which among the Greeks formed a part of education, and wherein all the islanders and inhabitants of the maritime towns particularly excelled.

‡ It must be taken for granted, that the storm was abated, and the sea only in that heaving motion which succeeds it.

waves, the dashing foam, the darkness of the night, the impossibility in such a situation of hoping for safety : and now the one, every moment in imminent danger of drowning, can hardly keep his head above water, stretching out his hand to implore assistance ; the other regardless of his own life, leaping boldly overboard, and swimming towards him, is afraid of nothing but lest Damon should be drowned before him ! Think, I say, of all this clearly and distinctly ; and confess, that I had reason to report to you this Euridyclus also as a friend of no ordinary stamp.

TOXARIS. But did the two brave fellows perish, Mnesippus ; or, were they by some lucky accident saved \* ?

MNESIPP. Make yourself easy on that score, Toxaris. They were saved, and are both alive at this day at Athens, where they are studying philosophy. What I have been telling you, was only what the pilot Symilus was witness to that night : what follows I have from Euthydicus himself. For some time, he says, they buoyed themselves up on some pieces of cork, which they got hold on, though not without great difficulty. At day-break however they perceived the ship's ladder let down, whereupon they swam to it, and ascending the vessel, happily arrived at Zante, from whence the distance was not great.

After these two examples, which in my opinion are not to be scorned, lend me your attention to a third, not at all inferior to the other two. A certain Eudamidas, of Corinth, who was very poor, had two wealthy friends, Aretæus the Corinthian, and Charixenus of Sicyon. At his death he left a will, that to some appeared very ridiculous : but whether to such a judicious man as you, who know how to set a proper value upon friendship, and are contending for the prize of it, it will appear so ridiculous, I doubt much. The testament ran as follows : " I leave and bequeath to my friend, Aretæus the care of providing for my mother, and of nourishing her in her old age. And to Charixenus the care of my daughter, to be bestowed in marriage, and portioned out in the best manner his means will afford. If either of the two should happen to die prematurely, let the performance of his part devolve on the survivor." The will being opened and read, those who were only acquainted with the poverty of Eudamidas, but knew nothing of the friendship that sub-

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\* This anxious solicitude on the part of a Scythian produces a very good effect.

sisted between him and these two persons, made it a matter of sport, and went away laughing. These are precious legacies! they said, Much good may they do to Aretæus and Charixenus! A fine bequest truly; to declare themselves debtors to Eudamidas, and to make the defunct the heir of the living! In the mean time came the two heirs to whom the bequest was made, as soon as they heard of the will, and ratified all the particulars by taking immediate possession\*; and as Charixenus survived the testator only about five days, the generous Aristæus took upon him both shares of the legacy, maintained the mother, and provided a suitable match for the maiden, giving, out of the five talents, which was all he had, two to his own daughter, and two to the daughter of his friend, as a portion; and they were both married on one day. What say you, Toxaris, to this act of friendship, and the man who was capable of it? Does not it deserve to be one of the five?

TOXARIS. An excellent man, certainly! Yet I think Eudamidas much more admirable for the confidence he reposed in his friends. For it shews, that he in their place, even independently on a testament, would have done the same, and have prevented any other from depriving him of the legacy.

MNESIPP. I am quite of your opinion. My fourth shall be Zenothemis, the son of Charmoleus of Masilia, whom I was personally acquainted with, as I was sent on a public embassy to Italy. He was pointed out to me, as he was setting out on a journey, in a carriage and pair, into the country; and had the appearance of an uncommonly well-made, handsome, and wealthy man. In the chariot by him sat his wife, extremely ugly. Besides which, she was deformed, blind of one eye, her right side shrunk up and withered; in short, never was child frightened with a more loathsome hag than this lady. On expressing my surprise that such a proper and elegant man should drive about with so horrid a monster, I was informed by him who had shewn him to me, of the occasion of this curious marriage: a transaction of which he was qualified to give an authentic account, as he himself was a Massilian. Zenothemis, he said, was the friend of the father of this mishapen figure, a certain Menecrates, who was as respectable and opulent a man as himself. In

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\* I read with Gronovius ἀπαυτῶντες, instead of διατείνωτες, which gives no proper meaning.

process of time Menecrates had the misfortune, by a decree of the great council \* to be declared incapable of holding any post of honour, and have all his property confiscated, because in a public office which he filled he had given a judgment contrary to law: for so in our republic we punish magistrates who are guilty of an offence of that nature. How deeply affected Menecrates was at this catastrophe, which so suddenly reduced him from a state of affluence to absolute beggary, it is not difficult to guess. What grieved him most however, was this daughter, now marriageable, being about eighteen, and for whom in such circumstances no hopes of a settlement could be entertained; since even in his former prosperity scarce one of the meanest and poorest citizens would have condescended to take off his hands a daughter of such an unhappy form, even though he should give his whole estate with her: especially since, as it was said, she was subject to epileptic fits at every increase of the moon. One day, as Menecrates was pouring his sorrows into the bosom of his friend, Zenothemis exhorted him to be comforted, assuring him, that neither himself should be in want of necessaries, nor his daughter a suitable husband. Saying this, he took him by the hand, brought him to his house, divided his whole property, which was very great, with him, and caused preparations to be made for a grand entertainment, to which he invited all his friends, and with them Menecrates, to whom he pretended that he had prevailed upon one of his acquaintance to accept his daughter in marriage. The repast being ended, and the customary libations made to the gods, Zenothemis presented to him a full goblet, with these words: Receive this cup of friendship from your son-in-law! for this evening I mean to wed your daughter Cydimache, and declare hereby, that I have some time since received five and twenty talents as her dowry. It must not be! exclaimed Menecrates; that you shall not do, Zenothemis! I hope never to be so far lost to all sense of propriety, as to endure to see such a handsome young man as you, joined to so hideous and ill-conditioned a wench! But whilst the father was thus protesting, the former led his bride to the nuptial chamber, and after a while returned, bringing her back with him as his wife. From that time he has lived with her in connubial tenderness, carries her, as you have

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\* In the original: the six hundred, as that was at Massilia the supreme tribunal.

seen, everywhere with him, and is so far from repenting the alliance, that he seems rather proud of shewing to the world, that beauty and deformity as well as riches and consequence, come into no consideration with him, but that he sets the greater value on his friend, in being assured, that Menecrates, by the judgment of the Six hundred, has lost nothing of the qualities that made him his friend. Neither has fortune left him unrequited for it, for this ugly wife has brought him the most beautiful boy, that a man could set his eyes on. It is not long since he took this child with an olive chaplet on his brows, and dressed in black, in his arms into the senate, in order to move the senators to pity his grandfather, in behalf of whom he was come as intercessor. The infant smiled at the gentlemen, and clapped his little hands. The whole senate were so affected at the sight, that they remitted the penalty of Menecrates. And thus the latter, thanks to his little advocate, is reinstated in his former honours. This is what the Massilian related to me concerning the heroic behaviour of Zenothemis to his friend ; and it is more, as you perceive, than could be expected from the generality of Scythians, who, they say, are so nice about the beauty of their women, that even a mere concubine can hardly be handsome enough for them\*.

I have only now on my side the fifth example remaining ; and for it I should know no other if I were to pass over Demetrius of Sunium. This Demetrius, who had been from his infancy the companion of Antiphilus of Alopœzia †, went with him into Ægypt, there to live and prosecute their studies together : he also exercised himself, under the tuition of the celebrated Agathobulus, in the cynical discipline, but Antiphilus applied himself to the art of medicine. Demetrius had a fancy to travel farther into the country, for the purpose of seeing the pyramids and the statue of Memnon ; for he had heard that the former, notwithstanding their height, cast no shadow, and that Memnon, at every sun-

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\* Our Greek, as it appears, considered a concubine as a sort of necessary convenience, *impetus in quam continuo fiat*, as Horace expresses it, and with which consequently there was no need of being particularly nice with regard to beauty.

† Both were therefore natives of Attica ; for Sunium was a town and Alopœia (not Alopex, as Massieu writes it) a district in the territory of Athens, belonging, as a tribe, or as some term it a guild, to Antioch.

rising was vocal \*. To gratify his desire to hear this, and to view the former, he had already in the sixth month sailed up the Nile, leaving behind Antiphilus, whom the length of the journey and the sultriness of the season had deterred from accompanying him.

In the mean time the latter fell into a misfortune which would have proved very distressing to him, but for the assistance of a generous friend. He had a slave, whom they commonly called Syrus; he being by birth a Syrian. This fellow, in company with some villains, with whom he was associated, found means to get privily into the temple of Anubis, where, besides the god himself †, they stole two golden chalices, a caduceus likewise, a pair of silver cynocephali ‡, and several other articles of a like nature. All these stolen goods were deposited with Syrus. Soon after however, on offering some of them to sale, suspicions arose, and they were apprehended; and, on being put to the torture, they confessed the whole, not omitting the circumstance that the property would be found in some dark corner, under the bedstead at the lodgings of Antiphilus. The information proving true, Antiphilus, the master of the slave, being charged by him as an accomplice §, was seized by the officers of justice, dragged from the school of his tutor, and conveyed to

\* See the note on the *Lie-fancier*, vol. I. p. 113. Lucian here expresses the sound by βῶν (crying), which he there calls *θαιματῶν ἤχη*, and Pliny, *lib. xxxvi. cap. 7. crepare*, as a sign that it was not rightly known, to what these notes should be compared.

† The latin translation is here not quite correct. The text says not: they robbed the god; but, they stole the god: whose image the Ægyptians always made of gold. See Jablonski, *Panth. Ægypt. lib. v. cap. 3. §. 10.* Anubis was the Mercury of the Ægyptians; or rather the Greeks, when they became masters of Ægypt, made of Anubis and their Hermes one and the same divinity. Hence the caduceus [*κηρύκειον* or *κηρύκειον*], which the latin translator and his faithful adherents Francklin and Massieu, I cannot tell why, have converted into a sceptre.

‡ Though Anubis was carved with a dog's head, and is therefore sometimes by our author himself denominated *Κυνοκέφαλος*, yet, I presume, the question here is not *de sigillis dei*, as the latin translator thinks, but concerning images of a species of apes frequent in Upper Ægypt, which by the Greeks (from the similarity of their head to that of a dog) were styled *Cynocephali*, and on account of that resemblance were sacred to Anubis. Probably these silver cynocephali were votive images, worshipped by the devotees in the temple.

§ I thought it necessary to insert this word, because otherwise it would be inconceivable how, upon a bare suspicion, a man, agreeably to the roman laws, could be so severely proceeded against, and how all his former friends should suddenly regard him with abhorrence, and abandon him to his fate.

prison, not having anyone to speak in his behalf. On the contrary, all his former companions, who concluded him guilty, turned their backs upon him, and even accounted it a sin ever to have ate and drunk with a man who had robbed the temple of Anubis. While he was being carried to jail, his two other slaves packed up whatever they could find in the house, and ran off with the booty.

The unhappy Antiphilus languished a long time in confinement, and notwithstanding his innocence was treated as the vilest of all his fellow prisoners. The jailer, an extremely superstitious Ægyptian, thought he did a meritorious service to the god Anubis in avenging him on the culprit by the harshest treatment: and when Antiphilus sometimes endeavoured to vindicate himself, by assuring him that such a nefarious act never entered his mind, it was imputed to him as unconscionable impudence, and only increased the abomination with which he was regarded. It may be easily imagined, how greatly his health must have suffered under these circumstances, especially as he had no other bed to sleep on but the hard ground, and even there not room enough to stretch out his legs. For by day he had an iron collar about his neck, which also passed over one of his hands; but nightly his legs were fastened in the stocks. To all this was added the horrid stench of the prison, and the heat arising from such a number of prisoners thrust together in a narrow space, and scarcely able to breathe, and the perpetual clanking of chains, and broken sleep; all together forming an accumulation of misery, which to a man unaccustomed to a hard mode of life, and had never experienced the like, must have been doubly grievous, and quite intolerable.

The poor man having now given up all hope, had adopted the resolution to refuse every kind of nourishment, when at length Demetrius, without knowing a word of what had happened, returned from his excursion. The moment he heard of it, he ran straight to the prison; but, it being late in the evening, he was not admitted; for the jailer had long before locked the gate, and gone to sleep, leaving the care of the outer watch to his servants. The next morning however, after much intreaty, the prison door was opened to him. On entering, he had much ado to discover Antiphilus, so unknowable was he rendered by the misery he had endured. He went up to one prisoner after another, viewing them in all directions, like a man endeavouring to single out the half-corrupted

body of a kinsman on the field of battle : and even with all these pains, he would have been long unknown to him, if he had not at length called out to him by name. At that well known voice, the miserable object uttered a cry, stroked back his hair which hung down over his face in the greatest disorder, and revealed himself to his eagerly inquiring friend. But the sensibility of both was too strong for this first interview ; they fell motionless on the ground. After a while Demetrius recovered, and brought Antiphilus again to himself ; and after having inquired minutely into all the particulars of the transaction, bade him take courage, and then directly tore his cynical cloak in two, in order with one half of it to supply him with a wrapper, instead of the rags he had hanging upon him. From that hour he visited him as often, and nursed and tended him as well as circumstances enabled him to do. For he hired himself as a porter to the traders in the haven, and carried burdens from day-break till noon ; and, as he was tolerably well paid for his labour, he gave a part of his earnings, when his work was done, to the jailer, in order to mollify him, and make him more civil, and the remainder he expended in procuring refreshments for his friend. He generally staid the rest of the day with him, to beguile the time and administer consolation to him ; and the night he passed outside the door of the prison, on a couch which he had prepared for himself of dry leaves. Thus a while they lived ; Demetrius went out and in unmolested, and Antiphilus bore his affliction with greater tranquillity than before. It happened however that a highway robber died in the prison, and, as was suspected, of poison, which had been clandestinely brought in by somebody ; in consequence of which the prisoners from that time were watched more strictly, and no more visits to him were permitted. This threw good Demetrius into the utmost grief and perplexity ; and as now no other means of seeing his friend were left, than by getting himself shut up with him, he went to the vice-governour and accused himself of being an accomplice in the enterprize against Anubis. Upon this he was forthwith conducted to prison, and to his Antiphilus : for this he had, though with great difficulty, and not till after long and instant supplication, obtained of the jailer, that he should be shut up near to Antiphilus, and be locked in the same gives. A stronger proof of the cordial affection that he bore to his friend, he could hardly give than this, that he not only voluntarily

shared his misery with him, but, when at length he was sick himself, he concealed his own sufferings from him, and his sole care was that the former might have more quiet and less disturbance.

Though by thus being together their common calamity was somewhat alleviated, yet it was high time that an end should be put to their sufferings: and that was soon after brought about by an unexpected event. One of the prisoners had, nobody could tell how, procured a file, and engaging a number of his fellow captives in the same plot, by their assistance cut through the common chain to which they severally were linked, and thus dissolved the connexion at once. This done, they fell upon the few keepers, easily slew them, and made their escape in a body; after which they dispersed, each taking the way that seemed safest at the moment; though most of them were afterwards retaken. Demetrius and Antiphilus alone remained quietly in their places; they even detained the syrian slave, who was ready to run away with the rest. Next morning, the governour, being informed of what had happened, ordered a pursuit, and at the same time sent for Demetrius and his friend, whom he commended for their behaviour on this occasion, and ordered their shackles to be knocked off. They were not however satisfied with this dismissal; but Demetrius raised his voice, and affirmed with great energy, that it would be dealing very unjustly by them, if, after being apprehended as malefactors, they should receive their releasement as a mere favour, or as a reward for not having run away. To conclude, they at length prevailed with the judge \* more carefully to examine the matter. Being now fully convinced of their innocence, he very honourably set them at liberty, and particularly loaded Demetrius with expressions of the highest admiration; and, as some consolation for all they had innocently suffered, gave them from his own coffers considerable presents: to Antiphilus ten thousand drachmas †, and to Demetrius twice that sum ‡. The former is still living in Ægypt; but Demetrius made over to him his twenty thousand, and repaired to the brachmans in India. You will pardon me, I hope, said he to Antiphilus, if I now leave you: I, for my part, have no occasion for this money, as

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\* Namely, the governour or imperial viceroy of Ægypt.

† Three hundred and one pounds one shilling and eight pence.

‡ Six hundred and four pounds three shillings and four pence.

my wants are very few, and my habitual manner of life, if I retained it, would not thereby be altered: whereas you, in the good circumstances I shall leave you in, will be able to do without a friend.

Such folks are grecian friends, my dear Toxaris! Had you not at first accused us of being great boasters of our sincerity, I should have repeated the many excellent speeches which Demetrius made on the trial, where he said not a word in his own defence, but for Antiphilus urged everything that his eloquence could afford, condescending even to tears and prostrate supplications, and taking the whole upon himself, till at length the syrian slave under the scourge confessed his guilt, and both were acquitted of the offence.

And thus I have stated to you these few instances, out of many others, of true and faithful friends, as they first occurred to my remembrance. Having now finished, I resign the rostrum to you. It is your business carefully to produce, not only no worse, but far better Scythians, if you have any desire to save your right hand. Independently of that however it behoves you to maintain your constancy; for it would be altogether ridiculous if he who has pronounced such a masterly panegyric on Orestes and Pylades, should now prove a bad orator in the cause of his own country.

TOXARIS. Well done, Mnesippus! That I call being confident in the success of one's cause! You are then so sure of the victory, and are so little afraid of forfeiting your tongue, that you even stimulate me to snatch the victory out of your hand. Well! I will begin, unconcerned whether I speak so elegantly and affect the belesprit so well as you; for that is no concern of a Scythian, least of all where the fact speaks for itself, and has no need to be set off with wordy trappings. Expect therefore no such stories from me, as those which you have made so much parade about. As if it were such a great miracle, if a man takes from his friend an ugly girl without a dowry, or portions out the daughter of a friend with two talents, or even in a predicament where he is sure soon to be released, voluntarily submits to be bound. These are all mere trifles; nor do I see anything in them demanding more than ordinary strength and greatness of mind. But I will set before you men, who for their friends have waged wars, murdered kings, and even laid down their lives; that you may see your proofs of friendship to be but child's play in comparison

of ours. However I will candidly confess, that it is perfectly natural to make such a great stir about these trivial matters: for as you live constantly in profound peace, how could you have those extraordinary opportunities for giving proofs of friendship? A good pilot is not discernible in fair weather, but in adverse winds and storms. Whereas we live in a perpetual war; either attacking others, or defending ourselves against those who attack us, or fall together by the ears about our pastures, or the division of the general spoils\*. Under such circumstances we find sure friends very necessary; and thence it is, that we contract such strict and lasting friendships: for in our judgment, of all armour, that is the only one which sustains every trial, and having which it is nearly impossible to be overcome.

First of all, let me tell you, how friendships spring up amongst us. We chuse our friends not from our pot-companions, as you do, or from our schoolfellows and neighbours: but where we see a brave man, of whom great things may be expected, we all press up to him, and emulously court his favour, as you do the hand of a rich and beautiful maid, and ply him with all possible assiduity to make ourselves sure of our application, and not to be rejected and defeated in our suit. When one has now obtained the preference and is accepted as the friend, a league of amity is entered into, confirmed by the most solemn oath, by which they are bound, not only to live, but if occasion calls, even to die for each other. And we then constantly abide by it. From the moment that a couple of us have cut their two fingers, let a few drops of their blood fall into a cup, dipped the points of their swords in it, brought it to their mouth and swallowed it; from that moment there is nothing in the world that could part them. Only three at the utmost can be admitted at once to this league. For he that is the friend of many is looked upon by us in the light of a common strumpet, who may be had at any price; we are of opinion, that a friendship divided among many cannot possibly have the due strength and consistence.

I will now begin with a history of an event which not long since happened to one of our people, named Dandamis. This Dandamis, seeing

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\* I suppose that Toxaris means this by the words *συμπαισίεις ὑπὲρ νομῆς καὶ λείας μαχόμεθα*, though they might likewise bear the signification given them by Massieu: *nous sommes en guerre perpetuelle, soit, &c. — soit pour nous procurer des paturages, ou tout autre butin.*

his friend Amizoces taken prisoner in a skirmish with the Sarmatians —  
— But I had nearly forgot the oath I ought to take according to our agreement. By the wind then, and by the scymitar I swear, that I will relate to you nothing but the truth of the scythian friends.

MNESIPP. I would have spared you this ceremony; however you have prudently not swore by any god.

TOXARIS. How? Do you reckon the wind and the scymitar to be no gods? Know you not then that nothing is of more consequence to mankind than life and death? When we swear by the wind and the scymitar, we do it inasmuch as we consider the wind as the cause of life, and the scymitar as the cause of death.

MNESIPP. By this way of expounding you may admit gods in great plenty; arrows, spears, hemloc, a rope, and the like of them, with equal right to god Scymitar. Death is a multifarious deity, and keeps an infinite number of ways open, all leading to him.

TOXARIS. Cannot you for one moment cease from disputing and caviling? What is the use of interrupting me, and twisting my words as I utter them? I kept silence all the while you were talking.

MNESIPP. I will do so no more, Toxaris. You have a right to scold me for it. Proceed boldly; I will be as still as if I were not here at all.

TOXARIS. It was the fourth day after Dandamis and Amizoces had drunk the cup of friendship, when the Sarmates\*, with ten thousand horse, and three times as many foot, as it was said, made an incursion into our territory. As they came quite unexpectedly upon us, they routed and put us all to flight, slaying numbers of our soldiers who offered resistance, and taking others prisoners, so that but few were fortunate enough to escape by swimming over to the opposite bank of the river, where the half of our army and a part of our carriages were stationed: for in this manner had our leader, I know not for what reason, divided us in two

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\* It would be a thankless and nugatory task to attempt the unravelling the geographical difficulties which occur in this story. The appellation of Scythians and that of Sarmates comprise a number of various independent nomadic tribes, possessing a great part of northern Europe and Asia; and although they had in the main the same constitution, mode of life, manners and language, lived in almost perpetual feuds with one another, and consequently were ever changing their borders.

camps on either side of the Tanais. The enemy took much spoil and many prisoners, plundered our tents, conveyed away our carriages, with most of the men; and what was worse, ravished our wives and concubines before our eyes \*. Amizoces, as they were dragging him along with the rest of the prisoners, called to his friend, asking him how he could see him so ignominiously bound, and reminding him of the cup of amity and the blood they had tasted together : which Dandamis no sooner heard, than he leaped, without a moment's delay, into the stream, and swam over, in the sight of both armies, to the Sarmates. These, levelling their darts, were on the point of discharging a whole volley at him, when he shouted aloud the word *Ziris*, this being the signal that a man comes to ransom a captive. They immediately let fall their darts, and conducted him to their general. Dandamis demanded his friend of him; who refused to deliver him up without a large ransom, signifying to him that he should not have him at a cheaper rate. All that I had, answered Dandamis, I am already despoiled of by you ; if however, destitute as I am, I have aught that may be of service to you, speak; I am all obedience. Will you accept of me in lieu of my friend? Lay your commands upon me. No; said the Sarmate, it would not be fair to detain you entirely, especially as you came in a pacific design †; leave only a part of what you possess, and you may go with your friend whither you will. What then do you demand? interrogated Dandamis. Your eyes; replied the other. Dandamis instantly presented his eyes to have them plucked out. Which being done, and the Sarmates having thus received their ransom, he took Amizoces by the arm, went away leaning on him, and thus both together came swimming across the river to us.

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\* Notwithstanding the boasted bravery of the Scythians, it is rather difficult to conceive how they did not prefer to hazard extremes, than to be witnesses of such a scene; and how honest Toxaris could prevail on himself to recount such acts of turpitude, so disgraceful to his countrymen, with such extraordinary apathy and indifference. Probably it was Lucian's design, by this proof of so perfectly impartial an attachment to veracity, to give additional weight to the credibility of the narrative of this worthy Scythian.

† *Kal taúta Zírion hnoúta* might perhaps likewise be rendered: as you come under protection of the *Ziris*. For as he has explained this expression above (and which in the original sounds more problematical than in the translation) one would be almost led to conclude, that some religious or deisidæmoniacal signification was couched in that word.

Nothing more than this exploit was necessary to revive the spirit of our Scythians. They no longer accounted themselves vanquished, seeing that the enemy had not despoiled us of the greatest of all blessings, but that so much magnanimity and fidelity of friendship was still left among us. The Sarmates, on the other hand, when they learnt by this trial what men they would have to deal with, upon preparation for battle, notwithstanding they had gained the advantage over them in this unexpected attack, were so dismayed by it, that the very next night they set fire to the carriages they had taken, and, leaving most of the captured cattle behind them, betook themselves to flight. But Amizoces, who could not bear to see the brave Dandamis wandering about without his eyes, put out his own; and now they sit both together, and are maintained at the public expense, and held in high honour by the whole nation.

Now, my good Mnesippus, when have your Greeks exhibited themselves in this manner? and if you were allowed to pick up ten more stories in addition to your five, and to garnish them with as many fictitious circumstances as you can desire, I doubt much whether you could match this. And yet I have related to you the naked fact. If you had had something of the sort to relate, I know with what flourishes and decorations you would have set it off; what a heartbreaking speech you would have put into the mouth of Dandamis; with what florid expressions you would have described the operation, and what fine things he said while it was going on, and with what praises and blessings he was received on his return from the Scythians; and I know not how many other artifices by which you endeavour to steal the applause of your hearers\*.

Attend now to the feat of another friend, a near relation of the before-mentioned Amizoces, named Belitta. He and his friend Basthes were hunting together; when all at once seeing him attacked and unhorsed by a lion †, which had got him down, and, griping him in his paws, was beginning to tear his throat. He immediately leaped from his horse,

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\* From this sarcasm likewise of the Scythian on the sincerity of his Grecian friend, it is clear that Lucian for good reasons makes his Mnesippus so garrulous and verbose. Thus characterizing him, in contrast to the artless avidity of the Scythian, as a genuine *Græculus*.

† How came this lion to stray to the Scythians?—Or, how could a man so well informed as Lucian not have known that in the northern climates there are no lions?

attacked the fierce animal from behind, dragged him back with all his force, tugging him to and fro, and provoking him even by thrusting his fingers within his teeth, in order to make him loose his hold of Basthes, and vent his fury on himself; till leaving him half dead, he turned upon Belitta, and destroyed him also: but ere he gave the last gasp, he rallied all his remaining strength, and plunged his poignard with such good effect into the lion's heart, that all the three fell dead together in the combat \*. We buried them however, and raised two hillocks, one over the two friends, and the other, opposite, over the lion †.

My third example, Mnesippus, shall be the friendship between Macentes, Lonchates, and Arsacomas. This Arsacomas was sent by us on an embassy to Leucanor, a prince in the Bosphorus, to demand the tribute which the Bosphorans customarily pay us ‡, but had now remained due above three months beyond the time. This business being ended,

\* At first sight of this description should not one think that the Scythian had all at once forgot his character, and in endeavouring to vie with his antagonist, who was so fond of painting, had directly failed in the first attempt? From the manner in which Belitta goes to work with the lion, should we not conclude that he was unarmed? which yet is not conceivable of a Scythian, especially when going to hunt. Not till it is all over with himself and his friend does it once occur to him, that he has a poignard in his hand, to plunge in the heart of the lion. Why did not he at first run him through the body with his poignard? He would have done more execution by it, than by thrusting his fingers within his teeth? — I answer: Mnesippus, if he had been to relate the story, would not probably have fallen into this apparent absurdity. But Lucian, I conceive, composed it upon due deliberation, as it is, duly observing a conformity to the scythian character, in which natural ferocity, rashness, contempt of personal danger, and rage at the sight of the perilous situation of his friend, are essential features. Beside himself at seeing his friend overpowered by the lion, the rude son of nature forgets in this terrifying moment that he has any other than natural weapons, fights with instinctive alacrity and desperate fury with those that nature has furnished him with, and never, till his strength fails him, recollects his sabre as the last resource for saving his friend, and revenging them both on their murderer. I take this to be the true scythian nature; and Lucian understood very well what he makes his Toxaris say.

† The lion deserved this monument at least, on account of the extraordinary rarity of a lion in these northern regions.

‡ From the time of the emperor Augustus, the petty princes, or kings, as they were styled, of the Cimberian Bosphorus, were under the roman supremacy. The events of this story must therefore have happened long before, and even prior to the time when Mithridates was monarch of all the countries surrounding the borders of the Pontus Euxinus. And yet Toxaris afterwards declares himself a contemporary of that event: how does this hang together?

the prince gave him, previous to his departure, an entertainment, at which he had a sight of the prince's daughter Mazæa, a young lady of elegant shape and exquisite beauty, and fell so deeply in love with her, that from that moment he had no rest. It is customary in the Bosphorus, for the suitor to pay his addresses to the lady openly at table; where he declares his quality and fortune in order to justify his pretensions to such a connexion. Now it happened, that precisely at this time several such were present, princes and sons of princes, among others Tigrapates, sovereign of the Lazians, and Adymarchus prince of Machlyane\*, who all came as suitors to the princess. In such cases the rule is, for everyone to sit patiently during the repast, and to let nothing of his design appear: but when that is over, he asks for a cup, pours his libation on the table, declares himself openly a wooer of the lady in question, and has now full liberty to display his consequence, and to enlarge upon his pedigree, or his wealth, or his power as well as he can. When all the wooers present, in compliance with this usage, had made their libations, and declared the attachment to the princess, and recounted their principalities and revenues, Arsacomas at length demanded the cup; but instead of pouring it as a libation on the table, he drank it off at one draught; and said to the prince: Give me your daughter in marriage; for if it depends upon riches and large possessions, I am a better match for her than any here. Now Leucanor, knowing very well that Arsacomas was poor, and no more than an ordinary man among the Scythians, expressed his astonishment at this speech, and asked him: Well, how many pastures and waggons have you then, Arsacomas? for in these consists all your wealth.— The former answered: I have indeed neither waggons nor herds; but I possess a couple of such brave and generous friends, as no other Scythian can boast of. At these words the whole company, bursting out into a violent fit of laughter, passed their jokes upon him, and thought that he

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\* The Lazians [*Lazæ*] were then an inconsiderable tribe, inhabiting a part of the coast of Colchis. Whether the Machlyans of Lucian are to be distinguished from the Machelonians named by Arrian in his survey of the Pontus, among the colchian tribes, I cannot say. Lucian indeed places them in the mæotic marsh, but that is not the only geographical objection that may be adduced against the narrations of his Toxaris. The Greeks were not over nice in that particular.

must have drunk too much. The following day the bride was betrothed to Adymarchus, and he immediately made preparations to conduct her home to his Machlyans on the Mœotis.

Arsacomas being returned home, related to his friends, how contemptuously the prince had behaved to him, and how he had been at table laughed at on account of his poverty ; though I told them plain enough, continued he, how rich I am, in having you two for friends, and how much more precious and permanent your affection for me was, in my judgment, than all the goods and chattels of the Bosphorans taken together. That I told the prince ; but he made a mock of you, and gave his daughter to the Machlyan, Adymarchus, because he had boasted of having ten beakers of massive gold and eighty four-seated chariots, cushioned, and a vast number of sheep and cows \*. These flocks, therefore, and a few useless beakers, and a parcel of heavy chariots, are of more value in his view than men of honour and constancy ! Now, dear friends, here are two things that afflict me : I am in love with the maiden, and the affront which I have borne in the presence of so many people has sunk very deep into my mind. You both methinks are no less insulted ; for the third part of the injury lights on each of you ; since from the moment we swore the friendly league, we compose but one person, and joy and sorrow have in common. — Not only that, interrupted Leuchates, but each of us has received the entire affront, seeing you have suffered it. What then is to be done ? said Macentes. Let us divide the affair among us, returned Leuchates ; I promise Arsacomas, to bring him the head of Leucanor †, and do you fetch him the bride. Agreed ; said each. You, Arsacomas, remain here ; and, as in all likelihood, if we succeed in our project a war will be the consequence, do you in the mean time get together as many horses and arms and soldiers as you can possibly collect. A man of your prowess can be in no want of means for obtaining without

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\* The Machlyans were therefore likewise nomades, like the other nations inhabiting about the Palus Mœotis and the Euxine.

† Like a true Scythian, as it appears ; for Leucanor it was who had affronted him personally ; consequently Leucanor, though he was the father of the bride, must give up his head. Adymarchus was punished enough by losing his bride ; but what the latter would say to all this, is never inquired.

difficulty a great levy, especially as our relations are numerous; and at all events you have only to sit upon the ox-hide.

This proposal was approved; the two friends instantly sprung upon their horses and rode off, Leonchates to the Bosphorus, Macentes to the Machlyans; but Arsacomas, who remained at home, conferred with other young men of his own standing, armed a number of his relations and acquaintance, and they not being sufficient, sat down at last upon the ox-hide. Now our custom of the hide is this: when anyone is injured by one of superior might, and would fain redress himself, but is too weak to engage with him, he sacrifices an ox, cuts the flesh into pieces, roasts it and places it before him: then, spreading the hide, he sits down upon it with his arms behind his back in the posture of one pinioned, which with us is the most emphatic way of imploring relief. Now his acquaintance, and whoever else will, come up to him, take a piece of the meat, set the right foot on the hide, and promise him, severally according to their abilities, a number of horsemen, for whose pay or maintenance he needs give himself no concern, some five, others ten, and others still more; some promise him a certain number of heavy or light armed infantry, as many as they each of them can; the poorest promise themselves. In that manner, sometimes a very great number of troops are raised on this hide, and such an army is no less firm and compact than invincible; for you may rely upon it, that it will not separate, till it has procured for the suppliant the satisfaction required. To this they pledge themselves by setting their foot on the hide, and it is as binding as the most solemn oath. By this method, therefore, Arsacomas raised five thousand horse and about twenty thousand foot, heavy and light armed.

In the mean time Lonchates arrived, unknown, in the Bosphorus, went directly to the prince, who was just engaged in state business, and announced himself as an ambassador from the Scythians, bearing a secret commission of great importance. On being informed that he might deliver it, he said: what the Scythians have commissioned me to represent, is in fact nothing more than the old every-day grievance, and that they require that your shepherds should not roam about our plains, but keep within their fiefs. But as to your complaints of the robbers that overrun your country, they affirm that the republic has no part in it; these ravages are made by individuals who must severally account for their depredations,

and whenever you catch them, you have a right to bring them to condign punishment. This is all that I am sent to declare in behalf of the nation. But on my own part, I am come to apprise you of a great attack from Arsacomas, Marianta's son, who not a long time ago was sent on an embassy to you, because, as I understand, he takes it very ill, that you refused him your daughter. He has now sat seven days on the ox-hide, and has collected a considerable army in readiness against you. — Something of it has already reached my ears, said Leucanor, but that it was intended for us, and Arsacomas the designer, I did not know. Suffice it to say, continued Lonchates, the armament relates to you; of that you may be sure. But Arsacomas is my enemy, because it grieves him, that I am on the best terms with our elders, and am preferred before him in every respect. If now you will promise to bestow your other daughter Barcetis on me, of whom I think myself in no regard unworthy, I will be here again in a little while, and bring his head along with me. I promise to do so, said the prince, who was not at all pleased with the business, because he had not forgot the occasion of the exacerbation of Arsacomas against him; and lived besides in continual dread of the Scythians. Swear then, replied Lonchates, that you will fulfil the conditions of our covenant and never break your word. The prince, who was ready for everything, was proceeding to lift his hands towards heaven; but Leuchates restrained him. Not here, said he, where we are seen and our oaths might excite suspicion. Let us rather enter the temple here of Mars, and, shutting the door after us, there swear, where nobody can overhear us. For, should Arsacomas be apprised of the least particle of what is transacted between us, it is to be feared, that he would contrive to put me out of the way before the war, as he has already a numerous host about him. The prince commended the foresight of Lonchates, and ordered his attendants to keep at a distance, and let none come into the temple till he should call them. The satellites accordingly retired: but no sooner was Leucanor fairly within the temple, than Lonchates drawing his sword, stopped his mouth with one hand, and stabbed him with the other in his breast, cut off his head, concealed it under his cloak, and went forth, making all the while as if he was speaking a few words at parting to the prince within the temple. I will presently be back again, said he; that he might have it believed, that he was receiving

a commission from the prince to carry with him) and thus he came without molestation, to the place where he had left his horse tied, leaped upon it, and rode full speed to Scythia. Nobody pursued him, either because it was long before the Bosphorans were informed of what had passed, or on account of the disturbances that would have arose about the succession to the throne as soon as the death of the prince was currently known. Lonchates therefore fortunately arrived with Leucanor's head, and thus performed the promise he had made to his friend.

Macentes was still on his way, when he received intelligence of what had happened among the Bosphorans; and on reaching the Machlyans, he was the first who brought the news of Leucanor's death. The Bosphorans, said he to Adymarchus, summon you to the throne, as the son-in-law of the defunct. It is therefore necessary for you to set out upon the journey forthwith, to take possession of it, and by your appearance restore tranquillity and order. Let the princess, with her retinue, in chariots immediately follow: for you will the more easily win the hearts of the populace, on their beholding the daughter of their prince. I continued he, am an Alanian\*, and by the mother's side related to the princess your bride; for Leucanor's wife Mastira was of our family, and I come directly from her brothers in Alania, charged with a commission to exhort you to make all possible haste into the Bosphorus, and not by any delay furnish Eubiotus, the spurious son of Leucanor, with an opportunity to get possession of the government, he having always been attached to the Scythians, and a declared enemy of the Alanes. Macentes, as he said this, had nothing in his outward aspect, that could excite the smallest doubt of his being what he pretended to be: for he had the habit, weapons and language of an Alanian; because the people are both alike in habit and speech. The only external difference is, that the Alanes wear not their hair so long as the Scythians; but this he had obviated by cutting his hair after the fashion of the Alanes; so that he obtained full credit, and passed without hesitation for a relation of the princesses Mastira and Mazæa. And now, continued he, it is entirely at your option, whether I shall ac-

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\* The Alanes were also a nomadic population, having their usual seat in asiatic Sarmatia, on the mountains of Corax, a branch of Caucasus; though with such perambulating nations that cannot be accurately ascertained.

company you into the Bosphorus, or remain here, if you deem it necessary, to attend on the princess; I am ready for either. The latter would be more agreeable to me, replied Adymarchus, since you are so near a relation of hers. For by your going with us into the Bosphorus it would be only adding one horseman more to the cavalcade; whereas, if you conduct my spouse to me, you will spare me some of them. In pursuance of this agreement, Adymarchus set off in all haste; and Mazæa, with whom he had not yet consummated his marriage \*, was delivered to Macentes, to be brought after him; for which preparations were immediately made. During the whole of the first day he had her conveyed in a chariot; but at the coming on of night he seated her before him on his horse, and rode away with her, having care to have but one other rider to follow him. But instead of travelling along the lake Mœotis, he turned off into the midland parts, keeping mount Mitræa always on the right, and rode so hard, that although he allowed the princess several times to rest, in three days he had travelled from the country of the Machlyans to the place where Arsacomas dwelt in Scythia. But his horse, after finishing this journey, had scarcely stopped a moment, when he dropped down and expired.

Macentes delivered the fair Mazæa into the hands of his friend. Here, Arsacomas, said he, receive what I promised you! And when the other, overjoyed at the unexpected sight, could not sufficiently express his gratitude, he said: Forbear to make me other than yourself! for to acknowledge yourself obliged to me for what I have done, is as if my left hand if wounded, should give thanks to the right for curing it, and affording it friendly attendance. It were surely most ridiculous if two friends, who have long grown together, as I may say, into one person, should make such a mighty matter of it, if one member performed anything for the benefit of the body: for, as a part of the whole, he has done that, whereby the benefit is obtained, for himself. Thus did Macentes repulse the thanksgivings of his friend Arsacomas.

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\* The text says more definitively: who was yet a virgin. If the Machlyans dwelt on the Mœotis, Adymarchus, in bringing home his bride from the Bosphorus had a much longer journey to make than Macentes, who went from home to him; and it therefore may be presumed, that this prince had only been returned a few days to his head-quarters, and was not yet ready with his preparations for the celebration of the nuptials when Macentes arrived.

Adymarchus, on perceiving the trick that had been put upon him, broke off his journey to the Bosphorus, (for Eubiotus, having been immediately called from Sarmatia, where he sojourned, had already taken possession of the throne,) but returned directly home; where he collected a numerous band of soldiers, and through the mountains made an incursion into Scythia. Shortly after, he was seconded by Eubiotas with all his Greeks, to the number of twenty thousand, and with twice as many Alanes and Sarmatians, as auxiliaries. The two forces united, formed an army of ninety thousand men, whereof the third part consisted of archers fighting on horseback. We, however (for I had a share in this campaign, seeing I had made myself responsible to Arsacomas on the ox-hide for a hundred well-appointed horsemen\*), though we had not mustered above thirty thousand men, the cavalry included, we were yet determined to make head against them under the command of Arsacomas. Seeing them advance, we marched up to the encounter with the horsemen in front. After long and hard fighting, our squadrons began to give way, our phalanx was broke, and at last our whole army was separated and cut into two distinct parties; one of which mostly turned their backs, without being properly routed, so that their flight had the appearance of a retreat, and the Alanes durst not pursue them: the other and smaller division of our troops, however, were completely encircled by the Alanes and Machlyans, who made prodigious slaughter among them, by their thick showers of darts and arrows. In this situation, so closely pressed on all sides, many of them laid down their arms. In which division by chance Lonchates and Macentes, as they were the first to expose themselves to every danger, were both wounded; the former having his thigh burnt by a burning dart †, the other receiving a cut in the head by the stroke

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\* Toxaris here gives it to be understood that he was a man of consideration among his countrymen.

† If *συναλωθῆς τὸν μηρὸν* (the only lectio) be correct, then the latin translator has properly paraphrased it: *ambusto falaria femore*. That the Alanes or Machlyans in an engagement in the open field had at hand the machines necessary for throwing such burning darts, as were used to be employed in sieges, is indeed not probable. But as this objection in fact arises solely from our not being sufficiently acquainted with these burning missiles, of which perhaps there were several kinds, that were used in various ways, and some perhaps were hurled by the hand: I see not why the word *συναλωθῆς* should, with du Soul, be directly pronounced corrupt,

of a battle-axe, and another by a spear in the shoulder. But Arsacomas, who was then with us in our division of the army, no sooner heard of this, than, stung by the thought of disgracefully running away and deserting his friends, clapped spurs to his horse, set up a loud shout, and with his sword drawn broke through the enemy ; so that the Machlyans, unable to oppose the impetuosity of his onset, opened on both sides to make way for him. Having rescued his friends from this imminent peril, calling the rest to follow him, he rushed upon Adyrmachus, and gave him with his curved blade such a violent stroke on the head, that it split him quite down to the girdle. On seeing their leader fall, the Machlyans were thrown into confusion and fled ; presently after the Alanes likewise took to flight, and the Greeks followed their example. We thus once more gained the mastery, and should have pursued them longer and slain greater numbers, had not the night interrupted us in the midst of our work. The next day the enemy sent to sue for peace ; the Bosphorans promised to pay us a double tribute, the Machlyans offered us hostages, and the Alanes bound themselves, as our indemnification, to reduce the Sindians, with whom we had long been in constant hostility, to obedience. To these terms we were induced to agree, as Arsacomas and Lonchates, to whom we had committed the whole of the negotiation, advised peace ; and thus general tranquillity was restored. Such exploits, Mnesippus, are the Scythians capable of undertaking for their friends !

**MNESIPP.** Nothing can be more tragical and more like a tale of chivalry ! I pray the wind and the scymitar, by which you have sworn, fervently for forgiveness ; but I should not think him much to blame who could not believe such a story.

**TOXARIS.** Beware, my noble friend, that your incredulity does not proceed from envy ! Your want of faith however shall not deter me from relating more of the same sort, of our Scythians.

**MNESIPP.** All I beg of you, my good man, is, to consult brevity a little more, and not make me run up hill and down hill, from Scythia and Machlyana into the Bosphorus, and from the Bosphorus back again into Machlyana and Scythia. You really put my power of taciturnity to too tedious a trial.

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as long as no more suitable term can be produced from any manuscript. In *Lipsii Polyorcticis* I have been able to find nothing that can help me to unravel this difficulty.

TOXARIS. This ordinance likewise shall be obeyed, My narrative shall take the shortest road, that your ears may no longer complain of fatigue in going along with me. Hear then what my friend Sisinnus did for me. When, smit with a desire to become conversant with grecian literature, I set out from home on a voyage to Athens, my first station was the town of Amastris in Pontus, which they who sail from Scythia over the Euxine, on account of its little distance from cape Carambe \*, find the most convenient landing-place. Sisinnus, my companion from childhood, accompanied me on that voyage. At our arrival, after looking for an inn contiguous to the harbour, and ordering our luggage to be conveyed thither from the ship, we went to take a walk in the market place, without suspecting any harm. In the mean time thieves broke into our apartment, and carried away everything belonging to us, without leaving us so much as would serve us for one day. On our return, hearing what had happened, we thought it not advisable to summon either the neighbours, who were too numerous, nor even our landlord himself, before the magistrate; as we had reason to fear of finding little credit, on declaring that somebody (whom we could not fix upon) had robbed us of four hundred darics, a quantity of wearing apparel, some bedding, and everything we had. We consulted therefore what was the fittest course to be pursued, thus stripped of our all, and quite destitute of means in a foreign country; and for my own part, I immediately resolved, rather to thrust my sword through my body, than to wait till hunger and thirst should drive me to adopt base means of subsistence. But Sisinnus bade me take heart; earnestly intreating me on no account to harbour such a thought: he would, he said, he had no doubt find out some way, for the present at least, of procuring us necessary victuals. The words were scarce out of his mouth, when, running to the harbour, he hired himself to carry wood, and in the evening brought some provi-

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\* The paphlagonian promontory of Carambe is situate right against the extreme point of Taurida (called by the Greeks the Ram's forehead, *κερὶ μέτωπον*;) and between these two headlands is the narrowest part of the Euxine. Amastris was originally a colony of the Milesians, and formerly denominated Sesamos. Pliny, in a report to the emperor Trajan, styles it, *civitate, et elegantem et ornatam, quæ inter præcipua opera pulcherrimam eandemque longissimam habeat plateam.*

sions which he had bought with his earnings. Next morning, as he was wandering about the market, he observed a train of fine handsome young fellows, as they appeared to him \*, but who, as it turned out, were in reality nothing but gladiators, who had agreed to fight for a prize the third day following. He inquired particularly into all the circumstances of the business, and having got what information he wanted, he ran to me, and his first word was : Now, say no more that you are a beggar, Toxaris ! In three days time I will make a rich man of you. — How he was to do so, he did not tell me, and in the interval we made what shifts we could to live, which was miserably enough. The appointed day for the spectacle being come, Sisinnus conducted me to the amphitheatre, assuring me, that I should be delighted with this grecian sight, at least as something extraordinary and new to me. We took our seats among the rest of the spectators, and saw first some wild beasts, which for the purpose of making them more fierce, were pierced with darts, and then baited by dogs, others let loose upon some wretches in chains, who I suppose had committed atrocious crimes. After this, the gladiators entered, and after having for a while shewn specimens of their art †, the crier led forward a young man of vast size, and proclaimed aloud ; that if any man would fight with him, he should stand forth, and as the reward of accepting the challenge, he should receive ten thousand drachmas ‡. Sisinnus instantly started up from his seat, and jumping down into the arena, accepted the challenge, and demanded weapons. The promised sum being paid into his hands, he ran back to me, and, giving

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\* These words should, I think, be inserted for the sake of greater perspicuity : for the gladiators probably were not there merely as spectators, but fought in their usual manner, previous to the appearance of the formidable youth, on whose defeat so high a prize was at stake.

† Namely, as Scythian, who had no conception of the gladiator-shows of the Romans, for which the Greeks, particularly in Asia, had an increasing relish. In all likelihood some magistrate, or the whole corporation of Amastris, gave, on some public occasion, an entertainment, whereof the announced *ludi circenses* formed a part.

‡ Three hundred and twenty-two pounds, eighteen shillings, and four pence of our money. From this prize, which was not proposed for conquering the great gladiator, but for the mere undertaking to fight with him for life or death, it is clear, that he who was at the expense of these amphitheatrical games, without holding out such a prize, would have found nobody to take upon him so desperate an adventure.

me the money: If I conquer, said he, it will be sufficient for us both \*, but, if I fall, bury me, and return to Scythia. I could only answer him by tears. He then took up the arms, and put on everything as usual in this species of duel, the helmet excepted, for he presented himself bare-headed to the combat. His antagonist gave him the first wound, by a stroke of his scymitar in the ham, so that the blood ran copiously. At the sight of it I was almost dead with fear. But Sisennes, taking advantage of the moment, when his opponent gave him an opening, by rushing too confidently upon him, stuck his sword so deep into his breast, that he immediately fell down dead at his feet. My friend, faint from his wound, and the great loss of blood, sat down upon the corpse, and was on the point of giving up the ghost also. But I ran up to him, and exerted my utmost endeavours to support and encourage him; and as soon as he was proclaimed victor, I carried him on my shoulders to my lodging. It was sometime before he was cured; but he is still living at this day in our country; where he has married my sister. Only he is lame for life of his wound. This, Mnesippus, is a fact that did not happen among the Machlyans or Alanes, and therefore might be doubted for want of testimony: there are many Amastrians here † who have not yet forgot the combat of Sisennes.

Now for the achievement of Abauchas, as my fifth example, and I have done. This Abauchas went on a journey, and happened to stop in the city of the Borysthenians ‡; he had with him his wife, of whom he was very fond, together with two children, one of whom was a boy still at the breast, the other a girl of seven years old. Besides these, he was accompanied on this journey by his friend Gyndanes, who lay sick from a wound in his thigh, which he had received on the road, in defending himself against some robbers, by whom they had been attacked, and

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\* At least it was a sufficient compensation for their loss; since the four hundred darics, which had been stolen from them, amounted, reckoning the daric at twenty drachmas, exactly to eight thousand drachmas; and the remaining two thousand were more than the completest wardrobe either of a Seythian or a Greek could cost.

† Namely, at the place where this conversation between Toxaris and Mnesippus passed, probably at Athens.

‡ A sarmatian tribe, who, according to the geographer Mela, were settled between the Hypanis and the Borysthenes; now the Bohg and the Dnieper.

which pained him so violently, that he could neither walk nor stand. One night, while in their first sleep, a great fire broke out in the house where they lodged. They were in the upper story, shut in on all sides, and the whole building was already in flames. Abauchas, waked by the noise, sprung up, loosed himself from his children who were clinging to him, pushed away his wife from hanging on his arm, and bade her provide for her own safety, hoisted his sick friend upon his back, carried him down, and forced his way out with him, by the side where the fire had not yet entirely caught, and happily put him in a place of security. The wife, with the infant in her arms, came after him, bidding the girl to follow her : but the fire now raged to such a height, that she, half-burnt, and overcome by anguish and distress, let fall the child from her arms, and it was with the utmost difficulty she saved herself and her little daughter, being obliged at the imminent risk of their lives to leap through the flames. Afterwards when one objected to Abauchas, that he ought not to have deserted his wife and children in the hour of distress, in order to rescue Gyndanes, he replied : other children I could easily get, and who knows whether they would turn out well ? but another friend, at least such a one as Gyndanes, who has given me so great proofs of his attachment, I shall not get whilst I live.

And thus, out of a thousand such examples, these five, Mnesippus, may suffice. Nothing now remains but to declare who has won and who lost, and whether you are to forfeit your tongue, or I my right hand. Who shall be judge \* ?

MNESIPP. Nobody. For if we were to appoint a judge, it should have been agreed on at first, before we began to make our speeches. However, we may remedy this mistake. Suppose now, since we have been shooting without a mark, we begin again, and elect a judge, and relate before him new instances of friends, under penalty of losing, you the hand, and I the tongue, according, as the sentence is against you or against me. Or might not we discover another, not so unmannerly a way, of deciding our controversy ? As you seem to set so high a value upon friendship, and I for my part know no greater and nobler blessing

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\* Indeed the author should have thought of this question before : for the answer of Mnesippus only cuts the knot without untying it.

in the world : what hinders us from vowing on the spot a mutual and eternal friendship between us? Thus we shall both have conquered, and both borne away the highest prize, by having each of us two tongues and two right hands instead of one, and moreover four eyes and four feet, in short everything in duplicate. For in fact, two or three friends united, realize the fable of Geryon, whom the painters represent to us as a man with three heads and six hands. It was, I suppose, only three friends, acting as becomes friends, always in concert, that gave rise to this fable.

**TOXARIS.** Well said ; I agree with you perfectly.

**MNESIPP.** For the ratification of our new league of friendship we shall need neither blood nor scymitar. Our present conversation, and the harmony of our dispositions gives it more authenticity than that blood-bowl which you quaff together. In matters that depend on taste and sentiment, all constraint is superfluous and unnecessary.

**TOXARIS.** To what you have said, you have my full assent. Let us then be friends, and henceforth institute a mutual hospitality. Here in Greece I am your guest, and you shall be mine if ever you come into Scythia.

**MNESIPP.** Be assured, Toxaris, I should not be sorry to take a much longer journey, if I knew I should procure by it such a friend as I have found you to be in this conversation.

## HOW TO WRITE HISTORY.

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*To his Friend PHILO.*

**T**HE Abderites, my dearest Philo, are reported to have been seized in the days of king Lysimachus with a very surprising sort of epidemy: the whole city caught at once a violent inflammatory fever; on the seventh day it brought on a copious bleeding at the nose; which was followed on the next by a no less profuse perspiration. The fever went off, but was succeeded by a strange and ridiculous singing in the pericranium. The patients acted a sort of distorted tragedy, spoke nothing but iambics, declaimed with full force of lungs in long tirades, particularly from the *Andromeda* of Euripides, sung the fine long soliloquy of Perseus with due observance of the melody; to be brief, all the streets of Abdera swarmed with pale and wan tragedians, emaciated by the seven-days fever, bawling with all their might

Of gods and men, thou sovereign ruler, love!

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**HOW TO WRITE HISTORY.** The learned both of antient and modern times, having unanimately pronounced this tract one of the best and most instructive of our author's writings, it would ill become me to disparage its worth, and where such a man as the celebrated De Thou admires, to think of acting unseasonably the part of Momus: yet I cannot disown; that method and precision in ideas and expression are not the bright side of this essay. In both, as well as in completeness, it was not indeed difficult for the Abbé Mably, in his book *de la manière d'écrire l'histoire*, to overtake his old predecessor and leave him behind. Lucian's previous labour on this important subject is notwithstanding a classical performance, and will always be to historians on nearly the same level as Horace's epistle to the Pisos is to the poets. Even the criticism, or rather the witty and generally urbane banter on the celebrated wretched scribblers of the day, which composes more than one half of this tract, may serve as a model in that way, and is so highly seasoned with attic salt, that even for modern readers, notwithstanding the works of the chastized authors have long been a prey to cheesemongers, moths and mice, still retains much of that poignancy and entertainment which it must have had for Lucian's contemporaries.

and so forth; and that so long and so much, till at last the winter and a concomitant hard frost, put an end to their frenzy. This occurrence seems to me to have been brought on by Archelaus, at that time a very favourite and celebrated tragedian, who in the middle of summer, and on an exceedingly sultry day, played the *Andromeda*. The heat and the play wrought therefore at the same time so powerfully on the good people, that most of them were seized by the fever while in the theatre; and, after they came out, had their heads so full of the magnificent *Andromeda* and the handsome *Perseus*, with the *Medusa's* head on his shield, fluttering so vividly in their imagination, that they could not dismiss the images, but began in their feverish delirium to act tragedy themselves.

I think, with permission of our learned gentry, the abderitan fever has even in our days seized the greater part of them. Not that they likewise act tragedies, (that might be a folly more easily borne, to repeat other people's iambics, and have their heads full of nothing worse;) but since this war with the Parthians \* has been going on, particularly since the great wound they received in Armenia, and the numerous victories successively obtained over them, there is nobody amongst us but sits down to write a history, and not one of them all that compose a history, but thinks himself an *Herodotus*, a *Thucydides*, or a *Xenophon*. Well may we admit the justice of the philosopher's maxim, that war is the parent of all things †, since a single campaign has engendered so many historians.

Seeing and hearing so much of this mighty stir among our authors, my friend, it put me in mind of a droll conceit of the famous *Sinopian*. Intelligence was received at *Corinth*, that king *Philip* was in full march against the city. All took the alarm, and in trembling consternation fell confusedly to work; some furbishing up their arms, others fetching stones, these patching the breaches in the ramparts, those repairing the bastions,

\* For these are meant among the barbarians in the text, and the subject is of the war carried on by the emperors *M. Aurelius* and *Luc. Verus* with the parthian king *Vologeses II.* in the years 163—166, and which by the prodigious multitude of wretched compilers it produced, furnished our author with the occasion of the present tract.

† I suppose *Heraclitus* to be here meant, who made the eternal conflict of atoms the cause of the harmony of the whole. *Aristot. Eth. viii. 2.* See the *Icaromenippus*, in the preceding volume, p. 116.

in short, everybody was in a bustle to contribute somewhat to the general security, thus menaced. Diogenes, observing this, resolved for his part not to stand idle; and as he had nothing else to do (for nobody thought he could be of any service) he tucked up his cynical mantle, and rolled his tub in which he usually lived, with great assiduity up and down in the Kraneion \*; and on being asked by one of his acquaintance, what he was about, replied: I am rolling my tub, that I may not be the only idle man, while such numbers are busy around me.

In like manner, dearest Philo, that in such loquacious times I may not be the only mute, and like the satellites in the comedy silently move across the stage with wide open mouth, I have thought fit to roll my tub likewise till I am tired. Not that I intend to write a history; you need not be apprehensive on that score: I am not so presumptuous. I know how dangerous it would be to roll a tub over stones and broken rocks, especially such a barrel as mine, which is not over-stout †, and the least pebble I strike against would shatter it to a thousand pieces. To be brief, I shall, while engaged in this warfare, consult my personal safety by taking a post where the arrows cannot hit me. I shall prudently beware of those dangers and solitudes to which historians are exposed ‡, and content myself with only giving a little advice to authors, and subjoin a few cautions, in order to have at least some share in the edifice they are raising, though I am by no means desirous to have my name mentioned in the superscription, as I have but just touched the work § with the tip of my finger.

Most of them indeed fancy they have as little need of good advice in this business, as in walking, eating or drinking. They imagine nothing is easier than to write history. Everybody can do it, that can put on paper whatever comes into his head. But you, my friend, know better, and that it is not a matter of such extreme facility, and does not admit of

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\* See the note on the first dialogue of the dead, vol. I. p. 382.

† *ἢ πᾶν κεραμικόν*. The proper signification of the last word could not be adequately expressed in english. It refers to the circumstance of the casks or tubs of the antients being made of pottery.

‡ In the greek: of the vapour and the waves. An allusion to the 219th verse of the twelfth book of the Odyssey.

§ In the greek: the clay or the mortar.

being treated so negligently. On the contrary, if there be any department in literature that demands great abilities and much consideration, it is this; if a man would produce a work, which, as Thucydides has it, shall remain an everlasting possession of its author. I can indeed easily conceive that I shall convert very few of these gentlemen, but rather with many my advice will meet with a bad reception; particularly with those who have already finished their histories, and are ready to read them in public. For if, as usual, they were applauded and clapped by the audience, it would be absurd, that they would alter or recompose a work that is authorised, and as it were deposited in the archives of the empire. It may not be amiss, however, if they would lay up what I say for a future occasion, and in case hereafter another war should break out, perhaps of the Germans with the Getæ or the Indians with the Bactrians (for with us none will dare to quarrel, since we have effectually done for them all,) by applying this pattern-measure, if they think well of it, they may compose something better. If not, let them, for me, stick to their old ell; the physician will certainly not be offended, if the Abderites still insist upon acting the Andromeda till they are surfeited of it.

A counsellor has a double duty to perform; to instruct us what we are to observe, and of what we should beware. We will therefore, in the first place, speak of the shoals and quicksands which an historian should carefully avoid, and of the faults from which he should be entirely free; then what he has to do, in order to be sure, that he is in the right track, and cannot possibly fail of his object: where to begin, what order and method to observe, what proportion he should assign to the several parts; what he should pass over in total silence, what points he should dwell upon, and what he should hurry over as fast as possible; and finally what style he should adopt, and how out of all these component parts he is to form an elegant and complete performance.

To begin then with the faults to which bad historians are addicted, I shall pass over those which are common to them with all other wretched scribblers; such as, offences against diction, against harmony, against just thinking, in general whatever betrays the bungler in his art; both because it would lead me into too great prolixity to descant upon them all, and because it is not to my present purpose. To write incorrectly, inelegantly and inharmoniously, is in every species of composition alike

blameable. The faults however usually committed against the muse of history \*, you will find, if you attend to it, as easily as they frequently occurred to me when I have been present at those readings ; especially if you can resolve to lend your ears to all of them without exception : but it will not be superfluous to adduce as examples some of them extracted from celebrated compositions.

One of their greatest offences is unquestionably this, that the generality of our historians, instead of relating what has happened, dwell for ever on the praises of the princes and commanders (of their party), whom they extol to the skies, and on whom they are as lavish in their encomiums, as on the other hand they disparage and trample in the dust those of the adverse side ; not considering, what a vast gulf lies between history and panegyric, and that, to use a technical term in music, they are a double octave distant from each other †. For the panegyrist is intent upon nothing but to magnify the fact as much as possible ; his sole aim is to please the patron, and if it can only be done at the expense of truth, that is his least concern. Whereas history cannot endure the least degree of falsehood, no more than the windpipe (as the sons of Æsculapius affirm) can admit of the particle of aliment that goes the wrong way in deglutition.

As little do these men seem to know, that history has a quite different object, and therefore quite different and contrary rules from poetry. This has an unbounded licence, and its only law is what seems good to the poet. Impelled by a divinity and inspired by the Muses, if he has a mind to harness even winged horses to his car, one may ride over the waves, another over the tops of the unbending corn, nobody has any objection to it ; and if their Jupiter draws up by a chain the ocean together with the earth, no man will be at all afraid lest the chain should break and jumble everything together in one common ruin. Would they praise an Agamemnon, nobody will forbid them to resemble him in head and eyes to the king of the gods, in the breast to his brother Neptune, in muscular strength to the god of war ; in short to compose the man en-

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\* I make use of this expression because the subject here is the historical art, which therefore has its appropriate muse, as well as poetry, singing, and all the other fine arts.

† διοκταύσσον, gr. The latin translation renders it *octava duplici*. See Dr. Burney's dissertation on Music, sect. i.

tirely of gods, because neither Jupiter nor Neptune nor Ares, each alone, is beautiful enough to represent completely the beauty of this Agamemnon; though after all he is but the son of Atreus and Ærope. But if history indulges itself in such flatteries, what is it but a sort of prosaic poetry; which, having none of the elegancies of true poetry, but with its romantic fictions, when stripped of its magnificent attire and deprived of the music of its versification, is only the more conspicuous and disgusting for its nudity. It is therefore a great and indeed an enormous fault to set up for an historian, without knowing how to distinguish what properly belongs to history, from what is the province of poetry, but thinks to embellish the native beauty of the one by laying on the ornaments, the fables and hyperbolic panegyrics of the other. Exactly as if one were to dress out a stout athlete, as hardy as an oak, in a gay purple robe, with gold chains and bracelets like an hetære, and lay on white and red, and fancy he has then, by such ridiculous and disgraceful ornaments, made him perfectly handsome!

I do not mean to affirm, that history should not sometimes praise: only it must be done seasonably, and in due proportion, that it may not be disgusting to readers that come after us. This regard to posterity is in general the grand rule which the historian in all such matters ought never to lose sight of, as we shall presently shew.

I am well aware, that some are of opinion, that the agreeable should in equal proportion with the useful be the object of history, and therefore that commendation likewise claims its place in it, seeing it contributes to our amusement: but it is easy to see how futile that imagination is. History has but one object, and that is, by veracity to be useful. Can we combine with it the agreeable, so much the better. It is the same case, as with an athlete, who in addition to his strength is also beautiful: so much the better for him; but it would not have prevented\* Hercules, if Nicostratus (though one of the ugliest men that could be seen), when he had won the prize from the beautiful Alcæus of Miletus, who is reported to have been his favourite, from awarding it to the former as the strongest

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\* That is, if he had been umpire between Nicostratus and Alcæus. Nicostratus, one of the most renowned athletes, gained the victory in the 204th olympiad on one day both in Pancration and in wrestling. The beautiful Alcæus of Miletus is unknown.

and bravest of the two. History, if besides the utility she procures, gives us pleasure to boot, may entice more admirers: but if she possesses that wherein her proper perfection consists, I mean the revelation of truth, she may easily dispense with beauty. It however merits observation, that in history nothing fabulous can be agreeable, and to praise is always a hazardous business, and is generally nauseous and fulsome except to the very dregs of the people, by whom everything is taken for granted; but when the question is of such hearers, as with the severity of an incorruptible judge; nay, may even prowl about with the sycophantic appetite for faults, persons whose penetrating view nothing escapes, and who, like Argus are all over eyes; in a word, of men, who after the manner of money-changers, accurately inspect everything, piece by piece, throwing aside without ceremony the counterfeit, and only retain what is of the true standard and of sharp impression. These are the judges, whom while writing we ought always to keep in view, without caring about the others, even though they stuff us with praises till we are ready to burst. Would you, in defiance of those austere critics, deck out your history with idle tales, flattering applications, fulsome encomiums on your heroes, and other such parasitical ornaments, to render it agreeable to the sight: what would you have made of her, but a Hercules at the court of Omphale, as you probably may have seen him somewhere painted? She with his lion's skin on her shoulders, and with his club in her hand, as if she were Hercules; him on the other hand in his yellow and red woman's gown, falling in ample folds about his nervous limbs, sitting with her maids at the spinning-wheel, having his ears boxed by her with a slipper. — I know not whether there can be a more scandalous and disgusting sight, than that of a god, who is the ideal representation of consummate masculine vigour, so disgracefully clothed as a girl. It may easily be, that you may for that very reason obtain the applause of the vulgar herd; but so much the more heartily would those few whom you despise, laugh at your absurd, disproportionate and badly composed work. Everything has a beauty peculiar to itself; put in the place of it something else, it will be ugly, because it is in a place, where it is either useless, or produces no good effect.

I might add, that the encomiums, of which our historians are so liberal, however pleasing they may be to one individual, namely to the per-

son praised, are so much the more disgusting to others; especially if they are carried so totally beyond measure, as they generally are by those who addict themselves to authorship: who are so extremely desirous to recommend themselves to their patrons, take care to leave out nothing, till they have convinced everyone that their praise is pure downright flattery. For they are very far from having art enough to veil the adulation in a decent manner; but on the contrary pay their work with a heavy hand, lay on their colours as thick as possible, and praise without any regard to probability or propriety, so coarsely and awkwardly, that they never attain the object on which they were so much intent, but are despised and abhorred by the great personage himself, to whom they were desirous of recommending themselves by it, as arrant flatterers; especially if he is a man of sense and sound judgment. Thus it fared with Aristobulus\*, and his description of the duel between Alexander and Porus. In a view to give this monarch a specimen of his historical diary, he selected for the purpose that particular part, in hopes, by some great feats, which, in order to make the affair more marvellous, he had much exaggerated, to get into the good graces of Alexander. But he found himself deceived. The king snatched the manuscript out of his hand, and threw it into the Hydaspes, on which they were then sailing: "thus, said he, ought you to have been served yourself, in gratitude for having sustained such a dreadful duel for me, and killing the elephants with darts †." And Alexander

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\* One of the historiographers of Alexander the great, whose Ephemerides, or historical day-book, Plutarch frequently cites. I have been obliged to render somewhat paraphrastically this passage, not properly, as it appears to me, understood by du Soul and others, in order to give it the necessary perspicuity.

† From the whole combination of Alexander's words in the original text, it seems clear to me, that not only the circumstance that "Aristobulus slew the elephant on which Porus rode with his javelin at one shot (for that is unquestionably meant by *ἐν αὐτοῦ τῆς*), but the whole duel of Alexander with Porus was a pure fiction, whereby Aristobulus hoped to ingratiate himself with his sovereign, whose ambition and romantic passion for extraordinary achievements he well knew. Had there been any truth in this combat, Plutarch, who circumstantially describes the engagement with Porus, and even minutely relates a particular instance of the extraordinary prudence and fidelity of his elephant, would scarcely have forgot to mention it. The effrontery of the man, who thought to flatter him by so gross an invention, therefore it was that excited Alexander's displeasure; the circumstance of the dart he only particularizes on account of its absurdity, though the historiographer doubtless intended to denote thereby the

had reason to be angry at such bare-faced adulation, he, who could not endure the bold thought of his architect, who promised to cut mount Athos into such a shape, as to give it the appearance of a statue of the monarch, but from that time forward conceived so great a dislike to the man, as a flatterer, that he never employed him afterwards.

And how should a man, not totally void of understanding, take delight in being praised for such things, the falsehood whereof is immediately apparent to everyone? As the custom is with ugly persons, particularly women, who direct the painter to pourtray them as handsome as possible, and imagine they shall look better, the more the limner be-daubs their faces with red and white. Such false-colourists are for the most part the historians of our times; who practise the art as a mechanical profession, for their private interest and emolument, and thus merit the scorn of the age they live in, and of posterity also: of the former, as manifest flatterers of their contemporaries; of the latter because they render the truth itself liable to suspicion by their hyperboles. If notwithstanding any are yet of opinion that history cannot altogether dispense with the agreeable; let it then only be such as is consistent with truth: the elegancies of style and diction, which are what the vulgar author neglects, in order to overload it with unsuitable and useless matter.

Here it may be proper to cite a few examples of historians of this sort, who have wrote upon the subject of the present war, and which I not

superhuman strength of his hero. The manner of speaking, that you slew the elephant with a dart, instead of saying, that you feign me to have struck the elephant of Porus dead by a dart at one throw, is a common turn of expression in every language, and it does not necessarily follow, that the subject is of two or more elephants, slain by Alexander at one throw of his dart; as Reitz, with much unnecessary pains has endeavoured to shew. The passage likewise quoted by du Soul from Lampridius, that Commodus was so strong, as to transpierce an elephant with a *contus*, is nothing to the purpose here. For the *contus* was a long pole, armed with a great sharp iron, with which a man of uncommon strength might perhaps transpierce an elephant; but with a short dart, as the *ἀκόντιον* was, to kill an elephant at one throw, would have been indeed a superhuman work, and a proof that the son of Jupiter Ammon surpassed his half-brother, Hercules himself, in strength; and such a *homuncio* as Aristobulus might therefore perhaps imagine he should succeed in paying his court by such a fiction. That he was so lamentably deceived, was not his fault, and it is likely that he bestowed plenty of curses on the humour of the great monarch, when the affair turned out so very contrary to his expectation.

long ago, when in Ionia, aye, to my great astonishment even in Achaia\*, heard with my own ears. But before all things, I beseech you, as you revere the Graces, to believe what I am going to tell you; to the truth whereof I might swear, if it were decent to take a formal oath in a book.

One of these worthies began directly by the Muses, whom he invoked to assist him in his projected work. An elegant and exceedingly proper method, you must acknowledge, of commencing an historical composition! He next proceeded to compare our prince † to Achilles, and the persian king to Thersites; not considering how much greater his Achilles would have been in our view, if, instead of Thersites he had overcome Hector, and he been the hero who pursued. The author now went on to speak of himself, and informed his audience, that such brilliant actions, could hardly have found a historian better qualified to record them than himself. On mentioning the city of Miletus, he acquainted us that it was the place of his nativity, bestowed a panegyric upon it, and modestly added, that in this respect he had acted better than Homer, who nowhere mentions his country. Lastly, he promised us, at the conclusion of his preface, in plain and positive terms, that he would do his best to magnify our advantages, and exert all his abilities to render those of the barbarians null and void; and in order to keep his word, he began the history itself, and the occasion of the war in this manner: "The villainous Vologeses (on whom may every misfortune alight!) began the war for the following reasons, &c."

Another, who proposes to himself no inferior model for imitation than Thucydides, to shew directly at setting out how near he comes to his great prototype, began, like the former, immediately with his own name, to give us, I suppose, a delicious foretaste of the attic graces with which he intended to season his work. "Creperius Calpurnianus of Pompeiopolis is the author of this history of the war between the Parthians and the Romans, wherein everything undertaken on both sides against

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\* Which was reckoned to be the seat of good taste, as Athens in a certain sense the emporium of it. For without doubt Achaia here is to be understood as contrasted to Ionia, not Achaia in the strict import, but Hellas in the aggregate, which the Romans then customarily denominated Achaia.

† Lucius Verus, I suppose.

each other, from the commencement of the hostilities shall be circumstantially related \*." After such an introduction you may easily guess, whence he will derive the speech which he makes the armenian ambassador deliver, and that it is word for word the same which the delegates of the Corcyreans in Thucydides † makes to the Athenians. In like manner, when he visits the inhabitants of Nisibis ‡ with the plague, as the condign punishment for not taking part with the Romans, you may easily suppose that he would borrow the whole description of it with its several circumstances, excepting only the pelasgic and the long wall § within which those were confined who were infected with the contagion.

\* This puerile imitation can only be made apparent by the text itself. Thucydides begins his history of the Peloponnesian war thus : Θουκυδίδης Ἀθηναῖος ξυλόγησε τὸν πόλεμον τῶν Πελοποννησίων καὶ Ἀθηναίων, ὡς ἐπολέμησαν πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀφ' ἑαυτοῦ ἐκείνου καὶ Δισραμίνου. This exordium, of which a verbal translation in our language would be insupportably flat, Creperius copied word for word, altering only the proper names.

† The republic of Corcyra (now Corfu) sided with the Athenians against the Corinthians, with whom, from motives which it would lead us too far out of our way to specify, they were involved in a war, which without a powerful assistance they were unable to sustain. The Armenians were in a similar situation respecting Vologeses ; Creperius therefore does not let slip this opportunity of transcribing the speech of the corecyrans deputies in the first book of Thucydides, and to put it into the mouth of his armenian ambassador.

‡ Nisibis, or Nesibis, as it is named on coins, a considerable town of great antiquity in Mesopotamia, which under the macedonian kings obtained the appellation of *Antiochia Mygdonica*, was always considered by the Romans as a rampart of the empire against the Parthians, but in this war with Vologeses II. as it should seem, took part with the latter.

§ That is, the scene or the locality excepted, in regard of which Creperius must naturally depart from his original, because Nisibi was not Athens. The pelasgic wall, of which mention was made in the Angler, vol. I. p. 263, was the rampart with which in ages very remote a pelasgic, or according to others, a tyrrhene colony had surrounded the antient city of Athens (afterwards called Acropolis). Μακρὸν τεῖχος ἢ μακρὰ τύχη they called the two great walls, with which the city in the sequel, after it had been greatly enlarged round the Acropolis, was encompassed on the northern and southern sides. When the great plague, of which Lucretius, after the description of Thucydides, has left us such a horribly fine picture, was raging at Athens in the second year of the peloponnesian war, the city was filled with people who had taken refuge there with all their property from the ravages of the enemy in Attica ; and as for want of room, they were forced to allow them to inhabit the said wall or rampart, particularly the pelasgic (where scarcely any would venture to dwell), in huts hastily run up for the occasion. This will be sufficient to render the passage intelligible, which in Lucian's time, when Athens and Thucydides were known to everybody, stood in need of no explanation.

In all the rest he kept so true to his archetype, that he fetched his pestilence, as the other had done, from Æthiopia, brought it down from thence into Ægypt, and then spread it over a great part of the territory of the parthian king. Happily here he stopped; at least as far as I know: for just when he was busily employed in burying the poor Athenians at Nisibi, I got up and came away; because I was thoroughly acquainted with all that he had afterwards to tell us, from my Thucydides. Besides, it is very much the fashion at present with those of his sort, to imagine it is to write like Thucydides\*, if they repeatedly introduce particular phrases and modes of expression frequently used by him, with some slight alteration: as, for example, "you must yourself acknowledge," or, "but not for the same reasons, by Jupiter!" or, "a little more, and I had forgot to say," and more of the like sort. The same renowned author, when he has occasion to mention the different weapons, warlike stores, machines, and other military provisions, gave them the names by which they are designated by the Romans in their language, saying, for instance, *fossa* for *ράφος*, a fosse or ditch, *pons* for *γέφυρα*, a bridge, which added mightily, you may suppose, to the dignity of the history, and tricked out a modern Thucydides to admiration. For what can be nobler, and more in true taste, than to decorate his attic garb with italian facings? Another again of the same tribe has favoured us with a sort of dry dull journal of the events of the war, in a style such as a common soldier, or a carpenter, or a sutler who followed the camp,

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\* Luckily or unluckily, for poor Creperius, the Parthian war, the history whereof under the guidance of Thucydides he was composing, had this circumstance among others in common with the Peloponnesian, that the dreadful pestilence, of which mention has already been made in the *Alexander*, vol. I. p. 650, broke out in the east, where however it by no means stopped, but continued gradually spreading over the western provinces, of the roman empire, and extended its ravages throughout Italy. Creperius on that occasion made himself doubly ridiculous: first, because in order to treat his auditors with a charming description, he transcribed Thucydides; and next by making an epidemical distemper, which afflicted the Romans no less than their enemies, a peculiar punishment on the Nisibites. To the delicate persiflage in the sentence, "as he was just then busy in burying the poor Athenians — of Nisibi," (that is, as he was transcribing Thucydides on that occasion, in order to make a heart rending picture of the calamities brought on by the plague at Nisibi,) I need not call the attention of the reader of taste.

would use, in setting down what passed from day to day. This idiot however is of some service, since he gives himself out for nothing more than what he is, and at least will furnish materials for a man of talents who understands how to write history. I only blame him for giving to his performance too pompous a superscription for its probable fate; for he entitles it: "Callimorphus, physician to the sixth regiment of spearmen, his Parthian history; book the first, second, third," and so forth. Immediately on reading the preface, a cruel chillness came over me, when he justified himself in his design by the following argument. It is the proper office of a physician to compile history; because Æsculapius was the son of Apollo, and Apollo was the president of the Muses, and the prince of literature. It was no less shocking to me, after hearing him set out in the ionic dialect\*, to drop it all at once, and, a few expressions excepted, deliver the remainder in the language of the streets.

If it be allowable, on this occasion, to mention likewise one of our sages, who entered on the same career, and not long since published his history at Corinth, concealing his name, I will say a few words on the spirit wherein a work, really surpassing all expectation, is composed. At the very beginning, in the first sentence of his preface, he informed his readers, by a course of the most subtle argumentation, that it becomes the sages alone to write history. A few lines afterwards followed another syllogism, on that again another; in short, the whole preface was composed of nothing but sophistical interrogations and logical deductions. Add to this, that it swarmed with the most fulsome flatteries and extravagant panegyrics †; though he could not forbear to interlard even these with his pedantic fopperies, and put them into a dialectic form. What particularly struck me, as very ill becoming a philosopher with his long grey

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\* From affectation to imitate that great master in his art, Hippocrates, who wrote in the ionic dialect, the honourable army-doctor, says *ἰατρικὴ* instead of *ἰατρική*, *κόσμος* instead of *κόσμος*, &c. but elsewhere expresses himself in the vulgarest language, which to a delicate grecian ear must indeed have sounded very shocking.

† Namely, of the emperor Lucius Verus; not from self-applause, as Massieu, without any warrant from the original, translates it. The adulation was the more impudent, as that prince, unworthy of the name of the Antonines, while his generals were acquiring for him the honour of the triumph and the surnames of Armenicus, Parthicus and Medicus, was idly wasting his time, and wallowing in every species of voluptuousness and debauchery.

beard, was, that he said in his preface : This advantage our monarch will have above other sovereigns, that even philosophers condescend to write his exploits. This, if it were true, he should have left for us to say, and not say it himself.

Neither can I omit to take notice of him, who, I suppose, thought to write in the true herodotic taste, by beginning thus : " I proceed now to speak of the Romans and the Persians ;" and presently after, " for it must needs have gone ill with the Persians ;" and again, " Osroes, whom the Greeks call Oxyrrhoes ;" with many phrases of the same kind, whence you perceive that he was precisely as like to Herodotus as the former to Thucydides.

There is, however, yet another, in high reputation for his eloquence, and likewise a second Thucydides, if not peradventure his superior, who describes every city, every mountain, and every plain with the most minute precision, and conceives he has given a mighty proof of the energy of his genius, by saying : " but this may the great averter of evil, Apollo, turn back on the heads of our enemies !" Though all the snow of the caspian hills and all the celtic ice is not more cold. In describing the shield which the emperor bore, he employs nearly one whole book : in the centre of it the Gorgon looks terrific, with her motley eyes of blue, white and black, with her belt of all the colours of the rainbow, and her snaky hair twisted in thick curls. Even the breeches of Vologeses and the bridle of his horse, gracious Hercules ! how many thousand lines do they take up in the description ! And then finally how the curls of Osroes looked when he swam across the Tigris, and how he saved himself in a cave, where ivy, myrtles and laurels grew so thick together, and were so intertwined, that they seemed to vie with each other in overshadowing and concealing this place ! You see how indispensably necessary all this, and how without these circumstances it was impossible to have understood what was going forward ! The truth of the matter is, that these gentlemen, from poverty of thought, and from ignorance of what they ought and ought not to say, fall upon these descriptions of landscapes and caverns, and amidst the multitude of important objects, that court their acceptance, they act like the slave, who was lately on a sudden enriched by coming into his master's estate, and was so out of his element in his new situation, that he neither knew how to put on his clothes, nor how

to eat, but frequently when, having the choice of a variety of dainty dishes, he falls to, and gorges himself till he is ready to burst with beans and bacon or pickled herrings. The worthy gentleman I just now mentioned is fond of describing strange wounds and odd sorts of deaths, that are beyond all credibility: for instance, that one fell stone-dead immediately on receiving a wound in the great toe; as also that seven and twenty of the enemy fell down dead from affright, merely at hearing the voice of the general Priscus \* calling out to them. Likewise in the enumeration of the slain he makes no scruple to assert, against the statements of the commanders in their reports, that in the battle of Europus seventy thousand two hundred and thirty-six of the enemy were left dead on the field, and of the Romans only two were killed and nine wounded. That is, I should think, what is called putting the patience of the reader to the utmost trial!

One thing more I cannot pass by unnoticed, though it is but a trifle. Merely from an affectation of atticism, and to write his language with more than ordinary purity, this same author has taken the licence to turn the roman family names into greek, calling, for instance, Saturninus Kronios, Fronto Phrontis, Titianus Titanios, to say nothing of still more ridiculous transmutations. The same man, in speaking of the death of Severianus †, affirms, that all those who believe that he died by the sword are mistaken; he starved himself to death, holding that to be the easiest way of dying. This author therefore knew not that Severianus was forced to linger only two days, if I mistake not, till he gave up the ghost; whereas they who die of hunger generally hold out seven days: unless we are to suppose, that Osroes stood before him, waiting till Severianus died for lack of food; and the latter, in order not to keep him waiting so long, out of complaisance shortened the usual period of dying of hunger, by four days.

But what shall we say of those, my dear Philo, who in historical compositions employ poetical phrases; as, for example: "the engine crashed; the falling ramparts thundered far around ‡." And again in another

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\* Statius Priscus, one of the lieutenants of the emperor Lucius Verus, put an end to the armenian war, in the year 164, by the conquest of Artaxatæ, the capital of Armenia.

† See the note on the Alexander in the first volume of this work, p. 646.

‡ Ἐλάξει, ἰδοῦπῆσι are words that appear frequently in Homer, but are not used in prose.

chapter of the charming history, from whence that example is taken : “ all Edessa rebelled with the shock of arms around \*, and all was dreadful din and wild uproar.” And : “ the leader oft revolving in his troubled mind, how best he might attack the city-wall.” At the same time amongst these high-sounding expressions were interspersed again others of the meanest and most beggarly phraseology, as : “ the general sent the master † a letter,” and, “ the soldiers bought themselves sundry sorts of provisions, and after bathing, made broth ‡,” with a great deal more of the like kind. By adopting such a style, the author cuts much the same figure as a comedian, stalking about with one foot in a cothurnus and the other in a common sandal.

Others you have again, who at the beginning of their works put such long, pompous and portentous prefaces, that one is big with expectation of the wonderful entertainment that is to follow ; but the body of the history itself, which looks like an appendix to their preface, is such a paltry, miserable performance, that the author might be compared to a Cupid, out of childish wantonness, peeping forth his little head from an enormous mask of a Hercules or a Titan : and naturally reminds the reader of the old saying : a mountain was in labour, and was delivered of a mouse. For certainly this ought not to be ; but all should correspond and be of one colour, and the body conformable to the head ; not the helmet of gold, and the cuirass patched up of rags and half-rotten leather, the shield of wicker, and hogskin boots.

Yet as numbers of these scribblers put the head of the Colossus of Rhodes upon the body of a puny dwarf ; so you will see others produce a body lacking a head, and without any introduction plunge directly into the midst of things, appealing, among other authorities, to Xenophon, who thus commences his Anabasis : “ Darius had two sons born of (his

\* The anonymus, whom Lucian here satirizes, employs an untranslatable and indeed hyperbolic word, *πεισιμαραγιῖτο*. Homer and Hesiod are sufficed with the simple *σμαραγιῖν*.

† The emperor to wit. I suppose the beggarliness which in this phrase is so shocking to our author, lies in the word *κύριος* (instead of *αὐτοκράτωρ* or *σιβαστός*) rather than in *ἰσιτέλλω*. Grecian ears could never accustom themselves to the word master.

‡ I read, agreeably to the very judicious emendation of Grævius, *αὐτὰ* instead of *αὐτῶς*. The vulgarity consists in *ἐγχεῖσθαι*, and in *πειραυτὰ ἐγίγειλο*.

wife) Parysatis." The gentlemen not being aware, that, as I shall hereafter shew, there are cases, where the narrative itself supplies the place of an introduction, although the common reader perceives nothing of it.

These faults, however, of style, elocution, and composition, may be forgiven; but, when they lead us into error on the situation of the places where the events happened, by making mistakes, not of a few parasangs but of whole days'-journies, what shall we say to that? One of them goes so carelessly to work, that it is plain he not only never in all his life conversed with a Syrian, but never heard talk even in a barber's shop, as the saying is, about Syria. Europus, he says, when speaking of that city, is situated in Mesopotamia, two days' journey from the Euphrates \*, and was built by the Edessenes. But this will not content him: even my native country Samosata, the gallant man in the same book transports, together with its tower and fortresses, into Mesopotamia between the two rivers †, which, as he tells us, run so close that they almost wash the walls of it. It would therefore perhaps be ridiculous for me to assure you positively, my dear Philo, that I am neither a Parthian nor a Mesopotamian, though that admirable historian has been pleased to endow me with the civic rights and immunities of those two nations.

Just as credible is, by Jupiter! that other anecdote which the same historian relates of the abovementioned Severianus, swearing that he had it from the mouth of a soldier, who after that unfortunate battle escaped by flight. "That commander (he says) chose neither to stab, nor to poison, nor to hang himself, but found out a much more tragical end, in fact a mode of dying entirely new. Having by chance some glass cups of extraordinary size and elegance, when he had taken the resolution to die, he broke the biggest of these cups, and with a piece of the glass cut his throat." Singular enough, that, desperate as his circumstances were, he should not have been able to find a sword or a broken lance, that at least he might die a manly and heroic death!

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\* Europus was situate on the hither bank of the Euphrates, and is by some reckoned to belong to Comagene, but by Ptolemy to a particular territory, which he denominates Cynrhistica. Isidorus of Charax (who lived under Tiberius) in his *Σθαθμοὶ Παρθμοὶ*, says, the city Dura, in Mesopotamia, after the country fell under the grecian supremacy, was by the Greeks named Europus. With this mesopotamian Europus therefore the scribbler here chaastised confounds the syrian, although they were several days' journey distant from one another.

† The Euphrates and the Tigris.

Since now Thucydides, as all the world knows, was the first who delivered a sort of funeral oration\* on those who fell in the peloponnesian war: so our historian thought he could not with propriety deny to Severianus a similar honour. For all these gentlemen will enter the lists with Thucydides, innocent as the good man was of the Armenian war. After burying him with the most pompous solemnity, he places a certain captain Afranius Silo on the tumulus, and makes this doughty rival of Pericles declaim such astonishing stuff, that, so may the Graces be propitious to me! I was forced to shed tears enough, but it was with excessive laughing: especially when the orator Afranius, at the winding up of his parentation, with every mark of extreme sorrow had descanted on the sumptuous entertainments and drinking bouts, given them by the deceased, finished at last perfectly in the manner of the sophoclean Ajax. For, with the decorum and heroism due to so noble a man as Afranius, he drew his sword and slew himself before the eyes of all the assembly; which I had rather he had done much sooner, before he began his deplorable speech †. However, the author tells us, that all present were struck with admiration, and broke out in praises of this Afranius. For my part, I own that I was poorly edified, by hearing him enumerate only not quite all the exquisite dishes and savoury ragouts with which he had been treated by his hero, and recollect with weeping eyes, the delicious cakes that he had enjoyed. But what I could least of all forgive, was, that ere he despatched himself he had not destroyed the author of this his tragedy.

I could, my dear friend, cite to you numerous other examples of this sort; but these few may suffice at present, that I may pass on to the second part of my promise, and tell you my thoughts on the method that ought to be pursued in order to write better than these gentlemen. Some there are, who skip over, or at least but rapidly touch upon, exactly the greatest and most memorable achievements; while from ignorance, or want of taste and discernment in what should be said and what not, dwell upon

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\* On Pericles.

† I here give rather a different turn to the words of Lucian, because by a more faithful translation I must have made him say, what the reader would think very dull and insipid. I hope in behalf of this kind of liberty, by which Lucian rather gains than loses (and which I shall perhaps indulge somewhat oftener) readers of taste will not need an apology.

the most insignificant trifles, and copiously explain with minute and elaborate precision every particular \*. Such historians are like the traveller, who should talk of the Jupiter at Olympia with persons who had never seen it, and, without saying a word of the beauty of the whole, which is so grand and extraordinary, as having been blind to it, should dilate in the highest strains of admiration on the fine proportions and the exquisite polish of the footstool, with the elegant form of the sandals, and engage in the most detailed description of them †. I know one of these, for instance, who despatched the battle at Europus in seven lines; whereas it took him up twenty and more clepsydras ‡ to give us a frigid narration, interesting to no mortal on earth, “shewing how a certain moorish cavalier, urged by thirst, was rambling about the mountains in search of a spring, when he fell in with a party of syrian rustics, who gave him some victuals to eat; and how they were at first frightened at him, but afterwards, on discovering that he was a good friend, they without more scruple received him into their huts, and entertained him with great hospitality: for it so fell out that just then one of them, whose brother had served as a soldier in Mauritania, had travelled thither.” And

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\* Method is not the bright side of this tract, as it appears. Lucian has hardly begun the didactic part, but he forgets his words in the same breath, and runs on a good while in making merry upon the wretched scribbler who had created parthian wars in such quantities.

† James Gronovius, who has here rendered *κρηπίδα* by *crepido*, or *basis*, not by *crepida*, seems to have wrote his whole annotation while asleep. I see no reason for departing from the translation of Benedictus, *crepidæ concinnitatem*, notwithstanding the nummus on which Jupiter Olympius appears barefoot. For that the Jupiter of Phidias was not barefoot, but with golden sandals, can, after the ocular evidence of Pausanias, admit of no question. Nor could the absurdity of the straw head, here adverted to, be more strikingly represented, than by making him speak of nothing in a work such as that of the Jupiter of Phidias, with greater admiration, than of the footstool and the sandals; for what can be more fit for the comparison in hand? I am almost tempted to believe that Lucian in this simile had in his eye the said Pausanias himself, who in his description of the olympian Jupiter enters into the minutest detail of all the several parts, adjuncts and ornaments of that miracle of art, but of its totality says not a word. This is to me the more probable, as we have reason to presume that the work of Pausanias was published ahort time before Lucian wrote this tract.

‡ It appears that the clepsydra (see vol. I. p. 250) was also used at the public recitals, which the authors of those times were wont to make of their performances: but how large this measure of time was, or how often the water, after running out, was poured in again, I cannot affirm.

now began a long-winded history, narrating how he hunted in Mauritania, where he saw a whole herd of elephants feeding together, and how, once upon a time, he had like to have been devoured by a lion, and what a terrible huge fish he bought at Cæsarea \*. To be brief, this admirable historian, who cares so little about the particulars of such a bloody battle as that at Europus, and thought it superfluous to speak of posts attacked and defended, of the great loss on both sides, of the necessary armistices on such occasions, and the like, stands from morning till evening looking at the honest syrian boor Malchion, while buying a prodigious large sea-bream dog-cheap; and, had not the night come on, would doubtless have helped him to consume it, as the fish meanwhile had had time enough to be thoroughly dressed. You see how much we should have lost, if such great events had been hid from our observation, and what an irreparable damage the Romans would have sustained if the thirsty moor Mausacas had not got some drink, but had been forced to return supperless to the camp. I pass over a multitude of other far more ridiculous incidents: how a girl with her pipes came to them out of the neighbouring village, to amuse the gallant Mausacas during the repast, and how the Moor presented Malchion with a lance, and he in return gave the Moor a shield-thong; and much more of the like nature, just as materially relating to the battle at Europus. Now may it not be said of this historian and others like him, that he is so busied in observing the prickles of a rose-bush, that he does not perceive the rose?

Another †, who has never set a foot out of Corinth, and was never even at Cenchrea ‡, so far from having seen either Syria or Armenia, began, as I perfectly well remember, in this manner: “The ears are not so much

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\* The Cæsarea of which mention is here made, was the capital of Mauritania Cæsariensis. It was called, while under its antient kings, Iol; obtained the name of Cæsarea when Juba II. received Mauritania, with a daughter of Cleopatra and Anthony, as a donation from Augustus, and in the reign of Claudius was enlarged by a roman colony. Its situation on the coast of the Mediterranean rendered it one of the most considerable maritime towns of roman Africa.

† Lucian adds: who likewise makes himself very ridiculous. To what purpose? He should not have told us so beforehand; we should have found it ridiculous, if it is so.

‡ A place belonging to the city of Corinth, having a seaport on the gulf of Saronica, seventy stadia distant from Corinth.

to be credited as the eyes\*. I write therefore what I have seen, not what I have heard." How accurately he saw everything, you may infer from his saying: the dragons of the Parthians (which are nothing but a sort of banner †, under each of which, if I do not mistake, a thousand men are ranged) are serpents of monstrous size, that are found in Persia a little above Iberia. The Parthians in the beginning bore these serpents, tied to long poles, raised aloft, to strike terror into the foe at a distance; but in the fight they let them loose on the enemy. Many of our soldiers were devoured by them, and a vast number either strangled or suffocated by being locked in their folds. All this he saw quite close with his two eyes, from the top of a very high tree, where he could survey the battle in perfect safety. It was a clever thought of him, to provide for the safety of his person on the high tree: for if his courage had impelled him to engage with these ferocious beasts on the level ground, what an admirable historian the less we should now have had! And how easily that might have happened, seeing he performed such valorous and brilliant exploits with his own hand in this engagement! For he went through several hazardous encounters, and was wounded at Sura, — I suppose as he was taking his walk from the Craneion ‡ to Lerna. And all this the man had the face to read to the Corinthians, who very well knew that he had not even seen the view of that battle painted on the wall. He knew nothing of the weapons and machines of which he was speaking; nor did he understand enough of anything relative to tactics and the method of disposing troops, to call it by its right name. For he termed erroneously battle array of a phalanx what is battle array in columns, and *vice versa*, to march in a column, when the phalanx pushes on in an oblique line.

Another famous fellow has given an account of everything that was

\* A sentence which Herodotus in his first book puts into the mouth of king Candaules, in order to persuade his favourite Gyges of the necessity of seeing his wife naked, that he might be enabled to form an adequate idea of her extraordinary beauty.

† Or rather the figure of a dragon on a pole, what the eagle was with the antient Persians and the Romans.

‡ At Corinth. See the remark on the 1st Confer. of the dead, vol. I. p. 382. Lerna was a fountain not far from Corinth, provided with colonnades and seats for the accommodation of the company who were in the habit of frequenting the place for its coolness. *Pausan.*

transacted, from beginning to end, in Armenia, in Syria, on the Tigris, and in Media, and all in less than five hundred lines; and this now he calls writing a history. Nevertheless he has prefixed to it a title almost equal in length to the contents of the book; for thus it runs: "A Narrative, by Antiochianus, victor in the sacred games of Apollo (having, if I am right, when a boy gained the prize in a running-match) of everything that has been recently achieved by the Romans in Armenia, Mesopotamia and Media." All this however is but a trifle. I heard one, who had even wrote the history of events that were to happen hereafter, the capture of Vologeses, the lamentable death of his general Osroes, who is to be thrown in the amphitheatre to the lions, and above all, to our great comfort, a most charming triumph\*. In this prophetic rapture the man runs on to the end of his story. However as he goes he builds in all haste a city in Mesopotamia, in amplitude the largest, and in magnificence the most magnificent, as he expresses it, only he has not settled with himself whether it shall be named Nicæa, victory, or Homonœa or Irenia, in honour of peace restored. That point is to this moment undecided, and the finest of all fine cities, this gorgeous monument of the wisdom of its builder †, is still without a name. But what is hereafter to be performed in India, and a voyage round all the coasts of the great ocean, he has promised us forthwith to write; and lest you should be under any apprehension that he might break his word, he has already finished the preface to his indian history; and the third legion, with the Gauls and a small force of mauritanian cavalry, under the command of Cassius, have already crossed the Indus. But what they will do afterwards, and how they will succeed against the attacks of the elephants, this wonderful author will inform us when he receives the next despatches from Muziris ‡, or from the country of the Oxydraci §.

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\* Τὸν τριπόθιον ἡμῖν θρίαμβον is here, methinks, evidently used in a ludicrous sense, and said with an ironical sneer at the roman populace, perhaps even at the emp. Lucius Verus, whose victory over the Parthians cost him so little perspiration.

† I suppose I should rather acquire the thanks than the displeasure of Lucian's spirit by having not more faithfully englished *λίαν πολλὰ καὶ κορυφαίας συγγραφίαν γέμισσα*.

‡ A commercial town, at that time frequented by grecian mariners, on the western coast of the peninsula on this side the Ganges.

§ A people little known of the antient Indians, already mentioned vol. I. p. 605.

Into such follies people fall, who, destitute alike of talents and judgment, venture upon history; and, having neither seen what was worth noticing, nor if by chance they had, are capable of speaking properly of it, are obliged to supply their defects from their own imagination, and whatever comes uppermost they give out with effrontery for truth. They likewise affect to be grand and pompous, by dividing their work into several books, and giving them curious titles. Thus we have from one of them, *The Parthian Victories*, in so many books; from another, because there is an *Atthis* \*, *The Parthis*, first and second books. Another again more elegantly entitles his performance, *The Parthonica*, by *Demetrius of Sagalassus* †. I cite these works not with a view to turn such beautiful histories into ridicule, but for the public benefit; in the persuasion, that whoever avoids these and the like faults, has already advanced a great stride toward good writing; or rather has not much more to do, if we may trust that axiom in dialectics: that of two things, between which there is no third, the one being taken away the other is established ‡.

Well, it may be said, you have properly cleared the soil, by eradicating all the thistles and thorns that were so luxuriant; the rubbish is carted off, and the ground levelled: nothing now remains but to set about building, and shew us, that you can not only boldly pull down what others have constructed, but produce something out of your own head, in which *Momus* himself shall find nothing to blame.

In answer to this then, I say: whoever would write history properly should bring with him from home these two primary qualifications: saga-

\* Thus a certain *Philochorus* entitled an historical work, the subject of which was, as it appears, the remotest periods in the antient history of Athens and Attica, and is twice cited by *Athenæus* in the first book of his *Deipnosophists*. It is probable that he gave that name to his book because *Atthis*, a daughter of *Cranaus*, who succeeded *Cecrops* in the government, is said to have given her's to the territory of Attica. *Pausan.* in Attic.

† *Sagalassus*, alias *Selgessus*, was antiently a town of some consideration in *Pisidia*, of a district in the southern region of *Asia minor*.

‡ It is obvious that this, notwithstanding the polite turn of it, is a cutting sarcasm on all the gentlemen here cited. Between bad writing and good writing there is no medium; or in the language of the logicians they are *ἀμικτα*. The persons specified teach by their example how we ought not to write, for they write ill: we have therefore only not to write like them, and we shall write well.

city and discriminating judgment in political affairs, and the talent of elegant expression. The former is a gift of nature, the defect whereof no instruction can supply: the latter may, by long practice, patient industry, and an emulous study of the ancients be acquired\*. Artificial maxims and technical rules are here out of the question, and my advice can be of little service. This little book does not pretend to make them sagacious and judicious, whom nature has not endowed with sagacity and judgment. Verily it would be worth much; aye, it would be cheap at any price, if such miracles could be wrought, if nature could be re-modelled, if gold could be made out of lead, or silver out of tin, out of a Conon † a Titormus ‡, or out of a Leotrophides a Milo.

Of what avail then, you ask, are theory and instruction as helps to skilfulness? I reply: not by creating the qualities, which must be already there, but only by shewing how they should be properly applied. Thus, as Iccus,

\* Massieu, in the words of the text, ταῦτα μὴ ἐν ἀρχαῖς, refers ταῦτα simply to σύνεσις, and accordingly translates it: *il n'est point d'art pour le premier*. According to grammar, however, I think ταῦτα σύνεσις and δύναμις ἐπιμύνησιν go together; and Lucian probably by the word ἀρχαῖα meant nothing farther than, that more is necessary to both than only to give rules, or teach; for as there is no art by which genius can be communicated to a man who did not bring it into the world with him: so all the rules in the universe will avail nothing to the talent of expression independently of natural disposition, practice, industry and the emulation of good models.

† Conon and Leotrophides, two of the most celebrated athletes for their strength, are here contrasted. The latter is slightly satirized by Aristophanes in his *Birds*, ver. 1406, on account of his surprising lightness. Doubtless then the Conon here mentioned, whoever he was (hardly the famous athenian general of that name) must have been a very contemptible homunculus and at the same time a person well known.

‡ Titormus was an Ætolian cowherd, of such portentous stature that Milo of Crotona, who was thought not to have had his equal in muscular force, proposed to him a trial of strength. Titormus thought himself not one of the strongest; however he acquiesced in the challenge of the foreign adept. He plunged therefore naked into the river Evenus, picked up an enormous stone, threw it several times to and fro, heave it then on his knee, at last bore it on his shoulders to the distance of about six fathoms, and cast it again from him. Milo of Crotona was scarce able to heave this stone. Titormus thereupon went with him to his herd, where, seizing the biggest and wildest bull by the leg, held him fast with one hand, notwithstanding all his struggling. The same feat he performed upon another bull with the other hand. At the sight of this proof of almost incredible strength, Milo with uplifted hands exclaimed: O Jupiter, hast thou then sent down to us a second Hercules! Ælian, *miscellan. hist. lib. xii. cap. 22*. And yet Athenæus relates of Milo a still greater miracle of strength. See before, vol. I. p. 370.

Herodizes, Theon \* and any other master in gymnastics, if he should be given as a tutor to Perdiccas †, would not bind himself to make of him a man able to gain the prize at the olympic games, and to engage with such persons as Theagenes or Polydamas ‡. All that he could promise would be, to render a man, who has the natural disposition for an expert athlete, by his art very much more perfect, than he would be without it. Far therefore from such vainglory and the boast of possessing a secret for instilling such a great and rare talent by mechanical rules, and making an historian of the first that falls in our way, we can promise nothing more than to point out the method, to one who possesses the natural capacities of mind for it, and has already made himself master by assiduous practice, of his diction and the art of expression, by which he may with greater speed and facility arrive at his object. For, that the bare natural disposition, or what is called having a genius for some profession, renders all art and instruction superfluous, no one perhaps will assert: or, he must likewise say; he that has genius, might without a tutor strike the cithara, blow the flute, in short, play upon every instrument. Whereas experience teaches, that with all possible aptitude, independent of instruction, a man would not know how to handle it and where to apply his fingers; but when once he is shewn he directly comprehends, and in a short time can play by himself.

Give me then a scholar, who knows how to think and to write §; who has a quick sight for business, and application; who knows how to blend

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\* Three famous old masters in the arts of wrestling and fencing, of whom mention is made several times in Plato's works. Probably our author knew them no otherwise than from his Plato, and only names them here *per antonomasiam*, as, for instance, we say an Apelles, a Phidias, Demosthenes, instead of a great painter, statuary, or orator.

† It is in vain to torment oneself about discovering who this Perdiccas was; doubtless, as Grævius sagaciously conjectures, some fop or fribble known to every reader at the time. That the parenthesis, *ἢ δὲ ἕτερος ἴστω*, &c. as far as *Στρατιωτικῆς ἰκίτης*, does not proceed from Lucian, but is an inepte note of some *malè feriat*, which has slipt into the text by the carelessness of a transcriber, is the general opinion of expositors and translators; I have accordingly left it out, and the rather because it breaks the combination in an extremely disagreeable manner, and I deem it unnecessary to waste a word more about it.

‡ A couple of great athletes, whom the reader may remember to have seen before, in the Council of the gods, vol. I. p. 519.

§ *Sapere et fari quæ sentiat*; the best wish, says Juvenal, that a nurse can make for her precious babe.

military with political science, and what are the requisites to form an able general; has been himself with an army; and has got clear notions of the several kinds of machines, of tactics, of arms and warlike engines; consequently knows what is meant by leading a corps to the attack in columns, where and how the infantry, how the cavalry should stand and act, understands what it is to charge in front, what to outwing, and to tilt and joust, and to make a good retreat. In a word, give me one who does not keep at home, and must take upon trust whatever is told him.

Above all, let him be a man of independent spirit, who has nothing to fear and to hope from anybody: otherwise he will be like those unjust judges, who determine for lucre, and give sentence by favour or dislike. It must be of no concern to him, that Philip lost an eye by the arrow of Aster, at Olynthus\*, nor must he bear malice to Alexander, for cruelly killing Clytus across the table: it is not his business to espouse a party, but to relate an affair without prejudice as it happened. Let Cleon be all powerful with the people and controul the rostrum†, that must not deter him from representing him as the pernicious and impetuous character he was; aye, let the whole city of Athens take it ever so ill, it must not restrain him, when he relates the history of their unsuccessful enterprise against Sicily, from speaking of the imprisonment of Demosthenes‡ and the death of Nicias, not forgetting the circumstance that a great part of his troops were attacked and slain, while they were slaking the intole-

\* Properly, not at Olynthus, but at Methone, by an Olynthian, named Aster, as Palmer circumstantially demonstrates. Wherefore should it be expected that Lucian is not liable to err in such trifles?

† Κατίχων τὸ βῆμα here means, in my opinion, not only that Cleon was himself a very popular orator [demagogue], but that he likewise had other such orators on his side, and by their means had procured himself, as it were, the monarchy over the rostrum in the popular assemblies.

‡ The reader has perhaps no occasion to be reminded, that this is not said of the famous orator Demosthenes (who came into the world not till thirty-six years after the death of that Demosthenes), but of an Athenian general of that name, who was surrendered to Nicias as commander of the troops by which the Athenians expected to conquer Sicily. He fell, with the whole corps under his orders, into the hands of the enemy, and was, together with the no less brave than unfortunate Nicias, put to death by the Syracusans. Thucydides, book the 7th of his history, and Plutarch in Nicias.

rable thirst that tormented them at the river Asinarus \*. For he will suppose that no sensible man will censure him, if he relates disasters or blunders, exactly as they happened; since he is not the author of them, but only the intelligencer. If his countrymen are beat in a sea-fight, it is not he who sinks their ships; and if they run away, it is not he that pursues them: all that could be laid to his charge, in such cases, would be that of having neglected to offer up vows and prayers for their success. If it only depended upon the passing over in silence a disaster, or narrating the contrary for making all good again, Thucydides would have razed the fortress on the rock of Syracuse, with a dash of his pen, sunk the admiral-ship of Hermodrates †, made an end of the execrable Gysippus ‡, who blocked up against the poor Athenians every avenue to the city, by his fortifications and ditches, have thrown the Syracusans, instead of the athenian captives, into the stone-quarry, and have put his countrymen in possession, according to the magnificent hopes held out to them by Alcibiades at the commencement of the war, of all Sicily and the whole coast of Italy §. But what is once done, neither Clotho, I think, can spin over again, nor Atropos wind back.

The first, I may say indeed the sole duty of the historian is to record the facts as they occurred. This however he cannot do, if he, for example, is like Clesias, physician to king Artaxerxes, and is therefore afraid of falling under the displeasure of his sovereign, or is in hopes of obtaining a purple caftan, a golden chain, and a fine saddle-horse, as a reward for the flatteries he interweaves with his history. Not so did either the impartial Xenophon or his predecessor Thucydides: though they might

\* Here, as frequently, I have been obliged to paraphrase Lucian's text, in order not to be unintelligible to the reader.

† So the syracusan general was named, who most contributed to frustrate the vain-glorious projects of the Athenians, and to give such a fatal issue to their enterprises against his native city.

‡ The Spartans in this war sided, as was natural, with Syracuse against Athens, and sent the former a considerable succour under the conduct of this Gysippus.

§ I hope the critics will not take offence at my having here understood more than the sailing round, by περιελθόν; since it plainly appears, from the whole context, that Lucian intended at least to intimate the signification that I have given to his phrase. For the project of the Athenians was not to sail round Sicily and Italy, but to be masters of the mediterranean sea, and consequently likewise of the maritime places and harbours of the sicilian and italian shores.

entertain personal prejudices against this or that man, yet the public and the cause of truth had more weight with them, than their own private resentments; and if they had ever so great an affection for an individual, they never spared him when he had acted wrong. For this it is, I cannot too often repeat it, ~~is~~ what renders history, that which it ought to be. He that undertakes to write history, should sacrifice to truth alone, and care about nothing else. In general, the great neverfailing rule is, to pay no regard at all to our contemporaries, but to write for those alone, who shall hereafter read us. He that is always thinking how he shall best make his court to the present age, justly deserves to be numbered with the flatterers and parasites, whose manufacture of history has ever been as disgusting as the cosmetic of gymnastics\*.

On this occasion it occurs to me, what Alexander is reported to have said to his treasurer Onesicritus, concerning the history of his exploits. "I should be glad," said he, "after my death to return to life for a little while, Onesicritus, to hear what the people will then say of me, when they read all this. That they now praise and admire it, should not excite your surprise, for they all think it a powerful bait in fishing for my favour †." Even in Homer, who certainly relates many fabulous things of Achilles, some are induced to believe, because they deem it a conspicuous sign of veracity, that he does not describe Achilles till long after his death; for they cannot discover any reason for his telling lies.

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\* Du Soul and Gessner observe here a very plain allusion to a passage in Plato's *Gorgias*, where Socrates contrasts the κομμητικὴν of the γυμναστική. By the former he understands the art of concealing, salving over, or even of converting into beauties the natural defects in the human body, or those which arise from want of health, by ointments, pomatums, false hair, and all kinds of artificial devices; an art wherein the hetæres and slave-dealers particularly excelled. In the translation I have converted commotic into cosmetic, because the meaning of the latter is known from the French to the generality of readers, in which all sorts of drugs, which serve to beautify the skin, are comprised under the general term *cosmetiques*.

† This sentence in the original, by the use of the indefinite words *πάντα* and *ἀντὰ*, which may be applied at pleasure, either to the embellished and exaggerated account of the deeds of Alexander, or to the acts themselves, has a double signification, which I, being no searcher of hearts, have retained in the translation. Onesicritus must have very egregiously flattered Alexander, because Strabo, a competent judge, pronounces him the most romantic and fabulous of the almost innumerable historians of that conqueror, though the others had not been sparing of the hyperbolical and the marvellous. *Vid.* Strabo, *Geogr.* i. 15. *cit.* Fabric. *Bibl. Græc.* vol. ii. p. 224.

I require therefore of an historian, that he be in no fear of man, incorruptible, liberal, the friend of truth, and honest enough, as the comic poet has it, to call a fig, a fig; and a skiff, a skiff; that he say nothing out of friendship, nothing out of hatred, nor withhold anything from compassion, shame, respect and awe; he must be towards all an equally equitable and equally benevolent judge, and give to no one more than is due to him; in his writings he must be of no country, have no sovereign, be attached to no nation, and live entirely subject to his own laws, and tell us what has happened, without taking into the account, what this man or that may think of the matter.

Thucydides accordingly acted perfectly right in making veracity the fundamental law, and to discriminate by that the good and the bad historian; and this the rather as he perceived that the universal admiration was carried so far, that the names of the Muses were given to his books. He considered, he said, his history rather as an inheritance for after ages, than as a prize-essay for the diversion of a moment\*; that the fabulous was not his affair, but he was solely intent upon leaving to posterity an authentic account of the events that had happened. For, he adds, the proper use of history, and therefore the object which an intelligent historian proposes to himself, is †, “ that if similar emergencies occur, poste-

\* The entire combination of this passage, and the mode of expression, both of Thucydides, book i. cap. 21, 22, and our author, convince me, that the former covertly would insinuate that his admired predecessor (from whose manner he differs so much) had the applause of his audience (before whom he recited his work at Olympia) more in view than the judgment of posterity, and wrote many things for the amusement of the reader, which a severer votary of truth would have sacrificed to the latter, — and Lucian, I conceive, did not think this the meaning of the words of Thucydides, but was likewise here entirely of his opinion, although both out of respect as well as from prudence, would not directly censure the so much beloved father of history. If this interpretation is correct, Massieu has very widely missed the truth, by translating: *Thucydide a eu bien raison de se prescrire cette regle, et d'avoir sans cesse devant les yeux ce qui distingue le bon historien d'avec le mauvais. Il ne perdoit point de vue Herodote, (as if Thucydides had taken Herodotus for his model!) qui avoit su inspirer une si grande idee de ses ouvrages qu'on donna, &c.* Let the learned decide which of us has hit the mark.

† This paraphrase of the words of Thucydides (*lib. i. cap. 22.* towards the end) is likewise made because it sets in its true light this passage, one of the obscurest of that not always superfluously perspicuous author; though, upon comparing the two writers, it is evident that Lucian quoted entirely from memory.

riety may learn from the recorded examples, how they ought to act in present exigencies." This then must be the disposition of the historian that I require.

As to language and expression, I would wish him, especially at the opening of his work, to shun all affectation of dazzling his reader by sounding periods, and captivating him by complicated argumentations, and in general all oratorical artifices of deception, but to adopt a soft and placid tone \*. The more compressed and frequent the thoughts, so much the better; let the diction be artless, resembling the language of business, and adapted to give the reader the clearest conceptions of the subject before him. For as openness and veracity with regard to facts, so should the utmost possible perspicuity of expression with respect to style, be the principal aim of the historian. He should neither employ obsolete words and farfetched phrases, nor such as are heard in the fish-market and shambles; but let him select only those which every man understands and the learned approve. It is allowable to elevate and animate his diction by metaphors, provided they occur not too frequently, nor appear forced and unnatural; for otherwise they have the effect of a too highly seasoned broth. There are even cases, where he may venture a poetic flight, and employ a certain pomp of expression, particularly whenever he has to describe great battles, sea-fights and the like. For then a sort of poetic rage is necessary, to swell his sails, and waft his ship happily over the tops of the waves. But his diction in general should run level with the earth, rising only with the elegance and grandeur of the subject, and let him study to keep it in an equal elevation with it, without being either shy or transported into an unseasonable enthusiasm †; for

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\* I confess that I do not find this sentence of the original either so extremely difficult, or so corrupt and mutilated, as Du Soul does. The greatest difficulty lies in the indefinite and fluctuating process from the frequent use of metaphorical expressions and the unusual connexion of the verb *θήγομαι* in *μη κομῶν τῶν πραγμάτων*; with the antecedent with which it is construed. It is perhaps no question, that Lucian might have chosen a more suitable phrase: but our present concern is only to guess what he meant by it, for which there is no need to be an Œdipus.

† Lucian here, by the words *μη ξιζύεσθαι δι, μηδ' ὑπὲρ τὸν καιρὸν ἐνθουσιῶσθαι*, points at two errors, into which that writer generally falls, who feels himself not competent to his subject. Either he is as it were frightened at it, is thrown into perplexity, and sinks below the subject; or he suddenly breaks out into a counterfeit enthusiasm, and buoys himself on nonsensical bubbles.

otherwise he is in imminent danger of getting out of the metre, and of being carried away by a poetic, corybantic rapture over hill and dale. Here it is, that the historian, more than anywhere, should obey the rein, consult moderation, and by no means forget, that too much fire and skittishness, is a vice of no less magnitude in an author than in a horse. The best way therefore, in such cases, is, when his imagination prances about with him as if he were mounted on a mettlesome horse, to keep the style running as it were on foot beside it, and the rein holding tight, lest the rider should unawares be thrown out of the saddle.

Moreover a certain moderation is also to be observed in the position and combination of the words, in regard of rhythmus. They must not be arranged too far distant from one another, nor as if everyone stood apart; for this produces an uncouth and hobbling style. But neither should they be composed, as the manner is with most of our present authors, in a rhythmus that borders on poetic metre, for that is an offence against the laws of prose\*.

As to the facts themselves, they are not to be carelessly put together, but no pains should be spared to make a proper selection; and to bring the same event frequently under the strictest scrutiny. He must principally acquaint us with the occurrences at which he himself was present, and whereof he was an eye-witness: in all the rest he adheres strictly to the reports of the most unprejudiced and credible vouchers, and those whom there is every reason to believe would not, out of favour or malice, add to or detract from the merits of the case. And here he has especial need of sagacity in conjecturing, and of being expert in drawing comparisons of the several circumstances, and weighing the arguments for and against, for eliciting the most probable.

Having now collected all or the greater part of his materials, be it his first task to arrange them in a sort of diary or memorandum-book, giving

The truth lies in being gently elevated by the subject itself, as it were, and keeping at an equal height with it — only there are no rules for directing an author in the attainment of this art.

\* The former happens, when, for example, the verb in a sentence is put at too great a distance from the subject: the latter, when the words with respect to the quantity (the length or brevity of the syllables) too seldom coalesce, for promoting what is called the fluency of the discourse. Thus I at least understand the words of Lucian. To illustrate the matter by examples, would be beside our purpose.

the image he intends to represent, its general outline, though still in a rough form. This sketch let him then proceed gradually to fashion into a well shaped body, giving to the several parts their due proportions, colouring them with the tints of diction, and complete, as I may say, the several outlines\*, and then endeavour to give style and harmony to the whole. His next care must be, as occasion requires, to resemble the homeric Jupiter, who, with an equally tranquil view, now looks down upon the courser-breeding Thracians, then upon the inhabitants of Mysia †. Just so should the historian now look down upon the affairs of the Romans, and tell us how they appear to him from the lofty summit whence he views them; now upon the Persians; and on both at once, when they come to an engagement. For he must not fix his eye on one side only, or on one particular horseman or foot-soldier, whom he peculiarly favours, unless it be one, of no matter which party, who distinguishes himself by some uncommonly brave achievement ‡; but above all on the commanders, and not only listen to what they order, but also observe, why, how, and to what intent they make this or that disposition. But when the two armies are fairly engaged, he beholds the spectacle with universal attention, weighs all that is done in even scale, and follows, with equal participation, both the pursued and the pursuers.

In all this, let him know how to preserve the due moderation, and beware of being tiresome to the reader by needless prolixity and unseasonable verbosity; but proceed with facility from one object to another that demands his presence, in order that, having despatched them, he may with no less freedom return to the others; and thus be, as much as possible, everywhere simultaneously present, and fly, impatient of delay, from Media to Iberia, from Iberia to Italy, without unnecessarily tarrying anywhere, or being waited for in another place.

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\* I read, with Du Soul, *σχηματισμῶν*, instead of the absurd *χρηματισμῶν*, which all the editions have, excepting the first Florentine, where it is entirely omitted.

† Iliad, xiii. 4, 5.

‡ Lucian, who wrote for readers who had read their Thucydides, expresses this by a familiar example, taken from his account of the siege of Syracuse. Unless, says he, a Brasidas attempts to scale the ramparts, and a Demosthenes drives him back. See Thucyd. iv. 19, or Rollin. His. anc. vol. III. p. 596.

His chief care must be to have his mind always like a clear, highly polished, and faithful mirror, reflecting the objects, as he apprehended them, without any the least alteration in their form and colour. For the historian does not write as if he wanted to produce a specimen of his composition to his tutor in the fine arts\*: the affairs he has to relate it is not his to state at will; they are already there, and must be told, being ready done. Everything here depends entirely on the order of placing and writing down; in short, not what, but how, is the question. In general, the historian must be reckoned in this respect to stand in the same relative position, as Phidias, Praxiteles, Alcamenes, and any other eminent artist. They made neither the gold and silver, nor the ivory, nor the marble; those materials were already in existence, and were delivered to them by the Eleans, the Athenians or Argives; they did no more than shape them, saw and polish the ivory, and properly stick the pieces together, and gild what was to be gilded; in brief, their whole art consisted in giving the substance the form it ought to have. In like manner the business of the historian is to represent things done in as elegant an order and as lively a manner as possible; and only then when his hearers have as clear and vivid an idea of the affairs related, as if they stood before their eyes, and they cannot refrain from praising the artist, then he may be sure, that he has produced a genuine work, and merits the title of an historical Phidias.

There are cases, where it is allowable, when all the rest is duly prepared, to begin without exordium or introduction, where the matter itself does not absolutely require a porch, as it were, to the main edifice: a bare advertisement of the topics treated of may supply the place of a proemium. If, however, the historian shall think proper to make an introduction, he has only occasion to use two or three common-place sentences of the orators, namely, without soliciting the benevolence of his audience, it is enough for him to secure their attention, and to ease their memory in apprehending and retaining what he intends to deliver †.

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\* This I take with Gessner to be the meaning of the words, εἰ γὰρ ἔσται τοῖς ἰστορικοῖς γράψασιν. It is inconceivable how Du Soul could have so long tormented himself, as he says, on a passage so clear, and at last should nevertheless have understood it erroneously.

† This second object of the proemium Lucian expresses in two words ἐμάθησαν ὑποθέσειν, and explains what he understands by ἐμάθησαν presently afterwards, clearly enough, I think by

In the former he shall not be wanting if he discourse to them of grand, or indispensable matters, or of such as relate to our country, and are serviceable to it : the other he will obtain, if by an ample developement of the causes and design of the leading points of the events, he enlightens the auditors, and enables them to form a clearer conception of the whole.

Of this sort are the proœmes of our best historians. Herodotus informs us, that he wrote his history : “lest, in process of time, the knowledge should be gradually effaced of those events, which, no less on account of their grandeur and lustre, than because they concern the victories of the Greeks, and the defeats of the barbarians, deserve to be had in everlasting remembrance.” And Thucydides sets out with saying : “he is sure that the peloponnesian war (the history whereof he is composing) will be great and memorable even in the view of posterity, and remain greater than any that has gone before it, especially as during its progress other great and uncommon calamities occurred.”

The extent of the introduction should be regulated by the importance of the incidents, and the transition to the narration easy and natural. The body of the history being only a long, uninterrupted narrative, it is necessarily understood, that it should be decorated with all the shining qualities of a good narration. It must shoot up, like the stem of a beautiful tree, by an easy and equable growth, always consistent, without excrescences, and without curves ; and perspicuity must everywhere spring

the addition *ἑμὰς καὶ σαφῆ τὰ ὕστερα ποιήσει*, &c. Here *ἑμὰς* manifestly implies not docile, but what is easy to learn or comprehend ; consequently, and as these words are an elucidation of the former, neither does *ἑμὰς* mean the docility of the hearers, but that facility of comprehending and retaining in the memory which arises from the method and perspicuity of the information. Notwithstanding the latin translator adheres so firmly to *docilis*, that he prefers making nonsense of the quotation, (*docilem autem et ea quæ sequuntur dilucida reddet*.) to being guided thereby to Lucian's real meaning. Massieu, who, I cannot tell for what reason, renders *ἑμὰς* by *intéret*, has succeeded no better. A thing is *intéressant* either by its grandeur and beauty, or by its proximate relation to us, and this it is precisely which excites the attention of the hearers, rising or falling with the interest which the proposition has for them. Thus Lucian explains himself on this point, and Massieu's blunder is the more difficult to be accounted for, as he is certainly the first that makes the interest to depend upon the perspicuity of the expression, by thus translating : *l'intéret naîtra de lui-même, si les causes des événemens, &c. sont développées avec clarté*. I do not say this, to cast censure upon others, but only to justify myself.

prominent from the diction, which, as I said, is an effect of the proper combination and developement of the incidents. All must be elaborated and finished with equal diligence, so that when he has perfected the first part, the next may be nicely fitted to it, and thus the several parts lay hold on each other like the links of a chain, without interruption to the narrative, or the whole consistence being destroyed by the conjunction of so many separate narratives: but the foregoing must always be so closely and imperceptibly connected with the following, that all may appear to be wrought out of one piece.

A rapid course of narration is principally to be recommended, whenever we have a superfluity of matter: and this must be effected, not so much by a parsimony of words and the utmost possible brevity, as by the incidents and facts we have to relate; I mean, that we should hastily pass over insignificant objects, and even on important topics dwell no longer than is necessary, and chiefly that we pass by some altogether without notice. If you give a grand entertainment to your friends, and spread your table with nice psstry, fowls, game, in short, a number of good and dainty dishes, you will offer them no pickled herrings or pease-porridge, supposing they were there, but pass by such mean and vulgar food unnoticed.

I advise you particularly, when describing mountains, fortified places, rivers, and the like, to be very much on your guard, lest you draw upon you the reproach of unseasonably making an ostentatious display of your skill in such descriptions, to the neglect of the main concern, in order to entertain the reader with yourself. If, for the sake of perspicuity, or for some other reason, it is necessary to touch upon such matters, let them be passed over as rapidly as possible, and be not led into temptation by such allurements. See we not, that even Homer, whose lofty mind never forsakes him, acts thus upon similar occasions. As great a poet as he is, in his account of the descent of Ulysses into Tartarus, he hastily runs by Tantalus, Ixion, Tityus, and the rest of them. But if Parthenius or Euphorion or Callimachus had had that opportunity \*, how many verses

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\* The Parthenius here mentioned is probably the same of whom a little book, consisting of thirty-six in general briefly sketched love-stories, is still extant, under the title of *Ἐρωτικὰ παθήματα*, which was dedicated to the roman poet Cornelius Gallus, to be made use of by the latter in his epic poems and elegies. Parthenius was himself a prolific poet, of whose produc-

do you suppose they would have expended in raising the water to the lips of Tantalus, and how many more in turning round Ixion on his wheel? Whereas Thucydides, how rarely does he engage in descriptions, and how quickly does he retract his hand when he should convey an idea of some military machine, or speak of the operations of a siege, which it is necessary and useful to understand, or of the adjacent heights and the havens of Syracuse. For if he appears prolix in his account of the plague, consider how great and copious the subject is, and you will be convinced even by that example of the rapid progress of his narration, and that it is as if he were hampered in his flight by the multiplicity of events, and delayed against his will.

Whenever the occasion requires you to make a man publicly speak in your work, let it be your principal care that he says nothing but what the person he represents and the matter itself demands; and study to be throughout as intelligible and clear as possible. As to the rest, it is allowable on such occasions to display your powers of oratory.

Praise and blame in your history should always be dispensed with moderation and prudence, without flattery and without harshness; and uniformly supported by facts; moreover let it be short and seasonable. For as history is not a tribunal for examining and deciding, who deserves praise or blame: by an undue inclination to find fault, you would incur the reproach which fell upon Theopompus \*, because he censured almost everybody with malice and asperity, and made it so much his business, that he seemed to have composed not so much a history of events and transactions, as accusations of the persons engaged in them.

If you find yourself obliged to relate somewhat incredible and marvellous, it must indeed be told, but not as though you required it to be believed, only so as that you leave the reader to think of it what he pleases, taking no part yourself either for or against it.

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tions however nothing has been preserved except the above mentioned prosaic works. Euphron seems to be the same, who is reported to have composed, among others, an epic poem, in five books full of mythological and other fables of various kinds. By this Callimachus, the celebrated author of the Hymns can hardly be meant.

\* The antients did not all judge so unfavourably of this Theopompus; who was an author of no common stamp, and composed a history of the grecian and foreign transactions (from the period where Thucydides leaves off) in fifty-eight books, the loss of which is not a little to be lamented.

In general, never forget, for I cannot too often repeat it, that you write to be commended and honoured, not only by the men of your own times, but have constantly posterity in view, and work for those who will come after you, requiring no other reward for your labour, but that it shall hereafter be said of you : that was a man of an independent mind, who had the courage to write as he thought ; one who never flattered, never cringed, but always adhered faithfully to truth. This recompence, every honest man would prefer far above all the advantages he can hope for in the present age, and which are of such short duration. Recollect how the Cnidian architect acted, who built the famous light-house on Pharos \*, one of the greatest and most splendid works in the world, to give a signal from its top to the mariners by night, how to avoid the dangerous cliffs of Parætonium. When he had finished that lofty edifice, he carved his own name on a stone of the building ; but the name of the then reigning king † he inscribed only in the plaster with which the stone was coated : well knowing that this inscription would in a little while drop off with the mortar, and then everyone would read the words : “ Sostratus, the son of Dexiphanes of Cnidos, to the gods-preservers, in behalf of mariners.” — This Sostratus therefore looked beyond the short space of his own life, into the present ; and all future ages, as long as the light-house of Pharos, the monument of his skill, shall last ‡. Thus ought history to be wrote, rather with veracity for future hopes, than with adulation, for the gratification of those who are yet alive.

This then, my friend, is the promised rule and standard of genuine history. Should any hereafter avail themselves of it in their works, so much the better ! I have reached my aim : if not, one consolation to me still remains ; I have rolled my tub in the Craneion.

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\* Opposite to Alexandria in Ægypt. This tower, as is universally known, was by the ancients reckoned one of the wonders of the world.

† Ptolemy Philadelphus, I suppose. That this anecdote looks like a grecian fable, is too obvious to need my chattering about it, as Montfaucon does, who takes it under his patronage.

‡ Lucian's meaning is : Sostratus did not design to cheat posterity, since he apprised them that Ptolemy built the Pharos ; in the stone therefore which was to last as long as the Pharos, he wrote the truth, whereas the lie, with which he was obliged to flatter the king, he wrote only on the plaster which time would soon do away. Had posterity been indifferent to him, he would without scruple have carved the lie by which he paid his court to his sovereign, in the stone. Lucian is here, for love of his comparison, unusually kind. For who sees not, that it had nothing to do with Sostratus, nor with his inscription, nor with veracity, nor with posterity, but solely with his own renown ?

THE  
TRUE HISTORY.

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BOOK THE FIRST.

AS those who make profession of the athletic art, and in general all such as study as much as possible to give health and vigour to the body, are careful, together with the gymnastic exercises, that it have the requisite hours of recreation; deeming this rest after exertion a main point in the due ordering of their lives: so I think it is proper for the studious to allow their mind to rest, after having busily employed it for a length of time in serious and fatiguing studies, and by a seasonable relaxation to render it more vigorous and alert for future application.

In this view nothing is more convenient, than a lecture, which under the semblance of merely amusing the mind with free effusions of wit and humour, conveys some useful instruction, and, as it were, joins the Muses in play with the Graces. Something of this sort will I hope be found in the present essays. The charms they will have, as I flatter myself, for

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TRUE HISTORY. The author himself having so definitively explained in his preface the nature and aim of this little romance, the prototype of all the *Voyages imaginaires*, the *Bergeracs*, the *Gullivers*, the *Munchausens*, &c. that I have nothing to add. I am not of opinion that this luxuriant play of the imagination and humour of Lucian, has lost much by our knowing either not at all or but very imperfectly the authors to whom he here and there alludes, for the purpose of rendering them ridiculous for their rhodomontades and lies. The satire in this tract has no need of a particular key, but is everywhere intelligible, because it is everywhere applicable. It was probably Lucian's design to divert himself with the inclination of most men to believe miraculous stories, as well as with the cap and bells of those travellers who are fond of relating wonderful adventures. Thus much is certain, that he has left no hope remaining for even the most fertile and exuberant imagination to reach, not to say surpass him in the sublime of this department, that is, in the witty absurdity of the combinations.

the reader, lie not only in the marvellousness of the subject, or in the droll conceits or in that familiar style of veracity, with which I produce such a variety of lies : but also in this, that each of the incredible events, which I relate as matter of fact, contains a comic allusion to one or other of our antient poets, historiographers and philosophers who have fabricated similar tales and miracles ; and whose names I omit to mention only because they will naturally occur to the reader.

To name however at least a pair of them. Ctesias \*, the son of Ctesiochus, wrote an account of India, in which he records matters which he neither saw himself, nor heard from the mouth of any creature in the world. So likewise a certain Jambulus wrote many incredible wonders of the great sea, that are too palpably untrue for anyone to suppose they are not of his own invention, though they are very entertaining to read. Many others have in the same spirit wrote pretended voyages and occasional peregrinations in unknown regions, wherein they give us incredible accounts of prodigiously huge animals, wild men, and strange and uncouth manners and habits of life. Their great leader and master in this fantastical way of imposing upon people was the famous homerican Ulysses, who tells a long tale to Alcinous and his silly Phæacians † about king Æolus and the winds, who are his slaves, and about one-eyed men-eaters and other the like savages, talks of many-headed beasts, of the transformation of his companions into brutes and a number of other fooleries of a like nature. For my part I was the less displeas'd at all the falsehoods, great and numerous as they were, of these honest folks, when I saw that even men, who pretend that they only philosophise, act not a hair better, ‡ : but this has always excited my wonder, how they could imagine, their readers would fail of perceiving that there was not a word of truth in all their narratives. Now, as I cannot resist the vanity of transmitting to posterity a little work of my own composing, and though I have nothing true to relate (for nothing memorable has happened to me in all my life) I see not why I have not as good a right to deal in

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\* He wrote also thirty books of the Persian history. *Suidas*. He lived in the time of Artaxerxes.

† Tam vacui capitis populum Phæaca putavit. *Juvenal*.

‡ Of whom we have seen striking examples in the *Lie-fancier*.

fiction as another: I resolved however to adopt an *honester* mode of lying than the generality of my compeers; for I tell at least one truth, by saying that I lie: and the more confidently hope therefore to escape the general censure, since my own voluntary confession is a sufficient proof, that I desire to impose upon no one. Accordingly I hereby declare, that I sit down to relate what never befell me; what I neither saw myself, nor heard by report from others; aye, what is more, about matters that not only are not, but never will be, because in one word, they are absolutely impossible, and to which therefore I warn my readers (if by the by I should have any) not to give even the smallest degree of credit.

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Once on a time then I set sail from Cadiz, and steered my course with a fair wind to the hesperian ocean. The occasion and the object of my voyage were, to speak honestly, that I had nothing more convenient to think of or to do, and had a certain restless curiosity to see novelties of whatever kind, and a desire to ascertain where the western ocean terminates, and what sort of men dwelt beyond it. In this view my first care was to get on board the necessary stock of provision for so long a voyage, and plenty of fresh water, taking along with me fifty companions of the same mind as myself, and moreover I provided myself with a good store of arms, and one of the most experienced pilots, whom I took into my service on an allowance of considerable wages. My vessel was a sort of yacht, but built as large and stout as was necessary for a long and dangerous voyage.

We sailed a day and a night with favourable gales, and while still within sight of land, were not violently carried on; on the following day however, at sunrise, the wind blew fresher, the sea ran high, the sky lowered, and it was even impossible to take in the sails. We were therefore forced to resign ourselves to the wind, and were nine and seventy days driven about by the storm. On the eightieth, however, at day-break, we descried a high and woody island not far off, against which, the gale having greatly abated, the breakers were not uncommonly furious. We landed therefore, got out, and, happy after sustaining so many troubles, to feel the solid earth under us, we stretched ourselves at ease upon the ground. At

length, after having rested for some time, we arose, and selected thirty of our company, to stay by the ship: while the remaining thirty accompanied me in penetrating farther inland, to examine into the quality of the island.

When we had proceeded about two thousand paces from the shore through the forest, we came up to a pillar of brass, on which in greek letters, half effaced and consumed by rust, this inscription was legible: Thus far came Bacchus and Hercules. We also discovered at no great distance from it, two footmarks in the rock, one of which measured a whole acre, but the other was apparently somewhat smaller. I conjectured the lesser one to be that of Bacchus, and the other that of Hercules. We bowed the knee, and went on, but had not proceeded far when we came to a river, that instead of water ran with wine, which both in colour and flavour appeared to us like our Chian wine. The river was so broad and deep, that in many places it was even navigable. Such an evident sign that Bacchus had once been here, served not a little to confirm our faith in the inscription on the pillar. But being curious to learn, whence this stream derived its origin, we went up to its head, but found no spring, and only a quantity of large vines hung full of clustres, and at the bottom of every stem the wine trickled down in bright transparent drops, from the confluence whereof the stream arose. We saw likewise a vast quantity of fishes therein, the flesh of which had both the colour and flavour of the wine in which they lived. We caught some, and so greedily swallowed them down, that as many as ate of them were completely drunk; and on cutting up the fishes we found them to be full of lees. It occurred to us afterwards to mix these wine-fishes with water-fishes, whereby they lost their strong vinous taste, and yielded an excellent dish.

We then crossed the river at a part where we found it fordable, and came among a wonderful species of vines; which toward the earth had firm stocks, green and knotty; but upwards they were ladies, having down to the waist their several proportions perfect and complete; as Daphne is depicted, when she was turned into a tree in Apollo's embrace. Their fingers terminated in shoots, full of bunches of grapes, and instead of hair their heads were grown over with tendrils, leaves and clusters. These ladies came up to us, amicably gave us their hands, and greeted us, some in the lydian, others in the indian language, but most of them in

greek ; they saluted us also on the lips ; but those whom they kissed immediately became drunk, and reeled. Their fruit however they would not permit us to pluck, and screamed out with pain, when we broke off a bunch. Some of them even shewed an inclination to consort with us ; but a couple of my companions, in consenting to it, paid dear for their complaisance. For they got so entangled in their embraces, that they could never after be loosed ; but every limb coalesced and grew together with theirs, in such sort as to become one stock with roots in common. Their fingers changed into vine-twigs, and began to bud, giving promise of fruit.

Leaving them to their fate, we made what haste we could to our ship, where we related all that we had seen to our comrades, whom we had left behind, particularly the adventure of the two whose embraces with the vine-women had turned out so badly. Hereupon we filled our empty casks partly with common water, partly from the wine-stream ; and after having passed the night not far from the latter, weighed anchor in the morning with a moderate breeze. But about noon, when we had lost sight of the island, we were suddenly caught by a whirlwind, which turned our vessel several times round in a circle with tremendous velocity, and lifted it above three thousand stadia aloft in the air, not setting it down again on the sea, but kept it suspended above the water at that height, and carried us on, with swelled sails, above the clouds.

Having thus continued our course through the sky for the space of seven days and as many nights, on the eighth day, we descried a sort of earth in the air, resembling a large, shining, circular island, spreading a remarkably brilliant light around it. We made up to it, anchored our ship, and went on shore, and on examination found it inhabited and cultivated. Indeed by day we could distinguish nothing : but as soon as the night came on, we discerned other islands in the vicinity, some bigger, some less, and all of a fiery colour. There was also, very deep below these, another earth, having on it cities and rivers and lakes and forests and mountains ; whence we concluded that it might probably be ours.

Having resolved on prosecuting our journey, we came up with a number of horse-vultures or Hippogypes, as they are called in this country, who immediately seized our persons. These Hippogypes are men who ride upon huge vultures, and are as well skilled in managing

them, as we are in the use of horses. But the vultures are of a prodigious bulk, and for the most part have three heads, and how large they must be, may be judged of by this, that each of the feathers in their wings is longer and thicker than the mast of a great corn-ship. The hippogypes are commissioned to fly round the whole island, and whenever they meet a stranger, to carry him before the king; with which order we were therefore obliged to comply. The king no sooner spied us, than he understood, I suppose from our dress, what countrymen we were; for the first word he said to us was: the gentlemen then are Greeks? On our not scrupling to own it, he continued: How got you hither, through such a vast tract of air as that lying between your earth and this? We then told him all that had happened to us. Upon this he was pleased to communicate to us some particulars of his history. He told us: he was likewise a man, and the same Endymion, long since while he lay asleep, rapt up from our earth and conveyed hither, where he was appointed king, and is the same that appears to us below as the moon. Moreover he bade us be of good cheer, and apprehend no danger; assuring us at the same time that we should be provided with all necessaries: and, added he, when I shall have successfully put a period to the war in which I am at present engaged with the inhabitants of the sun, you shall pass with me the happiest lives you can possibly conceive. On our asking him, what enemies he had, and how the misunderstanding began, he replied: It is now a long time, that Phaeton, the king of the solar inhabitants (for the sun is no less peopled than the moon) has been at war with us, for no other reason than this. I had taken the resolution, to send out the poorest people of my dominions as a colony into the morning-star, which at that time was waste and void of inhabitants. To this now, Phaeton, out of envy, would not consent, and opposed my colonists with a troop of Horsepismires in midway. Being unprepared for the encounter, and therefore not provided with arms, we were for that time forced to retreat. I have now however resolved to have another contest with them, and to settle my colony there, cost what it will. If you therefore have a mind to take part in this enterprise, I will furnish you with vultures out of my own mews, and provide you with the necessary arms and accoutrements; and tomorrow we will begin our march. With all my heart, I replied, whenever you please.

The king that evening made us sit down to an entertainment ; and on the following morning early, we made the necessary preparations, and drew up in battle array, our scouts having apprised us that the enemy was approaching. Our army consisted, besides the light infantry, the foreign auxiliaries, the engineers and sutlers, of a hundred thousand men : that is to say, eighty thousand horsevultures, and twenty thousand who were mounted on cabbagefowl. These are an exceedingly numerous species of birds, that instead of feathers are thickly grown over with cabbages, and have a broad kind of lettuce-leaves for wings. Our flanks were composed of bean-shooters and garlic-throwers. In addition to these, thirty thousand flea-guards and fifty thousand wind-coursers were sent to our aid from the bear-star. The former are archers mounted on a kind of fleas, which are twelve times as big as an elephant ; but the wind-coursers, though they fight on foot, yet run without wings in the air. This is performed in the following manner : they wear wide, long gowns, reaching down to the ancles ; these they tuck up so as to hold the wind, like a sail, and thus they are wafted through the air after the manner of ships. In battle they are generally used like our peltastes \*. It was currently reported, that seventy thousand sparrow-acorns and five thousand horse cranes were to be sent us from the stars over Cappadocia : but I must own that I did not see them, and for this plain reason, that they never came. I therefore shall not take upon me to describe them ; for all sorts of amazing and incredible things were propagated about them.

Such were the forces of Endymion. Their arms and accoutrements were all alike. Their helmets were of beanshells, the beans with them being excessively large and thick shelled. Their scaly coats of mail were made of the husks of their lupines sewed together, for in that country the shell of the lupine is as hard and impenetrable as horn. Their shields and swords differ not from those of the Greeks.

Everything now being ready, the troops disposed themselves in the following order of battle : The horse-vultures composed the right wing, and were led on by the king in person, surrounded by a number of picked men, amongst whom we also were ranged : the left wing consisted of the

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\* A sort of light-armed foot soldiery, who principally harassed the enemy by their agility.

cabbage-fowl, and in the centre were placed the auxiliaries, severally classed. The foot soldiery amounted to about sixty millions \*.— There is a species of spiders in the moon, the smallest of which is bigger than one of the islands of the Cyclades. These received orders to fill up the whole tract of air between the moon and morning-star with a web. This was done in a few instants, and served as a floor for the foot soldiers to form themselves in order of battle upon, who were commanded by Night-bird, Fairweather's son †, and two other generals.

On the left wing of the enemy stood the horse-pismires, headed by Phaeton. These animals are a species of winged ants, differing from ours only in bulk; the largest of them covering no less than two acres. They have besides one peculiarity, that they assist their riders in fighting principally with their horns. Their number was given in at about fifty-thousand. On the right wing in the first engagement somewhere about fifty thousand gnat-riders ‡ were posted, all archers, mounted on monstrous huge gnats. Behind these stood the radish-darters, a sort of light infantry, but who greatly annoyed the enemy; being armed with slings from which they threw horrid large radishes to a very great distance; whoever was struck by them, died on the spot, and the wound instantly gave out an intolerable stench, for it is said they dipped the radishes in mallow-poison. Behind them stood the stalky mushrooms, heavy armed infantry, ten thousand in number, having their name from their bearing a kind of fungus for their shield, and using stalks of large asparagus for spears. Not far from these were placed the dog-acorns, who were sent to

\* A very handsome round number! and yet Massieu adds another nullo to it, making it sixty thousand myriads, or 600,000,000.

† In the greek: Nykterion and Eudianax.

‡ In the original they are named ἀεροκόρακες aircrows, (some read κέρδακες, which yields no meaning at all). But neither does the former denomination agree in the least with what Lucian says of them; and I see no other means, but either to admit, that between ἀεροκόρακες and ψιλλοί there is a pretty wide chasm in the manuscripts, (that is, that the copyists have left out all that characterizes these aircrows, and the names of those whom he makes to sling radishes instead of stones,) which to me appears not probable: or, that the word ἀεροκόρακες, which in itself is absolutely insipid (for all crows are aircrows) is corrupt. I have, *in re tam levi*, taken the liberty to prefer the latter, and in consequence, so to alter the appellation in our language as to denote that whereby they differ from the other troops of king Phaeton.

succour Phaeton from the inhabitants of Syrius, in number five thousand. They were men with dog's heads, who fought on winged acorns, which served them as chariots. Besides, there went a report, that several other reinforcements were to have come, on which Phaeton had reckoned, particularly the slingers that were expected from the Milkyway, together with the cloud-centaurs. The latter however did not arrive till after the affair was decided, and it had been as well for us if they had staid away; the slingers however came not at all, at which Phaeton was so enraged, that he afterwards laid waste their country by fire. These then were all the forces that Phaeton brought into the field.

The signal for the onset was now given on both sides by asses, which in this country are employed instead of trumpeters; and the engagement had no sooner begun, than the left wing of the Heliotans \*, without waiting for the attack of the horse-vultures, turned their backs immediately; and we pursued them with great slaughter. On the other hand, their right wing at first gained the advantage over our left, and the gnat-riders overthrew our cabbage-fowl with such force, and pursued them with so much fury, that they advanced even to our footmen; who however stood their ground so bravely, that the enemy were in their turn thrown into disorder and obliged to fly, especially when they saw that their left wing was routed. Their defeat was now decisive; we made a great many prisoners, and the slain were so numerous, that the clouds were tinged with the blood that was spilt, as they sometimes appear to us at the going down of the sun: aye it even trickled down from them upon the earth. So that I was led to suppose, that a similar event in former times in the upper regions might perhaps have caused those showers of blood, which Homer makes his Jupiter rain for Sarpedo's death †.

Returning from the pursuit of the enemy, we erected two trophies; one for the infantry on the cobweb, the other on the clouds for those who had fought in the air. While we were thus employed, intelligence was brought us from our foreposts, that the cloud-centaurs were now coming up, which ought to have joined Phaeton before the battle. I must own, that the march towards us of an army of cavalry that were half men and half winged horses, and of whom the human half was as big as the upper

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\* Inhabitants of the Sun.

† Iliad. xvi. 458, 459.

moiety of the colossus at Rhodes, and the equine half resembling a great ship of burden, formed a spectacle altogether extraordinary. Their number I rather decline to state, for it was so prodigious, that I am fearful I should not be believed. They were led on by Sagittarius from the zodiac. As soon as they learnt that their friends had been defeated, they sent immediately a despatch to Phaeton to call him back to the fight, whilst they marched up in good array to the terrified Selenites, who had fallen into great disorder in pursuing the enemy and dividing the spoil, put them all to flight, pursued the king himself to the very walls of his capital, killed the greater part of his birds, threw down the trophies, overran the whole field of cobweb, and together with the rest made me and my two companions prisoners of war. Phaeton at length came up, and after they had erected other trophies, that same day we were carried prisoners into the sun, our hands tied behind our backs with a cord of the cobweb.

The enemy did not think fit to besiege Endymion's capital, but sufficed himself, by carrying up a double rampart of clouds between the moon and the sun, whereby all communication between the two was effectually cut off, and the moon deprived of all sun-light. The poor moon therefore from that instant suffered a total eclipse, and was shrouded in complete uninterrupted darkness. In this distress Endymion had no other resource, than to send a deputation to the sun, humbly to intreat him to demolish the wall, and that he would not be so unmerciful as to doom him to utter darkness; binding himself to pay a tribute to the sun, to assist him with auxiliaries whenever he should be at war, never more to act with hostility against him, and to give hostages as surety for the due performance of the contract. Phaeton held two councils to deliberate on these proposals: in the first, the minds were as yet too soured to admit of a favourable reception: but in the second, their anger had somewhat subsided, and the peace was concluded by a treaty which ran thus:

“The Heliotans with their allies, on the one part, and the Selenites\* with their confederates on the other part, have entered into a league, in which it is stipulated as follows: The Heliotans engage to demolish the wall, never more to make hostile attacks upon the moon, and that the

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\* The inhabitants of the Moon.

prisoners taken on both sides shall be set at liberty on the payment of an equitable ransom. The Selenites on their part promise not to infringe the rights and privileges of the other stars, nor ever again to make war upon the Heliotans; but, on the contrary, the two powers shall mutually aid and assist one another with their forces, in case of any invasion. The king of the Selenites also binds himself to pay to the king of the Heliotans a yearly tribute of ten thousand casks of dew, and give ten thousand hostages by way of security. With reference to the colony in the morning star, both the contracting parties shall jointly assist in establishing it, and liberty is given to any that will to share in the peopling of it. This treaty shall be engraved on a pillar of amber, to be set up between the confines of the two kingdoms. To the due performance of this treaty, are solemnly sworn \*, on the part of the

## HELIOTES.

Fireman,  
Summerheat,  
Flamington.

## SELENITES.

Nightlove,  
Moonius,  
Changelight."

This treaty of peace being signed, the wall was pulled down, and the prisoners were exchanged. On our return to the moon, our comrades and Endymion himself came forth to meet us, and embraced us with weeping eyes. The prince would fain have retained us with him; making us the proposal at the same time to form part of the new colony, as we liked best. He even offered me his own son for a mate (for they have no women there). This I could by no means be persuaded to, but earnestly begged that he would set us down upon the sea. Finding that I could not be prevailed on to stay, he consented to dismiss us, after he had feasted us most nobly during a whole week.

But ere I quit the moon, I must relate to you what I observed new and extraordinary during my abode there. The first is, that the Selenites breed not from women but men; for they marry the men together, and the female sex is so perfectly unknown to them, that they have not even

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\* Since Lucian has thought proper to give the honourable plenipotentiaries solar and lunar names, it seems necessary for the like reason to english them as properly as may be. In the original the former are: Pyronides, Therites, Phlogius; the latter, Nyctor, Menius, Polylampus.

a name for it in their language. Their manner is this: every Selenite is married till at the age of five and twenty; after that age he marries himself. The foetus they bear, not like the women with us, but in the calf of the leg. As soon as a young Selenite has conceived, the calf begins to swell; some time after, the tumour is cut open and the babe is taken out. On first opening its mouth to the air it begins to live. I suppose that the greek word *γαστροκημία*, the belly of the leg, is derived from this people, and refers to this curious property, that the foetus is borne in the calf of the leg instead of the belly.

But what is far more surprising, there is amongst them a singular species of men, called Dendrites, and which are produced in this manner. They plant the testicle of a man into the ground; from whence by insensible degrees springs up a large fleshy tree, having the form of a phallus, with branches and leaves, and bearing an acorn-like fruit an ell in length. These when ripe are broken off, and the man creeps out. These Dendrites are by nature without the sexual parts, and therefore obliged to provide themselves with artificial, which perform the same service as if they were natural\*. The rich have them made of ivory, but the poor content themselves with wood.

When a Selenite is grown old, he does not die as we do, but vanishes like smoke in the air.

The whole nation eats the same sort of food. They roast frogs (which with them fly about the air in vast numbers) on coals; then when they are done enough, seating themselves round the hearth, as we do at a table, snuff up the effluvia that rises from them, and in this consists their whole meal. When thirsty, they squeeze the air into a goblet, which is filled in this manner with a dew-like moisture.

Such being their refined aliment, they know nothing of those excretions to which the inhabitants of the earth are subject; neither are they perforated as we are, but have merely, for the same purposes, an aperture in the ham.

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\* In the greek: *διὰ τῶν ἰχθύων*, &c. I know not how Massieu could be so far misled by the word *προσθίλα*, as to translate, *on trouve a ses côtés dans la même enveloppe des parties genitales*, &c. *Προσθίλα*; has here perhaps hardly any other signification than it has in *προσθίλα κόμμι*, false supposititious hair; at least there is no trace in the text, that Lucian had a thought of what the french translator feigns for him.

Whoever would pass for a beauty among them, must be bald and without hair; curly and bushy heads are an abomination to them. But in the comets it is just the reverse: for there only curly hair is esteemed beautiful, as some travellers, who were well received in those stars, informed us. Nevertheless they have somewhat of a beard a little above the knee. On their feet they have neither nails nor toes; for the whole foot is entirely of one piece. Every one of them at the point of the rump has a large cabbage growing, in lieu of a tail, always green and flourishing, and which never breaks off though a man falls on his back.

They sneeze a very sour kind of honey, and when they are at work or gymnastic exercises, or use any exertion, milk oozes from all the pores of the body in such quantities that they make cheese of it\*, only mixing with it a little of the said honey.

They have the art of extracting an oil from onions, which is very white, and of so fragrant an odour, that they use it for perfuming. Moreover, their soil produces a great abundance of vines, which instead of wine yield water-grapes, and the grapestones are the size of our hail. I know not how better to explain the hail with us, than by saying that it hails on the earth, whenever the vines in the moon are violently agitated by a high wind, so as to burst the water-grapes.

The Selenites wear no pockets, but put all they would carry with them in their bellies, which they can open and shut at pleasure. For by nature they are quite empty, having no intestines; only they are rough and hairy within, so that even their new-born children, when they are cold, creep into them †.

As to their clothing, the rich wear garments of glass, but those of the poorer sort are wove of brass; for these regions are very prolific in ores, and they work it as we do wool, by pouring water upon it.

But what sort of eyes they have, I doubt my veracity would be suspected were I to say; it is so incredible. Yet, having already related so

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\* Only for exportation, I suppose; seeing the Selenites feed upon no such coarse diet.

† Lucian, when this singular idea came into his head, little dreamt that nature had already been beforehand with him, and that there was a pouch-rat, or kangaroo, that is provided with this conveniency for lodging its young in the belly.

much of the marvellous ; this may as well go along with the rest. They have eyes then that they can take out whenever they chuse ; whoever therefore would save his eyes, takes them out, and lays them by ; if anything that he would fain see presents itself, he puts his eyes in again, and looks at it. Some who have carelessly lost their own borrow of others : for rich people are always provided with a good stock.

Their ears are made of plantane leaves, and only the Dendrites have wooden ones.

I saw also another strange object in the king's palace ; which was a looking-glass of enormous dimensions, lying over a well not very deep. Whoever goes down into this well, hears everything that is said upon our earth ; and whoever looks in the mirror, sees in it all the cities and nations of the world, exactly as if they were standing before him. I saw on this occasion my family and my whole country : whether however they likewise saw me, I cannot positively say. He who does not believe what I have mentioned touching the virtues of this looking-glass, if he ever goes thither, may convince himself by his own eyes, that I have said nothing but what is true.

We now took our leaves of the king and his court, repaired on board our ship, and departed. Endymion at parting made me a present of two glass and five brazen robes, together with a complete suit of armour made of bean shells ; all of which I was afterwards forced to leave behind in the whale's belly. He likewise sent with us a thousand hippogypes, to escort us five hundred stadia on our way.

After having in our course coasted along several countries, we landed on the morning star, which had lately been cultivated, to take in fresh water. Thence we steered into the Zodiac, sailing close by the sun on the left hand : but here we did not go ashore, though my companions were very desirous to do so, because the wind was against us. We got near enough however to see that the landscape was covered with the most beautiful verdure, well watered, and richly endowed with all sorts of natural productions. The nephelocentaurs, who are mercenaries in the service of Phæton, on seeing us fled on board our pinnace ; but on being informed that we were included in the treaty of peace, soon departed.

The hippogypes now likewise took leave of us, and all the next night

and day, continuing our course always bearing downwards, towards evening we arrived at a place called Lampton \*. This city is situated between the Pleiades and Hyades, and a little below the zodiac. Here we landed, but saw no men ; instead of them however we beheld a vast concourse of lamps, running to and fro along the streets, and busily employed in the market and the harbour. They were in general little, and had a poor appearance. Some few, we could perceive by their fine show and brightness, were the great and powerful among them. Everyone had its own lantern to live in, with their proper names as men have. We likewise heard them articulate a sort of speech. They offered us no injury, but rather seemed to receive us hospitably after their manner ; notwithstanding which, we could not get the better of our fears, and none of us would venture to eat or to sleep with them. In the middle of the city they have a kind of court-house, where their chief magistrate sits all the night long, and calls everyone by name to him ; and whoever does not answer is treated as a deserter, and punished by death, that is, he is extinguished. We likewise heard, while standing by to see what passed, some of them make their several excuses, and the reasons they alleged for coming so late. On this occasion I recognised our own house-lamp ; upon which I enquired of it how affairs went on at home, and it told me all that it knew.

Having resolved to stay there but one night, we weighed anchor the next morning, and sailed off from Lychnopolis, passing near the clouds, where we, among others, saw to our great astonishment the famous city of Nephelococcygia †, but by reason of adverse winds could not enter the port. We learnt, however, that Coronos, Cottyphion's son, was reigning there ; and I for my own part was confirmed in the opinion that I have ever entertained of the wisdom and veracity of the poet Aristophanes, whose account of that city has been unjustly discredited. Three days afterwards we came again in sight of the great ocean ; but the earth shewed itself nowhere, that floating in the air excepted, which appeared exceedingly fiery and sparkling. On the fourth day about noon, the wind gently subsiding settled us fair and leisurely upon the sea.

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\* Lychnopolis.

† Which the learned reader is acquainted with from the *Birds* of Aristophanes.

It is impossible to describe the ravishment that seized us on feeling ourselves once more on the water. We gave the whole ship's crew a feast on the remainder of our provisions, and afterwards leaped into the water, and bathed to our heart's content; for it was now a perfect calm, and the sea as smooth as a looking-glass.

Soon however we experienced, that a sudden change for the better is not seldom the beginning of greater misfortunes. For scarcely had we proceeded two days on the sea, when about sunrise a great many whales and other monsters of the deep appeared. Among the former, one was of a most enormous size, being not less than fifteen hundred stadia long\*. This came towards us, open-mouthed, raising the waves on all sides, and beating the sea before him into a foam, and shewing teeth much larger than our colossal phalli †, sharp pointed as needles, and white as ivory. We therefore took our last leave of one another, and while we were thus in mutual embraces expecting him every moment, he came on, and swallowed us up, ship and all, at one gulp; for he found it unnecessary to crush us first with his teeth, but the vessel at one squeeze slipped between the interstices, and went down into his maw.

When we were in, it was at first so dark that we could discern nothing; but when after some time he opened his chops, we saw ourselves in a cavity of such prodigious height and width, that it seemed to have room enough for a city of ten thousand inhabitants. All about lay a vast quantity of small fishes, macerated animals, sails, anchors, mens' bones, and whole cargoes. Farther in, probably from the quantity of mud, this whale had swallowed, was an earth with mountains and valleys upon it; the former being covered with all sorts of forest trees, and the valleys planted with different herbs and vegetables, that one would have thought it had been cultivated. This island, if I may so term it, might perhaps be about two hundred and forty stadia ‡ in circumference. We saw like-

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\* About three hundred miles.

† Lucian says only: much larger than the phalli with us; but if the teeth of this monster were only in proportion to his whole bodily circumference, we can here admit no smaller phalli, than the colossal ones of which mention is made in the tract on the Syrian Goddess, which by the most reasonable lection, were thirty fathom or 180 feet high, and yet can come into no comparison with the teeth of a Caschelottan, which were 930,000 feet in length.

‡ Nearly forty-five miles.

wise sundry species of sea-fowl, gulls, halcyons, and others, that had made their nests upon the trees.

We now had leisure to contemplate our deplorable situation, and wept plentifully. At last when I had somewhat comforted the dejected spirits of my companions, our first business was to make the ship fast; we then struck fire, and of the fishes, which lay in great quantities and variety about us, we prepared a good meal; water we had on board, the remainder of what we took in at the morning star.

On getting up the next morning, we perceived, that as often as the whale fetched breath, we one while saw mountains, at another nothing but the sky, sometimes likewise islands, whence we then concluded, that he moved about with great velocity, and seemed to visit every part of the ocean.

When we were grown a little familiar with our new place of abode, taking with me seven of my companions, we went into the forest to make farther discoveries. We had not proceeded above a stadia before we came up to a temple, which, as the inscription ran, was dedicated to Neptune; not far off we found a great number of tombs with pillars, and a little farther on, a spring of clear water. We also heard the barking of a dog, and, seeing smoke rise at some distance, we concluded that probably we might not be far from some dwelling. We now doubled our speed, and had not advanced many paces, when we met an old man and a youth very busy in cultivating a kitchen-garden, and were just then employed in conducting water into it by a furrow from the spring. At this sight, surprised at once both by joy and fear, we stood mute, and it may easily be imagined, that they were possessed by the same apprehensions. They paused from their work, and for some time surveyed us attentively, without uttering a sound. At last the old man taking courage, spoke to us. "Who are you, said he, dæmons of the ocean? Or miserable men like us? For as to us, we are men, and, from offsprings of the earth, as we were, are become inmates of the sea, and are carried up and down with this monster in which we are inclosed, without rightly knowing what to think of ourselves; for we have every reason to suppose we are dead, though we believe that we are alive." We also, old father, I replied, are men, who first found ourselves here a short time ago; for this is but the third day, since we were swallowed up, together with our ship; and

it is purely the desire of exploring this forest, which appeared so vast and thick, that has brought us hither. But without doubt it was by the guidance of some good genius that we found you, and now know, that we are not alone inclosed in this whale. Tell us, then, if I may be so bold, who you are, and how you came hither. Whereupon, the good old man assured us, that he would not satisfy our curiosity, till he had first entertained us as well as he was able ; and saying this, he led us into his house, which he had fitted up conveniently. It was commodious enough for his situation, and provided with pallets, and other necessaries. Here, after setting before us legumes, fruits, fish, and wine, and when we had satisfied our appetites, he began to inquire into the accidents that had occurred to us : and when I recounted to him everything in order, the storm, and what befell us on the island, and our voyage in the air, and the war, and all the rest of it, to the moment of our submersion into the whale.

After having emphatically expressed to me his astonishment at such wonderful occurrences, he then told us his own story. My friends, said he, I am a merchant of Cyprus. Business called me from home, and, with my son whom you see here, and a great number of servants, I set out on board a ship freighted with various kinds of merchandise, the scattered fragments of which you may probably have observed in the whale's gullet, on a voyage to Italy. We came as far as Sicily with a prosperous gale ; but there a contrary wind got up, which the third day drove us into the ocean, where we had the misfortune to fall in with this whale, and to be swallowed up crew and ship and all. All my people lost their lives, and we two alone remained. Having deposited them in the earth, we built a temple to Neptune, and here we have lived ever since, cultivating our little garden, raising herbs, which with fish and fruits are our constant nourishment. The forest, which is of great extent, as you see, produces likewise abundance of vines, which yield a delicious wine : and you may perhaps have seen, that we have a spring of fresh and excellent water. We make our bed of leaves ; have plenty of fuel ; and catch birds in nets, and even live fish, when we get out upon the gills of the monster, where we bathe likewise whenever we have an inclination that way. Besides, not far from hence is a lake of salt water, twenty stadia in circumference, and abounding in fish of various kinds. In this lake

we sometimes amuse ourselves with swimming, or in rowing about in a little boat of my own making. In this manner we have now spent seven and twenty years, since we were swallowed up by the whale. We should be contented and easy enough here if our neighbours, who are very unsociable and rude people, were not so troublesome to us. —

What then, I exclaimed, are there any other people beside us in this whale?

A great many, returned the old man; but, as I said, untractable creatures, and of very grotesque shapes. The western part of the forest, towards the tail of the whale, is inhabited by the Tarichanes, who have the eyes of an eel, and the face of a crab, a warlike, bold, and rude carnivorous people. On the other side, to the right, the Tritonomensetes dwell \*, down to the waist resembling men, and below formed like weazels; yet their disposition is not so mischievous and ferocious as that of the others. On the left hand reside the Carcinocheires and Thynnocephali, the former of whom instead of hands have crabs' claws, the latter have the head of a tunny-fish; these two tribes have entered into alliance, and make common cause in the war. The middle region is occupied by the Pagurades and Psettopodes †, a couple of warlike races, who are particularly swift-footed. The eastern parts next the whale's jaws, being generally over-washed by the sea, are almost uninhabited; I am therefore fain to take up my quarters here, on condition of paying the Psettopodes an annual tribute of five hundred oysters. Such is the internal division of this country; and you may easily conceive that it is a matter of no small concern to us, how to defend ourselves against so many nations, and at least how to live among them. How many may you be in all? I asked. "Above a thousand." What arms do you wear? "None but fish-bones." We had best then attack them, said I,

\* From the interpretation of this name one would rather expect human-goats, than human-weazels; however it is not conceivable how the copyists from Tritonopaleotes could have made Tritonomendetes. The conjecture that something is wanting here seems to have the succeeding narrative against it. Massieu may therefore have come nearer the mark by telling us, that in a composition of this nature we should not be very fastidious.

† The latter appellative is as much as to say flounder-footed; the former points to a similarity with lobsters.

seeing we are armed, and they not. If we once for all subdue them, we may afterwards live without disturbance.

This proposal pleased our host. We therefore repaired to our ship, and made the necessary preparations. An occasion of war we could not be at a loss for. Our host had no more to do but refuse paying the tribute, the day appointed being near at hand: and this was accordingly agreed on. They sent to demand the tribute. He sent them packing without their errand. At this the Psettapodes and Pagurades were so incensed, that with great clamour they fell furiously upon the plantation of Skintharus; for that was the name of our new friend. As this was no more than we had expected, they found us in a condition to receive them. I had sent out a detachment consisting of half my crew, five and twenty in number, with orders to lie in ambuscade, and when the enemy had passed, to attack him in the rear; which they did with complete success. I then with the rest of my men, also five and twenty strong (for Skintharus and his son fought with us) marched forward to oppose them; and when we were come to close quarters, we fought with such bravery and strength, that after an obstinate struggle, not without danger on our part, they were at last beat out of the field, and pursued to their dens. Of the enemy were slain a hundred three score and ten; on our side we lost only one, my pilot, who was run through the shoulder by the rib of a mullet.

That day, and the night after it, we lodged in our trenches, and erected the dry back-bone of a dolphin as a trophy. But the rumour of this engagement having in the mean time gone abroad, we found the next morning a fresh enemy before us: the Tarichanes under the command of a certain Pelamus in the left wing, the Thynnocephali taking the right, and the Carkinocheires occupying the centre. For the Tritonometes, not liking to have anything to do with either party, chose to remain neuter. We came up to the enemy close by the temple of Neptune, where, under so great a war-cry, that the whole whale rebelled with it through its immense caverns, the armies rushed to the combat. Our enemies however, being not much better than naked and unarmed, were soon put to flight, and chased into the heart of the forest, whereby we became masters of the country.

They sent heralds a little while after, to fetch away their dead, and

propose terms of accommodation ; which, so far from thinking proper to agree to, we marched in a body against them the very next day, and put them all to the sword, except the Tritonmendetes, who, seeing how it had fared with their fellows, ran away as fast as they could to the whale's gills, and cast themselves headlong into the sea.

We now scoured the country, and finding it cleared of all enemies, we have ever since lived agreeably together, passing our time in bodily exercises and hunting, tending our vines, gathering the fruits of the trees, and living, in one word, like people, who make themselves very comfortable in a spacious prison which they cannot get out of. In this manner we spent a year and eight months.

On the fifteenth day of the ninth month however, at the second opening of the whale's chops (for this he did once every hour, by which periodical gaping we computed the hours of the day) we heard a great cry, and a noise like that of sailors, and the dashing of oars. Not a little alarmed, we crept forward to the jaws of the monster, where, standing between the teeth, where everything might be seen, we beheld one of the most astonishing spectacles, far surpassing all that I had ever seen in my whole life : men who were half a stadium in stature, and came sailing on islands, as if they had been on ship-board. I am aware that what I am saying will be thought incredible, yet I cannot help proceeding : it must out. These islands were indeed of considerable length, one with another about a hundred stadia in circumference ; but proportionally not very high. Upon each of them were, it may be, eight and twenty rowers, who, sitting in two rows on both sides, rowed with huge cypresses, having their branches and leaves on. In the after part of the ship (if I may so term it) stood the pilot on a high hill, managing a brazen rudder, that might be perhaps six hundred feet long. On the forecastle about forty of them were standing, armed for war, and looking in all respects like men, excepting that instead of hair they had flames of fire on their heads, and therefore had no occasion for a helmet. The place of sails on each of these islands was supplied by a thick forest, on which the wind rushing, drove and turned the island, how and whither the pilot would. By the rowers stood one that had the command over them, and these islands moved by the help of the oar, like so many galleys, with the greatest velocity.

At first we saw only two or three ; by degrees, however, perhaps six

hundred came in sight; and after forming themselves in two lines, they began to engage in a regular sea-fight. Many ran foul of each other by the stern with such force, that not a few were overset by the violence of the shock, and went to the bottom. Others got entangled together, and obstinately maintained the fight with equal bravery and ardour, and could not easily be parted. The combatants on the fore-deck shewed the most consummate valour, leaped into the enemy's ships, and cut down all before them; for no quarter was given. Instead of grappling irons they hurled enormous polypi fast tied to thick ropes, which clung to the forest with their numerous arms, and thus kept the island from moving. The shot they made use of, and with which they sadly wounded one another, were oysters, one of which would have completely filled a waggon, and sponges \* each big enough to cover an acre of ground.

By what we could gather from their mutual shouts, the commander of one fleet was called *Æolocentaurus*, and that of the other *Thalassopotes*; and the occasion of the war, as it appeared, was given by *Thalassopotes*, who accused *Æolocentaurus* of having stolen several shoals of dolphins from him. Certain it is, that the *æolocentaurian* party came off victorious, having sunk nearly a hundred and fifty of their enemy's islands, and captured three others, with all the men upon them: the rest sheered off, and made their escape. The conquerors, after pursuing them for some time, returned towards evening to the wrecks, made prizes of most of them, and got up their own islands: for in the engagement no fewer than eighty had gone down. This done, they nailed one of the islands to the head of the whale as a monument of the victory, and passed the night in the wake of the monster, after fastening the ship to him with hausers, having previously hooked their anchors into his sides; for they had with them anchors immensely large and strong, all made of glass. On the following day they got out upon the back of the whale, sacrificed to their deities, buried their dead in it, and then set sail with great jubilation. This is all that I had to tell you concerning the battle of the islands.

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\* Du Soul thinks the word *απόγγους* here may be incorrect, though he has no better to propose; and on this doubt *Massieu* has arbitrarily converted these fungi into mussels. But it is probable that the farcical marvellousness of the affair may consist in our adventurer's having seen sponges, which, on being thrown at the head of a man, made a hole in it. They belong to the category of the mallows, which with the skingers in the moon envenomed their radishes.

THE  
TRUE HISTORY.

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BOOK THE SECOND.

**F**ROM that time forward our long sojourn in the whale and the life we led there growing extremely tiresome, I began to consider of ways and means for escaping from it. At first I thought of cutting out a way through the right side of the monster, and accordingly we set all hands to work without delay. But after having dug forwards about five hundred fathom, without perceiving that we were much nearer the end of our labour, we relinquished that design, and determined on setting fire to the forest: for that, thought we, must infallibly cause the beast to burst, and then it will be an easy matter for us to find a way out. We began therefore by the part that lay nearest to the tail, and set it in a blaze. The forest continued burning seven days and as many nights, before the monster seemed aware of the heat: on the eighth and ninth days however we plainly perceived that he was beginning to sicken, by his gaping much seldomer than usual, and after opening his chops, clapping them to again immediately. On the tenth and eleventh he visibly declined, and stank abominably. On the twelfth day we luckily bethought ourselves, that, unless on the next opening of his jaws, we should clap in a gag to prevent his closing them again, we should be in danger of being incarcerated in his body, and of perishing with him. We therefore fastened his jaws wide open, by means of large balks of timber; then got our ship ready, and took in as great a store of water and other necessary provisions as it could contain, and Skintharus took upon him the office of steersman.

The next morning the whale shewed no longer any symptoms of life. We therefore hauled up our vessel, shoved it through the interstices of his teeth, and, fastening cables about them, lowered her gently from thence upon the water. This done, we mounted the back of the monster, sacrificed to Neptune, and after having staid there, on account of a dead calm, three days, we at length set sail on the fourth. We presently fell in with a great number of floating carcasses, being those of the men that were slain in the naval engagement; we measured some of them, and were astonished at their bulk.

We had now for some days very temperate and favourable weather: but afterwards the wind blew a strong gale from the north, and brought with it such a severe frost that the sea was suddenly frozen up, and that not only on the surface, but to the depth of four hundred fathoms\*, so that we could walk about upon the ice, as on dry land †. But the frost continuing became at last so intense that we could not bear it, and our old pilot Skintharus hit upon the following expedient. He advised us to dig a large cavern in the congealed water, and there abide, till the wind should come about. This was forthwith carried into effect. In this icy cavern ‡ we sheltered ourselves thirty days, keeping up a good fire all the while, and feeding on the fishes which we found in digging. At length however our provisions falling short, we returned to our ship, and hauling

\* The *ὄργυια* of the Greeks, according to Dr. Arbuthnot, was equal to six feet and .525 of an inch.

† The words *ὡςτε καὶ ἀποβάλλας διατίειν ἐπὶ τῷ κρυφάλλῳ* seem either to contain this meaning, or none at all. But even thus, it is absurd enough, that Lucian appears to say, the ice must be four hundred fathoms thick for being able to bear him and his companions. Probably Massieu, who in this tract frequently without necessity makes the author say somewhat quite different from what he really does say, thought himself bound to come in aid of the author, and communicate to this passage rather more meaning, by translating it thus: *notre vaisseau, qu'il nous falloit debarasser, vogueoit ensuite sur la glace*. This would not be so much amiss, only the text speaks not a word of it.

‡ The greek scholiast is angry above measure at the incredibility of this fiction: as if there was any other in the whole of this True History more credible, and Lucian had not expressly intended to carry the marvellous in it to the utmost degree of absurdity; which, in the opinion of Shah Baham (a great critic in that department), is the sublime of a marvellous tale. Besides, absurd as this thirty days' fire in an ice-cave may be, are not however, even in nations that are not reckoned loggerheads, things equally absurd every day believed?

it by main force out of the ice, we set her upright, and slid full sail with a soft and easy motion over the smooth ice. On the fifth day a thaw came on, the ice melted, and all was water again.

After sailing about three hundred stadia, we fell in with a small uninhabited island, where, as our water was nearly all spent, we had an opportunity of laying-in a fresh supply. Previous to our departure we shot a couple of wild oxen, which have their horns, not like ours, proceeding from the forehead, but under the eyes, as Momus judged more convenient. Shortly after we got into a new and strange sea, not of water, but of milk. Upon this milky sea we had sight of a white island that abounded in vines, which proved to be nothing else but a large cheese (as we afterwards found, when we came to eat of it) not less than five and twenty stadia in circumference. The vines were full of clusters; but when we pressed them, they yielded not wine but milk. In the middle of the island stood a temple, dedicated, as by the inscription it appeared, to the nereid Galatea \*. All the while therefore that we remained on this island, the earth afforded us victuals both for the noontide repast and that of the evening †, and the grape-milk supplied us with beverage. By what we could understand, Tyro ‡, the daughter of Salmoneus, after leaving the world, was appointed by Neptune queen of this island §.

After sojourning here five days, on the sixth we put to sea again with a moderately fresh breeze. On the eighth day we sailed onward, no longer on milk, but again on a briny azure water, and saw a great number of men running about upon the sea, completely resembling us both in figure and size, excepting that their feet were of cork, whence it is, as I suppose, that they got the name of Corkfoots, which they bear. We for our parts could not help making big eyes at seeing them skimming along upon the waves, as if on the level ground, without any apprehension of sinking. They made directly up to us, greeted us in the greek tongue, and told us:

\* As that Nereid had her name from γάλα, milk, she is here constituted the reigning goddess of the milky sea.

† An equivalent, at least as good a one as I could substitute, for the greek ὄψον τὸ ἡμῶν καὶ στίον ἢ γῆ παρείχει.

‡ A play upon the name of this mythological princess and the word τυρός, cheese, which does honour to her office.

§ The reader is referred to p. 358 of the preceding volume.

they were bound towards the island of Phello [Corkland], their own country. They ran for a length of time close by the side of our ship; and then, wishing us a prosperous voyage, they took a different course. A little after we descried several islands, the first of which, on the left hand, was Phello, whither these men were going, a city built on a large round cork. At a distance, more to the right, we saw five very spacious and lofty islands, with many fires burning on them.

Directly over against us lay a very broad and flat one, at least five hundred stadia distant. As we approached near to it a wonderful fragrant air breathed upon us, impregnated with the most odoriferous perfumes, such as that which, as we are told by Herodotus, is wafted to travellers from the happy Arabia. It was exactly as if we inhaled the odours of the rose and narcissus, the hyacinth, lily and violet, the myrtle, the laurel and the vine blossom all at once. In the ravishment occasioned by these delicious sweets, and in the gladdening presages of reaping in this island the reward of our long sufferings, we were now come so nigh, that we could discern around it a number of safe and spacious inlets, and several crystal streams, which gently lost themselves in the sea, with meadows and trees and singing-birds, chanting melodiously on the shore or among the boughs. A soft and sweet air fanned the whole surface of this beautiful country, enchanting zephyrs seemed to flutter all around, and seemed to whisper through the grove, while from the gently-agitated branches incessantly resounded harmonious strains, like the tones that issue from a suspended flute in a solitary place\*. At the same time we heard a shriller sound of mingled voices, not alarming, but resembling that which proceeds from a distant banquet, where some are singing and others are playing on wind-instruments and striking the cithara, and the rest either by words or by clapping of hands applauding the performers.

Captivated by what we saw and heard, we cast anchor on the coast, and went on shore, leaving the old Skintharus and two others of our number to look after the ship. We had not proceeded far along a flowery mea-

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\* It appears to have been a common practice with the shepherds who had won some prize on the seven-holed flute, to hang it up in honour of Pan in some solitary open place in the purlieu of their pastures, in such manner that the wind (somewhat as with the æolian harp) produced from it a melodious murmuring strain.

dow when we came up to the centinels stationed to guard the coast, who took us, and binding our hands with wreaths of roses (the strongest manacles in use with them), conducted us to their governour. From them we heard, as we were upon the way, that where we were was called the island of the Blessed, and that Rhadamanthus the Cretan was their sovereign \*. We were brought before him, the fourth party in order of succession, of the causes he was sitting to try that day. The first trial that came on was concerning Ajax, Telamon's son, whether he belonged to the class of heroes †, or not. The principal objection brought against him was, that being mad he had laid violent hands on himself. After much had been urged on both sides, for and against him, Rhadamanthus pronounced this sentence : Let the culprit, in the first place, be consigned to the care of the physician Hippocrates, to be properly purged with hellebore, and then, when he has recovered his wits, be admitted to the festivities of the heroes. The second trial was a question of love. Theseus and Menelaus disputed which of the two had the better right to the fair Helena ; which Rhadamanthus decided in favour of Menelaus, as having sustained so much toil and danger for the sake of his consort : alleging that Theseus had other wives, the amazon Hippolyta and the daughter of Minos ‡, with whom he might be content.

The third cause related to a point of precedency, controverted between Alexander, Philip's son, and Hannibal the Carthaginian. The court determined the priority to be due to Alexander §, and in consequence a throne was placed for him next to the elder Cyrus. Now it was our turn ; Rhadamanthus asked us, by what accident we, with living bodies, had landed on that holy ground. We fairly gave him an account of all that had happened, from first to last. He bade us stand aside, and consulted

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\* See in Pindar's second olympic ode the picture of the island of the Blessed, to which our author appears to have alluded.

† The inhabitants of Elysium, or the island of the Blessed, (which the antients generally confounded together) consist of two classes, the heroes or demigods (Hesiod, Op. & Die. 156 to 173, who however makes Saturn their king in the island of the Blessed) and the wise and good men, who lived subsequent to the heroic age. See the description of the state of the Blessed in Axiochus, in a dialogue concerning death and the state after death, attributed to the socratic Æschines.

‡ Phædra and Ariadne.

§ See the twelfth conference of the dead, in vol. I.

a long time with the assessors, amongst whom was Aristides, what course to take with us. At last judgment was pronounced to this effect : that the punishment due for our presumptuous voyage should ensue upon our deaths : but for the present we might abide seven months at the longest upon the island, consort with the heroes, and at the expiration of that time, be bound to depart.

As soon as this sentence was delivered, our rose-bands fell off of themselves, and we were conducted into the city, and introduced to the table of the heroes. The whole city is of native gold, and its surrounding ramparts of emeralds. Each of its seven gates is cut out of one trunk of the cinnamon tree ; the entire ground of the city, and the pavement of all the streets and squares in it is of ivory ; the temples of the gods are built of cubic blocks of beryl, and the high altars, on which the hecatombs are sacrificed, of one sole amethyst. Round the city flows a stream of the most fragrant oil of roses \*, a hundred royal ells across †, and deep enough for a man to swim in it with ease. For their baths they have magnificent buildings of crystal glass ; they are heated with cinnamon wood, and instead of common water, the baths are filled with warm dew.

Their customary habiliments are very fine purple cobwebs. They have however properly no body (for they are impalpable and without flesh and bone), but have only the figure and idea of it ; and notwithstanding this, they walk and sit, have all their senses ‡, and converse like other men. In short, their soul appears to walk about quite naked, having merely

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\* The word *μύρον*, which implies the fragrant and often very costly liquid compositions or essences, with which the ancients were wont, and as the orientals are still, to perfume themselves, can by no means be expressed by the english word ointment, or salve, with which we naturally associate at first the idea of eyesalve, ointment for burns and scalds, salve for sores, ointment for the itch, and the like nasty stuff. Nor are the foreign words essence and perfume a proper substitute : because the latter properly designates fragrant incense, and the former a too general conception by far. What are we to do ? In time of need we must help ourselves as we can. Lucian says nothing of rose-oil, or otter of roses, as probably he would have done, if he had wrote in our days and in our language.

† The royal ell, according to the statement of Herodotus, was three inches longer than the common ell. As this latter contained six palms or palæstes, the palæste being four inches, the royal ell therefore must have been twenty-seven inches. Arbuthnot makes it twenty one inches.

‡ If so be that Lucian wrote *φρονέσι*, he must have meant this : for that souls or ghosts think, could not appear to him so very strange or surprising.

the semblance of a body wrapped about them\*; they might be compared to upright shadows, which, instead of being black, have the natural colour of their bodies; and a man must attempt to touch them, in order to be convinced that what he sees is not corporeal.

No one here grows old, but remains always of the same age as when he first arrived. Neither is there anything of what we term night, nor what we properly call day; but it is never brighter nor darker than our twilight before sunrise. They know only one season; for with them it is perpetual spring, and zephyr the only wind that blows here.

The country therefore is uniformly verdant, and abounds in all kinds of sweet-scented flowers, no less than in shrubs and shady trees. Their vines bear fruit twelve times a year; and as for their pomegranate trees and apple trees and all sorts of fruit trees, they are said even to bear thirteen times in the year, bearing twice in the month which they name after Minos. Their wheat, instead of ears, shoots out little leaves from the tops, resembling mushrooms. In the environs of the city are three hundred threescore and five fountains of water, as many of honey, five hundred somewhat smaller, running with fragrant essences and oils; and besides these, seven rivers flowing with milk, and eight with wine.

The place where they assemble to eat lies without the city in what are styled the Elysian Fields: it is a wonderfully fine meadow, encompassed by a thick forest of various lofty trees, which cast their shade upon the table. They sit reclining on beds of flowers, and are served by zephyrs, who bring them whatever they desire, except it be to have the wine filled out. The reason of this is, because close to the spot where they eat stand large trees of clear, transparent glass, the fruit of which are cups of various shapes and sizes. Now every one on coming to the table, breaks off one or two drinking-glasses, and sets them before him; they directly fill themselves with wine, and he drinks at pleasure. They wear no chaplets, but whole flocks of nightingales and other singing-birds fetch flowers from the adjacent meads, and let them fall upon them, while they fly about, singing over their heads. They have likewise a quite peculiar

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\* He that went so slightly clad, as to need only the throwing off a single garment for presenting himself in *puris naturalibus*, went, according to the vulgar phraseology of the Greeks, naked. This must be presupposed, in order to make any sense of this sentence.

method of perfuming themselves: sundry clouds of a spongy nature suck up the fragrant essences from the rivers; when they are saturated, a gentle breeze wafts them to the open place of eating, and on squeezing them gently, they shed their balmy contents like a soft dew or a dusty shower. While at table they entertain themselves with music and singing. They most delight in chanting Homer's poetry, who himself is there present, and takes his seat next above Ulysses. They have choirs of boys and girls, led by Eunomus of Locri\*, Arion of Lesbos, Anacreon and Stesichorus; for the last I found also here, because he is reconciled to Helena †. When these give over singing, a second choir succeeds, of swans, swallows and nightingales; and when these have ended, the whole grove begins to resound with melodious airs as the trees are breathed upon by the evening gales. But what most contribute to the mirth that reigns at these convivial meetings, are the two fountains of pleasure and laughter adjoining. Every one drinks at the commencement of the repast from one of them, and thus they spend the whole of its duration in mirth and laughter.

I will now recount to you the eminent men I met with here. In the first place, there were all the demigods, and the whole band of heroes that fought before Troy, the locrian Ajax alone excepted, who, they told me, was expiating his offences (against Cassandra) in the habitations of the wicked. Of the barbarians, the elder and the younger Cyrus, the scythian Anacharsis, the thracian Zamolxis, and the italian Numa. There were also Lycurgus of Sparta, and Phocion and Tellus ‡, the Athenians, and the seven sages, excepting Periander §. I likewise saw Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus, engaged just then in conversation with Nestor and Palamedes. He had with him Hyacinthus, Narcissus and Hylas, together with several other youths, renowned for their personal beauty; I was however from several circumstances convinced that the first was his particular favourite. It was even said, that Rhadamanthus was not very

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\* A famous citharædus of antiquity.

† See the note on the Defence of the Portraits, vol. i. p. 717.

‡ See the Charon, in vol. i. p. 371.

§ I suppose, because, having ruled the Corinthians (as they required) with tolerable severity, they reported so much evil of him after his death, that he fell under the imputation with posterity of having been a cruel tyrant.

well pleased with him, and had frequently threatened to turn him out of the island, if he did not leave off his idle manner of jesting and his habit of irony. Of the other philosophers, Plato alone was not there: he resides, I was told, in a republic of his own contrivance, and lives under a constitution and laws, which himself has given it.

Those of them, held in the highest estimation here, were Aristippus and Epicurus, a couple of pleasant and spirited characters and the most convivial men in the world. Likewise Æsop, the Phrygian, is there, and plays the merryandrew among them. But Diogenes of Sinope has so conspicuously changed his manners, that he has taken the hetære Lais to wife. He is not unfrequently overtaken by liquor, and at such times begins to dance about the room, and plays a thousand unbecoming pranks, and nothing comes amiss to him in his intoxication. Of the stoics, there are none: it is said, they still continue to climb their steep ascent of virtue. Of Chrysippus we heard say, that he would not be permitted to enter the island, till he had undergone a fourth course of hellebore. The academics, I was informed, were very desirous of coming in, but they stood hesitating and demurring about the matter; for they could not yet convince themselves, that there was anywhere such an island as this in the world. I suppose they were fearful to come under the judgment of Rhadamanthus, who would scarcely take it well, that they want to wrench out of his hand the very instrument, without which no judgment is possible\*. However, it is pretended, that many of their adherents, made an effort to follow those who were coming into the island, but had not courage and resolution to persevere, and turned about at half way.

These are all the men of note that I came in sight of there. Achilles is held in the greatest honour among them, and next to him Theseus.

With regard to the mysteries of Venus, I will say nothing more of them †, than that on this island they are as public as possible, and transacted with the most unbounded licentiousness. In fact, Socrates was the

\* Lucian plays upon the words *κρίσις* and *κρίσιμον*. The academics denied that there is any certain criterion, whereby we may be convinced whether we judge right or wrong. It is obvious that this must be injurious to Rhadamanthus's profession, and render his office entirely useless; he therefore could not well be indifferent to it.

† Lucian in reality says more of it, or expresses himself at least, after his custom, with a plainness, which in matters of this sort is no merit.

only one, who swore that between him and the lovely pupils, with whom he lived on so familiar a footing, nothing particular passed : but all the rest believed that he swore falsely. Hyacinthus and Narcissus were more frank ; but he pertinaciously denied it all. The women there are all in common, and no man takes exception at it ; and in this respect they are arrant platonists.

When I had spent here two or three days, I accosted the poet Homer, and proposed to him, as neither of us had anything else to do, the usual questions that are thrown out concerning him ; among the others, what countryman he was. He answered : all those worthy persons, who have given themselves so much trouble to make him a Chian or a Smyrnæan or Colophonian, were ill informed ; for he was — a Babylonian \*, and amongst his own countrymen not called Homer, but Tigranes : the name Homer he first got with the Grecians, with whom he lived as a hostage †. I questioned him then concerning the verses, which by the critics are pronounced spurious, whether they were of his making ; and he assured me they were all his own. I perceived accordingly, that the grammarians Zenodotus and Aristarchus, with their frosty criticisms, might as well have let them alone. After having completely satisfied me on these points, I again inquired how he came to begin his poem precisely with the word anger, *μῆνιν* ‡. His answer was : it just then came into his head, without premeditation or choice §. I desired likewise to know, whether he wrote the Odyssey prior to the Iliad, as some affirm. He

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\* It is obvious that Lucian merely designs to banter the micrologists, who make the controversy, concerning the unknown birthplace of the great bard, the subject of entire treatises. A certain Alexander, of Paphos, has even made him an Ægyptian : Lucian pushes him still more distant from Greece, and places him as far off as Babylon.

† A hostage is in greek ὄμηρος.

‡ *Μῆνιν ἀειδεί, θεῶν, &c.*

§ As is the question, so is the answer : and the question for a performance of this nature is not too silly, especially as (like all the absurdities of this true history) they are not without salt. I take it to be a stroke at the micrologists, who from a puerile veneration for Homer, would fain find a mystery couched in almost every word of his poems, or at least attempt to discover a reason for it. For that Lucian by this question and answer would give us to understand that Homer composed his Iliad without plan and appropriate connexion, and that it was not, till long after him, patched together by people without judgment, like a beggar's cloak ; that such a man as Lucian, I say, should let such a thing escape him only (as Du Soul supposes) as a dull joke, is not to be believed.

said: no. That he was not blind, as is likewise generally reported, I was convinced at first sight, for he saw as well as anybody, and I had therefore no occasion to put the question. I took the liberty of going up to him frequently, whenever I found him disengaged, and interrogated him concerning one particular or another, and he always answered me with the utmost complacency; especially after having gained his process. For Thersites had preferred an action of libel against him, for having scandalously made such a ludicrous figure of him in his poem; but Homer, who was befriended in his defence by Ulysses, came off victorious, and the plaintiff was condemned to silence.

About this time likewise Pythagoras arrived in the island, his soul having at last accomplished its transmigrations: for it had seven times returned to life, always in the form of a different animal. On the right side he was entirely of gold. To his admission no objection whatever was made; only it could not be decided whether he should be called Pythagoras or Euphorbus. Presently after Empedocles also appeared, with his body completely roasted, and covered all over with blisters: he was however, notwithstanding his importunate intreaties, refused admittance.

Not long after, the public games came on, which by them are styled Thanatusia. The judges were Achilles and Theseus, for the seventh time. To describe minutely all that passed here, would be tedious: I shall therefore only touch upon the principal points. The prize in wrestling was won by Carus, a descendant of Hercules\*. His antagonist was Ulysses, of whom the greatest expectations had been formed. In boxing, the victory remained undecided between the ægyptian Areius, who lies buried at Corinth, and Epeius †, they were so equally matched. For the pancratiasts no prize was here proposed. Who it was that got the best in running I cannot now recollect. Among the poets, Homer without question had the advantage by far, and yet Hesiod obtained the prize ‡.

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\* Of whom however nobody pretends to know anything. Might not Lucian perchance have studiously created him, in the malicious design of teasing the Palmers and Gronoviuses who would hereafter puzzle their brains to discover whence this Carus came, and whether he was not called Caranus, or Caprus?

† See Iliad, xxiii. 664 & seq.

‡ This unquestionably refers to the tales from the homerican legendary, which Plutarch in his Symposiacs relates of the seven wise men, concerning a contest that happened between the two

This for all the conquerors was a crown artificially wove of the plumes of peacocks.

The games were hardly over, when news came that the damned crew, who were suffering punishment in hell, had broke loose, had overpowered their jailers, and, headed by Phalaris of Agrigentum, king Busiris, Diomedes from Thrace, and those notorious robbers Sciron and Pityocampes, were in full march against the island. On receiving this intelligence Rhadamanthus despatched immediately the heroes, under the orders of Theseus, Achilles, and Ajax Telamonius, who in the mean time had recovered his senses, to the coast. Here they came to an engagement, in which the heroes obtained a complete victory, for which they were mostly indebted to the glorious exploits of Achilles. Socrates also, who fought in the right wing, behaved much better on this occasion than during his lifetime at the battle near Delium. For at this time he did not shew his back to the enemy. Wherefore, as a reward for his bravery, a fine and spacious pleasure-garden was set out for him in the suburbs. Here it was that he afterwards used to hold learned conferences with his friends, and he named this garden the Necracademy \*. The vanquished were all taken prisoners, and sent back to their places, bound, to be punished still more severely. This fight was also sung by Homer, who at my departure gave me a copy of his verses for the people in our world: but it was my misfortune to lose it, as I did many other things that I intended to bring away with me. The poem began, as I remember, with this line:

Sing, muse, the battle the dead heroes fought.

Peace being happily restored, arrangements were made for a general feast in celebration of the victory, at which by immemorial custom nothing but boiled beans were served up. It was a grand entertainment, in which every one took part, Pythagoras alone excepted, who from abhorrence to beans, retired as far as he could from the rest, sat aloof, and chose rather to fast.

Six months had now elapsed of the sojourn conceded to us on this

poets (whom the legend makes contemporaries) at Chalcis, at the commemorative games which king Amphidamas gave annually in honour of his sons, and where the prize is adjudicated to Hesiod for a very invalid reason.

\* Academy of the dead.

island, when about the middle of the seventh somewhat of a novel kind ensued. A certain Cinyrus, Skintharus's son, a tall, handsome young fellow, had long been in love with Helena; and it might plainly be perceived, that she no less fondly doted upon him: for they would still be winking and nodding and drinking to one another across the table, and while the rest of the company kept their seats, frequently rose up and walked together arm in arm in the neighbouring wood. At length the violence of passion in Cinyrus increased to such a pitch, that, not knowing what course to take, he formed the resolution of running away with his fair-one, to one of the adjacent islands, either to Phello or Tyroëssa. The lady was as complying as he could wish, and they had some time since drawn three of my companions, men of resolution and secrecy, into the plot. Cinyrus, you may believe, intimated nothing of it to his father, well knowing that he would have dissuaded him from his attempt. At last, thinking they had found the favourable moment for the execution of their project, one fine night, when I was out of the way (for I had fallen asleep as usual after supper) they privately moved off, and conveyed Helena on ship-board as fast as they could.

Menelaus, waking about midnight, and finding his wife's place in the bed empty, set up a vehement outcry; and, calling up his brother Agamemnon, ran furiously to the palace of Rhadamanthus\*. As soon as day appeared, the scouts brought word, that they had descried a ship, which by that time was got a great way out to sea. Rhadamanthus without more delay manned a bark, made entirely of one piece of timber, of asphodil wood, with fifty heroes, to go in pursuit of the fugitives; who

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\* Massieu seems here to have accused our author without sufficient reason of having forgot, that he had shortly before affirmed that among the inhabitants of the blissful island the women were in common, and that they knew nothing about jealousy. Whereas it appears to me, that Lucian makes his blessed in this particular genuine and consistent platonists. The crime of Cinyrus and fair Helen consisted not in their walking sometimes arm in arm in the grove, &c. but in the violence of their passion, and in the determination of Cinyrus to possess alone and exclusively the wife of Menelaus, which was contrary, not only to the marriage right of Menelaus, but to the abovementioned law of the island, and merited a heavier punishment, the greater the liberty was, which the law and the habitual dispositions of the inhabitants allowed to both sexes.

rowed so hard, that they overtook them about noon, just when they were entering the milky sea and making for the Cheese-island; so nearly had they effected their escape. The pursuers then fastened a rosy-chain to the vessel of the fugitives, and brought it back again into port. Poor Helena wept bitterly, and blushed and hid her face with her veil: but Cinyrus and his accomplices, after being interrogated by Rhadamanthus, whether there were any more in the conspiracy, and being answered in the negative, were first scourged with mallows, and then tied by the waist, and sent to the place of the wicked.

It was now decreed that we should immediately quit the island, although the time prefixed was not yet run out; and we were allowed only till the next day to make the necessary preparations for our departure. This grieved me not a little, and I could not refrain from weeping bitterly, on thinking of the pleasant life I had led here, and on the dangers and disasters to which I must now again be exposed. They however comforted me all they could, by assuring me, that before many years were passed I should be with them again. They even shewed me the couch and the place at the table, prepared for me hereafter near the best of them. Hereupon I addressed myself to Rhadamanthus, humbly beseeching him to inform me of my future fortunes, and how I should steer my course. His answer was, that after wandering about a long time and suffering many toils and dangers I should at last revisit my native country: the time however of my reaching home he would not reveal to me; but, shewing me the adjacent islands, which were five in number; and a sixth a little further off, he said, these five in which you see the greatest masses of fire burning, are the abode of the wicked. The sixth is the land of dreams; and next to that lies the island of Calypso, which however you cannot see from hence. When you shall have passed these islands, you will meet with an extensive continent, over against your own: and after you have undergone in it many hardships, traversed several nations, and dwelt with barbarous men, you will at length attain to the other continent.

Having said this, he plucked a root of mallows out of the ground, and put it into my hand, bidding me in my greatest perils to make my prayers to it; and admonishing me at the same time, when I should be arrived.

in that country, never to stir the fire with a sword, nor to have anything to do with people turned of eighteen\*. By keeping these rules constantly in mind, I might cherish the hope of returning hereafter to that island.

The remainder of the day I employed in making arrangements for my intended voyage, and feasted once at the usual time with the heroes. The next morning I begged Homer to compose one distich at parting, for me to carve as the inscription on a little pillar I purposed to erect as a memorial near the harbour. The couplet ran thus :

Dear to the gods, Lucian did once attain  
To view these scenes, and then go home again.

I staid this day, and the next took my departure, accompanied by all the heroes, from their island. At taking my leave, Ulysses drew me aside, and slipped into my hand a letter, which Penelope was to know nothing of, to Calypso; which I should deliver on my arrival at Ogygia. Rhadamanthus had taken the precaution to send with me the ferryman Nauplius; that in case we should be driven on the neighbouring islands, he might prevent our being taken into custody, by testifying that we were sailing that way on different affairs.

No sooner had we proceeded beyond the odoriferous air of the happy island, but we came into a stinking fog, as if arising from a horrid compound of burning asphaltus, brimstone and pitch, and a still worse, absolutely intolerable smell, as if men were broiling: the atmosphere was dark and murky, continually letting fall a bituminous kind of dew. With this we heard the strokes of whips, and the frightful yell of men in torment.

We went ashore on but one of these islands; I can therefore only give you some account of that. The whole island is surrounded by one continued, steep, sharp, craggy, parched rock, on which neither tree nor water was

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\* It scarcely needs suggesting, that Lucian here satirises the pythagorean symbols, as they are styled, collected by Jamblichus, among which were these two, *Poke not thy sword into the fire!* and, *Abstain from horse-beans*. This however may be left to the admirers of the *philosophia occulta* for farther reflection, whether he did not make the third condition, under which Rhadamanthus gave him the hope of a return to the island of the Blessed, the key to the two pythagorean enigmatical sentences.

to be seen. With extreme difficulty we crawled up the precipitous cliff; and, after scrambling our way along a narrow footpath overgrown with brambles, thorns and prickly briars, through a dreary country, growing more horrible at every step, we came at last to the dungeons and place where the damned are tormented. Here we were first struck with wonder at the nature and soil of the district; for on all sides, instead of flowers, we beheld swords and daggers springing up from the ground. It is encompassed by three rivers. The outer one of mire, the second of blood and the third of fire. This last is very broad, streaming like water, and rolling, and heaving its waves like a sea; it likewise abounds with fishes, some of which look like large firebrands, others smaller and resembling glowing coals\*.

There is but one pass across all these rivers, and that a very narrow one, at the entrance whereof Timon stands door-keeper. Having Nauplius for our guide, however, we succeeded in getting in, and beheld a great number both of kings and private persons undergoing punishment, several of whom we knew. Among others we saw poor Cinyrus, hanging up by the waist over a fire, smoke-dried. Those that conducted us round the place, acquainted us with the history of these unhappy wretches, and the crimes for which they were punished. The severest chastisements are inflicted on liars, particularly historians who have wrote untruly; among whom I observed Clesias and Herodotus, and many more. The sight of these inspired me with good hopes of my own fate hereafter; as, heaven be praised! I am not conscious of having told one lie †.

Unable longer to endure so lamentable a spectacle, I hastened back to my ship, having first taken leave of Nauplius. We had not long proceeded on our course, before we espied the island of dreams; but so obscurely, as scarcely to be distinguished, notwithstanding we had got up so close to it. This island possesses one property, whereby it is almost

\* The text here adds: *ικάλων δὲ αὐτῶν λυχνίσκους*, here called *lychnisces*; a word importing something like a diminutive of lamps, or candlesticks, or links.

† In fact those only are culpable lies, which are intended to be imposed on simple-minded people for truth: and of that sin a liar can scarcely be more clear than the author of this True History.

itself a dream ; it continually receded from us, and seemed still farther off the nearer we approached it. At last however we were so fortunate as to gain our point, and ran into the harbour called Hypnos. It was now about the last gleam of the evening twilight, when we landed at a short distance from the temple of Alectryo. On entering the gate we saw a swarm of dreams of sundry descriptions fluttering about the streets. — But, I must first of all say somewhat of the city, as it has been described by no other, Homer being the only one that has touched upon it, and that very superficially\*.

A thick forest runs round the whole island, the trees whereof it consists are poppies and mandragoras of extraordinary height, haunted by an infinite number of bats, as the only birds to be seen. Near the city flows a river denominated by them Nyctiporos †, and not far from the gates, are two wells, the one named Negretos ‡, and the other Pannychia §. The city is environed by a high wall, displaying all the colours of the rainbow. It has not, as Homer says, two, but four gates, two fronting the fields of Insensibility, one made of iron and the other of potter's clay ; through these are said to pass all frightful, sanguinary and cruel dreams : the other two look towards the haven and the sea, one being of horn ; and the other, by which we entered, constructed of ivory. To the right of that which leads into the city stands the temple of Night : for of all the deities, the greatest honours are paid to Night and to Alectryo. The latter has his temple contiguous to the haven. On the left hand is the palace of Sleep, for he is their king, having two satraps or viceroys under him, Taraxio, the son of Matæogenes, and Plutocles, Phantasio's son ||. In the center of the market-place is a well, by them called Sleepdrench, and hard by two temples, one dedicated to Deceit and the other to Truth.

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\* Odys. xix. 560, & seq.

† Nightwalker.

‡ The Unawakable.

§ The whole night through.

|| These speaking names it is possible some member of the frugiferous society might interpret at a venture by Frighter, Vainwolf, and Pursepride, Chatterbox's son. It must be owned that to us modern readers this affected wit, these idle personifications, this affectation of speaking names, &c. appear unspeakably frigid. I suppose they would have been found so at Athens between the 90th and 116th olympiads, though it cannot be denied, that even Aristophanes is not entirely free from suchlike puerilities. — The society above-mentioned was a club of poets in Germany, who styled themselves the Frugiferous Society.

They have also here an oracle, the manager and prophet whereof, named Antipho, is employed in interpreting dreams ; an office to which he was preferred immediately by Sleep\*.

As touching the dreams themselves, they are of very different natures and modifications : some shew themselves large, gay and lovely ; others little and ugly ; some to all appearance pure gold, others of inferior, or even of no value. Several of them had wings and a variety of grotesque shapes ; others were dressed and decorated, as for a holiday procession, personating gods or kings and such like. Many of them reminded me of having seen them formerly at home. These came up to us, greeted us as old acquaintances, entertained us, after lulling us asleep, in the most sumptuous manner, and even promised to make us kings and great lords. Some of them conveyed us severally to his own country, shewed us our relatives and friends, and brought us back again the same day. Thus thirty days and as many nights slid away in luxurious dreams on this island. At last, suddenly roused by a loud clap of thunder, we sprang up, provisioned † our ship, and took to sea again.

On the third day we landed on the island Ogygia. But, ere I delivered the letter I had with me for Calypso, I resolved to know what it contained, and broke it open. It ran as follows :

“ Ulysses to Calypso ; greeting. I avail myself of this favourable opportunity to inform you, that soon after my departure from your coasts in the little vessel I put together myself, I had the ill fortune to be wrecked, and owe the preservation of my life entirely to Leucothea, who conveyed me to the shore of Phæacia, from whence I got home ; where I found my wife besieged by a crew of suitors, who were revelling luxuriously at my expense. I killed them all ; but was afterwards put to death myself by Telegonus, a son whom I had by Circe, and now reside in the island of the Blessed ; where I have leisure enough to repent of leaving the pleasant life I led with you, and rejecting the immortality you offered me. As soon therefore as I can find opportunity, I will endeavour to escape hence, and return to you.”

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\* This perhaps was levelled at some dream-expounder of that time, to us no longer known.

† From the island of Dreams !

Such were the contents of the letter. In a postscript he begged her to give us a kind reception. I had not far to go from the point where I landed, to the grotto, which I found exactly to answer the description given of it by Homer, and in it the goddess busily employed at her loom. She took the letter, put it into her bosom, and gave full scope to her tears. But recomposing herself, she invited us to table, where she entertained us magnificently, and talked much concerning Ulysses, and put several questions to us with regard to Penelope; as how she looked, and whether she was actually such a picture of virtue, as Ulysses had boasted of her. To which we gave such answers as we supposed would be most agreeable to her; and then returned to our ship, where we passed the night close in with the strand.

The next morning we hoisted sail with a pretty brisk gale, were during a couple of days tossed about by a storm, which on the third drove us among the Colocynthopirates, a sort of savages, who, issuing from the neighbouring islands, commit depredations on all that fall in their way. Their ships are huge hollowed gourds, about six ells in length; their masts are reeds, and their sails made of the gourd-leaves. These pirates bore down directly upon us with two cruizers well-manned, and overwhelmed us with a shower of gourd-grains, instead of stones, by which many of us were wounded. After fighting however a good while, with equal fortune on both sides, about noon we perceived some Caryonautes\* coming up in the rear of the Colocynthopirates, who, as it presently appeared, were their enemies. For, no sooner were the latter aware of their approach, than they forsook us, turned about and bore up to the Caryonautes, and a furious battle commenced. In the mean time we hoisted sail and sheered off, leaving them to decide the quarrel between themselves. We had no doubt however that the Caryonautes, who were superior to them in the number of ships, would have the better of the day: especially as their vessels were stronger built than those of the enemy; theirs being only halves of nutshells, each of them fifteen paces in length. When we were got out of sight, our first care was to look after our wounded men, and from that time forward went no more unarmed, for

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\* Nutsailors.

fear of being surprised by a sudden attack from one quarter or another; and good cause we had so to do, as it shortly after appeared. For the sun was not yet quite gone down, when from a desert island, by which we were sailing, some twenty men came riding towards us upon monstrous huge dolphins. These also were pirates. Their dolphins carried them as safely as they could desire, and neighed and pranced like a spirited horse. When these savages were come up to us, they ranged themselves on both sides of our ship, and threw at us dried cuttle-fishes and crab's eyes. But we, attacking them with arrows and darts, returned the compliment with such effect, that they did not tarry long, but fled, most of them wounded, to their island.

About midnight, the sea being very calm, we unawares fell foul of a prodigious large halcyon's nest, which might be in compass about sixty stadia\*. The halcyon happened then to be sitting on her eggs, and was not much less in bulk than her nest. As she took flight, she was very near over-setting our ship by the wind of her wings. As she flew away she made a most doleful cry. As soon as it was day, we got out for the purpose of inspecting the nest, which we found to be built entirely of trees wattled, and resembling a huge float. In it were fifty eggs, each larger than a ton of Chios measure, and the young birds were already visible, and could be distinctly heard chirping within. We cut open one of these eggs with the carpenter's axe, and drew out the unfledged young one, which was stronger than twenty vultures.

We had not sailed more than two hundred stadia from the nest, when we were surprised with several strange and exceedingly amazing prodigies. The goose † which ornamented the prow of our ship suddenly began flapping its wings, and cackled aloud. Our steersman Skintharus, whose pate was as bald as the palm of the hand, instantaneously recovered his fine head of hair; and, what was more wonderful than all the rest, our mast began to sprout, put out branches, and at the main top bore figs, and clusters of grapes, though not yet quite ripe. You may imagine how greatly we were astonished at this sight, and how fervently we

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\* M. Massieu here again makes sixty into six hundred; as if sixty stadia (about five and thirty miles) in circumference was not already a pretty good size for a king-fisher's nest.

† Meaning the carved head.

prayed the gods, to avert the calamity from us, of which that might be the omen.

Proceeding on, before we had gone five hundred stadia farther, we descried a vast and thick forest of pines and cypresses. At first we took it for firm land; but it was a deep sea, planted with trees that had no roots. Notwithstanding which the trees stood upright and immoveable, or seemed rather floating towards us. On making up to it, in order to survey it accurately, and, finding how matters stood, we were at a loss to know what measures to take. To succeed in getting through the trees, that was altogether impossible, they stood so thick, and grew so close together; and to turn about seemed not advisable. I therefore climbed up the tallest of these trees, in order to look about me on all sides to discover, if I could, what was beyond it; and perceived that the wood extended fifty stadia and more, and then appeared another ocean to receive us. Wherefore it occurred all at once to me to hoist our ship on the tops of the trees, which were uncommonly thick, and drag it, if possible, over them into the sea beyond. No sooner thought of than done. We fastened to our ship a strong rope, got up the trees, and drew it, though with immense labour, up to us; then settling it on the topmost boughs \*, we spread all sails, and sailed with a fair brisk gale behind us, as commodiously as if we were still on the water †. When we had at length got

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\* Josephus Acosta, *lib. iv. Hist. Ind. cap. 30*, has a passage almost, if not altogether as surprising. Thus it is in his own words: One of my companions, a man worthy of belief, told us, that, being strangely lost and bewildered in the mountains, not knowing which way to take, or whither to go, he found the bushes so thick, that he was forced to walk upon them, without so much as setting his foot once upon the ground for the space of fifteen days together; and that, if at any time he was minded to see the sun or to find out the way in this vast forest that was so overgrown with trees, he was forced to climb to the tops of the tallest of them; to discover the road.

† The greek text here adds: at this time a verse of the poet Antimachus occurred to my mind, where he says: *τοῖσιν δ' ὑλήεσσα διὰ πλόον ἱρχομένοισι*. In translating it is not necessary to bring in such an irrelevant line in the midst of a sentence from a poem no longer extant. However, it literally amounts to "while they were thus proceeding amidst the woody fleet," (they met with this or that). The latin translator, I cannot exactly tell why, renders it: *per sylvestre illis navi venientibus equor*, probably to make the joke of our voyager in the *ὑλήεσσα πλόον* more conspicuous. I thought it best rather to omit entirely this trifle which only detains the english reader, and contains not a grain of salt for his use. Moreover, as to the poet An-

over the wood, we came again upon the sea, let fall our ship, and proceeded through crystalline pellucid water, till we were forced to stop by a vast gulph, formed by a fissure of the water, and was somewhat of a similar kind with what on land is called a chasm, or great cleft made by an earthquake or other means. We came so suddenly upon the brim, that the vessel narrowly escaped tumbling into this abyss, which would infallibly have been the case, if we had not struck sail at that instant. On stooping down to look into it, we beheld a depth of a thousand stadia at least, at which we were all lost in amazement. Casting our eyes to the right however, we perceived at a distance an aquatic bridge, thrown over this abyss, which joined the sea on this side and on the other together. Plying our oars therefore with all our might, we brought up our vessel to this bridge, and, what we could not have ventured to hope, happily, though with unspeakable labour, got her over.

We now found ourselves in a smooth sea, and came to a small, very accessible, and inhabited island; but its inhabitants were savages, having the heads and horns of oxen, as the minotaur is usually seen in pictures; whence I suppose they have obtained the name of Oxheads\*. As soon as we could get on shore, we went to fill our water-casks, and if possible get something to eat, for our provisions were all spent. Water we found soon enough, but could see nothing to encourage our hopes of finding victuals, only we heard not far off a lowing that seemed to proceed from a numerous drove of horned cattle. As however in that expectation, we went on a little farther, we saw before us a species of men. They no

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timachus, from whose epic poem, the Thebais, the extract seems to be taken, he lived in the era of Pericles; and Plato in his youth had seen him as an old man. This poetical philosopher prized his work so highly, that he sent a messenger express to Colophon or to Claros (where Antimachus was born) to collect there all he could procure of his poems. Quintilian assigns to him the second place among his heroic poets, and the emperor Hadrian (whose taste was not always the most correct) ranks him even above Homer, and actually, it is said, adopted the design of exterminating entirely the work of the divine bard, in behalf of his favourite, — which it is to be hoped his imperial majesty had not seriously in view. Notwithstanding that he is censured by the antients for being inflated, it may be conjectured from the estimation in which he was held by such men as Plato and Quintilian, that the loss of his Thebais is an incident not indifferent to literature.

\* Bucephalians.

sooner espied us, than they fell upon us, and seized three of our men; the rest of us fled toward the sea. But not being disposed to leave our comrades in the lurch unrevenged, in a body we armed ourselves, and made a fierce onset on the Bucephalians, whom we found in the act of dividing the flesh of our slaughtered companions. We however struck such a terror into them, that they all scampered away. We pursued them, killed about fifty of their number, took two alive, and so we returned with our prisoners. But food we could find none. Some earnestly recommended the slaying of our captives: I however did not approve of it, but resolved to keep them in safe custody till the elders of the Bucephalians should be inclined to ransom them. It presently appeared that I was in the right; for they came to us, and we quickly understood by the nodding of their heads, and the melancholy supplicating tone of their lowing, what their business was. We entered therefore into a sort of treaty with them; they stipulating to give us, by way of ransom, a quantity of cheese, onions, and dried fish, together with four three-legged stags; that is, having the hind-legs like others, but the two fore-legs grown together in one. Upon these conditions we gave back the prisoners; and, after staying there one day more, we took our departure, and proceeded on our voyage.

We now observed fish of various descriptions swimming about us, and birds flying over our heads, in short, all the other tokens appeared to us, whence it is customary to infer that land is nigh. In a very little time after, we saw men navigating after a new fashion; for they were themselves at once both ship and sailor. Their contrivance is this. The man lays himself flat on his back upon the water, then erects his middle mast\*, fastens a sail to it, holding the rope at the lower end of it in his hand, and thus sails before the wind. After them came others, sitting upon large pieces of cork, and drawn by a pair of harnessed dolphins, which they managed by the bit and bridle. These people never offered us any injury, nor fled from us, but passed along quietly, without fear, wondering at the shape of our vessel, as they examined it on all sides.

In the evening we landed on a small island, inhabited only by women, who I think spoke greek. These two came to us, took us by the hand, and kindly bade us welcome. They were all handsome, young, attired in

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\* Lucian says: *δρεθώσαντες τὰ αἰδοῖα, (μεγάλα δὲ φέρουσι) ἐξ αὐτῶν ὀβόνην πετάσαντες, &c.*

the hetærean fashion, and wore long robes training on the ground. We understood from them, that their island is named Cabalusa, and their city Hydamardia \*. These ladies were presently so familiar with us, that each took one of us home with her, desiring him to be her guest. I for my part kept a little upon the reserve, because with all these flattering appearances, I apprehended that no good would come of it; and, on looking more carefully about, I discovered a quantity of human bones and skulls lying scattered here and there. On this discovery, to raise a cry, call my companions together, and take to our arms, I judged not prudent: but, drawing out my mallow, I made my earnest prayers thereto, to be delivered out of all impending perils. Within a while after, when my kind hostess came to wait upon me, I found out that she had not the feet of a woman, but the hoofs of an ass. I immediately rushed upon her with my drawn sword, overpowered her, bound her, and insisted upon her answering the several questions I should propose to her. Upon which, she confessed, though reluctantly enough, that they were a sort of merwomen, denominated Asslegs †, and fed upon the strangers that fell into their hands. For, said she, when we have once made them drunk, and lulled them asleep in our arms, it is presently all over with them. I, hearing this, left her bound upon the place where she was, ran up to the roof of the house; where I made an outcry, called all my companions together, acquainted them with everything, shewed them the human bones, and conducted them to my prisoner. But before we could be aware, she dissolved into water, and vanished out of sight. However, to try what would come of it, I thrust my sword into the water, and it was instantly turned into blood.

Nothing now was left for us, but to make what haste we could to our ship, and sail away directly. When the day again began to appear, we got sight of the main land, and immediately guessed it to be that directly opposite to our continent. The first thing we did was to fall on our knees, and say our prayers. We next consulted what course to take. Some judged it expedient to make a short landing, and then turn back

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\* Interpreters have in vain tormented themselves to find out the true import of these barbarous greek names. Perhaps they have been distorted by the transcriber, and perhaps not. The best course therefore we can take perhaps is — not to care about them.

† Onoskelians.

again ; others judged it best to quit the ship, venture up the country, and try what the inhabitants would do. While we were thus debating, some advising one thing and some another, a tremendous storm arose, which drove our vessel with such violence against the coast, that it went to pieces, and it was with much ado we all swam to land with our arms, every man catching whatever he could lay hands on.

These then are all the occurrences that befell me, till my arrival in that other part of the world on the ocean, and during my passage through the islands, and in the air, then in the whale's belly, and after we got out of it, with the heroes, and among the dreams, and lastly among the Ox-heads and the Asslegs. What next ensued upon the firm land, I shall give a circumstantial account of in the following books \*.

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\* It is highly proper, that a history, made up entirely of lies, should conclude with a promise which the author intends never to keep. To our readers however who have now experienced for themselves the delightful fascination of this singular composition, and in particular to young poets, I would recommend a closer examination, where the talisman lies that produces this wonderful effect. They will find that more art is concealed in this frolic of an extravagant, and to all appearance, lawless imagination, than would be supposed on a cursory view. Without forestalling their own reflexions, I would only make these few observations.

1. Lucian keeps his reader in continual expectation of being surprised by somewhat new, still more romantic than the foregoing : and enhances the pleasure arising from the marvellousness of the event itself, by the astonishment at the energy and audacity of the imagination which is the creator of such strange unheard of matters.
2. The unaffected simplicity with which he relates these events imposes upon the imagination of the reader by this, that the narrator appears to believe them himself, and even renders them, for a moment, the more credible, because in spite of their impossibility, they are represented to him as having actually happened, and standing before his eyes.
3. The more unnatural the creatures of his brain, and the visionary incidents which he relates, the more easily does he get over them ; the most astonishing is always that which astonishes himself the least, and which he speaks of in so easy and negligent an air, as if it were a matter of daily occurrence.
4. He never detains us so long with any one scene of his magic lantern, as to render it tiresome, and on one amazing or absurd occurrence, he makes another still more amazing and insane, succeed so rapidly, that we have not time to observe the illusion. Add to this the great diversity of the fictions, the agreeable alternation of tragic and comic, of lovely and hideous images and scenes, the frequent allusions, and satirical strokes, with which the second book in particular is seasoned, and, to sum up all, the graceful sprightliness of the style, and the sportive humour and versatility of the genius, that seems to have produced all this, without any the least effort : and thus, I think the problem, how such a frivolous little piece can create so much amusement to readers of intelligence and taste, is satisfactorily solved. To penetrate deeper into this matter, forms no part of our present design.

LUCIUS;  
OR  
THE INCHANTED ASS.

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ONCE took a journey to Thessaly, to settle some money matters, on my father's account, with a man who resided there. One horse carried

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LUCIUS. It is the general opinion of the learned, that this piece, which in the MSS bears the title *Λέκιος ἢ ὄνος*, is an abstract of a larger work composed by a certain Lucius of Patræ, agreeable to the statement of Photius, numb. 242 of his *Microbiblos*, under the title of *Μίλαμος-Φώστως λόγοι διάφοροι*, in two books, and from which Apuleius, a contemporary of Lucian, brought out his *Golden Ass*, though upon a totally different plan, and with many alterations, additions and episodes, in eleven books. It is surprizing and almost inconceivable that a man of Lucian's excellent endowments should have taken it into his head to steal from such a one as Lucius of Patræ, a Milesian fable composed by him, copy it word for word, and give it out for his own performance, without having done anything more than abridging the purloined work. On whichever side we view the affair, we shall find it more than improbable. The shortest way of getting out of the difficulty would be indeed, with Tanaquil Faber, peremptorily to deny that Lucian wrote this asinine history. For that however there is not in the work itself the slightest foundation, but exactly the reverse. Luckily there is yet another method for exculpating our author from the imputation of such a barefaced plagiary: as it would however be too diffuse for a note, I shall subjoin the result of my investigation into the subject in a separate little supplement to the present article. Respecting the subject and the obscene passages in it, I cannot do better than express my sentiments in the words of Dr. Franklin. "Lucian's Ass," he observes, "has, to do him justice, a good deal of mirth and entertainment about him; but, as it is the nature of the beast to be sometimes lewd and skittish, I was obliged (to use his own phrase) to dock him a little, before he could be properly introduced to modest company. Curtailed however as he is, the reader will find him no disagreeable companion. The Golden Ass

both me and my baggage, and one servant followed me on foot\*. On the road we fell in with a party of Thessalians of Hypata, who were returning to their country. We agreed to travel in company, and so beguile the tediousness of the journey. When we were come near the city, I inquired of my Thessalians, whether they were acquainted with a certain inhabitant of Hypata named Hipparchus†. For to that person I had letters of recommendation from home, in pursuance of which I hoped for the benefit of lodging at his house. To which they answered: yes, they knew perfectly well both the Hipparchus I meant and the part of the town where he dwelt; adding, that he had great store of money, but was always so greedy of accumulation, and was so great a foe to expense, that his whole household consisted of a wife and one maid. By this time we had reached the city. My companions, shewing me a garden inclosed by a wall, with a small but neat house, where Hipparchus lived, took leave of me and went their way. They being gone, I knocked at the door. After waiting some time and knocking more than once, the wife at last ‡

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of Apuleius, spun out to an immoderate length, is apparently founded on the idea of this metamorphosis, which has likewise suggested a number of adventures of the like nature to several modern writers."—I shall only observe, by the way, that of all Lucian's writings none have suffered under the hand of the transcribers more than this poor ass. I am not learned enough to enable me to restore the whole text; but having at least a nose (as the Latins speak) I have made no scruple to follow it wherever it scented a falsification of the original; as also my eyes when I thought I saw a manifest chasm.

\* Ἰστος δὲ με καθῆγι. I am not able so decide whether or not it was right to correct in Longus σὺ δ' ἐμέ, instead of σὺ δὲ με, as the MSS have it. I perceive everywhere in Lucian σὺ δὲ με, τί δὲ με, οὐδὲν δὲ με, ὁ δὲ μοι, and, a few pages lower down, οἱ δὲ με. Καθῆγι for ἐκόμζει is an expression not very common. He employs καταγωγή in a sense nearly similar.

† Οἰκουῖλα ἐς τὰ Ἵπατα. A poetical phrase. Sophocles in the Ajax, ἴμοι μὲν ἀρεῖ τῶτον: on which the scholiast, ποιητικῶς εἰρηλαί ἀντὶ τῆ ἐν δόμοις. The Lexicon of St. Germain, πᾶς ἡμᾶς οἰεῖ, ἀντὶ τῆ πᾶς ἡμῶν, Ἄλιξις φιλαθηναίῳ. Herodotus, ὁ δὲ ἐς τὴν Μίλητον ἦν. It is certain that ἐς for ἐν is not used in common language; and when Plato says, in the Banquet, Ἀληθεῖς εἰς τὰς Ἑλλήνας ἰθαλήσασα μόνη ὑπὲρ τῶ ἀνδρῶς ἀποθανόντων, he speaks poetically, as his manner is. Thus again, ἰλλόγιμος ἐς τὰς Ἑλλήνας, ἰκαινούμενος ἐς ἀνθρώπους, πλύων ἐς τὸ φεῖας, λῦσθαι ἐς τὰς λελῆστας, ἐς τὰ ἐκὰ θύων, are antique and poetical phrases, but sometimes found in the flattest prose; for it is in the character of bad writers to confound all styles.

‡ Ἵπάρχουσι, opened the door. Ἵπαινούσαι is said of those within, who open to those without. Though this expression is common, yet the interpreters almost uniformly mistake it. Lucian, Τιμόν, ὃ Θησαυρὶ, ὑπάκουσον Τιμόνι, Treasure, open to Timon. This has not been understood.

made her appearance \*. Is Hipparchus at home? I said. Yes, she replied; but who are you? and what do you want with him? I am the bearer of a letter to him from the sophist Decrianus of Patras. Stay here then till I come back, said she; and, shutting the door in my face, left me standing without. At length she returned and bade me come in. I entered, saluted my man †, and handed him the letter ‡. I found him just ready for supper; reclined on a very small couch, his wife sat by him, and before them stood a little table, but upon it there was nothing to eat. Having read over the letter, he said: that is indeed extremely handsome § of my worthy and celebrated friend Decrianus, to have such confidence in me as to send his friend so unceremoniously to me. My cottage is but small, as you see, dear Lucius: it is big enough however ||

He had aid, a little above, τὸν θησαυρὸν ἐν τῇ γῆ καὶ κλείπτω, ἀνίερχομαι παρ' ὑμᾶς, ἐπισκήψας ἔνδον μέντιν ἐπικλυσάμενον τὴν θύραν, ἀνοίγειν δὲ μηδὲν ἢ μὴ ἱμῶ ἀκρίση βοήσαντος. Theophrastus, Char. αὐτὰι τὴν θύραν τὴν αὐλείαν ὑπακούουσι, they are of those women who open to you the street-door. There needs no alteration here.

\* Μόλις μὲν . . . . δ' ἔν. Μόλις δ' οὖν, ὅμως δ' ἔν, are said. Ὅμως δ' ἔν is a pleonasm, as αὐτὸ πάλιν, ἴαχα ἴσως. For ὅμως and δ' ἔν have the same signification, however, nevertheless, meantime, at any rate; which has not, as far as I know, been remarked by those who have written on the particles. In Phrynichus, ἐκασοῖδ' ἰδιώτης λέγων οὐχ ἀμαρτάνει· λέγει ἔν ὁρθῶς, [read λέγει δ' οὖν ὅμως] ἐπυθῆ, ἐπεὶ τὸ διαιρέμενον ποιητικόν ἐκασοῖδ' is not ill said for a man without learning. However, say ἐπυθῆ. For the other is poetical.

† Παρελθὼν εἶσω. This is one of the favourite expressions of our author. Afterwards, παρελθούσα εἶσω; εἶσω παρελθόμενος; εἶσω παρελθόντες. Phrynichus, ἔνδον εἰσέρχομαι βάεβαρον, ἔνδον γὰρ ἐστὶ, καὶ ἔνδον εἰμὶ δόκιμον, δεῖ ἔν εἶσω παρέρχομαι λέγειν.

‡ Τὰ γράμματα ἐπίδωκα. Antiently they said γράμματα, ἐπιστολὴν ἀποδιδόναι. But Lucian, Diodorus, Herodian, nearly always say γράμματα ἐπιδόναι, and affect these expressions, τὴν κύλικα ἐπιδόναι, ἐπιδώσομεν ἑαυτοὺς τοῖς πρᾶγμασι, putting the composite for the simple, as our author does in saying τὴν χεῖρα ἐπιδόναι; κάδοι ἐπιδώκει; οἶνον ἢ τις ἐπιδῶ; τὸν κῆπον ἐπιδώκει γεωργεῖν; ἐμὲ τοῖς γρᾶσιτάταις ἐπιδώκει.

§ Gr. εὖ ποιεῖ, καὶ θαρρῶν πείμπει. Εὖ ποιεῖ καὶ πείμπει, for εὖ ποιῶν πείμπει, what the grammarians call ἐν δια' δυοῖν. Longus, εἰδὲ σὺ, δέσποτα Διόνυσε, τὰ ἄθλια ταῦτα ἠλέησας ἄνθη οἷς παρῆκεις καὶ ἔβλεπεις, ἀφ' ὧν ἐγεφάνωσα σε πολλάκις καὶ ἰτερόμην. So we should read, after the florentine MS. and the roman editor has done wrong in neglecting that reading, which completes the πᾶρσιον. It is evident that ἄνθη οἷς παρῆκεις καὶ ἔβλεπεις is for ἄνθη ἃ παροικῶν ἔβλεπεις, and in like manner ἐγεφάνωσα καὶ ἰτερόμην for γεφάνωσα καὶ ἰτερόμην.

|| Ἄλλὰ εὐβωμον. With εὐβωμον we must always understand ἐστὶ. As in the dispute between Hercules and Æsculapius, καίτοι εὐβωμον, ὃ Ἡρακλῆς, προκατακλίσειθαί σου τὸν Ἀσκληπίου. It is just, reasonable, that Æsculapius should take precedence.

to entertain a guest ; and you will make a splendid mansion of it, if you will submit to be content with its accommodations. Saying this, he called his maid : Palæstra, said he, shew my friend his bedchamber, and take his things into it; and when you have done that conduct him to the bath; for he has come a long journey, and must be fatigued.

In pursuance of these orders, the girl immediately took me along with her, and shewed me into a very handsome apartment. Here, said she ; this is the bed you are to sleep on; and in this corner I will make up a pallet for your man, and lay a pillow upon it. I gave the girl money to buy oats for my horse, and went into the bath, while she brought in my travelling bag, and disposed its contents in my room. Having finished bathing, I went straight to Hipparchus. He took me by the hand, and bid me sit down beside him \*. The supper was none of the worst, and the wine good and old. When we had done eating, we spent the remainder of the evening, as is customary at the reception of a guest, in drinking and chatting, and then went to rest. Next morning Hipparchus asked me which way I was journeying †, and how many days I designed to stay at Hypata. I am going to Larissa, I answered, and intend to remain here three or four days ‡.

\* Συνανακλίνεσθαι μετ' αὐτῷ. It is very likely that Phrynicus would have approved of this phrase ; he who blames Lysias for having said τὸν παῖδα τὸν ἀκολουθοῦντα μετ' αὐτῷ. And yet we find in the best writers συμπίπτειν, συγκαθεύδειν, συμπολεμεῖν μετὰ τινός.

† Τίς μὲν ἔσται ἢ νῦν μοι ὁδός. Read τίς μὲν ἔσται νῦν μοι ἡ ὁδός. The transcribers who pronounced νῦν μὲν ἡ ὁδός, shocked at the hiatus μὲν ἡ, transposed the article. So they have done in Xenophon, περιπέτρων, ὅταν οἱ πολλοὶ χαλκοτύποι γίνωσται, read ὅταν πολλοὶ οἱ χαλκοτύποι γίνωσται. The copyists have in this manner altered innumerable passages, which the modern iotacism would not permit them to pronounce as they found them wrote in the antient transcripts. For the best writers always studiously sought this rencounter of vowels, which, as Dionysius of Halicarnassus observes, gives a certain antique gravity to the composition. They however avoided the concurrence of the ι, even in the ionian dialect, otherwise abounding in the hiatus. And never would Plato have wrote ἀε' ἐν ἅν τι ὑφελόηι εἰ εἴη μόνον ἡμῖν, if he could have foreseen that a day would arrive when it would be pronounced ὀφελίε εἰ μόνον ἡμῖν: nor in the Phædo, ἰφάνη ἢ ἡ ἰσότης, which at present makes ἰφάνη ι ισότης. This remark is made by M. Courier, and must be a stroke levelled at his countrymen or the Germans or Italians ; our withers are unwrung.

‡ Τριῶν ἢ πέντε ἡμερῶν. They said, τρεῖς ἢ πέντε, δὴ ἢ τέτταρες. But that way of speaking did not extend to other numbers. In english we say eight or ten, ten or twelve ; but we do not say five or seven, three or five, two or four.

This however I did not say in earnest ; for my real intention was, to remain in Hypata till I should have satisfied my curiosity, by finding out one of those women who are skilled in magical arts, and would procure me a sight of some incredible performances, such as a flying man, or one turned into stone, or any other prodigy of a like nature. With my mind engrossed by this spectacle, I sauntered up and down the town, without knowing what course to pursue for obtaining what I sought. In one of my rambles I perceived a young woman \* coming up to me, who, to judge by her appearance, was one of the most wealthy and consequential in the city. For she was magnificently dressed †, sparkling with jewels, and followed by a number of servants. On advancing nearer she saluted me, and said that she was Abroea ‡, whom I had probably heard of, the intimate friend of my mother. The children of my friend, continued she, are no less dear to me than my own. How comes it then, my son, that you did not resort to me? I am very much obliged to you, answered I; but, since I have no reason to complain of the friend who received and entertains me in his house, to quit it in this manner would be nothing less than an affront. However in mind and inclination I shall live with you §, amiable lady. — And where then do you lodge? she asked. — With Hipparchus. — What; with that miser? — Nay, mother, speak not thus, I replied, of one who behaves so hospitably towards me, at least, and in whom I see nothing amiss, but that he makes too much of me. — She smiled, and taking me aside, said: Be on your guard as much as possible against his wife. She is the greatest sorceress in all the country, and withal of such an amorous

\* Γυναικά τινα ἐγὼ προσέβλεπον. Read γυναικά τινα ἐγὼ περιέβλεπον. Aristenet. ep. ix. γυνή τις ἐν ἀγορᾷ ἐβραύεσα. The same elsewhere; γυνή τις παρὴν ἦν ὁ Χαρίδημος πρηνέσσαν [read προέβλεπον] ἰδὼν, πείπιμι παραγωγίσειαι τῆ δέσπυι.

† Ὅσοι ἦν ἐν τῆς ἀδεί συμβαλεῖν, to judge by her train. We find likewise in the antients, ἡ γυναικῶν ἔξοδος, αἱ γυναικῶν ἔξοδοι, to express the luxury of the women in public.

‡ Ἐγὼ Ἄβροειά εἰμι, ἃ τινὰ τῆς μητρὸς φίλον ἀκούεις. Philostratus, in the Sophists, Ἄμφικλῆς ἰγὼ, ἔφη, εἰ δὴ τὸν Καλλιπείαν ἀκούεις. He might as well have said, εἰ τὴν Καλλιπείαν ἀκούεις. Plato, Θίμιτο- κλῆα εἰς ἀκούεις . . . καὶ Περικλέα, ἔ καὶ σὺ ἀκούεις; it is an antique turn of expression, familiar to writers who pride themselves on elegance.

§ Τῆ γυνῆ κατὰγομαι παρὰ σοὶ. Isocrates in the Plataic, τοὺς μὲν εὐμασσο μετ' ἐπίκου ἀκολουθεῖν παυδωλέσσο, τοὺς δὲ γυνῆ μετ' ἡμῶν. St. Chrysostomus, τὸ τραπέζιδον μετ' αὐτῆ τοῦ γυνῆ μετ' ἐρηπίσσο. Bonaparte, letter to Kleber, je serai de cœur avec vous.

temperament that no young man is safe from her. If he does not behave as she would have him, she resents it by means of her art. She has already turned some into beasts; aye, she has entirely destroyed several. You are young, my son, and handsome enough to catch her eyes; besides that, a stranger, and therefore in the greater danger, because more is permitted towards strangers than towards others\*.

On hearing this, and perceiving that what I had long been in search of was to be had at home, I listened to not a word more of all that the good Abroœa said. I broke from her as soon as I could, and, on the way home entered into the following conversation with myself. So then, friend Lucian, if you have indeed such a vehement curiosity for supernatural sights, now collect your scattered thoughts, and contrive some scheme for arriving at the object of your desires. What if you should try your art upon young Palæstra? For the wife of your friendly host must be kept at as great a distance as possible. — By so doing you will have the more leisure for intercourse with the former, — in short, in the embraces of the maid, you will most surely get into the secrets of the mistress. For servants are always the best acquainted with the good and bad qualities of their principals. Thus parlying with myself, I arrived at my lodgings; where I found neither Hipparchus nor his wife at home, but Palæstra alone busily employed in the kitchen, getting ready for us the supper†. There I

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\* The text says: *καὶ ζῆνος, πρῶτα ἐκαταφρόνητοι*, without the least intimation that it was the practice precisely in Thessaly or at Hypata, not to pay much regard to strangers, as both Dr. Francklin and M. Massieu translate this sentence. It is in the nature of the case, that a stranger, as such, everywhere labours under many disadvantages, especially if he happen to be engaged with dangerous characters.

† ἡ δὲ ὁσφὺς ἡμῖν ἐπικινεῖται. Lucian, Nigrinus, *ἐκὼν καὶ ἀντὸς ἡμῖν ἐξῆν ὁμολογεῖς*. The same, *πρὸς ἀπαίδ.* sect. 3. *οὐδὲ διαλεξιῶς τοιαύτας ἡμῖν ἐν παισὶν ἐποιῶ*. I cannot tell why these passages have perplexed the learned. The pleonasm ἡμῖν is of the familiar language. Lucian, *τις ἢ λιθοκοιὸς αὐτῆ Μίδσσα ἡμῖν ἐστὶ*; the same, *τοιῶτοι ἡμῖν οὗτοι*, see there some of our philosophers; like that in the Tartuffe; *Ah! voilà justement de mes religieuses*, τοιαῦται ἡμῖν αὐταὶ αἱ παρθενύσσαι. This little naïveté is not excluded from the elevated style. Plato, in the Menexenus, *ἔργῳ μὲν ἡμῖν οἷον ἔχουσι τὰ πρῶτα κέλευθα*. The phrase is a little different when it is said, *ὁ καλὸς ἡμῖν Σωκράτης*, our good friend Socrates. *Τῷ μίλις ζήτου ἡμῖν ἠδίως ἀνὴρ συνθητόμενος*, I should be glad to ask our good stranger. For then it is what the grammarians call *σχῆμα Κολοφύσιον*, as, *χαλῶδες τῷ ἵππῳ*, the bridle to the horse, for the bridle of the horse, ἡ κεφαλὴ τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ, for τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ. By a similar pleonasm, taken from common language, they said, *χαῖρὲ μοι, θάρρη μοι, σὺ δὲ μοι ἐπένυχα, κάλυ*

staid, and seized this fair opportunity for becoming better acquainted with her. As she was just then stirring the contents of the saucepan, I said something flattering to her about her shape, in allusion to her name, that seemed not displeasing to her, and on the captivating manner in which she wriggled her fine round hips in this employment, without making a secret of the sympathetic effect it had on me, or concealing the wish it had excited \*. The girl, who was a smart and lively little thing, replied to me immediately in the same tone: young gentleman, if you are wise and have any regard for your life, I advise you not to come too near my fire. For I honestly and sincerely warn you, that you risk more than you may perhaps imagine. In one moment you will be so miserably burnt, that nobody can cure you, except myself. Not even the god of physic can relieve you; and what is the most surprising of all, I should only increase your malady, and you would sustain the pain of the cure with so much pleasure, that even though I should chase you away with pebbles from the brook, you would not willingly quit me. — You may laugh. But you are very much mistaken, young gentleman, if you take me for an ordinary cook. I understand not only how to dress such common and mean victuals, as these; but in the art of killing, flaying, hashing and dishing up, the prime and noblest of all game, man, I am a perfect mistress; and particularly know how to manage his heart and entrails. — What you say, is but too true, returned I; for you have even at this distance, and before I come near you, not only scorched me, but, by Jupiter! set me all on flame, and I am frying and roasting by the invisible fire that you have thrown through my eyes into my bowels, though I am quite ignorant of what I have done to deserve such cruelty at your hands. Therefore I conjure you by every god, try that sweet-bitter medicine on me that you talked of; and as you have already killed me, be so good as to strip the skin over my ears, and do with me what you will. — At this extraordinary declaration of love, she burst into an immoderate fit of

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μοι Εὐθυμοι, ἀνάσπῃ μοι, μάστιγες, and the other personal pronouns are employed in the same manner. Lucian, Confab. of the deities, τυφλός ἐγώ σοι, ὃ Πόσειδον. Plato in the Lysis, ἰκίνησε ἰᾷ πονὴν ὃ, τι αὖν βέλη, ἢ αὐτῇ μακάριος ἦς. And in the Republic, σὶ δὲ περιεῖπ᾽ ὅς γε αὐτῇ ἐδὲ πρὸς αἶα ἐδὲ ποιμένα γινώσκεις.

\* This is the first place where the ass requires docking a little.

laughter ; but the upshot was, that she was completely mine, and it was agreed upon, that as soon as she had put her master and mistress to bed, she would come to my chamber, and pass the night with me\*.

At length Hipparchus being come home, after bathing we went to supper, and as we sat chatting together, the cups were frequently emptied. I pretending drowsiness took leave, and retired to my apartment. Here I found everything in proper order. The bed was made up for my servant in the antechamber. By the side of mine stood a little table with a goblet, a pitcher of wine, and two jugs with cold and warm water ; in a word, Palæstra had taken care of everything. The coverlets were spread over with roses, some whole, some in scattered leaves, some wove into wreaths ; all was nicely prepared for the carousal, and only my pot companion was wanting, and was expected with impatience. At last, after having put her mistress to bed, she presented herself, and — † we spent the night so pleasantly, that the journey to Larissa entirely slipped out of my head.

After some time however it again occurred to me to make inquiry concerning the business, on account of which I had come to Hypata. Ac-

\* Καὶ καθυδρία. For συγκαθυδρία, a sort of euphemism common among good writers. Homer, *Θαὶ βροτῶ συνύθισα*. Plato the comic writer, *ἔξω γυναῖκ' ἔχουσα καλέκμεθα καλήν*. Theophrastus, *τὴν γυναῖκ' ἔρωτῶν κατακίμνος*, for *συγκατακίμνος*. In the Hætarean colloquies, *ἀλλ' ἰκοιμήθης νύκτας δύο*, you have lain two nights. Moliere, *Amphitryon*: *Quoi ? Je ne couchai point ?* All this shews that in Longus *νυκτὸς δι' ἡγενομένης κοιμήσεται* stands for *συγκοιμήσεται*, and that nothing should be corrected in the passage. The same author also says, *τὸ ἐν κατακλιθῆναι μόνον φάρμακον ἔρωτος*, for *συγκατακλιθῆναι*.

† What I am here obliged to omit is of such a nature, that, excepting the (by good luck tolerably unintelligible) latin translators, no other has ever been so lost to all sense of shame as to hazard an interpretation of it. With the Greeks, who on this point could bear much, this sotadic scene, by reason of its allusion throughout to their gymnastic exercises, might find favour, for which the name of the wench would have furnished a pretext, though it was obviously selected for the purpose of this abuse of wit, from all possible hætærean appellatives. Palæstra is here at the same time the arena of the gladiators and the fencing-master ; Lucius acts the learner ; and both (or rather the author, in an hour, when the good goddess Sophrosyne had entirely forsook him) amuse themselves with an allegorical application of every possible technical term of the grecian wrestling and fencing school, to the games of the Venus-hætære. This is all that can be offered in justification of the chasm here met with, and is, I think, for modest readers amply sufficient.

cordingly I desired Palæstra to assist me in it, by enabling me, when her mistress intended to transfigure herself, or put in practice any other of her magical powers, to be an unseen spectator of her proceedings; for, said I, I have long been desirous of seeing something supernatural with my own eyes. Or, if you yourself can conjure a little, do me the favour, my love, to shew me some performance of that kind, by turning yourself into something else before my face. For I imagine, that you must understand somewhat of that art; not that anybody has betrayed you to me respecting it: I only conclude it, from the effect you have produced on my own mind. For, that you have had the art so suddenly to overpower and enchain me — me who in all my life never looked on a woman with amorous eyes — me whom they used to call the Adamant, and in one night should make me so soft and yielding, this cannot be brought about by ordinary means; there must be a little enchantment in it. — Cease your nonsense! replied Palæstra, laughing; as if any charm could be of sufficient efficacy to controul Cupid, who is the master of every art, and the greatest of all conjurors! But honestly, and joking apart, I protest to you, my only care! I understand not a syllable of such matters. I swear it by that dear life and this couch, the happy witness of our bliss! For I have not learnt either to read or to write, and my mistress is far too jealous of her art, to communicate a morsel of it to me. But as soon as ever I have an opportunity, I will try to procure you a sight of one of her metamorphoses. — After this conversation we insensibly fell asleep.

A few days afterwards Palæstra brought me word, that her mistress intended very soon to change herself into a bird, and in that form fly off to her paramour. Now, my dear Palæstra, said I, now is the time to satisfy my longing desire, and testify your affection for your fond slave! — She bade me be quiet, and at night conducted me to the outside of her mistress's bedchamber, telling me to look through a crevice in the door, and observe what passed. I saw the woman take off her clothes, and when she was quite undressed, she walked up naked to the lamp, and having put two grains of incense into the flame, stood a good while before it, muttering I know not what to the lamp. She next opened a pretty large chest, containing a number of boxes, one of which she took out: what there was in it, I cannot positively say; but, determining from appearance, I thought it

was some sort of oil. With this she smeared herself all over \* from the nails of her toes to the crown of her head, and all at once feathers sprouted from her whole person, her nose became a hooked beak, she had everything in the nature of a bird and whatever distinguishes it from other animals; in one word, she ceased from being what she was, and was turned into an owl. As soon as she saw herself thus fledged, she set up the lugubrious scream peculiar to that bird, mounted up, and flew out at the window.

I stood there, thinking it all a dream. I rubbed my eyes, like one who cannot trust his sight, nor persuade himself that he is awake and really discerns what he sees. At length, with much difficulty having convinced myself that I was not asleep, I begged Palæstra to let me feather myself with the same magical unguent, and fly: for I had a desire to know by experience, whether under that transformation my mind would likewise be exchanged for that of a bird. She therefore gently opened the chamber door and fetched out the box. I hastily threw off my clothes, and rubbed myself over and over with the ointment; but alas no feathers would come. Instead of them, a long tail dropped out from the end of my spine; my fingers and toes disappeared, and were changed into horny hoofs; my arms and legs became the fore and hind legs of a beast; my ears and my face were elongated: in short, on surveying myself I perceived that I was an ass. Frightened at myself, I wanted to scold Palæstra; but I had no longer a human voice. All that I could do was to expand my wide muzzle, hang down my head like a real ass, and accuse the unhappy girl, by these immediate demonstrations of my asinine condition, of having made me an ass instead of a bird.

The poor girl smote her forehead with both hands. Miserable wretch that I am, she exclaimed, what have I done! In my hurry I mistook the box, and instead of the right have brought another. But be not cast down, my love, the mischief may be easily remedied. You have only to eat rose-leaves, and you will shake off this ugly shape, and give me my dear

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\* Gr. ἐν τότε λαβῶσα, χρίσαι ὅλην. Anybody else would have said λαβῶσα τότε χρίσαι; as Philo, *Life of Moses*, χρίσματος εὐωδιστάτη λαβῶν. But our author affects this manner of speaking. A little lower down καὶ χρίσασα ἔξ ταύτης τῆς φαρμάκου.

lover again. Pacify yourself for this one night in this asinine mask, my charmer! and tomorrow, as soon as daylight appears, I will run for some roses as fast as I can \*; which you will no sooner have tasted than you will regain your former beauty. With these words she patted my ears, and lovingly stroked my back.

I was therefore now as to externals as much an ass as a man can be, but in sense and understanding still the former Lucius, speech alone excepted. Accordingly I went, biting my lips with anger, and grumbling within at Palæstra's imprudence, into the stable, where my own horse stood together with a natural ass, belonging to Hipparchus. These, perceiving a stranger come in, and afraid he should take part of their pittance of hay, hung down their ears, and put themselves in a posture to vindicate the rights of their maw with their hind feet. I thought it safest therefore to keep at as great a distance as possible from the crib, and laughed † at the new relations in which my form had placed me: but my laughter was the braying of an ass. Ah, fatal curiosity! said I to myself ‡, should

\* ῥῶον γὰρ ἢ τέτου διαρκεία ῥόδα γὰρ μόνον εἰ Φάλοις. . . ῥῶον, for ῥάδιον. This is common. They say likewise καινότερον, νεώτερον for καινόν, νέον. The copyists thought they were correcting a fault, by putting ῥάων, or ῥάων, instead of ῥῶον. In Epictetus, read, πείρασόν γε ἐκ ἔγω αἰσχροῦ ἢ πείρα, not αἰσχροῦ, a bad correction. ῥῶον γὰρ — ῥόδα γὰρ. In the Banquet of Plato, εἰ γὰρ ἔτι ἰγκωμιάζω τοῦτον τὸν τρόπον. εἰ γὰρ ἂν δυναίμην. And in the Laws, ὃ ζῆτε Ἀθηναῖε, οὐ γὰρ σε Ἀπλικὸν ἰθίλοιμ' ἀπ' ἀποσαφοειῶν δοκίς γὰρ μοι τῆς θεῆς ἰκωνυμίας ἀξίος εἶναι μᾶλλον ἰκωνομάζεσθαι τὸν γὰρ λόγον κ. τ. λ. These are not inadvertencies; it is on the contrary an artifice of Plato and his imitators, for communicating to the diction an air of ease. For Plato studied above all things not to appear studied; and what the ancients esteemed in the authors of the old school, was simplicity, τὸ ἀκακὸν τῆς ἱερμηνείας.

† Ἐγὼ δὲ ἰγίλων. What follows shews that we should read ἰγὼς ἰκλαον, ὃ δὲ μοι κλαυθμὸς ὀγκηθμὸς ἦν. A copyist, writing under dictation, puts immediately ἰγίλων, for ἰκλαον; then somebody corrects it ὃ δὲ μοι γίλων, as the necessary consequence of ἰγίλων.

‡ The text has here (as frequently in this piece) somewhat nonsensical, which perhaps should be laid to the charge of the transcriber. He seems to say, or rather really does say, that Lucius laughs at his having, through an idle curiosity, brought himself into the danger of being devoured by wolves. But at such an unpleasant idea neither a man nor an ass is tempted to laugh. I have therefore lent the whole sentence, the only sense of which it seems susceptible. Lucius was still too new an ass, not to forget it every moment. He laughed (or rather would have laughed if his organs had not forbid him) at the unfavourable dispositions of his new fourfooted companions, because at that instant he had no thought of his being like them.

now a wolf or some other ravenous beast find a way into this stable, I should be devoured, though I have committed no crime \*! How little did I foresee, while musing in this manner, the mischievous trick, my ill-fortune would play me that very night!

It was late in the night, whilst all the house was silent, and hushed in sweet repose, when all at once I heard a noise, as if an attempt was making to break in through the wall †. This was actually the case, and soon the breach was made large enough for a man to creep in. Immediately comes through a fellow, after him another, and presently a whole gang of them, and all armed with swords. They bound Hipparchus, Palæstra and my servant in their beds, ransacked the whole house, and when they could find nothing more worth carrying off, they led out me, my horse, and the other ass, put upon us pack-saddles, and fastened the booty on our backs. With this heavy burden they drove us on before them with cudgels, in order to escape as fast as possible along a rough and unfrequented road to their hiding-place in the mountains. What my comrades suffered on this march, I cannot tell; but I, who was not used to trudge over sharp flints and with such a weight on my back, thought that every step would be my last; I stumbled every instant, and if I was like to fall, there was always somebody behind to keep me up by dint of blows on the crupper ‡, while another jerked my bridle, and gave me a stroke on the

But the tone of his laughter immediately reminds him of it; and now follows the thought that made him curse his curiosity, not as the cause of his laughter, but as a consequence of the consciousness of his asshood, which the hearing of his own voice had suddenly forced upon him.

\* *Κινδυνεύειν μοι μηδὲν κακὸν περιηκότι διαφθαρήναι.* So in the MS. of the king's library at Paris, No. 2956. In all the other manuscripts, and in the first edition, the word *διαφθαρήναι* is wanting. Polybius, *πάντες ἀν ἐκινδυνεύσαν διαφθαρήναι παραλόγως.*

† *Καὶ διαρτίτελό γε.* The walls of the houses were easily broke through, being generally constructed of clay, or sunburnt bricks, as they are still in the Levant, at Mocha, in Ægypt, as we are informed by travellers. Thence the word *τοιχωρέυχος*, to say a thief by profession, and the pun of Demosthenes, *μηδ' ἄντα μάλιστι, ἢ ἄνδρες, τὰς γνομίνας κλοπὰς, ὅταν τὰς μὲν κλίπιας χαλκοῦς, τὰς δὲ τοίχους πηλίνους ἔχουμεν.* His adversary was named *Χαλκοῦς*.

‡ *Καὶ ἐκ ἧν ἐξὸν καταπιεσθῆναι.* That is to say, *ἐκ ἐξῆν, ἐκ ἧν ἐξουσία καταπιεσθῆναι.* Apollodorus, *ἦν δὲ ἐκ ἐξὸν ξίνοις τότε μυτίσθαι.* St. Paul and the Acts of the Apostles employ this expression, and even simply say *ἐξὸν*, for *ἐξὸν ἦν*, as in the letter of Brutus to the Samians, *ἐξὸν ὑμῖν ἰλίσθαι*, for *ἐξὸν ἔστιν ὑμῖν ἰλίσθαι.* Plutarch says likewise; *ποιήσασθαι μὲν ἂ πάντω μίλον ἐστὶ τῆς ἀληθείας*, and Plato,

legs in front\*. Oft I tried to cry, "Oh, Cæsar!" but I could bring nothing out except a horrid long and loud braying Oh; but the Cæsar would not follow. Even this drew on me a fresh shower of blows, because, as they said, I should betray them by my braying †. Seeing therefore that my appeal unto Cæsar turned out so ill, I determined to be silent, and thus at least to save myself some hard knocks.

It was now daylight ‡, and we had travelled over several mountains §, and had more than once passed by some rose-bushes that grew in our way; but they had had the precaution to muzzle our mouths, lest we should lose time here and there in grazing upon the road. So that I for that time must have remained an ass ||, even though it had rained roses θ.

in the Laws, σφόδρα ἀν εἶη περι ἀντῆς δίον ἀκούειν. It is more commonly said *περίτον ἐστὶ*, *περίτον ἀν εἶη*, and *περίτον* simply, for *περίτην*. So in like manner *καλῶς ἐστὶν ἔχον*, *ἔδ' ἔχον ἀν εἶη*, *καλῶς ἀν εἶη ἔχον*, *ἔστιν ἔχ' ἔτως ἔχον*, for *καλῶς ἔχει*, *καλῶς ἀν ἔχοι*, *ἔχ' ἔτως ἔχει*, *ἔδ' ἀν ἔχοι*.

\* Καὶ εὐθύς ἄλλος. Something here is wanting. The sentence would be complete, if there were, *καὶ ἐκ ἧν ἐξὸν καταπιστεῖν* ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν ἔμπροσθεν τῆ ῥητῆς ἀνακρέσσας, ἐμειλίριζε πτωχολογία, καὶ εὐθύς ἄλλος ὀπισθεν. . . . .

† Ἄλλως ἰβόν. It is said proverbially, *ἄλλως ἄδειν*, *ἄλλως λέγειν*. Sopater, prolegomena upon Aristides, *ἀπλῶς καὶ μάτην λέγουσιν οἱ τῆτο λεγοντες*, read *ἄλλως καὶ μάτην*. Suidas, *βαλφθῆσαι δὲ ἐστὶ τὸ ἀπλῶς*, [read *ἄλλως*] *λαλεῖν καὶ χωρὶς ἔργου τυός*. The transcribers everywhere confound *ἀπλῶς* and *ἄλλως*. Hesychius, *αὐτως, μάτην, ἀπλῶς*, [read *ἄλλως*] *ὡς ἔτυχεν*. Max. in Euseb. prepar. lib. vii. *προσῆκε γὰρ ἕκατον τῶν φιλομαθῶν μὴ ἀπλῶς*, [read *ἄλλως*] *καὶ ὡς ἔτυχε συγκατατίθισθαι τοῖς λεγομένοις, ἀλλ' ἀκριβῆ ποιεῖσθαι τὴν ἐξέτασιν τῶν λόγων*. Dion. Halicarn. *τίχην*, pag. 236. edit. Reiske, *τὰ μὲν ζῶα ἀπλῶς*, [read *ἄλλως*] *καὶ ὡς ἔτυχε μίγνυται*. On the contrary, in Phrynichus, they have *ἄλλως* for *ἀπλῶς* *ἀνακραγεῖν σημαίνει καὶ τὸ ἄλλως ἀναβοῆσαι*, read *καὶ τὸ ἀπλῶς ἀναβοῆσαι*, as in Suidas, *λέγεται γάδιον καὶ τὸ ἀπλῶς ἴσασθαι*.

‡ Ἡμέρα τι ἦδη ἦν, some MSS. read *ἡμέρα τι ἦν ἦδη*, a bad correction. Afterwards *ισπέρα ἦδη ἦν* a copyist has put *ἦν ἦδη* to avoid the hiatus. And yet it has been left standing in *χειμῶν ἦδη ἦν*; and again *ἦδη ἦσαν ἐν παρασκευῇ*. Libanius, tom. i. p. 804. *ἰπειδὴ παῖς ἦδη ἦν*. The antients affected especially the hiatus of two ἦ, and even of three, as in the Phædrus, *ἰδεμάνθη ἦ ἦ τὸ πλεῖθ' φύσις ἄρδεται*. In the Phædo *μὴ ἔχ' αὐτὴ ἦ ἦ ὀρθή*. *Ibid.* *ἰφάνη ἦ ἦ ἰσότης*. In the same Phædo we should read, *ἰπειδὴν ἀποθάνωμεν ἔτι περ ἦ ψυχὴ ἡμῶν ἐστίν*, and not *ἔτι περ ἡμῶν ἦ ψυχὴ ἐστίν*, as it has been attempted to correct it after some MSS. In Longus, pag. 81. Rom. *ἰπῆλθιν ἡμέρα* we should write, as it is in the manuscript of Florence, *ἰπῆλθιν ἡμέρα*. Lucian, Dial. Deor. *πῶς ἔ' ζηλολυπεῖ ἡ Ἀφροδίτη τὴν Χάριν ἢ Χάρις ταύτην*, read with an excellent manuscript in the Vatican, *ἦ ἢ Χάρις ταύτην*.

§ Ἀναβιβήκεμεν. The form *ἀναβιβήκεμεν* is the most antient and the best. Thucydides always says *ἐνεβηκέμεν*, *εἰσεβηθήκεμεν*, *εἰσεβηθήκεμεν*, *ἀνεβηθήκεμεν*.

|| Text, *ὡς ἐς τὴν τότε καὶ ἔμμενα ὄνος*. Read *ὡς ἐς τὴν τότε γε ἰπείνων ἔ' μόνος*, by opposition to that which follows, *ἰπει δὲ κατελύομεν, οἱ μὲν ἠρίσων, ἰγῶ δὲ ἰπείνων*.

θ Whoever reads this paragraph with its context in the greek, will doubtless perceive, as I

About noon we were turned into a stable belonging to a lonely farmhouse, the owner of which, from what I could gather from coincidents, was a confederate with our thieves. For they greeted one another kindly and the people of the house made much of our drivers, setting plenty of provisions before them; and to us beasts of burden they gave barley. My mates fell to, and regaled themselves heartily: but I, who had never in all my life made a dinner on raw barley, looked everywhere about me in vain, though I was piteously hungry, for something that I could eat\*. At last I espied a garden at the back of the house, plentifully stored with nice vegetables of various kinds, and among them some roses gladdened my eyes †. Immediately I stole, quite unobserved, into the garden, while they were all employed in carousing, partly to assuage my hunger with the vegetables, and partly to munch the roses, which I doubted not, would transform me again to man ‡. Being now in the garden, I fell

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do, that something is apparently wanting. For the subsequent clause *ὡς τότε καὶ ἔμεινα ὄνος* makes, in immediate connexion with the foregoing, and as a consequence of it, (indicated by the conjunction *ὡς*) manifestly a conclusion which does not conclude. Lucian could never have wrote thus. Whereas by assuming, that his Lucius had seen roses by the wayside, (which if he could have ate, his enchantment would have been dissolved) we comprehend, in the first place, why he makes mention of the muzzle; and then why he assigns that as the cause of his being for this time forced to remain an ass. Neither any translator or commentator seems hitherto to have boggled at this passage. Grævius attacks (I think without reason) merely the word *ἔμεινα*; and Massieu, who appears to have remarked, that the text is not perfectly correct, boldly makes Lucius say: *de sorte que je fus alors véritablement âne dans toute la force du terme*; which though quite different from what the text says, yet it does not remove the difficulty. I am almost ashamed at being the first to observe here a chasm, and would rather distrust my logic than the noses of so many learned men, if it appeared less striking to my eyes, that either my conjecture is right, or Lucian must have wrote this in his sleep. I had therefore no scruple to render this whole paragraph, as I conceive it should run, in order to give it a proper meaning. At any rate, if in so doing I have gone too far, Lucian's *pii manes* at least cannot take offence at it.

\* Had Lucius been, soul and body, metamorphosed into an ass, he would have instinctively brouzed on raw barley, like any other ass, although it were the first time in all his life. But as reason was left to him, he could not, even in matters which in consequence of his transformation had acquired totally different relations to him, have so quickly disaccustomed himself to human ideas.

† Καὶ ῥόδα ὑπὲρ αὐτῶν ἰφαινίλο, for καὶ ῥόδα ὑπερφαινίλο αὐτῶν, as in Homer διὰ δ' ἄσπίδος ἦλθε Φαινής, for ἄσπίδα διήλθε. By a contrary figure, in poetic language, εἴματα χερσὶν ἴλονο καὶ ἐσφόροιο μίλαν ἔδωρ, was said for καὶ ἴφροιο αὐτὰ εἰς ἔδωρ.

‡ His hunger must indeed have been very urgent, since he did not first run up to the roses.

greedily upon everything that mankind usually eat unsodden, and filled my stomach with lettuces, radishes and parsley. But the roses alas were not real ones, but the flowers of a species of wild laurel, vulgarly called laurel-roses \*, which are held to be so pernicious to asses and horses, that by only tasting them they die on the spot †.

Meantime in comes the gardener, who had chanced to spy me out, with a stout staff in his hand : and perceiving the havoc the enemy had made in his cabbage-beds, what he did with it need not be asked : with the air of a constable, who, zealous in his office, catches a thief in the fact, falls upon him with his staff, not caring where he strikes, belaboured me as unmercifully as if he would beat all my bones to mummy. Such cruel treatment at length exhausted my patience, and gathering up my two hind legs, I rebuked him with such a sound kick on the belly, as laid him flat among his cabbages. Having performed this act of heroism, I ran full gallop to the mountains ; but the gardener bawled out to set the dogs after me ; for there were a good number of them in the yard, so large and fierce that they were able to encounter bears. Concluding now that if they once laid hold on me, they would infallibly tear me to pieces, I slipped aside a little, deeming it best, as the old wise saying has it, to turn about, rather than run to harm, and returned to the yard. Here they called off the dogs, and tied them up ; but me they drubbed lustily, and did not leave off till they made me so sick that I fairly disgorged all I had swallowed.

It being now time to continue our journey, we were reloaded, and as

\* ῥόδα ἰκταῖα δάφνην αὐτὰ καλεῖσιν ἄνθρωποι. I am persuaded that we should read ῥοδοδάφνην αὐτὸ καλεῖσιν ἄνθρωποι, *they call it rose-laurel*. Thus Plato constantly speaks, whose diction and expressions our author copies. Καλεῖσιν οἱ ἄνθρωποι, with the article, would have been well said ; witness Plato in the Phædo, ὡς ἄτοκον, ὃ ἄνδρες, τοικί τι εἶναι ὃ καλεῖσιν οἱ ἄνθρωποι ἦδ' ἔτι. In the Euthydemus, ἐκ ἤδησθα τὸ μαθητάνειν ὅτι οἱ ἄνθρωποι καλεῖσιν ἐπὶ τῷ τοιῷδε ; and Aristotle at the beginning of his poetics πλεὴν οἱ ἄνθρωποι γὰρ τὰς μὲν ἰλιγμοποιῶς, τὰς δὲ ἱποποιῶς διομάζουσιν. Nevertheless the phrase without the article has more elegance. Plato, in *Hippiæ majorē*, ἐκ οὐα βέλειαί τις, φασὶν ἄνθρωποι, ἀλλ' οὐα δύναται. Libanius, ὅτι δὲ ἴδμεσαν ἄνθρωποι περὶ τῶν ἀσφαλμάτων μὴ τοῖν ποδοῖν χρέματα φύγη. Θεοί, ἄνθρωποι, ἀτήρ, ἄνθρωπος, have something more distinguished than οἱ Θεοί, οἱ ἄνθρωποι, κ. τ. λ.

† This passage, disfigured by the copyists, ought unquestionably to be read : ἐκ ἦν ῥόδα ἀληθινά, ἀλλ' ἐκ τῆς ἀγρίας δάφνης φυόμενα (ῥοδοδάφνην αὐτὴν καλοῦσιν ἄνθρωποι) κακίον, &c. the question is of the trees commonly called *oleander*.

ill-luck would have it, I got the greatest part, and the heaviest of the stolen goods. The blows I had received, and the excessive burden I had to carry, and withal my hoofs nearly worn out by the flints, at length brought me to the verge of despair. I resolved to sink down upon the road, and not get up again, let them even beat me to death. This prudent step, thought I, will produce some happy change in my fortune; for I cannot doubt that my tyrants, overcome by my obstinacy, will divide my load between the saddle-horse and the pack-ass, and leave me on the ground, a prey to the wolves. Some malicious dæmon however, reading in my soul, apprized himself of my design, and counteracted it entirely. The other ass, who perhaps had the same thought, fell suddenly down. They began at first to beat the poor creature with sticks to make him get up; but seeing that nothing was to be done by blows, one took him by the ears, the other by the tail, in order by main force to set him again on his legs. This however not succeeding, but he still lying motionless as a stone, stretched out all fours upon the road, they consulted together what course to take. And finding that they should only lose time and retard their flight, by stopping longer with an ass at the last gasp; they distributed the packs with which he was loaded between me and the poney\*. My poor companion in misfortune however they took and hamstrung †, and then threw him down among the rocks ‡.

\* *Διανόμεωσι ἵμολ τι καὶ τῷ ἵππῳ.* This appears to be taken from the antient fable. A man was conducting an ass and a horse loaded. By the way, the ass complained to the horse, saying I can hold out no longer; pray, comrade, relieve me of a part of my burden, or you will presently see me die. But the horse paid no regard to the intreaties of his companion. What was the consequence? the poor beast fell down and died. The carcass was then disencumbered of the load and flayed; and the horse had to carry, besides his own burden, the whole pack of the defunct, his packsaddle and his hide to boot. *Τὴν σάγγην τι κλίνης καὶ τὰν ὀνείαν προσετίθειεν ἰκδέραις.* Our author in this piece has borrowed not a little from Babrius.

† *Ἵπολίμωσι ἐκ τῶν σκελῶν.* In like manner afterwards, *ἀναλίμωσι ἐκ τῆς γαστέρας.* Another would have said *ὑπολίμωσι τῶν σκελῶν, ἀναλίμωσι τῆς γαστέρας,* as we say *καλίωγα τῷ κρανίῳ, ξυπερίβω τῆς κεφαλῆς.* But our author everywhere sticks in this preposition. In a former sentence, *ἐκ τούτου λαβῶσα.* In the same manner he says *ἀλείφωμαι ἐκ τῷ μύρῳ, σφίγγωμαι ἐκ τῷ τραχήλῳ, κρημνίζωμαι ἐκ τῆς στήθας, λαμβάνωμαι ἐκ τῆς ἕρᾶς, ἱμὶ ἀράμωσι ἐκ τῶν ποδῶν, καὶ με ἐκ τῆς φορβᾶταις ἐπιλαμβάνωμαι, κρημάσσωμαι ἰαυλὸν ἐκ τῷ τραχήλῳ.*

‡ I am sorry that Lucian let out the wretched joke, *ὁ δὲ ἀπὸ κάτω, τὸν θάνατον ἐρχόμενος.* (thus fell he dancing down to death, or, thus danced he to death down among the rocks, or any way

The dreadful catastrophe of my fellow-traveller, whereof I was an eye-witness, made so deep an impression upon me, that I determined to manfully endure my present hard fate, and unappalled trudge on, since I had still the soothing hope, of sooner or later meeting with roses, and by their means be delivered from bondage, and restored to my pristine form. I heard, besides, from the robbers, that we had not a long way to go \*, and should soon be at the place where we were to abide. We made therefore, burdened as we were, what speed we could, and arrived towards evening at the stated abode of the robbers †, where an old woman ‡ was sitting in the room by a rousing fire on the hearth §. All the baggage was taken off of us beasts of burden, and stowed in a safe place in the house. Well; what are you about, said they to the old woman, that you have got nothing ready for supper? — Oh, said she, it is all quite ready; here is bread, good old wine, and game in abundance for you. You are

else) and have done what *he* ought to have done. — M. Courier makes it: *où roulant à bonds de haut en bas des rochers, notre pauvre compagnon de voyage et d'infortune fit le saut de male mort.*

\* Καὶ τῶν ληστῶν δὲ ἤκουον ὡς ἐκ εἴη ἔτι πολὺ τῆς ὁδοῦ, καὶ ὅτι καταλύσουσι, λοιπὸν, ἔνθα καταμίνουσιν. He ought naturally to have said ὡς ἐκ εἴη ἔτι πολὺ λοιπὸν τῆς ὁδοῦ. This kind of skips, ὑπερβασμοί, are imitated from the antients, whose object in them was to represent the disorder of a discourse simple and easy, pronounced without any premeditation. Our author makes frequent use of this figure. Below, ἀλλ' ἢ μὲν φωνὴ ἐκ ἀνίβη μοι ἢ ἰμῆ, ἀλλ' ἢ τῆ ὄνου, ἐκ τῶ φάρυγγος. Καὶ ἐκ τῶν ποδῶν εἰς τὴν ὁδὸν ὑποσπᾶσας ἐκλίειν. Προσβαλλόντες ὁπῆ τινα τὰ ὄμματά τῆς θύρας.

† Ὡςτε πάντα ταῦτα δρόμῳ ἐκομίζομεν. Read ὥςτε μὲν ταῦτα δρόμῳ ἐκομίζον με. As he says afterwards κομίσας γὰρ με, κομίσας ἐν με, ἐμὲ δὲ γυμνὸν κομίσας οἴκαδι.

‡ Γραῦς δὲ γυνὴ ἔνδοσ καθεῖτο. An acephalous phrase; somewhat is wanting before γραῦς. The author assuredly said, and could only say it here, that the habitation of the robbers was a cavern. This is nowhere expressed. The words omitted by the copyist may be somehow thus supplied; ἤλθομεν εἰς τὰ οἰκία· σπήλαιον ἦν ἐν ὄρεσι μεταίτατοις· γραῦς δὲ γυνὴ ἔνδοσ. . . . . What we read lower down, that the old woman hanged herself on the rock, ἐκ τῆς σίτρας, implies a mention to have been made of this rock and of the cavern. Apuleius, according to his custom of amplifying everything and dilating a line into a page, expatiates much on the description of this den of the thieves, which proves that he found at least some words about it in the text. Josephus, *Antiq.* lib. xiv. ἦν δ' ἐν ὄρεσι σπήλαια τελείως ἐξέφυγῶσι, καὶ κατὰ τὸ μεταίτατοι ἀποκρίματος ἔχουσα τὰς παραόδους, καὶ σίτρας ὄρεας ἐκπεριεχόμενα· ἐν δὲ τούτοις ἐφύλασσον οἱ λησταί.

§ Ἠλάφοιο πρὸς τὸ σῦς. Plutarch, *Precepts of Health*, ἀληθμια δὲ τὸ πρὸς σῦς. It is so that we should read; not, πρὸς σῦρι. The same Plutarch, elsewhere, πρὸς πῦς ἀλεφάμοιο. And in another place, πρὸς σῦς ὀπίσω τὰ κρέα. In like manner it is said, πρὸς ἤλιον, πρὸς αἰγᾶς, πρὸς τὸ σανάριον.

a brave little body said the robbers ; and then drew up to the fire, anointed themselves at it, and washed themselves, for want of a regular bath, in the warm water they found in the kettle that stood on the fire.

Presently after, a number of young fellows came in, bringing with them a quantity of household stuff, gold and silver vessels, wearing apparel and ornaments both of men and women ; and after having deposited it all in the common magazine, they washed themselves likewise. The whole band now sat down to table, and seemed to eat with good appetite, during which a long and loud conversation took place, such as may be easily conceived from people of their quality. The old woman shook out some oats for me and the poney, which he, for fear I should challenge my share, got all into his stomach as fast as he could : but I had another resource, and whenever the old woman went forth, crept to the corner where the provision was kept, and snapped up a good piece of bread \*. Next day all the robbers went out again to follow their trade, leaving only the old woman, and, to my great sorrow, one young churl behind them. For having such a guard upon me, means of escape were not to be thought of. The old woman alone would have been easily eluded ; but that strapping blade with his terrible look, and his sword by his side, at every turn cast his eyes to the door, and when he went out shut it after him.

After three days, about midnight the robbers returned ; but this time brought neither gold nor silver, nor anything else, but a young damsel of exquisite beauty, with dishevelled hair, and torn clothes, who wept bitterly. They brought her in, seated her on the straw, bid her not be frightened, and ordered the old woman to stay there, and take care of her. The girl however would neither eat nor drink, and did nothing else but sob and cry and tear her hair : so that even I, as I was standing by the manger, could not help dropping tears of compassion for the fate of this lovely young woman.

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\* Τῶν ἰνδῶν ἄρτον ἤθειον. Read τῶν ἰνδῶν ἄρτων. In Xenophon Φίρονται οἴκοθεν ἄρτους. Some manuscripts have ἄρτον, which is the transcriber's, "Ἄρτοι, bread, bread in general." Ἄρτοι ἀπαλοὶ τῷ στομάχῳ προσίστανται, new bread sits heavy on the stomach : ἄρτοι θειμοὶ μὲν ξηραίνουσι, ψυχροὶ δὲ ἥσσαν, ἔωλοι δὲ τι ἥσσαν, Hippocr. Read ἔωλοι δ' ἴτι ἥσσαν, as in Lucian, Saturnales, καὶ ἐπ' ἐξήντητος ἰτακονίτω, read καὶ ἴτι ἐξήντητος.

The robbers in the mean time went to supper in an outer room. Towards morning came one of the gang, on whom the lot had fallen to watch the highways, and bring intelligence of what was passing, and gave them notice that a stranger was travelling that road, a man of great expense, having with him a considerable retinue, which shewed that he carried a great deal of money with him. Whereupon, immediately starting up from table, they armed themselves, and saddled both me and the horse, to go along with them. As I knew that it was upon an adventure, from which I should gain nothing but blows and perils, I went a snail's gallop; but as they were in haste, a cudgel from behind soon made me mend my pace. . Being come to the part of the road where the traveller must pass, the ruffians attacked the carriage, murdered him and his servants, and possessed themselves of all he carried with him, laying the things of most value on me and the horse, and hiding the rest of the luggage in the neighbouring wood. As they were now driving us back to the house, it happened, that I, being frequently admonished by dry blows to lift up my legs better, struck my hoof against a sharp flint which split it, and I received such a painful wound from the accident, that I was forced to walk limping the rest of the way. The robbers, not concerned at this, said to one another: but are not we great fools to feed this ass, which is falling every minute on his knees! Let us throw the beast over the rocks! A good thought! said one: over with him! Let him be the expiatory sacrifice for our whole brigade! — They really were on the point of making an end of me \*: but what I heard put new life into me,

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\* 'Ο δὲ τῷ θανάτου. Read ὄδῃ τῷ θανάτου. Suidas, ἀναπλήσας ἀναπληρώσας, ὁ δὲ Πλάτων ἀπὸ τῷ μολύνας. Read ὄδῃ Πλάτων. Pausanias, lib. ii. 15. λέγειται δὲ καὶ ὄδῃ [read ὄδῃ] λόφος, as a little higher up, λέγειται δὲ καὶ ὄδῃ ὑπὸ Φλιασίων λόφος. Archilochus, αἰνός τις ἀνθρώπων ὄδῃ. This is again one of the errors in modern pronunciation by making no difference between ο micron and ο mega, whence it proceeds that these vowels are everywhere confounded by the transcribers. As with us, authors and printers in general confound the ο which is simply the sign of the vocative case, and is now almost obsolete, with the interjection or aspiration oh, oh that I might, &c. oh what a glorious day, &c. Who at present does not see, that "How long, Catiline, do you mean to abuse our patience?" is far more elegant than "How long, ο Catiline, &c.?" at any rate the ο and oh ought not to be confounded in pronunciation, since that is the occasion of their being put one for the other in writing.

so that all the remainder of the journey I trotted along as briskly on my wounded foot, as if it had belonged to another \*.

When we got back we were unloaded: the stolen goods were lodged safe; our masters went to supper, and laid themselves down. When night came on they rose up, to go and bring in custody the other articles which they had hid in the wood. What occasion, said one of them, is there to take the poor ass along with us †; he will never be able to get on with his lame foot? therefore some of us must carry that part of the burdens, which is too much for the horse. — Accordingly they went away with the horse, and left me at home.

It was a fine moonlight night. Miserable wretch! said I to myself, wherefore remain here, where you must infallibly serve for a feast to vultures and the offspring of vultures ‡? You heard the decree that is gone forth against you; will you wait till they break your neck? It is now night; the moon shines bright, and they are all gone out. Up, up, and save yourself by flight from the hands of these murderous villains. While I was thus reasoning with myself, I perceived that I was quite loose, and the halter with which I was commonly led, was hanging close by me. This gave me greater encouragement, and I ran away at full stretch from the house. The old woman observing that I was determined to be off, caught fast hold of my tail and hung by it; but I, thinking I should deserve all manners of deaths, if I suffered myself to be confined by such a shriveled hussy, dragged her after me. The hag screamed as loud as she could, and called the captive maid to her assistance; who, running out in all haste, and seeing the old woman hanging to the tail of an ass, immediately conceived a bold and hazardous design, worthy of a desperate heroine. She leaped astride on my back, and as soon as

\* Here the original adds: and the fear of death rendered me insensible to the pain. Lucian perhaps found this tautology necessary for rounding his period; as that in english is not the case, I thought proper to leave it out.

† Τὸ ἐπάγωμεν. Read τὸ ἐπάγωμεν. Thomas Magister, ἀεὶ πάντα τὰ ἀπορηματικά ὑπολακτικῶς ἐκφίρονται, ὅσον τὸ χρῆσθαι, καὶ τίς γίνουμαι, καὶ πῶν τρέπωμαι. The scholiast of Euripides ἀεὶ τὰ ἀπορία ἐμφαίνοντα ὑπολακτικοῖς συντάσσονται. In Lucian (ἀναβ. 17.) ἐκὼν ἐπάγωμαι καὶ τῷ θεραπεινίδῃ is an interrogation.

‡ Γυπῶν τέκνα. Plutarch says κυνῶν τέκνα, Ælian ὄντων βεῖφῃ, after Herodotus and Homer, who had said βεῖφος ἡμίονου.

she had fixt herself in her seat, plied her heels to my sides. I, partly from the hopes of escaping, partly from concern for the girl, ran away with the fleetness of a horse. The old woman was obliged to let go her hold, but the maid implored the gods to prosper our flight. Then addressing herself to me, she said: you dear creature, if you will carry me to my father's house, you shall thenceforth be exempted from all labour, and I will give you a bushel of oats to eat every day. I, flying from my assassins, and withal promising myself such acknowledgment on the part of the damsel, for her deliverance, was animated by the prospect of these halcyon days, galloped along as fast as I was able, and thought no more of my wound.

Being now come to a place where the road divided, we met the robbers returning from their expedition, who by the light of the moon had descried their unhappy prisoners at a distance. They ran up to us, and stopping me, said: Whither away, fair maid; travelling so late at night? Are not you afraid of ghosts? But come back with us; we will restore you to your friends! This they said with a malicious grin, and obliged me to turn about. All at once my bad foot pained me again, and I began to limp. Oho, said they, now we have caught you, you are lame; but when you were in hopes to get away from us, you were brisk and nimble, and ran along with the fleetness of a horse\*, and as if you had wings to your feet. These words were accompanied by a few smart blows, with such good effect †, that by this impressive correction of my lame foot, I got likewise a wound on my thigh.

On our coming home, we found the old woman, who, in all likelihood for fear of the anger of her masters ‡, on account of the virgin's escape,

\* Ἐλκος τῆ μηρῶ εἶχον. It is generally said, ἔλκος ἔχειν ἐν τῆ μηρῶ, ἐν τῆ κεφαλῇ. Our author suppresses the preposition, after the example of the Attics, who say, ἡ Μαραθῶνι μάχη, for ἡ ἐν Μαραθῶνι, and πάντα καιρῶ καλά, for πάντα ἐν καιρῶ καλά. The Attics say, καιρῶ, ἰδῶ, κυκλῶ, κόσμῳ for ἐν καιρῶ, ἐν ἰδῶ, κ. τ. λ. and they also say ἀκαρεῖ for ἐν ἀκαρεῖ χροῦου.

† Νουθετέμενος. The pleasantry of this consists in the singular union of πλεηγαῖς with νουθετεῖν, which signifies to admonish, to reprove one amicably. Clemens Alexand. νουθετησῖς ἐστὶ ψόγος κηδεμονικὸς καὶ ἐμποιητικὸς. Aristophanes has in like manner said, κοινύλοισι νουθειήσθη ἡμας, and Libanius, διὰ πλεηγῶν καὶ ματίγων νουθειεῖν.

‡ Κριμαμένην ἐν κλωδίῳ. Here on the contrary he adds the preposition, as Pausanias speaks of Phædrus hanged, αἰωρουμένην ἐν σιεῶ. Herodian, ἐν βρόχῳ τῷ βίου ἀνταύσαλο. The common

suspended by a halter to the rocks. They commended her for this act of justice upon herself, cut her down, and threw her with the rope about her neck over the precipice. They then took the young lady, bound her fast, and locked her up in the house, sat down to table, and spent a few hours in carousing. At which time judgment was held on the captive. What shall we do with her? said one. What can we do better, returned another, than send her after the old woman. By her good will we should have all been ruined, robbed of what we had got, and seen our whole traffic spoiled. For you must very well know, comrades, had she once returned to her family, it would have been all over with us; the enemy would have come upon us, and have taken such measures, as that not one of us would have been left alive. It is but right, therefore, that we should be revenged on this vixen. But such an easy death, as by throwing her down the rocks would be too good for her: no! let us devise a more painful and lingering death for her\*; she ought not to die till she has undergone the most horrible torments that can be endured! — The question now was, what kind of death that should be. I have thought of a method, said one, after a pause; comrades I know you will all approve of my invention! The ass is no less deserving of death, as he is a lazy, good for nothing beast, shamming lame, and has been aiding and abetting the girl to make her escape. Tomorrow therefore let us kill him, take out his entrails, and put this daring wench in his belly, but

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manner of speaking is ἀναστῆναι ἰαυλὸν βρόχῳ, δῆσαι κλοιῷ, κρόκη δεθείς. But the χαρίεις say, δεδέμεις ἐν κύφῳ, ἐν ἀλύσει, ἐν κλοιῷ, ἐν σιδάρι, ἐν δικλῆνι, ἐν κρόκῳ. Xenophon, in the same phrase employs both the one and the other form, δεδεμένοι ἰσχυροτέρῃ τινὶ ἀνάγκῃ ἢ εἰ ἐν σιδῆρι ἰδέειντο. In like manner it is said, καθιζόμενος τῇ ῥάβδῳ or ἐν τῇ ῥάβδῳ, ἀκοσίῳ φονεύειν, or ἐν ἀκοσίῳ. But the last is most elegant. Trypho, in the Anthology, ἐκ αἰῶνι πλῆγεις, ἐδ' ἐν βέλῳ. Sophocles, in the Philoctetes:

ΟΔ. Λίγω σ' ἰγὼ δόλω Φιλοκλέτην λαβῆιν·

ΝΕ. Τί δ' ἐν δόλω διὶ μᾶλλον ἢ πείσαντ' ἄλῃν;

*Ulys.* Volo te ego Philocteten dolo capere.

*Neopt.* Cur dolo potiùs quàm persuasione abducere? Act. i. line 100.

The phrase, as we see, is the same, either with or without the preposition.

\* Χρόνῳ καὶ βασάνῳ. Χρόνος καὶ βάσανος, a long torment. Plutarch, βίος καὶ χρόνος τῶν πονηρῶν, the long life of the wicked. Ælian, βίον δὲ ἵππων καὶ χρόνον ἀριθμῶσιν ἐς πέντε καὶ ἑξήκοντα, the longest life of horses is according to them 35 years. Appian, τὰ Ῥωμαίων διήνηκε δι' εὐβουλίας καὶ χρείας. The Romans owed their success to a continual prudence.

so that she shall not quickly die, with her head peeping out, but the rest of her body entirely buried in him. Then let us neatly sew her in the ass, and cast them both to the vultures, who will make an excellent meal on this new dainty. Consider, brothers, what a hellish death this must be! In the first place, to live in a dead ass; then, in the hottest time of the year, to be seething in a putrid carcase; besides all this, to be famishing with hunger, with no means of deliverance. I pass over the agony which, in addition to this, she must suffer from the stench of the putrefying ass, and the maggots with which it will swarm, and the thought that after all she must be, while still perhaps alive, preyed upon by the vultures, when they have ate their way through him.

Clamorous applauses followed this prodigious invention as an excellent thought. For my part I sighed bitterly at being doomed not only to die, but to have no rest even after death, and serve so cruelly as a coffin to this unfortunate and innocent virgin.

By break of day however our destinies took suddenly a different turn. This den of thieves was all at once surrounded and attacked by a troop of soldiers, who took in custody these rascals, bound them, and carried them before the governour of the province. Amongst them was the young man to whom the fair captive was shortly to be married, or rather it was he who had directed them to the lurking place of these ruffians. He therefore took the maid, placed her on my back, and conveyed her home. As the villagers from a distance saw us coming, and, notified of the good news by my vociferous braying, concluded that the enterprise had completely succeeded, ran to meet us, congratulated us on the event, and accompanied us to the dwelling of the damsel.

The young woman now took great care of me, as was but reasonable, seeing I had been her fellow prisoner, the companion of her flight, and withal had been in danger of such a terrible death in conjunction with her. I had my bushel\* of barley regularly every day served out by my

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\* Καὶ μοι τοῖς κελημένοις ἄριστον παρ' ἐκείνῳ μείδιμος κριθῶν. It is certain we ought to read τῆς κελη-  
μένης, and supply some words which the transcriber has omitted. The entire phrase might be  
καὶ μοι τῆς κελημένης τὴν ὑπόσχιον ὅπως ἐπέλεσάσιν, as we have remarked above, ἄριστον παρ' ἐκείνῳ  
μείδιμος κριθῶν.

new owner, and as much hay as would have been enough for a camel. But notwithstanding this, I cursed the poor Palæstra more than ever, for turning me into an ass, and not into a dog; as I could not look upon the condition of a dog without envy, as then I might have sneaked into the kitchen, and profited of every opportunity for snapping up nice bits which generally offer at rich weddings.

A few days after the nuptials, the father of my young mistress \*, on her telling him the obligations she lay under to me, and her desire to make me amends for the labours I had undergone on her behalf, gave orders that I should be set at full liberty †, and be let loose among the mares; for thus, said he, he will enjoy the most agreeable solace that an ass can possibly desire, and at the same time beget us a number of foals of his race. In truth this would have been the properest retribution, if an ass had been judge in the cause. Calling therefore one of his hinds, he ordered him to treat me in the best manner possible: I, for my part, thought the most agreeable of it all, was, that I should carry no more loads.

On coming to the farm, the swain led me to the mares, and drove us together to the pasture. Kindly as my patron meant to act by me, the result was no less unfortunate ‡. The master of the stud, instead of

\* Ἐπιπὴ χάριν μοι ἴφῃ ἢ δίσκομα ἔχων παρὰ τῆ παλῆς, καὶ ἀμειψαθαί με ἀμοιβῇ τῇ δικαίᾳ θίλων ὁ παλῆς, ἐκίλευσε. . . . The author had wrote ἐπιπὴ χάριν μοι ἴφῃ ἢ δίσκομα ἔχων τῆ παλῆς, ἀμειψαθαί με ἀμοιβῇ τῇ δικαίᾳ θίλων ὁ παλῆς, ἐκίλευσε, κ. τ. λ. This phrase, rather embarrassed, χάριν μοι ἴφῃ ἔχων τῆ παλῆς, must have astonished the copyists. But it is the style of the author, who studiously seeks this kind of disorder, as before remarked.

† Καὶ γὰρ ὡς ἐλευθέρως ζήσεται. Read and punctuate καὶ γὰρ ὡς, ἐλευθέρως ζήσεται. Lucian, Dial. with Hesiod, §. ii. ἢ γὰρ ἐφύσσω ἔχως [read ἔχως] ὑποσχόμενον σοι τῶν Μουσῶν. Pausanias, lib. ii. cap. 90. at the end, εἴτε ἄλλως, εἴτε καὶ ὡς [read καὶ ὡς] συνείς. Diog. Laert. iv. 54. ἀλλὰ καὶ ὡς [read καὶ ὡς] καλίστα. All these passages have given great trouble to the learned.

‡ This, though implied in the original, is not said in so many words, but several manuscripts and editions for it read: "Here it was my fate that things should turn out as they did to Candaules." The history or the tale of Candaules and Gyges is sufficiently known. But, as between that story and what befell our ass in the service of madam Megapola, there is not the least resemblance whatever: the text must necessarily have been corrupted by the first transcriber, whose copy served the others as an original. As it is impossible perhaps to guess what name Lucian may have wrote instead of Candaules, I judged it better to leave out this line entirely, which presents no meaning, and to fill up the chasm, for the sake of the combination, with another, unforced, transition.

letting me enjoy the granted liberty, gave me over at home to the care of his wife Megapola, who had me put to the mill ; where I was forced to grind all her corn and her barley \*. Yet for a grateful ass it would be a tolerable hardship to grind corn for his principals. But dame Megapola was so good a housewife, that she let out my poor neck to a number of others †, who had no farms in the vicinity, for the common pay ‡. The barley that was measured out to me for daily sustenance she first roasted, then poured it with her own hands into the mill, and baked it into cakes, which perhaps were very agreeable to her taste ; but I was obliged to put up with the bran. When the shepherd sometimes drove me to the mares, I was bit and kicked almost to death by the stallions. For whenever they took it into their heads that I had designs upon their mates, they so persecuted me by unremitted kicks with both their hind hoofs, and with such force, that in order to avoid the fatal effects of this equine jealousy, I had no alternative, but to leave the pasture immediately. In this state of things, having no peace either at home or at the mill, nor could feed quietly abroad for the hostile attacks of my field-mates, I grew naturally so thin, that in a short space I was nothing but skin and bone.

But what was the worst of all, I was frequently sent up into the forest to bring home wood. In the first place, I had a lofty mountain to ascend, by a steep and craggy road §, which was the more difficult for me, as I was unshod : and then they gave me for a driver a rascally boy who wan-

\* Καὶ κριθὰς ὄλας. The author wrote, I believe, ὡς ἀλείν αὐτῇ καὶ πυρῆς καὶ κριθὰς ὄλων τὴν ἡμέραν. But the last words having been effaced, the copyist could only read καὶ κριθὰς ὄλ. . . . ., of which he made κριθὰς ὄλας.

† Καὶ παρὰ τῶν ἄλλων τῶν ἐν ἐκείνοις τοῖς ἀγροῖς. Read καὶ παρὰ τῶν ἀνθρώπων τῶν ἐν ἐκ. . . . . the error of the copyists has been occasioned by some abbreviation of the word ἀνθρώπων, which in this place signifies, *slaves employed to work in the field*. Longus, καὶ πολλὰ μὲν ἤρκαζε ποίμνια, πολλὸν δὲ σῖτον καὶ οἶνον καὶ ἀνθρώπους ἐκ ὀλίγου ὅσοι τέτων ἰργάται. On the contrary, in Themistius, orat. xiii. καὶ ἕδὲ αἱ νύκτες αὐτῷ σκοπιναὶ καὶ ἀφανῆς τοῖς ἀνθρώποις, read αἱ ἀφανῆς τοῖς ἄλλοις. Everybody knows what a great number of faults have proceeded from the custom of abbreviating the word ἀνθρώπος.

‡ Gr. ἄλιτρα τὸν μισθὸν αἰτῶσα. He means to say παρὰ τῶν ἀνθρώπων, τῶ ἐν ἐκείνοις τοῖς ἀγροῖς, ἄλιτρα τὸν μισθὸν αἰτῶσα, τῶς πυρῆς αὐτοῖς ἀλείν ἡργολάβῃ ἐκείνῃ, καὶ ἐς τῆτο ἐξμισθοῦ τὸν ἱμὸν ἀθλοῖς τρέχων. If the text is sound, it must be owned that it is an ellipsis rather forced. He imitates Thucydides.

§ Gr. ὄρε ἐν λιθίνῃ. A singular expression, for ὄρε ἐν λιθώδει.

tonly tormented me \*. For though I jogged on as fast as I could, he beat me continually, not with a plain stick, but full of knobs, and always on the same part of the thigh, so that I soon had a real wound there, yet he did not for that thump the less upon it. Then secondly he always charged me with a load, that an elephant would have had enough to do to carry, and the road down the mountain was very steep: and yet he still urged me on by blows. If he saw that the burden sometimes swagged, and hung too heavily on one side †, it was natural to suppose that he would take a part of the wood from the heavier, and, to restore the equipoise, lay it on the lighter side: that however he never did, but picked up big stones from the mountain to increase the weight of the lighter side; so that I, poor creature, in addition to all my wood, was forced to carry useless stones. If on the way we had to pass a running stream, he regularly, to save his shoes, seated himself behind the wood, upon my back, and was carried over. If perchance from weakness and fatigue I fell beneath my burden, then indeed my distress was quite intolerable. For, instead of getting down ‡, as he ought, and helping me

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\* The subsequent account of the miseries endured by the ass under the arbitrary government of an ignorant, unfeeling, and in addition to his stupidity, a malicious lad, is a masterpiece, and alone sufficient to demonstrate the genuineness of this little composition. I shall only add, that this description has an allegorical meaning. It is a natural and apposite representation of the manner how but too many petty sovereigns and their ministers govern their poor subjects; and, contemplated in this point of view, might furnish the text for a very instructive commentary, or for a handsome *specimen diligentiae* of a future princely administrator of justice and imposts. — Besides, it is apparent from this passage, that the lot of the poor ass has for thousands of years, at least in Europe, been always the same. *L'âne*, says Buffon, his magnanimous advocate, *est le jouet, le plastron, le bardeau des rustres qui le conduisent le bâton à la main, qui le frappent, le surchargent, l'excèdent sans précaution, sans ménagement: s'il n'avoit pas un grand fonds de bonnes qualités, il les perdrait en effet par la manière dont on le traite.*

† Gr. περιπίπλον. Περιπίπλον is rarely used in this sense. We say of a vehicle badly loaded, περιπίπλον εις δάτιον μίρον. I find in Plutarch's life of Pyrrhus, ὅτι περιπίπτον ἐκαλίρωσι τὰ μίρα τῷ σώματι διχοπομηθέντες, which is analogous to this.

‡ Gr. ἢ γὰρ ἢν καταβάς τὸ χεῖρά μοι ἐπιδῆναι. . . . This phrase, odd as it is, may be preserved by putting only ἔ for ἐ, and the sense will be, ὅποτε γὰρ ἐξῆν καταβάτω ἔγωγε τῷ χεῖρά μοι ἐπιδῆναι. It is said with propriety ἐ ἐξῆν, ἔ ἴδου for ὅποτε ἐξῆν, ὅποτε ἴδου. Plato in Menon, ἄτος ἐκ ἄν ποτι, ἔ μιν ἴδου δαπανώμενοι, ταῦτα μιν ἰδίδασκε τὸς παιδας τὸς αὐτῶ, οὗ δὲ ἔδιν ἴδου ἀναλόσιμα ἀγαθῶς ἀνδρας ποιεῖσαι, ταῦτα δὲ ἐκ ἰδίδασκεν, a phrase perfectly parallel with that of our author. Diodorus of Sinope in Athenæus, ἔ δ' ἀν καλῶς ἐρημύνην κλίνη ἴδου παρακκμήνη τε τὴν τράπεζαν, ἔδου κατακλιθεῖς ὄδου.

up from the ground \*, he not only did not alight and help me up, but beat me on the head and ears down to the very legs, so unmercifully and so long, as till the repeated strokes brought me on my feet again. Besides, for his diversion he practised another cruel trick. He made a bundle of briars, and stuck it under my tail, so that I could not make a step without being pricked and scratched in my hind quarters, and without a possibility of relieving myself; as what inflicted the wounds stuck the closer behind me at every motion, so that I could not shake it away. If now, to avoid the goading of the thorns, I advanced slowly, he was like to kill me with blows, and if I pushed on to avoid the club, my sufferings behind were more acute. In short, it was no otherwise than as if my driver was determined to extinguish the small particle of life remaining to me.

Once, having worn out my patience by repeated injuries, I lent him a kick with my hind-feet; but such a kick as he never forgot. Being ordered one day to convey stubble from our farm into another; for this purpose he took me out, piled upon my back a large heap of stubble, and tied me fast to the load with a thick cord, in the design of playing me a most cursed trick. For when I was about to set out with it upon the road, the scoundrel stole a red hot fire brand from off the hearth, and when we were at a proper distance from the yard, he thrust it into the stubble; which set it alight, and in a few moments the whole load on my back was all in a blaze. I should have been roasted without redemption on the highway, if I had not leaped immediately into a pretty deep pond that fortunately struck my view. I rolled and tossed myself and my stubble about in the mud till the fire was totally put out, and I made the rest of the journey pretty much at ease, seeing it was impossible for the young man to set fire again to the stubble which was now thoroughly

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\* *ουμίς*, κ. τ. λ. *Καλαβός* for *καλαβία* is proper, and it was wrong to change in Longus, page 63, edit. Rom. τὸ δὲ τρίτον ἄκρον φάρμακον ἀποδοθῆναι καλακλιθῆναι, which is as properly said as ἀποδοθῆναι. Τὸ χεῖρά μοι ἐπιδῆσαι, supply ὄναι. That is proper, but it makes an embarrassed phrase, which will run better if we read ἢ γὰρ ἢν καλαβός τὴν χεῖρά μοι ἐπιδῆσαι.

\* Gr. ἄν ποτε καὶ δέοι. We should read ἄν τι καὶ δέοι. The eye of the copyist was attracted to the ἄν ποτε of the next line. This has frequently happened. In the gospel of St. Luke, chap. xxi. ἀποδείψας δὲ εἶδε τοὺς βάλλοντας. . . . . εἶδε καὶ τινα χεῖρας προχθῆν, read, as Origen uniformly quotes this passage, ἀποδείψας δὲ εἶδε τοὺς βάλλοντας. . . . . εἶδε, κ. τ. λ.

soaked by the wet clay, if he had been ever so much inclined to do it. However when we arrived, the audacious villain accused me falsely of having run to a hearth by the way, of my own accord, and by that means set the stubble on fire. But after all, it was lucky enough, that, contrary to all expectation, I came off with a whole skin, from this adventure of the stubble.

That was indeed a wicked trick ; but one that the infernal urchin played me afterwards was still worse. He drove me into the forest, loaded me with a heavy burden of wood ; after selling this to a neighbouring villager, he led me home with nothing on my back, and accused me to the master of the most scandalous transactions. I cannot conceive, master, said he, to what purpose we fodder this ass, which is the laziest beast in all the wide earth. Added to this, he has of late taken a curious fancy in his head. Whenever he sees a mare or a pretty young filly \*, he directly runs full gallop after her, and behaves no otherwise than like a man who is enamoured of a woman ; he licks and bites her as if he wanted to kiss her, and endeavours to get possession of her by violence. In short, nobody is safe for him, and it cannot fail, that by his wantonness he will bring you into trouble. But just now, when bringing the wood from the mountain, he spied a mare in the field ; in an instant all the wood was scattered upon the ground, the mare prancing, and my ass after her ; and had not some of our people gone up in all speed to the poor mare's assistance, she would have been rent in twain by this boisterous lover. Well, said the master, since he is neither good for riding upon nor for carrying burdens, and is so dangerous to the mares and fillies, knock him on the head, throw his offals to the dogs, and salt his flesh for our day-labourers ; and if it be asked what is become of him †, say that a wolf has devoured him. — This was water to my driver's mill ! The cursed scoundrel could not conceal his joy, and was already making dispositions to carry the order he had received into execution ; but to my great good

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\* The greek text adds, by way of surplusage of the accusation, † *παιδα*.

† Gr. *ως ἀπίθανε*. Again something borrowed from Babrius. See the fable *μηνωγύλιου ὄνου*  
..... καὶ περιβαλομένου αὐτῶν ἡδὲ ἀπὸ τῆς ὄνου, ἔφασαν τεθνηκυῖα.

fortune, a peasant from the adjacent village came up, and saved my life; though by a piece of advice, that appeared to me still more dreadful than even death itself. What do you mean? said he, to kill an ass that may long be of service in the mill or in carrying loads! The complaint is soon remedied. If he is so rampant after females, let him be cut; that will effect a cure, I warrant! He will in a little while be both tame and plump, and be able to bear the heaviest loads without fatigue. In case you do not know how to go about the operation, I will come again in three or four days, and make the rogue by a single slash as gentle as a lamb. — The advice was approved of by all; while I bitterly lamented the loss that threatened me, and resolved no longer to live, if I was to be made a gelding, but either refuse to take food, or throw myself down the mountain, and so die indeed a most miserable death, yet with a whole and unmutilated body.

That same night, at a late hour, a messenger came from the village to our farm, bringing intelligence that the recently married young lady, who had been in the hands of the robbers, and her new husband, were, while walking alone in the dusk of the evening on the sea shore, carried away by the sudden incursion of a wave, and were nowhere to be found, so that nothing else could be suspected, but that they had perished together\*. On hearing these tidings, all the people of the house resolved, seeing the family were in this manner deprived † of their young master and mistress, to remain no longer in bondage; they therefore plundered the premises of all the effects, and took to flight. The groom that had the care of the horses got together everything he could lay hands on ‡, and laid the packs upon me and the mares. If I ever was burdened like

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\* Καὶ θανάτου. Some manuscripts have it, καὶ τοῦ θανάτου. There should be no article; θανάτου τέλος, γάμου τέλος are expressions of Homer, which admit of no alteration; and the τὸ is not necessary before θανάτου. In Dio Chrysostome ταῖς ψυχαῖς καὶ σώμασιν is properly said; it was wrong to correct καὶ τοῖς σώμασιν.

† Κεκοιμημένης οἰκίας. . . . . ἐν τῇ δουλείᾳ. Read κεκοιμημένης τῆς οἰκίας. . . . . ἐν δουλείᾳ. The copyist has transposed the article.

‡ Gr. ὅσα δυνατός ἢ συλλαβῶν — ὅσα δυνατός συλλαβῶν. This latter lection, supported on three MSS. is not to be neglected. The verb substantive is frequently suppressed in these phrases, δυνατός εἰμί, ἱκανός εἰμί.

a real ass, it was then : cumbersome however as it was, glad was I, by this accident, to have escaped castration.

We travelled that whole night along a very miry road : and after a journey of three days, arrived at Borcea, one of the finest and most populous cities of Macedonia, where our drivers resolved to station themselves, and us their beasts. Accordingly they appointed an auction ; and a crier, standing in the middle of the market, presented us for sale, one by one. The chapmen came up and inspected us, opened our mouths, and calculated our ages by the teeth. One bought this, the other that ; in short, the horses all found bidders, but I alone got no fancier, and the crier at length ordered me to be taken home again. You see, said he to my vender, that he alone can find no master. But Nemesis\*, always so curiously twisting about, and unexpectedly shifting this way or that, at this instant led up also a master for me, such a one as I least desired. He was a pretty old sinner †: one of those itinerants who carry the syrian goddess ‡ round the country to the villages and farm-houses, and force the goddess to go begging. To this man was I, in truth dear enough, that is, for thirty drachmas, sold, and now followed, sighing, my new master.

Being come to the quarters of Philebus, for that was the name of my new purchaser, he cried out at the door with a loud voice : Here, my girls, I have bought you a handsome slave, a lusty Cappadocian, to serve you. — These girls were a set of harlots, by whose means Philebus gained his livelihood. — Conceiving now that the bought slave was a real man, they all at once gave a loud shout. But on seeing that it was only an ass, they broke out into as violent a fit of laughter §, and rated him soundly. So, so, daddy ; do you think we cannot perceive that you bring this slave, not for our convenience, but your own. Wherever you

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\* This is evidently spoken, in the true epicurean manner, of Nemesis, the most just and equitable of all the deities.

† Κίραδος in the greek.

‡ Of whom in a subsequent tract a particular account will be found.

§ As in this piece I think myself obliged, here and there, for good reasons, to take some little liberties, though for the sake of saving time and paper, I do not always render account of hem : so it may be allowed to pass, that I have transposed the *οί μιν ἐγγίλας* coming afterwards in the text, hither where it seemed to me properly to belong.

picked him up, pray take him back again ; he will prove but a sluggish animal, as all his progenitors were, and all his progeny are like to be.

Next morning they set themselves to their work, as they called it, dizened out their goddess, and seated her on my back. Whenever they came to a village, I, as bearer of the divinity \*, was made to stand still : the minstrels † began to blow their pipes as if they had been possessed, the ministers of the goddess threw away their caps ‡, and hanging

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\* Gr. ἰγὼ μὲν ὁ Θεοφόρος ἰσάμην, and lower down, ἄφρονι Θεοφόρῳ. In these two places the word Θεοφόρος is distorted from its true meaning. It ordinarily signifies *inspired, possessed by some daemon*, and especially by *the mother of the gods*. Photius, Κύβητος, ὁ κατεχόμενος τῆ μητρὶ τῶν θεῶν, Θεοφόρος. By the fragments that remain to us of the fables of Babrius, it is apparent that Lucian borrowed several traits from that author.

Γάλλους ἀγγέλιος ὡς τὸ κοινὸν ἐπράθη ὄνος τις ἐκ εὐμοίρας, ἀλλὰ δυσδαίμων, ὅστις φέρῃ πτωχοῖσι καὶ πτωχόγυοισι πεινῆς ἄκος δίψης τε καὶ κακῆν τέχνην· ἔτοι δὲ κύκλῳ πᾶσαν ἐξ ἴθους κόμην περιόβις ἐλέγχιον· τίς γὰρ ἀργόκων ἐκ οἴδων Ἀτλιν λευκὸν ὡς ἱππεύθη ; τίς ἐκ ἀπαρχᾶς ὀσπρίων τε καὶ σίτων ἀγνῶ φέρων δίδωσι τυμπάνῳ Ρείης ; In Suidas ὄνη τις ἐπιθίει ζόανον ἤγι κωμήτης is a verse of Babrius.

† Ὁ δὲ ἀλλήτης ἰθύσα ὄμιλος. The antients, Eustathius says, employed the nominative instead of the possessive, and said : Ἑλλῆνας γεραίην for Ἑλληνικῶν, (Dion. Halicarn. βίον Ἑλλῆνα ζῶντες. Theophilus, in the Apodames, τόμους Ἑλλῆνας) ἀθροῦσιν ἴθους, for ἀθροῦσιν, Ἑλλάδα διάλειον, (Herodotus says, Ἑλλάδα γλῶσσαν,) δῆλοι γίνους for δουλικῶν, κασιγνητος φόνος, for κασιγνητῶν φόνος. Hence in Aristophanes δημότης ὄμιλος. In Æschylus Σκυθῆς ὄμιλος. In Euripides, αὐτῆν ὄμιλον. In Plutarch, δημότης ὄμιλος. Racine also says *un peuple adorateur, προσκυνητῆς ὄμιλος*. Longus, speaking of the echo, πάντων τῶν λεγομένων μιμητὴν φωνὴν ἀπειδου, which is properly said, and needs no correction. \* In like manner ἰδῶτος λόγος, φιλόσοφος λόγος, in which expressions λόγος is sometimes understood ; and this ellipsis, to mention it by the way, has perplexed very able critics. To that likewise must be referred γυναικῶν τε θήσαλο μαζῶν of Homer, and συνέειν τρωθῆναι τὸν Ἀλέξανδρον ἴππου, for τὸν Ἀλεξάνδρου, if it be true that any one could have spoken in that manner, as Lesbonax affirms.

‡ Οἱ δὲ τὰς μίτρας ἀπορήψαντες, τὴν κεφαλὴν κάτωθεν ἐκ τῆ αὐχίνος ἐπίσσοις. Ἐπίσσω τὴν κεφαλὴν is perhaps what Catullus says in *capita inflectentes*, and what was commonly called *jactare caput, κεντρίσαι τὴν κεφαλὴν*. Ulpian, *si servus inter famulicos caput jactaret*, and Dio Chrysostome ἀσθμαίνουσα καὶ περιδινῶσα τὴν κεφαλὴν. But I do not believe a reasonable construction could be made of these words κάτωθεν ἐκ τῆ αὐχίνος, with τὴν κεφαλὴν ἐπίσσοις. For which reason I propose to read, instead of κάτωθεν, κατ' ὄμων. And by punctuating thus : τὰς μίτρας ἀπορήψαντες, τὴν κεφαλὴν, κατ' ὄμων, ἐκ τῆ αὐχίνος ἐπίσσοις, it will be a hyperbaton, a reversed construction in our author's manner. Τὰς μίτρας ἀπορήψαντες κατ' ὄμων ἐκ τῆ αὐχίνος. The mitre had a strap under the chin, like a pilgrim's hat. *Habent redimicula mitra. Κατ' ὄμων*. In Longus, pag. 35. Villiers, εἶδον αὐτῶ καὶ πρίμας ἐν τῶν ὄμων καὶ τοξάκια μετὰ τῶν περιφύων καὶ τῶν ὄμων, read μετὰ τῶν περιφύων κατὰ τῶν ὄμων. Ἐπίσσω is scarce ever said in prose. It is however found in Plato. Θεσπέτες, γείφθαι καὶ ἐπίσσειν ἢ δέξαι. Our author besides abounds in these poetical locutions.

down their heads, spun round and round, slashed themselves in the arm with their swords, lolled out their tongues \* and pierced them through, in such a manner that presently they were all over blood. While I stood looking for the first time at this singular spectacle, I was dreadfully uneasy, lest the goddess might take a liking to ass's blood. When they had cut and hacked themselves after this sort for some time, they went round among the by-standers collecting oboli and drachmæ. Others gave them figs, or a cheese, a jug of wine †, a measure of wheat, and barley for their ass. This was the revenue on which these jugglers supported themselves, and kept the goddess that I carried in a becoming state and condition ‡.

One day, passing through a village §, they laid hold on a stout young country fellow, and lured him to the place where they harboured: for what purposes will be easily guessed by such as know what is the ordinary and favourite pastime of such infamous prostitutes. The necessity I was under of being a witness to such scenes of debauchery, made me lament

\* Τὴν γλῶτταν τῶν ἰδόντων ὑπεβάλλον. It is commonly said τὴν γλῶτταν προβάλλον, but ὑπεβάλλον, is likewise good. Philostratus, Apollonius, lib. iii. 8. καὶ τὸν αὐχίνα ὑποβάλλον τῆς χυαῖς, read ὑπεβάλλον, or perhaps ὑπεβάλλον. Euripides, in Orestes, ὅτ' ἐξίβαλε τὸν ματὸν κελαινουσαί σι μύτης.

† All the MSS here read οἶνον καὶ τυρῆ κάδον, wine and a cask of cheese. I remark this ridiculous error of the pen, only because it seems evidently to prove, that all the written copies extant of this tract are taken from one and the same manuscript. Gr. οἶνον καὶ τυρῆ κάδον. Read τυρῆς καὶ οἶνου κάδον. Apuleius, *caseos et vini cadum*.

‡ So I understand the words, οἱ δὲ ἐκ τούτων ἐτρέφοντο, καὶ τὴν ἐπ' ἑμοὶ κομιζομένην θεὸν ἰθαίπεινοι, which latter Massieu translates: *et ils adorèrent le simulacre toujours exposé sur mon dos*. Every reader of taste must feel that Lucian cannot have wrote: "on this they nourished themselves, and adored the goddess that was always exposed upon my back." Θεαπείνας cannot reasonably here have any other than its usual interpretation, *to serve, to administer, to have care of, to tend*, and the most natural import of these two lines is: on these eleemosynary collections of money and victuals, these vagrants supported themselves, kept their goddess in ornamented attire suitable to her quality, and defrayed, in short, all the expenses requisite to that fanatical worship and their vagabond life.

§ That is, in one of the villages they were in the habit of visiting, and where they had reason to expect a good reception. The word ὑπεβάλλον, which sometimes implies a violent effusion, or a hostile invasion, is here purposely selected, to denote the resemblance between these fanatical mendicant priests and a troop of marauders, and that it is the business of both the one and the other to lay the poor people under contribution.

my transformation more than ever, and it seemed more insupportable than anything I had hitherto undergone from it. I tried, in my righteous indignation, to exclaim: o merciful Jupiter\*! But the words stuck in my throat, and nothing came out but an asinine scream. By chance a couple of boors were coming that way, in search of a lost ass, and hearing me scream so terribly, entered without ceremony †, thinking it perhaps to be theirs, and were unexpectedly eye-witnesses of the abominable transactions that were here going on ‡. They soon went out again laughing aloud, and ran up and down the village to divulge these proceedings, and expose the lewd lives of the priests. These were so filled with shame on finding their secret transactions had got abroad, that they silently made off that very night, and when they reached a proper distance from the high road, they vented their rage upon me, for having betrayed their mysteries. As long as they confined themselves to invectives and curses, the calamity would perhaps have been supportable; but these did not satisfy them. They took down the goddess from off my back, and setting her on the ground, they stript me of my trappings, tied me naked to a great tree, and flogged me with that cursed kind of whip-cord, which is garnished with lumps of lead, so cruelly that I was near dying under the lash. There, said they, learn another time to hold your tongue, as becomes the carrier of our goddess. They even went so far as to talk of putting me to death after I had undergone the flagellation, so exasperated were they at my having brought upon them so much disgrace, and caused them to be chased out of the village, before they had done anything more to deserve it. However they were deterred from this design by a forbidding look of the goddess || as she lay on the ground, and the

\* Namely, that you should be such a calm spectator of such infamous doings, or if they are displeasing to you, that you have not power enough to punish them

So I think the *lacune* should be filled up here, which in the words ὑπεραλγησας ἐπὶ τῇ ἑμαυτῷ μίλαβολῷ, — ὅτι μέχρι νῦν ἀνίχομαι κακῶν between μίλαβολῷ and ὅτι is sufficiently apparent.

† Gr. ἔβη καὶ ἐδραμόβη. Read καὶ γίγως ἐκ τῶν ἰκυσσιθόβηων πολλὸς γίγως· οἱ δὲ ἔβη ἐδραμόβη. The copyists, shocked at seeing twice running οἱ δὲ . . . . οἱ δὲ, thought to correct the passage, one of them by suppressing the οἱ δὲ in the first member, and another by replacing it by καὶ.

‡ Τὰ ἑαίνων. Our author frequently puts ἑαίνων for αὐτός. It is a mode of speech which he affects.

|| Τῆν δίσκουαν. Δίσκουα is the proper title of the mistress of the house. A girl, when turned of fourteen, was called Κυρία; after her marriage, δίσκουα. The goddesses like-

consideration, that without me the journey would not conveniently go forward. They packed her therefore again upon me before the weals from my whipping had done smarting, and we set out again on our journey.

We took up our next night's lodging on the estate of a wealthy man, who, by good luck, happened to be there himself, received the goddess with much pleasure in his house, and even ordered victims to be slain in sacrifice to her. Here I was brought into such great peril, that I shall not soon forget it. An intimate friend of the master of the house \*, had sent him a present of the haunch of a wild ass †. Just at the time when it was to be dressed, by the carelessness of the cook, the dogs ‡ came into the kitchen, and ran away with it. The cook, apprehensive of a severe chastisement for his negligence, in a fit of desperation declared he would hang himself. In an evil hour for me, his wife said to him; talk not of dying, dear husband, nor give way to such desponding thoughts! Follow my directions, and all will yet be well. Lead out the ass belonging to these mendicants §, and take him to a sequestered place, kill him, cut off one of his quarters, and dress it for your master;

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wise, and particularly Cybele, were styled *δέσποινα domina*. Servius on the *Æneid*: *Domina nam proprie matrem deum dici Varro et alii affirmant*, not so exclusively however as to prevent the use of the appellations *δέσποινα Ἀρήμι*, *δέσποινα Ἀφροδίτη*, *δέσποινα Διόνυσι*. As formerly the French used to say *Monsieur Saint Jean*, *Madame Sainte Catherine*. And to this day the holy virgin is entitled by the greek christians *Κυρία, δέσποινα*, whence come the italian *Madonna*, and the french *Notredame*.

\* *Τῶν φίλων γὰρ τις τῆ δεσπότη τῶν ἀγρῶν ἱππιμῆι δῶρον*. Apuleius translates; *nam quidam colonus domino suo partem venationis muneri miserat*. He read *τῶν δούλων γὰρ τις*. . . . It is not the only time that the word *δούλος* has been altered by the copyists. Diodorus, *lib. xv. 2*, *κέρυξ τυφλὸν ἄνδρα ἀποδεδρακτότα κομίζων*. Read *δούλον ἄνδρα ἀποδεδρακτότα κηρύσσων*.

† We see from this passage, that the wild ass was at that time reckoned a delicate species of game, as it was at the time of D. Olearius, and therefore probably still is, in Persia. With the Greeks it is likely that their rarity contributed much to their great culinary estimation.

‡ *Κυνῶν πολλῶν λαθραίως ἔσθω παρελθόντων*. This passage is confessedly corrupt. It may be restored in different ways. We may read *κυνῶν σου τινὸς λαθραίως ἔσθω παρελθόντος*. In the Menexenus of Plato, *ὃ γὰρ πάσαι ἐδὲ πολλῶν* (read *ἐδὲ ποτ' ἐδὲν τῶν*) *ἀνθρώπων γιγνόντα λίγουμε' ἀν τὰ μὲν ταῦτα*. But what I take to be most probable, is, that here the author wrote, *κυνῶν τινος, πολλοὶ δὲ ἦσαν, λαθραίως ἔσθω παρελθόντος*, or somewhat like it.

§ *Τὸν ὄνον λαθρῶν ἔξω εἰς ἱερῶν χωρίων*, Read *λαθρῶν ἄξων*. Apuleius *remoto quodam loco deductum jugula*.

you may throw the rest of the carcass down some precipice. They will suppose the ass to have run away, and give themselves no farther trouble about him. You see how plump and fat he is \*, and will certainly make a nicer dish than the wild one. The cook approved the advice of his better half: that is a good thought, wife †, said he; it is the only means that can save me a drubbing. I must set about the business directly. — I, poor wretch, was standing close by, while my execrable cook held this delightful conversation with his spouse ‡. The danger was imminent, and deliberation would be of no avail in helping me to avoid death. I therefore, by a sudden effort, broke the halter by which I was tied, and burst full gallop into the hall, where they were all at table, together with the master of the house, and by my capering upset the table, lights and everything upon it, overjoyed at the thought of this excellent contrivance to save my life; for I doubted not that the master of the villa would immediately have me shut up, and strictly watched, as a mad ass. But the ingenious stratagem brought me into the same danger with that I had hoped to escape by it. For, believing me to be mad, they all ran furiously upon me in a moment, with swords, spears, and long staves, and would certainly, to judge by their looks, have killed me on the spot, if I had not, at sight of the great danger that threatened me, by a rapid movement saved myself in the apartment where my masters were to sleep. Where, seeing me enter, they barricaded the door on the outside as well as they could, and I had for that night nothing further to fear.

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\* Gr. ὄρεξ δὲ ὡς ἔστιν εὐσαρκος. Efface δὲ, which is the transcriber's, and renders the phrase languid. Longus, ὄρεξ ὡς λιπαρὰ αἱ αἰγες; ὄρεξ ὡς ὑακίνθου τῆς κόμης ὁμοίαν ἔχει; the copyists cannot endure the ἀσυνδέτα.

† Gr. ἄριστα, ἴφην, σοι, ὦ γυναῖκα. Read ἄριστα, ἴφην, σὺ, ὦ γυναῖκα. Or perhaps it must be understood ἄριστα σοι, ὦ γυναῖκα, λίλιχλαι. The verb is suppressed, as when we say, πρὸς ἀφρονας ταῦτα, πρὸς παῖδας ταῦτα, supply λέγε, or λαλῶ. Tell that to fools, to children.

‡ Gr. ἔτος ἐμὸς. One of these words is perhaps only a variation of the other; for it is a mistake to which the copyists are very liable. They often put in the text the *variantes* noted in the margin; and not less frequently reject a word from the text which they take for a variation. However it be, μάγειρος signifies sometimes a butcher, and that is what interpreters have not always paid attention to. In the fables of Æsop μιμηθῆναι πρὸς μάγειρον εἶναι, ἵνα τί ὄνου λατρός ἔγνομην, you pretend here to act the herborist, and were never anything but a butcher. La Fontaine. We must then here understand μάγειρος in the double sense of cook or butcher, if we preserve the lection ἐμὸς μάγειρος.

Finding me, next morning \*, quite tame and gentle †, they once more set the goddess on my back. I set forward with the vagabonds till we came to a large and populous village, where they put in practice a new trick, persuading the inhabitants by their juggling pretences, that the goddess would not lodge in any house of man, but chose to reside in the temple of, I have forgot what other country-goddess, who was held in extremely high honour in those parts. The good people testified their utmost satisfaction at receiving the foreign goddess, and her lodging with their own; assigning to us the small house of a poor person. After my masters had staid here some days, they determined at length to proceed farther on to a neighbouring town: they therefore asked for their goddess again, fetched her themselves out of the temple, seated her on my back, and went away with her. But the villains on entering the temple, had found an opportunity to steal a golden chalice, and concealed it under the clothes of their goddess. The people of the village, quickly apprized of this theft, pursued them on horseback, arrested them on the road; and found it, after diligent search, hid in the bosom of the goddess. Whereupon they bound the delinquents, brought them back, and threw them into prison, took our goddess off me, to give her another temple, and returned the golden chalice to their own divinity.

The following day it was determined to sell me with the other effects of the delinquents: and accordingly I was transferred to a baker from an adjoining district. My new master loaded me with ten bushels of flour,

\* Ἐπιδη δὲ ἦδη. The copyists thought they perceived a cacophony in these three syllables δη, δὲ, δῆ, and corrected it, not knowing that the antients are fond of tripling and quadrupling the same consonant, particularly the δ. Plato in the Menon, ἰὼν δὲ διδμεῖνοι. In the Phædo, σὺ δὲ διδιῶς. In the Gorgias δίδωσι δίκην ἀδικῶν. In the Euthyphron, τὸν ἀδικεῖντα δεῖ δίδόναι δίκην. Xenophon, τὰ δὲ διδάσκων. Aristophanes, ἦ δὲ δὴ τις ἰσὶν the same ἰδὲ δὲ δὴ καὶ σφαλλόμενος πρὸς ἑρχίαι. Philostratus, in the Heroics, τὶ δὲ δὴ διῶρο πρῶτον; Synesius, ἔτοι δὲ δὴ δὲς ἦδη. Plato in the Cratylus, οἱ παλαιοὶ οἱ ἡμέτεροι τῷ δέλλαι εἰ μάλα ἐχρῶντο, καὶ ἔχ ἦμισα νῦν αἱ γυναῖκες, αἵπερ μάλιστ' αὐτὰς ἀρχαίαι φωνὴν σέζουσι. Ronsard, dont la muse en françois parle grec et latin, says in one place, *doux dedain, douce amour*.

† This circumstance I am obliged to add for the sake of connexion, because the narrative, as every one sees, would be abrupt and defective without it. Lucian sometimes affects the most superfluous tautologies, whereas in other places he leaves the reader to guess what by the rules of good manners he ought to have told him. This is what I would not wish to imitate him in.

which he had bought, and drove me home through a rough road. Where being come, he led me to the mill-house, where I saw a great many animals of my own kind, and a number of mills, which they were turning, and all well supplied with meal. As I had already borne a heavy burden along a toilsome road, and besides was a new servant, I was allowed to rest the remainder of the day: but on the following, putting a sack over my eyes, they harnessed me to the beam of the mill-wheel, and drove me round. Though I was not very well skilled in the art of grinding, yet I had had but too much opportunity for learning it\*; however I feigned as if I knew nothing of it, hoping thereby to be declared unfit for the business †. But in this too I was greatly mistaken. For the labourers round, seeing me restive, beat me with sticks, and when I was least thinking of it, (for see I could not) laid them so thick and hard upon me, that by their strokes I soon spun round like a top. And thus experience taught me this lesson; that a servant, in order to do his duty, should not wait for the hand of his master.

By this manner of life being quite emaciated and feeble, my master sold me to one that was a gardiner by profession, who was engaged to cultivate a large plot of ground. Here now the labour was divided between us. Early every morning he loaded me with as many vegetables as I could carry: and when he had disposed of them to the dealers in the market, he drove me back to the garden, where, whilst he dug and planted and transplanted, I stood idle and looked on. I had however a very troublesome life of it with him: for it was in the winter season, and the poor man had not so much as to enable him to buy a covering for himself, much less for me. Besides, unshod as I was, I was forced to trudge sometimes through the mire, at other times over the hard clods and icy ground; and we had neither of us any thing to eat except bitter lettuces, which were as tough as leather.

\* Ἐπιστάμην πολλὰκις παθὼν. Not μαθὼν, an error of the copyists, who everywhere write τί μαθὼν for τί παθὼν. Γινῶναι παθὼν is a proverb.

† Προσπορεύμεν δὲ ἀγνοεῖν ἀλλὰ μάτην ἤλπισα. This text is mutilated. The author should have writ προσπορεύμεν δὲ ἀγνοεῖν οἴομαι δὴ ὡς ἐκ ἐπιπέδου ὄντα ταῦθ' ὑπερλίτῃ ἀφρόνησθαι, ἀλλὰ μάτην ἤλπισα. Apuleius, *stupore mentito defixus hærebam ut ignarus operis. Quod enim rebar ut minus aptum et hujusmodi ministerio satis inutilem me ad quempiam alium laborem legatum iri, vel otiosum certe cibatum iri, sed frustra, &c.*

Once, on going together into the garden, we were met by a man of a good aspect in a soldier's uniform, who addressed us in the latin tongue, and asked my gardener where he was going with the ass. He, ignorant I suppose of the language, remained an answer in his debt. Upon this, the former, who construed this into contempt, grew angry, and gave the gardener a couple of strokes with his whip. In an instant my gardener took him up in his arms, and placing one hand beneath his ham, laid him flat on the ground, then stamped his feet upon him, and hammered him first with his fists, and at last with a stone he picked up from the road, and left him for dead. He at first defended himself, and now threatened, if he could get upon his legs again, he would run him through the body with his sword. This my gardener seemed to take as a hint to provide for his own security, snatched the sword from the soldier's side, and, throwing it to a distance, began afresh to thump him so furiously, that the poor man could no longer bear it, and to relieve himself at once, pretended to be expiring. The gardener, terrified at this, leaves the soldier lying where he was, and taking up the sword, mounted upon me and rode back to the city. Here, after giving up the care of his garden to a friend, spying danger at every turn, concealed both himself and me at the house of a particular acquaintance in the city. The next day, after consulting together, what farther was to be done, they shut my master up in a chest, and tied me by the legs, carried me up stairs, and locked me in the garret.

In the mean time, as I heard say, the soldier had with much difficulty at length gathered himself up from the ground, gone with his head swelled by the blows he had received to his comrades in the city, and had told them how unreasonably the gardener had attacked him. Who, making common cause with him, rested not till they had discovered the place where we were hid, and called in the magistrate to their assistance. A municipal officer was now despatched, with orders to turn all the persons they found in the house out of doors : they all went forth, but no gardener was to be seen. The soldiers insisted upon it, that both the gardener and his ass must be in the house : the others assured them that there was nobody more, neither man nor ass. The mob that this affair brought together, and the noise they made, excited my curiosity, thoughtless and perverse ass as I was, to know what the clamour was about, and I stretched out

my ears through a lattice, and peeped down into the street. As soon as the soldiers saw me, they raised a loud cry; the people of the house were caught in a lie; the officers rushed in, made a thorough search, discovered my master in the chest, and sent him to prison, to be called to account for his offence; and I was brought down, and delivered up to the soldiers. The laughter had liked never to cease, occasioned by the sight of the witness, looking out of the garret window, who had so ingeniously betrayed his own master; and from that time forth the saying: "from the peeping ass at the window \*," grew into a proverb.

What afterwards became of the gardener, my master, I never heard; but the soldier sold me for five and twenty attic drachmas to the cook of a very rich man of Thessalonica, the greatest city in Macedonia. This man had, as a fellow servant, a brother, who had the care of the cakes and confectionery †. The two brothers lodged and boarded together; the implements of their art lay always among one another, and a stall was assigned me in their common dwelling. Hither they mutually brought the relics of their master's table, the cook, the flesh, and the fish, the other tarts and cheese-cakes. These, whenever they went together to the bath ‡, shut me in, leaving to me, to my great comfort, the custody of all these nice things. Now, farewell barley! long repose to you, for me! I profited by the artifices and perquisites of my two masters, and found human food, after so long a privation, taste deliciously. On their return they at first suspected nothing of my pilfery; both because there was such a plenty of provisions, and because I pilfered with a sort of modesty and reserve. But, growing bolder, and, perfectly relying on their supposed stupidity, I swallowed the choicest morsels, and a great quantity of everything, insomuch that they were necessarily aware of the damage. They began now to suspect, and accuse one another of being the thief, and having secretly purloined to his private use a part of the common stock. They were pretty warm in their mutual reproaches on

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\* Namely to convict and condemn anybody. The proverb was applied to persons brought to trial for trivial causes, or condemned on slight grounds.

† In gr. *μλιπηκτα*, because the Greeks used honey in such sweetmeats.

‡ That is, every time they had finished preparing the meals of their master, and were now going to their own, according to the grecian custom, they went previously into the bath.

that account ; and in order to come at the bottom of the fact, they each paid more particular attention, and counted the several pieces. I, for my part, had a most delicate and luxurious life of it ; and got a sleek and glossy skin, and was as beautiful as I had ever been. So that the two worthy brothers, when they saw that I grew fatter from day to day, and the barley not diminished in quantity, but retaining always its first measure, began to entertain some suspicion of me. In order therefore to get at the truth, they went out together as usual, as if to the bath, and shut the door after them ; but gently creeping back, they peeped through a crevice, and observed what was doing. I, who had not a thought of their stratagem, feasted away with a good appetite on their provisions, and laid it in nicely. To see an ass at such a banquet, appeared so strange and incredible to them, that they could not help laughing ; they thought it indeed so diverting, that they called the other servants to witness this singular spectacle. Their mirth was now so noisy, that it reached the ears of the master of the house. He asked what was the cause of the uproar without, and why the people were laughing. When he heard the reason of it, he rose up from table, peeped likewise through the cranny, and saw me just then devouring a piece of black game. He burst out into a horse laugh \*, and rushed in. I was excessively vexed at being caught in the fact by the master of the house, both as a thief and a glutton. But he was exceedingly diverted with the affair, and the first thing he did was to give orders to have me led directly into his own dining-room ; where he ordered a table to be set before me, which was furnished with everything that no other ass can eat—several sorts of flesh-meats, oysters, ragouts, and fish, some in sauce, others with mustard. I, seeing that fortune thus kindly smiled upon me, and conceiving that nothing could save me if I spoilt this joke of the great man, placed myself at the table, and ate of everything, though I was satiated before. In the mean time incessant peals of laughter resounded through the hall. One of the guests, perceiving how I laboured, said, I would lay a bet, that this ass would drink wine and water if some were

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\* As may easily be believed, and as the text has it. Massieu must have thought this not decent enough ; for he says directly the reverse : *il garda son serieux*. Yet why should the good man in his own house not laugh as loud as he pleased at a thing truly ridiculous ?

offered to him. The master commanded wine to be presented to me, and I drank.

It may be easily imagined, that I was too extraordinary a beast, in his view, to be left with a domestic. He ordered one of his stewards to pay him who had purchased me twice the sum I had cost him, and transferred me to one of his young freedmen, with the commission to teach me various tricks, whereby I might afford him the most pastime. My new preceptor had no great trouble with me, for I obeyed him directly in whatever he bade me do. The first was, to put myself in the attitude of a man, leaning upon his elbow, recumbent on a sofa. Next I must wrestle and dance with him, standing erect on my hind feet, nodding or shaking the head, in answer to what should be asked me, yes or no; and learn to do a number of other things, which I could not do without a tutor. How naturally can this surprising ass drink wine, wrestle and dance! was soon the common cry. But what appeared the most unaccountable to the vulgar was \*, that I always gave suitable answers to the questions that were put to me, yes or no; and when I wanted to drink, could by a sign to the butler, ask for beverage. As it was impossible they should know, that a man was under an ass's form, they wondered at all this as somewhat altogether supernatural. I took advantage of their ignorance, to lead a lazy and luxurious life. Among my other acquirements, I learnt to amble, and to go such a gentle and easy pace, that my rider could scarce feel the motion; on which account I had sometimes the honour to carry my master himself. I had likewise the most magnificent saddle and gear, housings of purple, a bridle garnished with gold and silver, and a set of bells, that as I went made the finest music in the world.

Meneclēs (that was our master's name) was, as I said, from Thessalonia, and come to the city where we at present sojourned, for the purpose

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\* Gr. ὅσα ἰδύαμην μὲν. *J'aurais bien pu boire sans lui; μὲν in these phrases expresses the french particle bien, ἢ βιάζεσθαι ἰθίλω ἕδαμὸς, ἀλλὰ πείσσαι μὲν. Je ne veux pas le contraindre, mais bien le persuader: ἔτοι δὴ ἀφίκται, ἀλλὰ δοκεῖ μὲν μοι ἤξειν τήμερον. Il n'est pas encore arrivé, mais je crois bien qu'il doit arriver aujourd'hui. This phrase is common in the best authors. Some grammarians however regard it as a solecism. Σολοκισμὸς ἴσσι, says an ancient, ὡφὶ τῷς συνδύσμοις, ὅταν τις τῷ μὲν μὴ ἰσώγῃ τὸν δὲ, ἢ ἕτερον καταναρμῶσται.*

of making arrangements for a sort of gladiatorian spectacle, which he had promised to give his townsmen. The combatants whom he intended to employ were now engaged, and in proper condition, and the time appointed for our departure was come. We set out betimes in the morning, and whenever the road was too rugged for travelling in the carriage, I carried our master on my back. Having now reached Thessalonica, there was not a person in the city, who did not run out to meet our cavalcade \*, and particularly to have sight of me ; for the fame of my dexterity in playing various parts, and of my being able to wrestle and to dance like a man, had gone before me to the most distant parts.

My master took a peculiar delight in shewing me to the most considerable of his fellow-citizens at table, and to divert them with my several tricks and frolics on these occasions. My tutor however found means to draw a pretty income through me : for he shut me up, and opened the door to such as were desirous to see me and my supernatural performances upon no other condition than the payment of ready cash †. These persons regularly brought me something to eat, some one thing, some another ; what in their opinion an asinine stomach could least bear : but I ate everything ; so that in a short time, what with the days of ease I enjoyed with my master, and the dainty morsels brought me by the people of the town, I grew excessively vigorous and fat ‡. My beauty and

\* It is, I think, clear, from the whole combination, that *ἑα* here is not the gladiator-game itself, as Massieu, misled by the latin translator, supposes ; for, that this was given not till some time afterwards, Lucius in the sequel expressly says. Nothing therefore but the entrance of Meneclæ with his gladiators and the rest of the retinue can be meant, which was always sufficiently worth seeing to attract the inhabitants of a tolerably large city, whose expectations were already raised, into the streets.

† *Τῶν αὐτῶν πωλιῶν.* This may be understood in two ways, *τῶν ἐνθάδε πωλιῶν*, or *τῶν τῷ δεσπότῳ συμπολιῶν*, which in my opinion is the true meaning. Phrynichus, *πωλίτης λέγει, μὴ συμπολίτης.*

‡ *Τοῖς ἐν τῇ πόλει συναριστῶν.* It is said, *οἱ ἐν τῇ πόλει ἄριστοι, οἱ ἐν τῇ πόλει ἐπιφανῆς, οἱ μίγιστον δυνάμει ἐν τῇ πόλει, οἱ δυνατοὶ ἐν τῇ πόλει*, and by ellipsis, as here, *οἱ ἐν τῇ πόλει.* Antiphanes in Athenæus, *ἔτοι δ' εἰς τὰ δεικνῶν τῶν ἐν τῇ πόλει ἀφορῶσι.* This is what the interpreters of Theophrastus did not understand, in the character of the flatterer. *Ἐνθυμῆ ὡς ἀποκρίπουσιν πρὸς σὶ οἱ ἀνδρῶν ; ἔπειθ' ἔδωκε τῶν ἐν τῇ πόλει γίνεσθαι πλὴν σοί.* You are the only one of our great men who are looked upon in that manner. A few pages afterwards, *καὶ ταῦτα ποιεῖν τοῖς ἐν τῇ πόλει διαγινώσκων.* He takes care to tell it to respectable people, to genteel folks. Not but that this expression is employed also in its proper sense, and even most frequently. Lysias, *ὁ μόνος οἱ ἐν τῇ πόλει, ἀλλὰ*

my other extraordinary merits drew me into a most singular adventure. A foreign lady who was very rich, and in person not disagreeable, had a vehement curiosity to see me dine; and fell so mortally in love with me \*, that she could not resist the temptation to act the part of Pasiphaë with me †. She accordingly entered into a negotiation with my tutor, and promised him a round sum, if he would allow her to pass a night with me ‡: to which he willingly consented, without caring how it would turn out, whether well or ill §. — Suffice it to say, the lady appeared to have found me so entertaining, that, at break of day on taking leave, she hired me of my superintendent for one night more at the same price. This man, partly for the sake of the money that he gained at my expense, partly that he might exhibit me to our master in a quite novel point of view, shut her in with me once more, and I must confess the lady treated me without any reserve. My patron, whom my overseer had

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καὶ οἱ σύμμαχοι. In like manner it is said, οἱ ἐν Σπάρτῃ, οἱ ἐν Κορίνθῳ, *the foremost, the most conspicuous of Corinth, of Sparta.*

\* Παριθῆσα ἕσω ἰδίῳ ἰμί. Phrynichus advises to say ἕσω παρίρχομαι, not ἔνδον εἰσίρχομαι. We have it before, ἕσω εὐθὺς παρήλομαι, and again ἕσω παριθόνεις. Παριθῆσα ἰδίῳ for εἰς τὸ ἰδίῳ, οἷ ὡς ἰδίῳ. This turn of expression is common in the gospels; ἐκ ἤλθον καταλύσαι ἀλλὰ πληρῶσαι· ἐξῆλθον κρατῆσαι αὐτόν, *they went out to detain him*; προσῆλθε παιδίσκε ὑπακῆσαι, *a maid-servant came to open the door*; μὴ ἐπιστρέψατω ὀπίσω ἄραι τὰ ἱμάτια αὐτοῦ, *let him not return to take his clothes*. In the fables of Æsop, κύων κηπουρῆ τινος εἰς φρέαρ ἐμπέπλωκεν· ὁ δὲ κηπουρὸς κατελθὼν αὐτὸν ἐκίθη ἀνελκύσαι . . . . .

† Σὺν ἰμοὶ ἀναπαύσασθαι. It is the decent expression. Machon in Athenæus, μιλῶ τῆς Γραθαίνης ἀναπαύειο. The same, μισρακύλλιον ἀναπαύομαι μιλῶ τῆς Γραθαίνης. Plutarch ἰταίρα δὲ συζῶν, καὶ συναναπαύομαι. Julian, ἰξίων εἰδὼν λέγειαι παραναπαύσασθαι. Nicostratus, in Stobæus, τῆ γυναικὶ ἀνὴρ προσαναπαύειαι; perhaps we should read παραναπαύειαι.

‡ Σὺν ἰμοὶ ἀναπαύσασθαι. Some MSS. have ἀναπαύσασθαι. Read ἀναπαύεισθαι.

§ The details of this night-piece in the original fill a pretty long chapter, and contain things that can only be said in greek. Lucian, as it appears, could as little resist the temptation to exhibit a picture which probably no other had ever ventured to draw, as the human she-ass that Lucius causes to play the Pasiphaë with the ass-man, could her asinine instinct. It must however be said for him, that he has described the whole scene without any the least mixture of wantonness; circumstantially indeed, but withal as calm and sedately as facts are recorded in history, or as a natural historian can describe the nuptial mysteries of an insect. As it would not have been proper to take no notice at all of this revolting story, I have at least got over it as lightly and rapidly as possible. — Εἴτε καὶ ἀνύσει τε. Εἴτε ἀνύσει τε. The meaning is, if she could make anything of me. Ἀνύσει and ἀνύσασθαι are different, which has not been remarked by those who have pretended to explain this passage.

brought to be a private beholder of this scene through the chink in the door, found the transaction so amusing, that he resolved immediately to give a spectacle of the kind for the good of the public. He laid his commands on the freedman not to say a word on the subject to anyone, greatly diverting himself by anticipation in the thought of making me perform this part on the public stage with a female convict. For that purpose a creature was selected who was condemned to be thrown to the wild beasts, and, that I might familiarize myself with her, she was previously conducted to me, with orders to stroke and caress me.

The day being at length arrived that Menecles had appointed for the public spectacle which he intended to give at his own expense, I was produced in the amphitheatre in the following manner. They laid me on a sumptuous sofa, the woodwork whereof was overlaid with indian tortoise-shell embossed with gold\*, and the woman lay beside me. Thus situated we were drawn upon wheels into the amphitheatre, and, amidst shouts and clappings of the spectators, set down in the centre of it. Before us was placed a table richly furnished with the daintiest dishes, and near us stood several beautiful boys, who served us with wine in golden vessels. Behind me was my overseer, urging me to eat. But I was by no means in an eating humour, partly because I was ashamed at lying there so publicly before all the world, partly because I was not at all at my ease, and was every moment afraid lest some bear or lion might spring forward and turn the sport into a tragedy.

In the meantime, suddenly turning about, I perceived a man carrying round among the spectators a basket of flowers, intermingled with which I saw fresh roses prominent. I, without pausing a moment, jumped down from the sofa, and ran up to the nosegay-man. Everybody thought I

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\* Ἀπὸ χελώνης πεποιημένη. I have not been able to find this expression in authors of the classical age. St. Matthew says, εἶχε τὸ ἵνδυμα ἀπὸ τρίχων καμήλου. Hesychius, Ἰθυλήριον, ὃ φέρουσι οἱ μάστιγες σκῆπτρον ἀπὸ δάφνης. Appian, Μασσανιάσση Ρωμαῖοι εἶφαν ἀπὸ χρυσῆ ἱπιμπον. Scholium upon Aristophanes, κυνῆ, ἀπὸ κυνέων δερμάτων ἦν. — We find χρυσῆ πεποιημένης, χρυσῆ πεποιημένης. Longus, lib. i. Νυμφῶν ἄλλοι ἦν . . . . τὰ ἀγάλματα τῶν Νυμφῶν αὐτῶν λίθοις πεποίητο. Read τὰ ἀγάλματα τῶν Νυμφῶν ἐν αὐτῷ λίθῳ πεποίητο. Lucian, De Domo, καὶ μίσος οἶκος, καὶ εἰκόσις ἐν αὐτῷ λίθῳ λευκῆ. — Ἐπὶ ταύτης με. Perhaps we should read κλίη ἦν . . . . ἐπὶ ταύτης τῆς κλίης με ἀνακλίωσι. Longus, πῆγῃ τις ἦν . . . . ἐκ δὲ τῆς πηγῆς ὕδωρ ἀναβλύζον . . . . — Κρότος πάσης χειρὸς ἐξήλατο. Libanius, καὶ διὰ πάσης ἡδύλο γλώττης Ἀγαμίμωσι.

was going to dance: but I was going to do somewhat quite different. I tumbled the flowers about and examined them one by one; and, after pulling out the roses, I devoured them greedily. All eyes were now fastened upon me with astonishment, on beholding my brutal mask, if I may be allowed the expression, fall off at once and no longer existing. The former ass vanished, and the pristine Lucius, who had been hid in it, stood naked before them\*.

It is impossible to describe the amazement that so unexpected and supernatural a spectacle excited in all present; a horrible tumult arose, and the whole amphitheatre was split into two parties. Some were for having me burnt alive immediately as a sorcerer, who, by the arts of necromancy assuming all shapes, might prove dangerous to the community; while others were of opinion that I ought to be heard before that decision was adopted, and that a final sentence should not be passed till the matter had been duly investigated.

By good fortune the governour of the province happened to be present in person. I ran therefore towards him, and addressing him from below, related in what manner I had been metamorphosed into an ass by a thessalian girl, the maid of a thessalian lady, by means of a magical ointment; humbly beseeching him to take me under his protection till I had convinced him of the truth of the fact.

The governour asked me my name, and inquired after my parents and relations, and from what country I was. I replied: my father is called — — †, my name is Lucius, my brother's prænomen Caius, the two

\* Ὁ δὲ Λύκιος αὐτὸς ἔειπεν μοι γυμνὸς εἰσῆκει. We should read αὐτὸς ὁ ἔειπεν μὲ γυμνὸς εἰσῆκει, or perhaps αὐτὸς ὁ ἐν ἱμοῖ γυμνὸς εἰσῆκει. Plato, ὁ ἐν ἡμῖν παῖς. Porphyry, τῷ ἐν ἡμῖν παυδὸς ἦν ταῦτα τὰ παῖδι. Marcus Antoninus, ὁ ἐν σοὶ θεός, a phrase which he frequently makes use of. But he likewise says τῷ ἔειπεν ἰαυτῷ δαίμωνι, τῷ θεῷ τῷ ἔειπεν ἰδρυμένῳ αὐτῷ. — Τὸ δὲ δίαλεον εἰς δύο γνάμμης ἰσχυρίζο. Herodotus first said εἰς δάκρυα ἔπεισε τὸ δίαλεον, a phrase employed since by all the world. The lexicon of St. Germain, Στρατόπεδον, ἀπὸ τῷ στρατεύματος Θεουδίδης τίτλη, τὸ στρατόπεδον ἀνεχέμεσι. Plato, Φυγῆ ἀνεχέμεσι τὸ στρατόπεδον.

† It is sufficiently clear, from the combination of the text, that the copyist, of whose negligence we have seen so many proofs, has here omitted the name of the father, and confounded it with the prænomen of the son. To be fully convinced of this, the reader is referred to Gessner's remark in the bipontine edition, vol. vi. p. 502, 503. — At any rate it is evident that some words here are wanting. But to discover what has occasioned this hiatus in the text we should

other names we have in common \*; that I was the author of several historical and other writings, my brother an elegiac poet and an expert soothsayer; and that our birthplace was Patræ in Achaia. — Then, said the governour †, you are of a family for whom I have a particular value, and to whom I am obliged for the hospitality which they shewed me while I lodged at their house, and the courteous manner in which they entertained me. It is sufficient for me to know that you are the son of such parents, to be convinced that you are incapable of telling an untruth. With these words he started up from his chair, embraced and kissed me with much warmth, and took me with him to his palace. My brother ‡ arriving soon after, brought me money and several other necessaries; and the governour juridically and openly § acquitted me of all the slanderous accusations of sorcery that had been brought against me on account of my transformation. We then looked out for a ship in the harbour, put our baggage on board, and prepared for our departure.

In the meantime I thought it a sort of duty to pay my respects to the lady who had been so fond of me when I was but a poor ass; not doubting that now I was a man again I should appear to her more beautiful and amiable. She received me very amicably, and seemed to be much

write the passage thus:

Πατρῆς μὲν, Ἰφῶν, Ἰρι μοι . . . . .  
 . . . . . ὄνομα δ' Ἰρι μοι Λύκιος.

In the first line, after Ἰρι μοι, were the name and the quality of the father of Lucius. But the copyist skipped from one line to the other, deceived by this second Ἰρι μοι, which suddenly caught his eye. The same thing has happened a thousand times, and no mistake is more common in all MSS.

\* To wit, the family name and surname. Lucian intends him to say, they are of a family, which as clients of a noble roman house have adopted the name of it (for the proper Greeks had only one name); but he thus betrays his ignorance in roman affairs. This manner of saying it to a roman proconsul must have appeared tolerably ludicrous; for that brothers were of the same race and surname was self-evident with the Romans.

† He before styled him the chief governour of the province, ἀρχὴν τῆς ἰταρχίας, here he calls him the judge, δικαστῆς. Doubtless it is the roman viceroy or governour of Macedonia that is meant.

‡ To whom he probably had given an account of his history. Thus does Lucian frequently leave something to be divined how it should be naturally understood of itself.

§ This is meant by the words δημοσίᾳ πάντων ἀκρίτως, and not *en plein théâtre*, as Massieu translates it. The honour of Lucius required that the matter (at least *pro forma*) should be juridically treated.

pleased with my miraculous adventure; she invited me to sup and to pass the night with her, and I suffered myself to be easily prevailed upon; for I should always of course hold it a sin \*, if he who had been beloved as an ass, now that he was become a man should behave shy, and look at his friend over the shoulder. I accordingly ate with her, perfumed myself, and put on a coronet of roses, the flower, which, since I owed my humanity to it, was the first in my esteem. At length, when the night was pretty far advanced, and it was time to go to sleep, I got up, hastily undressed myself, and suspecting no harm, but rather thinking to confer a favour, presented myself to the lady, firmly persuaded of being more agreeable to her by the contrast to my former asinine figure †. But when she observed all of me to be so human, she spit at me with disdain, and commanded me that instant to pack out of her house, adding, that for her I might go and sleep where I pleased. Poor I, who could not at all explain the reason of this sudden transport of displeasure, said to her with surprise, and what great crime then have I committed, that you have at once taken such a dislike to me? — What! returned the lady, must I explain myself more clearly? Do you imagine then that it was you when an ass that I loved, or that I was lavishing my caresses upon you? Not you, wretched thing, but the ass it was that I admired; and when you came to me, I expected nothing else than that you would have shewed yourself with all the merits of your former shape. But alas I behold you now transformed from a beautiful and useful animal, as you were, into a baboon. — Saying this, she called her domestics, and bade them send me packing, as I was, out of the house, and shut the door against me. It is

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\* This popular phrase best answers here, I think, to the greek, Νεμίστος ἀξίον εἶναι νομίζω. The goddess Nemesis punished all injustice and ingratitude, all haughtiness, all acts towards others that were inconsistent with their merits in our behalf.

† Both were therefore mutually deceived (as we shall presently see) by severally in their own way thinking too well of the other. The lady had reason to believe that Lucius knew her too well to be mistaken in the peculiar object of her attachment, and never once suspects that he could be so impudent as to announce himself to her, if he were not conscious, by his metamorphosis, of having lost nothing of what constituted his greatest value in her eyes. Hence the good reception and the invitation. Whereas Lucius by his recovered humanity, thinking he had been a great gainer, concluded *a minori ad majus*, and doubted not for a moment that he would be so much more dear to the lady now, as a man is preferable to an ass. Thus may folks be deceived in one another!

not difficult to conceive what a pleasant night I had of it, delicately perfumed, crowned with roses, and undressed as I was, in the dark and in the open air, embracing the bare ground, and instead of a very warm and comfortable bed, obliged to put up with this cold lodging! — At the first dawn of day I ran to the ship, and, laughing, related to my brother all that had happened. With the first fair wind blowing off the coast, we set sail, and in a few days arrived at our native place, where my first business was, to make the customary oblations to the gods the saviours, for having brought me home in safety from this toilsome and unhallowed asinine adventure, after leading so long a wandering life, not without much suffering and distress.

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ON THE REAL AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING TALE.

That an author of Lucian's wit and pleasantry, after having diverted himself and the admirers of his writings by so extraordinary a display of fancy as his True History, should adopt the conceit of now trying his hand at a milesian tale, is I think very conceivable. But that he should purloin from another author such a tale, and pass it off as his own composition, or, what in fact would be not a hair better, that he should (as Photius affirms) insert amongst his own writings a correspondent copy merely abridged by omissions, but otherwise almost word for word, and have sent it into the world, without saying a syllable of the original — he that can make this comprehensible to me, shall be my great Apollo!

What motive can well be conceived that could induce such a writer as Lucian to steal from an obscure bookmaker, like the pretended Lucius of Patræ! Poverty in wit and invention it could not be; and what could it be else? There certainly is a predicament where even an author of talent may possess himself of extraneous materials without being chargeable with plagiarism; and that is, when he, without attempting to conceal the first inventor, or him by whom it was antecedently composed, produces from the foreign materials an entirely new, and both in matter and form a more elegant and perfect work. Thus Homer himself was not the first

poet who sung the exploits of the Greeks before Troy. Thus Ariosto made out of the old books of chivalry about Charlemagne and his twelve peers, his Orlando. Thus Tasso drew from the same sources the materials for his enamoured Rinaldo. Thus the antique romance of Huion de Guienne furnished a german poet with the subject and part of the machinery for a celebrated poem. But that Lucian, the author of so many performances that attest the most inventive genius, should have verbally transcribed a Lucius of Patræ, should have made two books of the latter merely by the omission of one, and in this manner have given out the curtailed Ass of Lucius for his own! Who can believe it? Or, what could he not believe, who should reckon such an absurdity possible?

The patriarch Photius of Constantinople (setting aside that high office) as author of the famous Myriobiblon, is deserving of respect: but even a patriarch may err, and in a matter of so little consequence as an old mile-sian tale, without any remarkable detriment to his merited reputation. It will therefore be the less liable to misconstruction, if I assert that he has really erred respecting the author of the Ass. But for him\*, we should not even have known that there ever was a book under the title of *Λεξίς Πατρίως Μεταμορφώσεων λόγοι διάφοροι* [Lucius of Patræ's various accounts of men who were metamorphosed into beasts] in the world: the bare existence however of this book, and a general character of it, is all that we know of it through him. Who this Lucius was, and when he lived, whether before or with or after Lucian, he does not think proper to say. It must suffice, that the two first *λόγοι*, or recitals going under the name of Lucius of Patræ's Metamorphoses, had such a great similarity with Lucian's Ass, says Photius, that one cannot help thinking either that the Patræan transcribed Lucian, or Lucian the Patræan.

But how, if Lucius the Patræan, notwithstanding in Photius's time a collection of tales went about under his name, should not have existed at all? How, if he owes his pretended existence solely to our Lucian, and, like Hipparchus, Palæstra, the sophist Decrianus, Meneclæ, and so many other individuals, were only fictitious personages? This supposition always appears to me the more admissible, the more I consider the matter in its several points of view. The hero of Lucian's Ass, when examined

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\* Vid. Photii Myriobiblon, or Library, No. 129.

by the governour of Thessalonica, denominates himself Lucius ; says he was born at Patræ ; is the author of several historical and other writings ; has a brother an experienced soothsayer and elegiac poet, and is called Caius. Lucian is the only one (till the patriarch Photius, who lived seven hundred years posterior to him) who mentions this Lucius.—For it would be ridiculous to think of confounding him, without any other reason than his having the prænomen Lucius, which was common to numberless Romans, with the philosopher Lucius, of whom Philostratus, in his life of Herodes Atticus, relates some anecdotes \*. His existence therefore in fact rests solely on this account of himself, which Lucian puts into his mouth. I would not be thought to say, that if we believe him on this head, we should also give credit to the account he delivers of his metamorphosis and his adventures ; for the existence of a man of this or that name is possible, but his transformation into an ass is not so ; nevertheless it must be confessed that the existence of a man who relates his metamorphosis into an ass, is very badly demonstrated, if it rests on no other ground than on what in his tale he relates of himself. To whom did it ever occur to take captain Gulliver and Nicholas Klimius, Robinson Crusoe, the chevalier des Gastines, and a hundred others of that description, for real persons, because they have given us very circumstantial accounts of themselves ?

But whence then proceeded the *Λόγοι μεταμορφώσεων* which at the time of Photius were still extant under the name of a certain Lucius of Patræ ? — Why not from some idle being, who thought proper to lay hold on one of Lucian's feigned characters, in order to procure more credit for a collection of erotic or rather indecent tales of witchcraft, by sending it into the world under a well-known firm, under the name of a man whose transformation into an ass Lucian had already related ?— If hereafter any sound or silly head should have the courage to publish a collection of the *fabellæ* of Hafen Slaukenbergius, rendered so famous by Mr. Tristram Shandy, would any man in his senses be induced by it to look out for Hafen Slaukenbergius in a biographical dictionary of learned men, as a real person ? And if such a disguised Slaukenbergius should incorporate the knight with the long nose, and his amours with the beautiful Julia,

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\* As Olearius, in a note on this passage in Philostratus, is inclined to do.

in his collection, nearly in the very words of Laurence Sterne, only with a few amplifications and additions: what an argument would a Photius of the five and twentieth, and a Salmasius of the two and thirtieth centuries, have for holding it more probable that Laurence Sterne had copied the Hafen Slaukenbergius of his own invention, than that a disguised Slaukenbergius had copied Laurence Sterne!

Nothing more is necessary than to say: it is perfectly possible that may exactly be the case with Lucian's tale of the miraculous assification and disassification of a certain Lucius of Patræ, and the books of metamorphoses which were circulated in the world under the name of this same Lucius, seven hundred years after Lucian. But if no other means existed to explain the almost perfect similarity between Lucian's Ass and the first books of the metamorphoses of the pretended Patræan, than either with Photius and Saumaise\* to admit that Lucian did transcribe the Patræan, or to affirm that the patræan Lucius never existed otherwise than in Lucian's Ass, and the Metamorphoses were interpolated in the aforementioned way by some later anonymus: I should not hesitate an instant to hold the latter (seeing it is in itself perfectly possible) true, precisely because the former, at least in my judgment, is morally impossible.

Photius says, the two tales are so like one another, both in matter and diction, that either Lucius transcribed Lucian or Lucian Lucius. "I have not indeed hitherto," he adds, "been able to discover which of the two is the most antient: but if I might venture to guess, it seems to me the more probable that Lucian transcribed the other, namely, that he has left out of Lucius all the redundant fabulous matter that did not suit his purpose, but retained the rest in the same expressions and combination of incidents throughout, *αὐταῖς τὲ λήξεσε καὶ συντάξουσιν*, which Lucian stole and compiled into a narrative under the title of Lucius, or the Ass." — I cannot, I own, comprehend why this latter supposition should appear the more probable to Photius. When the case is doubtful, a man would perhaps deem it more probable that the poor had robbed the rich, the obscure author the celebrated one, than the contrary. Likewise in such a predicament, agreeably to the rules of sound criticism, the presumption of origi-

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\* See his Prolegomena in *Solinum*, p. 4 & seq.

nality is always rather in favour of the author who has treated the subject more tersely and simply, than of him who has enlarged and paraphrased, or supplied it with superfluous additions. Indeed we might see more clearly into all this, if the *Metamorphosis* of the pretended Lucius were still extant: but as the same fate with what of so many other writings, good and bad, which Photius has reviewed in his *Bibliothèque*, has befallen this necromantic tale, I see not wherefore we should take the part of an unknown and undeserving *Patræan*, against a writer of such merit as Lucian. Even the circumstance which Photius afterwards adds, that the tale in question contains, both with the one and the other, recitals of scandalous facts, that ought not to be mentioned, militates, I think, against the plagiarism charged upon Lucian. Lucian lived at a time and among a people when such descriptions as those of the erotic duel with *Palæstra* and the shocking stories of the human asses at *Thessalonica*, the former on account of its allegorical wit and play upon words, the other for the sake of its novelty and the sarcastical representation of the extravagancies of which the ladies of a certain rank were said to have been capable at that period, were tolerated by readers not too tightly laced; aye, and even read with complacency. He might therefore easily fall under the temptation to paint such scenes; but certainly would have been ashamed of being complimented for wit not his own, and for furtively copying pictures of that kind from others. This very circumstance and the great similarity or rather identity of the style and expression, in the *lucianic Ass* and the tale of the pretended Lucius, affords, in my mind, an incontrovertible argument in favour of the opinion, that the former was the original of the latter. Did the resemblance lie solely in the subject and the occurrences, I should not hesitate to admit that Lucian appropriated the tale of the *Patræan*, and has delivered with wit and humour and in the air of his *True History*, in short, in his peculiar manner, what the other relates in sober sadness, and, as Photius says, in full belief of the possibility and actuality of such magical effects. He might perhaps make a good tale out of the silly one: but not steal a good one and publish it as his own. If therefore anything good was in the tale of the pretended Lucius, it was naturally for this reason, because the author or compiler was Lucian, not because Lucian copied him.

I am habitually known to be unable to see injustice done to those long since deceased, without espousing their cause with some zeal, and that in such cases even trifles are not unimportant to me.

Hoc est mediocribus illis

Ex vitis unum.

But that it may be borne with, it is time to put an end to this little controversy *περι ὄνυς σκιᾶς*.

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Few authors were more constantly read and studied by the Greeks of the lower empire and of the middle ages than Lucian. His works, from their very first appearance, were sought after with an avidity which even brought the classical greek writers into neglect. The variety of the subjects he had chose, his warmth and originality, the bon mots and the ingenious traits which he has so profusely displayed, the grace and facility of his style, lastly the tone of levity and raillery which he always preserved while speaking on the gravest topics, that tone which is so highly pleasing to people of refined taste, soon raised his literary productions to the summit of reputation, and were almost universally in vogue. The consequence of which was, that Lucian had many imitators, some of whom were so happy as to baffle the sagacity of their contemporaries, and of posterity. Among the writings hitherto ascribed to Lucian, the tale entitled "The Ass, or Lucius," held a distinguished rank. The original fable on which it is founded, the charms of a delightful narration, and the licentious details that are scattered through it, and were not too gross for the older times, have caused it to be considered, by the lovers of antiquity, as a piece singular in its kind.

On his edition [Paris 1818] of the text, M. Courier has bestowed as much pains as if it had been that of a classic of the first order. The editor has carefully collated six MSS. besides the *editio princeps* of Florence, 1496, which may pass for a manuscript; and he has selected all the various readings, and placed them either at the bottom of the pages or in

the notes at the end. Besides the service done to the text of the author, disfigured by transcribers and left incorrect by preceding critics, M. Courier has incidentally rectified a great number of texts of above thirty of the principal greek authors; and his explanatory notes, which are generally short, and writ in a bold and decisive manner, evince, not only extensive reading, but a degree of tact, taste, feeling and knowledge of the subtleties and delicacies of the greek language, of which there are few examples\*. Of several of his observations I have availed myself in the preceding pages of this article. *Hanc veniam damus petimusque vicissim.*

M. Courier concludes his preface by the following remarks: "He that should perceive," says he, "in this tract nothing more than a ludicrous narrative, calculated for the amusement of a vacant hour, would judge of it as its contemporaries may have done. But distance of time has communicated to it for us an additional interest. As a record of antient manners, we have in truth few books so curious as this. We here find particular notices of the private life of the antients, which those would look for in vain elsewhere, who are fond of that study. This is the point by which such writings recommend themselves to the learned. They are entirely pictures of the imagination, where nevertheless every stroke is drawn after nature; fictions true in the details, which not only divert by the graces of invention and the simplicity of diction, but instruct at the same time, by the remarks that are made on them, and the reflections that spring from them. It is here that we in fact learn how men lived fifteen centuries ago, and what changes time has since made in their condition. Here we see a lively picture of the world as it then was; the audacity of robbers, the tricks of priests, the insolence of soldiers under a violent and despotic government, the cruelty of masters, the misery of slaves, always obnoxious to punishment for the most trivial faults; all is true in these fictions so frivolous in appearance: and these recitals of facts, not only false, but impossible, represent to us the times and mankind better, in my judgment, than any chronicle. Thucydides paints the history of Athens, Menander that of the Athenians, as interesting, less suspicious, than the other. More truths are contained in Rabelais than in Mézerai."

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\* This succinct account is extracted from the Literary Gazette.

THE  
SCYTHIAN;  
OR  
ANACHARSIS AND TOXARIS.

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**A**NACHARSIS was not the first whom the desire of grecian learning led out of Scythia to Athens. Before him, the wish for acquiring the liberal arts and sciences had already attracted thither Toxaris, a man ennobled by acute sagacity and admiration of whatever is beautiful and good, though he was neither of royal descent nor one of the nobles of his country, but nothing more than a common Scythian and what they term an octipode, that is, master of two horses and a cart. This Toxaris never returned to Scythia, but died at Athens, and was, soon after his death, proclaimed a hero; and the Athenians to this day offer sacrifice to him under the title of the Foreign Physician, which he received at his adoption among the demigods. Perhaps it would not be amiss to relate to you how he got the honour to be numbered under that name with the sons of Æsculapius: were it only for the sake of shewing you, that it is not the Scythians alone who confer immortality upon their dead, and despatch

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**THE SCYTHIAN.** This little treatise, which is placed by the commentators, without a minuter investigation of its character, among the Proslalia, appears to have been designed to procure him the protection of two men of great influence, in order, I suppose, to enable him with better success to prosecute the profession of a rhetor, which in his younger years he carried on at Thessalonica, at that time the capital of Macedonia.

messengers to Zamolxis\* ; but that the Athenians also had a right to make a god † of a Scythian in Greece. During the great plague ‡ Deimænete, the wife of the areopagite Architeles, fancied she saw Toxaris standing before her §, and bidding her tell the Athenians, that the plague would cease, if they diligently sprinkled the lanes and alleys of the city with wine. This now, being frequently done, (for the Athenians were not a people negligent of such matters) the pestilence abated ; whether it was that the effluvia of the wine subdued certain noxious vapours, which, collected in these narrow passages corrupted the air, or that the demigod Toxaris, as a physician by profession, had other reasons, unknown to me, for prescribing that remedy. In due gratitude for this cure, a white horse is still slaughtered to him on the monument, from which place, according to the affirmation of Deimænete, he proceeded when he indicated the remedy. It was discovered likewise that Toxaris lay buried there ; at least it was so concluded, partly from the inscription, though no longer quite legible, partly and principally because on the pillar was sculptured a man in the scythian costume, holding in the left hand a stretched bow, and in the right something that seemed to be a book. Of this basrelief one half is still to be seen, namely the figure of the man, with the bow and the book ; but the upper part of the pillar, together with the head, is effaced by time. This tomb is yet visible, not far from the Doublegate, on the right hand, going to the academy, in the form of a little hillock ; the pillar lies fallen down, but is always hung with flowers, and is said to have relieved several persons in cases of fever ; which in good sooth is not incredible of him, who formerly cured the whole city of the plague.

What led me to this little digression was, that Toxaris was still living when Anacharsis arrived at Athens. On his first landing in the Piræus,

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\* The Scythians, as we are informed by Herodotus, *lib. iv. 94*, celebrated every fifth year a great festival, at which they chose by lot a number of persons to be despatched on various commissions to their demigod [daemon] Zamolxis : to which end the ambassadors being slung into the air were caught on pikes, and in this manner sent into the other world.

† It is hardly necessary to observe, that this is spoke in the ironic tone of an epicurean.

‡ At the commencement of the peloponnesian war.

§ Nothing is said in the text of Toxaris having appeared to her in a dream, as Massieu faithfully repeats after the latin translator.

he was in all that confusion in which a foreigner and moreover a barbarian may well be supposed to be, who is all at once transported into a large city, where everything is strange to him. The least noise startles him; he perceives that his singular garb appears ridiculous to all that see him; he is unacquainted with the language of the country, and nobody understands his: in short, the good Anacharsis, in these circumstances not knowing either where to apply for advice or what to do, had already resolved in his own mind to content himself merely with having seen the city of Athens, and that being done, return on board of ship, and sail back directly to the Bosphorus, from whence he should not have much farther to go home\*. While thus musing, he had got into the Ceramicus, where suddenly, like some benign genius, our Toxaris fell in his way. The scythian dress which himself had formerly wore, excited the attention of Toxaris, who soon discovered a countryman in the stranger, and in a few moments recognised him for Anacharsis, who was of too noble a family, and of too conspicuous a rank in his country, to be unknown to any one from it. Anacharsis seeing himself accosted by a person habited after the grecian manner, without beard, without belt and sword, as elegant as a native Athenian, in short, so changed as he was by time into a different person, how should he have recognised in this man a Scythian? — Are not you, said Toxaris, speaking to him in scythian, are not you the son of Daucetas, Anacharsis? — Anacharsis actually wept for joy, at finding in Athens, so unexpectedly, one who could even speak his language, and knew of what consequence he was in Scythia †. How is it possible that I am known to you? he now asked him with astonishment. Because, returned the former, I myself am a scythian, and from your parts: my name is Toxaris, but it is too obscure to be known to you. — How? replied the other, are you that Toxaris of whom I have

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\* The gentlemen commentators remark, that the history of the arrival of this scythian prince at Athens, as related by Herodotus, Diogenes Laertius, and others, differs in several circumstances from what is here given by Lucian. The reason of it is very simple, namely, no other than that the whole narrative is a composition of his own invention, a sort of fable, *μῦθος*, as he afterwards confesses, or rather, as it is self-evident, though he had not confessed it.

† This circumstance (though Massieu leaves it out as insignificant) might to Anacharsis, in a foreign country, and where he was without recommendation or address, by no means be indifferent.

heard, that from affection for Greece, he left his wife and children in Scythia and repaired to Athens, where he has lived a long while, and is respected by the principal personages in the city? I am he, rejoined Toxaris, if withal I could suppose there is yet any talk among you concerning me. — Know then, said Anacharsis, that from this moment I am your disciple and rival, in the passion for seeing Greece which drew you from your native country. For that is the sole object of a journey on which I sustained innumerable inconveniences and hardships, in the several countries through which I had to pass; and yet if I had not been so fortunate as to meet with you, I had determined before sunset to get again on shipboard, and go back, so great was my discomfiture on seeing myself transported hither into another world. I beseech you therefore, dearest Toxaris, and conjure you by the scymitar and by Zamolxis, the divinities of our common country, to take charge of me, be my guide, and point out to me whatever is most beautiful and remarkable in Athens, and in the other parts of Greece, their wise laws, their excellent men, their customs and institutions, their public assemblies, their manner of life, and their policy, in short, everything on account of which you, and I after you, are come so long a journey. Let me not return without having seen all that is worth seeing. — It was no sign of a warm lover, replied Toxaris, to come to the threshold, and then talk of turning back! But only have courage; the desire to return will soon leave you: Athens will not so easily part with you; she has more attractions for strangers than you are aware of; she will so captivate you, that you will forget wife and children, if you have them, as well as myself. That you may get a sight as soon as possible of the whole city and republic of the Athenians, aye, of all Greece, and of whatever is excellent among the Greeks, I will make you a proposal. There lives here a man of great genius, and rare acquirements, whose fixed residence is indeed in the city, but who has made long journies in Asia and Ægypt, and has got acquainted with the greatest and most eminent persons of those parts. He makes however no shining figure, but lives, on the contrary, in a very simple manner\*.

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\* This sense I was obliged to give to the words, *ὁ τῶν πλοσίων, ἀλλὰ καὶ κομῶν πίνης* unless we are to conclude from them that Solon was a poor devil, which he was not, as may be seen from his life in Plutarch. He was not one of the richest in Athens, because he consumed

You will find him an old man, habited in as plebeian a dress as myself: but for his wisdom, and other excellent qualifications, his fellow-citizens esteem him so highly that they have appointed him to the office of a legislator of their republic, and willingly live according to his ordinances. If you can make this man your friend, and understand him thoroughly, you will find all that is good and valuable in Greece epitomized in him. In a word, I can do you no kinder office than to recommend you to his acquaintance.

Let us not delay a moment! exclaimed Anacharsis: come, dear Toxaris, and introduce me to him immediately. — But what if he should be difficult of access, and perhaps not regard your recommendation of me in so serious a light as it is meant. — Dismiss your fears! returned the former. I can give him no greater pleasure than by furnishing him with an opportunity to oblige a stranger. Only follow me: you will soon know by experience how respectfully he treats strangers, and how much good nature and complaisance he possesses. — But see! is it not as if some good genius favoured our wishes! Here he comes, himself. — Observe him; that is the man, who seems so thoughtful, and as if talking to himself, coming up to us. — And he went directly up to Solon. Here, said he to him, I bring you a present of great value, a stranger who is in want of friendship. He is a Scythian, and nobly born, and yet has relinquished all the privileges to which his rank and fortune entitle him at home, to come to us, and inform himself of the excellencies and curiosities of Greece. In order to further his design, and to make him acquainted with the most conspicuous persons both for virtue and talents, I knew no more compendious method, than to introduce him to you. I

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much, money and always lived expensively; but even that expense (for which the mercantile profession, which he carried on in his early years, procured him the means) proves, that he could be expensive, and the verse from which Plutarch infers that he classed himself rather among the poor than among the rich, proves nothing more than that he held in higher estimation the treasures of the mind, than money without merit. The truth is, Solon amassed no treasures, because he always made a generous or an agreeable use of his money; for in quality of a sage, he loved even the pleasures of life, but so discreetly as that even at an advanced age (as he himself says in his verses) he might be able to sacrifice to Cytherea, to Bacchus and the Muses, which only a man at seventy can do, who is sound both in body and mind — and what perhaps is more than they can boast, to whom those verses of the wise Solon are offensive.

must still have to study Solon, if I could doubt that he would receive a stranger like this under his patronage, and take pleasure in making of him a denizen of Greece. You, dear Anacharsis, as I observed a moment ago, have now seen everything in having beheld Solon. Here is Athens; here is Greece! You are no longer a stranger: everybody knows you, everybody is your friend. So much is comprised in this one old man! In his converse you will presently have forgot whatever you have left behind in Scythia. You are amply recompensed for your journey, and have attained the end of your ambition. Here you behold the model of Greece, and the exemplar of the attic philosophy. Hence recognize the fortunate star under which you were born, since you will converse with Solon, and have Solon for your friend\*!

It would be needless to relate, with what delight Solon received the present of Toxaris, and what he said, and on what foot from that hour they lived together. Solon took a lively interest in instructing and moulding the noble Scythian, in recommending him to the friendship and affection of all, in shewing him everything for which the Greeks are famous, and in general in rendering his sojourn among them as agreeable as possible. Anacharsis, on the other hand, captivated by the wisdom and acquirements of his Mentor, attended him with avidity, and would not stir a step from him. For, as Toxaris had foretold, from Solon alone he in a very short space became acquainted with everything, and through his recommendation known and respected by everyone. For it was no trifle to be commended by Solon, since the public considered him in this respect also as their lawgiver, and loved those who had his approbation, because they were assured that they must be liberal and benevolent persons. One proof of it is, that Anacharsis, of all the barbarians † was the

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\* Though all this is applicable word for word to Solon, yet it is ten to one that Anacharsis neither would have spoke so in Solon's presence nor durst. But, besides, (that Lucian was a native Syrian, and transplanted into Greece seven hundred years after Solon's time) the key to it is in the application he makes of it towards the conclusion of his narrative. They are compliments that he pays to his patrons at Thessalonica, in the person of Solon, out of the mouth of Toxaris.

† That is, foreigners. That likewise Sylla, Atticus, Cicero, Augustus and a number of other Romans were initiated into them, by no means militates against this: for so unmannerly and imprudent the Greeks were not, as to call the Romans barbarians, after they were become their protectors and masters.

only one, who prior to his receiving the attic denizenship was admitted to the eleusinian mysteries ; if moreover the historian Theoxenus may be believed. And if I mistake not, he never returned to Scythia till after Solon's death.

Now permit me, however, by way of putting a coronet on my tale, to say a word or two touching my motive and design in taking the trouble to make the two Scythians, and the good old Solon take this journey to Macedonia. The truth is, that I found myself in nearly the same predicament with Anacharsis. But, for the sake of all the graces, do not impute it to me as a folly, that by this comparison I seem to put myself on a parallel with a king's son. With all due respect to his regal rank, he was, nevertheless, a barbarian as well as myself : for that we Syrians are in any regard inferior to the Scythians, no man I think will assert. How much therefore Anacharsis through his royal descent may have precedence of me, in all the rest I find a great resemblance between his situation and mine. On my arrival in your city, I was astonished at first sight at its grandeur and beauty ; at the multitude of its inhabitants, and the proofs of wealth and prosperity that on all sides struck my view \*. My condition was the same with that of the young Ithacan in the palace of Menelaus † : I was as it were stupefied, and lost in amazement. And well I

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\* The reader will recollect with what good humour Yorick, in his *Sentimental Journey*, on occasion of a parisian peruke maker, who proposes to plunge his wig into the ocean to prove the durability of its curls, diverts himself on the instinctive propensity of the French to the hyperbole. A more striking instance of this nature has scarcely ever occurred to me, than the manner wherein Massieu has translated this period, into his language, which I here faithfully render. Let the reader compare and judge for himself. "On my arrival in your city, I was lost in admiration at the sight of its immense magnitude, the magnificence of its edifices, the innumerable multitude of its inhabitants, the wealth and opulence, that presented themselves on all sides." Would not one think, that he was speaking at least of a second Rome? And yet Lucian speaks only of Thessalonica ; and indeed in such a lofty tone, that it was quite unnecessary to heighten it by such hyperboles.

† An allusion to the following passage in the fourth book of the *Odyssey*, where Telemachus who in all his life had never seen anything like it, says to his companions :

Such prodigies of art and wond'rous cost !  
 Above, beneath, around the palace shines,  
 The sumless treasure of exhausted mines :  
 The spoils of elephants the roofs inlay,  
 And studded amber darts a golden ray, &c.

might be, at the first sight of a city which has rose to such a high degree of prosperity, and, to use the expression of the poet, is resplendent in whatever can render a capital flourishing and glorious. In this state of mind I now considered what was to be done. I had long ago determined to let you hear a specimen of my talents in public. For where else should I exhibit them, if I passed by in silence so renowned a city? Accordingly I first informed myself (to confess the honest truth) who those were, who gave the ton; and to whom one should apply, in order, by their assistance, to smooth the way to general applause: and obtained not, like Anacharsis, the answer of one Toxaris alone, but of many or rather of all, almost in the same syllables. There are indeed, said they to me, several worthy and able men in our city, and it would not be easy to find in another place so many of them together. But there are principally two men of peculiar excellence, who in nobility of descent, and by the offices they fill, surpass all others, so that in erudition and eloquence they may be compared to the far-famed Attic Decade\*. The attachment of the people to them proceeds even to enthusiasm: nothing is done but what they will, and they will nothing but what is agreeable to the community. As to their kindness and affability to strangers, and how free they are from everything that in such elevated stations, and with such endowments might give advantage to envy, how exquisitely they are skilled in the art of blending the most pleasing deportment with the dignity of their office, how easy they are of access, and how captivating their converse is; all this you will shortly know from your own experience, so satisfactorily, that it would be needless to tell you of it. And what withal is most to be admired, they are both of one and the same family, son and father. In order to form an idea of this, conceive to yourself one Solon, or Pericles, or Aristides †. The son will directly at first sight captivate your affections by the nobleness and serenity of his aspect, and the masculine beauty of his countenance: but, when he begins to speak, he will carry

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\* That is, the ten most celebrated orators of Athens, in the era of Alexander the great; whose names were: Antipho, Andocydes, Lysias, Isocrates, Isæus, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Æschines, Hyperides and Dinarchus.

† But which of them? for three great men more different could hardly be named.

you away by the ears \*, such a fascinating Venus has the young man upon his tongue ! Whenever he speaks in public, we are in the same predicament respecting him, as the Athenians formerly were, as they tell us, towards the son of Clinias : the whole city listened to him with the same eager attention, as if they would take in all that he uttered with their mouths and eyes. The only difference is, that the former presently repented their enthusiastic fondness for Alcibiades, whereas these are not only beloved by the city, but already at present † think them worthy of reverence. To conclude, the greatest blessing that our city enjoys, and whereby we esteem ourselves rich and prosperous, is this man. If you therefore are well received by him and his father; and gain their friendship, you will have gained the whole city : they have only by the waving of a hand to give the signal, and the success of your design is no longer doubtful.

This answer (I might if it were necessary call Jupiter to witness) I received from all, to whom I applied : and now, that I have made the experiment, they appear to me to have said scarcely the minutest portion of what they might have said. It is therefore high time to abridge delay, and to sit idle no longer ‡, but to tug at every rope, and apply all my means to make men of such consequence my friends. If it succeeds, the sky clears up, my voyage is prosperous, the wind fair §, and the harbour nigh ||.

\* Lucian is so very fond of this phrase, that he introduces it on every occasion, and I have therefore retained it, to soothe his manes ; though perhaps for our modern ears it may have a somewhat comic effect, which is here not at all perceptible in him.

† That is, notwithstanding his youth.

‡ The text alludes to a couplet of the lyric poet Bacchylides, designated under the appellation of the Cean bard. Allusions to poets whose works have perished can have no gratification for us, and are therefore in a translation better passed over in silence.

§ Lucian says : *λιοκύμων ἢ θάλασσα*, smoothwavy the sea, a poetical flowret, in the taste of Gorgias and other ancient sophists, whom he seems, in his proslalia to have taken for his model.

|| The whole of this application which Lucian makes of his before related tales, to himself personally and to the two great patrons from whose friendship he promises himself so much success, seems from beginning to end to confirm my conjecture, that this essay is not a general address or proslalium to the public, but directed solely to those two gentlemen ; as a sort of written invitation to honour his first lecture with their presence and

with their applause. Either Lucian must have been destitute of all knowledge of mankind, or the Thessalonians be formed after a quite different model from the rest of our species; the former if he was capable of telling them in such plain terms to their faces, that even in matters of taste it was only necessary for a man to secure the suffrages of these two persons for enabling him to reckon upon the applause of the whole city: the latter, if such an awkward compliment did not immediately produce the direct contrary of what he had expected from it. He would infallibly likewise, by such a want of politeness have ruined himself with these very matadores, however they might have been flattered by such a compliment, with no witness by; but openly to plume themselves upon it, would, especially in such a kind of republic as Thessalonica was, have been highly indiscreet and contrary to every rule of prudence. Besides, it is a little surprising to see, that a man who had reason to expect everything from his talents, should deem it necessary to have recourse to such means for surreptitiously obtaining the applause of the Thessalonians; and besides other considerations to which it may give occasion, we are led to conclude, that he at that time had his reputation to make. But, if I add to all the rest the passage where he calls himself a barbarian on account of his syrian origin, scarcely any doubt will remain in my mind, that this little composition and the occasion of it was antecedent to his residence in Gallia; for from thence he returned with greater confidence in himself, as may be seen by a comparison of it with his Herodotus and Zeuxis.

ANACHARSIS;  
OR,  
ON GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.

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ANACHARSIS. SOLON.

ANACHARSIS.

**B**UT, my good Solon, what end do these young men propose in what I see them here doing? Some grappling, and locked together, each endeavouring to trip the other up, while another grasps the throat of his antagonist, as if trying to squeeze the breath out of his body; others again

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ANACHARSIS, &c. The famous physician Galen, a contemporary of our author (for he lived under Hadrian and the Antonines), was a declared foe to gymnastics, and combated them in his writings with a warmth bordering on excess, by every objection which the ingenious M. de Pau, in his *Recherches sur les Grecs*, with his usual energy, though perhaps too partially, has recently reinforced. He is so far from conceding to them their ordinary place among the liberal arts, that he, on the contrary, inveighs against them as a wicked art under the mask of a respectable name, *κακολεχρίαν ἰποδυῶσαν ὀνόματι σίμυμ*; nay, he carries his hatred against them so far, that he even derives the term athletic (though perhaps only in jest) from *ἄθλιος*, wretched, lamentable. Although I would not assert that this lucianic dialogue is levelled directly against Galen; for likewise Plutarch and other philosophers, and long before them, the poet Euripides (particularly the latter, with great vehemence) declared against the art and profession of the athletes, yet it is not improbable, that the agitation in which this matter was set by the paradoxes and discordant assertions of Galen among a people so idle and passionately fond of wrestling in disputation, may, I suppose, have furnished our author occasion for this dialogue, in which he seems to make it his principal endeavour to indicate the true point of view in which the gymnastic art should be considered, in order to form a proper and equitable judgment of it. To engage in a formal reply to the several arguments, particularly the dietetic objections of Galen, was as little his intention, as a deeper and more accurate discussion

roll and tumble one another in the dirt like hogs. At first, as soon as they had stripped off their clothes, they reciprocally with much gravity smeared themselves with grease, (as I myself saw) and anointed one another as if they had been the best friends in the world. But all at once, heaven knows for what cause, they ran with their heads foremost against one another, so that with their foreheads knocking together they butted like two rams. And now one of them, here as you may see before you, has thrown the other off his balance, and laid him on the ground, will not let him get up again, but kneels upon him with his whole weight, and presses him deeper into the mud. Mind how he keeps him locked between his legs, and fixes his elbow in his throat so that he cannot breathe, and how this poor creature taps him on the shoulder, requesting him I suppose only not to throttle him outright. But what good this oiling does them, I cannot comprehend; at least it does not prevent them from being soundly drubbed; for the unction is presently wiped off again, and they look as if they were covered with dirt; which, mixing with the sweat makes them so slippery, that it is impossible to help laughing to

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of the question in dispute was his business. Desirous however, if, considering it on both sides, and predetermined that the Greeks should be in the right, he could not have chose a more adequate method, than the dialogistic, nor more proper interlocutors than Anacharsis and Solon. From a Scythian no arguments of particular subtlety were to be expected; he considers the gymnastic exercises in the Lyceon at Athens with the artless common sense of a raw son of nature, and with the prejudices of a Scythian. Solon on the other hand defends them against him with all the advantages of a Greek, of an Athenian and a politician, who upholds this institution not only as an aboriginal custom of his nation as he found it, but had confirmed and regulated it by peculiar laws, and therefore was doubly interested in its vindication. And notwithstanding the victory seems so far undecided, as that each party retains his opinion, yet with Lucian's readers or hearers, on an average, it was ascertained, that Solon had won the day; and he made the latter conduct his cause with sufficient ability to establish his opinion, and place it beyond all objection in the minds of a people with whom the gymnastic exercises had been for so many ages a national institution and essentially connected with their whole constitution. He had moreover by this selection of the persons of his dialogue yet a twofold advantage. The first, that the gymnastic and athletic exercises at Solon's time approached much nearer to their military spirit and object, and were not yet attended with so many abuses as at the period when Galen wrote against them; and the second, that a couple of interlocutors mutually giving and receiving such hard thrusts, gave him an opportunity for working up his dialogue with so much the more dramatic art and elegance, and thereby render it the more interesting for such of his readers as had taste and sensibility for beauties of compositions of this nature.

see them slip out of one another's hands like eels. Yonder are others doing the same thing in the open air ; but instead of rolling themselves in the dirt, they strew one another over with the fine sand contained in that pit, or rake it up, and throw it all over their bodies like a parcel of cocks and hens, I suppose, that they may deprive their skin of the lubricity it has acquired from the unguent, and be able to lay the firmer hold on one another. No sooner have they thus sanded themselves, than they fall foul on one another with fists and heels. Do you see him, yonder, who is getting such severe blows on the jaws \* ? The poor devil seems to be spitting out half his teeth, with the blood and dirt with which his mouth is filled. How comes it, that the man of quality there † does not interfere, and by parting them, put an end to their strife ? for, to judge from his purple robe, he should be one of the archons. — But, marvelous ! he it is that urges them on, and applauds him who deals the hardest blows to the other. — And what do they mean, yonder, who put themselves into such violent agitation, for what reason nobody else can guess ? They take a spring as if they were going to run away, and yet never move from the same spot. What pleasure can they find in leaping up together, and kicking the air with their heels ? I confess, to me it is altogether incomprehensible. I should be glad to know what madness is, if this is not. At least I shall not easily be persuaded that people, who employ themselves in so doing, are in possession of their five senses.

SOLON. I am not surprised, dear Anacharsis, to hear you speak in this fashion of things so new to you, and so totally different from your scythian manners : the Scythians probably have many practices and employments that would appear as strange to a Greek, if he saw them as you do now, for the first time. But be perfectly at your ease, my good friend,

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\* Anacharsis was, as this dialogue presupposes, but newly arrived at Athens, when he was introduced by Solon, his friend and host, for the first time into the Lyceum, where the athenian youth were instructed in the several gymnastic exercises, such as wrestling, boxing, leaping, racing, and the like. Everything he here beholds is a mystery to him, and was likely to appear the more absurd, as it had nothing analogous to the scythian education of youth, but was diametrically opposite to the manners and usages of his countrymen ; with whom, for example, the disgrace of a slap on the face, must be washed out on the spot in the blood of the offender.

† He unquestionably means the Gymnasiarch, a magistrate, whose office it was to superintend these exercises.

these young men are not mad; and their design is by no means to do mischief, when they strike, and roll one another in the mud, and cover themselves over with sand. These exercises have their utility, which is not without pleasure, by procuring no small strength to the body. If you continue some time, as I hope you will, among the Greeks, you yourself will make one among these anointed and bepowdered fellows; so pleasant and profitable will the practice appear to you.

ANACHARSIS. Go to, go to, Solon! I give you joy with all my heart of your profitable amusement: but none of you shall engage me in that pastime, or I would soon let him know why I wear a sword in my belt. — But tell me, what name do you give to these occupations?

SOLON. The place, Anacharsis, is called by us Gymnasion, and is dedicated to Apollo Lycios, whose image you see yonder, leaning against a pillar, holding the bow in his left hand, and the right indolently bent over his head, as if reposing after fatiguing exertion. Of the exercises, that which is practised yonder in the mud is called wrestling; though you perceive some also wrestling in the sand: and what they are doing in the upright attitude, boxing and kicking one another, we denominate in our language pancration\*. Besides these there are several other bodily ex-

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\* In wrestling, *παλαίω*, and in struggling, *πυκνίω*, consisted the most dextrous and toilsome and therefore the most highly prized athletic arts of the Greeks. In wrestling the main object was, who could squeeze the hardest and force the adversary to confess himself either stifled or conquered. To buffet or to kick one another in these matches was absolutely not allowed: on the other hand it was natural, for the wrestlers in the utmost exertion of their strength and their skill, (which was compounded at once of attack and defence) frequently to fall down upon the ground together, and close-locked to roll and tumble about, till one got the other under him and forced him to yield. That the wrestler in this very violent exercise might come to as little harm as possible, the *palæstra* where they exercised had a ground of clay, which was always kept moist and soft. The struggling, or the pugilate, *πυγμα*, was of two kinds: 1. The simple fight with fists and heels. 2. The boxing-match, with a sort of leathern *cæstus* or gauntlet. This consisted of several thongs of raw hides wound about the hand and arm up to the elbow, lined with lead, or garnished with plates of iron. This latter was in the heroic ages a species of combat of which even the sons of gods, as Amyclus, Pollux, Hercules and others made profession; but as civilization and politeness increased it fell into a sort of contempt, or at least formed no part of the gymnastic exercises properly belonging to education. On the other hand, the pancration seems to have taken place of it, in which was combined the wrestling and the combat with unarmed fists. Thus Aristotle, *Rhetoric*. lib. v. defines the three primary gymnastic arts, the *palæstic* the *pyctic* and the *pancrasiastic*, and we may, I think, rely upon

ercises, included among the gymnastic, as the combat with armed fist, hurling the quoit, and leaping. For every one of which feats of dexterity public combats are instituted, and the victor is declared the best in his department, and bears away the prize.

ANACHARSIS. And in what do these prizes consist ?

SOLON. At Olympia it is a wreath of wild olive twigs, at the Isthmus one of pine, at Nemea one of parsley ; at the Pythian sports, the conqueror is rewarded with an apple from the tree sacred to Apollo, and with us at the Panathenaica, with olives from the tree of Minerva. — Why do you laugh, Anacharsis ? Is it because you think our prizes too small ?

ANACHARSIS. Oh, no ! On the contrary, my dear Solon, I think them so respectable, that the donors of such magnificent prizes have reason to value themselves upon their liberality, and that your athletes should even exceed their abilities, to ravish them out of the clutches of their antagonists. It is well worth the pains to undertake such great labour for an apple or a handful of parsley, or to run the hazard of being throttled, or rendered a cripple for life : as if one could not get plenty of them for nothing whenever he please, or was not able to crown himself with parsley or pine leaves, unless he daubed himself over with mud, or had all the ribs in his body crushed together.

SOLON. But, my dearest friend, it is not the intrinsic value of the prize that we consider ; we view it only as a token of victory, and the trophy of the victor : but the glory attached to the victors is at no price too dear ; it dignifies even kicks in the sight of those who for its sake

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it, that he has rightly defined them. The *ὀρθοτάδην παίειν ἀλλήλους*, in erect posture beating each other, made a material difference between wrestling and the proper fisticuffing, in which latter it was not lawful to grasp round the body, to squeeze, to grapple and tug one another to the ground : whereas it could not be an essential condition of the pancration, which was compounded of those two arts, and wherein of course everything was allowed that the two combatants were able to do, in order to gain the mastery. Lucian accordingly has not, as is evident, expressed himself properly and definitively enough, when he makes his Solon state the difference of the *παλὸν* and the pancration : and this I conceive to be the solution of the difficulty here discovered by the interpreters. He immediately after, just as indefinitely discriminates the *πολεμὴν* from *ἐφ' ὀρθοτάδην παίειν* and *παγκρασιάζειν* ; I suppose therefore that by *πολεμὴν* he understood the combat with armed fists, wherein they exercised themselves, who aimed at distinction in the public games, in this neck-breaking art.

grudge no pains and toil. For it is not indeed to be had for nothing ; and whoever would strive after it, must previously undergo many hardships and difficulties, ere he can expect to partake of that sweet and precious fruit.

**ANACHARSIS.** If I rightly understand you, good Solon, that sweet and precious fruit consists therefore in seeing himself on account of the victory crowned and praised by those by whom they were just before pitied on account of the blows they received ; and now they cannot fail of being happy, since in return for all their labours and sufferings they have got apples and parsley.

**SOLON.** I tell you, that proceeds from your being still ignorant of our constitution and usages. You will soon think differently of these matters, when you visit our great popular assemblies, and see the infinite number of persons who attend these spectacles, and the many thousands that fill the theatres, and have heard in how great honour the athletes are held, and how he who has gained the crown from his competitors is deemed equal to the gods themselves !

**ANACHARSIS.** That very circumstance, dear Solon, is the most pitiable of all, that the poor people do not undergo these sufferings in the sight of a few, but before such a vast number of spectators, so many witnesses of their disgrace, and yet must hear themselves pronounced happy while the blood is gushing out of their mouths and noses, when their breasts and throats are squeezed together almost to strangulation. For that is the greatest felicity that I can perceive attending their victory. If with us Scythians, anyone presumes to strike the meanest citizen, or violently throw him down, or tear his clothes, he is severely punished by our magistrates, even though the affront was given in the presence of only a few, and not in such monstrous theatres as you say those on the Isthmus, and at Olympia are. Besides, if I pity the poor combatants on account of the miseries they sustain, I am no less astonished how all these noble and excellent men, who, you tell me, flock hither from all parts as spectators of these festivities, neglecting their more necessary affairs, should spare time for being present at such squabbles. For I cannot conceive what pleasure they can find in a show where fellows buffet one another, get dashed against the ground, and so miserably maim and mangle one another, that they no longer look like men.

SOLON. If it were now the season either of the olympic or isthian or the panathenæan games, my dear Anacharsis, the sight of what passes there would instruct you, that it is not without good cause, that we make so serious a business of athletic exercises. For it is impossible for anyone by words alone to give you so strong a relish of the uncommon pleasure there experienced, as you would have, if seated among the spectators: you could feast your eyes with the glorious view of that spectacle, behold the courage and fortitude of the athletes, the beautiful form of their bodies, their vigorous limbs, their inconceivable dexterity and skill, their invincible strength, their hardihood, ambition, patience and perseverance, and their unquenchable ardour for conquest. I am certain you would never cease praising them, and testifying your approbation by clapping, and loud plaudits.

ANACHARSIS. Say rather, by Jupiter! testify my disapprobation and contempt, by laughing and hooting; as I should certainly have better reasons for so doing. Or do not you throw away for nothing all this vigour of body, and beauty of form, and all this hardihood, and the other excellencies that you have been telling me of, in these games, where there is no country to be rescued from danger, no houses and estates to be saved from the ravages of an invading enemy, no relations and friends to be prevented from being carried into captivity? The braver therefore these excellent men, these combatants are, as you pretend, the more ridiculous it is in them to torment and to mortify themselves in vain, and for nothing; and thus to disfigure these fine elegant bodies with sand, and with bumps and tumours, for the sake of winning the prize in a contest about an apple or an olive twig? For you must not take it amiss if these glorious prizes are perpetually recurring to my tongue. But tell me, while I think of it: is this reward given to all the combatants?

SOLON. By no means; they only fall to the share of him who has got the superiority over the rest.

ANACHARSIS. Then if so, what must I think of such a number of people, who worry themselves in this manner, in the hopes of such an uncertain and extremely improbable victory, knowing, as they do, before hand that but one of them can conquer, and that the others shall come off with nothing for their pains, except the bruises and wounds they have received?

**SOLON.** It is plain, Anacharsis, that you must have reflected but little or not at all how a well constituted republic ought to be administered ; or you would not speak in such a contemptuous tone of the most excellent of all constitutions. But if ever you come to understand how a city should be policed, in order to produce the best citizens ; then you will also approve these exercises, and commend the respect we have for them, and perceive that the labour and hardships connected with them are not without great utility, though you at present can comprehend nothing of it.

**ANACHARSIS.** Indeed, Solon, I came to you out of Scythia for no other reason, traversed such a large tract of country, and sailed across the spacious Euxine, bidding defiance to its storms, than to inform myself of the laws and customs of the Greeks, and to study among you the best constitution of civil society. For the same reason, amongst all the Athenians I have particularly selected you for my friend and host ; as I had heard, that you had given your fellow citizens several excellent laws, corrected their morals, introduced useful institutions among them, and so to speak, entirely reformed and improved the system of their commonwealth. Receive me, then, the sooner the better, under your tuition ; you shall find in me a docile and obedient scholar ; for methinks I should listen to you when discoursing on such political topics, with the utmost attention, as long as you could hold out, forgetting the while to eat and drink.

**SOLON.** It is no easy matter, my friend, to compress into a small compass all that this subject admits of : but if you will take time, to go through it gradually with me, you shall hear what we have established concerning religion, the relative situation of parents and children, marriage and the other main points of civil constitution. But how we treat our youth, when they have attained the age, when both the mind and the body are growing to their full strength, are capable of greater exertion, and can endure more, — all this I will now explain to you, that you may see to what end we have prescribed these exercises, and wherefore we oblige them to harden the body. It is not with a view to the public contests, and the prizes to be won ; for these can only be the portion of a few : but we thus procure to our republic at large, no less than to themselves, a far greater benefit. It is with a view to another general contest of all good citizens, the prize whereof is not a crown of pine

leaves, or parsley or olive twigs, but one consisting of all that constitutes the happiness of mankind : the liberty of every citizen in particular, and the whole country in general, the prosperity and renown of it, and the blithe enjoyment of this national festival, and the safety of families, and security of domestic happiness ; in one word, the best of all blessings that man can ask of the gods. All this, my friend, is interwove in the crown I mean, and is the result of that common contest to which these exercises and sufferings conduce.

ANACHARSIS. Wherefore, o admirable man, wherefore, since you had such a great and glorious prize to shew, did you talk of apples and parsley, and crowns of pine and wild olive leaves ?

SOLON. Neither will these, Anacharsis, appear to you so despicable, when you shall rightly apprehend what I say. For they refer likewise to the same grand contest, and the prize of it, the general happiness, though they are but a small part of it ; and that I first mentioned the prizes in use at our public games of Olympia, &c. proceeded hence, because a casual conversation, such as ours, does not always take the most regular course. However as I am now at leisure, and you evince so much desire to hear me, it will be easy for us to run back to what we set out with, namely, to make it clearer to you in what that general contest consists, for the sake whereof, as I said, these several exercises are practised by us.

ANACHARSIS. Excellent, my best friend, Solon ; by that method I shall probably soon be able to form a juster idea of these matters, and no longer judge it ridiculous, when I see a man carry his head so high on account of a parsley crown. Let us then, if it is agreeable to you, seat ourselves on the bench yonder in the shade, that we may not be disturbed by the noise of those who are looking on round the wrestlers. Besides, to say the truth, I cannot very well bear the sun, which strikes so intensely hot on my bare head ; for in order not to be singular in going about in a foreign dress, I left my hat at home. It is just now the hottest part of that season which you term the dog-days, when the earth is in a manner burnt up, and the atmosphere is so dry and parching, that one seems to breathe nothing but flame ; especially as it is now high noon, when the sun is directly over head, and darts his rays so fiercely as to be quite insupportable. I cannot sufficiently admire, how you, at your age, can bear the heat so well, that you neither sweat as I do, nor appear to feel

any inconvenience from it, and never once looked about for a shady place to get under.

SOLON. Here, my dear Anacharsis, you have a direct proof of what these foolish exercises are good for. These same perpetual tumbings in the mire, and these toilsome struggles in the sand, and in the open air, are what give us the best safe-guards against the sun. We have no need of a hat, to keep off his scorching rays from our heads. Let us therefore go to that shady place! Besides, I must beg of you, not to take all I shall say to you, as if I pretended to lay down the law, with which you are to be satisfied without objection. I require no implicit faith; but whenever I seem to say anything wrong, you may immediately contradict me, and correct my reasonings. For thus we shall not fail of one of these two things: either you will be thoroughly convinced, when you have emptied yourself of all your objections; or I shall be informed that I did not reflect rightly on these topics. In the latter case the whole commonwealth of Athens will own her obligations to you, because she it is that will derive the greatest benefit from it, if you convert me to a better opinion. For I shall make no secret of it to her, but shall go straight to the Pnyx \*, mount the pulpit, and say to the Athenians: I have given you laws, it is true, which I thought the fittest for your commonwealth; but this friend, this Anacharsis here, who, though a Scythian, is a man of great sagacity, has taught me otherwise, and has brought me acquainted with better regulations and institutions than yours. It is therefore no more than equitable, that you should inscribe his name, as a benefactor to the city, in the public annals, and cause a statue of brass to be erected to him, among the primitive founders †, near the temple of your patron-goddess. And you may be assured, that the republic of Athens will

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\* The name borne in Solon's time by the place where the public meetings of the citizens were held.

† *παρὰ τοῖς ἱερουργίαις*. These eponumenes were ten heroes, from whom the like number of chief tribes (*φυλαί*) of the republic of Athens derived their denominations, and who, as the founders of it, were held in high honour. Their names were: Hippothoon, a son of Hercules, Ajax, Telamon's son, Leos, Erectheus, Ægeus, Pandion, Ceneus, Cecrops and Acamas. Their statues stood in the ceramicus, not far from a temple of Minerva Bulea and Tholus, where the prytanes used to sacrifice. *Pausan.* in *Attic.* v. Meurs. *Ceramic.* cap. vi. vii.

never be ashamed to learn, even of a foreigner and barbarian, what shall be expedient for them.

ANACHARSIS. I have been told before, that you Athenians are all banterers, and take peculiar delight in irony. Whence should I, a poor Nomade, who have always passed my wandering life in a cart\*, never dwelt in a city, nor ever even beheld any other with my eyes but yours, have got the wisdom to dispute upon polity, and teach you, autochtones†, anything, you who have lived in this most antient city for so many centuries under the best of all governments? Especially you Solon, who from your youth up, have applied yourself to the study of the best constitution for a republic, and by what regulations it may attain the greatest possible prosperity? Notwithstanding this however I will obey your orders herein as a law-giver, and contradict you whenever I think you mistaken, that I may be more thoroughly informed. — We are now got out of the sun into the shade, and have taken a cool and agreeable seat here on this stone bench. Begin then, if you please, and explain to me how, even from childhood you manage to enure your sons to undergo such severe and laborious exercises: how it is that they come forth from your fencing schools excellent men, and how it can conduce to train them to virtue, to roll and tumble one another in mud and dust. For this is what I have all along principally wanted to know: the rest you will have the goodness to explain to me by degrees as occasion shall serve. But I beseech you, good Solon, not to forget, that you have before you an unlettered Sythian, and therefore to be as clear and succinct as you possibly can; for otherwise I am afraid, that by telling me too much at once, I may not remember in what follows what you said to me before.

SOLON. In that respect, dear Anacharsis, you will be best able to

\* These scythian or tartarian hordes, who lived in a sort of moveable cartlike huts, were thence called by the Greeks hamaxobii; even their princes had in this respect no other prerogative above the rest than that their wealth was rendered conspicuous by the number of carts they possessed.

† That is, whose progenitors came hither from no other country, but sprung immediately from the earth where they dwelt, or originated at the same time with it. The Athenians were vain and ignorant enough to boast of their production out of the same soil that they inhabited: in this folly however they were not alone.

assist yourself. You have only to interrupt me, when what I have said appears to you not sufficiently clear, or whenever you think that in the course of my argument I wander too far from the subject. On the other hand, I think there would be no harm in it, if I sometimes dilate into circumstantial details, so that what I say is not irrelevant to the matter in hand, and can contribute nothing to the main point. This has even been the practice, from time immemorial, in the Areopagus, where with us they take cognizance of crimes against the life of a citizen. For when this venerable court is sitting on Mars'-hill \*, to try a cause of murder, wilful maiming, or arson, the parties are at liberty to plead and speak by turns, both the plaintiff and the defendant by themselves or by an advocate acting for them. As long as they speak nothing but what is to the purpose, the court allows them to proceed, and listens to them in silence ; but if anyone pretends to make a long preamble in order to gain greater favour with the bench, or by some of those various artifices, whereby the adepts in oratory are apt to impose upon the judges, to move their pity or stir up their indignation : the crier instantly steps forward, and commands him to be silent ; because here it is not allowed to distract the attention of the court by florid impertinence, or to varnish over the case by the arts of elocution, but the naked matter of fact must be laid before the areopagites. Accordingly, in this cause, I confer upon you all the rights of an areopagite over me : if you find that the rhetor is trifling with you, command me silence ; but as long as I speak to the purpose, I must be granted a patient hearing, especially as here in this thick shady covert you cannot complain of the sun, and we at present have nothing better to do.

ANACHARSIS. You are perfectly right. In the meantime I owe you no small thanks, good Solon, for having incidentally given me an idea of the ordinary practice in the areopagus ; I think this regulation truly admirable and becoming a court of judicature, which will suffer itself to be guided by nothing but the truth. Begin then according to this rule of your court ; I accept the part you have assigned me, and am ready to listen to you in the areopagitic fashion.

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\* Areopagus, or the village of Mars, because being cited thither in a case of murder, before twelve gods, he was acquitted by six and condemned by six, and at last absolved, because of the equality of voices.

SOLON. It is necessary for me, in the first place, briefly to explain to you what notion we entertain of a city and its citizens. What we understand by the term city is not the erections, such as ramparts, temples, arsenals, and so forth. We consider these only as a fixed and immoveable body, fitted up for the abode and security of the citizens; but the real strength of a city consists, as we think, in its citizens. For they are what occupy, govern, regulate, protect and defend this body; in short, they are in it what the soul of everyone of us is in his body. Agreeable to this idea, we provide, as you see, for whatever relates to the body of our city, endeavouring to render it within as beautiful as may be, by adorning it with public edifices; and giving it from without, by fortifications and bulwarks, the utmost possible security. But our first and principal concern is, that our citizens shall be serviceable, strong and well-conditioned in body and mind; being assured that they cannot fail to provide for the general interests as well as their own in time of peace, and in war be able to protect and to uphold the liberty and the wellbeing of the city. The care of them in their infancy we leave to the mothers, nurses and pædagogues, to nourish and to bring them up in a manner becoming freeborn men. As soon however as they come to an age when they begin to know the difference between good and ill, when shame and bashfulness and fear and inclination to the beautiful and excellent is expanding, and the body has acquired so much strength and consistence as to be fit for laborious exertions: then we take them to us, to form their minds by other studies and exercises, and enure their bodies to toil and the endurance of hardships. For we think it not enough to leave the individual, either as to the mind or body, as he came from the hands of nature: but we adopt it as a maxim, that he is in want of instruction and discipline, in order to bring the endowments of nature to the perfection of which they are susceptible, and to supply and to correct, as far as possible, what she has left defective or awry. In this proceeding we take example from the gardener and the husbandman, who cover and fence in the plants, while they are low and tender, that they may not be injured by the winds: but as soon as the stems have acquired a proper thickness, they prune away the superfluous shoots, and leave them to be blown and shaken by the winds; and the more exposed to this agitation the more will it contribute to their future fertility.

Then, as to what concerns their minds, we begin by kindling them, if I may say so, with music and arithmetic, at the same time that we teach them to write and read intelligibly. When they have made some progress in these, we sing to them the maxims of the sages and the poets, who have clothed in verse the exploits of our antient heroes, or other useful subjects, that they may be the more easily imprinted on their memory: and what is more natural than for a lad, by the frequent hearing of glorious achievements and great actions worthy of being recorded in poetic numbers, with which, for example, the works of our Homer and Hesiod are replete, to be roused by degrees and stimulated to imitation, and hereafter to be in like manner sung and admired by posterity? When at length they are admitted into the republic, and it is expedient for them to take an interest in public affairs — This however does not properly belong to our dispute: for the question at first was, not how we train the minds of our youth, but why we deem it necessary to employ them in these gymnastic exercises; and I will therefore here command myself to be silent, without waiting for the crier or my areopagite, who perhaps out of sheer modesty allows me to chatter on, although I have transgressed the limitations of our subject.

ANACHARSIS. May I ask, Solon, whether the areopagus have devised no punishment for those who purposely pass over in silence such matters as are most necessary to be known?

SOLON. Why do you ask me that question?

ANACHARSIS. Because you just now told me you intend to pass over, what is most excellent and interesting to me, the formation of the mind, in order to discourse on topics less necessary — fencing-schools and bodily exercises.

SOLON. That was done merely, my worthy friend, because I was unwilling to wander from the question that lies between us, and would not surcharge your memory with too many things at once. Since however you desire it, I will run over that in as few words as possible; for an accurate account of it will be more convenient at another opportunity. We therefore bring the minds of our youth into the proper tone or key\*,

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\* *ὑπομαζόμεν*, a beautiful and significant image, the use of which in the original is the more elegant as the word *νόμος*, law, is likewise a technical term in music, denoting a due cadence in melodies.

if I may use the expression, by first making them acquainted with the common laws of our republic, which, that everyone may be able to read them, we cause to be wrote out in fair and large characters, and set up in a public place, that all may know what is to be done and what avoided. Then, by the converse of discreet and virtuous persons, who with us are styled sophists or philosophers, they are informed of whatever it is necessary for them to know, of the obligations of justice and civil and social life \* ; and to abstain from all mean and misbecoming pursuits, to seek after whatever is beautiful and good, and never to be guilty of acts of violence. We carry them likewise into the theatres, where we publicly instruct them by means of comedies and tragedies ; thus setting before them the virtues and vices of the famous men of antiquity, that they may avoid the one and emulate the other. To our comedians we allow the liberty to satirize and ridicule such of our citizens as are known to be guilty of base actions, unworthy of a city like ours, in order that they may peradventure correct themselves by these open rebukes, and that others may take warning from their example, lest they draw upon themselves a similar disgrace.

ANACHARSIS. I have seen those same tragedians and comedians, Solon, of which you speak, if it is they you mean, who strut about in long robes beset with sham-gold lace, and heavy stilt-like half-boots, with not very steady steps, on the stage, and their head stuck in a queer sort of a morion †, with monstrous gaping jaws, out of which they make a most horrid ranting noise, enough to split one's ears. I think it was at a festival celebrated by the city in honour of Bacchus. The comedians were shorter, walked on their own feet, looking in general more like other men, and bellowed not so horridly : but in return, their head-pieces were

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\* That I take to be the meaning of *ἰκ τῷ ἴσῳ ἀλλήλοις συμπολιτεύεσθαι*, and not *ex aequo capessere rem publicam*, as the latin translator in Reitze's edition, or *se mettre au fait du gouvernement*, as his faithful follower Massieu renders it. Yet more closely, and to express the *ἰκ τῷ ἴσῳ* literally, I might have given it : " and to live together on equal footing (without taking precedence of one another) as citizens of a free republic." But the phrase I have adopted says the same thing, and was better suited to my construction.

† It will be noticed, independently of my suggestion, that Anacharsis means larves, which must have appeared laughable to any one on seeing them for the first time, and was not yet accustomed to the properties of the grecian stage.

more ridiculous, and excited universal laughter among the spectators. Whereas those tall fellows were heard with gloomy countenances, I suppose out of pity for the poor devils who were forced to slide about with such heavy shackles on their feet.

SOLON. Their pity, my good Anacharsis, was not bestowed on the comedians; but the poet doubtless had represented some calamitous transaction from the old heroic age, and the persons that appeared in it declaimed in such heart-rending speeches to the spectators, that they were moved to tears. You observed, no doubt, at the same time, some flute-players and a number of singing-persons standing together in a ring, who form what is called the chorus. Even these flutes and these songs, dear Anacharsis, have their use (although at present, that I may not interrupt our main business, I cannot enter into a farther explanation of it)\*. Suffice it then to say, that these and other similar institutions have with us a moral object in their tendency to whet the inward sense, and as they make useful impressions on the mind. But in the bodily exercises, on which you particularly desire to be informed, we have this end in view. By making our youth, after they have passed the tender age, and their limbs have acquired the proper strength and firmness, wrestle naked, we propose in the first place to enure them to the open air, and familiarize them with all seasons and weathers, that they may neither grow uneasy or impatient with heat and cold, and be rendered unfit for business. After this we anoint and mollify them with oil, that their members may be more supple and capable of exertion. For, as experience teaches us that leather by being smeared with oil will last longer and be less liable to crack, it would be absurd not to draw the conclusion from it, that likewise a living substance might receive from this application of oil the same benefit. This done, we instruct them, by masters appointed for the purpose, in the several gymnastic arts that we have invented, some in boxing, others in the pancration, that they may be enured to endure exertion and fatigue, and to brave their opponent, without being afraid of the blows and wounds to which they thus expose themselves.

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\* This parenthesis must be added for the accommodation of the reader, although it is not in the text; a liberty that I have several times used in this dialogue, and in general elsewhere, though always, I hope, with discretion.

Hereby we gain two very important advantages : it gives them spirit and intrepidity, and renders them less careful of their persons on dangerous occasions ; and then that they grow stronger and better able to hold out. For they, for example, who are in the habit of throwing one another in wrestling, learn to get a fall without hurt, and nimbly get up again, acquire dexterity both in grappling with an antagonist and in pushing, twisting and turning him, lifting and squeezing him almost to suffocation, and the like ; — exercises, which far from being useless, obtain for us the principal object we aim at in our gymnastics, namely, to harden the body, and to render it more insensible to pain and sufferings. But likewise it is no small utility, that, should occasions occur when such practices are necessary in war and in heavy armour, they have previously acquired great aptitude in them. For we regard all these martial exercises as a sort of preparation for the field of battle, and are persuaded that one, whose naked body we have thus rendered more supple, healthy, vigorous, lasting and agile, when it comes to earnest, must prove an incomparably better soldier, and be more formidable to his enemy \*. For you will, I think, easily conceive what that man in arms will be, who, even naked, can strike terror into his adversary. You see what bodies are formed by these exercises, neither overloaded with flaccid white flesh, nor look meagre and pale like the bodies of women, withering into shadows, shudder at every the least exertion, and run down with sweat, and under the pressure of a helmet could scarcely breathe, especially if, as at present, the meridian sun darts full upon their skulls. What would you do with such flimsy beings, who in the heat immediately pant with thirst, cannot bear the dust, faint at the sight of blood, and are ready to die with fright

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\* Plutarch, in his treatise on the art of preserving health, maintains the direct contrary, and assigns the excessive respect in which the gymnastic exercises were held by the Greeks, as the principal cause of the loss of their independence. The mischief was, in his opinion, that they were rather desirous of being excellent athletes than good soldiers. In conjunction with several other powerful causes, their excessive fondness for athletic exercises may perhaps have contributed somewhat to the political declension of the Greeks : but that the opponents of these exercises have greatly exaggerated the matter is, I think, sufficiently apparent, that they long before and long after Solon's time formed a material part of education with the Greeks, without producing the baneful effects ascribed to them. We may ask, was it a body composed of any other than wrestlers and pancratiasts that obtained those signal victories over Darius and Xerxes ?

before they come within the reach of a spear? There you see our tawny sunburnt youth, a quite different race. They have a manly appearance, are full of fire, spirit and vigour, are neither dry and shrivelled, nor burthened with a load of flesh, but of a well-proportioned form, inclosed by a beautiful outline, their superfluous flesh being consumed by labour, and their redundancies evaporated by sweat, and only retaining what, cleansed from all peccant mixtures, is vigorous and robust: advantages which, independently on those bodily exercises and their concomitant regularity of diet, they would not enjoy. For these to the human body are what winnowing is to the corn; the chaff and bran fly off, and the pure grain is gathered into a heap. It cannot therefore possibly be otherwise than that they should enjoy the most perfect health, and be able to go through an uncommonly long series of toil and drudgery. It is a great while before they begin to sweat, and you will very seldom see one out of health. It is (to carry on my simile) in this respect with them as if a man were to throw fire upon a heap of corn, straw and chaff; the straw will of course instantly ignite and burn, while the grain, instead of bursting quickly into a flame, and blazing out at once, will only by degrees begin to smoke, and take up a much longer time before it is consumed to ashes. In like manner a sickness or indisposition, which attacks such bodies, will not so easily enervate and subdue them as another: for their inward frame is too well constituted, and their outward parts too firmly compacted, to admit of being easily affected to a dangerous degree by heat or cold. And if even they appear for an instant to yield and to be overcome, the constant stream of vital heat within, collected as it were long before, and kept in reserve against a necessary occasion, supplies them so plentifully with vivacity and vigour, that they are almost always indefatigable. The antecedent exertions, instead of diminishing their strength, produce the direct contrary effect, and may be compared to a firebrand, which by rapid agitation is rekindled into flame. Beside the forementioned gymnastic arts, we exercise our youth also in running, principally with a view to enable them to hold out in long courses, by learning to spare their strength and their breath; when they have only a short space to run, they may perform the race with the utmost possible velocity. However, not to make it too easy for them, they may not run upon hard and resisting ground, but in deep sand, where it is difficult to keep a firm tread; but the fine sand per-

petually sliding from under them, they are ready to slip at every step. Nor are we less mindful to exercise them in jumping over a trench, or whatever else may happen to be in their way, and that even with heavy leaden balls in both hands. They also contend with one another who can fling a javelin the farthest. You observed in the gymnasium a flat round piece of brass, resembling a little shield without thongs or handles. You remember you tried to take it up, and found it very weighty, and not easy to grasp by reason of its smoothness. These plates they toss to a considerable height in the air, and the contest is who can hurl it to the greatest distance. This labour strengthens the shoulders and increases the power of distending the fingers and toes. Now you shall hear, my worthy friend, what are the uses of the soft clay and the dust, which at first appeared to you so mighty ridiculous. The first use is, that they fall not hard and therefore dangerously, but soft and without hurt. Then you know that moist clay gives a certain slipperiness to the body, for which reason you likened them before to eels; but that circumstance, instead of being laughable, is of very great utility, since they are necessitated to hold and hug one another the faster in order to prevent their slipping from the gripe; and thus it contributes not a little to the invigoration and tension of the muscles; for you must not imagine that it is an easy matter to lift from the ground a man smeared all over with oil and slime, exerting all his strength and dexterity to slip out of your hands. And this too, as I said before, is of use in war, where it is often necessary to take up a wounded friend and carry him to a place of safety, or to seize an enemy on a sudden and bear him off in your arms. We therefore prosecute these exercises to excess, and demand the more arduous, that we may obtain the less difficult with the greater facility. The sand we find serviceable to this purpose, that they may not so easily slip out of their antagonist's grasp; for, having previously learnt in wet clay to hold fast a body slippery and difficult to be held, they must now be trained to twist themselves out of the hands of him who hugs them, even with the increased difficulty of breaking away. Besides, the dust apparently checks the violent perspiration, conduces to enable us to hold out longer, and defends the skin against the injurious air of a draft, while the pores, from such vehement exercises, are all open. Likewise, in commixture with the oil and slime, it acquires somewhat of a saponaceous quality, and pre-

serves the skin clean and glossy. It would be amusing to place one of those pale-looking lads, who have always lived under cover, by the side of one of these who are exercised in the Lyceon, after he has washed off the clay and dust ; and I am certain, if you were to be asked, which of the two you would chuse to resemble ; you would, without making any other experiment, at the first view, rather be that compact and hardy youth than the soft and tender nursling who is only so white because his little modicum of blood has retired into the inward parts.

These then, dear Anacharsis, are the exercises in which we train up our young people, and by the means whereof we hope to form defenders of our city and our independence, able and prompt to repulse any enemy that should attack us, and sufficiently formidable to our neighbours to make them stand in awe and be tributary to us. But likewise in peace we have in them better citizens ; since they do not, like other young folks, from a false ambition, vie with one another in unbecoming pursuits, nor from idleness fall into dissipation and frivolity, but make these exercises their serious occupation, and employ all their leisure in it. And now you comprehend in what sense I before observed, that the general interest and the ultimate prosperity of our city depend in some measure on these gymnastic exercises ; that is, insomuch as by them, in concurrence with the general education we give them, our youth are best prepared either for peace or war, and are perpetually employed in whatever, in our view, is most generous and honourable.

ANACHARSIS. Accordingly then, if you are attacked by your enemies, you anoint yourselves with oil, powder yourselves over with dust, and march forth to the assault with doubled fists? upon which they take fright and run away as fast as they can, for fear lest if they happened to yawn you should throw sand in their mouths, or coming behind them leap upon their backs, twist your legs round their bellies, and choke them by pressing your elbows against their throats beneath their helmets? They would indeed, if heaven so pleased, shoot at you from a distance with darts and javelins : but those missiles would have no more effect upon you than if you were so many statues of stone ; since you have a sunburnt complexion, and a quantity of blood in your body, are neither straw nor stubble, like others, to be presently overthrown by wounds ; but not till after a long time, when bored all over with holes (and hardly then) you have a few drops

of blood drawn from you ; for something like this you meant, unless I totally mistook your simile. Or perhaps you put on, upon these occasions, the terrific armour of your tragedians and comedians, when you are marching to the assault, those wide-mouthed vizors, to strike terror and dismay into your enemies, like so many scarecrows, for which they will take you ; or you tie the high tragedy-boots on your legs, because, in case you are put to flight, they are so exceedingly light, or because, if the foes are obliged to flee before you, it will be impossible for them to escape, as by the help of them, you will be able to take such large strides? Have a care, dear Solon, lest these devices, which seem to you so ingenious, should in the end turn out only the trifling amusements of idle and playful youth. If you are really intent upon being free and happy, you will find it necessary to have other kinds of fencing-schools and exercises in arms, where they are practised in earnest. Then instead of these fictitious combats one against another, you will shew your valour against actual enemies, and train yourselves to military virtue in real dangers. Leave therefore your dust and your oil where they are, and teach them to shoot with the bow and to hurl javelins ; neither give to your youth light darts, which are turned aside by every puff of wind, but a heavy spear, which, whirled in a circle, whizzes through the air, and stones which fill the hand, and a battle-axe in the right, a proper shield of tough leather in the left hand, a coat of mail about the body and a pointed helmet on the head ! As you now are, I can no otherwise account for your preservation, than by supposing that some god has taken you into his peculiar favour ; since, but for that, you would have long ago perished by the first handful of lancers that made a thrust at you. Of this I am certain ; if I only drew this short sabre that hangs to my belt, and fell upon all your young men yonder, I should conquer the whole gymnasium at once by my war-shout alone : you should presently see how they would scamper, and that not one would have the heart to face a naked blade ; how they would run for shelter among the statues, and sculk behind the huge pillars, and how their whimpering and trembling would make me laugh. The ruddy complexion on which you applaud yourselves so much, would soon leave them ; their fear would soon give them a livid hue ! In short, notwithstanding your athletic exercises, a long peace has reduced you to

such a state, that you would not dare to look the bare plume on the crest of an enemy in the face.

SOLON. The Thracians, Anacharsis, did not say so, who under the conduct of Eumolpus, made war upon us \*, nor your Amazons, who, headed by Hyppolyta †, laid siege to our city: none ever said so, who have made trial of us. Because we harden the bodies of our young men in this manner naked, my good man, it by no means follows, that we lead them to war unarmed: but when in their persons they are grown fit and able men, we put arms in their hands, which they then know better how to use.

ANACHARSIS. And where then is your fencing-school for the practice of arms, Solon? I have seen nothing of the sort in the city, though I have strolled all over it?

SOLON. An opportunity for it will offer, if you continue any time among us; you will see that none of us are in want of arms whenever they are necessary; we have helmets, and caparisons for the horses, and a fourth part of our citizens are horsemen. We deem it needless in time of peace to wear arms and carry a sword by the side; there is even a penalty for walking through the city with a sword or dagger, unless for urgent reasons, or going armed in a public place. Whereas you are excusable for being always armed; as you have no fortified places, but live, exposed to attacks, in a perpetual war, and a man is never secure that somebody will not come upon him by surprise, and in his sleep drag him down from his cart and murder him. Your mutual distrust, and your habit of living under no restraint of social laws, everyone as his inclination leads, makes it necessary for you always to carry a sabre, that you may have your defence constantly at hand, to repel the violence that may be offered to you.

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\* The Eumolpus, to whom Solon here refers, was not he who became famous through the eleusinian mysteries, the son of Musæus; but a son of Neptune by a daughter of Boreas, that is, an unknown adventurer of the heroic era, who made an incursion into Attica, under the athenian king Erectheus, Pandion's son, with a horde of Thracians, whose leader he was, and was vanquished and slain by the Athenians, who indeed at that time had no Lyceum.

† See *Plutarch*, in the life of Theseus, and concerning the scythian Amazons, *Pomp. Mela*, da S. O. lib. iii. cap. 4.

**ANACHARSIS.** So that you deem it superfluous, Solon, to go armed when there is no immediate occasion for it; and rather chuse to spare your arms, lest they might be injured and blunted by handling: and yet you handle the bodies of your young people most roughly, without the least necessity: and instead of sparing them and hoarding their strength for future occasions, you needlessly spend them in mud and dust.

**SOLON.** You seem to imagine, my good Anacharsis, that it is with the powers of the human body as with water, wine or other liquids, that are preserved in vessels; and you are afraid, I perceive, that by letting them run out in our gymnastic exercises, they should be lost, and the body left empty and dry, as it cannot be replenished from within. But there you are under a great mistake: the more a man exhausts his powers by labour, the faster they flow in; and it is exactly as in the case of the fabled hydra, which, for every head cut off, two started forth in its room. Whereas were they not exercised and exerted from youth, if they have not always a sufficient supply of matter: then the predicament would ensue, that they would be extenuated and consumed by fatiguing toil. The case is the same with a fire and a candle: you kindle a fire, and in a few moments blow it into a blaze with the same puff that would put out a candle, if it has not a sufficient pabulum, and the flame is not strong enough to sustain the blast.

**ANACHARSIS.** I must own, dear Solon, that what you here advance I do not perfectly comprehend; your argument is too subtle, and requires more sagacity than I possess. I will therefore only put this one question to you. What is the reason, that at the olympic, isthmian, pythian and other games, at which you tell me, there is such a great concourse of spectators, you never have a combat of armed men, but produce your youths stark naked to the view, to kick and beat one another, and all to be rewarded at last with apples and olive sprigs? There must be some reason for this, which I should be glad to understand.

**SOLON.** We think that this method of proceeding gives them a greater inclination to gymnastic exercises, by letting them see, how highly they are honoured who carry the prize in them, and with what solemnity their names are proclaimed in the full assembly of the Grecians; and, as in order to enable them to attain the honour to appear naked before so numerous and respectable an assembly, they must take the greater care to keep their

bodies in good plight, that they may not be disgraced by shewing themselves naked\*, and everyone strives the more eagerly to render himself worthy of the victory. Neither are the prizes, as I before observed, mean and trifling; for what could the victor desire more than to be applauded by such a concourse of respectable spectators, and to be celebrated throughout all Greece, and to be pointed at with the finger, and declared the best among his comrades? Besides, in many of the spectators, whose age will not allow of such exercises, at the sight of such strenuous contests of our youth, and the glory they acquire from them, a fresh ardour is kindled for generous exertions in the cause of virtue. And tell me, Anacharsis, if ever this passion for fame, should or could be banished from human life, what think you we should gain by it? Who would feel an inclination to perform splendid actions? Besides, you may be able to form some judgment for yourself, what sort of men they are like to prove, when fighting for their country, their wives and children, and the temples of their gods, who contend even naked and with so great earnestness for the victory, to obtain apples or a wild-olive wreath. If this however appears to you so absurd, what would you say if you saw our quail and cock-fights, and the earnest attention we bestow upon them? Doubtless you would laugh outright, especially on being told that we have a law, by which it is enacted that all grown up persons shall be present at them †, and witness with what courage these birds fight to

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\* In this one line lies the true solution of a pædagogical problem, on which in our time so much writing has been thrown away. An institution, by the rules of which the grown up youth must frequently exhibit themselves *in puris naturalibus* would prove the most infallible means of preserving them uncorrupted in this particular. The question therefore, on which the prize should be set, would be: how it would be possible to establish such an institution among such a bashful and corrupt people as the modern Europeans?

† Lucian seems here to have allowed himself a little anachronism, if it be true, which Ælian, *Var. Hist.* lib. ii. cap. 28. relates touching the origin of the annual public cock-fights at Athens; namely, Themistocles, when on full march at the head of his fellow-citizens in the expedition against the Persians, accidentally saw a couple of cocks fighting. He immediately gave the word to halt, ordered his army to look on, and then recommended them to bear in mind the following moral: And these cocks, said the great general, are contending, not for their country, not for the gods, nor for the sepulchres of their ancestors, not for their children, not for glory and liberty, but only because neither will yield and be inferior to the other! — These words confirmed not a little the courage of the Athenians; and so they resolved that the

the utmost extremity, and till they can no longer stir. And yet there is nothing ridiculous in this. For at these sights, there steals imperceptibly into our minds the impulse to brave all dangers, and not to suffer ourselves to be surpassed in intrepidity by quails and game-cocks, but, like them, never to yield, till reduced to the last gasp by wounds, efforts, hardships, or disasters of all sorts. But to make such trials of our young folks with weapons, and see them inflict bleeding wounds on one another, that be far from us! That would be to turn a struggle for bodily exercise into a battle of wild beasts; what could be more cruel, and at the same time more useless, than thus to massacre the best of our young citizens for sport, those whom we might profitably employ against our enemies? Besides, my good Anacharsis, as you intend to travel over all Greece, remember when you come to Lacedæmon, not to laugh at them for being such fools as to thresh the empty straw, when you see how they bang one another at their ball-play \*: or how, divided into two factions, whereof one is called the Herculean, the other the Lyncurgian, they, likewise naked, make hostile attacks on each other, on a plain surrounded with water; and contend till either the herculean party has drove the lyncurgian, or this the other, into the water: whereupon peace is immediately restored, and no one is permitted to strike a blow more. But how absurd and cruel will it appear to you, on beholding how their boys are flogged round the altar of Diana Orthylia till the blood comes, and how the fathers and mothers standing by, instead of grieving at it, threaten them if they shrink under the stripes, and urge them to hold out against the

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cock-fight, which had then served as an encouragement to their bravery, should become an institution to excite posterity to similar exploits." This now looks indeed very like a grecian tale: and yet it is not impossible, that there may be some truth at the bottom of it, and it is however certain, that the annual cock-fight, which all the citizens were obliged to witness, fell out about this time. As to the quails, it appears, from what the antient writers here and there incidentally say of it, that the custom of training quails to fight was the fashion, at the time of Alcibiades, with such noble and luxurious young prodigals as Alcibiades, Meidias, and others of that stamp, and is here improperly confounded with the legal cock-fight.

\* This game, on which Galen has wrote a peculiar treatise, was vulgarly called the harpasion, because it was played between two troops of young men, each of whom strove to get the ball, in order to throw it over a boundary line drawn on every side at a pretty good distance from the centre, where the ball lay. The side that first succeeded in this obtained the victory. See *Burette, de la Sphéristique des Anc. au vol. i. des Memoir. de l'Acad. des Belles-Lettres*, p. 226.

agony as long as ever they can. There are accordingly many instances of children, who in this rivalry of patience, disdaining to give out in the presence of their relations while they had any life left, have died under the trial. You will also see, that their constancy is rewarded by statues, set up to them by the republic. When you see all this, do not imagine that the Spartans are insane, nor say, that they torment themselves unnecessarily, and that the most barbarous tyrant or the most vindictive enemy could not use them worse. For the legislator Lycurgus would give you very good reasons for having ordered the Spartan boys to be treated thus; and that it is neither from want of affection, nor because he took not a lively interest in preserving the rising generation of the city: but because the republic made everything to rest upon this, that they on whose virtue its future preservation will depend be trained up to the most invincible fortitude, and ever ready to brave and to sustain the worst for their country. Neither will you, I believe, deem it necessary, that Lycurgus should tell you, whether one so brought up, if he happened to be taken by the enemy in war, would by any torture let a secret, wherein the Spartans were interested, be forced out of him; and whether he would not sooner, under the most painful strokes of the lash, deride his tormentors, and challenge them to try who could hold out the longest.

**ANACHARSIS.** I would fain know, however, Solon, whether Lycurgus was so flogged in his boyhood, or whether he did not first enjoin this exercise of patience at an age when he himself was exempt from it, and therefore with a whole skin might dispose of the backs of the young Spartans?

**SOLON.** He was already advanced in years when he gave his laws to the Spartans, after his return from Crete, whither he had made a voyage, for the sake of studying their excellent and celebrated laws, which they are said to have received from Jupiter's son, Minos.

**ANACHARSIS.** How comes it then, Solon, that you do not follow his example, and scourge the young Athenians? These are wholesome severities, and worthy of you.

**SOLON.** Because we have enough of these practices, customary with us from time out of mind, and we reckon it beneath us to imitate foreign usages.

**ANACHARSIS.** No; the truth is, I think, that you are sensible what it

is to be soundly flogged naked with uplifted arms, without any benefit derivable from it either to the commonwealth or to any individual in the world. For my own part, I very much fear, if I happen to arrive in Sparta exactly at the time when these executions are going forward, I should be stoned on the spot ; as it would be impossible for me to refrain from laughing at them all in the face, on seeing them treat their own children like thieves and pick-pockets. Verily your whole republic that can suffer such public absurdities to proceed, seems to stand in need of general purgation with a handsome dose of bellebore.

SOLON. You may well talk, my good man, when they are not here to answer you : but do not imagine therefore that you have gained a victory. You will find folks at Sparta, that are able to give proper replies to all your reproofs. However, since our customs and institutions, of which I have given you so circumstantial an account, seem not to meet your entire approbation, I judge it not unreasonable to beseech you, in return to give me a particular recital of the method you Scythians adopt in the education of your young people, and what exercises you prescribe to make them worthy men.

ANACHARSIS. Nothing can be more reasonable, excellent Solon. Our customs are indeed neither so solemn as yours, nor have they anything else in common with them. We are such a timid people, that we have not even the courage to let a man give us a slap on the face\*. However, since you desire it, I will tell you all that I know of them. Only, if you approve of it, we will defer that subject till to-morrow, that I may in the interim have leisure to reflect in silence upon what I have heard, and properly arrange what I have to tell you. For the present let us adjourn and go home, for it is almost dark.

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\* Without returning it, that is to say. It is obvious that Anacharsis, since he came to live among the Athenians, had made himself a tolerably good proficient in irony.

OF  
DANCING.

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LYCINUS. CRATO.

LYCINUS.

SINCE you have been pleased, my friend Crato, of a long time to deal out your studied invectives against our dancing, and the art itself, and occasionally to censure me for taking delight in such shows, and spending my time in this frivolous and womanish entertainment, as you term it: permit me to step forward as an advocate for this elegant art, and convince you how sadly you have forgot yourself, and with how much injustice you have, though unconsciously, attacked one of the best inven-

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OF DANCING. The dialogue contained in this performance is nothing but an introduction and epilogue to a rhapsodical panegyric on the art of pantomime, that favourite spectacle of an era corrupted by luxury and effeminacy, for which likewise the Greeks, after the example of their masters the Romans, had an increasing relish, and which in Lucian's later years, principally at Antioch, where he frequently resided, and where perhaps this tract was wrote, was one of the most darling diversions of a people sensual in an extreme degree and passionately addicted to pleasure. This whole tract is in my opinion one of the worst productions of our author, without genius, without art, without method, without philosophy and without taste. It is, as I conjecture from the negligence with which the greater part of it is composed, rather a mere *ébauché*, than an elaborate performance. At least the last hand and the file seem entirely wanting to it: and, deducting the dialogizing prologue which is not devoid of sprightliness and attic salt, considered as a work of genius, it is obviously eclipsed by the foregoing on Gymnastics. The panegyric itself is in the style of the sophistical declamations of that period; it skims over the surface of the subject, plays with indefinite ideas, and supplies the defect of philosophical spirit by false wit and hyperbole. He that proves too much proves nothing — but the weakness of his judgment.

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tions of social life. At the same time however it may be pardonable in one that has been from his childhood addicted to a gloomy and austere mode of life, and all along accustomed to regard the good and the agreeable as incompatible, in his preconceived hatred of that which he is an entire stranger to.

CRATO. But you, my excellent friend, how shall we pardon you, and what must we think of you, who have had a learned education, and are indifferently well versed in philosophy, when we see you forsake the most elegant studies and the converse of the antient sages, and sit to have your ears tickled by a flageolet, and gazing at an effeminate fellow, strutting in loose attire, and singing licentious songs, and with the gestures of the most lascivious women of antiquity, representing the Phædras and Parthenopes and Rhodopes \*, and I cannot tell how the rest of the strumpets are called, and kicking his heels about to the squeakings and trillings and measures of a noisy bagpipe. If this is not ridiculous and unbecoming a sober man of your sort, I would fain know what may be properly so called. I confess therefore, when I heard that you wasted your time in such shows, I was not only ashamed but grieved to think of your sitting with a feather in your ear, as if you had forgot that there was a Plato, a Chrysippus, an Aristotle in the world; and that when there are a thousand rational entertainments besides, both for the ears and the eyes, if a man cannot be content without them; for example, excellent concerts where the performers on the flute and on the cithara regularly display their skill, and principally grave and lofty tragedy and facetious comedy; exhibitions even worthy of a place among the public contests. You will therefore, my good friend, have need of a powerful

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\* Phædra is notorious by her passion for her stepson. By Parthenope perhaps the siren of that name may be meant. Rhodope, if we may credit the account of her given by Ælian, was a surprisingly beautiful ægyptian hetære, who, whilst she was bathing, had one of her slippers carried away by an eagle, which let it fall into the lap of king Psammetichus. His ægyptian majesty fell in love with this slipper, ordered the lady to whom it belonged to be sought for through all Ægypt, took her to wife, and even built a pyramid to her honour. Herodotus, in his second book, speaks of another Rhodope, who, to all appearance, is confounded by the *græculi* with the former, who had hardly a grecian appellative; and thence proceeded the ridiculous fable, that the hetære Rhodope had so successfully traded in her attractions, that she built a pyramid with her savings.

apology with the learned, unless you have a mind to be entirely separated from them, and be expelled from the class of sober and sedate people. Your best course therefore, in my opinion, will be to cover all by a flat denial, and never own that you have been guilty of such a folly. But for the future look well to it, that you do not, when our backs are turned, inadvertently suffer yourself from a man to be metamorphosed into a piping girl or a bacchante; a disgrace which will not only light upon yourself, but also bear hard upon us; as it might reasonably be laid to our charge, that we did not forcibly tear you, as Ulysses did his companions, from the perillous enchanted carousal \*, and bring you back to your ordinary avocations, ere you inconsiderately fell into the clutches of these theatrical sirens, who are so much the more dangerous than those in Homer, whose song the passengers had only to stop up their ears against, because they will reduce you to slavery, not only through the ears but as it should seem through the eyes also.

LYCINUS. Good now; have a little mercy! What a fierce mastiff you have let loose upon me, Crato †! Let me tell you however, that your simile of the Lotophagi and of the sirens is inapplicable to my case. Since whoever tasted the lotos or heard the sirens sing perished as their reward; whereas to me, over and above the far greater pleasure from what I have seen and heard, the event has turned out prosperous. For I have neither forgot myself nor my proper concerns for it, but am rather, to speak the plain truth, on returning from the theatre, much more discreet, and provided with a good deal more knowledge of mankind: so that I have the best right to apply to myself that verse of Homer, and may say, whoever has seen this sight

Departs delighted, more instructed far ‡.

CRATO. Gracious Hercules! what is come to you, Lycinus, that instead of being ashamed of your folly, you even boast of it! Since you are ca-

\* The greek word is in allusion to the noted fiction in the ninth book of the *Odyssey*, concerning the magical effect of the lotos to deprive such as tasted it for ever of all desire to return home.

† A jocular stroke, giving to understand, that Crato is supposed to profess the cynical philosophy, or that nearly allied to it, the stoical.

‡ What the sirens promised Ulysses, *Odys.* xii. 188. *σφελήματος γένουσι, καὶ πλείονα εἰδής.*

pable of commending such scandalous and utterly despicable occupations, all hope of your correction is lost, your disorder is alas incurable!

LYCINUS. May I ask, good Crato, whether you have sometimes been an eyewitness of the dance, and particularly the pantomimical dances of the theatre \* that you thus severely condemn? or whether you pronounce such entertainments so scandalous and despicable without having ever seen them? If you have been a spectator, neither of us has any right to blame the other: if not, take care then, lest you incur the censure of railing at random, and condemning what you know nothing of.

CRATO. Truly I am not yet come to that pass, with my long beard and these hoary locks, to seat myself among a parcel of silly women and frantic dolts, clapping the lascivious gestures and contorsions of a graceless coxcomb, and perhaps, even crying out, in indecent rapture, bravo! bravissimo! with the rest.

LYCINUS. Well then, I will forgive you, Crato, for speaking in this manner; if you will suffer yourself to be persuaded to make the trial for once, as you have nothing more to do there, but to sit still and keep your eyes open: and I am sure you would have no rest till you were got as near as possible to the stage, that you might see everything distinctly, and not lose a single note of the music.

CRATO. I will be damned if I ever suffer myself to be persuaded to any such thing, while I have a hair on my legs and an unplucked chin †! I pity you, Lycinus; you talk like one that has been seized with the bacchanalian frenzy!

LYCINUS. Let us have no more declaiming and railing, my friend, but calmly listen to what I have to say respecting the dramatic dance, and while I prove to you, that it not only affords an agreeable amusement, but is even a profitable spectacle, how much is to be learnt from it, and how it even conduces to the improvement of the temper, by putting the

\* For, that these were meant by *ἡ τῶν θεατρῶν γυμνάσιον* appears from the subject and design of the whole piece, though Lucian always affects to employ only the generic term dance; because, I suppose, at his time the word *pantomimos* was not in common acceptance out of Italy, where it was first fashionable.

† That is, as long as I am not transformed into a professed voluptuary or *cinædus*. See before in the Cynic, vol. i. p. 627, the note.

minds of the beholders in a well regulated emotion, disciplines and sharpens their taste for beautiful objects, familiarizes their ears to the fine effects of music, and visibly presents to them what the inward beauty of the mind has in common with the outward beauty of the body, and the point where they both unite. Now that all these effects are produced by music and rhythmus, is so far from being a disparagement, that it is its highest encomium.

CRATO. I have indeed no leisure to hearken to a madman holding a panegyric on his distemper : however, since you seem so very desirous to discharge your nonsense by pouring it out upon me, I am willing to submit to this friendly ministration, and lend you my ears, since fortunately I have no need to stop them with wax for letting such miserable stuff pass by them without injury. I promise you therefore to hold my tongue ; say what you will as if nobody heard you.

LYCINUS. Very good, my friend ; I desire no more ; how long you will call what I have to say, nonsense, will presently appear.

First of all, you seem not to know that dancing is no novel invention, an affair of yesterday or the day before, originating in the times of our grandfathers or their ancestors. But they that deliver the most correct statement of its genealogy affirm, that it is coeval with the universe, and had a birth as antient as the primeval Cupid \*. For what is that arrangement of the constellations, and the regular conjunction of the planets with the fixed stars, and the musical concert and beautiful harmony of their motions, but indisputable indications of the primordial original of dancing ? It may therefore be justly maintained, that the art is as old as the world, and sprung up imperceptibly amongst men, still approaching gradually nearer to that consummate perfection which it has in our days attained, as it truly deserves the name of an art which unites in itself, in the most extensive range and in the utmost refinement and harmony, the fairest gifts of all the Muses.

In ages of the most remote antiquity, Rhea is said to have been the first who took particular delight in this art, and enjoined the Corybantēs in Phrygia and the Curetes in Crete, to dance. Nor was the advantage she

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\* The Cupid of Orpheus and Hesiod, who reduced the eternal chaos to order, and is the principle of life, motion and existence. See Cudworth's *Intell. Sys.*

derived from it inconsiderable. For the Curetes, by their dancing about, saved the life of the newborn Jupiter; so that Zeus himself will no doubt confess, that he is beholden to their dancing alone for having escaped the teeth of his father Saturn. This dance was performed in complete armour; its several movements and leaps had in them somewhat rapturous and warlike, and the dancers struck their swords against their bucklers\*. In process of time the brave Cretans, and even their kings and other great men of the nation, held it an honour to arrive at a certain degree of perfection in this exercise, wherefore Homer intending not to disparage but highly to commend Meriones, calls him a dancer. Indeed he was so famed for his talent this way, that not only the Greeks but even the enemy acknowledged his superior excellence in the art; because, I guess, that in the battles which so frequently occurred between the Trojans and Greeks, the ease and agility he had acquired by the armed dance, forcibly attracted their notice. For that is implied perhaps in the verse:

You may, Merion, wear the dancer's crown;  
My spear shall quickly put your dancing down †.

And yet he did not put him down; for just because he had such dexterity in dancing, he knew, I believe, more easily how to avoid the spear that was levelled at him. I could also name some others of those heroes, who were practised in this art, and made a serious business of it: it may suffice however to mention only Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, who so much excelled in the art of dancing, that he enriched it with a fine new species, which from his surname received the appellation of *Pyrrhichia* ‡: and there can be no doubt that Achilles, on hearing this of his son, was more delighted with it than with his exquisite beauty and his other endowments. Accordingly Pyrrhus derived from it the honour of having taken by his dance the hitherto impregnable Ilion, and laid it level with the ground.

\* That is, the dance represented a battle, and therefore in fact was the same or at least nearly allied with the *colabriemus* of the Thracians, the *caryatica* of the Spartans, and a moorish war-dance still customary in the Barbary states.

† As Æneas says to him, *Iliad*, xvi. 617, 618.

‡ A usual weaponed dance among the Grecians, particularly the Spartans, but on the invention of it, opinions are very much divided. See *Mears. de Saltis veter.* under that head.

The Lacedæmonians, who are reckoned the bravest of the Greeks, have learnt from Castor and Pollux a peculiar dance, which from the laconian district Caryæ, where it is particularly taught, bears the name of Caryatica\*. These people are so much habituated to call in the aid of the muses in their several performances, that they even march to battle in measured steps, and fight to the flute and musical numbers; for with them it is always the flute that gives the signal for the onset, and it might perhaps, not without reason, be affirmed, that they are beholden to music and eurithmy †, for having always the superiority over all others. Accordingly we see their youth lay as much stress on dancing as on martial exercises; to rest themselves from the exercises of the fighting-ground, they dance; for which reason a flute-player constantly sits in their gymnasiums, who beats time with his foot, while they, divided into sets, make the various evolutions, now warlike, now dancehike, expressive of the drunken rapture of the wine-god or the softer movements of the goddess of love. One of the songs they sing while dancing is an invitation to Venus and the god of love, to come and dance and skip along with them; and the other, for they sing two, beginning with "cheer up, my lads; advance your steps; turn out your toes, trip it along more lightly," contains rules for dancing. The same practice is observed likewise in the dance which they call Hormos, or the necklace. This hormos is danced by youths and virgins in a motley row: the row is led by a youth, whose dancing consists entirely in military steps, such as he is afterwards to march in the field; then follows a virgin leading up her companions with the gentle and elegant paces of her sex; these are joined again by a youth, who with the leader and the second girl sets to the second young man, and the second youth sets to the second lady, who makes the same step with the leading lady, and so forth ‡; so that the whole forms as it were a chain of masculine valour and feminine modesty entwined together.

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\* Or Caryatis.

† Or, to speak without a metaphor, their *tactic*, for in that they as far surpassed the other Grecians as the Macedonians did them; accordingly they were almost always an overmatch in the field for the other Grecians, but could do nothing against the Macedonians, whose tactics were still better than theirs.

‡ I have inserted these three lines, which are not in the text, for giving a clear idea of this elegant spartan dance, which by the contrast of that which characterizes either sex, must have produced a very pleasing effect.

As you have read Homer as well as I, I pass over what, in describing the shield of Achilles, Homer tells us of the dance that Dædalus invented for Ariadne, and the two dancers, whom he styles cubisteteres \*, and makes the leaders of the band, and also the dancers who whirled themselves round on the same shield, as one of the finest compartments on which Vulcan has bestowed his utmost skill in this great work of his art. As to his Phæacians, it was natural for a mild and gentle people, swimming in pleasure, to be extremely fond of dancing. Accordingly Homer makes his Ulysses, while a looker on at their dances, admire nothing more in them than the nimbleness of their feet †.

In Thessaly the art of dancing was in such great repute, and carried to such a length, that even their generals and chief commanders were styled Leaders of the Dance, as we may perceive by the inscriptions on the statues which they set up to the most meritorious of them. "The city chose him (one of them says) in preference to his fellow-citizens, to be the Dance-leader." And another: "To Eilation, in memory of the well-danced battle, the nation erects this image."

I would observe by the way, that of all the antient mysteries no one is discoverable at which dancing was not in practice; since it is well known, that Orpheus and Musæus, the most learned dancers of their time ‡, were the founders and law-givers of them, as probably judging

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\* That is, Tumblers, for *κυβιστῆς* is nothing more than a leap in the air for one instant with the head downwards, and returning on the feet. How such tumblers could lead up the band of the dancing lads and lasses, is not perhaps to be conceived, nor does Homer say a word of it: but rather makes them to cut their somersaults, during the dance, in the intervals of it.

† *Μαγμαρυγᾶς τῶν ποδῶν θιμπερον*. — *Μαγμαρυγᾶς θηίτο ποδῶν*, Odyss. viii. 265. Does Homer, by this figure taken from a trembling glitter, intend to say nothing more than merely the flying celerity of the feet? A query which none can better answer than that paragon of grecian literature, Dr. Parr.

‡ The greek text says: "and the most excellent dancers of the time;" and therefore distinguishes these latter from Orpheus and Musæus to whom the first introduction of the mysteries into Greece is uniformly ascribed. But who then should these dancers have been, and whence did Lucian know that they were conjointly founders of the mysteries? I suspect the little word *καὶ* slipped into the text through a transcriber, and that Lucian therefore, by the best dancers of the time, meant Orpheus and Musæus themselves; of whom, as they passed not only for the wisest and most learned men of their age, but even for inspired theologues and prophets, he might confidently assume, that they were likewise virtuosos in the festival and religious orchestics, which in those remote ages composed an essential part of their oceremonial worship, and on which in this paragraph the whole question turns.

they augmented not a little the beauty and solemnity, by making rhythm and dancing essential parts of the institution. That this is actually the case — but regard to the uninitiated imposes on us silence respecting all that relates to the mysteries! — However, everybody knows, that for saying such-a-one has divulged the mysteries, a word \* is usually employed, the proper signification whereof is equivalent to saying he has danced false, or out of tune.

At Delos the sacrifices were never performed otherwise than accompanied by dancing and music. Choirs of boys selected on purpose were introduced, dancing in rows to the flute and cithara, and the songs appointed to be sung by these choirs, and in which all the lyric poets abound, were entitled, Hyporchemata, or dance-songs.

But what need have I to quote Grecian examples, touching the religious use of dancing, since even the Indians, who at their first rising in the morning early, perform their devotions to the sun; not as we do, who when we have kissed our hands, think our adoration complete; but, turning towards the rising sun, worship the god in profound silence by a dance, imitative of his own. This ceremony supplies the place of prayer, hymn, and sacrifice, and accordingly they perform it twice a day, when the sun rises and when he sets, thinking thus to propitiate the divinity.

The Æthiopians even go to war dancing; and no Æthiopian will take an arrow from his head (for that serves him for quiver being stuck round with arrows like so many rays) nor let it fly at the enemy, without first terrifying him by a sort of dance made up of menacing gesticulations †.

Having mentioned the Indians and Æthiopians, it is perhaps but just to say a word on their neighbours the Ægyptians. It appears to me that the antient fiction of Proteus, who is reported to have been an Ægyptian, signifies neither more nor less than that he was a very expert dancer, who had a peculiar talent for pantomimics, and could in a manner turn himself into anything, and by the rapidity of his motions and gestures, could imitate the fluidity of water, the flickering of flame, the

\* Namely, the word *ἰξέμεσθαι*.

† A universal custom with the rude nations, which the great navigator captain Cook also found among his New-zealanders, and the several savage tribes discovered by him in the South sea.

fierceness of the lion, the fury of the panther, and the rustling foliage of the trees, in short, whatever he would. The story, in order to make the affair more marvellous, attributes what in him was art, to his nature; just as if he was whatever he represented by imitation. A talent repeatedly found in dancers of our time, who have the art of transforming themselves in an instant, and rival Proteus himself. I suppose the empusa, who appeared in a thousand shapes, was originally nothing but some such dancer, out of whom in process of time the story has made the pretended spectre of that name.

Nor should the roman dance be forgot, which was performed by the Salii, a sort of priests, who were chosen from their most antient families, in honour of the god of war, and with them is a very solemn and extremely sacred ceremony\*.

The Bithynians relate a fable somewhat akin to this roman institution. Priapus, a warlike deity, and one of the Titans, I believe, or the idæan Dactyls †, gave lessons, they say, in the military art, and on his being appointed by Juno tutor to her son Ares [Mars], a youth uncommonly robust and manly, forbore to teach him how to fight with sword and spear, till he had made him an accomplished dancer, and as a recompense for his trouble, the goddess enjoined Mars to give up to him the tenth part of all the spoils he should ever after take in war.

That dancing was a business of the first consequence in the religious solemnities of Dionysos or Bacchus, I suppose you have no need to be informed by me. The three principal dances, the cordax, the sicinnes,

\* It was properly but a solemn march, jumping up from time to time, and striking their naked swords upon their shields.

† As the Greeks had several Joves, Mercuries, Herculeses, &c. so upon a more accurate enumeration sundry Priapuses appear, amongst whom then this warlike one may maintain his situation as he can. Who the idæan Dactyls probably were, must be explained by such an able critic as Heyne: it may here suffice, that they were regarded by the antients as a sort of demi-gods, and that the invention of metallurgy, particularly the art of manufacturing iron, is ascribed to them. Pausanias, who assigns mount Ida in Crete as their primitive abode, takes them to be the same with the Curetes, to whom Rhea entrusted the education of Jupiter. According to him there were five brothers of them, Hercules (an older one than the Theban), Peoneus, Epimedes, Jasius, and Idas. The Bithynians, it appears, had a different tradition respecting these Dactyls, whose story, disfigured by fictions, is lost in the night of grecian antiquity.

and the *emmeleia* have their denominations from three satyrs in the retinue of Bacchus, who are reported to have been the inventors of them. Solely by this art he subdued the Tyrrhenians, Indians and Lydians, and the most warlike nations were by enthusiastic satyrs and mænades, so to speak, danced to the ground.

Such being the case, let me advise you, my excellent friend, to beware lest you be guilty of impiety in speaking thus contemptuously of an art, consecrated by religion and mysteries, admired by so many deities, and practised in honour of them by mankind, besides which it blends in so high a degree the agreeable with the useful. But I am astonished, that you, being a professed admirer of Homer and Hesiod, should have the face to contradict the opinion of these poets, who have bestowed the highest encomiums on dancing. For Homer, in recounting the most agreeable and delightful pleasures in nature, names sleep, sweet singing, and the blameless dance \*; observe, I pray, this epithet, not forgetting that sweet singing is the usual concomitant of the blameless dance, which you take upon you to blame, and therefore, according to Homer, both epithets befit the orchestric. The same great poet says in another place †:

To some Jove gives of martial exploits choice,  
Dancing to some, to some a charming voice.

For in fact there is somewhat charming in song and dance together, and the gods confer upon them, on whom they bestow them both, a very handsome donation. To mention it by the way, Homer seems to comprehend all human arts under two main rubrics, war and peace, and to place in contrast to the martial these two alone, as the most delightful of the peaceful arts.

As to Hesiod, he tells us of the Muses, not from hearsay, but as having seen with his own eyes one of their morning dances, at the opening of his *Theogony* to their praise, that,

Round the clear azure fount, with gentle tread,  
And th' altar of their sire the dance they led.

You see, my noble friend, you set up yourself against the gods, when you vilify dancing.

\* *Iliad*, xiii. 636.

† Lucian has here inadvertently confounded two separate verses together; the difference however is so trifling that it does not deserve the clatter which the word-catchers make about it.

Socrates, the wisest of all men, if we may credit the delphic god, thought quite differently from you of this matter. He not only praised dancing \*, but even honoured the art so far as to learn it; such a high value did he put upon symmetry and modulations and propriety and musical elegance both in externals and internals; and so far was he from deeming the art that creates all this, unbecoming a man of his years, that he considered it one of the most important of the fine arts. Indeed how was it possible for him to scorn dancing, he who vouchsafed his attention even to very trivial matters, frequented the schools of the flute-girls †, and did not disdain to listen to anything ingenious from Aspasia, though she was a hetære. Yet he beheld this art only while in its infancy, and had not grown up by far to that maturity to which it has at present attained. Had he seen those who in our time have advanced it to this great pitch, I am confident he would have preferred that spectacle to all others, and have made it the ground-plot in the education of youth.

Besides, in the praises you have bestowed upon tragedy and comedy, you seem to have forgot, that particular dances are appropriated to each of them; to tragedy those styled emmeleia, and to comedy the cordax; sometimes also a third class, the sicinnis. But because you at first made so much of tragedy and comedy, and the performers on the flute and the cithara, who play in the public concerts, appeared to you so respectable, because they are allowed in the musical contests at the games, since, I say, you preferred all this to dancing, let us now draw a comparison, and see how each of these arts stand, with respect to dancing. However, as the flute and the cithara are only indispensable auxiliaries to the dancer, if you please we will let them alone.

\* To begin then with tragedy; we have only to look at its outward garb,

\* See Xenophon's Banquet, *cap.* ii. §. 15. &c. and *cap.* vii. where he gives a hint to the Syracusans, the masters of the dancers, the jugglers, and the flute-girls, whom Callias had invited to divert his guests, bidding them give the company a sort of pantomimical ballet, representing the marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne.

† Where Lucian got this anecdote of Socrates, from the sound of it tolerably apocryphal, I do not know. As he is not usually very nice about such matters, and seems not always to have had the most faithful memory, so perhaps the visit that Socrates in company of a few young friends, made to the fair Theodota, (*Xenoph. Mem. Soc.* iii. 11.) might have given occasion to a quiproquo.

to see what it is, and that one can hardly conceive a more ugly and even frightful appearance than a fellow stuffed out to a disproportionate bulk, stalking about on a sort of stilts, with a mask over his face, protruding far beyond the dimensions of his head, and with such a monstrous mouth wide gaping as if he meant to swallow the spectators; to say nothing of the breast-plates and belly-cushions, which swell him out to an artificial corpulency, lest his preposterous height might be too disgusting. Then the man begins to bawl out from his vizor, now straining his lungs beyond their natural force, then lowering his voice to squeaking tones, singing from time to time whole tirades of iambics; and, what is yet worse, modulating to us his miseries in prescribed melodies, so that nothing of it all is his own, excepting his voice; because for everything else the poet has long since provided, before he came into the world. Yet as long as he personates only some Andromache or Hecuba, singing may be tolerable: but when Hercules enters, and, forgetting himself and his lion-skin and his club, begins to sing a solo: then methinks we may justly term it an unpardonable solecism!

What you allege against dancing, as giving the parts of women to be acted by men, attaches no less to tragedy and comedy; in both of which there are generally more women than men. Comedy likewise, to afford ridiculous matter for the diversion of the audience, has appropriated to itself certain caricature vizors, for the representation, for example, of stupid and knavish servants and cooks. On the contrary, how neat and elegant the dress of the pantomime dancer is, I need not remark; being visible to all that are not blind. His mask too is always handsome, and adapted to the subject; not gaping like those before mentioned, but with the mouth decently closed, for he has people enough to stretch their lungs for him, since it has been found more convenient, considering that the breathing of the dancer is naturally impeded in singing, to cause the words to be sung by other persons. Besides, the subjects in both are the same, and the pantomime only differs from tragedy in this, that the former admits of a greater variety, is more instructive \*, and has incomparably more changes in it.

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\* Mr. Lycinus by saying this is making game of his reader. For he thus affirms nothing less than that more mythological science is to be learnt from pantomimes than from tragedies. — However in some degree to solve the knotty point on which the learned have generally dif-

But the reason why there are not prizes assigned for musical-matches at our games, is, I believe, because our superiors regarded the object too grand and reverend to be brought to a public trial. However on this subject I might refer to the most considerable city of Italy, which acknowledges Chalcis for its parent stock\*, who to their customary public musical contests have added this as a peculiar ornament.

ferred, concerning the merits of dancing, it may not be amiss to quote the sentiments expressed in a work of universal celebrity, I mean the Spectator, No. 334. "It is very natural to take for our whole lives a light impression of a thing, which at first fell into contempt with us for want of consideration. The real use of a certain qualification (which the wiser part of mankind look upon as at best an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous circumstance) shews the ill consequence of such prepossessions. What I mean is the art, skill, accomplishment, or whatever you will call it, of dancing. I knew a gentleman of great abilities, who bewailed the want of this part of his education to the end of a very honourable life. He observed, that there was not occasion for the common use of great talents; that they are but seldom in demand; and that these very great talents were often rendered useless for want of small attainments. A good mien (a becoming motion, gesture, and aspect) is natural to some men; but even those would be highly more graceful in their carriage, if what they do from the force of nature were confirmed and heightened from the force of reason. To one who has not at all considered it, to mention the force of reason on such a subject, will appear fantastical; but when you have a little attended to it, an assembly of men will have quite another view: and they will tell you it is evident, from plain and infallible rules, why this man with those beautiful features and well fashioned person, is not so agreeable as he who sits by him without any of those advantages. When we read, we do it without any exerted act of memory that presents the shape of the letters; but habit makes us do it mechanically, without staying, like children, to recollect and join those letters. A man who has not had the regard of his gesture in any part of his education, will find himself as unable to act with freedom before new company, as a child that is but now learning would be to read without hesitation. It is for the advancement of the pleasure we receive in being agreeable to each other in ordinary life, that one would wish dancing were generally understood as conducive as it really is to a proper deportment in matters that appear the most remote from it. A man of learning and sense is distinguished from others as he is such, though he never runs upon points too difficult for the rest of the world; in like manner the reaching out of the arm, and the most ordinary motion, discovers whether a man ever learnt to know what is the true harmony and composure of his limbs and countenance. Whoever has seen Booth, in the character of Pyrrhus, march to his throne to receive Orestes, is convinced that majestic and great conceptions are expressed in the very step: but perhaps though no other man could perform that incident as well as he does, he himself would do it with a yet greater elevation, were he a dancer." See more on the subject in Numbers 67 and 466.

\* That Naples, not Cumæ, is here meant, is to me the more probable, because Cumæ, at Lucian's time, was a place of not much consequence, whereas Naples was then in a very flourish.

Ere I proceed farther, I should state the reason that in this apology for dancing I omit some things appertaining to it, lest what I purposely do should be construed into ignorance. I am well aware that many writers, who have treated on dancing before me, have employed the greater part of their dissertations in specifying the various descriptions of dances by name, with their several inventors, and in every particular giving proofs of their extensive erudition. For my part, I deem the ambition of distinction in that way pure pedantry, or at least as altogether unbecoming, and for that reason I pass them all over; especially as it was not my present design to trace out a complete pedigree of dancing\*, but chiefly to commend the high degree to which it has attained in the present times, and to shew what pleasure and profit it comprehends. For in fact it is no longer ago than since the reign of Augustus, that this art, in comparison of what it formerly was, has made such a great progress. Those motions were, in a manner, but the roots and rudiments of dancing †; whereas I here speak of the flower and the fruits of it that are come to maturity, without troubling myself about what the thermaistris or the crane-dances ‡ were, as having no analogy to the modern dance. Entirely for

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rishing state, and, according to Strabo's account, for its theatres, gymnasiums, and public contests for prizes, *ἀγωνίς*, was much renowned. Cumæ was indeed, at the time when Campania was planted with grecian colonies, built by the Chalcidians; but Naples likewise (which according to Vell. Paternulus had a number of cumanian citizens for its founders) is called by Pliny *Neapolis Chalcidensium*.

\* From partiality to Lucian I could not refrain from giving the whole paragraph, from *Ἐπιπέλα δὲ κἀμῖνο*, &c. *το ἀλλὰ τόγῃ*, a somewhat different turn, and think I have no need to explain the reason of it to those who read this passage, with that immediately preceding it, in the original. To me it is difficult to conceive how an author, otherwise so elegant, could write so negligently, and with so little consciousness of what he had just before advanced. But the worst of it is, that for this once the blame cannot be laid on the transcribers.

† The pantomimical dance, to wit; which, after all, one would think he might have directly named at once: for the question is not concerning mysteries, which might not be talked of in the presence of profane ears, or however only in obscure and enigmatical expressions. To what purpose then, if he intended to treat only of mimic dances, bring together from his collectanea all that he had said before about the connexion of dancing with the religious worship of the antient nations? Might not those whom he accused of pedantry, because in their works upon the art they discoursed on the several species of dancing, have thrown back the reproach with better reason on himself?

‡ "When Theseus sailed back from Crete," says Plutarch in his life of that hero, "he landed at

the same reason therefore, and not from ignorance it is that I say nothing, for instance, of those phrygian dances performed at drinking-bouts, and presuppose drunken dancers; of those violent and fatiguing leaps, to the shrill notes of a piping-girl, which are still in practice with the common people in the country. For Plato, in his work on the laws \*, approves, aye, even admires some species of dancing, while he totally reprobates others; these because they are rude and indecent, those as combining the agreeable with the useful. Thus much then of dancing in general; for to say all that might be said upon it, for the sake of spinning out my discourse, would be wearisome and insipid.

I come now to my proper design, namely, to speak of the requisites for a [mimical] dancer, of the several sciences, exercises, and aptitudes, that are necessary to him, either as preparatives to the art, or for nourishing and supporting it; that you may be convinced that this art is none of the easiest, but presupposes an accurate acquaintance with all the other sciences, and not only with music and rhythmic, but even with geometry, and principally with philosophy both natural and moral: for the subtleties of your dialectics are of no use to it. Oratory however it lays claim to, as having in a certain sense the representation of the manners and passions of men in common with it; nor must it be a stranger to painting and statuary, but rather imitate the graceful forms and proportions in their productions, so exactly as not to come short of Phidias or Apelles themselves.

But above all, it is its highest aim to propitiate Mnemosyne † and her daughter Polyhymnia, to obtain by their assistance a comprehensive memory. For the mimic dancer must, like Homer's Calchas, know all —

Delos, sacrificed to Apollo, dedicated to him a statue of Venus, which he had obtained from Ariadne, and concluded the ceremony with a festive dance, wherein he, with the young Athenians that accompanied him, imitated the intricate entrance and outlet of the labyrinth; a dance which is still in use among the Delians, and is called the crane-dance (*geranos*). — Thermaystris was a very violent sort of dance, accompanied with exceeding high jumps, in which, ere the feet came to the ground, several capers were to be cut." *Eustath. ad Odys. viii. 264.*

\* In the eighth book; but where what belongs to this topic is so sparingly and in such general forms expressed, that this appeal to the authority of Plato is either a mere sophistical feint, or Lucian has again been deceived by his memory.

† The goddess of Memory, and mother of the Muses.

That is, that was, and shall hereafter be.

And indeed so that nothing may escape him, but have everything ready at the instant, without the necessity of deliberation. And, as the most material and important point of his art consists in the imitation and accurate representation even of the most invisible things, the highest ambition of the dancer must necessarily be, what Thucydides says in commendation of Pericles, "to know what is fit, and be able clearly to express it to others." By the latter I here mean (not, like the former, by words, but) by the most intelligible language of gestures.

Accordingly his main business is the ability to represent with the most elegant propriety every particular subject in the history of the gods and heroes, which, as I said before, he must imprint deeply on his memory, and have always at hand. For from chaos and the origin of the universe he must bring down his knowledge to the ægyptian Cleopatra. No narrower bounds can circumscribe the science of the mimic dancer. All that happened in that vast interval must furnish suitable materials for his art: as, first, the mutilation of Saturn, the origin of the goddess of love, the war of the Titans, the birth of Jupiter and how Rhea gave her spouse a swaddled stone to devour instead of the new-born babe, the incarceration of the old king of the gods, and how his three sons divided amongst them the government of the world. Next, the rebellion of the Titans, and the whole history of Prometheus, the stealth of the fire from heaven, the men of his creation, and his punishment; not forgetting the power of the two deities of love\*, the floating isle of Delos, the travail of Latona, the slaying of the dragon Python, the daring proposal of Tityus †, and the

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\* Eros, love, and Anteros, return of love.

† "Tityus," says Mr. Benjamin Hederich, "descried by chance Latona, and being delighted with her ladyship's shape, he had a month's mind to her; she however in this extremity cried out for aid to her children Apollo and Diana, who, according to some, Apollo; according to others, Diana; and according to a third sort, both together, shot him with their arrows." — The crime was the more heinous, as Tityus, by dan Homer's admeasurement, when stretched in a horizontal position, covered no less than nine acres of ground; — though honest Pausanias is of opinion, that, to judge from the grave of this giant, which is shewn somewhere in the territory of Phocis, eight and two thirds are to be deducted from the nine acres; so that Tityus (supposing however that he filled his grave) did not measure above two hundred feet by the common grecian standard.

discovery of the middle of the earth by the two eagles which Jupiter simultaneously let fly from the east and west.

Then comes the history of Deucalion, the great deluge which in his reign drowned everything that had life ; one ark, containing the remnant of the human race, alone being saved, and how stones became new men ; then the dismemberment of Iacchus by the Titans \*, and how Semele, by a stratagem of Juno, was burnt to ashes in Jupiter's arms, and the double birth of Bacchus †, and all that is related of Minerva and Vulcan and Erichthonius ; as also the war concerning the territory of Attica ‡, the murder of Halirrhothius, as the first cause of that nature that was decided by the areopagus § ; in short, the whole attic mythology ; particularly the peregrinations of Ceres for the discovery of her daughter carried off by Pluto, and how she was hospitably entertained at Eleusis by Ceneus, and in return taught agriculture to his son Triptolemos ; likewise the history of the first culture of the vine by Icarus, and the misfortune of his

\* Lucian properly discriminates this Iacchus (who seems to be one person with the Osiris of the Ægyptians) from Bacchus, Semele's son, who, so far from being torn to pieces by the Titans, helped to subdue them : though Silenus's ass did the most in it.

† See the ixth confab. of the deities.

‡ During the reign of Cecrops, king of Athens, who was sometimes a man, and sometimes a dragon, the gods began, in consequence of their merits in behalf of newly-extended cities, to assume a right to the paramount patronage of them. Neptune and Minerva contended to which of the two, Athens should belong. Neptune struck the earth with his trident, and immediately a part of the ground sank in, and the sea formed a bay, which extended to the foot of the Acropolis : Minerva, on the other hand, in the presence of Cecrops, caused an olive-tree to spring up out of the earth, which, if we may credit Apollodorus, a native Athenian, was yet to be seen in his time. Upon this a violent dispute ensued between the two deities, for the determination whereof Jupiter at length convened a council of the twelve superior deities ; and Minerva having proved, by the ocular evidence of Cecrops, that she had produced the olive-tree, Attica was unanimously decreed to her. *Apollodor.* iii. 1.

§ Halirrhothius, a son of Neptune (thus the fact is related by the said Apollodorus, who probably had it from the mouth of his nurse), committed an impropriety on the fair Alcippa, a daughter of Mars, which would have been compounded for with six shillings by the laws of our old ancestors the Saxons ; Mars however took the affair so much amiss, that he killed the son of Neptune. Neptune brought the case before the areopagus, and Mars was acquitted by the twelve great deities, personally sitting in judgment. See likewise the twenty-first chapter of the Attica of Pausanias, who seems to find nothing more simple than this first sentence of the extremely rigorous criminal court of areopagus on a god accused of violation.

daughter Erigone\*, together with all that we are told respecting Boreas and Oreithyia, and Theseus and Ægeus, especially what passed between him and the famous Medea, and her flight into Persia, and the entire history of the life and sufferings of the daughter of Pandion and Erechtheus†. Nor must less regard be had to the love-adventure of Acamas and Laodice, of Phyllis and Demophoon‡, the first rape of Helena§, the expedition of the Dioscures against Athens, the unhappy fate of Hippolytus, and that part of the history of the descendants of Hercules which belongs to this period. — These few particulars will suffice as a little specimen of the athenian history of the deities and heroes, which our dancers must have studied in its whole range and extent.

Then follow the mythology of Megara, the story of Nisus and his daughter Scylla and the purple lock of hair, and how basely Minos requited the affection of his unfortunate benefactress ||.

To this succeeds the history at large of all that mount Cithæron was the scene of, or the Theban mythology, the tragical fate of the Labdacides δ,

\* She hanged herself for grief at the death of her father, on his being killed while drunk, by his country neighbour, whom he treated with his first wine.

† Both were kings of Athens, father and son. The sisters of Erechtheus, Procne and Philomela, and his daughters, Procris, Creusa and Oreithyia, have all supplied the ancient greekian and partly also the french lyric drama, with subjects.

‡ Laodice, one of king Priam's daughters, fell in love with Acamas, the son of Theseus, on his appearance at the court of her father to demand the restoration of Helen, carried off by Paris. She had secretly a son by him, and came to a tragical end. *Parthen. Erot. xvi.* — Demophoon, also a son of Theseus, had a similar fortune at the court of the thracian king Sithon. The princess Phyllis was so tragically in love with him, that, because he forgot to return at a stated time, according to his promise, she hanged herself. Faithlessness to the fair sex was an original sin in this family: Theseus himself had behaved no better to Ariadne and others.

§ By Theseus and Perithous in company.

|| Nisus, king of Megara, had a purple lock of hair, on the preservation whereof both his crown and his life depended. When Minos of Crete beleaguered Megara, the princess Scylla (following the custom of princesses in the heroic age) suddenly falling in love with the stately figure of Minos, entered into a secret understanding with him, and became the betrayer and murderer of her father, by cutting off while he slept the purple lock and delivering it to her lover. After Minos had obtained what he wanted, he recollected his well-known love of justice, and, as a remuneration to the princess, ordered her to be thrown into the sea, where she was metamorphosed into the bird cisis, as Nisus was into a sparrow-hawk.

δ Labdacus, a grandson of Cadmus, was the grandfather of Ædipus, who, with his sons and daughters, have been so long in possession of the tragie drama.

the travels of Cadmus, and how he became the first founder of Thebes \*, how from the teeth of a dragon, that he slew, the Spartans sprang up †, and how he himself was at last turned into a dragon; how Amphion, through the enchantment of his lyre, built the walls of Thebes; the vain boast of his wife Niobe, and in what a deplorable manner she was reduced to silence, and how Amphion went out of his senses upon it, and all the events that befell Pentheus, Actæon and Œdipus; finally Hercules, with his several labours, and the murder of his children.

Neither is Corinth less abundant in fables, but provides our dancer with the events of Creon and his daughter Glaucè ‡, and, from ages still more remote, with the story of Bellerophon and Sthenobœa §, the battle between Helios and Neptune ||, the frenzy of Athamas, the flight of the children of Nephele through the air upon a golden ram, and the transformation of Ino and Melicerta into marine deities δ.

Then follow Mycenæ, and the histories of Inachus and his daughter Io and her keeper Argus; the family of Pelops, Atreus and Thyestes, and Ærope and the golden fleece θ, and the fatal marriage of

\* When Cadmus, weary of his pretended search for his sister Europa, consulted the delphic oracle, he was directed by Apollo to desist from all farther inquiry, but, taking for his guide a bow purchased from the herd of Pelagon the son of Asopus, and at the place where she should first lie down, to build. In pursuance of this command he afterwards built, at the place where the cow lay down, the citadel Cadmela, from which, by little and little, the city of Thebes in Bœotia arose.

† See the fourth note on the Liefancier, vol. I. p. 90.

‡ The famous leader of the Argonauts, Jason, had lived ten years with Medea under the protection of king Creon at Corinth, when, seduced by his ambition and the younger charms of Creon's daughter Creusa, otherwise called Glaucè, he repudiated Medea and married Creusa. Creusa received of Medea a magnificent wedding garment, which however, as soon as she put it on, burnt with an unextinguishable fire, and consumed the unfortunate bride, together with her father, who had come to her assistance.

§ Homer, who in the sixth book of the Iliad, makes Hippolochus, a grandson of Bellerophon, relate this story circumstantially, calls the lady Anteia, whom Lucian here, after Apollodorus, names Sthenobœa.

|| These two deities fought, if we may trust a tradition of the Corinthians, for the sovereignty of Corinth. Briareus, being at length chose arbitrator, assigned to Neptune the isthmus, and to Helios the mount Acrocorinthus, on which the city was built. *Pausan. Coriathiac. i.*

δ See the dialog. of the marine deities, vol. I. p. 353.

θ Du Soul says, he is unable to discover what there is tragical in this Ærope. A passage in

Pelopeia \*, the murder of Agamemnon, and the punishment of Clytemnestra; and more antient yet than these, the campaign of the seven princes against Thebes, with its cause and consequences, till the death of Antigone and Menecæus †.

the eighteenth chapter of the Corinthian Memorabilia of Pausanias would have helped him to find it out. On the road from Mycenæ to Argos, says he, a little above the monument of Perseus, on the right hand, is a monument of Thyestes, on which stands a marble ram, which indicates the sheep with the golden wool, which Thyestes stole from his brother, and in the purloining whereof the wife whom he had seduced from him was assisting. This wife was the same Ærope, on whom the question turns, and who by this anecdote is duly qualified for a pantomimical subject.

\* The antient poets seem to have had a peculiar pleasure in heaping all imaginable abominations on the unhappy house of Tantalus and Pelops; and so must even the innocent Pelopeia be made to contribute her share. She was a daughter of Thyestes, to whom as everybody knows, his brother Atreus gave his children to eat, in revenge for the injury mentioned in the preceding note. Thyestes fled to king Thesprotus, consulted an oracle, how he might revenge himself on his brother, and received for answer, a son begot by him upon his own daughter would be the instrument. Thyestes in consequence had nothing more at heart, than to procure this instrument, the sooner the better. He found means to lay hold on the young Pelopeia, unknown in the dark, and thus to become the father of Ægisthus, who in the sequel became the murderer of Atreus and the seducer of Clytemnestra. Pelopeia, on this occasion, drew unperceived the sword of the stranger out of its sheath and concealed it in an adjacent temple. Thyestes got up, and Pelopeia, who revealed to king Thesprotus the disaster that had befallen her, remained behind in his house. Soon after Atreus came thither also, in consequence of an order he had received from an oracle, to fetch back his brother to Mycenæ. He found him no longer there; but seeing Pelopeia, whom he took for a daughter of Thesprotus, became enamoured of her and sued to the father for her. Thesprotus, in order decently to get rid of her, left him in his error, and so Atreus unknowingly married his brother's daughter, who was already pregnant by her own father; and when in due time she was delivered of the said Ægisthus, he had him brought up in his house as his reputed son. Many years afterwards, his grandsons Agamemnon and Menelaus, fortunately found Thyestes, who had been sought for everywhere, at Delphi, and brought him bound to Mycenæ. Atreus commissioned Ægisthus, his reputed son, to murder Thyestes. Ægisthus, to this end, girded himself with the sword of his father, which Pelopeia, now that he was grown up, had delivered to him. Thyestes no sooner saw him, but he recognised his sword, and asked him of whom he had it? Of my mother, answered Ægisthus. Thyestes desires that she may be called. She comes. The dreadful secret is discovered. Pelopeia plunges the fatal sword into her breast. Ægisthus draws it still reeking from her bosom, runs with it to Atreus, stabs him dead, and thus fulfils the oracle. *Hygin. Fab. lxxxviii.*

† The history of the sons of the unfortunate Œdipus, the assistance which king Adrastus of

No less indispensably necessary to the mimic dancer is it to know what fell out at Nemea with the young Archemorus and his foster-mother Hypsipyle\* and from the remotest periods of that country, the history of Danaë, and how she, in spite of the guard that was set over her virginity in the brazen tower, became mother of Perseus, and the combat of her son with the Gorgons, and the conjoined æthiopian narrative about Cassiopeia, Andromeda and Cepheus, whom the fate of a later age has placed among the constellations. Nor ought he to be ignorant of the old story of the two brothers, Ægyptus and Danaus, and the traitorous wedding-night of the fifty Danaids with as many sons of Ægyptus.

The Lacedæmonians present him with numerous and ample materials for working up, as : Hyacinthus, and how that beautiful boy was inadvertently killed by Zephyr, Apollo's rival, and the trees with the doleful inscription, that are said to have sprung up from his blood. As also Tyn-darus brought back by Æsculapius from the kingdom of the dead, and

Argos, with six other princes, afforded to the expelled Polynices against his brother Eteocles, the deadly duel of the two brothers, and the fate of Antigone, who fell a victim to her sisterly attachment to Polynices, are sufficiently known, from two tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles. Menecæus, a son of Creon of Thebes, voluntarily sacrificed himself, on that occasion, for his native place, for the preservation whereof the oracle at Delphi had bound him to this heroic determination. *Pausan. Bæot. cap. xxv.*

\* Hypsipyle, daughter of king Thoas of Lemnos, became, during the abode of the Argonauts upon that island, mother of two sons, of whom the handsome and gallant adventurer Jason was father. The Lemnian women afterwards rose up against her, and sold her for a slave to king Lycurgus at Nemea, who gave her his son Ophaltea, still a child, to educate. Being, with this child on her arm, in a forest, when the seven princes abovementioned were marching that way on the expedition to Thebes, and, being very thirsty, they desired the unknown princess to shew them a spring. She forthwith laid the child beneath a tree, and while she was gone with them to the spring, a dragon came and strangled the boy, who (on account of sinister omens) received from the seer Amphiaraus, one of the seven, the surname Archemorus, the first victim of fate. Though the enraged father was afterwards appeased by the intercession of the seven princes, and the solemn funeral games which they instituted in honour of his son : yet the mother Eurydice found means to get the unhappy wretch into her power, and shut her up in a tower, where she ran the hazard of being made the victim of a cruel revenge, unless she should, by the intervention of Amphiaraus be discovered, and delivered by her two sons. *Apollodor. iii. 6.*

Jupiter's wrath against the presumptuous physician ; likewise the arrival of Paris at Sparta, and the rape of Helena, in consequence of the award of the golden apple.

With this Spartan history the Trojan is also combined, which is very abundant in a variety of persons and transactions. Of all those who fell before Troy, no one furnishes more ample matter for a drama, and the dancer must be an accurate master of all, from Hellen's rape to the adventures which befell each individual on the return. Under this head are classed, for example : the peregrination of Æneas, his intrigue with Dido, likewise the exploits of Orestes, and his enterprises among the Scythians in Tauris ; again, some events that took place prior to the trojan war, or stand in relation to it ; as for instance, the residence of Achilles in female attire among the virgins of Diodamia at Scyros, the feigned madness of Ulysses, and the exposition of Philoctetes on the desert island ; lastly, all the peregrinations of Ulysses, Circe, and Telegonus \*, the controul of Æolus over the winds, and all the rest, to the killing of the suitors : nor must he omit the pit that was dug for Palamedes †, the rage of Nauplius ‡, the distraction of Ajax, Telamon's son, and the shipwreck and submersion of Ajax Oileus.

\* The son of Ulysses by Circe, by whom in the sequel he was slain, when Telegonus, while in search of his father, was accidentally forced into Ithaca, and fought with Ulysses without knowing one another.

† Palamedes by an artful contrivance occasioned the counterfeit frenzy of Ulysses, who had hoped thereby to be exempted from the obligation to go against Troy, to be discovered, and himself brought into disgrace. Hence, say the mythologists, his implacable hatred to Palamedes, which could not be assuaged, till he had brought that rival in prudence and sagacity, by an infamous but well-meditated plot, under such heavy and such circumstantially corroborated suspicion of treason in the minds of the Greeks, that he was stoned by them to death. *Hygin. Fab. ciii.*

‡ Nauplius, a son of Neptune, and father of Palamedes, came into the camp of the Greeks before Troy, to demand satisfaction for the murder of his son ; and on their refusal he took it himself, by bringing it about through a cunning stratagem, that a great part of the grecian fleet, as they were sailing home from Troy, were cast away upon the Capharæan promontory. *Hygin. Fab. cxvi.*

Elis likewise furnishes materials for the dancer; CEnomaus and Myrtilus \*, Saturn, Jupiter, and the founder of the olympic games †.

Yet more prolific in events is Arcadia, the scene of the flight of Daphne from Apollo, the metamorphosis of Calisto into a she-bear, the wild extravagancies of the drunken Centaurs ‡, the birth of Pan, and the love of Alpheus for Arethusa, whom he pursued beneath the ocean.

\* CEnomaus, king of Pisa, lived at a period, when almost all the sons of gods and princes had the folly to consult the oracle respecting their future destinies, and then, for the evasion of them, to strike into the only way, on which they might be sure to meet them. CEnomaus followed the fashion, and obtained the response: that the day on which his daughter Hippodamia should become a wife, would be the day of his death. Seeing now the extreme beauty of the princess had allured a great number of suitors, he caused it to be proclaimed: that as his head was at stake, he would give his daughter to no other, than the man who should conquer him in the chariot-race; on the other hand, the man conquered by him should likewise pay the forfeit with his life. The course was to be from Pisa to the altar of Neptune on the isthmus, and CEnomaus gave the candidate so much forehand law, as he, from the moment of their starting, required time to sacrifice a ram to Jupiter in public. Knowing that he could rely upon the fleetness of his two mares Psylla and Harpinna, he came up with the poor suitor, notwithstanding his having the start of him, in a few minutes, and directly ran him through with a spear. A number of royal brats having in these contests successively lost their lives, at last Pelops (who was certainly in no respect a son of Tantalus) took up the matter in the safest way, by bribing the king's charioteer, Myrtilus, privily to draw out the pin from the chariot of his master, and put a waxen one in its place. The consequence it is easy to guess: Pelops went off with Hippodamia, and CEnomaus broke his neck. As to the coachman, Myrtilus, who himself being no meaner man than the son of a god, so Pelops had promised him more than he intended to perform, upon which Myrtilus grew so tired of life, that he threw himself into the sea. His father, Mercury, however fished him up again, and transplanted him among the stars, where he still to this day represents the coachman or postilion of the sky. *Hygin. &c.*

† The original founders of the olympic games were the idæau Daetyls or Curetes, and after them Clymenus, Endymion, Amythaon, Peleas, Neleus, and so forth, all heroes, in whose history might be contained some feature or other serviceable to the mimic dancer. But how come Saturn and Jupiter here? asks Du Soul: and nobody answers him. However, he might have found even this query resolved in a passage of Pausanias, where it is said: "Some say, that Jupiter and Saturn adjusted their controversy about the government of the world, at Olympia, by a wrestling match. *Eliac. pr. cap. vii.*"

‡ Here Lucian appears by a failure of memory, to have confounded the Centaurs of mount Pholoë in Arcadia (of whom mention is made in the note on the Modern Lapithæ, vol. I. p. 198.) with the Centaurs in Thessaly, who behaved so badly at the wedding of Perithous. (See, *ibid.* p. 212.) Lucian could have had none but the latter in his thoughts, only he should

But also from Crete the art of dancing fetches a multitude of beautiful objects. As in that island are Europa and Pasiphaë, with their two bulls; the Labyrinth, Ariadne, Phædra, Androgeos\*, Dædalus, Icarus, Glaucus and the soothsayer Polyides †, and the brazen watchman, Talus, who daily patrols the whole island round ‡.

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not have conveyed them to Arcadia. The mythological register however which he here favours us with, is in general neither admirable for its accuracy and arrangement, nor for the elegance of its style.

\* A son of king Minos the second, of Crete, whom the panathenaic games (say the mythologists disdainful of chronology) attracted to Athens; where he won all the prizes, and made himself so beloved, that at length the jealousy of old Ægeus was roused by it to such a pitch, that he ordered Androgeos to be made away with. Athens however paid very dear for this piece of spite. For to appease the manes of the son, and to satisfy the fury of the father, it was obliged to send ten youths and ten virgins every year to Crete, who were delivered a prey to the minotaur in the labyrinth; which lasted all the time till his son Theseus liberated Athens from that humiliating tribute.

† The story to which this refers may vie with the most fictitious fiction in the whole Thousand and One Nights, wherein by the way it is even imitated under other names. This Glaucus was also a son of the said king Minos, and still an infant prince, when one day, running too violently after a mouse, he fell into a tub full of honey (probably sunk in the earth and accidentally left uncovered). The young prince was missed, and sought for everywhere in vain. Minos at length sent to consult the oracle, and received for answer; that there was among his majesty's herds a tricoloured cow; and he who could tell of what colour this cow was, would likewise give him his son again. Minos (like Nebuchadnezzar and Belshazzar) ordered all the soothsayers and prognosticators of his kingdom to be called together: but out of them all Polyides, the son of Coranos, was the only one, that hit the colour of the cow by comparing it with bramble berries. Being now likewise to tell what was become of the young Glaucus he discovered it by means of a soothsaying operation, that he was stifled in the honey-tub. This proved to be the fact. The king however was not yet satisfied: Polyides must either restore to him his son alive, or himself be put to death. The prophet might protest and remonstrate as much as he would, the king commanded him to be shut up with the corpse of his son in a cellar, and took his biggest oath, that he should not be let out otherwise than with the prince in his hand. While the poor prophet sat musing what course he had best take in this dreadful dilemma, all at once he sees a huge serpent crawling forth, as if to seize upon the dead child. Fearing lest he might attack him also, he takes up a stone, and throwing it at the serpent strikes him dead. Presently after comes another serpent creeping in, and seeing the former dead, crawls out again through a small aperture, but soon returns with a herb in its mouth, which it lets fall on the head of the dead one. In an instant the dead serpent revives, and rears itself up with the other from the ground. Polyides, beside himself for joy, holds the miraculous herb which the serpent left lying on the earth, to the nose of the dead boy, and lo, the boy Glaucus opens his eyes and is again alive as before. *Apollodor. iii. 3.*

‡ See before, vol. i. p. 103. note.

If we pass on to Ætolia we find no small store of matter for the dancer: there are Atalanta and Meleager and Althæa with the fatal brand \*, and the combat of Hercules with Achelous, the sirens †, the original of the isles Echinades, and Alcmaeon, on one of which as soon as a man sets his foot he is quitted by the Furies ‡. Again, the centaur Nessus, the jealousy of Dejanira, and the funeral pile upon mount Cæta whereon Hercules was consumed.

Neither is Thrace deficient in many occurrences indispensibly necessary to the dancer; as, the history of Orpheus and how he was torn to pieces by the thracian women, and his singing head, which floated upon his lyre down the Hebrus, and Rhodope § and the punishment of Lycurgus ||.

Thessalia is yet more abundant: Pelias and Jason, Alcestis, the Argonauts and the speaking keel of their ship, their adventures in Lemnos

\* See vol. i. p. 206.

† The Sirens were daughters of one of the Muses and the river god Achelous, who in the form of a mighty bull, measured his strength with Hercules for the beautiful Dejanira, but by the contest lost his labour, his beloved and one horn.

‡ Alcmaeon, son of the hero and prophet Amphiaraus, in quality of sovereign of the Epigones, that is, the sons of the seven princes who fell before Thebes, revenged their death not only on the Thebans, but had vowed to his dying father to revenge him upon his mother Eriphyle, the wife of Amphiaraus, who had suffered herself to be bribed by Polynices with a necklace, to betray to him the place where Amphiaraus had hid himself, in order not to have anything to do in the expedition against Thebes, which he foresaw in virtue of his art would cost him his life. This necklace was indeed a great temptation; for it was the same that Harmonia, the great, great-grandmother of Polynices, obtained on her wedding-day from her goddess-mother Venus. However that was, Alcmaeon, bound by his promise and urged by an oracle fetched for the purpose, sacrificed to the ghost of his father his own mother, but in consequence of the curse of his dying mother, fell immediately into the power of the Furies, who drove him in madness and despair as a wanderer round the earth, and granted him no rest, till he had set foot upon a recently raised island at the outlet of the Achelous, and therefore not included in the curse of his mother. Other islands adjacent to this afterwards gradually arose, but which were almost all uninhabitable, and are so still.

§ The Rhodope here meant seems not to be the favourite of Psammeticus, of whom mention was made above, but the mythological wife of the thracian king Hæmus, who, together with him, because they entitled themselves Jupiter and Juno, were metamorphosed into the famous mounts Rhodope and Hæmus. Ovid. *Metamorph. lib. vi. 87.*

|| A thracian king, who violently opposed Bacchus, when he with his enthusiastic Thiasus passed over from Asia into Europe, and therefore was so enchanted by him, that, in lopping the vines, he lopped off his own feet, &c.

and with king *Æte* \*, the dream of *Medea*, the dilaniated *Absyrtus*, and what befell them on their flight; and in later ages *Protesilaus* and his *Laodamia* †.

If we go back into *Asia* we shall find plenty of dramatical subjects. The first that presents itself, is the calamitous fate of *Polycrates*, and the rambles of his daughter into *Persia* ‡; and in times far more remote the story of *Tantalus*, the banquet that he gave to the gods, the slaughtered *Pelops* and his ivory shoulder.

In *Italy* our dancer will meet with *Eridanus*, and *Phaeton* and his sisters, who, being turned into *Poplar trees*, weep *amber*. Nor should the *Hesperides* be unknown to him, and the dragon that guarded the golden apple, and the sky-bearer *Atlas*, and the giant *Geryon*, and the oxen stole from *Hercules*, nor all the fabulous transmutations into trees, beasts and birds, nor those who from women were turned into men, as *Cæneus*, *Tiresias* and others.

In *Phœnicia* he is presented with the history of *Myrrha*, and *Adonis*, the everlasting subject of alternate sorrow and joy with the *Assyrians*, and from the more modern epocha of the *macedonian kings*, the passion of *Antiochus* for his stepmother *Stratonice*, and the generous conduct of both the son and the father on that occasion §.

The mysterious parts of the *ægyptian mythology* our dancer must indeed be acquainted with, but he will be so discreet, as to treat them rather in a symbolical manner, than in a plain and undisguised representation. These include, for example, *Epaphus* ||, and *Osiris*, and the

\* The father of *Medea*, whose history is sufficiently known.

† See the 23d Confer. of the dead.

‡ *Hujus historiam apud Herodot. habes lib. iii. sed de filia exilio nihil reperio*, says *Du Soul*. The whole secret is, the daughter of *Polycrates* made the prodigious journey from *Samos* to *Susa* of her own motion, for the purpose of imploring the new king *Darius* for justice and revenge against the murderer of her father, the satrap of *Lydia*, *Oroetes*.

§ *Lucian* from mere inadvertence calls the prince of *Seleucus*, who was so violently enamoured of his stepmother, *Antipater*: he was named *Antiochus*, and I cannot discern what gratitude is due to the *Reitzii*, who are too conscientious to correct a manifest slip of the pen or the memory in an antient author, *sine libris*, as the gentlemen say.

|| The son of *Jupiter* and *Io*, whom the *Greeks* in *Ægypt* made into *Isis*, as they did her son into *Apis*. *Lucian*, as one of the initiated, affects to speak with reserve on these objects of the *eleusinian mysteries*.

metamorphosis of the deities into beasts, and principally their amours, and what shapes Jupiter on their account put on.

He must also be conversant with the tragedy acting in Hades, and the various punishments of the famous damned \*, together with the crimes whereby they brought such miseries on themselves. Here belongs likewise that extraordinary proof of friendship which Theseus gave to his comrade Perithous, by going even down into Tartarus with him, to relieve the ravished Proserpine.

To comprize all in one word, he should not leave unknown the slightest particle of all that Homer and Hesiod and the best of the other (particularly tragic) poets have related and feigned. For the few that I have here distinctly specified, are only selected from an almost infinite quantity of materials for the mimic dance, which are sung by the poets and represented by the dancers; and which you yourself, since they belong to the same category with those enumerated, can easily discover and arrange in their proper order. Suffice it to say, that the mimic dancer must have collected a stock of all these topics which have long lain ready for use in his head, and whence he on every occasion that offers can produce what he wants.

Now because our pantomimic dancer is bound visibly to represent what is sung, by motions and gestures, so nothing is more necessary to him, as is the case with orators, than perspicuity; and he must, by study and practice, carry it to such a high degree, that we may comprehend whatever he exhibits, without an interpreter, and, to express myself in the words of the celebrated oracle, that we may

Understand him though dumb, hear him though mute †.

To prove to you, that the dancer's art is really of so great extent, I will tell you what happened to the famous cynic Demetrius ‡, respecting a

\* For example, Tantalus, Ixion, Tityus, the Danaids, &c.

† An allusion to the second verse of the oracle, that Croesus, as he understood the famous oracular test, received from the delphic Apollo. See the remark, vol. i. p. 532. The abbé Massieu translates: *il faut, comme l'a déclaré l'oracle, que le spectateur, &c.* and thus occasions his reader to believe that Lucian is speaking of an oracle that related to the pantomimic art.

‡ Him, I suppose, of whom I discoursed before, vol. i. p. 683.

pantomime in high estimation in Nero's time. That philosopher ran out against the art of dancing with the same arguments as you do now. The dancer, said he, is no more than an adjunct of flutes and pipes, and contributes nothing to the drama but by mere accident, and an appendage of insignificant, fantastical motions, in which there is not one spark of sense. What imposes upon the spectators is his glittering dress, his handsome mask, the voluptuous titillation of the ear by the music, and the fine voices of the singers; independently of these decorations the spectacle would not produce even the slightest effect. The aforesaid dancer, who passed for a man of sense, and united to a very eminent talent an accurate acquaintance with mythology, asked of Demetrius only one favour, and which I think was a very reasonable request, and that was: first to see him dance ere he passed a verdict upon him; promising that he would exhibit his pantomime without flutes or singing. Demetrius consented; the dancer ordered the flutes, the time beaters and the singers \* to be silent, and without any accompaniment of words or music, danced Venus † surprised in the arms of Mars, with all their scenes, how Helios betrayed them to Vulcan, how he watched them and caught them both in his net, how he called all the deities together, and how each of them acted appropriately on the occasion ‡, the shame and confusion of Venus, of Mars, who is not without fear, and petitions to be released; in fine all that is either contained in this history or has reference to it. And this with so much dexterity, that Demetrius, as the story goes, transported with delight, called out to the dancer: What a great man you are! I not only see, I hear all your performance; and since you can talk so well with your hands, all other speech is to you superfluous. A greater compliment the philosopher could hardly have made him. But now that we are

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\* The choir mentioned in the text are not dancers, as Massieu translates (for here were no other dancers except the pantomimus himself), but a choir of singers who generally sang the subject that he danced in a pleasing tune peculiarly adapted to it, for the greater amusement of the spectators. But because the dancer wanted to shew the philosopher that he could dispense with all those foreign aids, he silenced the vocal and instrumental performers.

† As Homer causes them to be sung by the chamber virtuosos of king Alcinous, in the eighth book of the *Odyssey*, to the cithara.

‡ This lies in the expression *ἑκάστων αἰθέων*, for how otherwise could he characterize each of these deities by mere gestures?

speaking of Nero's time, I must relate to you another story, of what happened to a foreigner concerning this very dancer, and it is perhaps the greatest encomium that the art of dancing can obtain. This foreigner, from one of the tribes in the Pontus that are half grecian and half barbarian, but of a royal house, who was come on some business of his own to the court of Nero, had seen the said dancer perform several pantomines in so masterly and perspicuous a manner, that he understood everything, although he could hear nothing of what was sung to them. On taking leave of Nero, at his departure the emperor told him, he might ask of him whatever he would — it should be granted him with pleasure. To which the other replied: You would make me extremely happy, if you would make me a present of that dancer. And what would you do with him in your country? asked Nero. I have, returned the stranger, several neighbours, who speak a different language, and it is not perhaps possible to have always an interpreter at hand: so whenever I have need of one, he should explain to these people by gestures what I said to them. — One cannot desire, methinks, a stronger proof of the extraordinary impression the perspicuity of the mimic language had made upon this man.

The main business and aim then of dancing is, as I said, the representation of a sentiment, passion or action by gestures, that are the natural signs of it; an art, which is practised too in their way by the orators, particularly in what they call their declamations. For what is most admired and celebrated in it is, the exact resemblance of the persons they have in view, and, whether they be heroes and tyrannicides, or common people, boors or the like, that are introduced, to let them say nothing that is dissonant from their characters, but shew us in every one of them what is proper and peculiar to him.

On this occasion I must relate to you another anecdote likewise of a barbarian, relative to these topics. The man, observing that five different masks were in readiness for the dancer (for of so many acts the drama consisted), and as he saw but one dancer, he asked, where then were the other four who were to act with him. He was told, that this one would act the five parts. Pardon me, said the stranger to the dancer, you have therefore five souls in one body? That it was impossible for me to know.

It is not without reason, that the Italian Greeks \* give the name of Pantomimes to the dancer, an appellation built upon what he really performs. Hence it is, that the fine exhortation of the poet: "in every place whither thou comest, assume, as the sea-polypus does, the colour (the exterior as well as the manners) of the men with whom you live †," is likewise indispensably necessary to the dancer; and the summit of his art is, to make himself as familiar with the persons and the actions of his drama, as if he was himself the person represented, and was really comprised in the imitated action. In general, his art extends no less over manners than passions, and he must be able with equal dexterity onewhile to represent love, at another hatred, now rage, then grief, every one with the features peculiar to it, and with due proportion and a proper aim. For what is most astonishing is, that on the same day is exhibited Athamas at the height of his madness, and Ino in her extreme affright; that now Atreus, then presently Thyestes, then again Ægysthes or Ærope enters, and that it is one and the same man who acts these several persons. All other public diversions entertain the eyes or the ears, and each by one single talent; it is either the flute, or cithara, or song, or tragedy, or comedy, or farce. Whereas in the pantomimic dance all these are united; instrumental music, singing and action work at the same time to one point, and by this harmonious diversity naturally enhance the pleasure of the spectator. On a thousand other occasions ‡, only one half of the

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\* This Lucian intends, I suppose, by the name *Ἰταλίωται*, as I conclude from the tissue, from the word pantomimos, which indeed to the ear of an Athenian sounded neological, but was properly compounded of Grecian words; and from the circumstance, that the first pantomime dancers that appeared in the reign of Augustus at Rome, Pylades and Bathyllus, were Greeks. The Romans had in this art, invented by *Græculi*, and carried to the utmost attainable height by *Græculi*, no other merit (if indeed it be a merit, which I do not wish to affirm,) than of being the patrons and encouragers of it, and of indulging their inclination for shows of this kind with an ardour that at last knew no bounds, and was as prejudicial to morals as the noblest of the arts of the muses.

† Lucian here again confounds two similar verses from two different poets, Pindar and Theognis, or probably this time purposely melts them together. Theognis gives this rule to his son, ver. 216 of his *Gnomes*, and it seems to have pleased Pindar so well, that he (only differently and better, I think, expressed) transplants it into one of his odes, which we only know from a citation of Plutarch.

‡ This sentence in the original from *Ἐτι δὲ τὰ μὲν ἀλλὰ, down to μὲν ἴξω λόγου, may furnish a*

man, either only the mind or only the body, appears to be employed : in the dance the effect of both as it were coalesce, every thought is a gesture, every gesture a thought ; a body, disciplined by constant exercise exerts all its ability to express what is passing in the mind, and (which is the principal thing) not the slightest motion is here left to chance, but all is considered, all adapted to the object, and all done with discriminating sagacity. Accordingly Lesbonax of Mitylene, a man of taste and merit, styled the pantomimic dancers Cheirisophers\*, and frequented these performances, because he believed he always returned from them a better man. And of his tutor Timocrates it is reported, that, once happening by mere accident to see a pantomime, he exclaimed : What rare sights I have lost by my philosophical scruples !

If Plato is right in his ethics, nobody is abler to shew us the three parts of which that philosopher compounds the soul than the dancer : those which he calls the boisterous [*τὸ θυμικόν*], in the motions of a man in a violent fit of anger, the concupiscible when he represents a lover, and the rational by his knowing how to treat, and to lead as it were with a bridle every passion ; for this latter lies at the bottom of it in all the modifications of the dance, as feeling does in each of our senses. And as at the same time a great part of his attention is directed to give his motions the utmost possible elegance, and to display the charms of a fine figure in the most advantageous light through the dance, does not he prove himself thereby a genuine follower of Aristotle, who attributed no

proper example how one ought not to write ; thus a man writes, when he has only a faint surmise of what he intends to say, though it lies entirely with the author, by a little exertion of his head, to untangle his confused ideas. I have given myself more trouble than the affair was worth to bring some sense into this gallimawfry ; but it was no otherwise feasible than by making the babbler Lycinus say somewhat different from what he really utters. Or, what should, *ex. gr.* the *τὰ μὲν ἀλλὰ* be, where mind and body act each for itself ? How can it be said, that pantomime is the only operation, wherein both effects are blended, when the most subordinate handicraftsman can make nothing as it should be wherein the mind must not cooperate ? Or how can it be said, that this proposition *καὶ γὰρ διαφοράς ἰσίδουξιν*, &c. characteristically discriminates the pantomime-dancer from the orator and from the tragic or comic actor ?

\* Philosophers by the hands — rather a cold piece of wit, with permission of the tasteful Lesbonax, whom we only know from this specimen, *ex ungue leonem*.

small worth to beauty, by making it one of the three parts, from the possession whereof happiness springs. Indeed I remember somebody, in the silence of the pantomimic mask, pretended in joke to discover the pythagorean philosophy\*.

Besides, as other arts promise us either pleasure or profit, the dance alone † unites them both. The profit is still the greater, as it is combined with pleasure. How much more agreeable is it to behold such a spectacle, than to see young people, some with doubled fists distained with blood, dealing blows about, or tumbling and rolling one another in the dust; while the dance represents all this without bumps and bruises, in an elegant and graceful manner? Those vehement motions which the mimic dance sometimes requires, those sudden turns, caperings, and writhings are, at the same time that they are delightful to the spectator, far more salutary to the dancer: and therefore I think it not saying too much, if I should pronounce this mode of dancing the most elegant species of bodily exercise; as the best adapted, and the most becoming our bodies, since it, no less than the others, but without their disadvantages, renders them flexible and pliant, and gives them the utmost facility and aptitude for all possible changes of posture, and at the same time increases not a little their strength.

If then dancing unites in itself so many advantages, if it whets the mind, and exercises and disciplines the body, procures the most pleasing entertainment to the beholders, and amidst flutes and cymbals and singing communicates a variety of information from the stores of antiquity, although it seems only to aim at fascinating the eyes and the ears, should it not properly be styled the most harmonious of all the arts? If you affect the pleasure that sweet sounds afford, where can a more complete and luxurious feast be given to your ears, than here? Do you delight in hearing the most perfect modulations that can be produced from both kinds of flutes ‡, neither can this gratification be anywhere better obtained. Not

\* I confess, without dissembling, that I do not discover the *urbanum et facetum* in this conceit, which, to all appearance, should compose the worth of it.

† The dance alone?

‡ Namely, those which the Greeks named *αὐλὸς*, and those they denominated *σίριγγξ*. Of both in Lucian's time there were several modifications. The *αὐλοὶ*, flutes, which were used, in pantomimes appear partly to have most resembled our *hautbois*, partly the *fagot*, *σίριγγξ*, *fis-*

to say, that a diligent attendance on this spectacle will make you morally better \*, on beholding how vicious actions strike the pit with horror, and how the lot of the innocent sufferer fills every eye with tears, and how in general whatever is exhibited has a tendency to improve the morals of the spectator. But what confers a peculiar benefit on the dancers, is, that they prosecute an art, which while it communicates to them much strength, gives an uncommon softness and pliancy to their limbs. Would it not sound very absurd, if we promised to shew in one and the same man the iron strength of Hercules and all the tenderness of the goddess of love? And yet the dancer is that man.

This leads me to say somewhat of the properties of the body as well as of the mind, which must meet together in an accomplished dancer: notwithstanding I have already reckoned up most of the latter. For I do maintain, that with the happiest memory, he must be a man of quick sensations, extraordinary intelligence, and great sagacity, and principally possess the gift of always hitting the properest moment for everything. He must moreover have a correct judgment as well of poetry as of singing and melody, enabling him to discriminate the best in each department, and to blame with taste what is not properly performed.

As to corporeal qualifications, I might only refer you to the model of Polycletus †: for he should be neither immoderately tall, nor stunted and dwarfish, neither too lusty and fat (that would be quite preposterous in his profession) nor so lank and meagre, as to look like a skeleton with the skin stretched over it: but his whole make and growth must represent the just proportions and the image of the finest symmetry.

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*tula*, the first invention whereof is ascribed to Pan, consisted of several pipes bound together, and scarcely admits of being likened to any instrument now in use.

\* It might have been the best way, to have said nothing of this; for if Lycinus here spoke in earnest, he would perhaps have been the only one among the antients of his opinion. The passage in Juvenal's sixth satire is well known, where the effects are described which the skill of Bathyllus, who danced Leda, produced on the eager female spectators. *Tuscia vesica non imperat. Appula gannit sicut in amplexu*, &c. Compare what Ovid, in the second book of his *Tristium*, ver. 397, says of the morality of this spectacle, and the impression that it must naturally make; for there is no doubt that by the *mimis obscæna jocantibus*, of which he says to Augustus: *hæc tu spectasti, spectandaque sæpe dedisti*, means the pantomimes, of which Augustus, as we are told by Suetonius, was such a great admirer: the word did not suit his metre, but it is clear that he speaks of the subject.

† A statue which has often already been made the subject by Lucian.

On this occasion I shall now present you with a few witty conceits, relative to the topic we are upon, of a people that are good judges in this matter. The inhabitants of Antioch, who yield to none in vivacity of intellect, and are passionately fond of dancing, are so nice in their observations of all that is said and done on the stage, that no spectator leaves the smallest incongruity unnoticed or uncensured. Once a very short dancer came on, to dance Hector \*; immediately the spectators roared out, as if from one mouth: here comes Astyanax, but where is Hector? Another time, an exceedingly tall fellow represented Capaneus †, and just when he was preparing to scale the walls of Thebes, they called to him: mount up; you have no need of a scaling ladder. An excessively big and corpulent dancer, when straining himself to make an extravagant leap, they prayed him to consider that the stage was intended to serve again: and to a miserably thin chap, they cried out: I wish you better! as if the man had been sick. I quote these gibes, not for the sake of moving your laughter, but to shew you that nations entire have made a serious affair of dancing, and thought it of sufficient importance, even to pass a public verdict on the propriety and impropriety of it ‡.

As the dancer should be expert in all kinds of motions, he must at once be soft and hard, supple and firm, in order to give all possible flexions to his joints, and be able to contract himself, and stand fast, according as the character he acts may demand.

But that a good dancer should have the dexterity to imitate in due perfection the several motions of wrestling and boxing as accurately and gracefully as an adept in combats, such as Mercury, Pollux, and Hercules, by gesticulation with the arms and hands §, you may be convinced

\* The parting scene, I suppose, so pathetically described in the sixth book of the Iliad, from his wife Andromache, and his son Astyanax an infant carried in the arms.

† One of the before-mentioned seven against Thebes.

‡ Oh, Corydon, Corydon! what platitudes! For the purpose of shewing this, he might surely have produced better proofs than such.

§ The common reading is ἀλλοσι καλῶς is incontrovertibly just as right as Palmer's pretended correction is ἄσκησι κακῶν is absurd. I am moreover, after all possible scrutiny into the greek text, fully convinced that I have precisely hit the sense of this period, which though to us rather obscure, yet to Lucian's contemporary readers was certainly very clear, and particularly

by your own eye-sight in dancing, when the subject is taken from the history of those deities.

Herodotus holds the testimony of the eyes more credible than that we obtain through the ears: in the pantomimical dance both senses are united, and their effect is therefore the more perfect. It is so captivating, that a lover who visits such a spectacle must be at once restored to reason\*; if all the misery that love draws after it, is depicted in such lively colours to the sight: and the wretchedest fellow goes home from it as merry as if he had swallowed a lethæan draught, or had emptied a goblet of homeric nepenthe. A sign how analogous to our nature the objects are that appear in this spectacle, and how intelligible the gestures and language of the looks must be to the spectators, are the tears that so frequently start into their eyes when anything dismal and affecting is represented. But even the bacchanalian dance, which is made so serious a concern in Ionia and in Pontus, though it is only satirical, so enchants the people there, that as often as the stated time comes round, unmindful of everything else in the world, they sit whole days in the theatre to view their Titans and Corybantes, satyrs and shepherds: the most curious of all is, that the most noble and greatest personages in every city are the dancers, and are so little ashamed of it, that they applaud themselves more upon the dexterity in that species of talent than on their nobility, their posts of honour, and the dignities of their forefathers †.

Having descanted so much at large upon the virtues of dancers, it is

what he understands by *ἱναγώνιος χειρονομία*, by this rather prolix, but in order to be intelligible, absolutely necessary circumlocution. The question here has no reference whatever to what were styled the sacred games, as the latin translator and his *fidus Achates* suppose; the whole context makes it as clear as daylight, that the *enagonios cheironomia* is neither more nor less than the scientific motion of the hands, which was requisite, if the pantomimic dancer had to represent particular subjects from the mythological history, which without an accurate acquaintance with the rules of wrestling and pugilistics, he could not properly represent for the entertainment of such spectators as the Greeks, who set such a high value on these gymnastic arts; as for example, the combat of Hercules with Achelous, or of Pollux with Amyclus, and the like.

\* Of such miraculous effect produced by the art of dancing Lycinus should however have given us some little example.

† It is inconceivable how Lycinus does not perceive what a miserable compliment he pays these right honourables, whom he represents to be such dolts.

but reasonable that I should speak a word or two respecting their vices. The corporeal have already been enumerated; but there are others which spring from defect in point of dexterity, the want of a nice ear, of a retentive memory, or a sound judgment. It is not to be expected, that all who devote themselves to such a difficult art, should be adepts, and there are but too many, who from ignorance or incompetency commit horrible solœcisms in dancing. Some move irregularly, get out of time and cadence, and say with their feet or hands somewhat entirely different from what, in pursuance of the music, they ought to have said. Others indeed observe the tune, but blunder in the subject, by doing too early what they should do later, or too late what should have been done earlier. I remember to have seen several instances of this sort myself. One danced the birth of Jupiter; and when he should have represented the custom of Saturn to eat his own children, he plunged, misled by the resemblance, into the story of Thyestes. Another who danced Semele, confounded her, at the moment when she is struck by lightning, with Creusa (Jason's wife) who in Semele's time was not even born. But nothing surely could be more unjust than on account of such dancers to condemn the art itself. That loses nothing of its worth by being exercised by such inexpert performers; and the great masters in the art are, from the very circumstance that it is so easy to commit faults in it, so much the more admirable.

Upon the whole, the pantomimic dancer, should bend his utmost application that everything in his performance be congruous throughout, compact, elegant, symmetrical, strictly consistent with itself, without defect, and so unblamable, as to give no opening to the scorner; in a word, that it be in the whole and in all its parts excellent. For attaining to this degree of perfection, he must combine a lively fancy with great experience and learning, and particularly with an uncommon facility in transposing himself into every situation and passion of mankind. Only then will he gain the applause of the beholders, when each one in the dancer, as in a mirror, thinks he sees himself, and how he is used to feel and to act; only then will the people be unable to contain themselves for joy, but will pour themselves forth in tumultuous praises\*. And so

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\* As I am sometimes obliged to paraphrase the text, or to fill up chasms which are disagreeable to us modern readers, so I am sometimes under the necessity of curtailing it, as scarcely

in fact this spectacle instils into them the delphic 'Know Thyself,' and they go away better instructed in what they have to do or to leave undone, than they were before.

Besides, there are dancers, as there are orators, of the same stamp, who, from a false rivalry, exceed the proper bounds of imitation, and, to express a character, in their opinion, with perfect vivacity, they by it render it unnatural and unknowable. The Great is, under their hands, prodigious, the tender dissolves into effeminacy, the manly by their representation degenerates into rude and savage ferocity. I know an instance of this, which is the more remarkable, as the man who fell into this error was otherwise a very celebrated dancer, and in reality merited by his skill and address, the admiration that he everywhere met with. And nevertheless it happened to him, I cannot tell by what mischance, that he once was performing the part of Ajax when he went mad, on Ulysses claiming the armour of Achilles which had been adjudicated to him \*, overacted it beyond all bounds of decent imitation, and instead of acting the madman, raved and behaved in such a manner, that everybody thought him mad in good earnest. He tore the clothes off the back of one of the time-beaters, and snatched the flute out of a performer's mouth, and struck a bystander with it, and made a hole in the head of Ulysses while exulting in his victory; and, had it not been for the hat which by good luck he had on, that took off the force of the blow, poor Ulysses would have lost his life by the rage of a dancer. The maddest part of the affair was, that the spectators were infected with his madness †, a number of them jumped up, stamped, shouted, and threw off their clothes as if they were out of their senses. Indeed they were of the lowest rabble, who understand little of what is right or wrong,

anything is more disgusting to us than tautology, though it was a favourite figure of speech with the sophists.

\* The subject of the celebrated tragedy under the title of *Αίας ματιγόφορος*. Ajax, who in his rage mistook the sheep of the Greeks for his judges, and a big ram for Ulysses, made a horrid slaughter amongst the former, and brought the latter bound into his tent, in order to flog him to death.

† M. Massieu here falls into a laughable mistake, which at least ought not to have happened to a translator of a Greek author. *Theatron* with the antients (as everybody knows), is not

and, supposing that this was the most perfect representation of the fury of Ajax, thought it the best method, by this fanatical participation, to testify their applause; but likewise the people of the politer sort, although they were ashamed of the whole proceedings, perceived however too plainly that it was not Ajax but the dancer that was mad, and therefore did not chuse to censure what had happened, by their silence, but rather endeavoured to soothe the mad fellow by the commendations and clappings they bestowed upon him. Not contented however with this, but leaping down from his place into the middle of the consular bench, he seated himself between two consulares, who were much alarmed, lest he might take one of them for the odious ram, and begin his work of flagellation. To make short of it, the whole scene caused no small tumult among the spectators; and, while some were amazed and others laughed, not a few there were who were afraid lest, out of pure desire to act madness in its natural perfection, he was become mad in earnest. However it was not quite so bad as that. The man came to himself again; and, they say, that he took so much to heart, what had happened to him on that occasion, that he fell into a sickness upon it, and almost imagined, that at that time he had had actually an attack of insanity. Certain it is, that he afterwards shewed plainly enough that such was his opinion. For, on being asked by his associates \* to dance Ajax again, he said to the spectators: "It is enough to have been mad once," and recommended to them another actor for that part; nevertheless the matter turned out in a way that gave him little satisfaction. For the other availed himself of that opportunity to gain a splendid triumph over his rival, by playing the part of the raving Ajax which was wrote for him,

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the boards where the actors or dancers performed, but rather the rows of benches where the spectators sat: but Massieu, misled by the signification of the word theater at present, boldly translates: *tout le theatre étoit devenu furieux avec lui: chaque danseur crioit, sautoit, &c.* But Lucian speaks of the great bulk of the spectators, not of the dancers.

\* The virtuosos of this sort had at that time, as it should seem, their parties and factions; as well as before and within our times the public has been divided into factions at London, Paris, Vienna, and other great cities, in favour of actors, singers, dancers and composers. So early as the reign of Augustus and his immediate successors, the pantomimes Bathyllus, Mnes-ter, Paris, and others, had such enthusiastic champions in behalf of their respective excellence, as several times produced tumultuary scenes in the theatre.

with so much propriety that he acquired universal approbation, and was particularly applauded for keeping so decorously within the proper bounds of saltation, and having played a part in which it was so easy to exorbitate, without breaking forth into the extravagancies of a drunkard.

Thus, my friend, I have laid before you these few observations out of a far greater store of materials for a panegyric upon the art of dancing, concerning what it affords and what are the requisites for it, that you may have no reason to be angry at my passionate affection for this entertainment. If you can make up your mind to accompany me thither, I am certain that you will be quite captivated, and soon be fond of it even to madness. I shall therefore have no need to say to you in the words of Circe,

I wonder this potion does not change thee\*.

On the contrary. I hope you will be changed to your advantage, not indeed to get the head of an ass or the heart of a hog; your understanding will be more complete†, and the magical potion will taste to you so delicious, that you will ask for more, and take a hearty draught of it. For, what Homer says of Mercury's golden rod,

That when he will he shuts the eyes of men,  
And from their slumber wakens them again‡,

is thoroughly applicable to dancing, which makes us shut our eyes from excess of pleasure, and directly opens them again, that by uninterrupted attention we may not lose one particle of what it presents to our view.

CRATO. I am now perfectly convinced, and have my eyes and ears ready open. Remember then, my friend, when you go next to the theatre, that you keep a place beside you for me. For you shall no longer engross all the benefit to yourself of returning the wiser from it.

\* *Odyssey* x. 326.

† In allusion to the 240th verse of the tenth book of the *Odyssey*, where Eurylochus, relating to Ulysses the lamentable adventure of the transformation of his companions into hogs, adds, but their understanding remained entire.

‡ *Odyssey*, v. 47, 48.

HIPPIAS;  
OR,  
THE BATH.

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OF all who have excelled in science, those in my judgment are the most deserving of praise who, not content with speaking or writing well on the topics of their knowledge, but regard it as a sort of obligation to confirm their words by their works. Indeed it is only by practice combined with theory that the master in any art is discovered. A man who is labouring under any disorder (unless the disorder is in his intellect) does not send for the physician who can talk best on the topics of his art, but

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HIPPIAS. Had Lucian, while composing this little piece in praise of a bath, newly built I suppose, had but the slightest intimation that seventeen hundred years after his death it would still have readers, it would have been easy for him, by the communication of a few trivial circumstances, to have thrown more light upon the proper object of it. It is however not difficult to guess, that it is one of the earlier productions of our author's pen, and had no other view than to announce and recommend to the public a bath built upon speculation by an architect named Hippias. What motive Lucian had *in petto* (beside that alleged by himself) for so mightily magnifying both the work and the workman, may be very indifferent to us: but I believe every reader will agree with me in this, that he is quite a different man when he ridicules and when he praises. Of the curious anomalies of the understanding, which perhaps are only possible in the learned world, this is a rare instance, that Olearius, Fabricius, Reitzius and others confound this architect Hippias, whom Lucian describes as his contemporary, with the famous sophist of that name, who lived about six hundred years before him; and that Dr. Francklin, at the very instant that he is speaking of the architect as a contemporary of Lucian, refers us to the *Vit. Sophist.* of Philostratus, where we should find more about this Hippias! — As the play upon the words  $\sigma\phi\eta\varsigma$  and  $\sigma\phi\iota\sigma\tau\eta\varsigma$  does not admit of being literally rendered, I thought, by giving it this turn, to come nearest to the author's idea.

one who is reputed to practise it with the best success ; and so methinks a musician, who sings or touches his instrument in a masterly manner, is preferable to him who only knows how to judge correctly of harmony and rhythmus. By the same rule, have not those generals, who by universal consent are pronounced to be the greatest, as for example Agamemnon and Achilles among the antients, Alexander and Pyrrhus among the moderns, uniformly been those who were not satisfied with understanding tactics, and being able to make fine speeches to their officers, but also placed themselves at the head of their troops, and distinguished themselves by personal achievements? — I think therefore I may with good reason affirm, that likewise among mechanics they have the foremost right to our admiration who hand down to posterity the fame they have acquired by their knowledge, and by actual monuments of their skill. For thereby they prove themselves genuine masters in their art, since if they had sufficed themselves with only talking and disputing about it, at most they could only have passed for judges of it. Of this sort were formerly Archimedes and Sostratus of Cnidos, the latter of whom subdued the city of Memphis for Ptolemy, without laying siege to it, solely by turning the course of the Nile \* ; the other burnt the enemy's fleet by an invention of his own †. Before their time, Thales the Milesian, in order to keep his word

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\* In the history of Ptolemy Soter, or Lagides and his son, not even the slightest vestige is found concerning what Lucian here speaks of as a notorious fact. We have already observed some instances shewing that his memory was none of the faithfullest ; and this may also here have been the case. Of the Sostratus here named notice has been taken above, p. 78.

† Here likewise Lucian must either have been betrayed by his memory or have had other accounts than Polybius, Livy and Plutarch, who speak very circumstantially of all the astonishing machines which the great Archimedes (at the beleaguering of Syracuse by the consul Marcellus) invented and employed successfully in sinking the roman fleet, but say not a word about burning it, or that he made use of burning engines against it. Is it to be believed that these historians should have known nothing of it, if Archimedes had burnt the fleet of Marcellus? And if after all, by means of such a monstrous burning-glass as that which he employed, according to the account of the lucianic scholiast, and such people as Zonaras and Tzetzes, it was done : was forsooth a burning-glass, to which even the biggest of Tochienhausen's was but a baby's toy, at that time a thing so common that Polybius and Plutarch did not think it worth noticing? We may therefore without hesitation pronounce the report concerning the marvellous burning-glass of Archimedes to be what it is, an idle tale ; and the *redacteur* of the *Me-*

with Croesus, to whom he had given it, that he would bring his army dry-foot across the river Halys; this he did, I cannot tell how, by leading the river in one night round the back of his camp\*: not that himself was an extraordinary engineer, but that he had an inventive head, and possessed the faculty of rendering his thoughts so luminous to others, that they were easily persuaded to carry them into execution. I pass over what we are told of Epeus in days of yore, who not only constructed for the Greeks the famous wooden horse, but shut himself, together with the other warriors, in the capacious belly of it †.

*langes tirés d'une grande bibliothèque, instead of saying (vol. xxvi. p. 75) cette anecdote historique a été confirmée par tant d'auteurs dignes de foi, que l'on ne peut douter de sa vérité, would have done better to have adhered to the declaration of his learned countryman Andrew Dacier, who had long before given it up as a tradition of after-times, devoid of all foundation.*

\* Again an instance shewing how it happens that from a perhaps totally groundless or fictitious, not however impossible narrative, may arise a miraculous story, in which there is not a syllable of truth. Even Herodotus is so reasonable as to say he believes that Croesus conducted his army by a bridge over the Halys; but the Greeks, he adds, related the matter differently. They pretended that Croesus, not knowing how he should get his vast army over the Halys, Thales relieved him from his distress, by causing a large canal to be dug, into which he led the river, and thereby drained it off so effectually that he could wade through. The trifling circumstance, that this work was accomplished in one night, and that the Lydians passed dry-foot through the river, Lucian subjoins on his own authority.

† What could induce our author all at once to play the philopseudes upon us? Why does not he cite likewise Dædalus with his statues running away, and the cow which he fabricates for the accommodation of the gracious queen Pasiphæe? — That moreover the pretended trojan horse, which tradition makes Epeius to have been the constructor of, was neither more nor less than a sort of *balista* or wall-breaker (probably with a horse's head, instead of the ram's head subsequently adopted) even the credulous Pausanias acknowledges, *lib. i. cap. 23*. However, the fable of the wooden horse, as Virgil makes his pious Æneas relate it to fair Dido, like other old stories, having once got into possession, Pausanias accordingly found not only on the Acropolis at Athens a huge horse of bronze, which in all probability represented that trojan horse, but it figured likewise in the large picture in which the famous Polygnotus represented Troy when conquered, in more than a hundred distinct figures, and which constituted the chief ornament of the Lesche at Delphi. But if I am not greatly mistaken, it may very probably be concluded, from the manner in which Polygnotus has represented this horse and its contriver, that the fiction of the trojan horse did not exist at the time of Polygnotus. For Pausanias says expressly, Epeus was so represented as though he was overturning the wall of Troy, and the wooden horse only protruded its head from the ruins. I should think, if the design of the painter had been to signify, that this horse was merely an engine for battering

It would methinks be very unjust not to mention among the men of this stamp, the celebrated Hippias our contemporary, one who for learning yields to none of the famous men of antiquity, for sagacity, eloquence and perspicuity of discourse has but few equals, and yet in his works has shewn himself still greater than in his writings. For his capacity is not confined to the ability of knowing and producing whatever others have successfully produced before him: but it is an easy matter for him, as the geometers proverbially say, on any given right line to construct the required triangle\*. Everyone else thinks himself a man of parts if he is held skilful in some particular art or science, to which he has exclusively devoted his time and application: but nobody seems to contend with him for the first rank among geometers and musicians, and yet he shews himself as accomplished in every part of these sciences, as if he had applied to none other but them alone. How high he is advanced in the theory of light, its rays and their refractions, in catoptronomy, as likewise in astronomy, wherein all his predecessors † appear only boys to him, above all those, to praise him as he deserves would take up no little time ‡.

I will therefore confine myself to a single work of his, that I lately beheld with astonishment. The building of a bath is indeed a common affair, and in our days to be seen frequently enough; but so much the more admirable is the contrivance and the intelligence which he has shewn in so common a business. The plot of ground allotted to him for

down the walls, and Epeus the inventor and maker of it, he could not have done so in a more suitable manner.

\* Moses Du Sout might have smiled a little perhaps, at the unseasonable avidity that prompted poor Lucian to make himself ridiculous, by the scrap of geometry that had stuck to him from his boyhood, but should not have been so violently angry with him as he is. We are experienced enough in our author, to know, that in the exact sciences he was no great hero. But more diverting is the parade which the abbé Massieu makes about this platitude of the Grecian. He assures us in right earnest, that the art of constructing a triangle on any line is *une des premieres leçons de geometrie pratique* parmi les geometres de nos jours: as if it was any otherwise among the geometers of Lucian's time.

† Philolaus, Eudoxus, Hipparchus, Pytheas, Ptolemæus, &c. were all but babes in astronomy to this Hippias, of whose existence no man, beside Lucian, ever knew.

‡ And yet perhaps any other geometer and astronomer beside Lucian would have done it. Who would excuse himself on the score of time, when he carried a so much better excuse always about him?

the erection was uneven, sloping, and on one side even steep. Hippias began therefore by levelling the lower part with the other. The next thing he did was to lay a foundation for the whole edifice, the solidity whereof secured the durability of what was to rest upon it, by being set upon vaults or arches of hewn rock, which keep the whole together, and give it all possible firmness\*.

The whole structure is exactly proportioned to the place where it stands and in its several parts; all is symmetry and harmony, and the windows are made at convenient intervals. At first a lofty portico presents itself, to which you ascend by a broad, gently rising entrance. From this we are brought into a spacious vestibule, for the convenience of servants and attendants, and having on the left side a series of neat and well-lighted cabinets, properly fitted up for the pleasure and accommodation of the customers and form a no inconsiderable ornament to a public bath. Somewhat beyond these is another hall, which, though independent on the main design of the edifice, is yet so far necessary as it serves for an assembly room to persons of rank and fortune. On each side are separate closets, for the bathers to undress in, and between them is a large room very lofty and well-lighted, provided with three ample baths of cold water, lined with green marble †, and ornamented with two statues of white stone, one representing the goddess of health [Hygeia], and the other Æsculapius. Hence we are conducted into a very spacious room of an oval form, of a gentle and pleasant warmth, and which leads into an exceedingly cheerful apartment, for anointing and perfuming; out of which

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\* The greatest difficulty of this passage, which Gronovius thinks corrupt, would apparently be removed, by reading, instead of ὑψωσι, which gives no apposite meaning, ἀψωσι; *cum* or *sine libris*, is here, where it relates to sense or nonsense, nothing to the purpose. However, I freely own that the whole sentence is embarrassed with that perplexity which usually arises when a man will describe matters belonging to art without being grounded in the theory of the art. Lucian may perhaps, ἴλιος ὁ ἀρχιτέκτων! have been no greater an architect than a geometer and astronomer; as among other reasons we may conclude from his speaking of the proportions of the windows to one another, as a particular circumstance relating to the honour of this building. Could this have been a rarity at his time in an elegant structure?

† Λακαίνη λίθος. This marble, which on account of its pleasant green colour, was reckoned highly valuable, Plin. xxxvi. 7. is the same to which the Italians give the name of *verde antico*: Winckelmann, hist. of the arts, i. 30.

through two doors of phrygian stone \* there is a passage into the palæstra. Adjoining to this is the most magnificent apartment of all, the walls of which, from the ground to the ceiling, glitter with phrygian stone. It is provided with convenient seats, and so contrived that, after bathing, one may remain there without danger of catching cold, and if you chuse be rubbed and massiered †. Thence we enter, through a passage incrustated with numidian marble, the last saloon, which for elegance in no respect yields to the rest, having light in abundance, and seeming as if clothed in the richest purple ‡. Here are three baths of hot water ; and when you have done bathing, you have no need to return by the former saloon, but may in a few moments come through a moderately warm and very light side-room, to the cold water.

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\* This phrygian stone is I suppose the same with that which the antients, from the city Synnas where it was dug, termed synnadian marble. That and the numidian marble, which we find likewise used in this bath, the first of which was spotted blood red and the latter of a purple colour, is noticed by the poet Silius, *Sylvar. i. carm. 5* ; likewise in describing a sumptuous bath, as the marbles employed by the luxury and fashion of those times in the decoration of such edifices. Here, he says, thasian and carystian marble, onyx and ophit (a green wake with black micæ) are much too mean.

Sola nitens flavis Nomadum decisa metallis  
Purpura, sola cavo Phrygicæ quam Synnados antro  
Ipse cruentavit maculis lucentibus Attis.

Hence we see by the way the propriety of Lucian's using the word ἀκροίλιον, to sparkle or glitter, to express the effect produced by this marble in a hall with a brilliant light.

† This practice, prevalent probably from ages very remote in most parts of the east, the Indies and in the south sea islands, after the bath, or coming from fatiguing exertions, and in catarrhal or gouty complaints, of having the whole body rubbed, squeezed, racked, and as it were kneaded like dough, we are informed by the most celebrated modern travellers goes by the name of *massiering* ; and I suppose it was this sort of manipulation Lucian intends to denote by the word ἰγκυλίσσασθαι. Whether I have guessed right, let the Salmasii and the Hemsterhuysii of the present age decide ! At all events I conceive my translation to be better adapted to the usual interpretation of that word, than the *s'y router à son aise* of the abbé Massieu. Du Soul appears to have somewhat of a similar thought, by adding in his note on this expression : *Nunc etiam in Oriente à balnei ministro artus fricantur, extenduntur, premuntur et quassantur* ; which is exactly what is called *massiering*. This practice of kneading a person like dough is common in all the vapour baths throughout the Russian empire.

‡ Probably because the walls of this saloon were also lined with numidian marble. The french translator is here again plunging the curls in the ocean, by making it *toute brillante de fleurs comme une robe de pourpre*.

That brilliant light which pervades all the apartments of this edifice, together with the well-proportioned height, width and length of the several rooms and their other accommodations, constitutes no small part of its lustre. For, as Pindar very beautifully observes, "whoever begins a work, let him above all things give it a shining frontispiece \*." It deserves also to be remarked, that Hippias, with a judgment peculiarly his own, has situated the hall for cold bathing on the north side, but the rooms on the contrary, for which warmth is required, on the east, south and west sides. I omit to mention the places destined to the several gymnastic exercises, and the lobbies for the servants, who take care of the bather's clothes, and the precautions the builder has here taken for health and accommodation, by having disposed these rooms so that they can slip from them into the baths, without having to go along circuitous passages.

To conclude; let none deceive himself so far as to imagine that my design in this little tract has been to support and swell into consequence an insignificant work by my commendations. It is in my opinion one of the greatest proofs that an artificer can give of his superior skill, that he can draw means out of his head to beautify common objects, and communicate to every-day things the grace of novelty. And that is what Hippias in this work has admirably done. It unites in itself all the properties a man can wish to find in a bath, utility, convenience, light, symmetry, a judicious adaptation to the situation and local circumstances of its scite, and the most perfect safety in the use of it. It is, (that I may not forget to mention this one conveniency more) provided with two properly concealed privies, entered by several doors, likewise with two time-pieces, one a sundial and the other a water-clock, which indicates the time by the sound of falling water. In a word, whoever could behold a work such as this, without bestowing on it due praise, must not only be void of understanding, but an ungrateful, or perhaps even an envious man. For my

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\* *Pindar. Olymp. vi. Αεχομίως ὄϊργυ πρέσωποι χερὰ θείμιν τπλαυγίς.* Lucian subjoins: this however cannot better be effected than by much glaring light through the windows.— Very good! In writing likewise clarity is an excellent quality, but too much light is of use neither in a building nor in a discourse.

own part therefore I have endeavoured, as far as lies in my power, by this little sketch at once to testify my admiration of the work and my gratitude to the workman; and should god grant me hereafter to bathe in it\*, I shall be sure to find many others, who will unite with me in the commendation of it.

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\* It sounds a little laughable, that Lucian, as he did not, unless the good god should interest himself in the affair, seem to have had any hope of ever being able to bathe in the bath for which (to all appearance from pecuniary obligation) he delivers such an harangue. He nevertheless assures us above, that he saw it with his own eyes. When he saw it therefore it must have been in an unfinished condition or not fitted up for use. Lucian however had in the mean time left the city where it was to be seen, ere he could make trial of it, which moreover did not prevent him from issuing this laudatory address to the public, most likely in consequence of some preconcerted arrangement with the architect.

## PANEGYRIC ON THE FLY.

10

**T**HE fly is none of the smallest volatiles, when compared with the gnat, midge, and other petty insects: for it exceeds them as much in bulk, as it is itself more diminutive than the bee. Although it cannot boast, like other fledged animals, of being feathered all over the body, and of having quills in the wings: they are compensated in being endowed, like grasshoppers, crickets and bees, with a sort of membrane for flying, which in delicacy and softness as far exceeds other wings as the indian muslins do our grecian stuffs; and whoever observes them minutely, when, rising into the air, they spread their wings to the sun, will be forced to confess, that the tail of the peacock does not display more brilliant and beautiful hues.

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PANEGYRIC, &c. This little piece of humour is not destitute of urbanity and grace; though it must be owned, that Lucian, with rather more method and ingenuity, might have made something incomparably more clever and witty of it. To make what we can of it as it is; it seems probable that it was one of those extemporary speeches, of which the Greeks in Lucian's time were such great admirers, and in which to excel, the most celebrated sophists then made an object of their ambition. If it should appear too much polished for a speech made on the spur of the occasion, that proves nothing more, than that on writing it down, he gave it rather more of the file. Besides, he seems to have been pretty well acquainted with all that was then known of the natural history of the fly; that is, all that with unassisted eyes could be known of their conformation, and with some degree of attention of their instincts; and as without the microscope and the unwearied industry of a Leuenhœck, Reaumur, Rössler and others who have employed nearly the whole of their lives in the observation of insects, it was not possible to know more of it, it stands to reason, that neither the defects of his description, nor the errors that then generally passed current for truth (for instance, the notion, that flies proceeded from the putridity of animal substances as well as from procreation) are to be laid to his account. The subject here is entirely confined to the common house-fly, *Musca*.

VOL. II.

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When he flies, he does not steer one course with his wings, as the bat does, nor skip like the grass hopper, nor does he come with an arrow-like whizzing, like the wasp; but skims softly and gently through the air. Not silently however, for he sings as he flies; not with the disagreeable buzzing of the gnat, nor with the dull hum of the bee, nor with the formidable and menacing tone of the wasp, but with a pleasing whisper that bears the same proportion to theirs as the dulcet notes of the flute to the alarming sounds of trumpets and cymbals. As to the other parts of his organization, his head is not stuck close to his trunk like the grasshopper's, but is connected with it by a very thin tube; the eyes stand very prominent and are horny; from the broad and thick breast the legs extend, which are not so short as the wasp's, but much more pliable than his. The back is guarded by broad rings and scales, serving as a coat of mail. For defence he is not armed with a sting at the lower extremity of the belly, like bees and wasps, but with a proboscis, which he employs, like the elephant, either for a weapon, or for picking up his food or whatever he chuses, by means of a kind of tooth proceeding from the tip, from which he draws it as out of a sheath, and whereby he wounds and sucks blood. He drinks indeed likewise milk, but blood is more agreeable to him; and the pain occasioned by his sting is very slight.

Though he has six feet, he goes only upon four, using the two foremost as hands; and we see them often standing on their hind feet, holding somewhat to eat in their hands, exactly as we men do.

They are not immediately born flies, but at first it is a worm, that arises out of human or other animal bodies in a state of putrefaction. This maggot gets by degrees, first feet, then wings, and in that state of a flying insect he begets other worms which turn into flies\*.

The fly being the companion of man in his house and at his table, he feeds, like him, on all sorts of eatables, oil excepted, which to him is a deadly poison. The shorter the little space allowed him by nature to live, the more does he rejoice in the light of day. Of him it may with peculiar propriety be said that he truly enjoys his existence only in the light, for

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\* The female flies, as do almost all other insects, lay their eggs in such places as they find to contain the most suitable nourishment for the worm hatched by the heat. The worm or maggot, ere it can become a fly, is first a chrysalis or nymphe.

as soon as the night sets in he betakes himself to rest ; he no longer flies, no longer sings, but contracts himself together, and does not stir.

As to what concerns his intellect, I affirm, that he shews it not a little in the prudence with which he endeavours to avoid his lurking and insidious enemy, the spider. For he perceives very clearly that he is watched, and as soon as he espies him he takes to his wings, that he may not fall into the clutches of such a perilous monster.

Of his bravery and strength I say nothing, leaving them to be spoken of by the sublimest and most eloquent of poets. When Homer would extol one of his most conspicuous heroes, he compares his courage, not to the courage of the lion or the leopard or the wild boar, but to the boldness and intrepid pertinacity of the fly. The epithet which he applies to him, denotes, not the affected boldness of a poltroon \*, but the obstinacy of a resolute man. Drive them off, says he, as repeatedly as you will, they are not to be repulsed, but return as often to bite. The fly in general is of so much consequence in his view, that he not only mentions him once, but recurs to him frequently, and seems to consider him a peculiar ornament to his song. Now he makes them fly in whole swarms round the milk-pail † ; at another time when exhibiting to us Minerva averting the death-doing dart from Menelaus, comparing the goddess to a mother cradling her sleeping babe in her bosom ‡, he likewise honours the fly with a place in the beautiful simile §. Again, in another passage he selects one of the noblest terms, and the most beautiful epithets, in order to speak honourably of the flies ||.

The fly is so strong, that it can pierce with its sting not only the skin of a man but of an ox or a horse ; aye, it is even able to teaze an ele-

\* Not *δραίσιος*, but *θαίσιος*. Iliad, xvii. 570.

† Iliad, ii. 470, 471, and xvi. 641.

‡ Iliad, iv. 130, 131.

§ Indeed the fly appears with much honour in this simile, though he is there only to be chased away. Homer could hardly have found a more sublime image of the facility with which the goddess turns aside the deadly missile from Menelaus, than a mother searing away a fly with her hand from the sleeping infant in her lap.

|| In the verse :

*Ἦλθε μυσίαων αἰδινάων ἴθνα πολλὰ.* Il. ii. 469.

The various races of the swarming flies.

phant when it gets between his wrinkles, and wounds him in the trunk, which, considering its diminutive size in proportion to the monstrous bulk of the other, is verily no small matter.

In their amorous conjunctions they indulge in great licence ; and, besides that their connubial enjoyments last longer than with other volatiles, they have even the peculiar privilege of being able to conjoin in the air, and even not to be interrupted by their flight in this agreeable occupation \*.

If a fly's head is cut off, it is still alive a long time after in all its other members. But what is most extraordinary in their nature, is what I shall presently mention, and the only argument that Plato seems to have forgot in his dialogue on the immortality of the soul. If namely a dead fly is covered with ashes, he rises again, is as if new born, and recommences to live on ; being an evident proof, that the fly also has an immortal soul, seeing it returns into its deserted body, recognizes it for its own, in short, reanimates it, and makes the fly again take wing, and therefore confirms the story of that Hermotimus of Clazomenæ, of whom it is related, that his soul often quitted him, and after having wandered a long while about the world by itself, returned again into its body, and thus Hermotimus was several times taken for dead, and always rose again †.

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\* The panegyrist might have discovered many more curious particulars on this subject, if in his time there had been magnifying glasses and Reaumurs.

† Beside the example that Pliny (*lib. vii. cap. 52.*) adduces, there have been instances not a few of persons taken for dead, and coming to life again, from the quite simple cause, that (like the flies rising again from beneath the ashes) they were not really dead. That was now the case with this Hermotimus. It was a singular gift that he had of being able to leave his body, and come into it again : and as a proof, that his soul, while its body lay for dead, was actually out of it, he knew not only to give account of the remotest places, and of what he had there seen and heard, with accuracy and in conformity to truth, but also foretold sundry future events, *ex. gr.* earthquakes and other calamities, which actually came to pass. And this he carried on so long, that his faithful wife was induced to deliver up his body, during one such emigration of the soul, to his enemies : who immediately burnt it, and thus for ever stopped all re-entrance to the poor soul. The learned bishop Huet directly pronounces this beautiful story (notwithstanding his propensity otherwise to doubt) to be an old wife's tale ; and that he might do at Avranches, and everywhere else in the bosom of all christendom, with great safety. But if he had formerly at Clazomene, a very respectable city in Ionia, spoken in that tone of the affair, it might have been attended with bad consequences to him. For at Clazomene this Hermotimus was a demigod, who had his own temple, and with whom there was

In constant idleness and perfect independence the fly maintains himself on foreign industry, and everywhere finds a furnished table. For him the goats are milked, and the bee labours no less for him than for mankind. For him the cook prepares the daintiest viands; he invites himself as a guest even to kings, is the first taster of what they eat, and marches about the table, and leaves not a single dish unsmelt.

He builds no nest, and has no fixt abode, but roams up and down in the scythian manner, and wherever he is overtaken by the night, there he finds a lodging. For in the dark, as I before observed, he does nothing: not carrying on any business which should be done in secret, and would not do what if he did it in open day he should be ashamed of\*.

The fable tells us, there was once a maid named Muia, a wonderfully fine, most lovely girl, full of sprightliness and good humour, and mightily fond of singing. This Muia, it is said, was a rival of Selene, for they were both in love with the beautiful Endymion; and because she was for ever waking him out of his slumbers with her little allurements, and with her everlasting singing and ranting, he was at last incensed against her; and the goddess, who was no less so, metamorphosed her into this same tiny animal, that still bears her name. And that is reason, says the story, that the fly lets nobody sleep in quiet, especially children and young people, because the beautiful sleeper Endymion is still always running in its head. Nor are its bites and propensity to suck human blood uniformly symptoms of ill-will, but on the contrary are proofs of its love and kindness to mankind; it endeavours, at least as much as she can, to enjoy them, and, so to speak, to feed upon the flower of beauty.

There lived in days of yore a poetess of that name, who stood in high repute, no less for her beauty than her talents; at the same time a celebrated hetære at Athens, of whom the comic poet says:

Muia has stabbed me to the heart.

The comic muse therefore did not trust to her elegance in vain, when

no joking. By which observation however I do not mean to say, that I am not perfectly agreed with his episcopal reverence upon the truth of this story. See his *Demonstr. Evangelic. propos. ix. n. 8. p. n. 629.*

\* As if Lucian had said, to his grecian readers; he is a genuine follower of the cynic philosophy, whose grand maxim was, that whatever an honest man may do in private or the dark, he may likewise do in broad day in the open market.

she brought a fly upon the stage, and parents have made no scruple to give the name to their daughters. Aye, tragedy herself mentions the fly in very honourable terms, as for example in the following lines :

Oh shame ! a fly attacks, in valiant mood,  
The men of might ; and, thirsting for their blood,  
Those clad in steel are wounded by its lance \*.

How much might I add respecting the pythagoric Muia †, were not the story already known to everyone !

There is yet a species of fly, distinguished from the common sort, by its larger size, by its very loud and disagreeable buzzing, and by the rapidity of its flight. They live also much longer than the others, and last the whole winter through without nourishment, by sticking, in a sort of fixed torpor, to the roofs of chambers. In these one property is particularly surprising ‡, that they are like the son of Venus and Mercury, the fair Hermaphrodite, male and female, and in themselves unite the privileges as well as the functions of both sexes in copulation.

I had a great deal more to say on such a prolific subject ; but it is time to have done, that I may not, as the proverb has it, make an elephant of a fly.

\* The tragic poet to whom these verses are attributable, is not known.

† She was a daughter of Pythagoras and Theano, and is said to have been married to Milo of Crotona renowned for his strength. To her is attributed a letter to a female friend on the properties of a good nurse, which may be seen in J. C. Wolf's *Fragm. Mulier. Græc.* and is truly worthy of a daughter of Pythagoras.

‡ Only pity that it is not true.

HERMOTIMUS;  
OR, OF THE  
PHILOSOPHICAL SECTS

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LYCINUS. · HERMOTIMUS.

LYCINUS.

**BY** the book under the arm and the haste you seem to be in, I conclude, dear Hermotimus, that you are hieing to your tutor. One might perceive, that you were deeply sunk in meditation; you moved your lips

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**HERMOTIMUS.** Concerning this lucianic composition, as far as my knowledge reaches, there is but one voice (for Pierre Petit with his babble comes I suppose into no consideration), which, no less with reference to the instructive topics, or what relates to the ingenuity of the composition, the elegance of the diction, the perspicuity and neatness of the style, than the urbanity of the tone, and the genuine attic salt of the dialogue, places it by the side, if not at the head, of the best performances of our author. It seems as if Lucian designed in this dialogue to try what he was able to do, in the manner of disputing formerly peculiar to Socrates, which, under the assumed appearance of ignorance, insensibly drove the opponent, emboldened by dissembled concessions, with homely questions and apparently simple objections up into the corner, and at last unobserved, catches him in his own net, and reduces him to the necessity of confessing the contrary of what he at first thought his own conviction, or at least maintained. That which principally imprints upon this piece the character of a real work of genius, is its exceeding freshness and applicability to the present times, when the sects which in those of Lucian were in full play, are quite out of date. But the sects of all times, like mankind in general, are always alike, though varying in names, colour, clothing and language: and in reading this dialogue, we need only, instead of stoics, platonists, pythagoreans, think of our sects, and conceive a modern Hermotimus, and it will appear as if almost the whole of it was wrote expressly for us, only a few days ago. Wherefore, *arrigite aures, Pamphili! Mutato nomine de vobis fabula narratur.*

and gesticulated with your hands, as if talking to yourself, in order to reduce into method some speech that you had in your head, to contrive some captious argument, or find out some sophistical proposition. You cannot be idle even on the road, but must perpetually be at work upon some serious object, that you may never stand still on the path of improvement.

HERMOTIMUS. By Jupiter, Lycinus, you are not very wide of the mark ! I was repeating the yesterday's lecture, and endeavouring as far as possible to recall to my memory word for word what he delivered. One cannot, I think, be too great an œconomist of time. For life is short, and art long, as the famous physician of Cos truly says. Yet he says it only of the medical art, which after all is not so very difficult of attainment. With philosophy it is quite another affair : in that one may employ a number of years, and yet make no great progress, unless we keep our eyes steadily fixed upon it, and apply to it night and day. However it is well the trouble, and no small matter is at stake ; nothing less than whether we shall perish miserably with the refuse of mankind, the great herd of the ignorant, or through philosophy become as happy as a god\*.

LYCINUS. That is indeed no trifle ; my good Hermotimus ; such a prize is certainly worth wrestling for ! And I think you must be already so near it, that you have only to reach out your hand ; one should at least reasonably judge so from the length of time you have applied to philosophy, and from the no small labour it has already cost you. For, unless my memory deceives me, you have been doing nothing else almost these twenty years past, than frequenting the schools of philosophy, poring over books, and writing copious diaries of what you have heard from your masters. You seem to me so intent upon it, that it allows you no time to sleep ; and therefore it is, that you look so pale and wan, and are nothing but skin and bone. Accordingly I was led to suppose you must be very near to that godlike felicity, you are so zealously striving after, or rather

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\* So I believe the word *ευδαιμονία* should be translated, in order to express its entire energy.

have been a long while in possession of it privately, without our being aware of it.

HERMOT. How is that possible, my dear Lycinus? Alas, I am but beginning to descry from a distance the footpath that leads to it! For virtue dwells far above us, on the top of a lofty rock, as Hesiod says\*, and the way to her is so long and steep and rugged, that it costs not a little sweat to the travellers.

LYCIN. In all these twenty years then you have not yet perspired enough, Hermotinus, and are still prosecuting this fatiguing journey?

HERMOT. Still journeying on, I tell you. What could prevent me from being the most blissful of mortals, if I had once reached the summit? Much alas is wanting to that; I am only beginning to ascend, my good Lycinus!

LYCIN. And yet it is said by the same Hesiod, whom you have cited, Well begun is half done. So then you must at least have performed half your journey.

HERMOT. Not so; far short of that! For then I should have got over much of it.

LYCIN. How far then may we say you are got at present?

HERMOT. I am yet but at the very foot of the mountain, dear Lycinas, where I am exerting all my powers to proceed; for the road is rough, and I should have been in danger every moment of slipping down, unless somebody had lent me a helping hand.

LYCIN. That is, I suppose your professor, who, by the syllogism he lets down from the lofty pinnacle to which he has so long ago ascended, as the homeric Jupiter does his golden chain, draws you up to himself and virtue?

HERMOT. Perfectly right! Had it only depended on his drawing, I should have been long since at top: it is entirely my own infirmity that has prevented me from getting on.

LYCIN. You must only not let your courage fail, nor lose sight of the object of this journey and the supernal blessedness, that awaits you, especially as you have such an officious helper. And what hopes does

\* Oper. & Dier. ver. 289. & seq.

he hold out to you? Does he think within the space of a twelvemonth, about the next mysteries or panathenæa, he will have brought you to the pinnacle?

HERMOT. You set a short space indeed!

LYCIN. Till the next olympiad then?

HERMOT. Even that is very little for so great an affair, for the practice of virtue and the possession of the supreme felicity!

LYCIN. Well; let it be two olympiads. But by that time at farthest you must be at top, or people will have reason to accuse you of great sloth and laziness, for requiring more time to ascend a single mountain, than for a man to travel three times from one end of the world to the other\*, even though he should not take the shortest way, but ramble about the neighbouring countries to the right and left. How much may then the rock on which your virtue sits enthroned, be higher and more slippery than the famed Aornos, which Alexander however took by storm in a few days?

HERMOT. There is no parallel in this case, my good Lycinus; you err exceedingly if you imagine it to be such an easy matter to ascend this rock, and be able to finish the task in so short a time. And if a hundred Alexanders were to attempt it at once, they would in truth make but little way; otherwise we should see folks in multitudes ascend it. Indeed there are not a few who resolutely start at first, and go some strides forward, some more some less; but when they have got about halfway, and see the road growing more difficult and toilsome as it advances, they take fright, and turn about panting and dripping with sweat, because they can hold out no longer. Those on the contrary who endure to the end; arrive at last at the pinnacle, and from that instant forth are equal to the gods in felicity, enjoy throughout the remainder of their lives a wonderful peace and serenity, and look down from their lofty summit, upon the rest of mankind as so many pismires.

LYCIN. Mercy on us; what poor, puny creatures you make of us, Hermotimus! I should let it pass, if you had viewed us as pygmies; but

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\* In the text: "from the pillars of Hercules (on the coast of Cadiz) to the Indies," which in the language of the antients denoted the two extremities of the world.

to make us crawl about upon the bare skin of mother earth, is indeed too bad! It is no wonder, however, that when a man is got so high above as you, he should be highminded likewise; and we, poor scum of the earth, numerous as we are, ought to lift up our eyes and our hearts, to you as to the other deities, and consider you as beings above the clouds, and have actually ascended to that summit you were so long endeavouring to reach.

HERMOT. Ah, Lycinus, would it were so! But we have still a long way to climb.

LYCIN. But how long, you have not yet told me; that I might be able to compute what time it may require.

HERMOT. That I do not rightly know myself, Lycinus: however I reckon when twenty years more are passed, I shall certainly be on the pinnacle.

LYCIN. Great Hercules! that is a long time.

HERMOT. But the struggle is for a high prize!

LYCIN. That is thereafter as it may be. But as to the twenty years, may I take the liberty of asking, whether your master has pledged himself that you shall live so long? I suppose he is not only a sage, but also a soothsayer and prophet, and one of those who cast nativities, and tell from thence what fortunes will follow. For it is not to be conceived, that you would give yourself such horrid trouble and so miserably harass yourself night and day, upon an uncertainty, and unless you were quite sure that you shall live to arrive at virtue; if you could not tell, whether, when perhaps you have only a couple of steps more to the pinnacle, fate may not trip up your heels and suddenly blast your hopes.

HERMOT. Away with such ominous speeches, Lycinus! I wish I may live long enough to attain to wisdom, though I should be happy in the possession of it but for a single day.

LYCIN. What? You would be satisfied for so much labour and toil with a single day?

HERMOT. I would be satisfied with far less.

LYCIN. But how can you tell whether it fares so gloriously and blissfully there above, that it will repay you for so much trouble, since you have never yourself been above?

HERMOT. I, of course, believe it on the word of my master; for he

must of necessity know it, seeing he has long been on the very topmost pinnacle.

LYCIN. What do you tell me! Now I beseech you, for the sake of all the gods, good Hermotimus, how does he say it looks above, and wherein does the happiness one is there put in possession of, properly consist? Is it in solid cash, or in honour and glory, or in overwhelming pleasures?

HERMOT. How you talk! Speak with more discretion, dear friend! All that has nothing to do with virtue, and the happiness that arises from it.

LYCIN. What blessings then does he say are obtained at the end of the career, if they be not these?

HERMOT. Wisdom and fortitude of mind, and what in itself is beautiful and right, and to know with firm conviction what in their own nature these objects are. Riches and pleasure and whatever relates to our animal part, or what simply by the conceit of man is coined into a good, all this he has left below, thrown off as a cumbersome garment, to enable him to ascend with more freedom and ease; in the same way, as we are told, Hercules when he burnt himself on mount Cæta, became a god: for after he had cast off all that he inherited from his mother, and purified and separated from all dross the divinity within him, by fire, he flew up to the deities. Somewhat similar to this it is with such, who by philosophy, as by a purifying fire, are entirely delivered and separated from what appears to the rest of mankind in their false conceit, admirable and covetable, and are mounted aloft; they live now in the enjoyment of pure felicity, have no longer the least recollection that there are such things in the world as what men call riches and honour and pleasure, and laugh at the blockheads who set any value on such paltry distinctions.

LYCIN. By the great Hercules, who burnt himself on Cæta, what you have now been telling me of them gives me a high notion of the grandeur and felicity of these exalted beings. Now answer me only one question, dear Hermotimus; do they occasionally come down from their elevated station, when they are seized with an inclination to use again those things which they have left behind: or are they, when once got up, obliged to remain there, content with virtue, and regarding riches, honour and pleasure with contempt?

HERMOT. Not only that, Lycinus, but whoever has once attained to completion in virtue, can never relapse into the bondage of anger, of fear or covetousness, nothing can any more make him uneasy; and in a word, it is absolutely impossible, that he should ever again be assailed by any such passion.

LYCIN. And yet, if I might speak the plain truth — but no; you would perhaps reprove me again for speaking indiscreetly, and it would be, I suppose, a breach of the respect due to sacred matters, if one were to inquire into the conduct of the wise.

HERMOT. Not at all! Speak out boldly, be it what it will.

LYCIN. You see, dear friend, I have my fears.

HERMOT. There is not the least occasion for them, my best friend; we are all alone.

LYCIN. I heard you from the beginning till this last point, with much satisfaction, dear Hermotimus, and was really goodnatured enough to believe it all just as you said, and that the people of whom you spoke were wise, brave, honest and so forth. But when you added, that they contemned riches, honour and the pleasures of sense, and were exempt from all the passions to which the rest of us men are liable, there I must confess — since we are all alone — somewhat involuntarily struck me, of which I was a little while ago an eyewitness. Must I name my man: or are you satisfied if, concealing the name, I simply relate the fact?

HERMOT. No, no; tell me rather who it was.

LYCIN. Since you are resolved to know, it was your very master; moreover a man for whom I have a great respect in consideration of his high attainments in science and his advanced age.

HERMOT. And what was it then he did that was so offensive to you?

LYCIN. You know the stranger, from Heraclea, who has been so long under his tuition in philosophy, the red-haired, disputacious fellow — what is his name?

HERMOT. I know whom you mean, his name is Dio.

LYCIN. Right! This man, because I suppose he failed in the payment of his salary on its becoming due, he lately dragged by force before the archon, accused him with great clamour, and fell into such a rage, that he seized the poor fellow by the collar, and had it not been for the interposition of some of his acquaintance, who were standing by and luckily

made him loose his hold, the old gentleman would, I verily believe, have bit his nose off, so furious was he.

HERMOT. That Dio is however a shabby fellow, and has always no memory when asked for payment. My master has a great many sums out at interest, and none of his debtors can say that he ever experienced anything of the sort; but they regularly pay their interest on the day when due.

LYCIN. But, my excellent friend, if they did not pay, what signifies it to a man whom philosophy has purified from all dross, and who has no more need of any of the things he left behind on  $\text{C}\text{E}\text{t}\text{a}$ .

HERMOT. You are very much mistaken, if you think he cares for such things on his own account. He has uneducated children who must be fed, and whom he should not leave destitute.

LYCIN. It should likewise be his duty, I think, to train them up to virtue, and teach them to contemn riches, that they may be as happy as himself.

HERMOT. I have not time, Lycinus, to dispute with you upon these matters. I must haste to his lecture; there is some danger of being too late for the whole of it already.

LYCIN. If that is all, you may make yourself easy, my worthy friend; for today is vacation, and I would willingly save you the trouble of going for nothing.

HERMOT. What do you mean by that?

LYCIN. That you will not get sight of him today, if the tablet is to be trusted which I saw hanging over his door, on which was wrote in large letters, that no lecture would be given today. He was yesterday evening, they told me, at the grand entertainment, given by the great Eucrates in celebration of his daughter's birthday\*, where he sermonised mightily at

\* Du Soul here makes a childish remark. "Of this Eucrates," he observes, "much has already appeared in the Lie-fancier; perhaps it is the same of whom mention is made in the Cock of Micyllus. That however appears to me another Eucrates. But should he be thought the same, it might introduce us to the name of the stoic, under whom Hermotimus was studying philosophy. For the old charlatan, who was so tiresome to Micyllus with his sermon about virtue and his dialectic subtleties, was called Thesmopolis. Yet another Eucrates appears in the dialogue between Pluto and Mercury." — Yea, verily, yet another, and I would lay a wager, that of all these Eucrateses not a single Eucrates is named, or rather not one of them all was a

table, and fell into a rather warm dispute with the peripatetic Euthydemus touching the points wherein they differ from the stoics; the noise and vehemence with which it was carried on gave him the headache, especially as he was particularly vociferous; and the disputation having trained on till the middle of the night, he had caught cold. I suppose too he had drunk a little more than he could bear, as his fellow-guests had plied him as usual with too many healths, and he had ate rather more than is proper for a man of his age. On returning home therefore, the first thing he then did, was, they say, to exonerate his stomach by a copious discharge, after which he counted and carefully sealed up \* the slices of meat, which he had slipped into the hand of his boy that waited at table behind him, he then gave orders that nobody should be let in to him, and went to bed, where he has been sleeping till this moment. All this I had from the mouth of his boy Midas, who was telling it to some of his scholars, whom I saw in good numbers turn back.

HERMOT. Who obtained the victory, Lycinus? my professor, or Euthydemus? Did Midas say nothing of that? †

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single really existing person. Lucian in his satirical dialogues describes characters, not persons; and the names which there appear, are precisely as historical as Pantalón, Lelio, Ottavio, Brighella, in Goldoni's comedies. It is incomprehensible how one may be a profoundly learned commentator, and not observe what is so obvious. If anything here was to be conjectured, he might (taking for granted that the scene of this dialogue is Athens) have conjectured, that by Eucrates τῆς παύσης the famous Herodes Atticus was meant. For he was in a strict sense ὁ παύς, a very noble, very rich, very celebrated, and very learned man, who patronised every species of talent and merit, gave grand entertainments, &c. But what should we get by it? There are certainly to be found in all great cities extremely rich gentlemen, who give good dinners, and at whose tables are occasionally to be met with among others also learned fools and *faquins*. Besides, the reader will recollect, that the ugly story which Lycinus here relates to the honest Hermotimus, about the vulgar deportment of his worthy master *ex cathedra*, is entirely a brief extract of the main subject of the Entertainment, or modern *Lapithæ*; unless this latter was not composed till after the Hermotimus, in order from what is here but a mere sketch, afterwards to draw a finished picture, or that, if Hermotimus is the later, to bring the *Lapithæ* on this occasion again to the memory of his readers. For the sameness or diversity of the names is nothing to the purpose, as they are all unquestionably fictitious. To conclude, the exquisite roguery with which Lucian here in an assumed, indulgent and palliating tone, uncovers the weak side of the old stoic professor, is not to be surpassed in delicacy; it is *tota merum sal*.

\* A common custom with miserly gentlemen among the ancients.

† Either I must be much mistaken, or this question is designed by Lucian as a cutting stroke at these sham stoics. Hermotimus should, after Lycinus had told him of the scandalous prac-

LYCIN. He said: they fought a long time with pretty equal success on both sides; at last however victory declared for your party, and Euthydemus was knocked on the head, in the proper sense of the term; since he retreated with a severe wound in it. For, being too obstinate and provoking, and yielding neither to conviction nor to refutation, in order to save his adversary much trouble in gaining the victory, your most excellent master threw a cup, which he had by chance in his hand, one of the large nestorian cups \*, at his head, and the contest was decided at once.

HERMOT. Bravely done! He that will not yield to his betters, deserves no other treatment.

LYCIN. That is indeed, as you say, the most rational method, Hermotimus. But what the deuce then could provoke Euthydemus, to irritate such a mild, good creature, above the influence of passion, and that precisely when he had such a heavy cup in his hand? — Be that however as it may; suppose, my good friend, as we have nothing else to do, you were to relate to your old comrade, how the whole affair took its rise, how you felt the first impulse within you, to addict yourself to philosophise? For I have a great inclination, if it might be, to set out this very moment, and pursue the same road with you: I cannot expect that you will refuse to take me along with you, being such old friends.

HERMOT. Would you were in earnest, Lycinus! You would soon see how greatly you had the superiority over others. Believe me, they would all appear children to you, so much would you surpass them in understanding.

LYCIN. Oh, I should be content, if in twenty years I were only such a man as you!

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tices of his master, have sunk to the earth with shame: but the pupil of the Stoa, of twenty years standing, had so little of the moral sense, that he is not at all moved at it: who bore away the victory? is his first question. So his tutor does but remain master of the field, though it should only be by an argument in *Ferio*, he is amply consoled, and calmly swallows down all the rest. In a more despicable view the people whom it hits could not be exhibited on the stage.

\* Homer's Nestor is not only a wise and eloquent man, but likewise a great boozier. His goblet had four handles and a double bottom, and when full, no other without great difficulty could lift it from the table: but Nestor raised it without trouble; Homer however says not, that he emptied it at one draught, &c. *Iliad*. xi. 631 & seq.

HERMOT. Never fear! I was about your age, when I began to philosophise; you may be just turned of forty, I should conceive?

LYCIN. You have hit it, Hermotimus! Here then I am; be so good as to lead me on the same path you have taken. But first of all, allow me to ask one question. Are the pupils with you permitted to contradict, when they think the master is wrong in what he says? Or do you grant no such liberty to your disciples?

HERMOT. Not absolutely. But you may at intervals ask what you please and make as many objections as you will, you will only thereby make the quicker progress.

LYCIN. Well said, Hermotimus, by Hermes, whose namesake you are! Therefore tell me, I beseech you, in the first place, whether your Stoa is the only road that leads to philosophy, or, whether, as I have heard, there are others who strike out into another track?

HERMOT. Oh, very many; as the peripatetics, the epicureans, those who denominate themselves after Plato, the followers of Diogenes, and Antisthenes, the pythagoreans and several more.

LYCIN. Well. And these all teach in the same way, or are their opinions different?

HERMOT. Very different.

LYCIN. The truth, I think, will in all be the same; but not all will be true; because otherwise there would be no difference of opinions.

HERMOT. Most assuredly.

LYCIN. Now, my dear friend, if this be the case, I should be glad to hear, what motive you had, when you first devoted yourself to philosophising and saw so many doors standing open, for passing by the others and preferring the Stoa, as the only one that leads direct to virtue, believing you should incur the hazard by the others of running into crooked and slippery by-paths and intricate mazes without end. How could you at that time be apprised of this? For, to answer me this question, you must not think as the man that you are at present, whatever you may be, a half-wise or a whole-wise man, and therefore more or less in condition, to judge of the difference of things, than we who belong to the common herd; at that time you yourself were one of the common herd, as much as I am at present, and as such answer me.

HERMOT. I do not rightly understand the drift of your question, Lycinus.

LYCIN. But I should think, I have asked you what is very plain, wherein neither a mistake is possible, nor a secret snare to be apprehended. As the philosophers are so numerous, what motive could you have for passing by such great men as Plato, or Aristotle, or Antisthenes, or even, not to stop at your own patriarchs, Chrysippus, Zeno and all the rest of them, and directly to make the choice you made? Did perhaps the delphic Apollo direct you to the stoics, as formerly it directed Chærephon \* to Socrates? For it is the way with him to advise this one to betake himself to this philosophical sect and that to another, I suppose because he knows what best suits everyone.

HERMOT. That was not the case with me, Lycinus ; for I did not consult the god upon it.

LYCIN. That was perhaps because you did not deem the matter of sufficient importance ; or because you had so much confidence in yourself as to think you could chuse the best independently of the divine admonition ?

HERMOT. I thought so at least.

LYCIN. Be so good then as to let this be the first thing I learn of you : by what I may know from the very beginning, which is best, the truest, and therefore the most eligible philosophy ?

HERMOT. That I will tell you. I carefully observed which had the greatest number of admirers, and thence I could easily infer that his must be the best †.

LYCIN. How many then had it more than the epicurean, the platonic, or the peripatetic ?

HERMOT. I did not exactly count them ; but it was not difficult to form a good guess.

LYCIN. I perceive then you are not in earnest about making me wiser.

\* Him to whom the famous oracle at Delphi declared Socrates to be the wisest of all men, and consequently recommended to put himself under his tuition. See Plato's apology for Socrates, *lib. i. p. 48.* edit. Bipont.

† If the question had been concerning a hetære, this criterion would be about right.

For you will never persuade me, that in such a weighty affair you have been led by conjecture and plurality of suffrages.

HERMOT. It was not that alone which determined me, dear Lycinus. I heard everybody say that the epicureans were downright voluptuaries and fops, the peripatetics sordid and litigious, the platonists proud and vain-glorious. Whereas in commendation of the stoics they could never say enough, what brave men they were, and how they understood everything, and how he who adopted their course, would be alone king, alone rich, alone wise, in short, alone everything.

LYCIN. Doubtless other people told you this? For those who should so magnify themselves and their own cause, you would I suppose not have trusted?

HERMOT. Certainly not; but others said it of them.

LYCIN. Not those, I imagine, who thought differently from the stoics?

HERMOT. No, verily.

LYCIN. It could be then no other than the illiterate?

HERMOT. It was so.

LYCIN. There again I have caught you in the fact, endeavouring to impose upon me, and imagining that you have to do with a silly fellow who would suffer himself to be persuaded that such a well informed man as Hermotimus who must be in his fortieth year, has let himself be blindly led in his judgment concerning philosophy and philosophers by the opinion of the ignorant, and determined in his choice of the best by their report. You may tell it me ten times over, and I shall not believe it.

HERMOT. But you must know, Lycinus, that I did not trust entirely to others, but to myself. I saw them decently habited, walking in a dignified pace, always immersed in profound meditation, and wearing a countenance of manly gravity, most of them close shaved, nothing effeminate in their carriage, but not quite so regardless of externals as to give them the appearance of bedlamites or decided cynics, but preserving the precise medium, which by the universal suffrage is the best in all things.

LYCIN. How comes it, since you so accurately surveyed them, that you failed of seeing them do, what I just now related of your professor; as, for example, trading in usury, demanding payment of debts with violence and abuse, in good company always wrangling and insisting on hav-

ing the last word, with the other excellent qualities that every day furnishes opportunity for observing in them? Or do you think all this signifies little, so their dress is becoming, the beard long, and the head close shaved? By these maxims of the sapient Hermotimus therefore, dress, gait, and shaving form the true idea and grand rule by which we ought to judge who are the most excellent of mankind; whoever bears not these marks, whoever does not strut about with a downcast look and thoughtful brow, is declared counterfeit, and thrown aside. Look then, good Hermotimus, whether you are not putting the joke upon me again, and want only to try, whether I have the wit to perceive that you are making me your dupe?

HERMOT. How so?

LYCIN. Because you teach me to appreciate philosophers as we do statues, by the cut and the folds of their garments. And yet your philosophers would make but a very indifferent figure in this particular, and in what regards fine appearance and ornamental drapery, when compared with such statues of those men, as Phidias, Alcamenes, or Myron have chisselled upon the most beautiful ideas of this kind. But if, notwithstanding, the eyes are here to decide, how should a poor blind creature, who feels an inclination to philosophize, go about it, when he can see neither the dress, nor the aspect, nor the gait of the philosophers, from among whom he is to chuse?

HERMOT. But I have nothing to do with the blind. What care I about the blind?

LYCIN. Surely, my good friend, objects of such consequence, so useful and necessary to all men, ought to have some mark whereby they may be discriminated from all men. However let the blind, since you will have it so, till they recover their sight, be excluded from philosophy; though the poor people may have greater need of its consolations in their misfortune, than others. But the seeing themselves, how should they, even though they had the eyes of lynxes, discern by a man's outward garb, anything of the internal constitution of his mind? For I conceive that what has attracted you to your stoics, was the high opinion you entertained of their inward perfections, and the desire at the same time of becoming by them more perfect in your own mind?

HERMOT. Most assuredly.

LYCIN. How could you now by the aforesaid signs, discern whether

such a one were a true philosopher or not? The properties on which that depends, are not apparent through the outside, but lie secreted in the dark, and one must have often talked with a man, long had intercourse with him, and long observed that wherein, in his actions, he is consistent with himself, before he has thoroughly found him out. This it was, that Momus upbraided Vulcan with : but you remember the fable?

HERMOT. Not very well.

LYCIN. Minerva, Neptune, and Vulcan disputed together which could produce the most excellent work. To decide the contest Neptune made the bull, Minerva invented the model of a house, and Vulcan formed man. On bringing their work to Momus, whom they had appointed arbitrator, after a careful examination, he found somewhat to object to in each of their performances. His objections to the bull and the house belong not to our present purpose. But Vulcan he blamed for having made no window in the breast of his man, through which the seat of his thoughts and sentiments might be seen, and conviction at any time obtained, whether what he said was dissimulation or his real opinion. Momus confessed by this censure, that he was too dim-sighted to see how it was with his inside : but you have very different eyes ; you see what Lynceus himself could not ; you see through the breast bone of a man ; his inmost recesses are open before you, and you read not only what each one knows and proposes in his mind, but can even tell at first sight who is the better and who the worse.

HERMOT. You are making merry with me, Lycinus : however I shall not give up the contest ; I have, by god and good luck, fixed my choice, and I do not repent it ; that is enough for me.

LYCIN. But for me it is not enough, my dear friend ! Surely you would not leave me thus so miserably to perish in the common mass with the offscourings of mankind ?

HERMOT. Is it my fault ? I can say nothing that you think right.

LYCIN. Not so, my dearest. You will only say nothing that to me can be right. But since you are so displeased, and purposely dissemble, and are determined that I shall not proceed so far in philosophizing as you, I will try whether I cannot of myself find out some means of making a discreet and safe choice. Listen therefore to me a little if you please.

HERMOT. Very willingly. I have no doubt that you have somewhat interesting to say.

LYCIN. That I leave to your judgment. But you must not laugh at me, if I shew myself a vulgar illiterate man : as you, who understand it better than I, have no inclination to inform me more substantially, I must help myself as well as I can. Imagine then virtue a city, the inhabitants whereof (to speak the language of your master, are by one way or another got together) are all and every the most blissful people in the world, wise in a supereminent degree, brave, just, temperate ; in short, only not quite gods. Where no trace is to be seen of those vices and iniquities, which so frequently appear among us, flagrant injuries and violent usurpations, rapine, usury, and fraud : nothing of the sort ever enters the mind of these people. But they live together in peace and harmony, as one family actuated by the spirit of love. And how should they not ; since everything that in other cities are the eternal fomenters of disturbance, party-spirit, and quarrels, and for the sake of which men lay snares, and lie in wait for one another, are banished from this happy city ? For there is to be seen nothing that can supply aliment to avarice, voluptuousness, or breed vanity and ambition, and thereby stir up strife among them ; they have long ago discarded all these as useless unserviceable stuff out of their community, and live therefore, as I said, in the most beautiful regularity, equality, and liberty, and in the enjoyment of every other blessing, the most serene and felicitous life that can be conceived.

HERMOT. And should not now all men, who mean well to themselves, burn with a desire to become denizens of such a city, and let no hardships upon the road, no time, how long soever the journey thither may last, deter them, if they were sure on their arrival to be enrolled in the registries of it.

LYCIN. So I think, by Jupiter ! One should grudge no pains for its sake, Hermotimus ; what could be of more important concern to us ? Everything else comes into no consideration with it. And if our old country should endeavour to detain us with both hands, if our parents or children should intreat us ever so pathetically, embrace us ever so forcibly, and with cries and sobs refuse to part from us : we might persuade

them to follow our example, and undertake the same journey with us; but if they would not, or could not, we should tear ourselves from them; and, without demurring a moment, set out on the pilgrimage to this glorious city, and rather let our clothes be torn off our backs, or throw them away ourselves, if they proved impediments to our earlier arrival. For we need not be afraid of being turned back, though we come to them stark naked. You may perhaps wonder, my dearest friend, whence it is, that I am so well informed upon the subject: I must therefore tell you, that I have it from an aged man, who very seriously proposed it to my option to take the journey with him to this city. He offered himself to be my guide, and gave me his word, that I should have the rights of denizenship, be his companion in the guild to which he belonged, and like them should live a real god-like life. From youthful ignorance and inexperience (for it is now some fifteen years ago) I alas would not be persuaded; perhaps by this time I should have got as far as the suburbs, it may be even to the gates. However he spoke much of the city, and among other things, said, if I remember right, that all the inhabitants were foreigners who had come from other parts, for nobody was born there a citizen; there are seen barbarians and slaves, deformed people, dwarfs, beggars \* — in short, in that city every one that pleases is a citizen. For they had, he told me, a settled rule, in pursuance of which, at the reception, no regard was had either to fortune or apparel or figure, or pedigree, and renowned ancestors, or any other external recommendation: all these objects come with them into no consideration; to be brief, in order to become a citizen there, nothing was requisite but good sense, love of the beautiful, industry, unwearied application, and a spirit that could not be discouraged or depressed by any kind of inconvenience to which a man might be exposed on the way. Whoever possessed these requisites had no more to do but undertake the journey, and not rest till he arrived in the city, where on that plea alone he would be immediately constituted citizen, and admitted to equal privileges with every other, whatever he might in other respects be: seeing the words, noble, commoner, free-born, servant, of family or not of family, had no place in their dictionary, and were here never taken into the mouth.

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\* Alluding to some philosophers, who come under this rubric, as Anacharsis, Epictetus, Antisthenes, Crates, &c.

HERMOT. You see then, Lycinus, what a great motive I had to endeavour with the most ardent zeal to obtain the denizenship of such a beautiful and happy city!

LYCIN. I can the more easily conceive of it, as I myself am burning with equal ardour of desire, and there is nothing in the world that I could wish for more. If therefore the city, where we would both so fain be, lay near and in everybody's sight, you may be assured, I should not have been long hesitating, and should have been a good while ago settled there. But it being, according to your account and that of the rhapsodist Hesiod, a long way off, it is obvious that previous to our departure, we should inform ourselves of the nearest way, and look out for the surest guide to it. Are not you of this opinion?

HERMOT. Otherwise how should we hope to arrive at it?

LYCIN. Now if it rested only on promises and pompous professions, we should have conductors more than enough. They stand at all corners, and everyone pretends to be at home there, and familiarly acquainted with the road. Enquire a little more minutely of them, and it appears, that the roads are very numerous, and not only numerous, but so diverse that this runs to the west, that to the east, a third to the south, and a fourth to the north. One leads through verdant meads shaded by beautiful trees, and refreshed by meandering rivulets; there is nothing that can render the way tedious or fatiguing to the traveller: another is on the contrary full of rocky fragments and sharp stones, and at the very first view give you nought better to expect than a parching sun, ardent thirst, and a difficult ascent along a craggy track over barren mountain ridges. In the mean time it is said, that all these roads running in such opposite directions conduct to this one city. Here it is now where my greatest or rather sole difficulty arises. I look around, see the several roads before me, and at the entrance of each seems to stand an honest creditable man, beckoning with his hand to invite me to his road, assuring me that his is the right, the only one; that all the rest lead wrong and present guides so little to be trusted, that they only know the city by hearsay and have not been there themselves. On coming to a second, he affirms the same of his, and speaks disparagingly of the others; in like manner it fares with the third and fourth, and all the rest. This is now, dear Hermotimus, what disturbs and perplexes me — the many ways in

such different directions, and what is still worse, is the numerous guides that are for ever quarrelling about it, each insisting that his alone is the right. For which way shall I turn, and whom shall I follow, that I may be sure to arrive at the city?

HERMOT. Out of this perplexity I will deliver you, dear Lycinus. Trust to them that have already made the journey, and you cannot mistake the way.

LYCIN. Who do you mean? Which road have they gone, and what guide did they take? For here the same difficulty again occurs only under a different form, if we proceed from facts to persons.

HERMOT. What do you mean by that?

LYCIN. That he who has gone for instance Plato's way, and has taken him for his leader, will naturally speak all possible good of his road: so likewise the epicurean of his, you of your's, and so forth; or how should it be otherwise?

HERMOT. But why should it be otherwise?

LYCIN. Because you in this wise have not extricated me from the perplexity; for as yet I know not to which of the travellers I am to trust. I see that they severally, as well as their conductors, have made trial of only one way, and nevertheless each assures me that he alone conducts to the city: how can I now be certain that he speaks true? That he at last came some whither, and found a city, I will grant him at all events: but whether it was the right, that which you and I wish to become burghers of; or whether he, intending to go to Corinth, comes by mistake to Babylon, and imagines notwithstanding that he has been to Corinth, is by no means ascertained. For, that a man has seen a city, is no proof that he has seen Corinth, because Corinth is not the only city in the world. But what carries my perplexity to its height is, that I know there can of necessity be but one way that is the right, because there is only one Corinth, and the rest lead rather to any other place than Corinth; for so absurd I can hardly be, as to imagine, that by the road which leads to the Hyperboreans or to the Indians, I should get to Corinth.

HERMOT. That I think palpably evident.

LYCIN. You therefore now, my excellent friend, apprehend that rather more deliberation is requisite in the choice of the road and the guide than you thought, and that it is not determined by saying, as is the custom,

follow your nose, or go wherever your feet carry you : for in that case, instead of the road which leads to Corinth, we should be apt to fall into that which goes to Babylon or Bactra. It would by no means be doing well, to trust to our good fortune, in hopes that it would determine rightly for us which of all we should chance to strike into; though such a chance is not impossible, and since the world has been standing may perhaps have happened once. But we, friend Hermotimus, are too discreet to set the good or bad consequences of so momentous a concern upon such a hazardous experiment, and to venture, with all we have and hope for, in a wickerbasket on the *Ægean* and *Ionian* sea \*. Chance, my friend, is a blind archer, and we cannot blame him if he misses the mark at the first shot ; since even the great bowman in Homer (Teucros, I think,) instead of hitting the pigeon at which he aimed, shot the string that tied it to the pole †. It is always much more probable that the random shot should miss a thousand times, than once hit the mark. We should therefore, I think, not act wisely, if by leaving the choice to fortune we incur the danger of striking into devious turnings, and miss our path while we believe ourselves pursuing the only right one. For (to make use of another simile) if a man should venture to launch out into the open sea with the first wind that blows, it is not in his power to return when he chuses, but he must acquiesce in sustaining all the inconveniences of the sea-sickness and perhaps all the anxiety of a storm, and at last be cast away upon an unknown coast ; all which disasters he might have saved himself from, if, ere he left the port, he had got up into some watch tower, and observed which way the wind set, and whether it was favourable for vessels bound to Corinth. That he should moreover have provided himself with a stout ship, able to sustain the untoward accidents of such a voyage, and with the best pilot he could procure, is self-evident.

HERMOT. There is no question of it, Lycinus ; and just as certain am I, that you may go round to them all, and not find a surer guide or a more experienced pilot than my stoic. If therefore (to retain your allegory) you have so great a desire to go to Corinth, I advise you to follow him, and tread in the footsteps of Chrysippus and Zeno ; or nothing will ever come of it.

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\* This phrase, *ἐν ῥίπῳ πλεῖν*, seems to have been a greek proverb.

† *Iliad*, xxiii. 865.

LYCIN. Dear Hermotimus, how can you give me such trite and vulgar answers? I am told exactly the same thing by the platonics, the epicureans and all the rest. I must therefore necessarily believe them all, or none; and as the one is ridiculous or rather impossible, so the other would be so long the safest perhaps, till we have found out one who can give security for his promises. Or, put case, I should in my present uncertainty be induced by our friendship and the credit you have with me, on the word of my good friend Hermotimus, who indeed is acquainted only with the stoical way, to chuse the latter; and now if some god should please to call back Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle and so forth; again into life, and they come all and ask me, or perhaps even haul me before the judge and lodge a complaint of injury against me; what should I reply to any one of them, who said to me: What sort of a whim has got into your head, worthy Lycinus, or by whom do you allow yourself to be persuaded, to prefer such people of yesterday, as Zeno and Chrysippus, to us, who are so much older, without having changed a word with us or examined accurately what we say: — Should I be let off by answering, I did it on the word of my friend Hermotimus? Would they not infallibly reply: Your friend Hermotimus may for anything we know, be a thoroughly good man; but we know him as little as he knows us, and you have been very rash, good Lycinus, in your proceedings against us all in condemning us absent and unheard, on the bare word of a man, who knows only one mode of philosophising, and even that perhaps not competently. The legislators prescribe the judges a very different method of proceeding; it is their duty, they tell them, to hear both parties, in order that by contrasting what each has to say for himself and against the other, the sooner to come at the truth; and if a judge is unmindful of this his duty, they grant an appeal from him to another tribunal. This or somewhat like it, they would doubtless say. And if afterwards one of them should come to me in private, and put this question to me: Tell me honestly, Lycinus, if an Æthiopian, who never had stirred from home, and in all his life had not seen a man like us, were to step forward amidst his countrymen, and assure them with the utmost confidence, that all men upon the face of the earth were black, and that there was nowhere a white or a tawny man, would they believe him on his word? Or, if some old Æthiopian on the other hand should rise up and say: And how can you presume to assert this with so much boldness, you who in all your life

have never been out of the country, and surely cannot suck out of your fingers, how other men look?— What think you, Hermotimus, would not the old man have said true?

HERMOT. Perfectly true; and the other would have more than too well deserved the rebuke, I think.

LYCIN. So I think too. But whether you will think so of what follows, I am yet to learn: to me at least it appears very obvious.

HERMOT. What should it be?

LYCIN. Nothing more than that my aforesaid old philosopher should proceed; and say: We will suppose a similar predicament, Lycinus, of one, who, so to speak, had never in his life-time come forth of the Stoa, nor had ever visited either Plato's academy or the gardens of Epicurus, or the district of any other philosophical sect (like your friend Hermotimus, for example,) should come and affirm; that it was nowhere so fine as in the Stoa: there alone they had a proper notion of affairs, and all the rest in comparison of the stoics came into no sort of competition with it whatever: must not this man for the very same reason appear to us just as perverse and thoughtless as that Æthiopian?— What answer shall I make to the old man, Hermotimus?

HERMOT. The old man is perfectly in the right, only not against me. For, though I principally insist upon the stoic philosophy, as I intend to profess it, it does not therefore follow, that I must be ignorant of the tenets of the rest. For our master delivers them likewise to us in his lectures, that we may be the better able to confute them.

LYCIN. And do you perhaps think that Plato and Pythagoras and Epicurus and the rest would not taunt me with this subterfuge? Would not they rather laugh in my face and say: what is your friend Hermotimus about, Lycinus; does he think he may rely upon it that our adversaries shall deliver our dogmas and arguments just as they are, and not rather subtract from them, whether from ignorance or design, a great part of their force? If an athlete, in order to put himself in breath, ere he begins the contest, should fight with an imaginary antagonist, and deal out lusty fistycuffs and kicks in the air, as if he was giving them to his opponent, will the umpire immediately, by the public crier, proclaim him invincible? Will he not naturally regard these hostile gesticulations as what they are, as a no less easy than dangerless sport, and defer decreeing to him the victory till he has fought with the real antagonist, and obtained

the mastery over him, and the latter owns himself conquered; but not else? That Hermotimus therefore may not presume, that, because his masters in their battles with shadows so easily come to rights with us in our absence, they have actually vanquished us, and that our systems were so badly built that it was such an easy matter to overturn them. In their confutations they act like children, to whom it costs but little trouble to pull down their petty houses which are built for that purpose; or like the novices in archery, who stick a whisp of straw upon a pole at a very little distance from them, to shoot at; which when they have once hit and sent the arrow through the whisp, raise a great shout, as if it was a mighty feat to shoot an arrow through a bundle of straw. This however is not the practice with the persian or scythian archers; but they generally first shoot in full gallop, and then they have no desire that the object they aim at should stand still, and wait for the arrow, but strive as rapidly as it can to escape it. They shoot therefore generally wild animals, and many of them will hit a bird as it flies. But if for the sake of exercise they would shoot at a fixt mark, they set up a wooden plank, which resists the force of the shot, or a target of untanned cowhide; and if they are able to shoot through that, they are sure that their arrow will go through a helmet or a breast-plate. Tell then your Hermotimus, on our behalf, that his masters are only shooting at straw-whisps, and then brag that they have defeated men in armour; or boxed with illuminated figures, representing us, and when (as naturally they must) they have got the better of them, they vaunt as if they had beat us to the ground, although there is not one of us but could say as Achilles did of Hector: they are only so fierce because they have not seen the front of my helmet\*. This, my dear, they would say one and all. Plato might likewise on his part report to us a little story that would come in very properly here, from Sicily, where he was well known. King Gelo, of Syracuse, they say, had a stinking breath, without knowing it, because nobody would presume to tell him of it. Till at length a foreign lady, on a certain occasion, took the liberty to acquaint him how the matter stood. The next time Gelo saw his wife he reprimanded her for not having said anything to him about it, as she must have long known of it. She however excused herself by saying, that she thought all men smelt so; since she had never in her life gone so close to

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\* Iliad, xvi. 70.

any other man as to enable her to discover her error. Exactly thus would Plato say it is with your Hermotimus; as he has always lived only among the stoics, it is not likely that he should know how we others smell. But the same reproach with equal right might your Chrysippus make me, if, without hearing him, I should join the platonists, and exclusively trust men who know none besides Plato. In one word, I assert, as long as it is unascertained which of the philosophical sects is the right, we should chuse no sect; because it would be manifestly an affront to all the others.

HERMOT. Good now, Lycinus, I beseech you, let Plato and Aristotle and Epicurus and all of them rest in peace. It is not my business to measure lances with such combatants. Neither is there any need of it. You and I can settle the point ourselves, whether philosophy be what I affirm or not. What occasion was there for calling in the Moors from Æthiopia, and Gelo's wife from Syracuse, to meddle with our affairs?

LYCIN. They shall be sent off again immediately if you think them unnecessary to our debate. You have then, as it should seem, some mighty matter to produce? I am all ear; out with it, Hermotimus!

HERMOT. Methinks, Lycinus, every man who has duly apprehended the doctrine of the stoics only may easily convince himself of the truth of it by means of itself, without finding it necessary to have a thorough insight into the other systems; and my demonstration is very simple. If somebody only tells you that twice two make four, you have no need to run about to all the arithmeticians and inquire of them, man by man, whether one or other of them does not affirm that twice two are five or seven: or would not you immediately perceive that the man was right?

LYCIN. Immediately.

HERMOT. How can you then deem it impossible that one, who having accidentally heard the truth of the stoics alone, should be convinced by them, and have no need of the rest, seeing he now knows at once, that four can never become five, though ten thousand Platos and Pythagorases maintained the contrary?

LYCIN. That is nothing to our present purpose, good Hermotimus. You compare evident things with controversial, and that makes a great difference. Or have you ever known one who maintained that twice two are seven or eleven?

HERMOT. He that says so must be not in his senses.

LYCIN. Now I conjure you, by all the graces, be so honest as to confess, whether you have ever been in company with a stoic and an epicurean together, who did not fall into a dispute about beginning and end \*?

HERMOT. Indeed not.

LYCIN. See now, my excellent friend, how you endeavour to impose upon me by quibbles. One would not expect it of a friend. The question is, which philosophical sect has the truth on its side; you affirm this of the stoics, because it is they who declare twice two for four; and yet this is not at all made out. For the epicureans and platonics say: they reckon indeed so, but you declare twice two for seven or five. Or do you act otherwise when you affirm, the beautiful and generous are only good: whereas the epicureans say nothing is good but what procures agreeable sensations? and when you declare everything that exists to be material; whereas Plato admits that there is somewhat incorporeal in things? It is therefore, as I said, a quite undue assumption, when you ascribe exclusively to the stoics, as incontrovertible and completely ascertained, that which all the others dispute with you, and appropriate to themselves, and where a stricter investigation appears most wanted. For, were it beyond all doubt that the stoics are they alone who declare twice two to be four, the others should indeed be silent: but so long as this is disputed, they all have an equal claim to be heard, or we shall be liable to the reproach that we let favour take precedence of justice.

HERMOT. You seem not rightly to have apprehended what I intended to say, Lycinus.

LYCIN. Speak plainer then, if you intended to say anything but what you did say.

HERMOT. I can immediately make myself intelligible in another manner. Let us suppose two of them are gone into the temple of Bacchus or Æsculapius, and immediately thereupon a chalice is missed by the priest. Both must therefore be searched, in order to see which of them has the chalice in his bosom.

LYCIN. Certainly.

HERMOT. One of the two must have it.

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\* That is, on the principles and the ultimate ends of things.

LYCIN. It cannot possibly be otherwise ; if it was there before, and is no longer there.

HERMOT. And if we do not find it upon the one, then the other infallibly has it, and no farther search need be made.

LYCIN. There can be no doubt of it.

HERMOT. Therefore — if we should find the chalice with the stoics, we then methinks might unhesitatingly spare ourselves the trouble of a minute examination of the rest ?

LYCIN. Most certainly, on the presumption that you have found it, and know it to be the same that you had missed, and, what here is most of all necessary, presupposing that you are sure it was such a chalice, and that you can therefore accurately describe it. But, my dear friend, first of all, not two of them but very many went into the temple ; and, secondly, that which is missed is not known, and it is not understood whether it is a chalice or a goblet or a crown ; each of the priests says differently, and they are not even agreed upon the material ; one says the lost thing was of bronze, the other of silver, the third of gold, the fourth of tin. There are accordingly no other means for coming at the truth but by a general search of all those that are gone into the temple ; and though immediately upon the first a golden cup is found, all the rest must nevertheless be searched.

HERMOT. Why so ?

LYCIN. Because it would still be uncertain whether that which is missed is a chalice ; and even if herein all are agreed, yet they are not agreed that it was a gold one. Supposing however it to be ascertained that a gold chalice was lost, and you have found a gold chalice upon the first, yet the rest must be searched ; for there are more gold chalices, and it is not known whether that found is the one belonging to the god. It is therefore clear that everyone should be searched, and whatever is found upon each fairly produced, in order if possible to ascertain which of these several articles appertained to the temple. For the investigation is rendered the more difficult by reason that on everyone that has been searched something has been found : on one a goblet, on another a chalice, on another again a crown ; and then one of these is of bronze, another of gold, a third of silver ; which now of all these belonged to the god still remains a question, and it is not yet ascertained who is the sacrilegious thief ; be-

cause, even in case they all had the like upon them, the agent would still be unascertained, since it is possible that what has been found upon each was his own lawful property. The cause of this uncertainty, methinks, is no other than that the missed chalice had no inscription upon it. For, had the name of the god or the donor been inscribed, the affair would have been soon determined: when that with the inscription was found, the rest would have been dismissed without farther examination. — I suppose you have often had an opportunity to see public prize-fights, Hermotimus?

HERMOT. That you may easily conceive; often enough, and in several places.

LYCIN. Have you ever happened to be seated near the judges of the contests?

HERMOT. But lately, at the olympic games, I sat, through the complaisance of Evandrides of Elea, who ceded to me his place among the Eleatans, at the left hand of the hellanodicæ, as I was desirous of inspecting minutely what the judges on that occasion had to perform.

LYCIN. You are acquainted then with the manner in which they decide by lot who every wrestler or fencer shall have for his antagonist.

HERMOT. Certainly I am acquainted with it.

LYCIN. You therefore, who have seen it so near, are able to give the best account of it.

HERMOT. In days of old, when Hercules still presided at those games, it was by laurel-leaves. —

LYCIN. Let us have nothing, I beseech you, good Hermotimus, about the old times! Tell me what you saw with your own eyes.

HERMOT. The judges had before them a silver urn, consecrated to Jupiter Olympius. In this urn were a number of small lots, about the size of a bean, on two of which was inscribed the letter A, on two others a B, and again on two others a C, and so forth, according as there were more or fewer competitors present. Then the combatants, coming up one after another, and sending up a prayer to Jupiter, singly puts his hand into the urn and draws out his lot; and near to each stands an officer of the court, to prevent him from looking at the letter he has drawn out. Now when all have drawn, the alytarch\*, or one of the judges himself,

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\* The president of the alytes or mastigophori (whip-bearers) a sort of lictors, whose business it was, in the manner of our constables, to keep good order, at the olympic games.

(for I cannot at present recollect which) goes from one to the other, as they stand in a ring round the urn, and places the combatants who have drawn the same letter, in couples together. This is the method, if the athletes are in even number, as four, eight, twelve: if however their number is odd, as seven, nine, fifteen, then one lot is cast into the urn having a letter, which has none to answer it. Whoever draws this, sits down and waits till the others have fought, and it is reckoned no small luck to that athlete who gets that lot, since he is to engage fresh and robust with those that are fatigued and already worn out\*.

LYCIN. Here stop a little; for this is the very point I am driving at. There shall then, for example, be nine of them, and they have now all drawn their lots. Go therefore round (for I will promote you to be a judge from a mere spectator) and inspect the letters. I suppose you cannot tell which has the odd one, till you have inspected and compared all the nine.

HERMOT. Why so, Lycinus?

LYCIN. Because it is impossible for you to tell that the letter which marks out the odd one † shall come first to hand, or if by chance you find it, you cannot know that it is his. For it is not previously said, whether K, M, or I denotes the odd one; but if you chance upon A, you must look for the other A, and when it is found, you place them together, when upon B, for the corresponding B, and so on till you light upon that which has the letter singly.

HERMOT. But if you find that letter at the first or the second dip, what do you do then?

LYCIN. The question is not about me; but I would fain hear you, the hellanodic, what you will do. Whether you will directly say, this is he who should sit down; or whether you would hold it necessary to go

\* In fact it was unreasonable to accord such a privilege to an athlete. But we see that superstition here mixes in the sport. What was decided by lot was looked upon as the determination of the gods (or rather of fate, which was superior to the deities); him therefore to whom fate had assigned such a privilege over his rival candidates could not be deprived of it by men, without making themselves guilty of impiety.

† He was called the Ephedros, because he was to sit by the judges till the others had fought.

round the whole circle, to see whether his letter is not come out a duplicate ; which you cannot know till you have inspected all the lots.

HERMOT. That I shall be able easily to ascertain. If I, among nine, find E the first or second, I then know that he who has drawn it is the odd one.

LYCIN. How does that come to pass, sagacious Hermotimus ?

HERMOT. On the supposition, that A, B, C, and D have duplicates in the urn, and therefore should be drawn by eight athletes ; it is then plainly apparent, that E is the only odd letter, and accordingly cannot be drawn by any other than by him, who alone remains without an antagonist.

LYCIN. Shall I be satisfied with admiring your sagacity, Hermotimus ; or do you desire to hear what I have to object to your position ?

HERMOT. Aye, verily, I am curious to hear what with any semblance of reason you can object to it.

LYCIN. You take for granted, that the letters are all in alphabetical order marked on the lots, accordingly A first, next B, and so on, till the number of the present athletes concludes with a single unpaired letter. I readily agree, that this is the practice at Olympia. But how, if we take without order the letters R, P, Z, K, S, and write four of them, each doubled, on eight lots, and Z on the ninth, so that it therefore designates the unpaired athlete : what would you do if you found Z first ? By what will you discern that it is the odd one, since you know not which are the doubled letters, and can conclude nothing from their order ?

HERMOT. This question might prove difficult to answer.

LYCIN. We may, if you will, put it in another manner. Let us mark, for example, hieroglyphic figures on the lots, a sort of writing frequently used by the Ægyptians instead of letters, as men with the heads of dogs or of lions and the like. Or, if you are no lover of monsters, we will take figures more natural and uniform, as two men, two horses, two cocks, and two dogs for eight lots, and the ninth shall be marked with a lion : now if you accidentally first hit upon the lion, whence can you know that he denotes the odd one, unless you have previously gone round all the rest, in order to see whether another has not likewise a lion ?

HERMOT. I have nothing to reply to that, Lycinus.

LYCIN. That I readily believe ; it is impossible that anything can be

said against it. If therefore we would discover him, who has the sacred chalice, or the athlete who may sit still, or who will shew us the safest way to Corinth, we are still obliged to examine all; and if in the first and last cases we thus come at the truth, we must ascribe it to chance. If I am therefore to consult a counsellor on the choice of a philosophical sect, it could only be such a one that has made himself thoroughly acquainted with all. I cannot employ another, and I would not trust him if he were a stranger even to but one of them; for how easily might it happen that this one was the very best. In like manner if we were finding out the handsomest of all men, and somebody should bring us a handsome man, and affirm to us that he was the handsomest, should we believe him, unless we knew that he had seen all men? For our business being not about a handsome, but the handsomest, we have done nothing if we have not discovered him. We should not be satisfied with having found the first that came in our way, however handsome he might be, because we are in quest of sovereign and consummate beauty, which necessarily is one.

HERMOT. Rightly observed.

LYCIN. Should you now be able to name to me one, who has tried all the paths in philosophy, thoroughly examined and comprehended the several doctrines of Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Chrysippus, Epicurus and the rest; and at last found out, from among all, the path which he from theory and experience is convinced that it is the right and only one that leads to happiness: then when we have found this man, we will give ourselves no farther trouble.

HERMOT. Such a one it might prove a difficult task to find.

LYCIN. What then are we to do, Hermotimus? We should not I think quite despair of it, because we have not immediately such a guide at hand. The best and safest way perhaps will be, for every man to take his own course, walk from one sect to another, and accurately inquire what is advanced by each.

HERMOT. I should think so too, if it did not contradict what you just now said: that when we have once gone full sail with the wind, it is not so easy to get back. How could a man travel along every path, when, as you say, he is detained and held fast on the first?

LYCIN. This I will say. We should do as Theseus did, and before we

venture into this labyrinth, get some goodnatured Ariadne\* to give us a clue, by means whereof to extricate ourselves.

HERMOT. And where shall we find this Ariadne, or where procure such a clue?

LYCIN. Never despair, my friend! I think I have found one that will be of good service to us.

HERMOT. And what may that be?

LYCIN. It is no discovery of mine. I have borrowed it of a wise man, and to make short of the matter, it consists of these few words:

Be sober and believe not lightly †.

If we take care not to believe lightly whatever the teacher says, but act as the judges do, who let the others speak likewise when it comes to their turn: it is to be supposed, that we shall extricate ourselves from the labyrinth without difficulty.

HERMOT. Your advice is good; let us follow it.

LYCIN. Agreed. With whom shall we make the beginning? Or is that of no consequence? To begin therefore with the first that offers; with Pythagoras if you have no objection. How much time will it require to go round the whole circle of the pythagorean philosophy? I think, including the five years of silence, we may finish it in perhaps thirty years? Or if you think that too much, let it be twenty; for in less time we shall scarcely get through it.

HERMOT. Let it then be twenty.

LYCIN. To Plato, who follows next in order, we must allow an equal space. And Aristotle will not be content with less.

HERMOT. Certainly not.

LYCIN. How much Chrysippus requires, I need not ask you: I have not forgot, that you held forty years hardly sufficient.

\* Lycinus speaks of the tragical Ariadne, not considering that the question here is about an allegorical clue through an allegorical labyrinth, where the skain of the tragic Ariadne would be of very poor service to him.

† The former half of a verse of Epicharmus, one of the most celebrated poets of the old comedy, of whose works only detached fragments have escaped the holy ravages of the christian barbarians of the constantinian and theodosian era.

HERMOT. Very true.

LYCIN. Then Epicurus and the rest may demand as much? That I have not been extravagant in my calculation, you may easily perceive, if you reflect, how many octogenarian stoics, epicureans or platonists there are, who confess, that they are still far short of being perfect masters of the whole range of their doctrines. If so, then Chrysippus, Aristotle, or Plato, may claim as much, or rather their old grandsire Socrates, who yields in no respect to his descendants, and cried loud enough to all that were inclined to hear it, that he not only knew not everything, but that he absolutely knew nothing but this alone, that he knew nothing\*. Now, reckoning up all this together: twenty years for Pythagoras, the like number for Plato and each of the rest, in due order of succession; if then we admit only ten philosophical sects†, how many years will it make?

HERMOT. Upwards of two hundred, dear Lycinus!

LYCIN. Let us then, if you will deduct the fourth part, so that only fifteen remain for each sect, or even but the half be allowed?

HERMOT. That you know best. What I but too well know is, that even in the latter case few will go through all the sects, though they begin on the day of their birth.

LYCIN. What then will become of us, good Hermotimus, if it be so? Shall we overthrow what we already have established as a proposition irrefutable, that "nobody can chuse out of many things the best, unless he has tried them all; and if he chuses without examination, either he must

\* The use which Lucian here makes of that famed avowal which Plato in his Apology puts into the mouth of Socrates, is not so sophistical as at first sight it appears. It certainly requires a tolerably round number of years, before a sensible man has brought it to that socratical ignorance; and the conclusion arises then of itself: If it requires so much time in order to know that we know nothing: how much must it demand for a man to know that he knows something.

† I cannot tell how Lucian has reckoned for producing ten sects, unless he has took into the account the eleatic, megarean, cyrenaic and pyrrhonian, which however in his time did not represent particular sects. For that appellation was attributed only to the pythagoreans, platonists, aristotelians, stoics, cynics and epicureans, of which alone the four first had public chairs, and the like number formed as it were, classified and privileged guilds or confraternities.

call in the assistance of the fortuneteller, or he must leave it to chance, whether he shall guess the right?" Was not this agreed on between us?

HERMOT. Yes.

LYCIN. No alternative then remains for us, but to live a couple of hundred years, if we would try every sect; in order to chuse one of them, which through philosophy will render us the happiest of mankind. And ere we have determined this choice we must dance about in the dark, as the saying is, stumble upon everything in the way, and pitch upon the first that comes to hand, as that we are seeking, for want of knowing which is the right. Aye, if we were even so fortunate as to find it by chance, we shall still be deficient in certainty that it really is that which we looked for; since there are so many things alike, each of which pretending to be the only true one.

HERMOT. I cannot tell how it is, Lycinus, but it appears to me as if what you say is extremely reasonable; and yet, to confess the truth, you give me no little uneasiness, with these unnecessary nice disquisitions and subtleties. I am tempted to believe, that I came abroad this morning under no good omens, that I should directly light upon you, when I was got so near to the summit of my hopes, to be thrown back again into doubt and perplexity, and by arguments as long as they are broad, to be shewn that it is absolutely impossible to discover the truth; since no man lives long enough to see the end of the road on which he must seek it.

LYCIN. Dear friend, there you have not me to blame, but your father Menecrates, and the mother that bore you (whatever be her name), or rather human nature, for not having bestowed upon you the long life of Tithonus, but has so constituted it, that a hundred years is the extreme line by which the life of man is circumscribed. I cannot help it. I am on the search with you, and have found nothing except what the commonest common sense must necessarily find.

HERMOT. That it is not; but you are an eternal banterer; and I cannot see wherefore you bear a hatred to philosophy and to the philosophers, on whom you look down with haughty disdain.

LYCIN. Dear Hermotimus, what is truth and what not, should be best known to you wise men, you and your master. I for my part know only

thus much, that it is seldom agreeable to hear it. Falsity looks better to the view, and is therefore more admired. Whereas the former, conscious of nothing false, speaks and acts frankly with mankind, and is therefore odious to them. Thus it is with me ; you are angry with me for disclosing to you the unwelcome truth, that we two, you and I, admire somewhat that is not easily obtained. It is exactly as if you were in love with a statue and hoped to enjoy it, because you had regarded it as a real person ; I, because I knew it to be of stone or bronze, with the best intention, inform you, that your passion can never be gratified : and now you take it into your head, that I mean to do you an injury, because I would not allow you to cheat yourself with romantic and impossible expectations.

HERMOT. The result of your fine discovery is, therefore, that we should not philosophise at all ; but lay on the lazy side, and live in the world like idiots ?

LYCIN. When did you ever hear me say any such thing ? I say not, that we should not philosophise ; but this I do say : because we should philosophise, and the paths being so many, each of which, as it is pretended, conducts to philosophy and to virtue, but the true one being unknown, so it is necessary to be circumspect in the choice. Now we have found it impossible of several to chuse the best, unless we experimentally know them all ; and then it appears to us, as if this experimental method was too tedious. What is then your opinion, if I may be so bold ? Shall we perhaps stick to the antients ? You shall go along with the first that comes in your way, and he takes possession of you as a waif luckily found ?

HERMOT. What farther answer can I make to one who adopts it as an ascertained fact, that nobody is in condition to form his judgment, unless he lives as long as the bird phoenix, and has tried all the sects in due order ; and, as that is impossible, yet neither will believe those who have already put them to the proof, nor allow as valid the testimony and the approbation of the generality ?

LYCIN. Whom do you understand, if one may ask, by this generality, whose testimony I am to deem valid ? Do they ground their testimony upon a thorough knowledge of the business, acquired by the several times mentioned way of experiment ? If there be such a man, that one is enough for me, and there is no need of a multitude. Should they

however be deficient in this knowledge ; how can their multitude be a motive for me to believe them, seeing they can tell me, either nothing at all, or only the one thing that they have learnt, and yet judge of the rest which they do not know ?

HERMOT. You then are the only one that sees the matter properly ; and all the philosophers in the world are fools and dotards !

LYCIN. You do me wrong, good Hermotimus, by accusing me of pretending to know more of the matter than others. How can you so soon have forgot, that I expressly owned, that I know just as little of it as the rest of us ?

HERMOT. To speak candidly. I readily admit, that you are right in asserting that we ought to have a competent knowledge of the several sects, for enabling us to chuse the best, and otherwise the choice is not feasible : but to require such a number of years for every experiment is perfectly ridiculous ; as if it were not possible to form, from a few parts, a just representation of the whole. This to me appears very easy, and might be accomplished in a short time.

It is reported of an antient statuary ; it was Phidias, if I remember right, that on being shewn the bare claw of a lion, he calculated from it how big the lion must be, if formed in proportion to that claw. And you yourself, I think, if you were shewn only the hand of a man, while the body was kept hid, would immediately know it to be a man that was concealed, though you had not the least view of the rest of the body. In like manner only a few hours would be requisite for comprehending the sum and substance of the system proper to each sect : but the subtleties, and all those questions that demand a tedious length of discussion and investigation, are not only unnecessary to the choice of the best, but may be competently judged of from the general heads.

LYCIN. Ey, ey, friend Hermotimus, what are you thinking of, in fancying that from some parts we may form an adequate conception of the whole ? I remember very well to have heard at school precisely the reverse ; I was taught, that, he who knows the whole, knows also every part, but not contrariwise, he who knows only a part, knows likewise the whole. Your instances of the lion's claw and the hand of the hidden man prove against yourself. For, tell me then, how had Phidias known the claw to be a lion's, if he had never seen a lion ? Or how could you

know that the hand belonged to a man, if you did not previously know how a man is formed? — Well? Why so mute? Or, must I answer for you, you having nothing to reply? You see that your Phidias must have drawn an impracticable thing, and you with the lion, you gave him to model for you, set him about labour in vain — in short, dear friend, your inductions here are nothing to the purpose. Neither Phidias nor Hermotimus can possess any other means for knowing to what these integral parts belong, than by being already acquainted with the lion and the man. In philosophy however (the stoical for example) how can you from one or more parts form a just idea of the rest, or pronounce them beautiful, seeing the whole, whereof they are parts, is unknown to you? I am willing to grant, that it is an affair of a few hours to make oneself acquainted with the general heads of each philosophical sect, their first principles and the final end to which they severally refer, or with their notions concerning the deities and the soul; it is easy to know, that some hold whatever exists to be material, while others admit incorporeal entities likewise; that one sort seek the sovereign good in pleasure, another in the beautiful, independently on all regard to pleasure and utility, and so of the rest. Certainly it costs little time and trouble to hear and to repeat such matters. But to know which of them has hit upon the right, that may perhaps prove a task of very many days. For what do these gentry drive at in writing upon all these subjects so many hundred thousands of books, but to convince us, I suppose, that these few propositions, which to you seem so easy of comprehension and to be got by rote, are true? Since therefore you are determined once for all to let it cost you so little trouble and time, I can see none other that can assist you in the choice of the best, but a fortune-teller. That is the most compendious method without detention or delay in coming at the truth: let a prognosticator be called in, and when you have heard one general head, let him slay a victim, and then the good god will spare you infinite pains and solitudes, by pointing out, in the liver of the animal, which you are to chuse. Or, if you will, I can make you another proposal, which will require much less ceremony, and by which you may save the expense of a victim and of the priest, who will be well paid for his trouble. Write the names of the several philosophers on so many separate tickets, cast them into a pot, shake them properly together, let a young boy, whose parents are both

living, put in his hand, and the first lot that he draws out, whichever it is, will name to you the philosopher whom you are to follow.

HERMOT. You are pleased to be jocular, Lycinus; but this scurrilous tone beseems neither you nor so serious a business — I must however put a little question to you. Have you ever yourself bought wine?

LYCIN. Often enough.

HERMOT. And you went round, I suppose, to all the wine vaults in the city, and tasted and compared all the wines together?

LYCIN. No.

HERMOT. You stopped then at the first which you found good and to your taste?

LYCIN. Doubtless I did.

HERMOT. And from the little that you tasted, you were enabled to judge of the whole cask?

LYCIN. That I certainly could.

HERMOT. If now you had gone round to the vintners and said to them: Gentlemen, I would fain buy a bottle of wine: be so good as to let me drink out a cask with every one of you, that I may know which of you has the best wine, and of whom I shall take my wine for the future; do not you think they would laugh in your face? And if you did not like that, must not you be content to have a bucket of water poured on your head?

LYCIN. I should be rightly served.

HERMOT. See there, dear Lycinus, thus exactly it is with philosophy; to what purpose should I drink out the whole cask, when by a little smack I can know what the whole is?

LYCIN. How smooth and slippery you are, Hermotimus! You slip out of my hands like an eel. However you save me the trouble of catching you, for by thinking to avoid the snare, you fall into it of yourself.

HERMOT. How so?

LYCIN. You could not have been more unfortunate in the choice of a simile. Where do you think is the similarity between what is so commonly understood, and so self-evident an object as wine, and such an indefinite thing as philosophy, about which all the world are disputing? I at least perceive no other, than that the philosophers sell us their wisdom for

money, as the inn-keepers do their wine, and that not a few of them adulterate their commodities, and use such cheating measures as they do. Let us however examine your argument a little more narrowly, since you seem to make so much of it. You said, the wine was alike throughout the cask, and there you are certainly right; and then not a word can be alleged against the consequence you draw from it, that a little smack of it is sufficient for trying the whole cask. Now behold how this squares with philosophy. Do the philosophers, for instance your stoics, speak every day the same; or, seeing the subjects they handle are so many, always of somewhat else? The answer starts up of itself; for it is not to be supposed, that you have been twenty long years, like Ulysses\*, sailing and roaming about for your master, if he uniformly said the same thing; and it would therefore suffice to have heard him once?

HERMOT. How should it be otherwise?

LYCIN. And how could you then from simply tasting his first lecture form a just conception of all the rest? Seeing the same thing is not uniformly said to you, but always something different and new; it would not therefore bear a comparison with the wine, which is throughout the same in the whole cask; you must either drink out the whole cask, or you are nothing the better, and what you have drunk of it serves no other purpose than to give you a dizziness in the head. And in truth the good god seems to me to have hid the best of philosophy at the bottom and in the very lees; if you therefore do not totally exhaust it to the last drop, you will certainly neither now nor for ever hereafter find that nectar, after which you seem to have been so long athirst. Whereas you think, if you only taste and swallow a little of it you must instantly become a complete universal adept; exactly like the Pythia at Delphi, who, we are told, as soon as she has drunk of the sacred fount, is full of the god, and delivers oracles to such as come to consult her. But our affair seems not to be of the same nature. You said yourself, that when you had drunk out half the cask, you had but as yet begun. Shall I tell you how philosophy

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\* I accede *manibus pedibusque* to the happy dusouliau alteration of the vulgar reading *εὐδὸς ἦν* into *εὐχοῦν ἦν*, and think the great respect of M. Reitzius for an ignorant transcriber and for MSS. that swarm with evidences of his negligences, extremely flat. A work of a witty author is no judicial document.

appears to me? We will stick to the cask and the merchant; only instead of wine, all sorts of grain and pulse shall be in the cask; at top a layer of wheat, then beans, then barley, below these lentiles, and farther down tares and whatever else of other kinds. Now you want to buy some of these products, and the seller takes out a handful of wheat, and presents it to you as a sample for inspection, can you now by that perceive whether the tares are clean, the lentiles fit to boil tender, and the beans not mouldy?

HERMOT. By no means.

LYCIN. Now it is the same with philosophy. It is not with that as with a quantity of wine, as you imagine by your comparison; it is not to be judged of by tasting, but here a nicer examination is the more necessary, the more we hazard by it. If I buy a bottle of bad wine, I am a loser of a few shillings, and the misfortune is not great: but whether one runs to ruin with the refuse of mankind, as you at first expressed it, is truly no trifle. Besides, in drawing your comparison, you overlooked another very great discrepancy. He that should persuade a vintner to permit him to drink out a whole cask, that he may afterwards purchase a quart, would by that absurd mode of tasting wine, do the dealer considerable injury. This is not the case with philosophy. Drink as much as you will, the cask is not emptied, and no damage accrues to the landlord from it. For here the story of the cask of the Danaids is reversed; the more it is drained the more flows in.

But as we are now upon the subject of tasting, I will give you another simile; I only beg of you not to take it as though I intended by it to cast a slur upon philosophy. I believe I am not very much mistaken, in saying it is with it as with hemlock or aconite or any other deadly poison. If you take and taste but a little of it on the extreme edge of the nail, it is not injurious. For a man to die of it, all depends on the quantity, and the manner and the vehicle he takes it in. You are therefore quite wrong in thinking that the smallest dose is sufficient for producing its entire effect.

HERMOT. Well then, Lycinus, all this shall be as you please; must one therefore absolutely live a hundred years, and be all that time so horribly plagued, or is there not perchance some other path to philosophy?

LYCIN. None that I know of, dear Hermotimus; neither is that so

very extraordinary, if what you said at first be true, that life is short and art long. I cannot at all conceive, why you should be so angry, that in one day, even before sunset, you should not become a Chrysippus or Plato or Pythagoras.

HERMOT. Your sole drift is to circumvent me, and drive me up into the corner, Lycinus ; yet I have done nothing to affront you. I suppose it is from sheer envy at my having made at least some progress in the sciences, while you have entirely neglected your own improvement, though you are already grown an old fellow.

LYCIN. Do you know now what I would do if I were you ? I would not trouble my head any more with the babble of such a nonsensical man as I am, but leave me to chatter on, and go your own way as you have begun, and make an end of it as well as you are able.

HERMOT. But you fiercely resolve, not to allow me any option till I have tried all.

LYCIN. And you may rely upon it, that I shall never talk otherwise. Besides, when you accuse me of violence, you accuse the innocent, for on the contrary, I might with greater justice complain of you, and until a different argumentation \* should come to my aid against you, I shall be

\* Moses Du Soul can discover no apt interpretation of the words *αἰτιᾶσθαι αὐτὸν, ἵσ' ἂν μὴ ἕτερός σοι λόγος συμμαχίσας, ἀφίληται τῆς βίας, ἥδε ἀγόμενον*. Gessner appears, judging from his translation, to put a comma after *αἰτιᾶσθαι*, instead of *αὐτὸν*, which indeed affords no meaning, to read *αὐτὸν*, and so to construe the words *αὐτὸν ἥδη ἀγόμενον ἕς' ἂν, &c.* ; but even by this we are no better off ; for it is not only not clear to whom *ἀφίληται τῆς βίας* should relate, to Hermotimus or to Lycinus ; or even if that creates no difficulty, yet for my part I can in the words *ἂν μὴ ἕτερός σοι λόγος συμμαχίσας* not only discover no convenient signification but no meaning whatever ; Lycinus says at this instant that Hermotimus accuses him wrongfully of a violent procedure ; the *ἀγόμενος ἥδη* (*βία* to wit) can therefore be no other but Lycinus himself ; to him must the *ἕτερος λόγος* come in aid, not to Hermotimus, and this the immediately following plainly says. We have only, methinks, to read *αὐτὸν* instead of *αὐτὸν*, and *μοι* instead of *σοι*, and these *salebræ*, as Du Soul calls them, are pretty well cleared up, and the whole passage acquires the meaning which I have given it. In the translation the expression *ἕτερος λόγος* occasions another difficulty. The translators render it by *reason*, but then why the idle word *ἕτερος* ? I conceive *λόγος* here means, not reason [*raison*], but an act of ratiocination, a reasoning. That we have no word in our language for it, is not my fault : however as often as it can properly be done I shall employ the word reason in future. — “ *Salebrosus hic locus,*” says Du Soul, “ *nec quid decernam in promptu est. Aut dormitabat, cum hæc scriberet Lucianus, aut oscitabant, qui descripserunt, librarii. Ut enim verba nunc leguntur, ex illo αὐτὸν*

the oppressed party. For that would tell you much harsher things than I, though after all I must instead of it bear the blame.

HERMOT. What then, I pray? I thought all the reasonings were already exhausted that could be adduced upon the subject.

LYCIN. For chusing the best, says Reason, it is not enough that we examine all with our own eyes, but something more is requisite on which everything depends.

HERMOT. And what may that be?

LYCIN. Nothing more, my admirable friend, than a great stock of critical acumen, ingenuity, sagacity, judgment, and a sharp and piercing mind, cleared of all conceit and prejudice, as his necessarily must be who would form a just judgment concerning matters of so great moment; for without that all the rest will be of no service to us. No little time also, says Reason, whom I am now letting speak instead of myself, is requisite to it, and though all from whence we are to chuse lie before us, it requires to be long, consistently and frequently considered, and that without regard to the age and the exterior of the speaker, and the reputation for wisdom in which he stands: but we must proceed after the manner of the areopagites, who hold their sittings by night, and in the dark, that they may not look at the persons who speak, but only at what is said; and thus alone can we decide with full certainty in favour of any one mode of philosophising.

HERMOT. This life ended, namely, you suppose? For if we are to begin it on the present footing, the life of man is not long enough to go round them all, nicely examine them one by one, compare them severally together, chuse, and after we have made our election, at length begin to philosophise. And that, according to you, is the sole method of finding out the true philosophy; no other means of succeeding!

LYCIN. I am very loth to tell you, that we shall not even succeed by that; for, short and sweet, dear Hermotimus, I very much fear we have deluded ourselves with idle hopes. We thought we had found something on which we might fix, and have found nothing. It has fared with us as

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*nemo, credo, sensum eliciet commodum. Aliter autem à Luciano scriptum fuisse tum ex absurditate verborum constat, tum etiam ex litura quæ in M. apparet, cuique hodierna a recentiore manu inscripta est."*

with the fishers, who have thrown out their net, and on observing that it is heavy, begin to draw, in hopes of having caught a quantity of fishes : and after they have drawn it up with labour and toil, they discover that it was only a stone or a pot full of sand. I am afraid, very much afraid, we have drawn up somewhat of the same kind !

HERMOT. I do not rightly comprehend what you intend by these nets ; I only perceive that you have fairly wound them round and round me.

LYCIN. Try then how you can extricate yourself from them ? For, by god's help, you can swim as well as anybody. Therefore, to deal plainly with you, I say, even if we go round them all, and finish our task so far, it will still remain unascertained, whether one of them possesses that which we are looking for ; for it is equally possible that they all know nothing of it.

HERMOT. How say you ? Not one of them all in possession of it ?

LYCIN. That is what we do not know ; or you must deem it impossible, that they should all delude themselves, and the truth be somewhat different from whatever anyone of them has yet brought to light.

HERMOT. Why must I agree to that ?

LYCIN. I will make it easy to your apprehension. Let us suppose the true one that we are seeking twenty ; for instance, somebody has twenty beans in his clenched fist, and asks ten persons how many beans he has in his hand. One guesses seven, another five, a third thirty, again another ten or fifteen, in short, each a different number. It is very possible that one may by chance hit upon the true number, is not it so ?

HERMOT. Oh, yes.

LYCIN. But it is equally possible, that they all guess wrong numbers, and that out of all the ten, not one says, the man has twenty beans. Do not you think so ?

HERMOT. It is not impossible.

LYCIN. Even so the philosophers are all guessing what happiness is. One places it in this, the other in that : one in pleasure, another in the beautiful, and again another in I know not what. It is quite probable that one of all these is the sovereign good : it is however not absolutely impossible, that it is somewhat different from all that they presume it to be. We seem therefore to be hurrying on to the end, contrary to all propriety, ere we have found the beginning. For, first of all, methinks it

should be ascertained, that the truth is known, and that it is really among some of the philosophers; and not till then comes the second question, which of them is this lucky one.

HERMOT. You mean then to say, if we even run through all the philosophical sects, we shall not succeed in discovering the true?

LYCIN. Ask not me, my dear man, but apply direct to Reason. Yet I doubt not she will answer, No! so long as it remains uncertain, whether the true is among what these gentlemen expose for it.

HERMOT. So then we shall never find it, and never be able to philosophise, but must be doomed to be and continue idiots all our lives, and bid adieu for ever to philosophy! This evidently follows from your assertion; it is utterly impossible to philosophise, and none born of woman can by any means succeed in it. For, in the first place, by your way of reasoning, whoever would addict himself to philosophy, must select the best, and his choice you will not allow to pass for valid, till he has gone through all the sects, and of them all has discovered the truest. Afterwards, when you come to reckon up the number of years, which every sect would demand, you stated it at such an immoderate rate, that whole generations would be requisite to that end, and the truth of a proposition would lie who knows how far beyond the ordinary limits of human life. At last you even come and affirm, that it is not altogether unquestionable whether the philosophers have ever found out the truth, or not.

LYCIN. Now, by Hercules, will you venture to swear, that they have found it out?

HERMOT. Depose it upon oath, that I certainly shall not.

LYCIN. And I am so good natured, as to have purposely passed over many things that are indispensably necessary to a severe investigation!

HERMOT. How so?

LYCIN. Have you never heard of people, who declare themselves stoics, epicureans, or platonists, and yet have never made themselves masters of the system to which they pretend to be attached, though they are otherwise the honestest folks in the world?

HERMOT. That is certainly not to be denied.

LYCIN. Do you think now, that it is an easy matter to distinguish those who actually know what they profess to know, from such as know

nothing, and yet speak as if they knew everything? Do not you think it very difficult?

HERMOT. Oh, I do indeed!

LYCIN. If therefore you are desirous of knowing who is the best stoic, I can only advise you to make yourself acquainted, if not with all, at least with the greater part of them, and you must try them well before you proceed to chuse the best for a tutor. For enabling yourself however to do this, much previous practice and a great deal of discriminating sagacity in these matters are requisite, lest for want of judgment you should mistake the worse for the better. Now consider how much time all this will take you up. I purposely would not mention it to you before, for fear of giving you uneasiness; and yet in such matters (I speak of uncertain and problematical) the most important and indispensable is that alone on which you repose your trust and place all your hopes of discovering the truth; and there are, in one word, absolutely no other means to arrive at your object, than by possessing the ability to judge right of all things, and like the assayers of the mint, nicely to distinguish what is of proper standard and alloy, from the adulterated and counterfeit. If you have previously acquired that skill and ability, you may proceed with confidence to the examination of what is proposed to you; if not, rely upon it, my friend, that you must acquiesce in being led about by the nose at the pleasure of everyone, and as other sheep, be drove any way to follow the bough that is held out before you: aye you will be as ductile as water that is spilt on a table, which may be drawn any way by the slightest touch of the finger's tip, and no reed will be more easily shaken to and fro by every blast, or faint breath of wind.

Should you then be so fortunate as to find a master who possesses the art of accurately discriminating the certain from the uncertain, and can discern the evidence of the true beyond all doubt, and who will communicate to you that excellent art: you would be relieved at once; you need no longer be perplexed about the choice of the best; true and false would lay, by the instrumentality of this apodictic art, clear before your eyes, and you might now philosophise to your heart's content, put yourself in possession of that desired felicity, and with it pass the rest of your life in the enjoyment of all possible good.

HERMOT. That now is worth hearing, Lycinus! Accordingly, there is yet some tolerable hope left, and we have at present nothing more to do, but seek out this man forthwith, who will impart to us that talent of discerning the true and advancing it to evidence. All the rest will then follow of itself, and cost neither much trouble nor great expense of time. I thank you heartily for pointing out to me this short way, which is unquestionably the best.

LYCIN. Your thanks are premature; for I have as yet discovered nothing, and said nothing to you, that brings you nearer to the accomplishment of your hopes. On the contrary, we are much farther off than ever, and have, as the saying is, toiled much but done nothing.

HERMOT. Alas, alas, this is sad news! And how comes it about?

LYCIN. Very naturally, my friend. Suppose we have now found the man, who professes to know the true with demonstrative certainty, and is therefore able to teach it with certainty, we shall not believe him on his bare word. We must still search for another who is competent to judge whether the former has spoken truth; and if we are so fortunate as to find out him, we do not yet know, whether even this second is he, who can deliver a decisive verdict upon that other. We are accordingly in want of a third to certify us of the second; for how should we presume to judge for ourselves, which is best able to discriminate the true from the false? You see to what lengths this will carry us, and that by this method we shall never come to an end: for at whom shall we stop? seeing the demonstrations themselves, how many soever may be found out, are called in question, and yield no certainty that removes all doubt. For many of them endeavour to extort our consent by propping themselves up on other propositions, which they presuppose as certain, though by no means ascertained; nay, some go so far as to combine the most obscure with the most obvious, though there is not even the slightest connexion between them, and give them out notwithstanding for demonstrations. As, for example, attempting to prove the existence of the gods from the existence of their altars\*. And so, my good Hermotimus, we run round

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\* See the Jupiter Tragedy, vol. i. p. 511. where the stoic Timocles applauds himself too highly upon this proof. Probably Lucian would here refer to that passage.

perpetually, heaven knows how, in a circle, and find ourselves, instead of coming to an end, always farther involved in our perplexity.

HERMOT. How you have carried on your joke with me, Lycinus! So then the treasure which you shewed me, is all turned to cinders! And so many years of my life, and the hard labour it has cost me, are so much pure loss!

LYCIN. I can advise you no better, dear Hermotimus, than to take comfort in the thought, that you are not the only one, who has been disappointed in his expectations; and that all the philosophers, however numerous, are in fact only quarrelling, as the proverb goes, about the ass's shadow\*. For you now confess yourself, that it is impossible to go through all these conditions, of which we have been speaking. In this posture of affairs, your disquietude appears to me, as if a man should lament bitterly and quarrel with his destiny, because he cannot climb up into heaven, or dive down and walk upon the bottom of the sea from Sicily to Cyprus, or fly from Greece to the Indians; and on being asked why he took these disabilities so much to heart, should give as a reason, that he dreamt he could fly, or travel under water, or that he had conceived such a notion with his eyes open, or fancied in his own mind how happy the man would be who could do so, without first considering whether what he wished was attainable, and not rather incompatible with the human nature. I must frankly confess, you were indulging in delicious and marvellous dreams, when importunate reason gave you a sudden shove, and scared you out of your sleep; and now, before you are well

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\* The story, as related by Plutarch, is this. Demosthenes was one day haranguing the senate, who would not suffer him to go on: upon which he told them the following apologue. Two men, travelling together, one purchased of the other an ass. They jogged on; the heat of the weather was intense; the ass's body threw a shade upon the ground, they wanted both to lie down under it: on this a quarrel ensued. The man who had sold the beast said he did not sell the shade; the other insisted that he had purchased every thing the ass could give, and consequently the shade of it. Here Demosthenes stopped: the hearers requested to know the issue of the dispute, and how it was determined. You are mighty eager, said the orator, to hear anything about the shade of an ass, yet will not listen to me when I am to speak on the important interests of the commonwealth. The ass's shadow afterward passed into a proverb, signifying, a dispute *de rebus nihili*, or as another saying has it, *de lana caprina*, a quarrel about trifles. It was applied in Menander as we find in Zenob. vi. 38, and Schol. Aristoph. l. c.

awake, and are still giddy with your gay and splendid visions, no wonder that you are angry at it. It is ever the case with those who humour their imaginations with building castles in the air, or take a flight in their waking dreams to the celebrated fairy-land, where all that a man can wish for is found upon the spot. If, in those intervals while they are transcendantly rich, having just found a subterranean treasure, or are governing the world, abounding in delights and swimming in amusement and pleasure; things which to the allpowerful and bountiful goddess of wishes (who never contradicts us, even if a man desires to have wings, or to be as big as the Colossus at Rhodes, or to find whole mountains of native gold), are mere trifles: if, I say, while they are indulging such imaginations, the servant enters in to ask, where he must buy bread, or what answer he shall give to the landlord who is come to demand his rent, they fly out in a rage at the poor devil, just as if he had actually robbed them of all their imaginary wealth and felicities, and it is a chance if they do not bite off his nose for it. But far be it from you, my old friend, in like manner to be enraged with me, if whilst you are digging up your treasures, or flying in the air, or entertaining yourself with other such extravagant fancies and expectations, if I, your friend, cannot consent that you should consume your whole life, in these indeed pleasant dreams, yet still however dreams; but rouses you up and advises you to bestow your thoughts upon more necessary objects, and which you may obtain for the remainder of your life by the use of plain common sense. For the objects which you have hitherto been pursuing are not a whit better than the hippocentaurs, chimeras, gorgons, and such like airy fictions invented at pleasure by poets and painters, and which have never existed nor ever can exist, though believed in by the swinish multitude; and, for no other reason than that they are romantic and incredible, are fondly desirous of seeing them, or of hearing what can be related of them. There comes in your way, for instance, some storyteller, and relates the length and the breadth of a lovely supernatural lady, by the side of whom, neither the Graces nor Venus Urania herself would chuse to appear; and you, without inquiring beforehand whether he says true, and whether there is anywhere such a wonderful princess upon the face of the earth, fall directly in love with her, as Medea is said to have become enamoured of Jason in her dream. Indeed what has generally misled you, and all those who

have been in love with the same phantom, is, I suppose, this, that the man who spoke to you about this beautiful dame, perceiving that he was implicitly believed, went on with success, and made his account of her so coherent that it seemed to deserve the more credit. That was all that you minded ; and, having once given him this advantage over you, he continued to lead you by the nose, and on that road to your beloved, which he pretended was the nearest. For now the game was all his own, and not one of you let it once enter his head, to turn round at the entrance, and make stricter inquiry which was the right way, and whether he had not perhaps struck into a wrong one : but you followed like sheep the footsteps of your precursor ; when you ought, before you entered the track, to have inquired whether you did well to strike into it.

To make my meaning plainer, I will present you with a similitude. Suppose one of these daring poets says to you, there was once a man with three heads and six arms. If you now take this for a notorious fact, and believe without reflecting whether it was even possible : he will immediately follow it up of course, and say, the aforesaid man had six eyes and the same number of ears, both spoke and ate by a triple mouth, had thirty fingers, and not only ten, as we have, on both hands ; and when he went forth to war, he held in three hands three bucklers of different shapes, and in one of the other three he bore a battle ax, with the second brandished a lance, and in the third wielded a sword. And who could refuse to believe all this, it being the sequel of the foregoing, which you ought first to have examined whether it could have happened or not ? For when you have once yielded your assent to the man with three heads and six arms, all the rest follows of course, and one can hardly refuse belief, it being consentaneous and agreeable to it. This is exactly the case with you others. Out of pure avidity and affection for the subject, you did not examine into the nature of it, and you now see that it draws on farther consequences, and you pay no attention whether what properly follows from your premises, be not nevertheless false. Thus, for example, he to whom you have once granted that twice five make seven, from your not having computed it yourself, might proceed, consequently four times five make fourteen, and so on ; which, by the by, is the method, in which the vastly admired geometricians proceed. For they too require, at first setting out, their manifestly absurd postulates to be granted, such as cer-

tain indivisible points and lines without breadth, and while they build on such a rotten foundation\*, they vapour about demonstration and evidence; notwithstanding the first conceptions they started with are groundless †. In like manner you also, taking for granted, independently of all demonstration, the first principles of any sect, you believe now the whole series of propositions as they succeed in regular order; and make their result a characteristic of the truth, when all the while this result is mere illusion. Not a few of you in the midst of their expectations go out of the world, ere they come to the knowledge of truth, and have discovered that they have been cheated by their teachers; and they, who at length when grey headed arrive at this discovery, cannot resolve to turn about, because they are ashamed at such an age to confess, that they have been silly enough to treat puerilities as matters of great importance; and thus from false shame they continue where they are, cry up their employment, and endeavour as much as possible to mislead others into the same pursuit, that they may not be dupes without company, but at least have this to console them, that others have fared no better than themselves. They see plainly, that should they confess the truth, it would be all over with their consequence among the vulgar, and the respect that is shewn them on account of their assumed excellencies; and it is accordingly never to be expected, that, notwithstanding they very well know that all their grand promises are evaporated in smoke, they will voluntarily

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\* The here repeated τὰ τοιαῦτα seems to be a blunder of the transcriber; Lucian never could write, καὶ τὰ τοιαῦτα ἐπὶ σαθροῖς τοῖς θεμελίοις τούτοις οἰκοδομεῖ τὰ τοιαῦτα.

† "Ah!" once exclaimed shah Baham, the great, "if I had but a friend that I could trust!—What would your highness do with such a friend? asked the sultana. He should give me good advice, returned Baham, whenever I did not suspect that people were flattering me! He should, for example, tell me whether I should do well to become a geometrician."—I could wish good Lucian had had a friend, not to advise him not to become a geometrician (that he perhaps in all his life, and all his translators any more than shah Baham, would never have become,) but to have told him, he would do well not to talk nonsense about geometry, since, as we clearly see, he did not even understand so much of it, as a scholar may learn in the first hour. What malignant dæmon was it that could teize him to drag in geometry here to mingle in the sport, without necessity and without occasion, merely to make himself ridiculous to every landsurveyor's apprentice!

own the truth, and thereby reduce themselves to the same level with the rest of mankind. Should you therefore (which is an extremely rare case) light upon one, who has the courage to allow that he has been in an error, and has made it a matter of conscience to warn others of the like mistake: you may boldly pronounce him a genuine friend of truth, an honest and worthy man, and if you will, a philosopher. I at least shall have nothing to object to it. For if that title belongs of right to any man, it is to him alone. The rest either know nothing, though they imagine they know something; or they conceal what they know\* from shame and vanity.

However, be that as it may. Let us, in Minerva's name! dismiss from our minds all that we have hitherto been saying; suppose that no question had been made about it†; let us admit as demonstrated, that the stoic philosophy, to which you have sedulously applied yourself, is the only true one: and now we shall see, whether it is so framed that a man can arrive to the possession of it, or whether all they who have laboured at it have laboured in vain. The promises indeed sound gloriously, and we are told wonders of it; how blissful they are who have attained its summit, as they alone live in an uninterrupted and complete enjoyment of all really essential goods. But as to the question now before us, namely, whether you have ever seen such an accomplished stoic never overcome by pain, never inveigled by pleasure, never transported with anger, superior to all envy, contemning riches, in one word, who resembles the blissful gods, as far as he may and should, who is to be adopted as the canon and the pattern of a life led entirely by the dictates of virtue‡; that you are best able to tell. For whoever is in the

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\* Namely, that their knowledge is nothing.

† In the Greek: let it be all forgot, as much as what happened prior to the archontate of Euclides." An allusion to the amnesty which in the second year of the 94th olympiad, immediately after the expulsion of the famous thirty tyrants and the restoration of the old form of government, it was proclaimed, for the confirmation of the internal peace of Athens, under the archon Euclides, by an edict, in pursuance whereof it was prohibited, under the severest penalties, to dispute or converse concerning anything that had been done under the usurped administration of the thirty tyrants.

‡ What a fine opportunity Lucian here had, of making a compliment to the great patron and supreme head of the stoical order, the emperor Marcus Aurelius! Was it stern honesty and disinterestedness, or was it a secret grudge he bore to the imperial stoic, who, I suppose,

least deficient in these, is imperfect, notwithstanding he have the rest ; and how little soever may be wanting to him, he is deficient in all, because he is defective in the eudæmony, which is the scope of your desires.

HERMOT. I cannot say that I have ever seen such a stoic.

LYCIN. That is spoken like a truly honest man. And if it be so, if you see that neither your master, nor your master's master, nor his predecessor, nor, if you go back to the tenth generation, any of those that went before them, ever arrived to wisdom in the proper sense, and through that to eudæmony ; then what end can you propose to yourself by your philosophy ? You will perhaps say ; you are content if you but come near to eudæmony : but then you will have just said what amounts to nothing. For he that stands without, however near to the door, stands as much outside the door and under the open sky, as he that stands afar off ; or if there be any difference it consists perhaps in this, that he must be the most vexed who sees the magnitude of the benefit, which he is in want of, close to him. And if now I should concede to you, that you are at least nearer to eudæmony than the rest of us, is it then nothing but that, and is that worth the pains, that you take about it ? What a great portion of your life have you not already consumed in perpetual exertion, ruining your health in the fatigues of sleepless nights ? And have succeeded no farther, than that twenty years more must be spent in harassing yourself as you purpose to do, in order that when an old man of fourscore (if besides you live so long, and nobody will be your voucher for it) you may continue to be one of those who are not yet arrived at eudæmony. For you will not pretend to flatter yourself with being the only one, who by an unwearied pursuit shall at last seize a boon, which already so many brave folks before you, and who can run faster than you, with all their running have not been able to seize ?

However, I will carry my complaisance so far as, if you please, to admit, that you have at length laid hold on it, and have absolutely got it into your power. Then, in the first place, I do not very well see what

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thought he had shewn very great favour to such an author as Lucian, by barely tolerating him, or what other reason might it be that withheld him from availing himself of so fair an opportunity ?

sort of a good it must be that can remunerate you for such unspeakable toils? And then how long will you, when so far advanced in age, having far exceeded the season of enjoyment, and with already one foot in Charon's boat, have any relish for such pleasures? It must be perhaps that you are only exercising yourself, my good sir, for some other life, under the notion that you shall be the better off in it, if you have learnt in the present how one ought to live. Which would amount to about as much as if somebody should, while preparing and arranging a sumptuous entertainment, die of hunger. But besides all this, another topic comes into consideration, on which you seemingly have not bestowed a thought, and that is : that virtue consists in action ; namely, in actually performing just, wise, and brave deeds. Whereas you (and when I say you, I mean your most celebrated philosophers,) make that your least concern, and spend the greater part of your lifetime in disputes about unintelligible words, syllogisms and captious questions, and whoever excels the rest in these is accounted by you the great man. This it is then, as far as I can see, which you admire in your old professor. Or, what in the long run, should you discover more in him, than that he possesses a great dexterity in hampering those who engage with him, by unexpected questions, and that he understands better than others how we should contrive to bring a man by sophisms and subtleties into such straights that he can no longer help himself? And this is your way, unconcerned about the fruit of the tree, you content yourselves entirely with the bark, and amuse yourselves in your meetings in throwing the leaves in the eyes of each other. Or can you, Hermotimus, affirm, that from morn to eve you do anything else ?

HERMOT. I cannot affirm anything to the contrary.

LYCIN. Are you wronged therefore in being reproached with letting go the substance in order to catch at the shadow, or laying hold on the cast skin of the snake, and letting the reptile itself slip away? Are not you like one that should pound water in a mortar, and imagine that he was employed in a necessary and useful occupation, not knowing that water still remains water, though he beats his arms out of their sockets?

And now permit me to put this one question to you. Would you, science excepted, resemble your master in any other particular ; be so passionate, so niggardly, so quarrelsome, so voluptuous as he really is,

though he is in general reputed otherwise disposed? — Why do you return me no answer, Hermotimus\*? Well! I will tell you, if you will hear it, how not long since a man who is grown grey in the service of philosophy, and whose lectures are very numerous attended by young folks, expressed himself upon them. The occasion of it was, that he flew into a violent passion with one of his pupils for being backward in the payment of his quarterage, which, according to agreement, had been due sixteen days, that is, from the last day of the preceding month. The uncle of the youth happened by chance to be present at this scene. Seeing the philosopher in such a rage, the uncle, an honest countryman, who had no idea of the cause of it, could no longer contain himself. I should have thought, most learned sir, said he to the philosopher, you had no need to make such a stir, as if some great injury had been done to you, in not having paid for the words we bought of you. For what you sold us is still your's, and you have lost nothing of all your learning by this bargain. Let me tell you moreover, that the lad is in no respect a hair better for having been put into your hands. Not long ago he ran away with our neighbour Enocrates's daughter, an innocent young girl, and deflowered her; and had I not pacified the father, who is not in the best circumstances, by a couple of hundred pounds in solid cash, he would hardly have escaped an indictment. But lately he gave his mother a box on the ear, on her detecting him in marching off with a great jug of wine under his cloak, I suppose for a drinking bout with his companions. As for his excessive impudence, his haughty carriage, his conceitedness and his propensity to lying, in these, I must confess to you, since a year and a day he is mightily improved. I had much rather however you should have corrected him a little of these habits, than filled his head with the silly stuff with which he daily tires us at our meals; how a crocodile stole away a boy, promising to restore him to the father if — he would do I cannot tell what; and that in the day time it cannot possibly be night. Another time my sober young master perplexes us with I know not what

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\* The alteration proposed by Grævius of the nonsensical reading, by which Hermotimus is made to say *τις γι* into *τι συγῆς*; as a continuation of the speech of Lycinus, is as unforced, as apt, and as agreeable to the contest as J. M. Gessner's apology in behalf of the reading of the MSS. is vapid and dull, to say no worse of it. I have therefore without scruple adopted the emendation.

gibberish about the path, whereon he says horns would sprout out upon us. We indeed laugh at it, especially when he walks to and fro with his fingers in his ears, talking to himself of hexes and scheses and catalepses \*, and a whole heap of such marvellous things. Sometimes he even goes so far as to maintain to our faces, that the good god is not in heaven, but goes through everything, wood and stone and animals, the most contemptible things not excepted. And when his mother asks how he can talk such foolish stuff, he laughs in her face, and says : let me only have once quite filled my head with this foolish stuff, and I would fain see who would prevent me from being alone rich and alone king, and looking down upon the rest of mankind as so many slaves and tatterdemalions.

All this, dear Hermotimus, did the uncle say. And now hear the fine answer the old greybeard gave him. " And if the young man had not hearkened to me," said he, " do you think he would not have played much worse pranks, and probably have come under the hangman's hands before now ? But thus philosophy has put the bit into his mouth, and held him in check from the ignominy of it, and he is far more tolerable than he otherwise would have been. For he must necessarily be ashamed to appear unworthy of the habit and the title he bears, and which consequently always remind him of his duty. I accordingly have a right to demand a recompence from you, if not for that wherein I have made him better, yet at least for the evil which he has not committed from the awe of philosophy. Are not nurses swayed by this motive, when they send little boys to school : if they even learn nothing, say they, they are kept out of harm's way, while they are kept at school. In all other respects I think I have fulfilled my duty ; and in proof of it, if you will come to me tomorrow-morning, bringing with you some friend of your's who understands what belongs to a good scholar, you shall see how your nephew interrogates and how he answers, how much knowledge he has acquired, how many books he has already gone through, and how well he comprehends the chapter of axioms, of obligations, of constitutions, and

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\* These technical terms of the stoic philosophy, hexis, schesis, catalepsis, which have already often occurred in Lucian, should be retained, if we would not lose the characteristic drollery in the manner how the illiterate, but very rational uncle, speaks of these to him strange sea-monsters.

many other matters. If he did beat his mother, or run away with a virgin, what is that to me? You did not appoint me his pædagogue!"

Thus, my dear Hermotimus, did the old gentleman expound his philosophy. Now perhaps you may say, that it is enough if philosophy proposes nothing else but to prevent us from acting worse. But I have not yet forgot, that we at first cherished quite different expectations from it; or did we promise ourselves nothing more from it, than to become more liberal and better men than the idiots? — Why again do you give me no reply?

HERMOT. What shall I reply? I am more inclined to weep, so deeply sensible am I of the truth and reasonableness of all you have been saying. Is it not lamentable, that I should be such a miserable wretch as to have thrown away so large a portion of my life, and for all the pains and trouble I have been at, have still paid so much money. And now it is as if I was just recovered from a drunken fit, and behold on what an unworthy object my love has been lavished, and how much affliction I have thereby brought upon myself!

LYCIN. What good will it do you, my dear friend, to weep and lament about what now cannot be altered? Methinks it were better to follow the advice given us by Æsop in one of his fables. A man was sitting, says he, on the sea-shore, counting the waves. Having now out-counted himself, he began to fret and at length grew quite angry; when a fox, who chanced to be standing near, said to him: What signifies troubling yourself with counting the waves that are already gone by? Begin again, and count those that are now coming up, and you will find enough to do. In like manner, my friend, I think you ought to act; leave alone what is gone by, and live now as long as you have to live, as we other plain folks do; apply yourself to the businesses and obligations of a good citizen, and discard all preposterous ambition and visionary expectations, and never be ashamed, old as you are, to change your mind and strike into a better path. To come to a conclusion; think not, my friend, that what I have said was principally coined for the stoa, and proceeded from any particular enmity to that sect. It fits them all in generals, and I should have said the same to you, if you had been a follower of the platonic or aristotelic school, and had partially and inconsiderately rejected all the others. My discourse may seem to you levelled solely at the stoics, only because you gave them the preference, though I have nothing in particular against them.

HERMOT. Well! now I directly set out upon my new mode of life, which I shall commence by reforming my externals. You shall see this long, shaggy beard very soon disappear, and the melancholy life I have hitherto led exchanged for one upon a more liberal and easy plan. I will in the next place dress in scarlet, that all may see that I have nothing more to do with those follies. Would to heaven I knew of some emetic, that I might bring up at once all that idle trash I have taken in from them! I do assure you, I would not be long hesitating to swallow twice as much hellebore as Chrysippus took to strengthen his memory, if thereby I could sweep away all their rubbish out of mine. In the mean time, dear Lycinus, I am very much obliged to you for the service you have done me this day; you appeared the instant before it had been too late, like the gods whom the tragedians cause to descend from the clouds for the developement of the piece, to draw me up alive from the vast rushing torrent into which I had fallen, and which had well nigh overwhelmed me. I cannot therefore I think do less, than, like them who have escaped with their lives from shipwreck, cut off my hair\*, as an oblation to you, and celebrate the return of this day, which dispelled such a thick cloud from before my eyes, by a festive thank-offering. And if I should ever hereafter meet a philosopher by profession, though only on the public highroad, I shall get out of the way as I see him at a distance, no otherwise than as I would avoid a mad dog.

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\* This probably was only done by those who had lost their all, and by sacrificing to the god to whom they ascribed their deliverance their absconded hair, testified that they had nothing else left to make an offering of. As in the following epigram which we meet with in the Anthologia :

Γλαύκη, καὶ Νηεῖ, καὶ Ἴουϊ, καὶ Μελικέρῃη,  
 Καὶ Βυθίῳ Κρονίδῃ, καὶ Σαμόθρηξί Διοῖς,  
 Σωθὶς ἐκ Πιλάγου· Λουκίλλιος ἄδῃ κίκαρμαι  
 Τὰς τρίχας ἐκ κεφαλῆς, ἄλλο γὰρ οὐδὲν ἔχω.

Which has been thus imitated :

To those kind gods who deigned his life to spare  
 Lucillus offers up his votive hair ;  
 He hopes this little boon they will receive ;  
 For in good truth, 'tis all he has to give.

Vid. etiam Hadr. Jun. de Coma. L. Bov. De ravis naufragorum capitibus vid. viri docti ad Petron. c. 104.

THE  
DEPLORABLE LOT  
OF THE  
LEARNED

WHO ARE PENSIONED IN NOBLE AND OPULENT FAMILIES.

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TO HIS FRIEND TIMOCLES.

WHERE should I begin, my friend, and when come to an end, were I to tell you what the poor scholar is forced to suffer and to do, who for the honour of being numbered among the friends of these favourites of fortune, are induced to engage themselves as retainers in great men's houses,

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THE DEPLORABLE LOT, &c. M. Wieland, in his preliminary remarks on the third epistle of Horace, makes some ingenious observations, which it may be proper to introduce in this place, as equally applicable and conducive to throw light on the tract of Lucian we are now entering upon. It was customary with the great at Rome, he says, in the era of the free republic, and more particularly under the Cæsars, when they travelled about the country to visit the several governments or upon other affairs of state, to have about them, besides their freedmen and slaves, a number of freeborn people, who were peculiarly devoted to them, and treated on a familiar footing, as a sort of most obedient humble friends, and partly, besides the honourable service to which they were brought up, were occasionally entrusted perhaps with some secret commissions and services of a less honourable species. These gentlemen were styled *comites*, *amici*, *cohors amicorum*, also *contubernales* and *commensales*, and consisted partly of persons holding a particular office with the patron, as private secretary, physician, cashier and the like; partly, particularly in the times we are here speaking of, of such as were retained by the great personage more for stñte, and for augmenting his table-company than from necessity, and who were more in want of his bounty than he was of their service. As these people, by the frequent opportunities they have of ingratiating themselves with the great man and gaining his confidence, not unfrequently made a considerable fortune; so it is easy to guess, with what avidity

how unbecoming it likewise is, to dignify with the name of friendship the thralldom to which they are obliged to acquiesce? The subject is copious; and I know pretty well the life these miserable creatures lead, though, thank heaven! not from my own experience. Happily I have never been in the predicament of being forced to undergo such a lamentable trial, and may the gods forbid, that I should ever be so far reduced! I am acquainted however with a great many that have not been so fortunate as myself, and from their own mouths I have heard what I shall now relate to you of their situation. Some of them, who are still immersed in that misery, have complained to me with weeping eyes of what they were obliged to undergo; others, who have escaped from it, spoke of the sufferings they underwent, with the transports of a man that had luckily broke prison; the delight with which they themselves related the calamities they had escaped from, rendered their account the more complete, and they were

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a situation in the cohort of a prince or prime-minister was sought after. See *Briefe des Horatz*, vol. I. p. 71, 72, and again p. 161. These commensals then, who were retained in proportionate numbers by the great, and decorated with the appellation of their friends, were in fact not much better than a distinguished class of very humble servants. It was at that time the fashion to have likewise grecian literati and *beaux-esprits* among this *cohors amicorum* or *comitum*; a fashion which in the sequel was by degrees carried farther; and in Lucian's time there was scarcely a Trimalchio (to say nothing of a man of rank,) at Rome who had not his greek domestic-grammaticus, his household-philosopher, &c. See NIGRINUS, before in vol. I. p. 24, note. These *Graculi*, among whom were frequently seen even grey-bearded men, flocked in whole troops to Rome, in order if possible to get a place in some good family, which to the eyes of a poor scholar who was starving in his own country, especially at a distance, was the most enviable piece of good fortune. Lucian, who knew the world better, and, as it is obvious from several passages in his writings, particularly in his *Nigrinus*, cordially hated the Romans, brought out the present performance to give vent to his indignation at the manner in which the poor literary men of Greece were played upon in most of the principal families at Rome, and to shew in detail to his friend Timocles, who I suppose is only a fictitious person, the fortune that awaits him, if he should succeed in his wish to get a situation of this nature, which must make even the hungriest of all philosophers find pleasure in avoiding. All the good that I have said of the foregoing tract, is equally applicable to this, and in a yet far higher degree; so that it may justly be esteemed one of the most entertaining compositions of our author. It will be obvious to every reader of taste, without needing any suggestion of mine, that it is wrote *con gusto*, and with all the care and industry than can be employed on a favourite work. I have only to observe, by the way, that the first sentence is a parody on the line of the *Odyssey*, ix. 14. where Ulysses begins the account of his adventure about which king Alcinous had inquired.

the worthier of belief, as they had, so to speak, gone through all the rites and ceremonies of the several gradations of these mysteries, and had arrived to the vision of the true light, wherein they must have seen everything from beginning to end\*. I hearkened to them accordingly with the greater attention and interest. It was to me as if I was hearing one of those shipwrecked mariners, who with smooth shaved crowns in the porches of the temples, endeavour to excite the compassion of the devout by relating the story of their misfortune, and their sudden and surprising deliverance. You know the manner of these people; what a dreadful story they make up, of waves rolling mountains-high, and whirlwinds and promontories, and masts thrown overboard and rudders broke in two; and above all how the Dioscures (for they are never omitted in these tragedies) suddenly appeared, or I know not what machine-god, just at the moment, when but for him all would have perished, sitting on the yards or standing at the helm, conducted the ship toward some soft shore, where it went gently and gradually to pieces †, but they themselves by God's grace and mercy came unexpectedly safe to land; and how tragically the good people declaim, as circumstances require, to raise your charity in a more liberal donation, if, notwithstanding all their misfortunes, they shall be regarded as persons particularly favoured by the gods.

And yet all this is nothing to the domestic storm and the threefold, aye, by Jupiter, the five and tenfold surges of which they have to tell. Shew-

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\* Lucian, as we have frequently observed, was fond of these allusions to the freemasons of his time; for they had the peculiar grace of throwing a sort of veil round the thoughts, which however to all the initiated (and such were almost all for whom Lucian wrote) perfectly transparent. The word *ἰστορίωσις* seems to require the rendering which I have adopted, to give it its full expression. It avowedly denotes the vision of the clear and serene light, to which they were admitted, who were entered of the highest degree of the eleusinian mysteries, and was the symbol of that illumination which would be afforded them upon all important objects that were only shewn to the initiated of the first degree in types and figures. From these epoptes [beholders] the mysteries had nothing concealed; they were come to perfection and knew every thing.

† Massieu, not attending to the banter in the words *ἤριμα καὶ κατὰ χαλὴν διαλυθῆσθαι* (τῆν αὐτήν), which yet are by no means insignificant, but strew genuine lucianic salt on this sarcastic propopoeia, translates: *sa main bien faisante a dirigé vers le rivage tranquille le vaisseau doucement porté sur les ondes applanies*. Lucian says exactly the reverse; in that manner no shipwreck ever happened.

ing how, when they first set out from shore, the sea appeared quite smooth, but soon this favourable appearance changed; and what disasters and miseries they went through during the voyage, now from sea-sickness, now from the want of fresh and now from the too great superfluity of salt water which all their pumps were insufficient to discharge, till their bark at last unhappily struck on some sunken rock or sharp point of land, and they, poor people, naked, and after great toil, with difficulty escaped with their lives. Notwithstanding all this, it seems to me, as if they kept back and endeavoured, whether from shame, or whether they were fain to have them forgot by themselves, to conceal many particulars from me; I heard however in what they brought out, enough for enabling me to imagine the remainder. Now, having for some time fancied I could perceive a rising inclination in you, my friend Timocles\*, to adopt that course of life; I will therefore let it be no trouble to me to acquaint you with all that I have gathered respecting the nature of the conditions as they are termed, of our literary men with the great, in one way or another.

Really it is not from yesterday and the day before that I have took notice of the impression it has made upon you, whenever these subjects have been spoke of in your presence, and somebody happened to be there who extolled the life of these hirelings up to the skies, and could not in adequate terms express the happiness of such as might presume to call a noble Roman their friend, and without its costing them a farthing sit down to the most elegant and sumptuous table, reside in a magnificent palace, make the most pleasant excursions into the country with all imaginable accommodations, and whenever it suits them may loll or stretch themselves out at full length, in a high soft-cushioned carriage, drawn by white horses. And the best of it is, are handsomely salaried for enjoying these luxuries, and for the sake of the friend's company. So that of these happy mortals it may with truth be said, everything springs up in their fields without the necessity of sowing or tilling: whenever, I say, you hear

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\* Du Soul is here again cracking his brains to no purpose. In all probability Lucian directs this discourse to a fictitious friend, with no other view than to give it greater vivacity and interest; by holding up to this his friend the destiny that awaits him, as in a magic lantern, or in a prophetic vision. He might just as well have named him Philocles, or Damocles, or Speusippus; suffice it to say that he must have a name.

them singing to this tune, I see you listening with both your ears, and how your mouth waters, and how eagerly you snap at the charming bait.

That I may therefore acquit myself of all blame hereafter, and lest you should have it to say, that I did not withhold you betimes from gulping down this fig-baited hook, when I saw you nibbling at it, but calmly stood by, till you had it in your throat, and now must submit to be drawn where necessity leads, and then afterwards, as is the way with mankind in general, be the first to complain and lament when it is too late to apply a remedy: that you may have no such reproaches to make me, which were I now to keep silence, I could by no means avert, hearken to me; while yet you are free and may be premonished, how the net that awaits you is framed, and how impossible it will be found to escape through the meshes; take the hook into your hand, feel with your finger the sharp and barbed points of the trident hook, try them on your cheek, and if you do not find the danger to be full as great as I say, mark me down for a timorous pitiful fellow, and boldly go after your prey, and gorge, if you are resolved upon it, as the mews do, the whole bait at once.

Besides, though this essay is composed properly for your sake, yet what I say will be serviceable not only to you others, philosophers, whose austere mode of life and grave appearance are entirely different from the manners of the great, but even to the grammarians, rhetors and musicians \*, in short all that can resolve, under the title of some learned profession, upon living and serving in great men's houses, for pay. And seeing it fares alike badly with them all, and the masters in whose pay they are, make no distinction between them, you may judge for yourself, how much honour philosophers acquire being placed on a level with all these people. Again, let the things, that in the prosecution of this subject will come to light, be ever so unpleasant to the ears of those whom they most concern, the blame is to be attributed principally to those who do such things, and then to those who allow themselves to be so imposed upon. To my charge nothing can be laid, unless to engage in the cause of truth and sincerity and freedom of speech first

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\* Under these three rubrics the ancients comprehended all those of the learned whom we at present distinguish by the appellation of literati or belletterists.

be made criminal \*. As to the rest of the rabble, consisting of prize-fighters buffoons and other such parasitical scoundrels †, it would be neither worth my while, to try to dissuade people, who by their abject minds are destined for ever to act the lowest parts, from running after the great, nor would they mind me if I should. Nor do I see why we should censure them for their perseverance in submitting to be so scornfully treated; for in the first place, they are made for it, and deserve nothing better; and then, they would not know what else to do, and must, if obliged to quit this sort of occupation, be totally idle, and be absolutely of no one use in the world. It would therefore be altogether unreasonable to shew them compassion, or to think it harsh treatment, if their masters put them, as the saying is, like a vile utensil, to the purpose it was made for. For, to brook the affronts they perpetually receive in these houses, and be able to endure, is the very art which such as these profess. But when we see men of education and learning placed upon the same footing with them, it must surely move one's bile; and, as it is well worth the attempt at least, we should try whether we may not save and deliver them from such an ignominious bondage.

It would not, I think, be amiss, to begin by discussing the motives whereby so many are misled into this course of life, and shewing that they are neither material nor cogent. For thus they will be disarmed of all

\* Lucian knew perfectly well, that under the equitable and lenient sway of the Antonines, he had nothing to fear; but there were then living enough of those whose fathers had seen the times when truth and freedom of speech were crimes of a most dangerous species.

† Of this class of *Græculi*, to whom Rome was a real *pais de cocagne*, Juvenal speaks in his third satire:

Hic altâ Sicyone, ast hic Amydone relictâ,  
 Hic Andro, ille Samo, hic Trallibus, aut Alabandis,  
 Esquilias, dictumque petunt à vimine collem,  
 Viscera magnarum domuum, dominique futuri,  
 Ingenium velox, audacia perditâ, sermo  
 Promptus, et Isæo torrentior: ede quid illum  
 Esse putes? quemvis hominem secum attulit ad nos,  
 Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,  
 Augur, schænobates, medicus, magus; omnia novit  
 Græculus esuriens: in cœlum jusseris ibit.

those pleas in justification of their voluntary servitude, that are commonly alleged. They generally suppose their poverty to be a sufficient pretence, and that they have said all, in saying, that it is very pardonable if they endeavour to avoid the most intolerable of all the evils of human life, a state of indigence. They have always Theognis ready at hand, and that hacknied verse of his about the poverty-struck man :

The man to cruel poverty a prey  
Can nothing do, and nothing can he say \*,

and such other affrightments from that fiend, as the most obscure and abject poets have produced. I have only this one thing to add. If I saw that they by these desperate means could really avoid poverty, I should not think of wasting a word with them about a particle of liberty more or less. But, as that which they have of it (if I may borrow an expression of the great orator †). is like the aliment which the physician allows his patient, only to keep him from dying, but supplies him with no strength; with what face can they pretend to persuade us, that they were not sadly mistaken on that point, since their condition is in fact the same as it was? For poverty still sits upon their skirts where they are; they are always necessitated to receive, and yet can lay by nothing, but must regularly spend again all they receive, be it little or much, upon present emergencies. It would be a different matter, if they could discover the means, not of prolonging their poverty by a little temporary relief, but of removing it altogether. It might then at all events be worth while for them to follow the advice of Theognis, and throw themselves headlong into the whaleful ocean, or leap down from a steep rock. But how any one can imagine he has avoided poverty, while he is in truth nothing but a poor necessitous hireling and daylabourer, without perceiving, that he imposes upon himself, that, I own, is to me incomprehensible!

Others will not have a word said, that they are in dread of poverty; they would be content to be poor, so they were able, like other men, to earn only the common necessaries of life by their labour: but, from the impo-

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\* Lucian quotes only a few words as from a common place saying. And if I were to subjoin in a note all that dear Theognis says concerning poverty in the passage referred to, beginning at *Ἄνδρ' ἀγαθὸς* down to *κατόμυρον πτωχῶν*, perhaps the reader would not thank me for my trouble.

† Demosthenes, Olynthis. iii.

tency of their body, whether brought on by age, sickness, or other contingences, they are fain to betake themselves to that way of life, as the easiest for them. This too I would allow to pass, if it were actually as they say; if they can so easily get what is given to them, and are not, on the contrary, forced to earn it by harder labour than that of the day-labourer. What indeed can be more desirable, than to have a good round sum of solid cash drop into our hands without labour and pains? But their hap is unspeakably different from this. They have so much to do, and to bear, that they need have the most vigorous health only for enduring the innumerable hardships by which their poor bodies are, day after day, wasted and worn out to extreme exhaustion. We will reserve for a fitter opportunity, when we come to treat of their other grievances, more copiously to dilate upon this article. It may suffice for the present to have shewn, that this plea in excuse for bartering their liberty is false and invalid.

There remains then but one motive more, namely, the real one, though indeed they do not nor ever will avow it: and that is no other than their propensity to pleasure, and the captivating imaginations they cherish of the happiness provided for them in the houses of the great; the dazzling lustre of the gold and silver, which there meets their eyes at every turn, the thoughts of daily carousing at a luxurious table, living in a perpetual round of festivity and joy; the imagination, that gold flows there in torrents, that they have only to draw, and the source will never fail them\*. These sanguine expectations are what induce them from free men to become slaves; not the want of necessaries, as they pretend, but their avidity for the superfluities of life, and the yearning to revel in all the luxuries which flatter their voluptuousness, vanity and avarice. Their great masters are cunning enough to see very clearly, what these their

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\* Lucian let them swallow the gold with gaping mouths, as a few lines before he made them jump into the houses of the great. How the like figures of speech might have been accepted by his grecian readers, by ours they would hardly be acceptable; and it is obvious therefore that a translator in these and similar predicaments, where he would only injure the original by extreme fidelity, should freely exercise his hand, and follow rather the spirit than the letter of the text, as it will be often indispensably necessary in the present treatise and that which immediately succeeds.

adorers have in view, and are consummate adepts in the art of purchasing their services and attendance at not a farthing more expense than is necessary. The most finished coquette \* is not more expert in the science of dissimulation for keeping such poor rogues of lovers in a continual fluctuation between hopes and fears, by the nice distribution of attention and scorn. Enjoyment, as they well know, being the tomb of love, they take the utmost care not to let matters proceed so far; they grant them not so much as the slightest kiss, but have the caution notwithstanding not to drive them to despair, but feed them with just so much hope as is necessary to edge their desires. The same method is pursued by the great; they smile upon you, are always affable, and as liberal of promises as could be wished, but put you off to a future day, shall soon find an opportunity, and have taken it into serious consideration to reward your merits beyond your utmost expectation. In the mean time the years glide on, you both imperceptibly grow old, the season is gone by when one could give and the other enjoy, and at last the unhappy lover has consumed his whole life in hoping.

A man however may not be altogether so very blame-worthy, if from his fondness for pleasure he puts up with several incumbrances for its sake, and employs all possible means for possessing himself of it; and, though it shews him to be of a base and servile disposition if he consent to sell himself for it, some allowance might be made, provided it was really worth the price. But now for the bare expectation of pleasure to brook so many real discomforts, methinks is ridiculous and absurd; especially if it is palpably evident that the trouble and uneasiness are inevitable, but the object in expectancy, however agreeable it might prove, none ever obtained, and in all likelihood none will hereafter obtain. That the companions of Ulysses, when they had tasted the delicious lotos (whatever it was) neglected every thing else, I will also suffer to pass; if they forgot both country and friends, and lost sight of honour and duty, it was at least on account of the present pleasure; and it may be conceived, that in the moments, when their souls were entirely absorbed in the enjoy-

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\* That in the text, instead of the coquette, a Gito played this part, is so very much in the Grecian costume as to be nearly self-evident. It is however remarkable as a feature of the manners of that era.

ment of that delight, they might forget the honourable in the sentiment of the agreeable :· but that a man with a hungry stomach should stand by, and gaze at another cramming himself with lotos, and forget all that is generous and noble, on account of the bare hopes, that he shall at last get a taste of it ; that is, by Hercules ! absolutely too stupid, and justly merits all the blows with which Ulysses put a stop to their lotos-eating, and drove them back to the ship\*.

This, or somewhat like it, then it must be that impels these honest folks, to surrender themselves into the hands of the rich and great, and suffer themselves to be used how and to what purpose they think fit: except indeed some, whom perhaps you will say I should have mentioned, who have nothing else in view by it, than the honour of conversing with illustrious and purpled lords. For among our literary men there are not wanting those, who think to put themselves in credit and reputation thereby, and to acquire a very great superiority over the vulgar cast; though I, for my part, for the sake of that sole distinction, and if no other benefit were to accrue to me from it, would not wish to be noticed even by the emperor himself, and entered as one of his commensals.

This being premised, let us now see, dear Timocles, what these people must submit to, ere they arrive at the wished for honour of being received into the house of a great and wealthy man ; and next how it fares with them when they are fairly in, and lastly what is the usual catastrophe of this drama.

He would be greatly deceived, who should fancy such a place, though it could not be regarded as a great piece of preferment, was therefore the more easily obtained, that it costs little trouble, and one need only to crave it, and all is done. On the contrary, there must be a great deal of running backwards and forwards, and tiresome attendance at the door of the great man, whose favour is courted ; you must get up early, dance

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\* It seems to me unquestionable, that J. M. Gessner has guessed the true interpretation of this *Ὀμηρικῶν πλεονάζει*, and that nothing more than an allusion to the 98th line of the ninth book of the *Odyssey* is contained in it, though Homer there says nothing of blows, but however thus much, that Ulysses furiously drove away his lotos-eaters, and that it made them howl, which perhaps may appear sufficiently to justify the construction put upon it by our jocular author.

*Τοὺς μὲν ἔγχε' ἐπὶ νῆας ἄγοι κλαίοισις ἀτάκη, κ. τ. λ.*

attendance, and be disheartened on being turned back, shut out, and if we are importunate, to be scolded in the gibberish of an insolent syrian porter, and be put under the orders of an african nomenclator, whom we must besides pay for taking down our names. Add to this, that to do honour to the patron, we must lay out more upon our clothes than our purse will afford, and chuse the colours which he likes best to see, that we may not present ourselves before him in a dress offensive to his view, and disoblige his eyesight if he chance to cast a glance on us. Besides, you must never relax in your assiduous attendance on him wherever he goes, or rather march before him, to swell the cortege of his domestic officers and servants. And all this you may have performed for several days in succession, without his having once seen you.

If however at length the goddess of fortune is so propitious to you, that he takes notice of you, sends for you and asks you some question that accidentally comes upon his tongue; from that moment your tribulations commence. You perspire at every pore, you turn giddy, you are in trepidation all over; the bystanders laugh at your confusion, and it is very likely to happen, that on being asked, how the king of the Achæans\* was called, you reply in a flurry, "a thousand," as thinking, he had inquired after the number of their ships. The more kind-hearted will call it bashfulness, but the spiteful will construe it into want of breeding. And, dissatisfied with yourself, you slink away, after this first and most perillous experiment of the condescension of the patron, angry at your own unseasonable failure of courage and self-confidence.

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\* It appears manifest to me that the *πρώτη φιλοφροσύνη* of the text refers to the patron, not to the client in question here. Lucian terms that which we should call "a first audience" the first and (because perhaps it decided at once the fate of the poor Græcæus) the most perillous trial he makes; how condescendingly or graciously (to speak in modern court-language) he would be received by the great lord. Simple and intelligible as this is, and so little difficulty as lies in the words of the original, they are nevertheless, I cannot comprehend why, found unintelligible no less by Dr. Francklin than the abbé Massieu. The former translates them: "finding for the first time how dangerous it is to be over complaisant." The latter: *après cette première & dangereuse épreuve de l'honnêteté de vos sentimens.* At both, I confess, my mind is struck dumb. Is there anything inexplicable in the latin translation, *tu vero, primam sibi humanitatem periculosissimam expertus* (which indeed is not even good latin) that may have led them so diversely astray?

Having now consumed, (to adopt the words of the homeric Achilles :)

Long sleepless nights and many bloody days \*,

not for the sake of some fair Hellen or the opulent metropolis of king Priam, but for the sake of the paltry five oboli † per day, on which your utmost hope is built ; and if at last you are so fortunate as to light unexpectedly on some patron-deity to take you up, then you undergo a closer examination how far you are advanced in philosophy and the liberal sciences : a scene, that to the patron, who hears himself praised all the while, may be amusing enough ; but during which your mind will be in the same state, as if your head was at stake, and the fortune or misfortune of your whole life was on the cast of a die. For you must necessarily be possessed with the thought, that nobody else will adopt you, if you come off badly from this trial and are rejected. This dread must of course cast you into a thousand distractions ; you behold the others, who are examined at the same time with you (for you must always suppose that you will have more than one rival candidate), with envious eyes, conscious of having made worse answers than they ; and, agitated between hope and fear, you watch the countenance of the patron, expecting at every word to read your destiny in the lines of it, give yourself up for lost, if he seem to frown at what you say, and are ravished with exultation and hope, if he listens to you with smiles. It is natural to expect, there will not be wanting some, who have not the best dispositions towards you, and had rather obtain for another the situation you apply for ; and, as many of them as there are, so many enemies you have, who, as from an ambuscade, shoot at you, without the possibility of your knowing whence the arrow proceeds. Now figure to yourself the disagreeable situation of a man, with a long beard and grey hairs, obliged to undergo an examination whether he has made any proficiency in useful knowledge, and to hear some deliver their opinion that he has, and others that he has not. In the mean time, to settle this point, vehement inquiries are instituted respecting the whole of your passed life ; when nothing more is requisite than for some envious fellow-citizen or a neighbour to let fall a couple of

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\* An allusion to Iliad ix. 325.

† Or sixpence halfpenny and six eighths of a farthing of our money. Dr. Francklin's five farthings are therefore by much too little.

words, about fornication or adultery and the like, and his testimony is deemed as valid as if it were copied verbatim out of Jupiter's private notebook \*; but if, on the other hand, nothing but what is fair and honest is reported of you, such unanimous commendation is reckoned suspicious, and the people either think differently from what they speak, or are bribed. You must therefore have great good luck, and there must be no rub on any side in your way, or it is impossible for you to attain your object.

Provided however that all goes on to admiration, and you succeed beyond all expectation: the gracious lord has pronounced you a man of parts and abilities; none of his friends, whose judgment he most regards, and who in such matters stand in highest credit with him, have been against you; his wife is also on your side; neither the house steward nor the family tutor have made any objections; no man casts a slur upon your morals; in short, everything prospers to your heart's content. Happy mortal! You have therefore triumphed, you are crowned at Olympia, you have taken Babylon, and conquered the garrison of Sardes; nothing henceforth can ever be wanting to your felicity; the horn of Amalthea is yours †, and the very fowls will yield you milk ‡. For all that you have gone through, there is no saying what you deserve, and your prosperity, let things go ever so well, will never come up to your merit. It is no more than equitable, that you should not simply be provided with a garland of leaves; your patron will, it is hoped, allot you a truly substantial stipend, which shall regularly be paid you, without difficulty or delay, at the set time; you will now be treated with all the respect you can desire, in order to give you a distinction above the other domestics; you will now be relieved from all the miseries you have sustained, the sleepless nights and the dangling attendances to swell his grace's train; you will

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\* *Ἐκ τῶν Διὸς δέλτων ὁ μάρτυς*, a proverbial phrase with the Greeks, to denote a witness perfectly unobjectionable. Jupiter had a tablet made out of the hide of the goat Amalthea, his nurse, in which it was his practice to note down the good and evil done by the individuals of the human race, in order to govern himself accordingly in his dispensations towards them.

† The famous *cornucopia*, or horn of plenty, was according to the vulgar opinion made of the horn of the beforementioned nurse of Jupiter, and is therefore also denominated Amalthea's horn.

‡ A greek adage, applied to persons with whom everything succeeds. It is still said in some places: "For him even an ox would calve."

rest after your running and hurrying through thick and thin; and, what has ever been the burden of your prayer, have time to sleep your fill, and have nothing else to do, but what you were at first engaged for, and for which you receive your salary. Thus, dear Timocles, it ought in truth to be, and then it would be no such great grievance, to bear such a light, commodious, and what is more, a gilded yoke. But, ah! of that much is wanting, or rather all! There are a thousand things insupportable to a free and generous mind, which must be borne in such situations. Hear only, and afterwards judge for yourself, whether any one can endure them, who has even the smallest claim to the appellation of a scholar.

I will, with your permission, begin with the first repast that will probably be given you, as a hansel on entering your new office. Before you set out, a spruce footman comes to summon you to table, and in order to ingratiate yourself with him, and if you would not be reckoned a man of no breeding, you must squeeze five solid drachmæ \* into his hand at least. At first he will make ceremonious grimaces: Oh! I cannot think of such a thing. No, truly sir it cannot be! At last however he suffers himself to be persuaded. And then goes away with the five drachmas, which he has got out of you, and as soon as his back is turned laughs at you. Now your first business must be to put on your best clothes, wash and dress yourself, and in short furbish yourself up as well as you can; taking care however not to be the first in the eating-room: for that would be a sign that you do not know how to live; but neither should you be the last, as that would be no less unbecoming. You therefore make your appearance precisely at the proper time; the company present accost you politely, and the servant shews you a place a little below the patron, so that there are only about two of his older friends between him and you. To you it appears no otherwise, than as if you were transported into heaven †, so amazed are you at all that you behold, and so strange and foreign to you everything that is done. In the meantime the eyes of all the servants are fixt upon you, and of all the company there is not one but accurately

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\* Three shillings and three pence three farthings. Much indeed for a poor *homme de lettres*. Dr. Francklin therefore, by a reasonable abatement, lets him give only three drachmas, whereby the good gentleman saves at once one shilling and fourpence farthing.

† Literally: "as if you had got into Jupiter's abode."

observes all your motions. Even the patron himself is not inattentive to your carriage, and has previously given his secret orders to his people to take notice whether you let your looks wander freely, and how often you have glanced at his children or his spouse. The very servants of the guests observe your astonishment and confusion at everything, and laugh at your awkwardness as an infallible sign, that you have never in your life been invited to a good house, since you seem to regard the napkin laid before you as a novelty. Your anxiety will of course be so great as to bring on a cold sweat, you are fainting with thirst because you have not the assurance to call for drink, for fear of being thought too greedy of wine, and will not dare to touch any of the victuals\* which are in such great profusion and variety set before you, from not knowing with which dish to begin. You are therefore obliged to cast stolen glances at your neighbour, that you may imitate whatever you see him do, and learn from him what is usual on such occasions, and in what order the dishes are to succeed.

Besides, struck with the magnificence of the table, you are in the utmost distraction and perturbation of mind. One while you are lost in admiration of the owner of all this gold and ivory that dazzles your eyes, viewing the man who can fare so sumptuously every day as the happiest of mankind. Then, turning your thoughts inwards, you pity your own condition, considering how a thing like you, which to such a man is absolutely nothing, can imagine itself to be in the world. You however comfort yourself again with the thought of how enviable a life you shall henceforth lead, seeing you will participate in all his enjoyments, and, as a friend of the house, have as great a share in them as the owner himself.

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† "ὄλα is the general term for all kinds of vegetables, fleshmeats, ragouts, fish, in short of all prepared food with which bread is ate. What put it into the head of the latin translator to render it by *fructus*, I cannot tell: but why the english translates the word by "fruit of every kind," and the french by *quand on viendra au fruit*, is now clear enough; especially as we have seen so many instances of it already; and which may be produced to an infinite amount. Why may we not better rely upon the latin translator! Or, why should a "sometime Greek professor in the university of Cambridge," as Dr. Thomas Francklin was, be bound precisely to understand the meaning of a word of such rare occurrence as ὄλα among the Greeks? And with what semblance of justice should more be required of a french abbé than of an english professor of the greek language?

For you imagine that every day will be the same, and the bacchanalia await you the whole year through. Who knows whether the numerous fine young girls that wait at table and gracefully smile upon you, may not contribute on their part to beautify the picture you are drawing of your future prospects, and whether you may not ever be singing, with the old men of Troy at the sight of fair Hellen :

Truly the Trojans and Greeks are not much to blame \* :

no wonder they toiled and suffered so much for the sake of such celestial charms !

Now, according to custom, comes the time for drinking to one another. The master of the house orders a large goblet to be filled, and it is handed to the worthy doctor, or however else he may be entitled ; and you have it in your hand, but, unluckily, by not knowing what you ought to say in reply, you give a fresh proof in confirmation of the opinion that you are deficient in politeness and good manners. The worst however is, that the honour done you by the patron in thus drinking to you, raises the envy of some of the senior friends of the house (who had besides taken offence at your being placed above them) completely against the new comer, on his being so unreasonably preferred before them, who had seen such hard service for so many years. A general murmur accordingly arises among them, whereby you, as you may conceive, are not very much flattered. " This is the finishing stroke to the other indignities that we have been made to bear, to be forced to give precedence to one that has but just set his foot in the house ! One would suppose that Rome was only open to these Greeks ! And on what account is it that they think so much of themselves ? Do they imagine themselves so indispensably necessary to the commonwealth, because of their miserable declamatory prattle ?"— " Did not you mind," says another, " how much he drank, and how voraciously he snatched and swallowed whatever stood before him ! The famished fellow perhaps never before in his life, even in a dream, had a bellyful of white bread, to say nothing of partridges and pheasants, of which he has left us scarcely the bones — the clown !"— " Hold your tongue !" says a third ; " let him alone, and before five days are over his

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\* The celebrated lines of the Iliad, iii. 156—7, parodied.

head, we shall hear him singing his doleful ditties. At present he is valued because he is new; but, by the time he has been used once or twice, he will, like us, be laid aside in a corner, and given over to the rats!" \* — In some such style as this the conversation will be carried on by these honest folks concerning you; and, depend upon it, it will not end so, but that more than one have already laid a plan of calumnies and chicanery to embitter your satisfactions.

Thus you see that the whole entertainment had a reference to you, and you were almost the entire subject of their incidental conversation at it. You, in the mean time, having drunk too freely of the light eager wine, to which you are not accustomed, feel it working in your bowels, and have for some time been very ill at ease. To get up from the table before the rest would be contrary to all decorum; and to remain sitting is not unaccompanied with danger. Now the entertainment being protracted to an unusual length, and one speech giving rise to another, one spectacle succeeding to another † (as your patron is determined to let you see the whole of his magnificence at once), you are all the while suffering such pain and torment as that you can neither participate with your eyes in the amusements, nor hearken to the music, and, though you are obliged to praise it all, you wish from the bottom of your heart that a sudden earthquake would overturn the house, or at least a cry of fire put an end to the execrable entertainment.

And this is now the first banquet, of which I have given you, my friend, such a captivating representation. For my part I would prefer a plate of onions and salt, of which I may eat freely whenever and as much as I please.

I forbear to mention the indigestion, with its several concomitants, which are the common consequences of long sitting at table, and the bad night you will pass after it ‡, that I may proceed to the scene that awaits

\* Literally: "at present he is like a new pair of shoes, attended to and held in honour; when however he is worn out and full of dirt, he will be miserably thrown under the bed, and, like us, become the abode of wood-lice." Such *elegantia* would meet with a bad reception in the present day.

† As singers, dancing-girls, jugglers, gladiators, pantomimes, and the like.

‡ Lucian, as his manner is, enters more into the detail, and talks of sour eructations, and emergencies.

you the succeeding day, when matters are to be arranged between the patron and you; how much you shall receive as the annual salary, and at what intervals it is to become due. He therefore calls in two or three of his friends to be present, bids you take a place, and begins in somewhat of this style: You have now seen yesterday how we live at my house, and all about me is conducted without pomp and pretension, plain and on an easy foot; such as it is, however, I would have you from henceforth consider as a settled point, that everything between us is in common. For it would be ridiculous in me to surrender the best of all my possessions, my soul, or my children (in case he has children that call for your tuition) into the hands of a man, and not make him as much as myself the master of all the rest. However, since we should agree upon somewhat more definite terms, though I observe how frugal and modest you are in your desires, and am perfectly convinced that no motives of lucre but nobler principles have drawn you to my house, that you set some value upon my friendship, and the respect in which you will here be held by everyone; therefore something more definitive must be settled. Say then yourself what you require; but remember, my worthy sir, that it is customary with us to make presents on the great festivals to our friends, which I shall never fail to make a point of, even though at present we should determine upon nothing more certain; and you know that in the course of the year many such opportunities occur. You will therefore, in consideration of this, be the more moderate in fixing your salary; and after all, it is naturally understood that you gentlemen of learning are very far above wishing to become rich.

This address has so subdued your towering hopes, and rendered you so tame, that he can now do with you what he pleases. You are presently aware that your golden dreams of thousands and tens of thousands, and of the estates and whole domains, on which you framed such gaudy speculations, are dwindling away apace. However, you buckle to as well as you can\*, hoping, at all events, the grand promise, "everything shall be in common between us," was spoke in earnest; not considering that, as Homer says, it

Just wets the lips, but leaves the palate dry. *Iliad*, xxii. 495.

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\* The word here used by Lucian is properly employed of dogs that fawn and wag the tail, in order to get more than the master seems inclined to give them.

After a long pause, out of modesty you are ashamed to demand anything, and refer all to his good pleasure. He insists upon it that he will not fix the terms himself, but calls upon one of his friends then present to step in between you both, and name a sum that shall be neither too great for him to spare, considering his many other and more necessary expenses, nor too small for your acceptance. This middleman, one of his oldest acquaintances, and enured from his boyhood to flatter people of quality, begins immediately in a tone that completely deprives you of all courage. You will not, he says, I hope, refuse to allow, that there is not a more lucky man in all Rome than you; you, whose good fortune has thrown that in your way which, eagerly sought by many, is extremely seldom obtained by one or another, namely, the honour of being the friend and commensal of such a noble person, and received into one of the first houses in the whole roman empire. That, says he, must, if you are the wise man that I take you for, be in your view more than all the treasures of Cræsus and all the gold of Midas. Verily, when I reflect how many persons of rank there are, who would give a deal of money to have only the honour to pass themselves for his companions and friends, I know not where to find words enough to express how extraordinary a favourite of fortune you must be, seeing you are even to be paid for enjoying that felicity. You must therefore be a man void of all shame and principle if you should think of requiring more than . . . . ., naming a sum so small that in comparison of your vast expectations is not much better than nothing at all\*. And yet you must make as if you were perfectly well satisfied, and thank him kindly for it; for, having you once entangled in the net, it would be too late to think of escaping. Nothing therefore is left for you, but patiently to let the bit be put into your mouth, and, at first at least be so gentle and ductile that your rider may not think himself obliged to keep a tight rein, nor to set the spurs to your sides, till you are by little and little so habituated to him, that he can at all times do with you whatever he pleases.

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\* I suppose the five oboli per day before mentioned, and would amount to a yearly salary of about twelve pounds. M. Massieu is so humane as to raise it to four hundred franks, which certainly is still a very moderate income. Lucian's expression, *τόσόνδε τι δὲ πρὸς ἡλαχίστον*, justifies me in making it but a little more than nothing at all.

Mean time, in the view of all, who know no better, you are an enviable man; you now make one of the family, can go out and in unmolested, are one of those who have free access to his grace, and appear as the most consequential person in the house; in short, all men extol your felicity, although you cannot exactly see why. However you take everything in the best manner you can, endeavouring to deceive yourself, still hoping that things will go better in time. But it turns out precisely the reverse; and your hopes every day lessen and go backwards, like the sacrifices of Mandrabulus \* in the proverb.

You begin now gradually to perceive by the dawning light, that your golden hopes were nothing but gilded bubbles, and that you have overloaded yourself with burdens really heavy, and not to be shook off. You will ask me, what those burdens are; and tell me that you discern no such burdensome and intolerable employments in this sort of life. Hear then, my worthy friend, and learn to understand, not only the fatiguing drudgery, but the baseness, meanness, and servility of these employments, as a subject fit for your most serious consideration.

Know then, in the first place, that from the moment you are entertained in this great house, you forfeit all right to look upon yourself as free and nobly born; you have left before the threshold your honourable pedigree, your family, your ancestors, however respectable and meritorious in your own country; and would flatter yourself ineffectually, were you to expect that liberty will accompany you into a place where you must submit to be employed in such ignoble and sordid occupations. To be brief, you are henceforth a slave, disagreeable as that appellation may be to you, and not of one person only, but you will be necessarily the slave of many masters, and with drooping head perform servile offices from morn till night, for a miserable pittance of wages; and seeing you were not born to servitude, but took to it when arrived at riper years,

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\* A certain Mandrabulus of Samos, as the story goes, unexpectedly found a great treasure. In the first burst of his joy, he promised Juno, as the patron-deity of Samos, a rich annual sacrifice. He began in the first with a golden sheep, on the second anniversary he appeared with only a silver one; on the third the goddess was fobbed off with one of copper, and at last with none at all. This anecdote gave occasion to the proverb, ἐν τῷ Μανδραβύλῳ χερσὶ τὸ πρῶτον, *Mandrabuli more res succedit*. Erasm: in *Puroemia*.

you will hardly give satisfaction, nor be much valued by your employer. For the recollection of your former liberty will from time to time still stare you in the face, engross all your sober intervals, fill you with mortal agonies, and at once for that very reason spoil you for a slave. For you are not the more at liberty, because you had not Pyrrhias or Zopyrio \* for your father, nor, like some Bithynian, were publicly set to sale by a stentorophonic crier to the best bidder. If by the latter end of the month you must be put in the same class with a Pyrrhias and Zopyrio, and, no less than the other slaves, hold out your hand to receive whatever shall be offered you; that, my sweet sir, I call thralldom, and he that sells himself, and has been, nobody knows how long, trudging about from house to house for a master, has no need of a crier. What! you graceless fellow; I might almost say, especially as you give yourself out for a philosopher, if when on board of ship you should fall into the hands of the enemy, or be taken and sold by pirates, would you deplore your condition, and rail at fortune for using you so scurvily? Or, if some one should lay hands on you when going along the public road, and, under pretence that you were his slave, drag you away with him, would you invoke the laws for protection, and in a violent rage call heaven and earth to witness the outrage, and yet go and barter yourself away, and that at a time of life too, when, if you had been born in a state of bondage it would have been high time to have reasonably expected your manumission, with all your wisdom and virtue against a few paltry oboli? So little then do you regard those excellent discourses in praise of liberty delivered by the great Plato, by Chrysippus and Aristotle, and so little impression has the scorn displayed by them on every occasion of a servile way of thinking made upon you! How? you, who would be considered a disciple and admirer of them, are not ashamed of being put upon a level with the sycophants, loungers, and parasites, and confounded with the mass of Romans, who go about in a grecian mantle, and miserably stammer out their broken latin? Are not you ashamed to take part in those riotous junketings, to sit at the same table with a promiscuous collection of people, the greater part of whom are worthless fellows and scoundrels, to deal round to the right and left the grossest flatteries, and

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\* Common greek names of slaves.

where you must drink to excess ; to be rouzed early next morning, and startled out of your best sleep by the first sound of the bell, and forced to run up and down, without being allowed even time to wash ? Were then the horse-beans and wild herbs\* in your own country so extremely rare, and all the fresh water-springs so completely dried up, that you were driven by desperation to such an extremity ? But is it not rather a plain case, that it was not the scarcity of horse-beans and spring-water, but the desire of cramming yourself with savoury cates and dainty viands, and drinking your fill of perfumed wine, was the inducement that led you, like a voracious pike, to bite at the hook, which now sticks in your greedy rapacious chops. How well are you rewarded for your lickerishness, by serving, as other monkeys of your species do, with your girdle about your loins, for a laughing-stock to the rabble, while you fancy you are swimming in pleasure. As to liberty, and every nobler sentiment, they together with your former fellow-citizens and guild-brethren are all blotted out from your remembrance, and of them no mention is any longer made.

And yet it might be endured, if the infamy of bondage were all your atonement for the loss of liberty ; but the worst of it is, that you must also work like a slave. Look round you, and see how much the services you are bound to perform are easier than the employments of a running footman or a shoe-cleaner. That love of the fine arts, on account whereof your patron pretended to take you into his house, is now what least of all he cares about. For what should an ass do with a cithara ? Those of his stamp are not perhaps the people who grow lean by studying the intelligence of Homer, the energy of Demosthenes, and the lofty flights of Plato ! Take the passion for gold and silver, and the cares that attend them, out of their soul ; and all that remains is pride, effeminacy, luxury, gluttony, licentious pleasure, and brute ignorance. In all these pursuits he certainly has no occasion for your assistance. But because you have a long beard and a grave appearance, and go dressed in an elegant grecian habit, and everybody knows that you are a grammarian or rhetor or philosopher, he thought it would add to his splendour, to have one of your class in his cohort, and to be seen attended by you when he walks

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\* The usual diet of the cynic, and proper to his order, to which, agreeably to the stoical principles, the wise man regularly limited his necessaries.

abroad, and returns home ; for the vulgar will thence conclude, that he is a lover of the grecian sciences \*, a man of taste, and a patron of the learned. If you therefore look a little more closely, my admirable friend, you will discover that you have let out for hire, not your wonderful attainments in science, but your beard and your cloak. Accordingly he chuses to have you always seen in his train, and never be out of the way, but apply to your business from the morning early, that you may be constantly at hand, to be ready whenever a thought occurs to him how he can employ you ; and, though he has nothing to say, except some foolish and impertinent thing that happens to come to his tongue's end, you must make believe as if he was engaged in sober conference with you ; that the passers-by may think what sort of a nobleman that must be, that cannot even be unoccupied as he walks along the streets, but must employ every moment of his time in the prosecution of learned researches. And so must you, poor creature, sometimes in full trot, sometimes leisurely step by step, up hill and down hill (for you know such is the situation of the city) panting and sweating attend beside him ; and while your patron is conversing with a friend on whom he calls, you must stand aside, (for you will find no place to sit down), and, not knowing what to do with yourself, are forced in despair to take out a book and read. Add to this, that when you have spent your day in this manner without eating or drinking, night comes on, and without being able to find even time to wash yourself a little in the bath, you are at last called about midnight to table. Of hunger and thirst you are in no want, but other circumstances are strangely altered since you for the first time ate as a guest in this house. You are now no longer the man that was re-

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\* That is, the sciences in general : for the Romans knew, in consequence of their acquaintance with the Greeks, about as much of the sciences and literature, as the Goths, Vandals, and Heruli. It is true, this had very much changed within two or three hundred years ; and the Romans might with perfect justice boast of their Lucretius, Terence, Virgil, Horace, Catullus, Ovid, &c. as of their Cicero, Sallust, Livy, Varro, Seneca, Quintilian, Tacitus, Pliny, &c. but of that the vain Greeks took no notice, affecting (like our Lucian) the most unblushing ignorance of the existence of these excellent spirits, of whom some (for instance Horace) they would have been very much puzzled to match : they spoke, as formerly, always in the same style as though they alone were in possession of the sciences, and as they withdrew themselves, all the rest of the world must be plunged at once into darkness and barbarism.

garded with preference and respect above all that were present ; you are elbowed to make room for a new face, and 'shoved into some corner where nobody else chuses to sit, an eye-witness of the various dishes as they are carried by, while you are gnawing the bones, glad if they reach you, or urged by hunger, lick a shrivelled mallow-leaf, which they who sit above you have perhaps in scorn left lying in the dish \*. Then in addition to these several instances of ill treatment, you must swallow many affronts, and there does not come even an egg whole to your share. It is not necessary for you to partake of everything, like the strangers and guests ; such a pretension would be imputed to you as a piece of effrontery : and you must not imagine, that you are to be served with the same fowls or pullets as are set before others. The tender, fattened poultry, as is fitting, goes to the head of the table ; and you must kindly accept of the half of a starveling chicken or an old tasteless pidgeon. It will not unfrequently happen, that during the repast a person comes in that was not expected ; then the servant takes away what had been set before you, for the interloper, whispering to you, we make bold with you, you belong to the house. At last comes the great roast, on a slice of which you hope to regale ; but you must have wormed yourself into the carver's singularly good graces, or you are like to be content with no better share than Prometheus had with Jupiter, the bones with a little fat upon them. And that the dishes should stand so long before him, that sits above you, till he is perfectly cloyed, while they so rapidly pass by you, is a treatment which no gentleman could easily brook, though he had no more gall in him than a doe. I had almost forgot, that whilst the rest are drinking of the best and oldest, you get only palled and vapid wine,

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\* A more highly coloured picture Lucian could scarcely have been able to draw, for representing to his friend in a truly horrifying manner the danger of starving with hunger even at the gluttonous board of a wealthy Roman. The roman cooks made use of leaves of a species of mallows, which are very broad, and were ate as food in common by the lower orders, for garnishing the several products of their art, in nearly the same manner I imagine as we employ laurel or vine leaves, &c. in our kitchens. Now, seeing a dish never came to the poor *Graculus*, till it had gone all round, and the led captains, who composed the greater part of the commensals of a noble Roman, were people of good appetite : it might be safely reckoned on, that in such dishes nothing would be left for the last, but the juiceless, dry, mallow-leaves, what was in them before would have been fished out by the gentlemen seated above.

and therefore great care is had that it is served to you in silver or gilt cups, that the complexion of your wine may not betray what a contemptible character you represent at the table. And, bad as it is, you may think yourself happy if you get to drink of it! For, after calling ten times for it, the servant still turns a deaf ear.

Your situation therefore is in many and sundry respects mortifying, and you can scarcely swallow down a morsel which is not in some way or other embittered to you. But what most provokes you is, on seeing how much more is made of some fop, or dancing master belike, or a paltry alexandrian buffoon who has learnt to sing a couple of ionic ballads, than of you. For how should you desire to be had in equal honour with persons endowed with such seductive talents, and are so expert in secretly conveying love-letters, and managing intrigues? The shame of being here a supernumerary and useless individual, drives you into some obscure corner of the hall, where you, as is but fitting, may bewail yourself, and rail at fortune, for not having dispensed to you some little portion of all those endowments, whereby you might render yourself in some measure agreeable. How gladly would you now wish to be a love-song maker, or at least have the talent of cleverly singing those made by others, when you behold how they who can do so are applauded, and with what distinction they are treated! Aye, you would even not scruple to play the part of a magician, or one of those astrologers who are ever ready to predict large estates, the first offices in the city, and withal immense treasures: for you have daily examples before your eyes, how such charlatans have the art of making themselves of importance to the great, and winning their affection. But unhappily you are spoilt likewise for that. It is therefore quite natural for you to take the shorter way, by conniving at it, that it may not be perceived that it mortifies you, at being placed so much beneath them, but digest your vexation as secretly as possible. For if one of the servants, who perhaps has no good liking to you, whispers in the patron's ear, that you did not praise the little minion of the great lady \*, whom while at table you heard play on the

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\* I must be very much out, or the question here is not touching the *jeune laquais de madame*, as M. Massieu renders it, but the beautiful syrian, egyptian, or mauritanian boys, who, as we gather from Seneca, Suetonius, Pliny, and others, were kept in *delicis* by the roman dames of quality. To which subject the instance of the pantomimes of Numidia Quadratilla, quoted by J. M. Gessner from Pliny, *lib. viii. ep. 24.* is not irrelevant.

cithara, or saw dance, some bad business may come of it. You must therefore, parched as your throat may be, croak lustily, like any land-frog, and exert your lungs to the utmost, to be remarked for out-shouting the rest; and it would not be amiss sometimes on similar occasions, when all the others have given over applauding and clapping, to bring out a studied panegyric, in which you can never carry flattery too far. Besides, you will acknowledge, that nothing can be more ridiculous than to be anointed and crowned with roses, and to be almost famished with hunger and thirst: resembling the sepulchral pillar of one lately deceased, at the funeral feast, which is likewise anointed and wreathed, while the funeral-guests keep the wine and the viands to themselves\*.

If the patron is jealous, and has beautiful children or a young wife, and you are not unfortunate enough to be entirely abandoned by the goddess of love and the graces, the peace between you will not last long, and you are in a more perilous situation than you think. Kings have a great number of ears and eyes, and eyes † that so far from ever winking, they almost always pretend to have seen more than was to be seen. In such cases then you have no other method to adopt but, as is the common practice at the entertainments given by the persian nobles, to sit at table with closed eyes, for fear lest some eunuch might catch up a glance you may dart at a lady, while another stands ready with a bent bow, to shoot him in the cheek who looks at what it is unlawful to look at while drinking ‡.

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\* This epigrammatical thought presents itself here, I must own, in so abrupt a manner that Lucian might almost be suspected to have taken it from Martial.

Res salsa est, bene olere et esurire,  
Qui non cœnat et ungitur, Fabulle,

Hic verè mihi mortuus videtur. *lib. iii. epigr. 12.*

But even upon that supposition, a few lines in the text still seems wanting, as this thought is in no connexion whatever with what goes before.

† A proverb apparently alluding to the custom of the antient kings of Persia, of having two ministers, who were styled the ear and the eye of the king.

‡ Palmer cannot believe that such an unsocial custom at table was ever in vogue among the kings or grandees of the Persians. The most incredible part of it is, perhaps, that when they were carousing with their ladies, strangers were invited to the party. If however that were the case, it would be in strict conformity to the oriental jealousy. At all events, it can hardly be believed that Lucian sucked this circumstance out of his fingers. The allegorical sense in

Now at last the entertainment is over, and you expect a little time for repose; but you are again roused at the first crowing of the cock; and what can be your first morning's ejaculation but this: "Oh, miserable man that I am, into what an abyss am I plunged! Was it for this then that I renounced all the satisfactions of my former course of life, my habitual studies, my friends, my calm, untroubled leisure, and the dear liberty to walk when and whither I pleased, and to sleep as long as I would? And for what? What have I gained by all these sacrifices? Might I not in some other way have earned as much, and yet more, without giving up my all? Now, as the proverb has it, like a tame lion I must submit to be led to and fro by a cord; and, what is the worst of all, do what I will I cannot conciliate a good opinion of me, and render myself agreeable and entertaining. For in whatever is calculated to recommend me here I am a real idiot and dunce, especially when contrasted to such as follow those arts as a learned profession. Besides, the Graces have dealt very niggardly by me; I am the most tiresome table-companion in the world, and have not the ability to make a man laugh for a moment. I perceive but too often how displeasing my countenance is to my patron, especially when I wish to be more pleasant and facetious than is in my nature; for he conceives me to be a dull, melancholy man, and I cannot comprehend in general how I should behave to suit his inclination. If I still retain my natural gravity, I am disagreeable to him; if I put on a smiling face, and cast as much hilarity in my looks as I can, I am so contemptible and disgusting to him that he could spit at me. In reality it appears to myself as if a man should attempt to play a comic part in a tragic mask. To sum up all, what sort of a life shall I have left for myself, fool that I was, after having sacrificed the present to another!"

In the midst of this soliloquy the signal for getting up is sounded\*, and your old task re-commences. You must again run about and stand waiting in perpetual rotation, and, to enable you to bear the fatigue, you

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which Palmer chuses (for getting out of the difficulty) to take this piece of archery, is attended with another difficulty, namely, that no man would think of looking for an allegory in this place, and that Lucian is not an author to allegorize so unseasonably and awkwardly.

\* The sound was usually given by striking a vessel of clay, hollowed out for the purpose; for bells were not then known.

must previously anoint your hips and knees; then again follows a supper, like that of yesterday, served on as late and ending no earlier. This manner of living, so directly opposite to your former habits, the want of sleep, the profuse perspirations, and the daily fatigue, insensibly undermine your constitution, and bring on in time either a consumption, or an asthma, or the colic, or the dreadful pangs of the gout. Meanwhile you hold out as long as you can, and many times, when it is ever so necessary to keep your bed, even that will not be allowed you, because your indisposition will be considered as mere pretence, and a subterfuge by which you hope to evade the duties of the day. With all this now you grow pale and sickly, and look like one just going to expire.

Such, my friend, will be your life in town: but I cannot think you will better your condition by a trip into the country. One instance will serve as well as a thousand. On such expeditions, if a shower of rain comes on, as it often happens, and your turn always coming last (for that is now your destination), and you stay for the carriage, which at length appears; but the opportunity for travelling is lost: and then you are packed up in a vehicle, along with the cook or your gracious mistress's friseur, and are not even thought worthy the honour of having a sufficient quantity of straw to lie commodiously upon.

On this occasion I must relate to you a strange adventure that befell the celebrated Thesmopolis, and indeed may equally well befall any other. For the truth of it I am able to vouch, since I had it from his own mouth. He was living at that time in the house of a rich and elegant matron. Being once to attend on her into the country, the first honour he experienced was the seeing himself placed in the same calash with a certain fop, Chelydonion by name\*, of whom she was extremely fond, and in her view of things, as was very natural, was at least worth a philosopher. You may imagine how farcically the old sour-visaged stoic, with the long

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\* Χελιδόνιον γὰρ καλεῖσθαι. Sic Cleopatῆe cinædus Χελιδόν. Suidas in Κνωίδῃ. A little swallow. This (to take it in good part) was a pretty common appellation for a hetære or female slave. So thick a film was grown over all sense of decency with these wretches, that in order to make a parade of their heteroclite character, they even affected to have feminine names! Massieu makes of this cinædus a *Monsieur de la Hirondelle*. It would have had a rather droll appearance if he had clothed Lucian throughout in this french taste.

venerable beard which you know he wears, must have figured along with the smooth-faced little fellow, painted red and white, whose eyes were not still a moment, and who verily looked more like a vulture, with his beard-hairs plucked about the neck \*, than a swallow. Thesmopolis assured me that he employed every kind of intreaty to prevent his sitting beside him in the calash with the netted cawl upon his head †; to say nothing of the vexations he suffered the whole journey from the everlasting singing and chattering of this nestling swallow. If I had not restrained him from it with all my might, said Thesmopolis, he would have danced in the carriage and played the pantomime.

That however was by far not the worst. The noble dame, going to enter the vehicle, called him to her. Dear Thesmopolis, said she, I have a great favour to ask of you — you will oblige me much — it is indeed presuming beyond measure — but I know you will not deny my request, nor put me off with delays. — You may easily suppose that his answer was, that the noble lady had but to lay her commands upon him. — I would not desire it of you, continued the lady, if I was not persuaded that you have the kindest heart in the world, and are a man on whose care and affection I can entirely rely. Would you be so good as to take my Myrrhina into the carriage with you, and see that she wants for nothing? She is with pup, the poor thing! and she is near her time. I cannot trust my people; the perverse, unmannerly wretches pay no attention on the road even to myself; how can I expect they will have care of the poor animal! You will oblige me greatly, good Thesmopolis, if you will take charge of my dear little dog; I would not be so bold if I could suppose you thought it a trouble ‡. What less could Thesmopolis do, on being petitioned by such a great lady in such a heart-rending tone, and I could almost add with tears, than promise her all she desired? Meantime it was impossible to behold anything more ridiculous, than how the dog with its little snout

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\* Les vautours ont la tête nue, le cou aussi presque nud, couvert d'un simple duvet, ou mal garni de quelques crins épars. *Buffon*.

† It is scarcely necessary to suggest that this reticulated cawl, or hair-net, for keeping the hair together, was worn by ladies of fashion only before they had finished their toilette.

‡ This little anecdote and the portrait Lucian thereby draws of these roman princesses, is not to be bought for money. We see by every touch, that it is depicted from the life, and is still as fresh, and the resemblance is as strong, as if it had been painted but yesterday.

peeped out from beneath his mantle just below the long beard, and I suppose now and then bedewed his lap (though Thesmopolis did not boast of that circumstance), yelping in a small harsh tone, as is the way with these maltese curs, and licking the bushy chin of the grave philosopher, where he perhaps scented some traces of the last night's supper. The fop, who sat next him, and who had been pelting the rest of the travellers with his witticisms and jokes all the time they were at table, was determined not to let escape this opportunity for making himself merry at the expense of poor Thesmopolis. Against Thesmopolis, said he, I have nothing to object, except that he has recently from a stoic become a cynic; it has been told me for certain that the little bitch was brought to bed in his mantle.

Such are the cruel insults that are put upon the learned who live with the great, and such is the method by which they are gradually broke in to submit to a course of the vilest treatment. I know a certain rhetor, a man not deficient in spirit, who once at table was ordered to make an extemporary harangue, and indeed acquitted himself not without success; on the contrary, he spoke with much vivacity, and as a practised orator might be expected to do. All the applause however that he received between their cups from the company consisted in the jokes that they passed upon him\*; an affront which the poor man swallowed patiently, in consideration, it is said, of two hundred drachmæ. These impositions however, you will say, perhaps may be tolerable. But if the great man himself should pretend to be somewhat of a poet or an historian, and repeat

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\* I was obliged to depart from this indistinct phraseology, because the insipid jest that was cast upon the good rhetor turns upon a circumstance quite foreign from our imagination, and therefore is no joke to us. The orators who spoke at the bar, among the Greeks, had a certain portion of water measured out to them in a water-clock, and when that was run out he must no longer run on. The jokers therefore, I suppose, thought they had said something witty and stinging, by observing that they saw nothing remarkable in the speech which the rhetor was obliged to deliver while they moistened their throats, besides that instead of the customary water-measure it was measured by a runlet of wine, probably because they could drink out a runlet of wine in the mean time without attending to his harangue. The insult would therefore have been the more opprobrious if, immediately at the beginning, the runlet of wine had been delivered as the appointed measure; but from Lucian's words that is not to be inferred. The truth of the matter might be, that the rhetorical *Græculus*, or whatever he was, was treated at the table of a roman senator as a pedant, and I suppose thereby had no great injury done him.

his own compositions while sitting at table, then you have a hard task to perform! For you must praise and flatter and rack your brains for inventing some new terms of commendation, to shower upon him. Some wish to be admired for their beauty, whom you must without blushing call an Adonis or a Hyacinthus, though they have a nose as long as your arm. Woe be to you if you are sparing of incense! You may lay your reckoning in it, that it will fare no better with you than it did with Philoxenus, who could not prevail upon himself to admire the tragedies of Dionysius of Syracuse\*: for it will be construed into envy, and a want of goodwill towards the patron. In short, if they affect to be erudite, philosophers, orators, or whatever else they please, they must be humoured and positively declared such: however their performance may abound in faults of grammar, it is pure attic salt and hymettian honey; and if nobody has ever spoke in such a way before, their solecisms must in future pass for the law of philology.

Still however what passes among men might be bore with. But it is carried so far, that even the ladies have their own men of learning and philosophers in pay, to take about with them in their carriages. For it is the fashion at present, and in their opinion, is as necessary an appurtenance as the decoration of paint or an elegant dress, to have it said, that they are skilled in various branches of knowledge, addicted to philosophy, and make verses little inferior to those of Sappho. The most diverting part of the matter is, that they have lectures read to them while at the toilette, or sitting at table; for that is the only time they can find leisure for it; all the rest of their hours being fully occupied. It therefore not unfrequently happens, that whilst the philosopher is discoursing on some topic of morality, a chambermaid enters and delivers a love-letter to her

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\* Dionysius, whose court swarmed with philosophers, wits, and gifted men of all sorts, had, among his other pretensions, the whim to be a poet, and composed tragedies. As may be easily imagined, vast compliments were paid him upon it by his courtiers. Philoxenus alone had the insolence, or however else it may be termed, to think the royal poetry miserable. Dionysius, to teach him better manners, sent him to work in the quarry, shortly after however pardoned him, sent for him back to court, and read to him a new piece, in order to see whether his taste was improved. The prince had read only a few lines when Philoxenus got up and said: Lead me back to the quarry. This is the anecdote to which Lucian here alludes in the words *ἰ; τὰς ἀβολομαίας τὰς Διονυσίου*.

lady from one of her gallants. The dissertation on virtue is broke off in an instant; the lady sits down to her writing-desk, and pens a letter to her lover\*; and when the chambermaid is dismissed, virtue is resumed, and the philosopher gravely proceeds with his subject. When, after being long looked for with impatience, the charming season of the saturnalia or panathenæa † is at last arrived, and a present is sent you of some wretched gown, or an old threadbare, tattered tunic, as much stir is made about it, as if it was the most important affair in the world. Meanwhile the servant who overheard the patron consulting with his valet de chambre what he should give you, comes running in almost out of breath, that he may be the first to deliver to you the glad tidings of what he had heard by the by, and receives a good fee for it. Then the next morning at an early hour no fewer than thirteen more, bring you the present itself, everyone having somewhat to say with reference to it, how many words he was obliged to expend in interesting the patron in your behalf; how often he reminded his noble master of what he had thought to do for you, and how he, who had the commission, selected the handsomest. You must therefore dismiss them all severally with a fee; and all go away grumbling that you gave them no more.

As for your salary, it will be paid you perhaps by two or four oboli at a time ‡; and you must be content to receive it so: for if you ask for more, you will be said to be a rude and impertinent fellow. Before you can get anything, you must first of all flatter and petition the master himself, then you must not be remiss in paying your court to the house-steward, who again is to be courted in a peculiar method; I would advise you also not to neglect the confidant or friend of the house, who was pre-

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\* Lucian, agreeably to the custom of the ancients, calls things by their right names; and says: her adulterer.

† How do the panathenæa, a festival peculiar to the Athenians, get to Rome? Du Soul justly asks; and Lucian himself would perhaps have been puzzled how to answer him.

‡ This I take to be implied in the words *κατὰ δύο ὄβολοις, καὶ τέτταρας*, agreeably to the common rules of speech. Du Soul, I cannot tell why, understands them so as if the question were about the lowest and the highest day's pay of the learned pensioner, and accordingly computes the annual salary, in the lowest price at ten pounds sterling. But even this calculation is wrong: for two oboli per day make annually no more than 120 drachmas, or about 8*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.* of our money.

sent at your reception, and was subservient to it. And after all, what you receive, has long been due to the taylor and shoemaker and physician, It is therefore just as much as if you had got nothing, seeing you are become not a farthing the richer for it.

In the mean time you excite a great deal of envy, and slander imperceptibly finds a willing ear with a patron who begins to be tired of you, and who perhaps by this time sees you worn out by incessant fatigues, crippled and unfit for service, and already afflicted with the gout. Having now, so to speak, squeezed you to the rind; and after your best years and vigour have been consumed with him, and now that you are, like a worn out, thoroughly moth-eaten and ragged garment, no longer good for anything, he looks about for a dunghill to cast you upon, that he may supply your place with another who is better able to go through the drudgery of it. The first will serve as the best allegation — that you have broke bounds; you, an old man, to be guilty of seduction, to have attempted the chastity of one of my lady's female slaves! Or somewhat of the like nature. And away you are sent; turned headlong out of doors, at the dead time of the night, careless about what becomes of you; and in this extreme distress cut off from all human relief! Bad as your outward condition might have been, prior to your entrance into this house, it is nothing the better for it: but you yourself, how much worse are you become than you were? All that you have gained is a grey pate and a well-conditioned gout: you have in this long period unlearnt what you formerly knew, got a monstrous swagging belly and a capacious stomach, which you can neither fill nor pacify with good words. For it now demands its customary portion, and will not conform to the new famishing-regimen henceforth to be adopted. What are you now to do? What means of escape are now in your choice? How can you, at your time of life, when you are as useless as an old horse, whose very hide is good for nothing, hope to find a buyer? Add to this, the bad reputation which got you to be turned out of the former house, now stands in your way; for no doubt will be entertained, that you must have perpetrated something very wicked, and were dismissed at least on account of adultery or of poisoning. Your accuser, even if he say nothing, has every possible presumption in his favour: whereas you are a Græculus, of light behaviour, and prepared for every rascally trick: for that is the opinion they have.

conceived of us all \*. At least it appears to me that I have discovered the true reason of their thinking so vilely of us. How many Greeks are seen at Rome, who, because they have learnt nothing good and useful, creep into the houses of the great, as pretended adepts in the occult sciences, by professing to understand fortune-telling, the casting of nativities, and necromancy, who can by means of charms help one to gain the affection of the person who is the object of desire, or heap upon an enemy all manner of misfortune. By such curious devices these vagabonds set up for profound scholars, go about in the costume of a philosopher, and wear beards that are by no means contemptible. The Romans now, perceiving what sort of people they are, who are reputed the best of us, and what despicable parts they act as parasites and slaves at the tables of the great and on all other occasions, what wonder, if they conclude the worst of them, and therefore conceive a bad opinion of all?

That on such however as they have once turned out of their houses, they should cast a peculiar odium, and endeavour as far as they can to deprive them of all credit and bring them to utter ruin, has a very natural cause. For it is out of all question with them, that these people who have had so many opportunities of knowing them thoroughly and seeing them *in puris naturalibus*, will not fail to divulge many particulars concerning them, in the concealment whereof they are very much interested. It is exactly there where the shoe pinches. For these gentlemen, one and all, resemble those elegant books, which are indeed bound in purple coloured parchment and ornamented with golden clasps †, but upon opening them you find Thyestes eating his own children, or Œdipus committing incest with his mother, or Tereus intriguing with two sisters at once. Precisely thus it is with these magnates: their outside is fair and showy, but within they have the more of a tragical appearance

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\* Namely the Romans. Several very strong passages in Cicero's oration *pro Flacco* shew that this bad opinion of the grecian national character had long been entertained in Rome.

† Thus I have translated it for the reader's accommodation, because such a book presents itself more easily to our imagination, than a long scroll of parchment inscribed only on one side and stained with purple on the other, rolled and fastened at one end upon a stick belaid at top and bottom with gold. Of this latter kind of books however no mention is made in the original; in Lucian's time they knew nothing of bound books provided with covers, and the practice of ornamenting the volumes with clasps came up first in the twelfth century.

beneath the purple; and the first thing we happen to open upon, contain matter enough, for a Euripides or Sophocles to work up. Now, being perfectly conscious of this, nothing is more natural for them than to hate and persecute everyone, who, after having closely studied them, turns traitor and tragedizes them to the public in their proper colours.

And now, my friend, by way of conclusion, let me present you with a picture in the manner of the famous Cebes, of this course of life; whereby you may behold at one view, whether you would do well to engage in it. I could wish that I had by me some such limner as Apelles or Euphanor or Ætion or Parrhasius for the execution of my design. But seeing that it would be difficult to find out in the present day a painter of such genius and so much mastery in the art, you must take the will for the deed, and be content with such a bare sketch as I am able to make.

The picture exhibits the portico of a magnificent palace raised on lofty columns, and glittering with richly gilded cornices, but situated, not on level ground, but on a hill, the access to which is long, steep, and at the same time so slippery, that many who think they have almost gained the summit, suddenly tumble down again, by a slip of the foot on taking the last step. Within sits the god of riches, all covered with gold, and as lovely and captivating as he could possibly be pictured. His admirers, who with extreme difficulty have at last reached the top, stand close to the gate, motionless, as if quite struck with extasy at the sight of the vast quantity of gold; but Hope in the form of a beautiful nymph in gay motley-coloured raiment, takes them severally by the hand. His amazement increases at every step. Hope marching always before him, transfers him to two other ladies, Deception and Bondage, who deliver him again to Labour. She, after harassing the poor wretch with a long series of tribulations, recommends him, since he is grown sickly and has lost his fine complexion, to Old-Age, from whose embrace he is suddenly ravished by Contumely for the purpose of driving him to Despair. Benign Hope has in the mean time flown away, and is nowhere any more to be seen. And the pitiable creature is thrust out, not by the golden portal through which he entered, but at a blind back-door, naked, pot-bellied, pale and wan, crippled with age, with one hand covering his shame and with the other throttling himself. At his ejection Repentance meets him weeping, and,

by her unavailing sympathy, helps still to augment the unfortunate wretch's sorrow.

This may serve as the finishing stroke to my picture \*. Do you, my excellent Timocles, contemplate the whole of it, part by part, and consider whether you would deem it advisable to enter by the magnificent gate into this palace of Plutus, in order to be thus disgracefully thrust out again. But whatever you do, remember the lofty saying of the sage †:

Blame your own choice; but cast no blame on God.

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\* How many pictures must his Apelles or Ætion paint, for portraying this composition in its several successive moments? It is apparent however from more than one description of celebrated paintings, by Pausanias and others, that the antient artists did not always confine themselves to the unity of the moment, but frequently linked an entire series of pictures, when they represented together but one history, in a single tableau.

† Plato, in the speech of the parca Lachesis to the souls that were doomed to migrate in human bodies, in the tenth book of the Republic.

# A P O L O G Y

FOR

THE EPISTLE CONCERNING THE UNFORTUNATE LOT OF THE  
LEARNED, WHO LET THEMSELVES OUT FOR HIRE TO GREAT  
MEN.

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TO SABINUS.

**W**HAT you would think, dear Sabinus, of me, after perusing my tract on those of the learned who let themselves out for hire to great men, has been long running in my head. That you did not read it without laughing I take for granted. But what you will say of me henceforth,

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Apology, &c. From the acquaintance we have formed, through our author, with the great bulk of philosophers and literary men of his time, we may easily conceive that by the foregoing composition he must have run his head into a terrible wasp-nest, and with all his kind intentions, have deserved but poor thanks from the great number of learned hirelings, who were now lodged in the cage. Nothing therefore was more natural, than for these honourable personages to raise a mighty clamour against him, on his having pretty soon after, though under circumstances altogether different, gone into the service of a great man, and (as far as we can see by the little light he casts upon it) was appointed to a respectable and lucrative employment, with the then prefect or governour of *Ægypt*, yet immediately, as it appears, dependent on this roman magnate. Lucian therefore found it expedient to reply in an apology addressed to this perhaps merely fictitious Sabinus, to the reproaches that had been made him on account of this pretended inconsistency, and to shew, what a great difference there was between the miserable servitude of these men of letters who condescend to engage themselves for wages to roman lords and ladies, and the honourable office which he filled with the ruler of the province of *Ægypt*. We shall find, that he has extricated himself from the toils (a little bit of syro-grecian vanity, which we will pardon in him, deducted) like a shrewd wit and a man of the world. And that may suffice for us readers, though he leaves our curiosity unsatisfied with reference to several circumstances, which for his sake are not indifferent to us, particularly respecting the queries, under what emperor and how long he occupied that station.

on contrasting that tract with the step I have recently taken, seems to challenge from me a little appendix to it\* I either understand but little of the diviner's art, or hear you say: How? the man who wrote that, the very man who so vehemently declaimed against this way of life, forgets at once all that he has wrote, comes about as by a turn of the hand †, in his manner of thinking, and plunges, of his own free choice, in the sight of all men, into the most manifest bondage. How many treasures such as those of Midas or Cræsus, how many golden streams like Pactolus ‡, must have coalesced for dazzling a man, who has already one foot almost in Charon's boat, to such a degree as to bring him to the resolution of renouncing his darling liberty, the playmate of his childhood

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\* I am very much of Du Soul's opinion, in deeming the passage, *ἀ δὲ μίλαξ' ἔν καὶ ἐπὶ πάσῃ ὑπὸ σὺ ἰλέγεις, ταῦτα νῦν ἰφαρμόττειν ζῆτῶ τοῖς αἰγινοσμήνοισι*, corrupt, and who positively declares that he cannot tell what to make of it. Not as though it offered no meaning at all, but because no man, to say nothing of Lucian, would have expressed himself so insignificantly, and at the same time so stupidly, when it was so easy for him to have delivered his meaning clearly and like an intelligent man. Methinks however it is easy to infer, from the general tenour of the discourse, that he must have meant nearly what I make him say. However, by interpreting *ἰφαρμόττειν* *adjungere, applicare*, in which sense it occurs even in the lexicons, there is nothing absurd in the sentence, *hæc jam addere, adjungere parò præcedentibus a te jam lectis*.

† If the adage, *δραίκα μιλαισιόλιος* is the same, as it appears to be, with that which in Suidas runs *δραίκα περιεροφῆ*, and in the sentence quoted by him from Eunapius is tantamount to *citius testâ conversâ*, then it is of the same import with our common saying, "as easy as a turn of the hand." Yet it might be intended to apply: it is of so little consequence to him, to change his way of thinking, that it depends, as it were, on whether the shell shall fall on one side or on the other, for him to think thus or otherwise. To conclude, this proverb has not the least analogy to the potsherds commonly used in ostracism, as Dr. Francklin without foundation imagines, but seems to take its rise from a boy's play with small shells, somewhat resembling our tossing up heads or tails.

‡ The Pactolus, of which we form from the poets such a grand idea, is a small rivalet, winding its course imperceptibly at present close to the ruins of Sardes, but was formerly famous on account of the gold-sand which it was said to carry with it in such vast quantity, that agreeably to a popular report among the Greeks (which probably dates its origin from times when gold was still a very rare commodity with them) it was the principal source of the riches of king Cræsus. The truth of the matter is, that, from mount Tmolus, which abounds in gold mines, where it rises, it conveyed along its current some little quantity of gold in small spangles or grains, which were sufficiently fine to enable the persian kings to coin it occasionally into *da-rics*, the ducats of the antients, with respect to the fineness of the gold.

and the constant companion of his best years, for the purpose of being led about, as it were, in a golden collar, like the little marmozets and squirrels of our ladies! Nothing can be more opposite than the precept and the practice. That I call, acting quite contrary to the example of that palinode-poet, who converted his invectives against fair Helen into a panegyric upon her\*, whereas your recantations are made for the worse, and you retract the truth you formerly said, by the real fact.

This, or somewhat of the same sort you may probably have said to yourself. But as you are my friend, I may reasonably suppose that you will not drop the subject, but now address your discourse to me, and impart to me your friendly advice, adapted to the emergency, such as might be expected, of an honest man and a philosopher as you are. Should I now, in taking the liberty to act in your person, be so happy as to do it in a manner not entirely unworthy of yourself, so much the better; and Mercury † will have merited my propitiatory sacrifice; if not, you are always at liberty to subjoin what you please. Accordingly I now make my exit from the stage in my own person, or silently submit myself rather, to the several operations which you, as my physician, shall deem necessary for the cure of my injury; play your syringes, cut and cauterize as you think proper, I shall patiently endure everything. In short, the turn is now yours, my dear Sabinus, and methinks I hear you speaking thus:

There was a time, friend Lucian, when that little performance, as it well deserved, was held in high esteem, and redounded much to your honour; and, both in the public auditory where you first rehearsed it, as I have heard from persons who were present, and by the learned who possess it in the transcript and have more than once déigned to read it, was received with no common approbation. Your composition was thought eloquent and judicious, and abounding in interesting anecdotes and pictures. It was however valued chiefly for the utility, which might be derived from it by all classes of readers, particularly the scholars, whom it guarded against the danger of making themselves, for want of experience in the ways of the world, the slaves of the great. But since you are

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\* See before, vol. i. p. 717.

† In the text Logios, i. e. Mercury, as the god of Eloquence and the patron of orators.

become of a different opinion, since you have openly given Liberty a bill of divorce, and adopted for your motto that basest of all iambics :

Gain makes him serve, who is not born a slave \*

you may give over reading that composition, nor let anybody read it who sees your present course of life. On the contrary, I advise you to implore as fervently as you can the subterranean Mercury† to sprinkle those who have formerly heard or read your production, copiously with the water of Lethe ; to prevent its being said, that the same thing happened to you as to Bellerophon ‡ in the corinthian legend, and that you have wrote a book against yourself. For, so may Jupiter be gracious to me, I see not what you can offer with any show of justice against your accusers, or how you will avoid the general ridicule, should they have the malice to commend to your face your book, and the spirit of liberty in which it is composed, while you are standing before them in the chain which you have voluntarily twisted round your neck, as a living refutation of your own assertions. Would they be very much in the wrong, were they to say : the book is not by you, but the work of some honest man, in whose plumes, you, like the crow in the fable, ostentatiously strut. Or, if it be indeed your own performance, you act somewhat like that Salæthus of Crotona, who imposed a severe law upon the Crotonians against adulterers §, for which he received great applause ; but presently after was himself caught in adultery with his brother's wife. Here, may they say, we have a second Salæthus feature for feature ! If indeed we inspect the matter narrowly your affair is much more preposterous than his. For he however had love to plead in his excuse : and far from intending to incur the penalty of his statute, he leaped magnanimously of his own accord into the fire, although the Crotonians, from compassion, would fain have assisted his escape, if he had been so minded. Whereas you, who have so ingeniously

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\* The 398th verse of the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides.

† Hermes Chronios, i. e. Mercury, in quality of partner in the government of the subterranean world, or Hades.

‡ Who, designing to deliver to the king of Lycia a letter of recommendation from his son in law, found it to be a letter beseeching him to shove Bellerophon out of the way. See *Iliad*. vi. 155 & seq.

§ The penalty of the flames was annexed to it.

exposed and so sharply inveighed against the servility of that condition of life, and loaded with so much abuse the poor scholar, who had the mishap to fall into the great man's net, and being once there he could not get out of it, but must brook a thousand intolerable affronts, and submit to ten thousand cruel impositions, what can you plead in justification of yourself for having at such an advanced age, and in a manner standing on the verge of life, placed yourself in such an ignominious state of servitude and almost even glory in it? The more you display your new post to view, the more ridiculous, say they, must you be in the opinion of every one that sees your book and your conduct in such direct contradiction.

But why need we be at the trouble of finding out fresh arguments to convict you of misconduct, since your sentence has long been drawn up in that celebrated verse of an admirable tragedy: "I hate the sophist who is not wise for himself\*." You may depend upon it, that your accusers will not presently have done with their witty conceits and similes. Some will compare you to the tragic actors, of whom, while upon the stage not one is inferior to Agamemnon, Creon, or even Hercules, but as soon as the mask is put off, he is Polus or Aristodemus, a downright player, who must submit to be hissed, or even handsomely whipped if the spectators insist upon it†. Others will say, the same thing has happened to you, as to the celebrated Cleopatra's monkey. She had the creature taught to dance, they tell us, and the monkey really attained to such proficiency, that it danced the hymenæus very featously according to rule and with much propriety and observance of the character it represented. But no sooner did the animal descry a few figs or almonds (which a facetious spectator had thrown unperceived upon the stage) but in a twinkling the mask was tore off, and the monkey with his innate voracity fell to munching, and farewell to the flutes, the songs and the dances! Just so,

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\* Cicero refers to the same verse, *lib. xiii. ad famil.* 15. as a verse of Euripides. And again as from the *Medea*, vii. 6. but seeing it is not extant in ours, either Euripides wrote another *Medea*, as there are often duplicates of the fables of the antients, or it must be a *Medea* of some other Euripides. *Qui ipse sibi sapiens prodesse non quit, nequidquam sapit.* Cic. ad Trebatium, *fam.* vii. 6.

† Lucian has already pretty often employed this simile, and likewise Cleopatra's ape has, even in the plural number, more than once appeared. Whence we see that he wrote his pieces merely for rehearsal, and took no account of readers so many hundred years after him.

will they say, you have shewn yourself at the sight of a fig thrown to you ; you, not a mere actor, but a poet, the author of an excellent work, and the Salæthus who gave such wise laws to others ; are in reality but a monkey ; that your philosophy is only on the tongue's end, and that, to speak with Homer :

Dissembling still, you think not what you speak\*.

and it may truly be said, the fine preachment you made us, and for which you were so highly commended,

Just wet the lips, but left the palate dry†.

In fact it is a just punishment that follows close on your heels, for having so conceitedly acted the Thraso by others who were forced by necessity to adopt such measures, and so soon after abjured your own freedom, only not quite by means of a public crier. To me it is as if I saw you in those moments, when you were so much glorying in having censured and insulted others, Adrastea standing then at your back, and laughing at you for it : as a goddess she foresaw your approaching transformation, and therefore could better enforce the law of retaliation upon you, for having, without previously looking into your own bosom‡, had the presumption to treat so unmercifully those who were brought by circumstances and reverses of fortune into such predicaments. Should anyone take, for the subject of an oration, that Æschines, subsequent to the notorious impeachment which he instituted against Timarchus, was caught

\* Iliad. ix. 313. *Mente aliud celare, aliud sed promere verbis.*

† Iliad. xxii. 495. *Labra rigasse quidem, siccum liquisse palatum.*

‡ The Greek text says, to spit. How the elegant Greeks could be brought to adopt such an inelegant proverbial phraseology would be incomprehensible, had we not known, that it refers to a religious creed. Adrastea, or Nemesis, punished by the strictest retaliation every speech or action whereby a man, as it were, transgressed the bounds of humanity, magnified himself, despised others, or arrogantly punished faults in them to which himself was subject as well as they. Now it was probably an old, though rather uncleanly practice, when anything was inadvertently experienced at which Adrastea might take offence, the instant he was conscious of it or reminded of it by another, for the man to spit in his own bosom, to indicate by this token of self-aborrence the sense of his folly, and to appease the goddess by atoning for it on the spot. Hence then originated the phrase, "spit in thy bosom," which in process of time took a proverbial form, and had about the same import as our "Twist your own nose."

himself in the commission of the same impropriety, what peals of laughter it would have raised among the audience, on discovering that he, who accused Timarchus of a crime, for which youth at least might be pleaded as some excuse, has himself committed the same offence in his old age? Summa summarum, you are exactly like that apothecary, who pretended he had an excellent remedy for a cough, affirming that it would give immediate relief: but while he was praising his curious nostrum he almost coughed himself to death.

This, dear Sabinus, and a great deal more of the same nature and offering itself to view on so many sides, might such an accuser as you bring to market upon so copious a subject. In the mean time I am looking all around me to lay hold on something, that may serve at least as a plea in extenuation of my offence. Perhaps the shortest way to get out of the business would be, instead of denying my delinquency, forthwith to plead guilty, and encounter the penalty, but at the same time resort to the common apology for all poor sinners; I mean to casualty, to the Parcæ, and to fate, and petition my censurers for pardon and indulgence, knowing as they do, that we are in no respect masters of ourselves, but are involuntarily impelled by a superior power, or properly by one of the before-named mystical Three, and therefore are exempted from all guilt and responsibility, let us say and do whatever we will. But no: that would be too vulgar and pitiful an evasion, and you yourself, my dear Sabinus, notwithstanding the friendship you cherish for me, would lose all patience with me, if I were reduced to the necessity of having recourse for an advocate to the good old Homer, and allege in my defence:

No living man his doom can antedate,  
Nor change the hard conditions of his fate \*,

OR,

Ere I was born the Parcæ spun my thread †.

\* Thus Hector at parting, consoles his Andromache, Il. vi. 488. Instead of the two last words of this verse *ἡμῶν ἀνθρώπων*, in all the MSS. of Lucian's works we read *ἀνθρώπων ἡμῶν*. It is manifest that Lucian cannot have so disfigured the homeric versification. But surely as little can it be supposed that all the copyists, as if by common consent committed the same gross error, unless, as I have observed on a former occasion, p. 157, of this vol. one single transcript served as an original to all the copies that are come down to us.

† Il. xx. 128. Here again, for *ἰρίνοισι*, which Homer and Lucian wrote, *ἄρινοισι*: occasioned doubtless by the blunder of the transcriber.

Now I might indeed, instead of this address, which with judicious persons would have little weight, allege: that neither by the hope of enriching myself, nor any other selfish motive have I been allured into this recent engagement, but my admiration of the prudence, virtue, and generosity of this man \* excited in me a desire to participate in the merits which he was every day acquiring in behalf of the general interest. But I have reason to fear lest in addition to the charges brought against me already, I may draw upon myself the imputation of flattery, and be said to be only driving out one nail with another, or a lesser fault with a greater, since flattery of all vices is justly reputed the most servile, and therefore the worst †.

What alternative then is left for me, if I am neither permitted to urge one argument or the other, but to confess that I am unable to produce any substantial evidence in my defence? At any rate I have still one sheet anchor to throw out, namely to move all sympathetic souls, and in a lamentable tone, plead in extenuation of my guilt, age, sickness, and poverty, which (especially the last) are such uneasy companions, as to make a man do anything in the world to be rid of them. Accordingly, it may not perhaps be unseasonable to call in the Medea of Euripides, and apply to them with a little alteration those famous iambs:

Too well I see the evil I pursue,

But want obliges me that wrong to do †.

For the advice of Theognis, when a man has no other way left,

To cast him headlong in the raging sea,

in order to escape from poverty, is too much in everybody's recollection to need quotation.

\* What reason could Lucian have had for not directly naming the man? And who may this man have been? Hardly however the emperor himself? Yet some have pretended to ground on these words their affirmation that Lucian obtained his office in Ægypt from the emperor Marcus Antoninus. It is scarcely credible, that any man, not to say a Syro-Græculus of Lucian's rank and consequence could have spoke in this style of the sovereign of the world. I suppose it was only the prefect of Ægypt that is here meant, with whom Lucian, in virtue of his new appointment, came into immediate connexion, though he properly speaking served the emperor, and received his salary from him.

† In all this there is nothing unbecoming, if speaking of the governour of Ægypt, whereas it would have bordered on conceited impertinence, if it was intended for the emperor.

‡ Euripid. Medea, ver. 1078. In the Medea, however, it is *ὄρνις*; *ὄρνις* *ἀγέλας* *ἀγέλας*, stinger, not penary.

This then appears to be all that one in such a predicament could urge in his defence, and I must own that none of these reasons are of sufficient validity to be produced before honest people. But make yourself easy, my friend, I am not going to use any one of them. For the famine is not yet so severe at Argos, as to force them to sow their gymnasiums \*, neither is it come to that pass with us, as to compel us from desperation to take refuge in such miserable subterfuges. Consider therefore, in the first place, what a great distinction it makes, whether a man engages himself for hire to a great or opulent individual, to perform servile offices in the family, and to endure all that I have described in my treatise; or whether he is paid by the emperor for taking part in the administration of public affairs, and according to his ability contributing to the government of the commonwealth. You need only compare the detail of one and the other, for perceiving, that, as the musicians are wont to say, they are two whole octaves distant from each other, and that there is no more similarity between these two conditions, than between lead and silver, copper and gold, the anemone and the rose, the monkey and the man. True, they serve in both cases for pay, and are under the orders of another; but there is a vast disparity in the reason of the thing. In one the bondage is obvious, and the situation of a scholar, who is on this foot the commensal of a great man, differs little from that of a purchased slave: whereas it would be very unjust to speak contemptuously of men into whose hands the public affairs are committed, and who render themselves useful to cities and entire populations, solely because they receive a salary, and to pass a similar verdict upon them. Or we must extend

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\* If ever a corrupt reading in an antient author was happily corrected, it has been done here by the proposed alteration of the learned Grævius, of the common lection *κοίλων Ἀραγίων*, which considered in any point of view is downright incurable nonsense, into *Κυλλιαρίων*. *Kyllarabis* was the name of a gymnasium or public place for wrestling and other exercises at Argos, situate, according to *Livy, lib. xxxiv. cap. 26*, about 300 paces from the city, and which derived its appellation from its founder *Cylarabus*, the son of *Sthenelus*, an antient king of Argos, whose statue was there to be seen. *Pausan. in Cor. cap. xxii*. That this name is sometimes wrote *Cyllabarus*, sometimes *Cylarabus* or *Cylarabes*, is nothing to the purpose. To conclude, whence *Brodæus* had it, that this sentence is from an antient poet, as he, in his positive manner asserts, I am at a loss to discover. It rather seems to look as if it had been a common proverb at Argos, and under that title it has been adopted by *Erasmus* in his collection.

this condemnation to all who are invested with public offices, for by that rule the governours of provinces, the superintendants of great cities, and the commanders of legions and whole armies, would incur the imputation of doing wrong, since there are none of them but derive emolument from their labours. We ought not however, methinks, on account of one to inflict a general disgrace on all who receive wages, by placing them all, without regard to very material discrepancies, on the same level. Nor have I anywhere said, that all who serve for pay, lead a wretched life; but only pitied the condition of those, who as scholars (without any other title or stated honourable employment) serve in private houses. To this however my present office bears not even the slightest affinity. In my private life everything is just as it was before: but as a public person I have no small share in the administration of the most extensive province in the empire. For if you please to inquire a little into it, you will find, that not the least considerable part of the government of Ægypt is in my hands, as I am appointed to preside over and regulate the several courts of judicature, and to provide that all legal proceedings are conducted in due order, to draw up a protocol of whatever is said or transacted, to arrange the speeches of the lawyers\*, and above all to preserve the rescripts of the emperor † in their utmost exactitude and perpicuity, with the most sacred and inviolable fidelity, and deposit them in the public archives for posterity, to the end of time ‡. Moreover, I

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\* I frankly confess that I cannot precisely tell what Lucian would have us to understand by his *ῥυθμίζειν τὰς ῥητορίας τῶν δικαιολογούντων*, and have therefore been necessitated to attach myself as close as possible to his words. Thus much is perhaps clear from the word *ῥυθμίζειν*, that he did not mean to say, *veiller à ce que les plaideurs soient moderés dans la défense de leur cause*, as Massieu, misled by the word *moderari* in the latin translation, has understood it. If I am right in my conjecture, the question turns entirely on the keeping of proper order in the successive pleadings of the advocates.

† In the text: *τὰς τῷ ἀρχόντῳ γράσεις*, which indeed likewise, if speaking of a grecian city, might be the knowledge of the archon. But here these words are to be understood perhaps of the imperial rescripts or answers to the accounts and commissions of the governour of the province. The affectation of the Greeks in not easily calling the roman emperor by his right name and title, appears in truth extraordinary, and was, after all, nothing more than a colloquial-purism.

‡ Though our friend Lucian has not been pleased so clearly to express himself, in this specification delivered with grecian verbosity, of the component parts and emoluments of his high

receive my salary, not from a private individual, but from the emperor himself; neither does it consist in such or such a number of oboli and drachmæ by the year, but amounts to several talents. Besides, I have no small hope, if things go on in a regular channel as they ought, to be elected governour-general of a province, or to obtain some other post of equal consequence\*.

Now however, that I am engaged in repelling a charge that has been brought so gravely against me, I will take the liberty to go farther, and to assert, beyond what strictly speaking was necessary to my vindication, from my superfluity, that no man in the whole world willingly works for nothing. This holds good of even those who occupy the highest stations; for the emperor himself is not without his reward. I do not insist so much upon the taxes and tributes that are annually paid by the subjects: the real and highest recompense of a great prince is the universal tribute of applause which the world pays to his virtues, and the love bordering on adoration the people present to him in return for their happiness. This and the statues; altars, and temples erected to them by their subjects, what are they else but so many merited remunerations for their perpetual cares and exertions in providing for the exigencies of their vast estates, and keeping the commonwealth in a still increasing prosperity? If you therefore (to use a little metaphor in a great business) descend from the very top of the heap † to the smallest of its constituent parts, you will find, that we differ only in degree, as the less from the greater, but for the rest there is not one of us all, that in some sense does not serve for wages.

Had I then (if I may be allowed the expression) enacted a law, that nobody should employ himself in anything useful; then I might justly be

office, as might have been expected of a statesman, yet the result of the whole seems to be, that under the orders of the prefect-general of Ægypt, he had the inspection of the chancery and the archives of that province.

\* This rather sanguine expectation appears not to have been fulfilled. I suppose all did not go on as it ought.

† The simile is not happily chosen; for a pyramidal heap of corn or sand or whatever else it may be, consists of homogeneous parts; and the uppermost differs not from the lowermost by its size, but merely by the height of its situation.

accused of having sinned against my own law. But, as nothing of the kind is to be found in my book, and every honest man ought to be employed; what could he better do than yield assistance to his friends, and give a conspicuous proof to the world, with what fidelity, what industry, diligence, and zeal he can apply himself to the affairs of his calling, that he may not, as Homer speaks, be a useless burden upon the earth\*.

Above all things however, I must intreat my censurers not to forget, that they are not directing their censure against a man who gives himself out for a sage (if by the way there anywhere be a sage), but against one of the vulgar herd; who, though addicted to the art of speaking, and having acquired some little credit by it, yet in his life never had the presumption to aspire to that sublimity of virtue, which the leaders of the philosophical choir profess. And, by Jupiter! it would be the more unreasonable to make me do penance for it, since to my knowledge I never yet had the fortune to set my eyes upon any other whose real character punctually corresponded with that profession. Mean time I should wonder much at you, my dear Sabinus, if you should blame me on account of my present manner of life, as you can scarce have forgot, that in my younger years, when you became acquainted with me while on your travels on the coast of the western ocean in Gaul, where I was settled as authorized public teacher of oratory, I obtained a large salary, and was reckoned among the sophists, who turned their talent to the best account.

This, my friend, is what I thought it necessary to say, though amidst innumerable avocations and impediments, as my apology, since nothing is less indifferent to me than to be absolved or condemned by you. As for the rest, though they should all stand up together against me, I should take shelter in the old proverb: it gives no concern to Hippocleides †.

\* Iliad, xviii. 104.

† Clisthenes, prince of Sicyon, made proclamation, that he would give his daughter Agariste in marriage to him, whom he should be convinced was the most excellent of all the noble youths of Greece. Among the suitors whom this invitation attracted from all quarters, were Hippocleides the son of Tisander, and Megacles the son of Alcmaeon of Athens. Clisthenes entertained them all a whole year at his court, tried them in all possible ways, and at last came to a determination in his own mind, after having wavered in his choice for some time between Megacles and Hippocleides, in favour of the latter. At last the day appointed for

the nuptials arrived, on which Clisthenes should make his election known. He prepared a splendid entertainment at which several contests were set on foot in eloquence and music between the suitors. At length Hippocleides was egged on by his vanity to exhibit his skill and agility in dancing, of which unluckily the papa-in-law was no amateur: However, he said nothing, while the young gentleman was dancing the stately and solemn kind of dance which at Athens was styled *ἰμμελία*. But, perceiving the company so highly delighted with his dexterity, he must needs make all sorts of wild comic leaps and vagaries, and at last even danced upon his head; this put the old prince out of all patience, and he called to him somewhat sharply: Son of Tisander, you have danced yourself out of my daughter! That Hippocleides does not care about, *ὦ φρονί; Ἰπποκλείδῃ*, answered he quite calmly; and this reply was thought so curious, that it grew into a proverb. Clisthenes now gave his daughter to Alcmæon, and she had the honour to become the great great great grand-mother of the famous Pericles. Herod. *lib. vi.*

THE  
EUNUCH;  
OR THE  
PHILOSOPHER WITHOUT GENDER.

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PAMPHILUS. LYCINUS.

PAMPHILUS.

**W**HERE can you have been, Lycinus, that you are so joyous? You are always in good spirits, it is true. But to see you laugh outright, is somewhat unusual.

LYCINUS. I am just come from the market, Pamphilus, and as to my laughing, you will soon bear me company, when you hear what a ludicrous debate arose between two philosophers, at which I was present.

PAMPHILUS. That of itself is laughable enough, for philosophers to wrangle at the bar with one another: for if there arose ever such a mighty difference between them, they ought to make it up amicably.

LYCIN. Amicably forsooth! They were so enraged, that they poured whole cart loads of abuse upon one another. You should have heard how they bawled themselves out of breath!

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**THE EUNUCH.** Some real transaction seemingly furnished Lucian with an occasion for this satirical piece of humour; and if it had no other value than what it can claim from its being the caricature of a picture of manners drawn from real nature, it is sufficient for compensating the small space it occupies in his works. As to the superscription, I was obliged to retain the word Eunuch, because Lucian, as it will be seen, makes a distinction between a castrate and a eunuch, and by the latter term designates a man who is come into the world without sex, or at least without any characteristic of it; for whom in our language we have no appropriate denomination.

PAMPHIL. They were, I suppose, of different sects, and as usual quarrelled about their several tenets?

LYCIN. Not at all. It was quite a different affair. They are both of the same sect; they are unanimous in their opinions, but that is no impediment to their formal challenges, and they are not ashamed to call in the most respectable, the oldest and wisest men of the city as judges of their ridiculous broil: men in presence of whom any others would blush; should they chance to drop an indecent word, not to mention the impudence of proceeding to such excesses.

PAMPHIL. You have strained my expectation high enough, dear Lycinus. I pray you now tell me, what this process was about, that it made you so merry.

LYCIN. The emperor \*, you know, has constituted a certain number of stipendiary chairs for the several philosophical sects, that is, for the stoics, platonists, epicureans and peripatetics; the salaries of all are equal, and in truth not to be despised. Now it happens, that one of these professors lately died, and another must be put in his place whom the commissioners † shall approve as the fittest for it. The prize of this struggle therefore is not respecting an oxhide, as the poet says ‡, but nothing less than an annual stipend of ten thousand drachmas §, for instructing young men in philosophy.

PAMPHIL. I know it; and I have heard it reported, that one of these professors is recently deceased, and, if I am rightly informed, one of the two peripatetics ||.

LYCIN. That pension, therefore, dear Pamphilus, was the fair Hellen, for whom my two champions fought, and so far there is nothing ridiculous in the affair, except that they who boast of being philosophers and contemn money and property as nothing, yet on the first opportunity that offers fall out and brawl, as if their country, the religion and

\* Marcus Antoninus. Philostrat. *in vit. sophist.* ii. p. 566. Dio Cass. lxxxi. the subject is respecting Athens.

† Philostratus says, the emperor left the nomination to these chairs to Herodes Atticus: but Lucian, who, as a contemporary and eye-witness, might be the best informed, speaks of several *ἀγέραι*. Probably it was a committee of the principal magistrates, and Herodes presided in it.

‡ *Iliad*, xxii. 159.

§ Upwards of three hundred pounds of our money.

|| Hence it appears that each sect had two of these amply endowed professorships.

the sepulchres of their fathers\* lay at stake, and were in imminent danger.

PAMPHIL. The peripatetics however may away with this; for you know it is one of their peculiar dogmas, that money is not to be altogether held so vile, as it is by the other sects, but to be reckoned among the goods of the third order.

LYCIN. There you are right. So they teach, and so far no objection could be made to the occasion of the war; they fought for long-derived rights. Now mark what followed. Among the numerous candidates contending for the succession to the deceased, were principally two whose claims to the victory were nearly equal, old Diocles, (you know him: the everlasting disputer) and Bagoas †, who passes for a eunuch. In the point, of learning they had both undergone examination; both had shewn themselves well acquainted with the dogmas of their system, and were faithfully attached to their Aristotle and his opinions, and heaven knows neither of them is worth one hair more than the other ‡! At length the contest took this turn. Diocles, having previously vaunted his own merits, came now to Bagoas, and began by making some objections to his morals; the latter however did not remain long in his debt on that score, and in his turn anatomised the life of his antagonist without mercy.

PAMPHIL. And reason good; for that is the point on which all depends, and whereon the arguments of both should generally have turned. Had I been judge, I would have insisted on this principally, and I should have entered into a stricter scrutiny after, which of the two was the best liver, than who was the ablest reasoner.

LYCIN. In that I am entirely of your opinion. Having therefore on both sides gone through all the rubrics of slander and reproof, and being tired of mutual recriminations, at last Diocles said, that Bagoas had no right to meddle with philosophy at all, and to the benefits arising from it, seeing he was of no gender. He contended that such anomalous creatures not only ought not to presume to stand for such places, but should even

\* That is, agreeably to the notions of the Greeks, everything that is most sacred and dear to a man.

† That both names are feigned is evident.

‡ Namely, little or nothing. How Massieu could fail of perceiving the irony, it is difficult to guess, since it is palpably apparent throughout the whole sentence.

be excluded from all participation in sacred objects, and from all public meetings and the intercourse of society; that it was an ill-boding omen for one, as he came out of the house in a morning, to meet such a thing in his way; in short, that no reason could be alleged for allowing such a monstrosity to pass for a man, as being neither man nor woman, but a kind of prodigy to stare at, produced by a strange and unnatural mixture, and compounded of the two sexes; and a great deal more to the like purpose.

PAMPHIL. It is the first time in my life, that I ever heard the misfortune of being in the same predicament with poor Bagoas, imputed to one as a crime. I must confess I should never have thought of such a queer and uncommon accusation; one could hardly dream of anything so foolish. Ha, ha, ha! But how did the other take it? Did he hold his tongue? or could he muster up courage enough to answer it?

LYCIN. At first he hung down his head and seemed quite abashed, as is the way with these people; he then turned as red as scarlet, and sweated and for a good while had not the power to bring out a word. At length however he said in a squeaking womanish voice; that it was extremely unjust in Diocles to exclude eunuchs from philosophy, when even ladies were allowed to profess it. And then he cited the example of an academic from Gallia\*, who not long prior to our time gained a mighty reputation in Greece. Diocles however was not to be foiled in that manner. If this pretended academic had been that which Bagoas charges him with being, said he, he cannot, without suffering himself to be imposed upon by his celebrity with the vulgar mass, acknowledge him to be a philosopher; and as a proof that the philosophers of that time thought so likewise, he quoted several bon mots, by which the stoics and particularly the cynics made themselves merry upon the subject of his bodily imperfection. The grand point therefore on which everything now depended, and which the judges must first of all decide, was: whether a eunuch was to be held competent to profess philosophy, and in virtue thereof to be a candidate to a public professorship. Diocles affirmed that

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\* I suppose the person here meant is the rhetor Favorinus, with whom the reader has already made acquaintance in the *Demonax*, vol. i. p. 669.

for being a philosopher it was absolutely necessary to have the person whole and complete, with all its appurtenances, especially a long bushy beard, to procure the lecturer a becoming respect from his scholars, and qualify him for the ten thousand drachmas to be annually paid by the emperor. But a man without sex is yet worse than a gelding; for the latter has at least for a time enjoyed manhood, whereas the other has from his birth been an isolated and anomalous animal, somewhat like the crows, that can neither be reckoned among the pigeons nor ravens. On the other hand Bagoas stoutly maintained; that the subject in debate was not respecting corporeal properties, but about mental powers, and the question was, whether of the two excelled in understanding and science. As a proof that the defect alluded to decided nothing with regard to these latter, he cited the prince Hermeias of Acarneus, to whom the great Aristotle was devoted in so high a degree, that he even sacrificed to him as a god \*. Nay, he went so far as to assert, that a man in his circumstances was the more qualified for the office of an instructor of youth, because it was impossible for those suspicions of lewdness to be fastened upon him which even Socrates himself did not escape. On being reproached with the want of a beard, he facetiously retorted, by saying: if philosophers are to be esteemed by the length of their beard, a he-goat must have the strongest claim to the vacant place. The most diverting part of the business was, that whilst these two worthy rivals were engaged in this idle dispute, a third person came in, whose name I shall conceal at present, who with much confidence assured the judge, that if this beardless gentleman, with the delicate, thin voice and the aspect of a eunuch, were to be stripped, he would be found to be more of a man than many of us. If he is not, added he, basely slandered, he was once taken in adultery, and in that precise situation which the letter of the law

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\* The friendship that subsisted between Aristotle and this Hermeias took its rise in the school of their common master Plato, and conferred great honour on this prince. When Aristotle quitted Athens on the death of Plato, he retired to this his friend at Acarneus in Mysia, remained three years (namely, till his miserable end,) with him, raised him a monument in a hymn to virtue, and married his niece Pythias. But that he offered up sacrifice to him, belongs with other the like trash to the no less silly than malicious tales, which have been raked together by Diogenes Laertius, Suidas, and suchlike compilers, at the expense of the grecian philosophers.

requires\*. To that event, it is said, his pretended eunuchism is to be ascribed: for, being at a loss for a defence, he had recourse to this stratagem, which succeeded so effectually with the judges, that, believing the accusation to be refuted by manifest demonstration, they absolved him without farther investigation. But now, that he has an opportunity of obtaining a stipend of ten thousand drachmas, I cannot see wherefore he should hesitate to change his note. You may easily imagine that on hearing this, the whole company burst into a loud laughter. Bagoas was in the utmost confusion imaginable, his colour every instant went and came, he made the most curious grimaces, and the cold sweat fell in drops from his brow. For he naturally thought it would not be much for his credit if he let the crimination of adultery remain unanswered upon him; and yet on the other hand it might be of good service to him in the present contest.

PAMPHIL. Why truly, Lycinus, it must have been a droll exhibition, and afforded you great entertainment. But I am eager to learn what was the upshot of this business. What was the final resolution of the judges?

The suffrages were divided. Some of them would needs have him stripped, as is the custom when a slave is to be purchased, to convince themselves whether or not he was furnished with the necessary requisites for being a philosopher. Others were of opinion that some women should be fetched from the stews, in order to try by the congress, in the presence of the oldest and gravest of the judges, whether he was a philosopher. But as everybody was so overpowered with laughter, and there was not one who was not in imminent danger of splitting his sides by the immoderate convulsion of the diaphragm; it was at last resolved to dismiss the cause to Italy, and let it be decided there. And now one of the combatants, as the report goes, is labouring with might and main to arm and exercise himself preparatory to the proofs he purposes to produce at Rome of his erudition and skill in the art of disputation; and is industriously at work to bring forward his accusation, and takes all possible pains to establish the adultery; notwithstanding that by this charge he declares his adversary to be a man, and therefore, after the manner of sorry lawyers, fights his adversary with weapons which may be turned against himself. Ba-

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\* "Αφρα in ἀφραῖς ἔχου.

goes meanwhile, it is said, is busied in quite other cares; having nothing more at heart, than to give abundant proofs of his manhood, and does not doubt for a moment that he shall come off victorious, if he can but shew that in this particular he has the abilities of a jackass. For these, friend Pamphilus, seem at present the grand characteristics of a philosopher, and a demonstration, which cannot be refuted. And, since matters go thus, I shall wish for my son, who is still but a stripling, neither a good head nor a glib tongue, but only an ample measure of those natural parts aforesaid, if I would have the satisfaction of seeing him become a great philosopher.

OF

## MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

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**T**HE time would not be totally wasted that should be spent in a little investigation of the behaviour of the great bulk of mankind respecting the defunct, as also the usual arguments and methods that are had recourse to for their consolation; and whence it proceeds that the mourners hold death

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**OF MOURNING, &c.** The practice of mourning, and lamenting over departed relations and friends, together with a great part of the usages which Lucian diverts himself with in this little composition, is as old as the human race; and was in its origin so humane, stuck so close to the most essential and inmost affections of the heart, and referred so naturally to the whole state and condition of man, in the first rude commencements of social life, that it is impossible for the reader who contemplates it in this point of view, not to be displeased at seeing it so coolly, drily and partially derided and sophisticated. But it is much in the true taste of our author, to run on without candour and discretion, without regard to time and circumstances, to what in these usages and in this belief (which are so easily made topics of derision) is pure nature, or what is only convention, what is expansion of heart or mere mechanical mummary, affectation, vanity and folly. Such is the feeling with which I perused and translated this little diatribe; yet I readily confess, that Lucian, with his disposition, not remarkable for tenderness, his epicurean principles, his habit of viewing human affairs in general on the ridiculous surface, may perhaps be excusable, for having viewed the mourning ceremonies, which, like so many other things, after a long course of time have lost their original quality, and by a necessary consequence of altered circumstances, degenerated into abuse and nonsense, could see them in no other than a ridiculous light, and on no other than their wrong side. The subject at large, concerning the notions formed by mankind, in the infancy of the world respecting the state of the departed and a future life, and of the original ceremonies which arose partly from these conceptions, partly modified by them, deserves to be more accurately and profoundly investigated than as far as my knowledge reaches has hitherto been done, and to be analysed with all the delicacy of sentiment and nicety of observation, with which objects of this nature ought to be treated. This however is not the place for engaging in a more minute investigation.

the most intolerable evil that could have occurred, either to the object of their sorrow or to themselves. Not forsooth, by Pluto and his Proserpina! as if they had the least knowledge or certainty about whether the state of the deceased be really an evil so bitterly to be deplored, or whether it may not perhaps be far more agreeable and better conditioned than we imagine; but merely to comply with the regular custom of mourning, and antient usage.

When therefore anybody dies, — however I think it will be better to speak first of the ideas that the good folks entertain concerning death; for thence it will be immediately comprehensible why they take all this trouble to no purpose. The great mass then, or all those on whom our wise men bestow the name of idiots\*, firmly imagine, on the credit and faith of Homer, Hesiod and other fabulists, whose poetry with them has the authority of law, that there is a certain deep place under ground named Hades, which they describe as being very large and spacious, but dark and totally deprived of sun-shine; yet, notwithstanding its darkness, is, I cannot tell how, light enough for fairly seeing all that passes in it. In this vast cavern reigns a brother of Jupiter, Pluto by name, who, as I am credibly informed by one of those who are well skilled in those matters, is honoured with that appellation because he is rich in dead people. To this Pluto the kingdom of the dead fell by lot †, whom on their being transferred to him, he binds in indissoluble bonds, and has permitted none to return up, from ages beyond the date of time, some few excepted, to whom he granted that favour for reasons of peculiar weight and moment. The internal administration of this subterranean government, and the manner of living there, may be thus described. The plutonian kingdom is traversed by several large rivers, the very names whereof it is terrifying to hear; as, for instance, Cocytus, Pyriphlegethon and so forth; the outermost of them is Acheron or the acheronian lake, which can only be

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\* In Juvenal's time, which was about half a century earlier than our author, it was scarcely believed even by little children, *esse aliquid manes et subterranea regna*. The Greeks had not yet proceeded such lengths, with whom these ideas of the poetic hell were indigenious. The proper philosophers excepted, every one believed in these revelations of the poets.

† At the partition which Jupiter, after the dethronement of his father Saturn, made with his two brothers.

crossed in Charon's boat, being too deep to be waded and too broad to be swum over, seeing even the departed birds cannot fly across it.

At the adamantine gate, which forms the entrance into Hades, resides Æacus, nephew to the king, to whom the office of warden is entrusted, and not far from him is a very fierce three-headed dog, who indeed casts a gentle and amicable look on the comers, but those who endeavour to escape he frightens back by his tremendous yell and his wide yawning triple jaws.

Having passed the before-mentioned lake, the interior of Hades opens before them; they are received into a spacious meadow, which is all grown over with asphodel, and where they must drink of the fount of oblivion, which from its quality of washing out all recollection has obtained the appellation of Lethe. For all this is indubitably related by those who in days of yore returned from thence, Alcestis and Protesilaus and Theseus, Ægeus's son and the homerican Ulysses, very respectable and competent witnesses, I must own, who, as I suppose, did not drink of that fount; for otherwise, it would have been impossible for them to have remembered it so well.

Here then, according to the account of these creditable personages, Pluto and his consort Proserpina reign, and rule with uncontrouled authority over the whole of this subterranean realm. Their ministers and subordinate magistrates who execute their commands, are the Erinnys with their officers, the Penalties and Terrors, and Mercury, who, however is not always present. As prime minister, satrap, and chief-justice, sit Minos and Rhadamanthus, both of Crete, and sons of Jupiter. These despatch the good and just who have led virtuous lives, whenever they have got a competent number of them together, to compose a colony in the elysian fields, where a happy and blissful life awaits them. But the wicked that fall into their hands they transfer to the Erinnys, who cast them into the place allotted for the impious, there to be punished in proportion to their criminality. The torments they have here to sustain are horrible; they are punished by all kinds of torture, are broke upon the rack, lacerated by vultures, turned perpetually round upon a wheel, and forced to roll a prodigious relapsing stone against a hill; while poor Tantalus stands panting in a lake of fresh water, and every moment in danger of dying with thirst. They, who have been neither good nor bad,

but have led a middling sort of life, and whose number is not the least, wander without bodies round the meadow, changed into a shadowy form, which, on attempting to touch them, vanishes away like smoke. They feed however upon the libations and funereal victims which are sacrificed to them at their tombs. So that one who has left no friend or relation behind upon earth, must go unfed, and makes a very lamentable figure among the rest.

In pursuance of these notions, which are at this time become inveterate and strongly fixed in the heads of most men, the first thing they do is, when anyone of them dies, to stick an obolus into his mouth that he may have wherewith to pay the ferryman his fare; without having previously inquired what species of money is the legal tender in the world below. Whether our oboli are current there, and what kind of oboli, the attic, the macedonian or the æginetan. Nor does it occur to them, that it would be better for the defunct, to be unable to pay the fare at all; for the ferryman, seeing nothing was to be got, might turn them back and send them away into life again.

They next, after having washed the corpse (as if the dead had not had bathing enough in the abovementioned lake) and secured it against the penetrating effects of noisome effluvia, by odoriferous unguents and spices, they dress it in goodly apparel, probably lest it should catch cold by the way, or be seen naked by Cerberus, crown it with the gayest flowers of the season, and then lay it out in state.

Now commence the howlings and whimperings of the women, tears and lamentations on every side, all at once beating their breasts, tearing their hair and clawing their cheeks. In many places it is moreover the custom, to rend the garments and sprinkle ashes upon the head. In short, the living are really worse off and more to be pitied than the dead; for they manytimes in desperation roll themselves on the ground, and knock their heads against the pavement; while the latter, decked out with wreaths of flowers and all possible finery, lies aloft upon a bed of state, splendidly attired, as if for a grand festivity.

Then enters the mother, and perhaps even the father steps forward from a troop of their kindred, embraces the deceased (in order to heighten the interest of the scene, we will suppose him to have been a fine promising youth) and says to him all sorts of insipid and unprofitable stuff,

to which the defunct would return a dutiful answer if he could speak. The father then, for example, in a doleful tone, drawing out his words, amid frequent interruptions of sighs and sobs, as slowly as possible, thus bespeaks him: Oh, my darling child, so thou hast deserted me, left me a solitary wretch, thou art departed in the flower of thy youth and been snatched away before thy time, without having lighted the nuptial torch, without producing children, without having done military service, without exercising husbandry, without reaching the last stage of life! Ah, thy revellings are at an end, never more wilt thou follow love, my son, never more get drunk with thy comrades at the jocund nocturnal board!" These and the like sillinesses the man pours forth, fancying that his son has still a hankering after these things, but is denied their fruition. But what do I say? These are harmless follies. How many are there, who carry matters so far as to slay horses, concubines, some even butlers, over the graves of their dead, and burn their whole wardrobe and the appurtenances to their state and luxury, under the notion that the dead would find them all again there below, and derive much enjoyment from them!

But to return to our old man. For whose sake now did he raise such a tragical lamentation? Not on his son's account; for he knew very well, that he heard nothing of it, nor would have heard, though he had roared in his ears with the voice of a Stentor. Not for his own sake; he might surely have thought it all, without needing to declaim about it aloud; for what man in his senses bawls to himself? No alternative remains then, but that he gabbled all this idle trash for the sake of his present auditory: for how can I term it otherwise, since he neither knows how it fares with his son, nor whither he is gone? Could his son obtain leave of *Æacus* and *Pluto* to come up and thrust his head but a little above ground, to silence the silly complaints of his father, he would probably say: What is all this clamour for, wretch as you are? Why do you trouble me? Desist from tearing your hair and scratching your face! Why do you insult me with the vile epithets of wretched and unfortunate, since I am become much better and happier than you? Or why do you imagine that I am suffering? Is it so great a misfortune that I did not live long enough to become like you an old man, with a bald pate, and a face full of furrows, with a bowed back and feeble knees, withered and worn out with age, and for having lived so many olympiads become no

wiser at last than before so many witnesses to discharge such a volley of miserable stuff? And what do you find, foolish man, so desirable in life, in which I have not always partook? You mean I suppose wine and a plentiful board and fine clothes and the delights of Venus; and are afraid that I am extremely unhappy for want of these comforts? But you do not consider, that not to thirst is better than drinking, not to hunger better than eating, not to be chilly better than having a heap of clothes. Since you seem not to know, I will teach you how you ought to deplore me. Begin therefore again and cry, "Oh, my poor child, how I am grieved, that you will never more hunger nor thirst nor shiver with cold! You have left me, wretched and forlorn, have escaped from sicknesses, have no fevers any longer to dread, no enemies, no tyrants! Will be no more tormented with the pangs of love, nor be exhausted with its joys, and must therefore replenish yourself two or three times a day; and, oh the dire misfortune! you will not have the satisfaction to become in old age the object of derision and disgust to the young!" — Do not you think, father, you would thus express yourself nearer the truth, and be more entertaining to your hearers? But perhaps you are horrified at the thoughts of that eternal night and impenetrable darkness that reign around us? Or are you afraid I may be stifled in my tomb for want of air? If so, comfort yourself with this, that with perished or burnt out eyes (in case you are resolved to burn me\*) I shall probably not be able to see whether it is day or night. That however may be suffered to pass. But your vociferous lamentations, and the hammering on your breastbone which you tune to the musical notes of the flute, and the abominable howls of your hired women, of what service are they to me? What am I the better for the wreaths of flowers that you twine about my tombstone, or the good wine that you spill upon it? Do you think it will distil down and ooze through the earth to me in Hades? How useless

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\* It appears from the comedies of Aristophanes, that at Athens it was not the general practice to burn their dead bodies. They were laid in a coffin, strewed with aromatics: a loaf of bread was also inclosed for the dog Cerberus, and an obolus to pay Charon for the passage over the Cocytus. Aristophanes in one place presents us with the accompaniments of a dead body; marjoram, vine leaves, oil, a shell full of clean water laid at the door, a crown on the head of the defunct and wax tapers. On the tombs lamps in relievo were carved by the sculptors.

your funereal oblations are to me, you might easily apprehend, since the volatile parts of them mount up aloft with the smoke, and therefore nothing of them can come down to us; but the remainder is dust, whereof we can make no use, unless you believe that we feed upon ashes. Not so barren are the realms of Pluto, nor is asphodil so rare, that we are forced to fetch supplies of food from you. To be brief, I find all that you say and do on my account so strange and senseless, that, so help me, dear Tisiphone! I had long ago burst into a fit of laughter, if the linen and woollen bandages with which you have tied my chops together had not prevented me."

He ceased; all-ending death allowed no more. *Iliad*, xvi. 502.

And now I beseech you, by great Jupiter! tell me, if a dead man should start up on a sudden, and, leaning on his elbows, hold such a discourse, must not you confess it to be pure truth? And yet the foolish people howl and lament, and even send for a howler by trade, who has a great store of old dismal stories always ready by him, to keep their unmeaning grief in breath. When they are going to leave off, the fellow begins, and the whole family presently sets up a howl to the same tune after him; so that it might be taken for a theatrical chorus, with its leader of the band, who are paid for playing this ridiculous tragical farce.

With regard to this irrational custom of bewailing the dead, the several nations of the earth appear to have acted in concert; but in their funerals a great difference prevails. The Greeks burn their dead, the Persians inhume theirs, the Indians put a glazure over them \*, the Scythians eat them, the Ægyptians pickle them. The last (I speak what I have seen with my own eyes) even seat the dried carcasses (of their relations or progenitors) at their tables, as if to eat and drink with them. An Ægyptian too, when he lacks money to supply his wants, not unfrequently relieves his necessity, if he has no other pledge to offer to his creditors, by pawning his brother or his father †.

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\* *Γάζα περίχου*, which seems the proper reading. Diodorus attests the same thing; but of what this glazure consisted cannot with certainty be said.

† Namely, the mummy of his father or brother: a custom of the Ægyptians, confirmed to us by Herodotus and Diodorus of Sicily, founded on their notion of the sanctity and unalienability of these family-pieces. On such a pledge a man who had still some credit left, might at any

As for the monuments, the pyramids, the tombs and inscriptions, which last but a short time, who sees not the futility and childishness of them?

With some nations it is customary to institute public games in honour of the defunct, or to deliver eulogies over them, as if they intended to be their advocates, or thought to render a kind office to them by their evidence at the bar of the judges below \*.

Lastly follows the funeral-feast. The relations assemble to console the parents of the deceased, and force them to take something to eat; though, by Jupiter! after a three-days' fast, they do not stand in need of much forcing, being scarce able to hold out any longer against famine. And how long, say they, should we continue to mourn? Grant the manes of the deceased their proper repose! Or, if you are resolutely bent upon incessant mourning, it is the more necessary for you not to abstain from food, that you may be able to sustain the vehemence of your grief. Then the celebrated homeric verses resound from every mouth:

Nor did fair Niobe forget her food,  
Though her twelve sons lay weltring in their blood. *Iliad*, xxiv. 602.

And

The Greeks with empty stomachs mourn not for the dead. *Iliad*, xix. 225.

Whereupon they fall to, at first with much bashfulness, as if afraid of betraying so strong an attachment to life, after the demise of their darling relative, as to care about the necessaries of it.

Into these and other still more laughable follies, which will strike everyone that pays attention to what passes in mourning for the dead, men generally fall, because they hold death the greatest of all evils, whereas it is rather the termination of all evil †.

time raise money; for the creditor was sure that he would not rest night or day till it was redeemed. Whoever failed in this observance drew upon himself the blackest infamy, and was left (which was the extreme of punishment among the Ægyptians) unburied after his death, and deprived of all the honours usually paid to an honest corpse. *Diod. Sic. i. 93.*

\* The former was customary with the Greeks before Homer's time, the other with the Romans.

† This last line did not drop from the pen of our author, though it seems necessary to the proper rounding of the thought and the period, at least in english. That he had in mind the thought which it expresses is sufficiently clear from what goes before.

OF  
SACRIFICES.

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**W**HOEVER casts an unprejudiced glance upon the conduct of the great mass of mankind at their sacrifices, public festivals and solemn visits to the temple, and attends to what the simple multitude ask of the gods, and the conceptions they form of them, must really be extremely dejected and troubled in mind if he can hold from laughing at their inconceivable stupidity. It must be owned however that, considered in another point of view, the subject ceases to be ridiculous; and a reflecting man will rather perceive sufficient grounds for deliberating with himself, whether they who think so meanly and unworthily of the divine nature as to imagine that it is in need of man, and derives as great satisfaction from our flatteries and courtship as displeasure on being in that respect slighted and neglected \*. Whether, I say, they who so think would be justly termed

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OF SACRIFICES. Had some holy church-father of the second or third century been the author of this little treatise, I suppose that even the most orthodox believer would have had nothing to object against it. An impartial philosopher, on the other hand, seriously intent upon doing justice to human nature everywhere and in all respects, and who shall overlook nothing that can palliate their follies or extenuate their offences, might find somewhat to urge against this partial representation of the subject. What I advanced respecting the preceding tract on Mourning for the Dead holds good of this little lucianic diatribe. Our author presents himself not so much in the character of the philosopher, as in that of the advocate in behalf of sound reason against the gross superstitions of the populace. And from this point of view, as I am inclined to believe, what he advances on this subject can most correctly be judged.

\* Massieu makes here the remark, *ce sophisme de Lucien contre le culte, que les hommes ont rendu de tout temps à la divinité, n'en imposera, je pense, à personne, si ce n'est peut-être à quelques*

pious and religious persons by him, or whether he would not rather regard them as enemies both to gods and men, who are in the unhallowed power of some evil genius. In pursuance of this notion which they form of the deities, that famous ætolian tragedy, all the miseries that befel the poor Calydonians, and the lamentable deaths of so many men, is framed, and Meleager's unfortunate catastrophe\*, all is declared to be the work of Diana, who was displeased that king CENEUS did not invite her to his grand sacrifice; the good goddess took it so deeply to heart that she was left out at such a feast of offerings! Methinks I see the goddess, all melancholy and disconsolate, sitting alone in heaven, and at the thought of being neglected and excluded from the glorious banquet, fretting and fuming and filling Olympus with her complaints; while the other deities are junketing and making merry below. On the other side, who must not pronounce the Egyptians happy, the thrice happiest of mortals, on recollecting the great obligation which Jupiter lay under to them at the very beginning of the homeric poem, by their giving him and the rest of the deities whom he brought with him uninvited, such a splendid entertainment, twelve whole days in succession? For it is in general the idea that is formed of the gods, that they do nothing gratuitously; the benefits they bestow upon mankind are only commodities which they barter with usury; all with them is mercenary, and has its stated price; health is to be had of them for a heifer; riches for four oxen; a kingdom for a hecatomb; Nestor gives nine bulls for a safe return to Pylos †; the transport from Aulis to Ilion cost even a royal virgin; and Hecuba is forced to pay twelve oxen and a new veil to purchase of Minerva a short respite for Troy ‡. And

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*écritains de nos jours, qui n'ont pas craint de compromettre leur jugement en le répétant sérieusement les uns après les autres.* Verily no man of sound understanding will be under any apprehension of compromising his judgment by asserting such an undeniable truth as this, that the divine nature is in no need of being flattered and fawned upon by mankind. Had Lucian drawn from it a conclusion against religion, then that conclusion might have been termed a sophism. For though the divinity has no need of us, we certainly have need of it. This is a sufficient ground for public worship, but by no means justifies the unworthy conceptions of the divine nature and its service, against which alone this essay is directed. Because it is impossible that mankind should not form to themselves human conceptions of the deity, is it therefore less a duty to purge religion at least from the grossest, most preposterous and offensive anthropomorphisms?

\* See before, vol. I. p. 203 and 206, and the note # thereon.

† *Odyssey*, iii. 178.

‡ *Iliad*, vi. 269 & seq.

no doubt we may compound with the gods upon easier terms, and purchase many a fair boon at the expense of a cock, or a garland of flowers, or even for a grain or two of incense.

It was unquestionably in consequence of this way of thinking that the old priest Chryses, (a man whose advanced age and great experience in all affairs relating to the gods gave him no small weight) on being obliged to go away without settling his business with Agamemnon, expostulates with Apollo, circumstantially calculating the expenses he had been at on his account, and in a huffing tone scarce forbearing ill-language demands repayment of them. How oft have I, gracious Apollo, decorated your temple, till my time constantly uncrowned with flowery wreaths, how many hind-quarters of oxen and goats have I burnt on your altars! And you behold unconcerned the wrongs I suffer, and make nothing of your benefactor \*! Which speech wrought such an effect upon the god, that he instantly snatched up his bow, seated himself on an eminence commanding the roadstead where the Greeks lay at anchor, and let fly a volley of poisoned arrows on their mules and dogs.

The mention of Apollo puts me in mind of some other stories, which wise and learned men have repeated of him, not how unsuccessful a lover he was, and with what fatal effects his amours were attended, as for example, how he killed his favourite Hyacinthus by the cast of a quoit, or how disdainfully he was refused by the beautiful Daphne: but that on account of the Cyclops whom he murdered, he was even justly sentenced to banishment from heaven to earth, stript of his divinity, sent down to live on the footing of a mere mortal; how he actually first worked for wages in Thessaly in the service of Admetus, and afterwards in Phrygia with Laodemedon; yet with this latter not alone but in company with Neptune. Both found themselves in such penurious circumstances, that they were obliged to hire themselves to these princes as brickmakers for building the wall of Troy. And the worst of it was, that the scoundrel Phrygians cheated them of the full amount of their wages, and held back,

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\* Thus irreverently indeed in Homer Chryses does not speak to his Apollo; it is not however to be denied, that the prayer of this priest would run thus in a travestied Iliad, and that he appears to set a value upon the wreaths of flowers and sacrifices he brought to Apollo which in some sort justifies the dexterous manner in which Lucian interprets his words.

they say, above thirty trojan drachmas due to them \*. Are not these some of the respectable anecdotes, which the poets have revealed to us touching the gods? Yet this is nothing in comparison of a great many other choice particulars which they tell us, about Vulcan and Prometheus, Saturn and Rhea, and almost the whole crew belonging to Jupiter: and that, after having, at the beginning of their song, solemnly invoked the Muses, and implored their aid. I suppose they are afterwards but mere instruments of these omniscient goddesses, and so we are perhaps bound to believe, that it is the Muses themselves, who chant to us out of the mouths of their favourites: “ how Saturn, after he had deprived his father Ouranos of his virility, seized on the government of heaven to himself, and, like Thyestes of Argos, devoured his own children; how Jupiter was rescued by his mother Rhea, who gave her husband a swathed stone to swallow, instead of the new-born babe; how thereupon he was exposed in Crete, where he was suckled by a goat, as Telephus was by a doe, and the elder Cyrus by a bitch; how in the sequel he deposed his father, cast him into prison, and possessed himself of his throne; how he took many wives, and at last married his own sister Juno, which he was at liberty to do, at least by the laws of the Persians and Assyrians; and how he was such a great lover of the fair sex and the work of the golden Aphrodite, that he presently filled the whole heaven with brats; some of celestial breed, others by ladies of mortal generation out of wedlock, for love of whom his godship now changed himself into a golden shower, now into a bull, a swan or an eagle, and took on him more shapes than Proteus himself; and how he conceived Minerva alone within his own brain, and brought her forth from his head, but Bacchus, whom he extracted half-

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\* See Iliad, xxi. 435 & seq. where the earth-shaker Neptune refreshes Apollo's memory respecting this not very honourable event of their incarnation. Whether the thirty drachmas is an embellishment of the homeric narrative, I cannot say. Neptune, who should best know how the matter stood, says, when the year of their servitude was out, and their work finished, Laomedon cheated them of their whole wages, and threatened them over and above with cutting off their ears, if they did not pack off immediately; a circumstance which would have come in very pat to our author's purpose if he had recollected it. Besides, the state of distress to which the two gods were reduced was, in consequence of the part they took in an insurrection of the gods against Jupiter whercin they shewed themselves so busy, that as a punishment for it, they were divested of their divine prerogatives, and exiled to the earth.

formed from his burning mother's womb, he buried in his own thigh, in order to bear him his nine months out, and when the time of labour-pangs came on, he cut him out again.

Of the same sort are what the precious people sing to us concerning Juno ; for they affirm that she conceived Vulcan without the concurrence of a man, by only inhaling the wind, though as to himself not born under the happiest auspices, but to the melancholy lot of a smutty mechanic, a blacksmith, passing his whole life in smoke and sparks, hammering on an anvil before a glowing furnace : add to this, he is not well on his feet, but is obliged to go limping, in consequence of the shock he got against the earth, when Jupiter hurled him down from heaven. Indeed if the Lemnians had not kindly relieved him, and taken him up after his headlong fall, he would have met no better fate, than what befell the young Astyanax when Ulysses threw him down from a turret of the trojan castle, and we should have had a god the less. Yet the adventure of Vulcan might be suffered to pass. But who can be a stranger to the harsh treatment of poor Prometheus, on account of his exuberant philanthropy ? Did not Jupiter despatch him to Scythia and crucify him on Caucasus, where a vulture is especially appointed every day to gnaw his ever-growing liver ? Such a dreadful example was thus made of this Titan, for a very venial crime, if crime it could be called. Old Rhea on the contrary (for it would not be right to leave her unmentioned) who was not ashamed, though an aged woman and the mother of so many gods, to fall distractedly in love with a beautiful boy ; aye, carried her scorn of all decency to such a pitch as to put the lions to her car, and drive about with her favourite Atys beside her ; though he is in circumstances that render him of no farther use to her. Nothing was done to her ; though it is impossible to conceive anything more impudent than such behaviour. Surely at this rate it would be extremely unjust to find fault with Venus for her not very dignified gallantries, or to make any great outcry against Luna, for sometimes turning her chariot aside in the midst of its course, to pay a visit to her Endymion \*.

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\* Lucian unquestionably knew very well, that all these fables, which he here takes in the coarse literal sense, are susceptible of a different, an ingenious and instructive interpretation. But the great multitude understood nothing of this mythological spirit ; he adheres to the substance, and the ideas resulting from it are what Lucian satirizes.

But, not to pursue this matter farther, let us assume poetical licence and take a flight to the blessed abodes, by the same road that Homer and Hesiod have flown before us, and inspect the economy of heaven to see how matters are managed there above. That the outer vault of the sky is of brass, we have been told long ago by Homer \*; but if we ascend higher, and turning the head behind, or rather lying flat upon the back, and look up: we shall see, that all there is far more magnificent than here below, the light more serene, the sun more radiant; the stars more sparkling; perpetual and universal day, and the floor of pure gold. At the entrance of the outer vestibule stand the Hours, as the door-keepers of heaven, and farther on are Iris and Mercury, the ministers and messengers of Jupiter; then appears the workshop of Vulcan, furnished with tools and implements of all kinds and stored with the works of his art; after all, the abodes of the gods and Jupiter's royal palace, built and furnished throughout in the most magnificent and splendid style,

Zeus there on golden pavement sits enthroned,  
The assembled deities attend †,

(For it is proper, now we are mounted so aloft, we should pitch our tune in a higher key) and look down upon the earth, attentively spying all around in hopes of descrying somewhere lighted fires, or clouds of smoke ascending, bearing up to them the savoury smell of victims, which is so agreeable to their nostrils. If any sacrifice is going forward, they consider it as an excellent treat given to them, stretch their jaws as wide as they can, to inhale the stinking fumes as a delicious flavour, and lick, like lickorish flies the blood-stained altars. But if they eat at home, their repast consists of nectar and ambrosia. Time was, when men were occasionally brought to their table, for instance Ixion and Tantalus: but as they were so indiscreet as to attempt the chastity of the goddesses, and to blab the table-talk of the gods, they both to this day do penance in hell for it; and heaven has been shut and inaccessible to the human race ever since.

Such now is the life, by the accounts of our inspired bards, the blessed deities lead. Mankind have naturally therefore framed the service and

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\* Iliad, i. 496. The whole of the following description is composed of detached lineaments in the poets named by Lucian.

† Iliad, iv. 1.

the worship they believed due to them, agreeably to these ideas. They have consecrated to them groves and mountains, and assigned to every deity a peculiar bird, or tree or plant. Accordingly each nation selected its particular deity, whom they considered as stationary and domesticated among them. Thus the inhabitants of Delphi and Delos have Apollo, the Athenians Minerva, they of Argos Juno, the Phrygians Rhea, and the Paphians Venus. The Cretans however have to boast not only that Jupiter was born and brought up among them, but even shew his sepulchre. The rest of us then have been horribly deceived for so many hundred years, in fancying that it was Jupiter who thundered and rained and provided whatever else appertains to the government of the world: we were not aware that he had been long since dead, and buried among the Cretans.

However, not to leave the gods without house and home, they built them temples and (as they themselves would not take possession of them) Phidias, Praxiteles, and Polycletus, were applied to to make images of them for us to put in their place. Suffice it to say, they went immediately to work, as if they were accurately acquainted with the aspect of every god, and in consequence carved Jupiter with a becoming beard, Apollo as an eternal youth, Mercury at the commencement of manhood, Neptune with sea-green hair, and Minerva blue-eyed. The good folks who visit the temple, never once let it enter their heads, that the figure they see before them is Indian ivory, or gold from the thracian mines: in their view it is the corporeal son of Saturn and Rhea, whom the statuary Phidias conjured down to earth, and appointed to preside over the solitary Pisa, and who must have esteemed himself happy, if one or another offered sacrifice to him, once in five years at the anniversary of the olympic games.

The altars being now dressed out, the profane sent away\*, and the vessels with the consecrated lustral water set round, the victims are led forward; the countryman brings his plough-ox, the shepherd a lamb, the

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\* This was done either by a certain form of oral notification, or by a tablet, set up without the lustral vessels on which this formulary was presented in large letters to the view of the public.

goatherd a goat, another frankincense or honey-cake; a poor man perhaps comes off for a hand-kiss of the god. In the meantime the sacrificing priest, after having carefully examined the victim, crowned with fillets and flowers, to see that it is clean and free from blemish throughout, places it in front of the altar and slays it before the face of the god. The doleful noises which the poor dying animal utters are, as is perfectly natural, interpreted as sounds of good omen, and it seems, as his whining becomes weaker with his expiring breath, to blow the semitones of the flute for the sacrifice\*. Who now can possibly doubt, that the gods must take extreme delight in all this?

The inscription on the tablet sets forth, that nobody must dare to come within the inclosure of the lustral water-vessels, who has not clean hands; yet that does not prevent the priest, besprinkled all over with blood, from standing there to dissect in his own person, like the homeric cyclops †, take out the entrails, pluck out the heart, and pour the blood upon the altar; for whatever the priest does can be no otherwise than holy and well-pleasing to the divinity. Having now set the fire in a blaze, he claps the goat upon it, skin and all, and the sheep with all its wool: then ascends the holy fume of burnt-offerings so agreeable to the gods, and diffuses itself abroad through all heaven. The Scythians carry this business much farther; in their opinion bestial victims are not noble enough for the gods; they slay men at the altar of their Diana, and are confident that they could do nothing more pleasing to the goddess.

These practices, however, no less than those in vogue among the Assyrians, Lydians and Phrygians, might perhaps be tolerated. We must travel to Ægypt, if we would see gods that do honour to heaven. There Jupiter presents himself with a ram's head, Mercury with a dog's face, and there Pan is seen almost entirely a goat. In one place, the god that is publicly worshipped is an ibis, in another a crocodile, in a third an

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\* Ἡμίφωνος τῆ θυσίᾳ ἱπαυλῆν. This Ἡμίφωνος, says Du Soul, is very suspicious to me; and straightway Reitzius (who in general has such a great respect for the *libri*, proposes the wise emendation into εὐφώνος or ἠδύφωνος. But it wants no emendation. The word Ἡμίφωνος is an honest Greek word, answering to the *mezza voce* of the Italians, and is here the more unjustly suspected, since, as we see, it yields a perfectly proper meaning.

† Polyphemus. Od. ix. 28. & sq.

ape. If you take the pains to inquire into the true reason of this fantastic worship, there are a multitude of sages and scribes and bald-pated prophets, of whom some with much gravity, and after shutting out the profane with their usual formality, inform you how the gods, afraid of the insurrection of the giants, their enemies had excited against them, fled to Ægypt, and in the hope of remaining in this manner concealed, one crept into the shape of a goat, another that of a ram; every one in short into that of some beast or bird. This, say they, is the true reason that these forms of the gods have been preserved to the present day: and in proof of the truth of this wonderful history, they appeal to the authentic documents which have been kept more than ten thousand years in the sanctuary of their temple. To conclude, the sacrifices are the same, as with us, excepting that the standers-round set up a doleful lamentation over the slaughtered animal; some, instead of burning, bury it, as soon as it is slain. If the greatest of their divinities, the bull Apis, happens to die, there is not a man in the whole country, but in testimony of his profound sorrow, shaves his head, even though he has purple-coloured locks, like Nisus the poet\*. However his place is presently supplied by the priests, who chuse, in a formal election, out of all the bulls, that which has the finest shape and the most noble aspect, and nominate him his successor in the godhead.

Methinks these customs and traditions, which the great mass so firmly believe, are of such a nature, that instead of a serious reprehension, they want only a Heraclitus and Democritus, the one to laugh at the folly of the people who do and believe such things, the other to deplore their ignorance.

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\* See the note p. 235 of this volume.

# A P O L O G Y

FOR

## A MISTAKE COMMITTED IN SALUTATION.

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IT is difficult for a simple man to come off unvanquished, if some dæmon is determined to play him a trick ; but it is more difficult to invent an apology for a mistake we are inadvertently led into by such an inauspicious genius. Both concurred in my predicament, this morning, when calling at your house to give you my greeting as usual, instead of saying, in the customary form of expression at that time of day, [*chairé*] I committed the impropriety of bidding you farewell [*hygiaré*], a formulary

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\* APOLOGY, &c. The Romans were accustomed, when accosting some one, to greet him by the formulary: *Salve*, or *Ave*, and at parting by the word *Vale*: whereas the Greeks, instead of *Salve*, said, *Χαίρε* [Rejoice; I wish you joy,] and at taking leave *Ἔγασιν* [be well, farewell] agreeable therefore to the latin *Vale*, and the french *Portez vous bien*. The Greeks were notoriously great formalists, and adhered even to superstition to the common usages in such matters. Accordingly once when good Lucian paid his usual morning attendance on a Roman of quality, he accosted him, instead of *chaire*, with *hygiaine*, which was so highly resented, that he found it expedient, half in jest and half in earnest, to indite a sort of apology for it, which notwithstanding what it must necessarily lose in any translation, will appear always as a specimen how well a man of Lucian's genius and urbanity could handle a trifle of this nature, to those to whom whatever characterizes times, nations and manners, has a particular interest, and not unworthy of the few minutes the perusal of it will require. To conclude, difficult as friend Lucian found it to invent an apology, as the discourse runs upon two greek words, which are not used in our language, it is a no less arduous task to render it free from all obscurity to an english reader, and after all the pains I have taken with it, I shall think myself fortunate if I have succeeded.

which is likewise of good omen\*, but by reason that it is not usual in the morning, was unseasonably introduced; a mistake which certainly ought not to have been committed by such a considerable personage as I am †! But no sooner had the word escaped from my lips, when shame and confusion brought the blood into my cheeks and the sweat upon my forehead; I changed colour every moment, and felt myself in an undescribable perplexity. What must the company think of me? What can they suppose, but that I must be not properly in my senses; or, being so far advanced in life, that I am entering my dotage, or have not slept out my overnight's debauch? They gave me sufficient room to suspect that they were making some such reflections at my expense; while you, who were most concerned, took my blunder in good part, not giving me to understand by even the most gentle smile, that this slip of my tongue had struck you. But now, since the thing can not be altered, I thought my time could not be better bestowed than in indicting a consolatory essay in my own behalf, to prevent my laying this accident too much to heart, by believing it somewhat insupportable that, in my old age, before so many witnesses I could stumble upon such an offence to good breeding. A formal apology I thought hardly necessary, for a mistake which, after all, was only that one good wish slipped off my tongue instead of another.

When I first sat down to put my design in execution, it struck me that I was engaging in an intricate affair; on farther reflection however abundance of things offered themselves to my mind, that might be said upon it. But ere I proceed I have a few observations to make upon the forms in which we mutually wish joy, and well to live, and to be in good health. As to wishing joy, it is indeed a form very old, but by no means exclusively used in the morning salutation, and on the first meeting of acquaintance. It was employed by persons that had never before seen one another, as for example:

Joy, o ruler of Tirynthian realms ‡!

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\* *Εὐφημιον*. See the remark vol. i. p. 205.

† This was the only method that appeared to me to compensate in some degree the greek *ἰνὸς ὁ χειρῶν*.

‡ Probably from some well known tragedy then extant.

In like manner, after meals, when the appetite was satiated, and they began to engage in conversation over the wine ; as,

Joy to Achilles ! happily we meet, Iliad. ix. 225.

wherewith Ulysses begins his speech, informing Achilles on what errand he was sent : again, when about to retire ; as in that well known verse of Empedocles,

Joy to you ! an immortal god I am ;  
Henceforth no mortal man am I with you.

In short, this form of address was confined to no particular period, much less, as at present, to the morning ; for it was used on less auspicious and abominable occasions, as, when the dying Polynices of Euripides says to his mother and sister,

O mother with thy hand now close my eyes,  
And joy be with you ; me the shades of death  
Already compass round\*.

Nay, it was not only a token and pledge of friendship, but was even used to signify to one, that the speaker would have nothing more to do with him ; for that is what is meant by the phrase, *makran chairein*.

The point of time, when the use of the formulary of *chairè* or *chairete* began to be more restricted, is marked by an anecdote of the runner Pheidippides, who announced the victory at Marathon to the assembled archons, who were under great apprehensions about the event of the fight, in these words : Rejoice ! We are victorious ! And no sooner had he uttered them than he fell down dead, and thus his last breath was spent in delivering these joyful tidings. But the first that employed it at the head of an epistle was the Athenian demagogue Cleon, in the letter wherein he informs the Athenians of the victory at Sphacteria and the grand overthrow of the Spartans : but even after him Nicias retained, in the letters he wrote from Sicily, the old method of commencing directly with the subject itself.

But the universally admired Plato, a man whose authority may be safely relied on, and in these matters may be regarded as a legislator, would have the *chairein* †, as a formulary, absolutely discarded, it being

\* Phœniss. Act. v. lin. 1462.

† In his second epistle to Dionysius of Syracuse, immediately at the beginning.

too slight and insignificant for these occasions, and recommends in lieu thereof the wish *to live or fare well* [*eu prættein*] as including in itself at once the welfare of the body and the mind; and he reproves Dionysius, to whom he writes, for having bid joy even to Apollo, in a hymn to that deity: an address which was so far from being fit for a god, that it was not becoming even to men of condition.

The divine Pythagoras, though he has not been pleased to leave to posterity any written memorial of his doctrines and opinions; yet, as far as can be gathered from Ocellus Lucanus, Archytas, and others of his followers, did not use the formulary *eu prættein*, but insisted upon beginning with the word *hygiainein* [to be well] in place of it. Accordingly those of his school, in the letters of any consequence which they write to one another, begin with this wish as the best adapted both to the body and mind, and comprising in the single word *Health* all that is good for man. Thence their triple triangle, or pentagram \*, one of the private signs by which the pythagoreans recognize one another, is in their symbolical language styled *Hygeia* [Health]. According to them, in the notion of health is comprised at once to live well, and to rejoice: but not contrariwise †. There are pythagoreans (the celebrated Philolaus was one of them) who call the tetraktys [the number *four*], their most solemn oath, which according to their arithmetic, forms the perfect number, the principle of health.

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\* This pentagram, likewise called pentalpha, is the famous figure which arises, when all the sides of a regular pentagon are prolonged till they intersect one another. As this figure unites in itself the mystery of the holy number, it was one of the principal symbols of the pythagoric order, of which the more modern secret societies did not fail to avail themselves. The pythagoreans (says the vossian scholiast of Lucian) put his mark, instead of the ordinary greeting, at the head of their epistles. This superstition was retained both among jews and christians. In Upper Germany this pentagon is named *den Druiden fuss*, by corruption *Drudénfuss*. Vid. Keysler, Antiquitt. Septemtr. p. 503. *Quia nummus Πιλαλάων, quem cl. Gesnerus ex Havercampo huc refert, eandem figuram habet, quæ supra jam descripta est, ideo nummum ipsum hic non exhibemus.* Reitz.

† The transcriber has here manifestly, by omitting the words *καὶ τὸ εὖ πράττειν καὶ τὸ χαίρειν* after *εὐγαλίην*, occasioned a lacune in the text, which Gronovius, though not necessarily on that account an Œdipus, has supplied, by giving the expressed meaning in the translation. Besides, the formulary *εὖ πράττειν* [lat. *bene agere*] which I, for want of a fitter phrase, was obliged

But why need I go so far back into the ages of antiquity, since I might name Epicurus, a man who took great delight in joy, and preferred pleasure to all things else, who, both in his more finished epistles (of which there are not many) and those to his most familiar friends, he uniformly begins with bidding them be well.

Nor will you less frequently find in the tragedies, and in the old comedies, numerous instances, where *hygiainein* is the salutation by which a person is addressed\*.

The poet Philemon observes the same order of precedence in the following passage :

In the first place I wish myself health, [*ὑγίαν*]  
Then success in my affairs [*εὐπραξίαν*], thirdly joy [*χαίρευν*],  
And fourthly to be nobody's debtor.

That scolion-poet, mentioned by Plato, what says he? "The first is to be well, the second to be beautiful, the third to be rich." Of joy — not a word! And need I yet remind you of those verses †, which are in everybody's mouth :

O Hygeia, thou most venerable of the deities,  
Might I but live with thee  
Through all the time I have to live!

I might add to these examples a thousand more from the most celebrated poets, historians, and philosophers, who all give the preference to the *hygiainein*, were I not afraid of justly incurring the imputation of not knowing when to have done, and of driving out one nail with another.

to render by, to *keep well*, has a double sense, which the english *farewell* cannot express. For *εὖ πράττειν* means *to be well*, but it likewise means frequently, to succeed in affairs, to go through a business happily, and the like. And in this latter signification it was adopted by the pythagoreans, when they said, a man may succeed in his affairs, *εὖ πράττειν*, without being well (or in health) *ὑγιαίνειν*. But in general Lucian here, probably without any fault of theirs, makes them play upon the words: for *vice versa* a man may be bursting with health, and yet his affairs go on very badly, or at least very unprosperously.

\* Lucian adduces three examples from unknown comedies and tragedies, which (*ne quid nimis!*) we spare the reader.

† Of Ariphron of Syracuse. They are the commencement of his pæan to the goddess of health [Hygeia], which are handed down to us by Athenæus at the conclusion of his Literary Entertainment.

Allow me however just to adduce a passage or two more from an old history, which now occur to my memory, and are closely applicable to the matter in hand.

When Alexander, as it is related by Eumenes of Cardia \*, in a letter to Antipater, was on the point of beginning the battle of Issus, Hephæstion went into the king's tent, and, whether it was from heedlessness, or from distraction of mind, as was my case, or impelled by some divinity — suffice it to say, it happened to him as it did to me, and he greeted the king in the same unusual form, *Hygiaine Basileu!* telling him it was time to put himself at the head of his army. The strangeness of this address caused a general stir among them that were present, and Hephæstion was ready to sink with shame. But Alexander immediately gave a proper turn to the business: I accept the omen, said he, seeing it portends that we shall return safe and sound from the fight.

Antiochus Soter, immediately before the engagement with the Galatians, dreamed that Alexander appeared to him, who ordered him to give the soldiers, before the action commenced, *hygiainein*, as the signal-word: he obeyed; and by this rallying word obtained that victory, which has few equals in history.

Ptolemy Lagi, writing once to Seleucus, happened to invert the usual position of the words *Chairein* and *Hygiainein*, by putting this foremost, and concluding with the other, as we are informed by Dionysidorus, who made a collection of all his epistles.

I must by no means omit to mention the famous Pyrrhus, who was reckoned the greatest general after Alexander, and during his life experienced so many surprising events and vicissitudes of fortune. This prince, who in praying, sacrificing, and making presents to the gods, did rather too much than too little, never prayed for victory, nor for the extension of his empire, but only for health. With that, thought he, I shall be able to procure all things else. King Pyrrhus, methinks, prayed like a man of sense; for of what advantage would all the goods of the world have been to him, if he wanted but that one blessing?

Now indeed it may be objected to me; that everything has its time,

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\* One of the ablest of all Alexander's generals, whose biographical history is given by Nepos and Plutarch.

and, though against the word itself which I used, there is nothing to be said, yet solely by my having introduced it unseasonably, I committed as great an absurdity, as if one were to strap his helmet about his waist, and put his boot upon his head. But, to render this objection applicable to the case before us, the objector should be able to name to me a time, when it would be unseasonable to fare well. That methinks is as necessary in the morning and at noon as at midnight; especially for you that are statesmen and men of business, who are constantly employing your bodies in such a variety of affairs, and have no time to be ill. Add to this, that he who bids us joy, does no more than speak a word of good omen, and express a mere wish: whereas he who wishes us health, is of some service to us; seeing he thereby reminds us of whatever may contribute to preserve our health, and therefore not only wishes, but at the same time gives us also a good lesson. And how? Is it not, in the mandates which are transmitted to you from time to time by the emperor, regularly the first thing you are ordered to do, to pay particular attention to your health\*? For that is certainly of the utmost importance, seeing all the service that the state expects of you depends upon it. Besides, if I may pretend to any knowledge in the roman language, it is common for you yourselves, when you would say something friendly to those who accost you, to inquire after their health †.

All this I have said, not because I would have knowingly changed the two forms, but purely for my vindication, it having once unintentionally happened to me. Could anyone be induced to believe that I should purposely render myself ridiculous by a strange and unusual mode of speaking, or fancy that the morning was the common time of taking leave? The gods be praised, however, that the blunder has run off so well, and that, since I was fated to make a mistake, I should stumble upon a word

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\* Lucian, as the Greeks in general, had rather imperfect and confused notions of the roman customs and manners; at least till about the time when he himself entered the imperial service. I am therefore the less surprised at his confounding here two different forms, (namely, that usual at the head of epistles, *si vales bene est*, with the concluding form no less customary *valetudinem tuam cura diligenter*, or, *da operam ut valeas*, or, *fac ut valetudinem cures*, all of which are to be found in Cicero's letters to his wife Terentia,) than that Du Soul did not perceive this *quid pro quo*, and how he could say, *quamnam ea formula fuerit, quam hic tangit, nescio*.

† This meaning is perhaps contained in the expression, τῆ τῆς υἰαίας ἐρόματι ἀμείβεσθαι, *ut vales?*

of much better import than the ordinary one : who knows but that Hygeia or Æsculapius might have a hand in the contrivance, and design to promise you by my mouth a permanent state of health? For how is it possible that I, who never made such a blunder in all my life before, should do it exactly then, unless some god were in the plot?

If however you must needs have a merely human excuse for the error committed, what wonder if the superabundant desire on that occasion to present myself to you with my best side outward, should be to blame for my failure at the very first word of my address? Neither is it an easy matter to collect one's scattered thoughts amid the throng of soldiers, jostling and pushing about from side to side all that come near them.

In the mean time it is a comfort to me, that though by others the mistake may be imputed to my ignorance or to my rustic breeding or my overweening affectation, you have taken it as a sign of my modesty and simplicity, and an artless mind not scrupulously attached to formalities; as certainly on such occasions excessive forwardness is not far distant from temerity and down right impudence. I might perhaps be sorry to commit again the like mistake; but if it should happen to me, may it always, as at present, be taken for a good omen.

We are told of somewhat similar, as having happened in the reign of the first Augustus. That emperor having publicly acquitted a Roman of distinction of a very heinous offence of which he had been innocently accused by his enemies, the nobleman, wishing to shew his gratitude, cried out aloud : I thank thee, Cæsar, for having acted so ill and unjustly. This odd way of thanking struck the persons who were about the emperor so forcibly, that they were going to fall upon the man, and he would certainly have suffered from the effects of their resentment, had not the emperor calmly bid them to be quiet. Let him alone, said he ; we should look not to the tongue but to the intention. Thus judged Augustus : you, however, whether you look to my intention or to my tongue, will find the former benevolent and the latter auspicious\*.

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\* And all of us who read this shall probably find this so often, and in such sober sadness repeated assurance of the euphemy of this pitiful *Vale*, which escaped him instead of a *Salve*, tolerably flat ; though it is merely a consequence of that extraordinary superstition, regarding

However, I perceive that I have been sufficiently prolix to induce me to apprehend that at last it will be said, that I designedly blundered for the sake of an occasion to write this apology. And yet what could I wish for more flattering to myself, dearest Æsculapius \*, than that this essay may prove so entertaining, as to make such an accusation probable?

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words of good or ill omen with which the antients were infected, and in fact proves nothing more than that the Æsculapius to whom this apology is addressed was as weak respecting that article as any other man, and therefore our author (who I suppose laid great stress upon his favourable opinion) had it very much at heart to pacify him upon it.

\* Who this Æsculapius was, or how a Roman of quality, a *vir consularis* or *prætorius*, as, according to all that Lucian has plainly enough declared, the man to whom this composition is addressed, must have been, could have come by the utterly unusual and unroman appellative of Æsculapius, or Asclepius, is to me incomprehensible, and, as it appears, is as unknown to all the commentators on Lucian as to myself. It may be only a name substituted out of respect for the real one, and perhaps even a denomination selected for the sake of euphemy and good augury. One is almost forced to believe so: for the subject is concerning a Roman, and surely never any Roman was called Æsculapius.

OF  
A S T R O L O G Y.

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**N**OTWITHSTANDING the subject of this little tract will be the sky and the stars, yet it is not my design to discourse of the sky and the stars abstractedly, but only of the art of divination which is founded upon them, and of the influence which they have upon human life; and even of that not for the purpose of laying down a theory by means whereof anybody may become an adept in that art of divination. No; it rather is to testify my just displeasure, that our wise men, however great their numbers, while they addict themselves with all possible assiduity, and instruct their scholars in every other branch of knowledge, astrology alone is neglected by them as unworthy of their attention. And yet that science is undeniably one of the oldest, and even among us Greeks by no means a new comer; but several ancient kings, who stood in particular favour with the gods, made a serious business of it. That at present different ideas are entertained on this subject, may be accounted for partly inasmuch as we can have no esteem for what we have no notion of, and as that science re-

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**OF ASTROLOGY.** Is Saul also among the prophets? we might here well exclaim. The fact has appeared to some of the learned so incredible, that they rather chuse to deny this short treatise to be the work of our author. It cannot be disputed, that it contributes not in the least to the enhancement of his reputation, and falls so vastly short of his better performances, that if it must be laid to his account, it is still a doubt whether too early youth or too advanced age should bear the blame of its not being more worthy of him. To say the truth, I cannot conceive what end he could have in view in scribbling such trumpery. For as to the delicate persiflage which Dr. Francklin sees running through the whole, I must confess, that it is too fine for me. For my part, throughout the composition I am unable to discover the slightest vestige of either taste or humour, wit or irony.

quires a degree of industry and application, alarming to our habitual indolence; partly as it is a consequence of too hasty conclusions from fallacious experiments. Having met with some sorry pretender to astrology, who had read an event in the stars which did not turn out accordingly, they immediately lay the blame upon the stars, conceive a dislike to astrology, and because there are bunglers in it, refuse all worth to the science itself, and declare it to be groundless and frivolous rhodomontade. But that in my judgment, is not more reasonable, than to conclude from the inability of an artificer, that the art itself is nugatory; or to deny to music the certainty of its principles and rules, because there are miserable pipers. All that can be inferred from this is, that these people are poor performers; the art is always efficient and perfect in itself.

The first inventors of astrology\* were the Ethiopians; of which two probable causes may be assigned, one, the eminent sagacity of that people, for which and many other particulars, they were peculiarly remarkable above other nations: the other is, their fortunate situation; for they are always surrounded by a serene sky, enjoy an uninterrupted succession of fine weather, and know nothing of the vicissitude of seasons, but live in a perpetual summer. What first attracted their attention in the sky were the changes of the moon, which, instead of remaining always the same, shewed itself under different aspects, and alternately transformed itself from one into the other. The fact seemed to them surprising, and deserving of stricter investigation. They observed and examined therefore so long, till they found out that the cause of it was, that the moon has no light of its own, but is illumined by the sun. They discovered also the motion and the course of some other stars, which we call planets [erratic stars], because they alone of all move from their place; they searched into their nature, their power, their sphere of action, and their diverse influences; they invented names for them, serving, not, as most names do, merely to distinguish, but at the same time as symbols of their properties and effects.

After the Æthiopians had made these preliminary observations on the

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\* The author, whoever he was, confounds, both here and in the sequel frequently, astrology, or interpretation of the stars, with astronomy, of which, by the way, he seems to have understood little enough, although it was much cultivated in the era of the Antonines.

sky, they handed over the crude and uncultivated science to their neighbours the Ægyptians, who much improved it, determined the different space of time in which each planet moves, and divided the year into months, days and hours, by making the periodical revolution of the sun the measure of the year, and that of the moon the measure of the months\*. But their discoveries proceeded much further: for they divided the whole sky with all its planets and fixt-stars into twelve compartments through which the former moved; and each of these compartments was as it were assigned to a living creature for its abode, by composing of the stars it contained sundry shapes or figures of marine animals, men, birds, wild beasts and tame animals. Hence we see the origin of the divine worship paid to sacred animals, and whence it arises that all the Ægyptians do not use all the twelve signs of the zodiac in divination, but some one and some another. They, for instance, who have chose the ram for their astrological operations †, worship the ram; they who draw their prognostications from the fishes in the sky, eat no fish; they who make the goat the interpreter of their fate ‡, refrain from killing a goat. So likewise they worship a bull out of respect to the bull Apis; the oracle which they have instituted to him, betokens that prophetic property of the bull in the sky, and therefore it is but equitable that the whole country round Memphis should be assigned him for pasture.

The Lybians, not long after the Ægyptians, took up this science. For the famous oracle of Ammon, whom they pourtray with a ram's head, refers to the celestial sign of that name, and to the method of inquiring into futurity by the aid of astrology.

The Babylonians also are acquainted with these matters; aye, if we be-

\* These discoveries they ascribe to their Thoot or Hermes.

† The words of the text, κριὸν σίβωσιν, ὀκόσοι ἐς κριὸν ἀπίβλεπον, are, I own, to me sheer nonsense. I have therefore, as in some other places of this flimsy little piece, which labour under the same infirmity, endeavoured to give them the most tolerable meaning that presented itself; for by the literal translation of Gesner, *quotquot respiciebant arietem*, I can absolutely make nothing out of them. Whether M. Massieu with his *ceux qui observerent le belier, adorent le belier*, has better hit it off, I shall leave undetermined.

‡ In the text, "they that knew the he-goat." This entire section, relative to the astrology of the Ægyptians, with reference to the sense and connexion of the thoughts as well as the expression, seems to have been composed between sleeping and waking.

lieve them, they were so long before the others ; but in my opinion, it was not till much later that astrology came to them \*.

The Greeks however have what they know of it neither from the Æthiopians nor Ægyptians : but Orpheus, Œager's and Calliope's son, was the first that revealed somewhat of it to them ; indeed not very clearly ; because he was not intent upon the promulgation of the science itself, but, in conformity to his character, on applying it to his magical juggles and mysteries. Thus, for instance, the lyre of which he was the inventor, served him as the principal instrument of his mystical worship ; but this lyre, which was furnished with seven strings, was to him a symbol betokening the harmony of the planets. This occult science it was, by which he charmed and controuled everything ; he cared nought about the lyre of his own fabrication, and what is commonly understood by music : (astrology was the great lyre of Orpheus), and the respect of the Greeks for his occult science, was the reason of their allotting to him and his lyre a place in the sky, where a particular constellation still bears the name of Orpheus's lyre. The statuaries and painters usually represent Orpheus as singing and playing on his lyre, with a multitude of animals standing round, among whom are distinguished a man, a bull, a lion ; in short, all the animals of the zodiac †. When you see this, remember what I say, and you will presently guess at what that singing and that lyre denote, and who the bull and the lion are, that stand listening to him ; if you understand me, you will discern all these things in the sky.

The famous diviner Tiresias of Bœotia, is reported to have been the first among the Greeks who made the discovery, that the planets, as some are of a male and others of a female nature, have not for that reason the same operations, and thence arose, it is said, the well known fable, that Tiresias was alternately man and woman.

About the time when Atreus and Thyestes were competitors for their father's empire, astrology, or the science respecting celestial objects, was prosecuted with considerable ardour among the Greeks, and stood in such high repute, that all the cities appertaining to the kingdom of Argos,

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\* The author still owes us his reasons.

† This doubtless is what the author means by his καὶ τῶν (namely ζῴων ἁπείρων) ἱκασάν, to which Du Soul too modestly subjoins *mihi non liquet*.

collectively made a decree, that he, of the two brothers, who should upon trial evince his superiority in that science, should succeed to the regal dignity. The day of trial being come, Thyestes explained to them the ram in the sky, which afterwards gave occasion to the mythologists to say, that he had a golden fleece \*. Atreus, on the other hand, pointed out to them the course of the sun, and taught them that the sun and the world move, not in the same direction, but contrary to each other, so that, what with reference to the world seems occident, is the orient of the sun. For this discovery the Argives made him their king, and the fame of his great wisdom resounded far and wide.

In like manner I explain in my own mind, the fable of Bellerophon. That he had a winged horse, I shall never be persuaded to believe; in my opinion nothing is implied by it, but that he prosecuted this sublime science, and as it were flew up to hold converse with the stars. He certainly ascended to the sky, not on a flying horse, but on the wings of contemplation.

The same I affirm of Phryxus, the son of Athamas, of whom it is fabled that he rode through the air, mounted on a golden ram †.

The wonderful history of the flight of Dædalus also appears to me to have reference entirely to astrology, and to say neither more nor less, than that he laid much stress on that science, and also instructed his son in it. But I suppose that Icarus, through his juvenile ardour and presumption, was hurried beyond the bounds of lawful curiosity; hoping in his contemplations he should ascend to the pole of the skies, he strayed from the path of reason and truth, and fell into an ocean of bottomless opinions. Though the grecian mythologists relate the matter differently, and have named after him a famous bay in the Ægean sea ‡.

It may be also, that the old story, that Dædalus favoured, by his art, the love of Pasiphae for a bull, has no other foundation, than that the queen was informed by him of the bull in the skies, and was in general fond of astrology.

\* The reader is referred to the note upon the supplement to the tract on Dancing in this volume. † See the eleventh dialogue of the Marine Deities in the former volume.

‡ The bay, which is inclosed on one side by the ionian coast, and on the other by the eastern row of the Cyclades, was anciently stiled the Icarean sea, probably from Icaria, one of the said islands.

Amongst those who in those remote periods studied this science, there were some who divided it in a manner between them, so that each directed his attention to a particular star; for instance, this to Jupiter, that to the sun, &c. in order to study its peculiar orbit, motions and powers. So, for example, Endymion gave accounts concerning the moon; while Phaëton instituted observations on the course of the sun, but was surprised by death before he could bring his theory to perfection. In course of time, he was made, from ignorance of his real history, a son of the sun, and the subject of a tale, that has not even the semblance of credibility. He came, say they, to his father Helios, and asked him permission to drive the chariot of the sun. His father granted his request, and at the same time gave him directions how he should manage himself in driving. But Phaëton, after he had mounted the car, from youth and inexperience, conducted it so badly, onewhile almost coming in contact with the earth, and in an instant again was whirled to too great a distance from it, so that by these alternate variations of a like intolerable heat and cold, mankind had well-nigh perished. Upon this, Jupiter was so provoked, that he struck down Phaëton from his chariot. His sisters, standing round the body lamenting his fall, were changed into poplar trees, in which form till this very day they weep amber for their brother's fate\*. But the fact could not certainly have been as thus related, and it would be in opposition to the respect due to the gods, to believe such things. The sun has never had a child, and even if it had had a son, he would not have died in that manner.

The Greeks relate numberless other fabulous things of the deities, to which I for my part can give no credit. For does it not savour very much of impiety and profaneness to believe that Æneas was the son of Aphrodite, Minos of Jupiter, Ascalaphus of the god of war, Autolycus of Mercury? All that can be supposed of it is, that each of them was dear to these several deities, and was born under a benign aspect of Venus, of Jupiter, and so forth. Whichever of these planets is the lord of the

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\* If Lucian was the author of this tract, he must have been remarkably fond of this tale of Phaëton and his sisters. For it will be in the reader's recollection, that he has already read it twice, *viz.* in the Confab. of the Deities, and in the little discourse of Amber, with all its circumstances.

house at the moment of a man's nativity \*, he imparts to him somewhat of his properties, assimilates with his complexion, aspect, temper and performances, and is thereby in some sort of his geniture. Thus, for example, Minos by the influence of Jupiter was a king, Æneas by Aphrodite's decree beautiful, Autolycus a thief, because Mercury, the patron of thieves, imparted to him the disposition and the inclination thereto †.

No less groundless is the vulgar belief, that Jupiter bound Saturn and threw him down to Tartarus. The truth of the matter, and what has furnished occasion to this fable is, that the course which Saturn describes is the orbit the most remote from us; that his motion is very slow and is not easily observable by mankind. Hence they say he stands bound in chains. What they call Tartarus, is nothing else but the profundity of the æther.

In Homer and Hesiod particularly many things are found that have reference to the astrology of the remote periods. As, for example, what Homer says respecting the golden chain of Jupiter, and the darts of the sun, which I take to be the days; so also the cities, the choirs and the

\* This expression refers to the astrological division of the sky and the zodiac into twelve houses, to each of which a constellation of the zodiac belongs, and of which always a planet is the ruler either of one. e. g. the moon of cancer, or of two at once, as Venus of Taurus and Libra.

† Autolycus was a noted sheep-stealer of the heroic age, and no less artful than dextrous in that profession. He employed his abilities with peculiarly good success, on the herds of king Sisyphus, and the king with all that cunning which rendered his name proverbial, for a long time could not come at the depredator, because Autolycus had a method of colouring the black sheep white, and the white black, and by means of this artifice sold the king his own sheep again, which he had stole from him. Sisyphus at length grew suspicious, marked his sheep on the bottom of the feet, and by that stratagem discovered the sheep-stealer. Autolycus had a fair daughter named Anticlea, who was forced to do penance for her father, but so shortly after was wedded to Laertes, and became the mother of Ulysses, that it remained doubtful whether Laertes or Sisyphus had the nearest right to the boy. As the sheep-stealer Autolycus was in this manner the grandfather of the hero of the *Odyssey*, it was no more than reasonable, that they should strive to enoble him as much as possible. The fable accordingly makes him the son of Mercury and the nymph Chione, and his talent of thievery was a miraculous gift, in which he even surpassed his divine father, in stealing whatever he chose, and that he might never be found out, in giving the stolen articles any shape he pleased, and making them black if they had been white, or white if they before were black. *Hygia. Fab. 201.*

vineyard on the shield of Achilles\*. For what he feigns of the adultery of Venus and Mars, is manifestly derived from no other source than astrology; and it is nothing but the conjunction of those two planets. Their operations however he characterizes in other passages; for instance, when in the fifth book of the Iliad he makes Jupiter say to Venus:

The nuptial joys are thy peculiar care;

and respecting war,

Pallas and Mars controul the feats of war.

In pursuance of these notions our progenitors made use of divination on all occasions, and considered it as a matter of great importance. They built no city, carried up no walls, waged no war; nay, they even contracted no marriage, without being previously certified by a soothsayer of the auspicious influence of the stars. For their oracles were blended with astrology. The virgin who acted the prophetess at Delphi, was the symbol of the virgin in the skies; and a dragon utters his voice from under the tripod †, because likewise among the constellations a dragon is to be seen. The oracle of Apollo at Didymi methinks shews by its very name that it had reference to the celestial twins.

Divination was an affair so highly sacred in their estimation, that Ulysses, falling into great distress on his voyage, which has become so famous through Homer, and wanting sadly to know what would become of him, even went down into Hades, not

To view the dead and Pluto's joyless realm, (Odys. xi. 94.)

but purely from the desire to speak with Tiresias. And when he had arrived at the place which Circe had pointed out to him, and had dug the pit and slain the sheep, many of the departed, amongst whom was his mother, came about him, desirous to drink of the blood, he would not

\* What this has to do with astrology it is difficult to guess.

† In virtue of an old tradition the oracle at Delphi sprang out of the earth, and this latter appointed the dragon Python, her son, its guard, (*Pausan.* in Phoc. v. 6.) and according to *Hyginus*, fab. 140. the organ of it. But after Apollo, by slaying the dragon Python, had got possession of the delphic oracle, the dragon could no longer have any share in the oracle. The author should therefore, in order to express himself correctly, have said: "and the dragon, which formerly (while no Pythia yet existed) gave sound from the cleft in the earth over which the tripod was placed, &c."

allow anyone, not even his own mother, (distressing as it must have been to him to see her shade languishing with thirst) to taste of it, till Tiresias had drunk, and he had obliged the soul of that prophet to foretell him his future destiny.

Lycurgus regulated the whole political constitution of the Spartans by the skies, and gave them a law, by which they were never allowed to go to war before the fullmoon \*. For he thought that the influences of the moon in waxing and waning were very different, and that all things were governed by that planet.

The Arcadians are the only people who made no account of these things, and with them astrology was held in no repute: they rather in their folly and ignorance went so far, as to pretend that they were older than the moon.

Our forefathers then it is evident were greatly addicted to soothsaying. But in our days the esteem for that science has very much declined. Some contend that it is impossible for mankind to come at anything with certainty by astrological divination; for it is built on a false foundation; neither Mars nor Jupiter, they tell us, move on our account; these planets are totally unconcerned about human affairs, that they signify nothing at all to us, but perform their circuit on their own account and in pursuance of their nature, by a necessary law. Others indeed leave the veracity of astrology unattacked, but deny its utility; because the prediction of what will happen can alter nothing in an event, which must infallibly ensue in conformity to the decree of fate.

What I for my part have to say upon it is this: the stars in the sky proceed their own regular course, it is true; but collaterally their motion has an influence on all our concernments. Do you ask how? Is it not frequently seen, that the rapid motion of a horse, or a bird, or a man, shakes even a stone? Does not the wind drive chaff and other light substances this way or that, without being disturbed in its course thereby?

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\* It must then have depended on a single instant. For as soon as the moon is at the full it is again in the wane. The author should therefore have said, it was not lawful for them to go to battle in the declension of the moon. However, the expression, that Lycurgus regulated the Spartan constitution entirely by the stars, is certainly a ridiculous hyperbole, wherein the author pays that famous lawgiver a very bad compliment.

And can we believe that the rotation of the stars shall produce no farther effects? From even the smallest fire somewhat flies off to us, though the fire does not burn for our sakes, and is little concerned whether we are warm or cold: and from the stars shall no influence come to us? Besides, I readily grant, that it is not in the power of astrology to change bad into good, or to prevent the events from ensuing, which are a natural effect of that influence of celestial things upon terrestrial. But it has however always this utility, that the good which is predicted may be enjoyed by anticipation, and the evil be borne with greater ease, as it does not come upon us by surprise, but we have had time to deprive it of its bitterness, and by viewing it through the medium of expectation enure ourselves to look it in the face.

This is my opinion respecting astrology\*.

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\* M. Massieu likewise in a note annexed to the conclusion of his translation, thinks this no less shallow and ill-reasoned than spiritless and tasteless rhapsody might probably have been composed by Lucian, merely for the purpose of diverting himself with delicacy at the expense of some superstitious writer; and is of opinion, that even the affectation of the ionic dialect in which this little tract is, contrary to Lucian's custom, wrote, seems to indicate that the essay is nothing but one continued irony throughout. — If that be the case, then it must be allowed that the author has done his utmost to conceal his irony behind such an awkwardly assumed gravity, that we should rather suspect anything but fine raillery to be under this clumsy mask.

THE  
HALCYON;  
OR,  
METAMORPHOSIS.

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CHÆREPHON. SOCRATES.

[*At Phalericus; both standing on the shore.*]

CHÆREPHON.

WHAT sounds are these, Socrates, which come over to us from yonder promontory? How delightful they are! What creature can it be that sings in such enchanting notes? For everything that lives in the water is by nature mute.

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THE HALCYON. Several of Lucian's commentators will not allow this elegant dialogue, and which, if my judgment does not greatly deceive me, imitates with considerable success the character, the way of thinking and the popular manner of philosophising of Socrates, to have proceeded from his pen; and they appeal in behalf of their objection to the compiler Diogenes Laertius, who tells us, in his account of Plato, that a dialogue bearing this title [Halcyon] was attributed, though falsely, to Plato, as he, upon the authority of Favorinus, gives as its author a certain academic philosopher named Leo. Moses du Soul, to whom perhaps it never occurred that Lucian notwithstanding might have wrote a dialogue under the same title, thinks if even the testimony of Favorinus and of a certain Nicias were not sufficient with the Athenians, yet it were hardly to be believed that Lucian would have thought in so sound and elevated a manner of the gods as is here expressed. But why should not Lucian, his divine confabulations unimpeached, have been able to make Socrates speak in a little dialogue after his own peculiar manner? — Sir Thomas More must have been in an ill humour when he wrote that this

**SOCRATES.** It is a sea-bird, Chærephon; its name is the Halcyon, which, by reason of her sad and plaintive notes, has given rise to an old popular tale. Halcyone, as the story goes, was a daughter of Æolus; she was married in the prime bloom of youth to the charming son of a charming sire, to Ceyx, the son of the morning-star Heosphoros; and having the misfortune to lose him by a premature death, she wandered, inconsolable, over all the earth, in the unavailing hopes of finding him again, till the gods at last, in pity to her sorrows, metamorphosed her into this bird, in which form she now flies round the seas, in search of her beloved spouse, whom she was unable to find anywhere upon the earth.

**CHÆREPHON.** This is then the halcyon of which such wonders are related \*? I never remember to have heard her voice before in all my life, and I was the more pleased with it, as it has somewhat so tender and languishing in it. How big is then this bird, Socrates?

**SOCRATES.** It is not of large size; but, notwithstanding its littleness, the gods have in an extraordinary manner rewarded her extraordinary affection for her mate. All the while she is making her nest and sitting, the whole world enjoys those pleasant seasons which the seamen term halcyon days, and even in winter are distinguished by the serenity of the weather, and of which the present day is one of the fairest. Look how bright and sunny it is overhead, and how calm and unruffled the sea appears, as if it were a looking-glass for this fair sky to view itself in †.

dialogue is so insipid in point of style, and dull and silly in its subject, that it cannot possibly be Lucian's. So thought not the ablest critic in grecian literature that ever was, the no less acute than erudite Tiberius Hemsterhuys, although Massieu from inadvertence numbers him among those who doubt the genuineness of the Halcyon. I for my part have been able to discover no vestige of it, but the direct contrary, and, supported by such an authority, I dare the more confidently affirm, that there is not the least solid ground for expunging this little socratic conversation from Lucian's works.

\* See *Buffon*, hist. nat. des oiseaux, vol. xiii. p. 207 & seq., where in my judgment it is rendered probable enough that the halcyon of the antients, according to the description given by Aristotle and other characteristics, was the same bird which the French name *Martin-Pêcheur*, and we king's-fisher, and therefore the halcyon of the moderns. The fable of Alcyone is sufficiently known from the ovidian metamorphoses, where it is very finely related, but with some additional circumstances.

† Les Grecs appelloient *alcyoniens* les jours de calme vers le solstice, ou l'air et la mer sont tranquilles, jours précieux aux navigateurs, durant lesquels les routes de la mer sont aussi

CHÆREPHON. This indeed seems to be a true halcyon day, and yesterday was just as fine. But, for every god's sake, Socrates, what am I to think of the metamorphosis you have been relating? Shall we believe that a bird was ever turned into a woman, or a woman into a bird? I confess that whatever comes under this rubric sounds to me altogether impossible.

SOCRATES. My dearest Chærephon, we men are but purblind judges of what is possible or impossible. For judging of such things we have nothing but our human faculties, which but too frequently can neither see, nor comprehend, nor believe. How often do we deem that difficult which in fact is easy, that unattainable which with proper exertion we can very well reach. In a great many cases the fault may perhaps lie entirely in our inexperience; but very frequently it lies in the weakness and infancy of our understanding. For man appears in reality, old as he may be, always to remain an infant; and how should it be otherwise, as his life, if compared with the eternal duration of the universe, is so infinitely short, and, so to speak, only a moment between coming into the world and going out of it\*. Seeing now that we know so little of the powers of the gods and dæmons, how, my dear friend, shall we be able to say, respecting objects of that nature, what is possible or impossible? You saw what a horrid storm we had the day before yesterday; one cannot without shuddering recollect the tremendous lightning and thunderclaps and the unprecedented fury of the wind; it was no otherwise than as if the whole world was going to wreck and ruin! And presently after the sky brightened up in a surprising manner, and the weather has conti-

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sûres que celles de la terre; ces mêmes jours étoient aussi le tems donné à l'alcyon, pour élever ses petits. L'imagination, toujours prête à enluminer de merveilleux les beautés de la nature, acheva d'alterer cette image, en plaçant le nid de l'alcyon sur la mer applanie; c'étoit Eole qui enchainoit les vents en faveur de ses petits enfans. Alcyone, la fille plaintive et solitaire, sembloit encore redemander aux flots son infortuné Ceyx, que Neptune avoit fait perir, &c. Cette histoire mythologique de l'oiseau alcyon n'est, comme tout autre fable, que l'emblème de son histoire naturelle, &c. *loc. cit.* pag. 209, 210, & seq.

\* As I could not resolve upon giving up such a significant word as *νιόγιλος*, I could find no circumlocution for expressing the sense of it, and I do not believe that I have lent thereby a thought to Lucian.

nued fine to the present moment. Which now do you take to be the more laborious, to turn such a terrible storm into the brightest atmosphere, and to convert all nature from the wildest turbulence into this universal tranquillity, or to change the form of a woman into that of a bird? You see daily that even our children, when they begin a little to amuse themselves with modelling, can produce a thousand different shapes from the same lump of clay or wax. It is therefore reasonable to think, that a god, having very great powers, which are incomparably superior to ours, could execute all these things with the greatest ease. For by how much do you conceive that the sky is bigger than yourself?

CHÆREPHON. I, Socrates! how should a mere man, as I am, have any apprehension of such a thing, much less be able to express it in words?

SOCRATES. Are not the vast disproportions among men observable, when set beside one another, in point of ability and disability? Compare a child of five or ten days with a full-grown man; what an astonishing difference of weakness on one side and strength on the other in regard of the several performances in human life, of all that we can make with these thousandfold artificial hands of ours\*, or in general execute with our corporeal and mental powers!—things whereof an infant can have not the least conception, nor in all appearance will be ever capable of having. The strength of a babe is so out of proportion to that of a fullgrown man, that a single man can with all ease master millions of them†; so indigent and unable to help itself is human nature at the commencement of life. Seeing now the difference between man and man is so great, what do we imagine the whole compass of the sky may be in comparison with our faculties, in the view of those who have a capacity for such speculations? Without doubt many of them there are, to whom it will appear very credible, that by how much greater the whole universe is in solid contents than Socrates or Chærephon, by so much must likewise the power and wisdom, which is as it were the soul of it, transcend ours.

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\* After the acute and judicious emendation proposed by Hemsterhuys, to read *χείμων* instead of *τίχμων*.

† I must needs own that this is vapid enough, and have therefore, in order somewhat to help the matter at least, as Massieu has done, substituted millions for myriads.

To me and to you, and a thousand more such as we, a multitude of things are impossible, which are very easy to others. How many people cannot write, or play on the flute? And to play on the flute, or to write, to one who has never learnt, it must be no less impossible\*, than to make women out of birds or birds out of women. But what miracles nature could produce we have daily examples before our eyes. Consider this little maggot, without legs and without wings, in the cell of a honeycomb! Nature gives him legs and wings, dresses him in gaudy colours, and forms him into the skilful fabricator of the ambrosia of the earth, the bee. And is it not the same nature that (as some sages say) by the aid of certain mysterious arts, peoples the vast æther †, air and water with that infinite multitude of living creatures, which she has the art of forming out of torpid and lifeless eggs?

Seeing then the powers of the immortals are so great, how should such little and transitory creatures as we (who, far from being able to survey nature in the aggregate, even in what passes within the small sphere about us, are every moment in perplexity, and are obliged to confess our ignorance), how should we presume to decide peremptorily concerning halcyons and nightingales ‡?

For my part, thou melodious mournful sufferer, I will transmit to my children the story of thy tender lays, as I received it from my forefathers. Oft will I extol thy pious and faithful fondness for thy mate to my two wives Xantippe and Myrto §, not forgetting how honourably thou hast been recompensed for it by the gods above ||. And will not you, Chærephon, do the like?

\* Lucian's pen slipped if he wrote "still more impossible."

† To speak on inconceivable topics unintelligibly is very natural, and the ancients were not ashamed of it.

‡ It is universally known that, according to the account of the mythologists, the nightingale had likewise formerly been a gentlewoman, namely, Philomela, the daughter of the attic king Pandion.

§ Lucian here, by giving to Socrates, besides Xantippe (the only one whom Xenophon and Plato know anything of) a second consort, the daughter of Aristides, follows a tradition the futility of which has however been sufficiently demonstrated, in the judgment of Plutarch, by Panætius. See his life of Aristides, towards the end.

|| Even if Lucian, in imitating the beautiful simplicity of the socratic manner of philosophizing, has not been successful throughout, and has fallen once or twice into the bathos (as is

**CHEREPHON.** It is fit I should, Socrates. There is an excellent moral for husbands and wives couched in the subject with which you have been entertaining me.

**SOCRATES.** Let us then take leave of the good Halcyone, for it is time to go, if we would reach the city before dark.

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perhaps customary with him in other places, where he would imitate Socrates,) yet the profitable application which he puts into the wise man's mouth does him the more honour. It is drawn perfectly pure from the spirit and character of that great prophet of the universal human intellect, and contains more wisdom than at first sight some perhaps may think. It points out to us, as with the finger, how good men used to regard and set to rights those wonderful things which, through tradition, popular credulity, &c. have received a certain sanction — and deserves to be taken to heart.

## HARMONIDES.

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**H**ARMONIDES the flute-player once asked his master, the famous Timotheus \*, what measures he would recommend him to adopt in order to acquire celebrity in his art throughout Greece. This, said he, is all that is wanting to complete the boon you have bestowed upon me. To your lessons I owe everything requisite to a good flute-player, the dulcet tones, the dexterity in fingering, keeping time correctly, the proper modulation, strict concert of notes with the choir, concord of sounds, and the faculty of accurately observing and expressing the several peculiarities of tone, the lofty enthusiasm of the phrygian mode, the bacchic rage of the lydian, the solemnity of the doric, and the grace of the ionic. Yet I see not how all this will conduct me to that distinction, for the sake of which I put myself under your tuition, to a wide-spread renown, and procure me a name and consequence throughout the nation, that all men

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**HARMONIDES.** It being a peculiarity of our author always to make a great secret to his readers of the several circumstances of the place, the time and the persons to which his writings have reference; all that we can guess respecting the object of this short essay is, that it appears to be a *captatio benevolentiae*, by which he endeavours to secure the protection and patronage of a great personage perhaps at Athens or Laodicea, where he proposed to give public lectures, by sending him at the same time a copy of the piece on which he intended to declaim before the audience.

\* This Timotheus of Thebes, a contemporary of the great Alexander, was reckoned the best performer on the flute of his time. He should not (as some of the learned have done) be confounded with another still more famous Timotheus of Miletus, whom our author means when he, farther on, notices a namesake of the theban Timotheus. This Milesian was somewhat prior to the former, and was at once poet and musician: he distinguished himself both in lyric and dithyrambic poesy, and, if we may credit Pausanias, added four new strings to the cithara, which till then had only seven; an innovation which gave great offence to the orthodox sticklers for the antient music. Athenæus has preserved to us the decree which the kings and ephori published against "this innovation so dangerous to good morals." *Deipnos.* xiv. 4.

on seeing me will point with the finger, and say to his neighbour : look, that is famous Harmonides, the great flute-player ! As when you, my best Timotheus, on coming first from Bœotia, your native country, to Athens performed publicly in the Pandionis \*, and in the furious Ajax, the music of which your namesake composed, carried the prize, there was nobody in all Athens to whom Timotheus of Thebes was unknown ; and even at present, whenever you appear, the people run together and crowd about you, as the small birds do about the owl. This it is, dearest Timotheus, for which I now take such extraordinary pains to become a capital flute-player. Independently on this, I should have cared little about blowing the flute ; and in reality, if, on condition that I should remain unknown, I could become a second Marsyas or Olympus, I would not give the turn of my hand for it. For of what use is music if it is not heard † ? To the merit you have already acquired on my behalf, add this one more, I earnestly intreat you, by teaching me how I must proceed in order to produce my talent to the best effect ; secure to yourself a double mass of gratitude from me, for the art itself, and, what in my eyes is of far more consequence, for the glory to be reaped from it.

My dear Harmonides, answered Timotheus, the object of your ambition is no small one, but is connected with many difficulties. You might perhaps fancy that the surest road to arrive at this universal applause and renown would be to perform in public in the presence of everybody. But, besides that it would consume a great deal of time, and notwithstanding that, you would not by far know all the people. For where would you find a theatre, or a circus, where you could perform before all the Greeks at once ? But I will tell you, how you may most speedily and most certainly attain to the object of your wishes. I have an objection to your performing to an auditory, and even in the theatres ; but give yourself in general little concern about the public at large. On the other hand, cultivate an acquaintance with the people of consequence among the Greeks, the few that are at the head of the rest, the men that possess the general esteem and admiration, and to whom whe-

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\* A tragedy perhaps that had for its subject the lamentable story of the two daughters of the attic king Pandion, Procne and Philomela.

† Tu licet et Thamyram superes atque Orphea cantu,  
Non erit ignotæ gratiâ magna lyræ. Ovid de Art. Am. 399.

ther they praise or blame, the others give full credit : to these seek to make yourself and your abilities known. If you please them, if they speak favourably of you, be assured that you will presently be known to all the Greeks. For if you are acknowledged by those whom everybody knows and admires, to be an excellent flute-player ; what reason have you to care about the great multitude, who after all are uniformly determined by those who are better able than themselves to judge of the performance ? For what is better and what worse, of that the great body of the public have no discernment, made up as it is for the most part of mere mechanical characters ; but if they hear that the people of quality are loud in their commendations of somebody, they directly believe they must have their good reasons for it, and join in praising him. As it is with the rival candidates at the public games, where the commonalty may clap or hiss as much as they will ; the deciding judges are only five or seven.

Harmonides, it is said, was not so fortunate as to be able to profit by this good counsel. For, the first time he performed in public as a competitor for the prize at the dionysia, he strained himself, from his excessive avidity for glory, so violently, that he literally blew out his soul through the flute, before he could obtain the crown, and gave up the ghost on the platform.

Methinks the advice of Timotheus was not adapted solely to Harmonides, and those of his class, but likewise to all, who, be their talent of whatever kind it may, glow with emulation, and pant for public applause. I myself am in that very predicament. Deliberating with myself, what steps I should take to become known as soon as possible to all the inhabitants of this great city, I looked about in pursuance of the advice of Timotheus, for such a one as stood in so great reverence with the rest, that I should have need only of his approbation for ensuring that of the rest. In that view, I of course could turn to no other than to you, the man, who, in the unanimous opinion of all others, is a judge of the several species of talent, and whose judgment in matters of taste is the rule and the law. If I can lay my compositions before him, said I to myself, and if I should be so happy as to obtain his approbation, the object of my ambition is attained, for this single suffrage secures to me that of every one else. Whom could I have preferred before you, without glaringly impeaching the soundness of my understanding ? In appearance I trust entirely to one man, but in reality it is as much as if I delivered my spe-

cimens before a whole world of auditors. For it is beyond all controversy that in comparison of any individual or of all together, you are the first. Among the Lacedæmonians every senator had one vote in the council, and each of the kings two; you, as I may say, dispose of the voices of the ephori, and the senators also; and your preponderance in matters of taste is so decisive that you have always the white stone of Minerva \*, by which you form the majority in favour of him whom you wish to save. This it is whereon at present my hopes are founded, as otherwise I should have great reason to tremble, considering the rashness of my undertaking. What raises my courage still more, is the circumstance so propitious to me, that I am not altogether a stranger to you, but was born in a city on which you have often, both in your private capacity, and in concurrence with the whole province, conferred marks of your benevolence. If therefore, even supposing the worst, if upon my public exhibition the plurality of voices should be against me, I hope you will make up for the deficiency by yours, and shew likewise on that occasion, that it is your peculiar custom to repair what others have spoilt †.

That in other places I have received considerable applause, that my name is known, and my works were commended by those that heard them, can here avail me nothing ‡; they all are airy dreams, and words without meaning. It will now be seen what is the real truth of the matter; the doom of my labours will be now irrevocably decided for ever! After you have pronounced sentence, there will be no more question about doubts or double meanings; my rank is settled, and I must either be held the first in my department, if you declare me to be so, or — But, he that would contend for so high a prize, should refrain from all words of ill omen. Grant then, ye gods, that we may come off with honour in this strife, and confirm the reputation, that we have acquired in other places, in such sort, that in future we may always enter the lists with confidence: for to him no other career is formidable, who has once been victorious in the great olympic games.

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\* See the note on the Angler, vol. I. p. 249.

† This in the original is expressed with more terseness and urbanity by a single word: καὶ τὸ ἘΠΙΑΝΟΡΘΩΜΑ δικαῖόν σοι δοκέτω. It seems to me an allusion to the office of the nobleman to whom this little piece is addressed, or to certain transactions of his public life, where he exhibited himself advantageously in the character of a reformer, Whereby the expression, if my conjecture is admitted, becomes a very delicate compliment neatly introduced.

‡ This however looks very like a gentle *avis au lecteur*.

THE  
GALLIC HERCULES.

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**H**ERCULES is called by the Gauls in their tongue Ogmios\*, and pourtray him quite differently from the Greeks, and indeed oddly enough. I saw once a painting of theirs, in which he was represented as a very decrepit bald-headed old man, with grey hairs, as many of them as were left, his skin full of wrinkles, and of such a swarthy complexion, as our old weather-beaten seamen usually have. One should rather have took him for Charon or Iapetus, or some such other inhabitant of Tartarus, in short, for anything sooner than Hercules. Yet with all this, his trophies were truly herculean. He had a lion's skin on the back, a club in the right hand, a stretched bow in the left, and a quiver slung over the shoulder; in short, in these particulars he was an outright Hercules. I thought at first, it was their design by this burlesque figure to turn the grecian gods to ridicule, and meant to be revenged particularly on Hercules for the depredations he had committed upon them, in his occasional rambles over a great part of the western country in his designs upon Ge-

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THE GALLIC HERCULES. One of those prefaces or proslalia, of which several have already appeared in the former volume. When and where it was delivered, of that no vestige appears: all that can be gathered from Lucian's expressions, is that he pronounced it at a pretty advanced time of life, and after he had given in public similar specimens of his talents, neglected it for some years; circumstances from whence we might almost conclude, that some unfavourable reverse of fortune had forced him upon this resource.

\* What Lucian in this short essay advances of the gallic Hercules, is not of such a nature as that mythology and the history of the different Herculeses could gain anything by it. And it is obvious, that in this description of an emblematical picture which, without saying when, and how, he pretends to have seen somewhere in Gaul, he had no design to augment our stock of theological and antiquarian perceptions.

ryon's cattle. The most paradoxical part of the picture however I have not yet told you. This old Hercules is seen drawing a vast multitude of people after him, who are all linked by the ears. The chains are extremely light, and finely wrought of gold and amber; and resemble the most slender necklaces worn by our ladies. It would therefore have been easy for them to have broke loose from such brittle chains, and run away: but that never occurred to them: nor did ever any one of them shew the least resistance, or endeavour to get free, but they follow their leader with pleasure and alacrity, bestow praises upon him, and are so delighted with their condition, that as far as the length of the chain will permit, they run together before, that they may be the nearer to him: in short, it is plainly perceivable that they would be sorry to be set at liberty. But what seemed to me most absurd in this picture, was, that the painter, in perplexity where to fasten the ring at the extremity of the chain, as both hands of his Hercules had enough to do with the club and the bow, could discover, as it appeared, no better contrivance than to hang it to the tongue of the god, which to that end was bored through at the tip. Moreover he is so represented, that he turns back his head to those he leads, and smiles amicably upon them.

I stopped a good while to view this extraordinary picture, and contemplated it with a mixture of admiration, embarrassment, and dislike. By chance it happened that a Gaul, who, as I judged from his speaking greek very well, seemed to be no stranger to our literature, and who I suppose was one of their national philosophers\*, stood near me, and observed my uneasiness. I will explain to you the meaning of this mysterious pic-

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\* Lucian by this term probably means the druids; for though Tiberius and Claudius, according to the vulgar opinion, had abolished their order, it still maintained itself, at least under an altered form, for a long time after, and till the total extirpation of paganism in Gaul and Britain. Such a powerful society as that of the druidical order, was not so easy a matter soon to disperse; as we may see from what has passed in our days with the jessuits; and though the druids in Lucian's time had lost their former juridical authority, and their great influence on the national concerns of the Gauls, as the nation itself was incorporated with the roman empire, and was governed by roman laws; yet they were considered by the Gauls as the possessors and guardians of their antient hereditary religion, literature, and occult sciences, and the nobles of the nation still continued to seek them out in their forests and grots, in order to put themselves, often for twenty years long, under their tuition. See *Mela*, de situ orb. iii. 6.

ture, said he to me, for I perceive your astonishment as not knowing what to make of it. We Gauls do not, like you Greeks, attribute eloquence to Mercury, but to Hercules, who in strength far surpassed the other. But that he is represented as an aged man, ought not to surprise you; for of all talents eloquence is the only one that first shews in age its consummate strength, if withal it be true which is said by your poets:

The mind of youth is in a wavering state\*,

whereas,

experienced age can give

More prudent counsel than unstable youth. Iliad iii. 108.

Hence in your Homer, honey flows from Nestor's tongue, and the oratory of the old trojan council is, on account of its gracefulness, designated by an epithet, whereof the primitive, if I remember right, in your language is as much as to say flowers †. That however this old Hercules, or rather eloquence, which is personified in him, draws his audience chained by the ears to his tongue, should not excite your wonder, as the affinity between the ears and the tongue is not unknown to you; it was not therefore done in a view to maltreat him, that the tip of his tongue was bored; and I recollect in one of your comic writers ‡ to have read:

The tip of the tongue in all loquacious men

Is bored through.

Our general opinion is, that Hercules was a man of great understanding, who performed, if not all, yet the most of what he did, not by bodily strength, but by the power of persuasion; and the arrows with which his quiver is filled, are, according to our interpretation, nothing else than the

\* Says Jocasta in the Phœnissæ of Euripides, ver. 533.

† Iliad iii. 152, ὅσα λιλιόσσαν. Λίλιον means namely lilies, and is put for flowers in general *λέϊσι*. Homer indeed says it not immediately of these old men, but of grasshoppers to which he compares them; it comes however to the same thing. Such citations from their poets, especially in the mouth of a gallic druid, had the charm of the most elegant urbanity to grecian hearers.

‡ Unfortunately of so many once celebrated and excellent comic poets, Aristophanes alone has been handed down to us, in whom this verse is not to be found. In Lucian's time they were all in being, and their extermination is none of the least evils on account whereof the christian clergy of the fourth century are in our debt. Ἠγλώτῃα — τειρουκμηίνη. *Senarius cum dimidio, sic forte legendus;*

Τοῖς λέλοις

Γὰρ ἐξ ἄκρου

Ἠγλώτῃα πᾶσι ἐστὶ τειρουκμηίνη. *Guyet.*

sayings of an eloquent man, which, like sharp and well-aimed darts transpierce the soul of the hearers, and therefore are styled, by your Homer, winged words. Thus far my Gaul, and to my good luck quitted me. Whereupon I walking off deliberated with myself by the way whether it was proper for me at an advanced period of life, and after being for a long time out of the practice of delivering public lectures, again to submit myself to the censures of so many critics. Happily, I say, this picture came into my mind, and pacified me on the reproaches I had to fear from more than one of my auditors, that I must have entirely forgot my age, to engage with such youthful levity in so hazardous an enterprize. Must I not expect some homerican youngster should throw this in my teeth :

Thy powers are gone, thy head is white as snow,

Thy followers spent, thy coursers tired and slow. Iliad viii. 103.

The last words accompanied with a sneering glance at my feet. But, as I said, the recollection of my old gallic Hercules encouraged me, and I no longer blushed, after the example of a hero as hoary as myself, at the presumption of daring this adventure. Farewell then for ever, strength and agility and beauty, and ye other prerogatives of youth and the vigorous age, all of you farewell! And thou, o Cupid of the teian bard, begone; fly on thy glittering pinions swifter than an eagle. — Hippocleides cares not about it\*. These toys are gone: and now is the time more than ever to grow young and flourish again, and by the magic of eloquence to draw to me as many ears as I can, and the more assiduously to ply my bow, as I have no reason to be afraid that my quiver will ever be emptied of arrows. You see how I endeavour to comfort myself in my old age. In this confidence then I venture to launch once more my skiff long since drawn ashore, and refitting her as completely as I am able, commit her to the mercy of the waves. Swell the sails, ye good gods, with propitious breezes, of which I am more than ever in need: that if moreover I appear to deserve it, that may be applied to me which the suitor in Homer says to the pretended old beggar :

What strength and wisdom in these rags appear! Odyssey, xviii. 73.

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\* A proverb that has been already explained in the last note upon the Apology for his animadversions upon the learned that have salaries in the houses of great men.

OF THE  
SYRIAN GODDESS.

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NOT far from the Euphrates there is in Syria a city, bearing the name of the holy city [Hierapolis] \*, and acknowledging the assyrian Juno as its patron-deity. Though that does not appear to have been the name given it by its first inhabitants, but that in remoter ages it bore another. I

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OF THE SYRIAN GODDESS. Some have been led, without solid reason, to deny our author the merit of this tract. Judging from my own feelings, I would as soon discard one of his best performances as this very entertaining and remarkable account of one of the most famous temples at that epoch in the east. What seems to have misled some of the learned, is the credulous tone in which he relates the miracles and legends which it contains. To me it appears very probable, that (whether it be in earnest or in jest, or between both, which looks likeliest) the thought struck him, to compose a little essay in the style and in the manner of Herodotus, and endeavour to extend the imitation not only to the ionic dialect and the diction of that favourite historian of the Greeks, but to his mode of conceiving, his lively and simple manner in narrating, and particularly his disposition to mingle incredible and fabulous transactions, with an air of credulity, among the real events of history. I think, if this had been his design, and in fact it seems that it was, he could never have lighted on a more fortunate subject; and on the other hand when he had once determined to write upon that subject, no manner was better fitted to his purpose than the herodotic. However, the refined class of readers will nevertheless now and then perceive the pointed ear of the lucian faun appear from beneath the assumed sincerity of the Homer of history, and be more confirmed thereby in the belief of the genuineness of this performance.

\* Hierapolis was a very considerable, and at last became the capital city of those parts of Syria, which among the Romans went by the name of Syria Euphratensis. Its proper appellation was Bambyce, in assyrian Mahog, and the surname of the holy city, it obtained first under the grecian kings of Syria, for reasons of which this tract gives account. It lay, according to the statement in Peutinger's tables, 24,000 roman paces distant from Zeugma and Cæciliana, two cities immediately bordering on the Euphrates, and accordingly between five and six german miles from that river. According to d'Anville it still subsists, though in a very poor state, under the

rather think it was first conferred upon it as an epithet, after it became famous for the grand festivals and solemnities that were kept there. Of this city I now propose to treat, and to describe its principal curiosities; particularly the religious ceremonies, festivals and sacrifices peculiar to it. As we proceed I shall likewise mention the fabulous traditions that I have heard concerning the founder of their temple, and endeavour to give an adequate idea of this celebrated temple itself. Being myself a native Assyrian, my account of these objects may be held the more authentic, since I have had the evidence of my own eyes in many particulars; and for the rest have the personal authority of the priests.

Of all the known nations of the world, it is the generally received opinion, that the *Ægyptians* were the first who conceived a notion of the gods, consecrated temples and holy places, and instituted assemblies for the purposes of divine worship; also were the first who possessed a holy language and sacred sciences. Not very long afterwards, the theology of the *Ægyptians* passed on to the Assyrians; who now, after their example, likewise erected temples and sanctuaries, in which they set up images and statues of the gods; though in the earlier ages, the temples of the *Ægyptians* were without sculptured figures.

There are even in Syria several temples which in point of antiquity are little inferior to the *ægyptian*, most of which I have myself inspected. One of them is dedicated to the tyrean Hercules, who should not be confounded with the grecian: since he is a hero of the Tyrians, and far more antient than the theban\*. In Phœnicia there is also a larger and more antient

name of Manbidsh; for under the christian emperors it lost with its goddess and her temple, in a short time, its splendour, its wealth and its population. "Two days journey to the north-east of Aleppo," says M. Volney, "is the town of Mambidsh, so celebrated in antient times, under the names Bambyce and Hierapolis. No traces remain of the temple of that great goddess, with whose worship Lucian has made us acquainted." *Travels in Syria and Ægypt*, vol. ii. p. 164.

\* For reasons, which this is not the place to discuss, the most antient nations had each their Hercules, and the grecian was unquestionably the most modern. The tyrian was denominated in their language Melcart, and in all probability was at first no more than another symbolical representation of the universal divinity of the primitive inhabitants of the earth, the Sun, which we find everywhere adored, under so many different names, forms and symbols. Melcart, who was worshipped pre-eminently by the Tyrians, as the tutelar deity of their city, had more than one temple in Coelosyria. Selden, *de diis Syriæ*, p. 109.

temple, of which the Sidonians are in possession. By their report it belonged to Astarte; which Astarte, I believe, was the same as with the Greeks is Selene, or the moon. But one of the priests informed me, it was built to Europa the sister of Cadmus. For the Phœnicians honoured this daughter of their king Agenor, after she had disappeared from their sight, with a temple, and related a legend about her, namely, that Jupiter was extravagantly in love with her by reason of her uncommon beauty, and carried her off in the shape of a bull, to Crete. The same I have likewise been told by other Phœnicians, and the ordinary impress on the coins of the city of Sidon, is Europa sitting on the bull. But that the said temple was Europa's; in this they do not all agree. Besides these, the Phœnicians have yet another temple, which is not of assyrian but of ægyptian origin, and the worship performed in it came from Suntown [Heliopolis] to Phœnicia. This I did not see: but it is likewise held in great reverence, and is very old.

At Byblos\* too I had a sight of a temple of the Venus Byblia, where they celebrate the mysteries in honour of Adonis, with which I likewise

\* The antients had two cities of that name, whereof one was in Ægypt and the other that of which we are now speaking. It was, as we are informed by Strabo, the residence of king Cyniras, whom mythology makes the father of Adonis, perhaps because he was the institutor or the restorer of the feast of Adonis, who had his principal seat at Byblis, though it gradually spread over almost the whole of the antient world. At Athens the women set up on all sides the cry: "I mourn for Adonis! The lovely Adonis is no more! Ah, Cytherea, the lovely Adonis is perished! And the loves together with us bemoan his loss!"

Αιάζω τὸν Ἄδωνι Ἀπόλειο καλὸς Ἄδωνις.

Ἦλειο καλὸς Ἄδωνις, ἰπαιάζουσιν Ἐρωτις.

Αἱ αἰ τὰν Κυθέρειαν Ἀπόλειο καλὸς Ἄδωνις.

Αὐτὰν τὰν Κυθέρειαν ἰπαιάζουσιν Ἐρωτις. Theoc. Idyll. xxiii.

The 29th idyll is against the bloody murderer of Adonis, in the dramatic style, in which Theocritus describes a festival of Adonis, as celebrated by queen Arsinoë, daughter of Berenice. This was a magnificent spectacle, resorted to by a multitude of people from all parts. The young lover of Venus was represented in tapestry of exquisite workmanship. The most accomplished female singers celebrated Adonis, with all the charms of enraptured melody. His statue was introduced, accompanied by silver baskets of flowers and by many costly vases full of spices, perfumes, comfits, &c. the whole under a canopy of the softest velvet adorned with the figures of birds, reptiles, cupids, and enriched with ebony, ivory and gold. Adonis was represented as about nineteen years of age, and on a couch in the arms of Venus, &c. This was the

made myself acquainted. They affirm, that the story of Adonis and the wild boar was transacted in their territory, and on that account they instituted these annual orgies, at which they bewail the death of Adonis by a general mourning throughout the country, with doleful lamentations. When they have beat their breasts sufficiently, and howled long enough, they first offer a funeral sacrifice to Adonis, as just dead; and on the following day they feign to themselves the fond illusion, that he is restored to life \* and carried up to heaven. They shave their heads, as the Ægyptians do, when their Apis is dead. Such of the ladies who are too fond of their fine tresses to submit to have them cut off, undergo the penalty † of being obliged to offer their charms for hire in public during one day; the market is however only open to strangers, and of the profits an oblation is made to Venus.

Some Byblians however affirm, that the ægyptian Osiris is buried with them, and that this anniversary of funeral obsequies, and the orgies that accompany them, is not celebrated in honour of Adonis, but of Osiris. A circumstance that renders this probable is the following: — Once a year,

representation of the first day's spectacle, Adonis being supposed yet alive. The next day being supposed dead, he was carried by the women to the seashore, where his wounds were washed in the briny waves. Then the women with dishevelled locks, their robes loose, and bosoms bared, broke out into strains of the most sorrowful wailings: I mourn for Adonis! The lovely Adonis is no more! &c. If however we may take the word of Aristophanes for it, a great deal of debauchery was carried on at the anniversary of these rites.

\* By the turn I have thus given it, I believe I have departed little or nothing from the meaning of Lucian's expression, *μετὰ δὲ τῆ ἡμέρῃ ἠμίσην ζῶντι τὸ μὲν ΜΥΘΟΛΟΓΕΟΥΣΙ*; for in this last word, "and the following day they mythologised that he was alive," lies I think manifestly the expressed endeavour, to make believe that the fable or legend, "that the deceased, and as deceased bewailed, was alive again," was true.

† The text says, not indeed expressly, that this oblation was an act of duty, but the tissue of the sentence sufficiently declares it. It was at Byblos (as in several other places of the old heathenish world) a secret usage (or abuse) of high antiquity, and subsisting under the patronage of religion and even of the morals and public decorum, which had the force of a law. But how much the Byblians had it at heart to unite what they believed due to their Venus Astarte, with the preservation as far as possible of godd discipline and manners, is evident from hence, because every year only one market-day was held, because the market was open only to strangers, and because the profits belonged not to those who earned them, but to the goddess. From the latter circumstance it is evident likewise, why the observance of this mystical rite could not be immaterial to the priesthood.

about the season of this festival, there comes floating a head out of Ægypt to Byblos; in doing which it has a voyage to make for which a ship requires seven days. But the winds waft it thither by a divine pilotage, and it is never turned out of its course, but arrives regularly at Byblos; in short, it is a real miracle. It is wrought every year, and it happened when I was at Byblos; I saw with my own eyes the head, and perceived clearly that it was made of ægyptian paper\*.

This however is not the only miracle that happens in the territory of Byblos. A river rises out of mount Libanus, and at the city flows into the sea, bearing the name Adonis. This river is every year at a particular season bloodred; so that as often as that comes round, the colour of the sea to a great distance from the mouth of it, is changed; and this is exactly the period when the religious mourning of the Byblians commences. The story goes, that on this very day Adonis was wounded on mount Libanus, and the blood trickling into the river is what gives it both its red colour and its name. Thus think and say the vulgar. But a man of Byblos gave me a different account, which apparently to me has more truth in it. He told me, that the Adonis flows through a great part of Libanus. Now, said he, that mountain has a ruddy soil; and the high winds which always blow at that season, drive a dust very like minium into the river, which gives to its water that colour; so that the boar which wounded Adonis is perfectly innocent of the river's bloody hue, and all the guilt lies upon the soil. This is what the Byblian told me. However, admitting this to be true, yet I think that behind this circumstance of the wind blowing precisely at that season sufficiently strong for producing that effect, there must indisputably be somewhat divine †. From Byblos I

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\* The holy father Cyril, bishop of Alexandria, in his commentary on the eighteenth chapter of the prophet Isaiah, ver. 2. confirms this remarkable fact; only with this difference, that it was not a head but a pot of paper (or Nilewood, *papyrus*,) which the Alexandrians annually with great ceremony put out to sea, and on which it, as they pretend, arrived regularly, self-directed, at Byblos, for the purpose of conveying to the women of that place on a ticket (which was inclosed in the pot and sealed) the joyful tidings, that Adonis was alive. Here we have in Lucian an eyewitness, that the pot-like head, or the head-like pot, (for this trifle affects in no degree the fact) arrived direct at Byblos, because he otherwise could not have seen it. Of the little collateral circumstances, by which the state of the case would have been rendered comprehensible to us, Lucian says nothing, because the priests said nothing of them to him.

† Sly rogue! Who can fail of perceiving in this and so many other touches, the lucianic irony?

now ascended by one day's journey to Libanus, having heard that there was an antient temple of Venus, which king Cinyras had built \*. I actually saw it, and judged it to be of great antiquity. And so much for the famous old temples of Syria.

But many of them as there are, not one among them is, in my opinion, bigger or more august than that in Hierapolis, nor is there a more venerable, nor in general a more holy country in the world. Everything in that magnificent temple is artificially wrought; its consecrated vessels are of great antiquity, and it contains many curiosities. In particular they have the marble image of somewhat so awe-commanding, that it might easily be taken for the divinity; or rather the divinity is here revealed and in a singular manner present, in such sort that the images not unfrequently sweat, get into motion, and begin suddenly to utter oracles. There are even people, who testify that they have frequently heard loud sounds and voices in the temple after it has been shut, and therefore nobody could be within †. But likewise in respect of riches this temple is the first among all that I know. For unspeakable revenues and treasures flow into it from Arabia and Babylonia, from the Cappadocians and Cilicians, from the Phœnicians and Assyrians. I myself have seen, in a private apartment of the temple, a quantity of costly vestments and many other articles of furniture, which were only in the catalogue brought under the general rubric of silver and gold. On the festivals and the solemn convocations of the people, there is nowhere in the whole world so much worth seeing as here ‡.

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\* The question how this Cinyras came out of Cyprus to Byblos, or whether the Cinyras of Cyprus was a different Cinyras, remains, like so many others which arise from the endless variations and contradictions of mythology, properly unanswered. For, respecting these facts, that in the most eminent sense holds good, which Terence says of love: *quæ res in se neque consilium neque modum habet ullum, eam consilio regere non potes*. Not that some sort of an answer might not be made, but because one answer is as good as another, or even the contrary.

† The deities in this temple were continually in action. This dramatic sprightliness redounded much to the honour of the priests. It shewed them to be virtuous in their profession.

‡ This holy city was at that time the Loretto of the heathen world. From the treasures belonging to the temple of the syrian goddess we may form a conception, that they were already, two hundred years prior to Lucian's time, ample enough to detain the insatiable Crassus upon his expedition against the Parthians; since, if we may trust Plutarch, he insisted upon personally weighing the gold and silver of the goddess himself, probably that he might impress

On my inquiring into the antiquity of this temple and worship, and who the goddess properly was to whom the worship in it was directed, the answers I received varied extremely, being grounded partly on popular reports, partly on sacerdotal accounts and sacred traditions. Some of them sounded mightily like fabulous stories, others very strange and outlandish, others again agreed tolerably well with the grecian mythology. You shall have them, though I will vouch for none.

The common people will have it, that the scythian Deucalion was the builder\*, the same Deucalion under whom the famous great flood broke in. The history of that Deucalion I have likewise heard related by the Greeks, after their manner; and it runs thus †: "The present race of men is not the same as at the beginning, but those of the first race all perished. Mankind, as they now are, are a new and second race, that were spread abroad again by Deucalion in these vast numbers. Of those first men it is reported, that they were haughty, fierce people, who committed heinous iniquities; for they neither kept their oath, nor exercised hospitality, nor spared the vanquished though imploring mercy. For all this however a horrible calamity came over them. All at once the waters burst forth from all parts of the earth, prodigious showers of rain poured

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upon the temple a so much the heavier tax. Since that time the fanaticism of the asiatic nations, the reputation of the hieropolitan worship and its mysteries, and therefore also the riches, which flowed thither from all sides, had been always increasing.

\* The syrian tradition, by making Deucalion a Scythian, places as it appears the primitive race of men on the other side of Caucasus, and therefore corroborates the famous hypothesis of M. Bailly.

† Lucian here, as he frequently does, fails very much in point of accuracy, and what he says of Deucalion does not hang well together. First he makes him a Scythian, and immediately thereupon he says: it was the same, concerning whom the Greeks have the tradition, which he forthwith unnecessarily relates to us, while we were rather expecting to hear of the syrian. But the Deucalion of the Greeks was no Scythian, but a Thessalian, and the grand inundation from which he saved himself in his chest, related only to a part of Greece. Lucian therefore appears to have mingled two entirely different traditions, the syrian and the grecian, on account of what they had in common together. And accordingly his narration can contribute little or nothing towards the elucidation of this so eminently remarkable part of the primordial history of the earth and of mankind; where everything chiefly depends upon nicely discriminating and explaining, instead of confounding the several traditions which are found relating to it in almost every nation.

down from above, the rivers swelled and overflowed, the sea rose far above its shores; in short, all was water, and all mankind were drowned. Deucalion alone was preserved on account of his piety and goodnature, for the propagation of a new race; and that in the following manner. He had a very large chest; into which he packed his wives and children, and when they were all in, he at last went in himself. Just as he was entering, there came running to him swine and horses, and all kinds of wild beasts, and creeping creatures, in one word every animal that feeds upon the earth, pairwise. He took them all in; and Jupiter instilled into them such peaceful dispositions, that they did him no harm; but they lived all together in the most delightful concord: and so they were all preserved in this single chest, as in a ship, as long as the flood lasted." This the Greeks relate touching Deucalion.

And now they of Hierapolis subjoin an exceedingly admirable circumstance: namely, that once in their country a great chasm suddenly opened in the earth, which swallowed up all this amazing quantity of water\*. Whereupon Deucalion erected altars, and near the chasm built and consecrated this temple to Juno. The chasm I myself saw; at least there is one discernible under the temple, which however is extremely small. How it came to pass that it is become so small, since it is said formerly to have been so monstrous large, I cannot tell; suffice it to say,

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\* From the manner in which Lucian speaks of this tradition of the Hieropolitans, it is to be inferred, that it was unknown to him that the Athenians in the sacred grove belonging to their temple of Jupiter Olympius, shewed also a chasm, the mouth whereof was about an ell wide, wherein the water of Deucalion's deluge was absorbed. They had likewise a temple, which, according to their report, Deucalion built among them as an everlasting memorial of his miraculous deliverance, to Jupiter Phyxius, and this temple stood many hundred years; till at last in the 50th olympiad it fell to ruin from age, and Pisistratus began to raise on its scite the famous temple of Jupiter Olympius, which was completed by the emperor Hadrian. It being by no means credible, that Deucalion was delivered at the same time at Athens and at Hierapolis, and that, in memorial of the very same event, which is said to have happened in two so widely distant places, he should have built at Athens a temple to Jupiter and at Hierapolis in Assyria to Juno: then must the grecian Deucalion have been a different one from the scythian of the Hieropolitans: or rather, it was only one which each younger nation borrowed of an elder, and appropriated and fitted to itself as well as it was able. And thence must naturally result this confusion and this chaos of incongruities and contradictions, out of which it is now so difficult and even impossible to find a path.

the cleft that I saw is small. In token and remembrance of this account they have a singular custom. Twice a year sea-water comes into the temple, or is rather brought in; not however by the priests alone, but all the Syrians and Arabians, and likewise a multitude of people of those who live beyond the Euphrates, run all to the sea and fetch water to pour into the temple. From thence it flows into the said gulley, which, notwithstanding it is so small, contains all that quantity of water. This ceremony they say, Deucalion himself ordained to be observed in the temple, as an everlasting commemoration, no less of the universal calamity, than of the wonderful means by which the earth again became dry. This is the oldest tradition respecting the origin of that temple.

Others believe the celebrated Semiramis of Babylonia, of whom so many monuments are still extant in Asia, to have constituted this seat of deity; not however for Juno, but for her mother, named Derketo. Of this Derketo likewise I saw in Phœnicia a drawing, in which she is represented in a curious form; for in the upper half she is woman, but from the waist to the lower extremities runs in the tail of a fish\*. Whereas the goddess of the Hierapolitans is entirely woman. The reasons that induce them to adopt that opinion, seem to me not remarkably obvious. A fish is held sacred at Hierapolis, and is never ate; but they eat all sorts of edible fowl, the dove alone excepted, which with them is sacred. These usages seem now to the followers of that opinion, to have been introduced in honour of Derketo and Semiramis, the former because one half of her bears the form of a fish, the latter because Semiramis was at last metamorphosed into a dove. I for my part am willing to believe that Semiramis was the foundress of this temple, but not that it is dedicated to Derketo, at least not from the reasons adduced. Since among the Ægyptians there are some who never eat fish, and yet it does

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\* Here then we have a phœnician and syrian Melusine. The theology of this Derketo [Derceto] is involved in darkness and obscurity. She had, by a lake contiguous to Ascalon in Palæstine, a temple, where, according to Diodorus, *lib. ii. cap. 4.* she was worshiped under the form of a fish with a woman's head. I suppose that wherein Lucian saw her pourtrayed, was a grecian embellishment. The fairy tales invented by oriental adulation for giving the great Semiramis (whose lineage was unknown) a goddess or a sort of elfinspright, or fairy to her mother, may be found in the said Diodorus, with a full detail of all their circumstances.

not occur to them, that they confer a pleasure on Derketo by their abstinence\*.

In conformity to another explanation which was communicated to me by a man of learning, this syrian goddess was no other than Rhea, and Attes the builder of the temple. This Attes was by birth a Lydian, and the institutor of the orgies of Rhea: since all that the Phrygians, Lydians and Samothracians practise in honour of this goddess, they learnt from Attes. For from the time that Rhea emasculated him, he ceased from living as a man, wore woman's clothes, and roamed in that dress over the whole world, initiated his followers in the mysteries of his goddess, related his adventures, and sang the praises of Rhea. In the course of these his rambles, he came into Syria; but, as they who dwell beyond the Euphrates would have nothing to do with either him or his orgies, he settled in the district where Hierapolis now stands, and built this temple. The several attributes which the hierapolitan goddess has in common with Rhea, seem to corroborate this opinion. Her car is likewise drawn by lions, she has a timbrel and wears a tower upon her head, as the Lydians represent Rhea. My learned informant, now produced another argument in behalf of his hypothesis, from the Galli who attend in this temple; a sort of priests, the like of which Juno never had: seeing as successors of Attes, (whose bodily condition they imitate,) they properly belong to Rhea. All this appeared to me plausible enough, but to the truth of it I do not immediately assent, since another reason, why the priests in this temple put themselves in the condition above alluded to, appears to me far more credible.

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\* The lake of Ascalon, where Derketo had her principal temple, was, as Diodorus observes, very abundant in fish. Probably the fishery and the traffic in fish was the chief support of the Ascalonites, and Derketo had originally been the tutelar goddess of it. It is far from unlikely that from a superstition which perhaps was favourable to their commerce, the abstinence from fish by little and little grew into a religious observance with the Ascalonites. But so far they certainly did not carry it, as for the sake of pleasing Derketo to give up the profits which they might derive from the sale of their fish, which they did not eat. With the aversion of the Ægyptians from fish, the case was different; it was founded on their abhorrence of Typhon, the god of the sea, whose subjects the fishes were, and which the early priests and lawgivers of the Ægyptians, in order to fix them in the country and deter them from all enterprises on the sea, made the author and principle of all evil.

To me, I own, the most satisfactory is the explanation of those, which best coincides with the grecian mythology \*. These affirm the goddess to be no other than Juno, and the temple the work of Bacchus, the son of Semele. For it is notorious that Bacchus, on his return from Æthiopia †, came into Syria. In reality there are several tokens in the temple, that Bacchus was the founder of it: amongst others the indian habiliments and precious stones and elephants' teeth, which Bacchus brought with him out of Æthiopia; and on two monstrous phalli this inscription is to be read:

THESE PHALLI, I DIONYSOS ERECT TO JUNO, MY STEPMOTHER ‡.

I for my part am quite satisfied with these proofs. From my abundance however I will communicate to you something, relative to the orgies of Bacchus in the temple. Among the several sorts of phalli which the Greeks set up in honour of Bacchus, are certain figures of dwarfs with immoderately large virilities, which are moved by strings, and are there-

\* That is spoke like a *Graculus*, everywhere introducing his forms of religion, his gods, his mythology, &c. and in place of reflecting, that the Greeks derived these mostly from Ægypt and Phœnicia, and therefore from the east, imagines that even incomparably older nations had all from them, and that this was the reason of the resemblances they everywhere found between the barbarian traditions and their own.

† That is, from India; for the question here is respecting the oriental Æthiopia or Mauritania, which is frequently named by the ancients, and sometimes improperly confounded with the african.

‡ A curious manner of testifying his respect to a stepmother! Yet it should not be forgot that this foundation was apparently instituted at a time when the reverence of the fair sex for this powerful and venerable talisman was not only immensely great, but likewise frankly and unblushingly avowed and manifested. Besides, nothing can be more futile than this hypothesis of making Bacchus, the son of Semele, the builder of the temple at Hierapolis, and nothing shallower than the arguments which the *Graculi* (with whom Lucian here perhaps only seems out of irony to coincide) urge in its behalf. To all appearance these phalli were without comparison older than the inscription, and had reference to the primitive religion of that country, which acknowledged only two aboriginal deities, Heaven and Earth, the Uranos and Ge of the Greeks, that is, the spirit, or the vivifying principle of heaven, which by its energy and influence fructifies the earth, and renders it the mother of all things. The former, in those rude and in some sense innocent ages, typified under the symbol here spoken of; and accordingly the religious veneration for the phallos [Phal, Baal] which indicated, not the sexual sign abstractedly, but referred to the thereby creative or generative principle and universal father, and which certainly in the early ages nobody thought harm of. This however only by the way.

fore called neurospasta. A little figure of the kind is to be seen in this temple on the right hand.

These are the several traditions still extant, concerning the first founder of this institution. I shall now speak of the present temple, and how and by whom it was constructed. The general account is, that the original temple is no more, but from extreme age is long since gone to ruin; and the present edifice was the work of Stratonice, the consort of the assyrian king \*. I have a notion that it was the same Stratonice, of whom her stepson became enamoured, and whose concealed passion was in a singular manner brought to light by the sagacity of his physician. That prince, falling sick, and ashamed to confess the cause of his malady, knew not what course to take, being resolved to disclose his secret to no man, grew at length so ill, that he was obliged to keep his bed. He lay without pain, but so that his colour declined from day to day, and he pined and wasted away by sensible degrees. The physician, unable to discover indications of any other distemper, concluded from various circumstances that his disease must be love. For of secreted love several evident symptoms appeared; the extinguished fire of the eyes, the languid voice, the pale complexion, and the frequent tearfalls without apparent cause. Now, having as he thought discovered thus much, he employed the following method for coming at the bottom of the affair: Laying his hand on the patient's heart, he ordered all the persons of the palace (of whom any possible suspicion might be entertained as being the object of the secret passion of the prince,) to come one by one into the chamber. The unhappy youth remained perfectly tranquil as they passed in review before him. But when his stepmother entered, he changed colour, a perspiration came on, he was all over in a tremor, his heart throbbed with uncommon velocity. The physician, on perceiving this incident, was fully convinced of the true state of the case, and nothing remained but to proceed to the cure. He sent to the king, who was very anxious about the situa-

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\* Lucian continues firm to his humour, of leaving out of his narrations the very circumstance that any other would have made a point of stating. Plutareh, who likewise very circumstantially relates this anecdote in his life of Demetrius Poliorcetes, gives us the names of the other persons. The assyrian king was Seleucus Nicator, the prince Antiochus Soter, and the physician, who has retained the honour he acquired by that cure to this day, Erasistratus.

tion of his son, requesting his presence in the patient's apartment. This disorder which the young lord labours under is no sickness, said he to him, but an injured mind : nothing ails him : all the mischief is, that he is in love, and surrenders himself to a foolish passion. He desires what he shall never obtain ; for in short he is in love with my wife, whom I am determined not to part with. The father on hearing this, began begging and praying and remonstrating with his physician in all imaginable ways. He conjured him by his wisdom and by the celebrity he had acquired in the healing art, that he would not suffer his poor son to die so miserably, nor impute to him as a crime, what was merely the effect of a passion into which he had involuntarily fell, and was beyond his controul, nor from pure jealousy plunge the whole kingdom in misery, nor, what must afflict him more than all, bring disgrace upon his profession, as having failed in recovering the prince. The physician to all these intreaties remained inexorable. What you presume to urge, he replied to the king, is the greatest absurdity in the world. How ? You would sever my nuptial tie, and inflict such a cruel injury on a physician ? Place yourself for a moment in my situation. You, who require such a sacrifice from me, what would you do if your consort happened to the object of his passion ? Oh, cried the king, I should not be so chary of her ! If my son was in love with his stepmother, and his life depended on the possession of her, I should not hesitate : no comparison can be drawn between the misfortune of a wife and the loss of a son ! So much the better for the prince, rejoined the physician, if this is your inclination. Cease your entreaties to me ; your son is not in love with my wife, but your's, and what I have been saying was only to try you. The king adhered to his declaration ; ceded to his son both his wife and his kingdom, and retired to Babylonia, where he built a city after his own name, on the Euphrates, where he died\*.

This same Stratonice whilst still living with her first husband, had a dream, in which it appeared as if she received a mandate from Juno to build her a temple at Hierapolis, accompanied with the menace, that, in

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\* Selucia, whereof this prince was the builder, was situate not properly on the Euphrates, but on the Tigris (which however at Babylon is confluent with the Euphrates) and Seleucia stood not at Selucia, but in Macedonia, &c. say the learned, and they say true. Lucian on such topics is very negligent.

case she were disobedient to the divine command, many and grievous misfortunes would befall her. The queen at first made nothing of this dream : but being shortly after attacked by a violent sickness, she not only disclosed to the king what she had dreamt, but applied every means in her power to appease Juno, and determined to undertake the building of the temple. As soon as she was recovered, the king her husband took measures for sending her to the holy city, by providing her with a large sum of money, and raising a numerous army to serve her as a safeguard, and to assist in the construction of the temple. To this end he called in one of his most confidential officers, a wonderful fine young man, named Combabus, and after descanting on the great confidence he reposed in his prudence, integrity and fidelity, and assuring him in the strongest terms of his royal favour, he opened his mind to him, that now an opportunity was arrived, when he, Combabus, might give him the most convincing proof of his attachment. I want, continued he, a man on whom I can entirely rely, to take charge of my wife on the projected journey, to have the command of the troops, and the inspection of the building and consecration of the temple ; and on whom but you should my choice be fixed ? In the mean time be assured, that on your return you shall meet with a recompence suited to your merits. The answer of Combabus to this proposal was, that he threw himself at the king's feet, most earnestly beseeching his majesty to spare him the task which so far exceeded his abilities, and was attended with such heavy responsibility. What he dreaded most, was the jealousy which the king might afterwards harbour, and for which the circumstance that he should for so long a time be alone about the queen's person, might afford too natural an occasion. The king however remained inflexible in his resolution ; and Combabus perceiving that his petitions and remonstrances were of no avail, contented himself with asking only for a delay of seven days, for arranging his necessary concerns ; and then he should be at the king's command to send him whither he pleased.

This request being without difficulty granted, he repaired home, where, throwing himself in desperation on the floor, he lamented with bitter cries his unhappy fate. Ill-fated wretch, he exclaimed, to be singled out for so arduous a trust ! Fatal journey, the issue of which I but too well foresee ! I am young myself, and I am to be the companion of a beautiful young woman ! Some great calamity will infallibly accrue to me from

it, unless I deprive myself even of the possibility of the mischance I have here to dread. I must resolve upon a great sacrifice, if I would dismiss all fear. In pursuance of this resolution he mutilated himself, inclosed the absconded articles in a little urn filled up with myrrh, honey and sundry aromatics, and sealed it with the seal-ring which he commonly wore. This done, he attended to the healing of his wounds in the profoundest secrecy; and when he was so far recovered as to be in condition to travel, he went again to the king, and delivered to him, in the presence of several courtiers, the sealed little casket, with these words: This, my liege lord, is the most precious jewel that I possess, and is of the highest concern to me. Hitherto I have carefully kept it at home: but now that I am on the point of taking a long journey, I deposit the treasure with you. Be graciously pleased to lock it up safe; for it is far more precious to me than gold, and indeed as valuable as life itself\*. Take care therefore of it, and see that at my return it shall be delivered unimpaired into my hands. The king took it into his custody, put with his own hand another seal upon it, and ordered his treasurer to take it into safe keeping.

Combabus set out with a mind more at ease on his journey. They happily arrived at Hierapolis, and began the construction of the temple; but, though they accelerated the work with all possible diligence, three full years elapsed before they had accomplished it.

In the mean time, it fell out as Combabus had apprehended. The queen could not long view with indifference such an amiable young man, with whom she daily and familiarly conversed; she fell in love with him, and her passion rose gradually even to madness. The Hierapolitans say that Juno herself inspired Stratonice with this unfortunate passion; the extraordinary virtue of Combabus had indeed by no means escaped her notice, but she was determined to take vengeance on Stratonice for having proceeded so tardily in the construction of the temple. It is true, the queen had at first so much controul over herself as to conceal her malady: but as the disorder went on increasing, and at length became so violent that it was impossible any longer to contain herself, she no more strove

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\* This in the original has a peculiar beauty; because the expression may likewise imply — it is the price, or the equivalent for which I must purchase my life.

to hide her ailment, but mourned and wept throughout the day, sent every instant for Combabus, and Combabus was all in all to her. At last, when she could hold out no longer, she looked for a convenient opportunity of disclosing her secret more clearly : but she would not trust it to another person, and to avow it to himself, she was ashamed. It then occurred to her, to intoxicate herself with wine, ere she came to an explanation with him : for wine gives courage and loosens the tongue. It is then also less humiliating to suffer a repulse ; and we always have the advantage of no longer recollecting what we have done, and to lay all the blame upon the wine. No sooner thought of than done. After the customary repast (when all had retired from table to rest) she resorted to the lodgings of Combabus, fell down at his feet as a suppliant, embraced his knees, in short, unbosomed to him the whole force of her love. He listened to her discourse with every mark of aversion and disgust, refused to comply with her intreaties, and even told her plainly that she was drunk. At last, urged by desperation, on her threatening to do him some bodily mischief, he saw himself necessitated to discover his secret, explained to her the reasons of his procedure, and at length, to put the matter out of all dispute, produced ocular demonstration of the sincerity of his assertions. When the queen beheld with her eyes what she could never have thought possible, though her furious passion ceased, so did not her love. On the contrary, she now visited him more frequently, and conversed with him more familiarly, and endeavoured to procure at least this consolation to unsatisfied love as often as she could. Since that time this species of love is still retained at Hierapolis, and even at present is in high vogue. The women love the Galli \* with the utmost ardour of passion, and the Galli in return are fond of the women to distraction ; and the men are so little jealous about it, that this kind of relationship is rather regarded by them as something sacred.

In the mean time the king, being accurately apprised by the comers and goers of all that passed at Hierapolis, was also acquainted with every particular respecting the queen. The displeasure he conceived thereupon was so great, that he ordered Combabus back, before the work was

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\* The emasculated priests already mentioned, and of whom more will appear in the sequel.

finished. Others relate it differently, but without regard to truth. They say, that Stratonice, on being repulsed by Combabus, wrote herself to the king, accusing him out of revenge of having made an attack upon her honour; in short, what the Greeks feign of their Phædra and Sthenobœa the Assyrians allege of their Stratonice. Yet I can never believe, that either Sthenobœa or Phædra was capable of acting in that manner, if moreover Phædra had really loved Hippolytus. However, be that as it may; when the king's order came to Hierapolis, and Combabus saw the reason of it, he boldly set out on his journey, knowing that he had left his apology at home. Immediately on his arrival, the king had him arrested, and put in confinement; then, summoning his confidants, the same that were present when he took his departure, he ordered the culprit before him, and arraigned him openly of having lived in a highly criminal intercourse with his wife, and in great warmth of temper upbraided him with having so infamously betrayed his fealty and friendship. Combabus, he said, had been guilty of a threefold crime, adultery, wilful contumacy of his king, and breach of the trust he reposed in him, and of impiety, since he was not afraid to commit such iniquities while employed in the behests of the goddess. The worst was, that he was convicted by a host of witnesses, who deposed to their having seen them locked in each others arms. Sentence was passed unanimously, that Combabus, having been guilty of capital offences, should be forthwith led away to death.

Hitherto he had stood still, without saying a word; but finding that preparations were actually making to conduct him to death, he broke silence, and demanded his jewel, boldly affirming that the true cause of his being condemned to die, was not for having indulged in an illicit intercourse with the queen, or been guilty of any other nefarious deed: but because the king had taken a fancy to the jewel that he had deposited in his custody on his being sent abroad. On this, the king immediately ordered the treasurer, to whom he had delivered it in charge, to produce it without delay. This done; Combabus broke the seal, shewed both what was in the little urn, and his own defect; and this it was, o king, added he, that I at first apprehended, when you gave me that commission. I went reluctantly; but as you compelled me to obey, I saw myself forced upon an act in which I consulted my master's interest more than my own

convenience. And yet, such as I am, I am found guilty of a crime which only a man can commit!

The king was stunned with amazement at this unexpected disclosure. He ran up to his friend, and embracing him, exclaimed: Oh, my dear Combabus, what have you done! How could you perpetrate such an act of cruelty upon yourself. Surely you are the only one in the world capable of such a deed. Unhappy friend! Would to heaven that I had not seen it, or could make it undone! No; I wanted not such a proof of your innocence? \* However, since fate has so decreed, the first satisfaction I will give you shall be the death of your traducers; that shall be followed by such presents as a king can bestow, gold and silver, sumptuous apparel and horses as many as you can desire. You shall always have access to me, even without being sent for, and nobody shall dare to prevent you, even in my private chamber and when the queen is by †.

The king kept his word: the accusers were presently led out to death. Combabus was loaded with presents and caresses, and considered as the wisest and happiest man in all Assyria.

But the structure of the temple being still unfinished when Combabus was recalled, he desired leave of the king to go back and complete the work. This was granted: he finished the edifice, and for the remainder of his life made Hierapolis the usual place of his abode. Moreover, the king decreed that his virtue and the merit he had acquired on behalf of the holy city, should be honoured with a brazen statue in the temple, which stands there still, and was executed by Hermocles of Rhodes ‡. It represents him as a woman in man's apparel. Some of his friends, it is said, who were in a particular manner devoted to him, in a view to console him, and render his misfortune more tolerable, voluntarily determined to put themselves in the same condition with him. They accordingly did so, and adopted the same mode of life which he had embraced. Others mix up the deities in the business, and say, that Juno was ena-

\* And yet, till this evidence of his innocence was produced, he intended to have his head cut off! These sultans are capable of saying anything, because they may rely upon it, that their sayings will not be logically anatomized!

† An excess of favour, of which Combabus, I dare say, was not in haste to make use.

‡ Lucian, as far as I know, is the only one by whom this statue-founder is named.

mour'd of Combabus \*; and that she it was, who put this fancy into the heads of several people, that her favourite might not be the only one that had to deplore the loss of his manhood. However the practice somehow took, when once an example was set, and it has continued to this day; every year producing instances not a few of volunteers in the same cause, and in their carriage affect the woman; whether it be to comfort Combabus or in honour of Juno: suffice it to say, that from the moment they have thus qualified themselves, they lay aside the garments of men, put on woman's attire, and take to female occupations. From what I could learn, this latter is said to be derived from Combabus. For even he saw himself reduced to it, and that on the following occasion. A foreign lady, at a great solemnity coming into the temple, and seeing him, fell in love with that beautiful man, as she took him to be by his dress, so mortally, that upon her discovering his defect, she put an end to her life from despondency. This fresh proof of the unhappy issue of his amours, poor Combabus took so deeply to heart, that to prevent any more women from being deceived in him, he all his life after wore woman's apparel; which is also the reason why the galli go clothed like women. So much then of Combabus. But touching the galli, and their method of performing the operation, and of other matters relating to them, I shall have an opportunity hereafter to speak. I must first however inform you concerning the situation of the temple with its amplitude and extent.

The place on which this sacred edifice stands is a hill in the centre of the city, and is surrounded by two walls. One of these is antique, the other extends backwards not much beyond our own times. The vestibule of the temple looks towards the north, and its dimensions are about six hundred feet †. In this vestibule stand the phalli, erected here by Bac-

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\* That this assyrian Juno might likewise have her Attes.

† The question here is not respecting the temple, but the propylæon, and not the height of that, but the magnitude; and Du Soul's scruple, "it is not credible that the temple was so very big," therefore falls to the ground of itself. I figure to myself this propylæon as an ample plot with colonnades on both sides; for such it must have been, if the phalli, just afterwards mentioned, were to stand in it. I suppose that Lucian (whose chief merit never appears to have been exactitude) by the magnitude here understands the length and breadth; so that this vestibule of the temple was six hundred feet long, and as many broad.

thus, and which are not less than a hundred and eighty feet high \*. One of these a priest † climbs up twice every year, and remains sitting on the top for seven days. The object of this ascension is variously stated. The common people believe, that on this elevation he converses with the gods, and prays down blessing and prosperity upon all Syria, and that the gods hear his prayers the better by his being so much nearer to them. Others believe it has reference to Deucalion, and is done in remembrance of that horrible inundation, which to escape men climbed the highest trees and mountains. Nor does this appear probable to me ; and I think that it is done purely in honour of Bacchus. I conclude so from hence : whoever raises phalli to Bacchus, uniformly places little wooden men upon them ; to what end anybody else may tell ‡. I therefore think that the living man goes up merely to represent the wooden §.

The manner of climbing is this : the priest winds a long rope about himself and the phallus, then sets his feet on a sort of wooden peg, which is drove into the phallus, projecting exactly so far as to serve for a foothold by bearing against it with the tips of his toes ; and thus he swarms and shoves himself up by little and little, at the same time raising the rope on both sides in proportion as he ascends, with the motion of a coachman who slackens the rein as the horses urge their speed. He that has never witnessed this practice, may form an idea of it, if he has heard how in Arabia and Ægypt, and other parts, they climb the palm trees. When he is at top, he lets down another long and strong cord, that he has with him, and draws up by it wood, clothes, vessels, and whatever materials he likes, to make a sort of nest with, wherein he sits, and as I

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\* We read, it is true, in several MSS. and printed editions of Lucian, three hundred orgyies, i. e. eighteen hundred feet : as here however is manifestly a nullo too many ; and indeed 180 feet is a very considerable height, so Palmer and Gronovius have already proposed to moderate that incredible elevation to thirty fathoms. And even this is, in regard of the proportionally small girt of that kind of obelisks, still more than too much.

† Lucian indeed only says succinctly a man, but from all that follows it is obvious, I think, that the man, who (if it was only in the conceit of the vulgar) climbed up to the gods, to bring down blessings upon all Syria, could be nothing inferior to a priest.

‡ And anybody else may explain it, for me.

§ What should be a persiffage of Lucian, if this should not ?

said must remain seven days. During which time numbers of the devout come and bring gold and silver (some perhaps let copper coin suffice), and laying their oblations down on the ground, at the bottom of the phallus, tell their names, and go away. Another priest, standing near, reports the name of each to him above, who says his prayers for everyone by name, which he accompanies upon a kind of metallic instrument, that gives a very loud and shrill sound. During all this time he never sleeps a wink; for on the least symptoms of drowsiness a scorpion crawls up and annoys him sadly. This is his inevitable punishment, if he submits to be overpowered by sleep. They relate several miraculous and mysterious facts of this scorpion: but whether or not they are true, I cannot say. In my judgment, the dread of falling down must contribute much to this sleeplessness. But enough of these phallus-climbers!

The temple fronts the rising sun, and is built and ornamented in the taste of the ionic temples. It stands on a terrace twelve feet in height, and the ascent to it is by a not very broad flight of steps. The hall of entrance has a noble appearance, with its folding gates of hammered gold. Within side the temple there is a great profusion of gold, and the whole roof is gilt. Here it is, that the senses are struck with a variety of delicious odours; here we breathe that ambrosial fragrance, so much vaunted in the atmosphere of the happy Arabia; sweets not to be described are smelt to a great distance, and remain with you after your departure, perfuming your clothes, and for a long time accompanying you everywhere.

The inner temple has two compartments. The first everyone enters that pleases: to the second you ascend by a couple of steps; but though they are quite open on the farther side, the priests alone have the privilege to go in \*, and even of them not all, but only they who have nearest access to the gods, and whose office it is to perform the whole service of the innermost sanctuary. In this recess of the temple stand the statues of Juno and of a god, to which, though it can be no other than Jupiter,

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\* The second compartment, which in the text is called *Θάλαμος*, and into which none except the chief priests were permitted to enter, was what in catholic churches is denominated the choir, and in general we see in this great temple of the Syrian goddess the model which a couple of centuries afterwards served as a pattern to the christian Basilicas.

they give another name\*. Both are of gold, and both represented sitting, Juno drawn by lions, the other by bulls. In all other particulars, as to the head, the habiliment, and the attitude, he is decidedly a Jupiter, and we could not mistake him for another if we would.

But respecting the Juno, the longer we contemplate it, the more marks we perceive by which she differs from the ordinary form in which she is represented †. Upon the whole, to say the truth, she is indisputably Juno; notwithstanding she has something of Minerva and Aphrodite, of Selene and Rhea, of Diana, of Nemesis and of the Parcæ. In one hand she holds a sceptre, in the other a distaff; on the head she wears a tower, and is environed with rays; she is also adorned with the cestus, which otherwise exclusively belongs to the Venus Urania. Besides, she is covered all over with ornaments of gold, a profusion of precious stones, white, azure and flame-coloured; she is likewise decked with a variety of onyxes, jacinths and emeralds, which are brought to her as presents from Ægyptians, Indians and Æthiopians, Medes, Armenians and Babylonians. But somewhat very remarkable I ought not to forget. On the head she bears a stone, from its singular property, called the Lamp. This stone by night shines with such a splendour as to light the whole temple as with lamps: though in the day time it is much less bright, yet always preserves a fiery appearance ‡. Besides this, there is in this stone a quality most

\* Why does he not tell us which? Probably like as the pretended Juno was the Astarte, so this Jupiter was the Baal or Bel of the Assyrians, the god of heaven and the goddess of the earth.

† As a proof that the Syrian goddess was not the Juno of the Greeks, though they were confounded together gradually afterwards by the Greeks that were transplanted into Syria; and just because she represented the primordial mother of the gods and all living existences, she united so many attributes and symbols in her figure, that to the Greeks, who were always struck most forcibly by resemblances, it was so much easier to find almost all their goddesses in her. Thus the Greeks in Ægypt acted with their Isis: and Simplicius observes therefore not amiss that the syrian goddess is named Atergatis (which is the same with Astarte) *τοποῦ θεῶν*, as it were a common place of deities (as the Isis of the Ægyptians) because she comprized the attributes of several deities in herself. *Comment. in Aristot. Auscult. Physic. lib. iv. fol. 150. n. cit. Jablonsky in Panth. Ægypt. pars ii. p. 24.*

‡ Seeing that (with the exception of the oriental fairy-tales, where the like far-shining carbuncles not unfrequently occur) no such stone is found in nature, which by night can illuminate a whole temple, we may perhaps safely rely upon it, that the pretended stone, *Lychnis*, was no stone, but a real lamp inclosed in a cut crystal polygon, or perhaps in a thick yel-

wonderful, which is, that when you stand fronting it, it looks towards you, and if you go away it follows you with its eyes; and, if another does the same, it acts in the like manner, and at the same time on him who tries it on the opposite side\*.

In the middle between these two there stands another golden image, of a peculiar kind. It has no appropriate form, but, so to speak, has been compounded of several divine forms. Neither do the Assyrians give it any appropriate name, calling it only the Sign †, not knowing what to say authentically either of its origin or its aspect. Some give it a reference to Bacchus, others to Deucalion, others to Semiramis; for, because this image has a pidgeon on the top of its head, they feign it to represent Semiramis. It is every year twice solemnly drawn to the sea, when they

low-coloured glass. The deception was more easily concealed by means of the head dress of the goddess, as nobody dared to approach so near as to take an accurate view of it.

\* Du Soul very properly observes, that this, if the subject had been a picture, would have been nothing so extraordinary; as we perceive this effect in portraits otherwise of no importance. But, speaking of a statue, it would be, he thinks, not only most wonderful, but impossible. Without doubt, a deception was here practised; it is not however improbable, that a very flat carved visage, the prominent pupils of the ox-eyed Juno, and very large black eyeballs, in a statue larger than life (as this probably was) might contribute somewhat to the delusion, of which at Hierapolis such a mighty miracle was made. Add to this, those who wanted to make the experiment, stood in the foremost division of the temple, therefore at a moderate distance from the statue, and some steps lower; and finally we should remember that this pretended miraculous property of the syrian goddess was an adopted, demonstrated, and ascertained article of faith, which to doubt or even be inclined to question, might have brought a stranger at Hierapolis into serious trouble.

† Σημεῖον is here, I think, more fitly rendered by sign, than by image or statue; in which latter sense it will scarcely be met with in any author *optima nota*. Lucian (little as he may have cared about how this statue looked, or whom it represented) should however either have said nothing at all respecting it, or have described it more minutely, and expressed himself more intelligibly on the subject. For what are we to think, when in one breath he says, "it in no respect ἕδραμα resembled the other statues; and "it bore the forms of the other deities, φορεῖ δὲ τῶν ἄλλων θεῶν ἕδρα, for if so, then they were all alike. Perhaps it was older than the other divine images in this temple; and it is not impossible that the priests themselves did not properly know what it was: but that from ignorance of its right name, they called it σημεῖον is the less to be believed, since it depended solely on them to create a name, and invent a legend to it. I suppose they had their particular reason for making a secret of this figure and its name; should it after all be no other than to augment the number of the wonderful and mysterious objects in their temple.

intend, agreeably to what was observed before, to fetch the sea-water to be poured into the temple \*. In the fore part of the temple to the left hand of the comers in, stands the throne of the solar deity; but his image is not thereon. For the sun and moon are the only divinities that are not sculptured here. On inquiring the reason, I received for answer; Of the other deities it is permitted to make likenesses, because their figures are not known to all men; but the sun and moon are visible to everyone, accordingly there is no reason for delineating them.

Behind this throne stands the statue of Apollo; but not as he is commonly figured. Others describe Apollo as a blooming youth, just ripening into manhood: they of Hierapolis alone give him a beard. They affirm, that they are right in doing so, and censure the Greeks and other nations who think to propitiate Apollo by making almost a boy of him. It is a gross absurdity, they say, to give the gods imperfect forms, and such they consider the prime of youth. But their Apollo has this peculiarity besides, in being clothed; which is met with nowhere else.

Of the performances of this Apollo, I cannot say a great deal, and shall therefore confine myself to the most admirable, beginning with his oracles. You know there are many oracles in Greece, and no fewer in Ægypt. Likewise in various parts of Asia, and even in Lybia, there is no want of them. But all these oracles are delivered only through the mouths of the priests or prophets: none except the Apollo at Hierapolis moves itself, and performs the whole operation of the diviner from beginning to end without extraneous aid. The method of it is this. When he intends to deliver an oracle, he begins to stir upon his seat; and the priests immediately lift him up. If they fail to do so, he begins to sweat, and moves himself into the middle of the temple, down among the congregation. But when they have hoisted him upon their shoulders, he drives them all round in a circle, leaping upon one after the other. At last

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\* When speaking before of this religious rite of the Hierapolitans, I forgot to observe, that Hierapolis, which, laying in the middle of Syria, Commagene, or Euphratensis, was four score miles at least distant from the sea. To fetch and transport the sea-water twice a year to so great a distance, for the mere ceremony of pouring it into the temple of the syrian-goddess, seems a miracle of human folly, surpassing all belief, if we could entertain the least doubt of the veracity of the author of this tract.

he places himself facing the high priest, and asks him after the interrogatories to which the answer of the god is required. Would he say, No; he goes back. But if his response is to be, Yes, he drives his bearer forwards, with the motion of a coachman guiding his horses. Thus it is that the oracle is arranged\*, and they transact nothing of a holy or private nature, without previously in this manner consulting their Apollo. He predicts likewise the variations of the weather, and how the seasons will turn out: he indicates also the time when the sign, as they call it, will set out on its progress, in order to fetch water as aforesaid. One thing however I must not forget to mention, which this Apollo performed in my presence. The priests were carrying him upon their shoulders. All at once he leaves them standing where they are, and hovers about quite alone in the air †.

Behind the Apollo stands the statue of Atlas, and after him a Mercury and a Lucina.

This is nearly the whole of what is to be seen in the interior of the temple. On the outside stands a huge brazen altar, besides an innumerable quantity of statues of kings and priests, the most memorable of whom I

\* We certainly should not be guilty of sinning against these worthy gentlemen by supposing that they too much despised the people with whom they had to do, for cheating them in an ingenious manner. The more clumsily and barefacedly they went to work, the more sure they might be of success; for it is only a fine-spun artful jugglery, grounded on ingenious and scientific combinations that stirs up incredulity and attentive observation. To all appearance this Apollo was nothing but a great puppet moved by wires, and pieced together of cork, sponge, cotton, and wool: and the priests had no need of being wizzards for the purpose of practising these slight of hand tricks and monkey-leaps, without raising a suspicion in the stupid, gaping, awe-struck, and implicitly credulous rabble, how naturally all this came to pass.

† Some have here thought of a magnet. We have indeed some incredible instances of the surprising effects produced by this stone attested by very creditable witnesses. Thus, for example, St. Augustine affirms, that he saw the colossal golden statue of Serapis in his famous temple at Alexandria, kept suspended aloft in the air between a large magnet in the floor, and another in the ceiling! So likewise the venerable Bede, in his *Miracula Mundi*, speaks of a Bellerophon on horseback floating in the air, and Theodoric, the great king of the Goths, in a letter to his minister Boethius, of a Cupid hovering in the same region, &c. Or did the priests at Hierapolis perhaps know of specifically lighter air than the atmospheric! I think not; but I believe that a juggler, not altogether inexpert, and without a magnet and inflammable air, would let us see the same miracle for a small piece of money. No doubt that the Apollo of cork was suspended in the air by a silken string.

shall here specify. To the left of the temple stands the image of Semiramis, pointing with the right hand to the temple. The reason of her being placed here is this. She commanded the inhabitants of Syria by an edict to worship her as their goddess, and to renounce the service of other deities, and in particular that of Juno; which was done accordingly. Afterwards however, on being afflicted with various heavy misfortunes, sicknesses, and pains, sent down from the deities, she recovered of this fond conceit, acknowledged and confessed that she was but a mortal, and enjoined her subjects to worship Juno as they had done before. In memory of this event she stands here in that attitude, to direct all comers to the adoration of Juno, and to confess, that not herself but that she [Juno] is a goddess.

I also saw here the statues of Helena, Hecuba and Andromache, of Paris, Hector and Achilles. Likewise a figure of the beautiful Nireus, the son of Aglaia, and Philomela and Procne, still in female attire; but Tereus as a bird: then yet another statue of Semiramis, and that Comabus whom I mentioned before, and a figure of queen Stratonice, of uncommon beauty, and one of Alexander (the great) that is very like him. Next to him stands Sardanapalus, who, by his feminine aspect and dress, differs much from him\*.

In the forecourt of the temple large oxen, horses, eagles, bears and lions roam about at will, feeding, which never do the least harm to the people; all sacred, and so tame that they suffer themselves to be stroked with the hand †.

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\* This, I conceive at least, is our author's meaning, though by the words ἀλλῆ μορφῆ καὶ ἀλλῆ ἰδέῃ it is not so clearly expressed.

† Dr. Francklin is offended that such an intelligent man as Lucian should relate such an idle tale without ridiculing it, as if he had actually seen it performed. Probably he did not consider what an imposing effect these lions and bears going about so tame in the forecourt of the temple must have had, and what an awful sensation from the view of them must be excited in the breasts of the faithful Syrians, that they are actually in the residence of a deity that governs all nature. Lucian relates only how everything here appeared to the senses, not how it really was. He had no design, I imagine, to impose upon any intelligent reader, and expected we should believe that these priests had the cunning to disguise sheep and calves into lions and bears; especially as it was so easy to suppose that nobody could or would go up to them near enough to detect the imposture.

There are many priests belonging to the temple, of whom some slay the victims, others bear the censers, others the fire, and others again, styled *parabomii*, officiate at the altar. I myself have seen present at one time above three hundred of them, employed about the sacrifices. They are all habited in white, and covered with a sort of hat. The high priest alone, who at the year's end gives place to another, is dressed in purple and decorated with a golden tiara.

Besides those properly styled priests, they have here a great number of holy men, such as trumpeters, pipers, galli, and several fanatical and frantic women. Twice every day sacrifices are immolated, at which all that belong to the temple assist; but, when the worship of Juno comes on, they begin to sing, and to pipe, and to clatter their castanets. Why they observe this distinction, they could give me no clear account.

Not far from the temple is a pond, in which a great number of sacred fish are fed. Some of them are of a monstrous size, have their appropriate names, and swim up when they are called. When I saw them, there was one that had a wreath of golden flowers hanging upon his fins. I saw him afterwards very often, and always with that ornature\*. The pond is said to be very deep. I did not sound it indeed, but they tell me it is four hundred fathoms in depth. In the middle of it a stone altar rises. At first sight it appears buoyant, and to be carried about the water; and many

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\* It is impossible to be less curious, or however less complaisant to the curiosity of his reader, than the author of this tract. It is obvious that some mystery lurks behind this fish, which, by its ornature, seems to have represented the king of the sacred fishes. Why did not Lucian inform himself of the signification of this singular phenomenon? Or, if he knew it, why make a secret of it? Had this fish perhaps any reference to the famous fish Oannes, or to the above-mentioned *Derketo*? The latter seems to follow from the tradition, mentioned by Eratosthenes, that "*Derketo*, after falling into the sea at Bambyce, was delivered by a huge fish." Whatever it was, the matter merits the more diligent observation, as perhaps the welfare of all Syria depended upon these sacred fishes. At least something of the sort may be concluded from the solemn visit paid annually by all the divinities of the temple to the fishes, and from the great stress that was laid upon Jupiter's not getting a sight of the fishes, because otherwise they would all die, &c. But Lucian, who thought these holy absurdities too absurd to be reasoned upon a moment, seems to have taken a peculiar pleasure in always pointing out to his readers only that which first strikes the eye, and puts the superstitious in stupid amazement, and then leaves them to think what they will or can of the *cur* and the *quo* and the *quomodo*; in which perhaps he was not much in the wrong.

people believe it; but it seems to me to rest upon a huge column. This altar is always crowned, and smells of frankincense, and many swim to it every day to perform their devotions thereat, and to hang it with festoons of fresh flowers.

One of the grandest celebrations, at which an innumerable quantity of people are assembled, is that which is termed the procession to the lake; because on that day all the divinities of this temple go down to the lake. Of these Juno comes first, for the sake of the fishes, that Jupiter may not get a sight of them before her; for if that should be, they say, the fishes would all perish immediately. Afterwards, however, he comes to have a look at them; but the goddess stops him, and does not desist from her intreaties till he goes back.

The grandest solemnities however are those which they observe at the sea-side, at the fetching of the water; however as I have never been present at them, I have nothing authentic to affirm on that subject. But what they do on their return I saw with my own eyes, and can give an account of it. Everyone brings a vessel of water, which is sealed up with wax. Nobody is allowed to break the seal, in order to pour out the water into the temple; but a sacred cock, who dwells close by the pond, takes charge of the vessels one after another; inspects the seal, unties the string and takes off the wax: and as each must pay him a certain sum for his trouble, this ceremony brings in a great deal of money annually to the cock\*. When this is done, everyone carries his water into the temple, pours it out as a libation before the goddess, offers his sacrifice, and then travels home.

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\* As I have, upon Lucian's word and my own well-grounded belief in the excessive virtuosity of the hieropolitan priesthood, ventured to understand and to translate this passage quite differently from all former expositors and translators, it is but reasonable that I should give a somewhat strict account of the reasons that induced me to this procedure. That the text in dry words says, a sacred or holy cock, ἀλεκτρυον ἱερός, inspected and broke the seal, and received his due perquisite for it, &c. is unquestionably correct; and that in this whole sentence (the apparent absurdity of the subject itself put aside) there is no trace from whence we might infer a supposition of an accidental injury to the text: of this everyone that has but a slight acquaintance with the greek may convince himself by his eyesight. This verbal interpretation however appeared too nonsensical to the philologists. Gronovius therefore contents himself with the following remark at the word cock, alectryon: "a man who was so named; but wherefore?"

But of all their festivals, as far as I could learn, the grandest is that which, under the appellation of the Funeral Pile, or the Torch, is celebrated

Palmer vouchsafes the sentence a greater degree of attention. It appears singular to him that this man should bear exactly the name Cock; and he cannot (as it is reasonable to suppose) comprehend why Lucian, who nowhere else designates the Galli, as they were called, (sacred eunuchs of the goddess, consecrated to her service in the temple,) by the denomination of Cocks, should precisely here make such a dull joke by calling the Gallus, who was appointed to open the sealed water-pots, a cock. He surmises therefore that Lucian, instead of cock, wrote *gallos*; that a *sciolus* imagining this not to be greek (*gallus* being certainly in greek *alectryon*) accordingly altered the word *gallos* of the text into *alectryon*. This conjecture may be ingenious if we please; it appeared however to me so forced, that even in my extreme distress I could not resolve on having recourse to it. In the mean time the rest of the commentators are sufficed with passing it over in silence. Gessner says: *sacer quidam Gallus*. Francklin, "one of the Galli;" Massieu, *un des Galles qui habitent près du lac*; and not one of them troubles himself to think that Lucian would not have said ἄλλ' ἐστὶ ἀλεκτρυὸν ἱρὸς if he was speaking of a *gallus*, but that he must have expressed himself quite differently; *ex. gr.* ἄλλ' ἐστὶ ἱρὸς, ἀλεκτρυὸν καλεῖται, ὅτι καλεῖται, if he had intended to say, this Galle is named Cock. Only to the greek scholiast of Vossius does the thought for a moment occur, whether a natural cock may not be meant. "How? (says he, at the word *alectryon*) a bird? or a man that is so named? For what has a natural dunghill-cock to do with receiving a remuneration, especially such a large one? And how should a bird, which is not of an amphibious nature, live upon the water?"—The objections which the good scholiast brings against his first happy thought, and which he deems unanswerable, could not, it is evident, be weaker. The cock indeed wants not much for himself; but three or four hundred priests want a great deal. Of course he earned much money for the goddess, *i. e.* for the priests. Then Lucian says, not that he lived upon the pool; for ἐν τῇ λίμνῃ may very well mean, near the pool. I therefore perceive not the smallest difficulty in the verbal interpretation of this passage; but on the contrary I find the holy cock, who was trained for the purpose, pecking and breaking off the seal, the sacerdotal crew of the syrian goddess, and her sacred fishes, her Apollo prophesying by apish freaks, the carbuncle that by night illuminated her temple, the intercessions for the country at large, the divinities that were brought twice every year to the top of a phallus a hundred and eighty feet high, the scorpion that kept the intercessor constantly awake, &c. as not less perfectly worthy of the Syrians, who put their faith in all these wonders. A holy cock, a divine cock, a genius in the form of a cock, in short, a mysterious and supernatural cock, produced a very different effect in such a performance, on such an occasion, from what a mere natural cock could have done! He to whom this is not palpable has not made much progress in his study of the weakest side of human nature. I for my part feel myself penetrated with an awful respect for these priests, who understood so well how the people are to be caught, and how far their stupidity may be presumed upon. — But why must it be precisely a cock? This question might be thrown out respecting any other animal with equal and in some respects with greater propriety, than another bird. Superstition in all ages has ascribed somewhat prophetic and divine to the cock; and among the Greeks and Romans

at the commencement of the vernal season. The sacrifice they offer on that day is conducted thus. They cut down a number of large trees, and set them upright in the forecourt of the temple. Then, bringing together goats, sheep and other victims proper for their purpose, they hang them up alive on these trees; to these are added birds, articles of apparel, and various sorts of furniture, jewels; in short whatever the devout in their benevolence please to contribute to so solemn a sacrifice\*. Now, when everything is ready, the gods are carried in procession round the trees, a fire is kindled under the latter, and in a moment all is in combustion. To this festival great multitudes flock from Syria and from all the circumjacent districts, and everyone brings his own gods with him, or rather images that are copied after them, in order to heighten the splendour of the festival.

On certain stated days the people crowd like a rushing stream into the temple, in order to be devout spectators of the mysteries celebrated by

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it was sacred to Apollo, to Minerva, to Mercury and to Æsculapius. In the light of an *avis auguralis* alone it is eminently adapted to perform the part he is here made to act; but several other occult causes may have concurred to the selection. Besides, we have a right to supply those probable circumstances, which Lucian judged it unnecessary to specify. Without doubt, at this important transaction many solemnities were observed; the holy cock, though in sight of the people, was surrounded by some of the priests, who were too crafty jugglers not to lead and assist him imperceptibly in his operations; to conclude, if, in conformity to the letter of the text, we admit that the principal agent in this lucrative religious juggle was a natural cock, (which the superstitious Syrians held to be a supernatural being, probably likewise supported in the belief by traditions imbibed in their infancy, and who were therefore the more easily deceived as no suspicion entered their minds that they were cheated): taking all this together, there is not even the minutest circumstance of the business that may not be very naturally accounted for and explained; whereas the usual interpretation not only does violence to the text, but robs the whole transaction of all that wonderful and mysterious quality which is however the soul of all such religious farces, and is alone able to keep constantly alive the faith of the populace.

\* I subjoin these words coming after jewels merely for the sake of greater perspicuity. For Lucian continues always inflexibly true to his compendious manner of narrating, and says not who made all these oblations, because he thought it to be understood of course that it was not the priesthood but the devout people, who contributed according to their station and circumstances sumptuously to garnish the trees, and vie with one another in testifying their devotion to the great goddess on her grand festival. The gold and silver offerings were of course the most considerable, because they would not burn with the rest, and even if melted were still serviceable.

the Galli and the other beforementioned holy persons ; at which they slash their arms, and reciprocally flog one another on the back, while some others standing round, amid the melodious sounds of flutes and the rattling of drums, in enthusiastic rage shout sacred anthems. All this however is performed withoutside the temple ; and all the while they are employed in these exercises, none of the performers are suffered to enter it.

On this day the order of the Galli is not seldom augmented in number by new admissions. For while the others are celebrating their orgies, their rapture, raised to a higher pitch by the noise of their terrific music, communicates itself to the surrounding multitude, and many who were come merely as spectators, suddenly take part themselves in the drama, and even act the principal parts in it. A young man, seized with this fury, instantly tears off his clothes from his back, leaps into the middle among the Galli, snatches up one of the short swords that probably has been kept many years in readiness for the same use, castrates himself, runs with what he has cut off in his hand round about the city, and goes into whatever house the fancy takes him to throw it, from which house he must be provided with a complete suit of woman's apparel, and all the ornaments becoming a lady. This method is pursued by all who perform the operation.

The Galli are not buried like other people ; but, when one of them dies, his comrades hoist him upon their shoulders, and carry him forth into the suburbs ; here they deposit him, in a particular place, together with the bier, then cover him with stones, and this done, return home. They must now let seven days elapse before they are allowed to enter the temple ; to do it sooner would be a great sin.

These general laws they follow respecting the purification on account of deceased persons. Whoever has seen a dead body, may not on that day enter the temple ; but the following day, having previously purified himself, it is again permitted him. But those belonging to the household of the defunct must remain thirty days impure ; they must then shave their heads, after which the temple is again open to them ; and without these previous ceremonies it would be profanation to enter it.

The Hierapolitans sacrifice bulls and cows, likewise goats and sheep ; only swine are neither sacrificed nor ate, but held in abomination ; yet

there are who think it proceeds not from aversion, but because that animal is sacred.

Of birds the most sacred in their estimation is the pigeon; only to touch one is with them a sin; and if any person has chanced unwittingly to do so, he is polluted for the remainder of the day. The pigeons avail themselves of their inviolability so well, that they here make part of the family, go into the sitting-rooms, feed on the floor, and do what they please without dread or molestation.

I ought not to forget likewise to say a word or two on the rites and ceremonies to be observed by every stranger who wishes to assist at the festival of the syrian goddess. He that comes for the first time into the holy city is obliged to shave his head and his eyebrows. This done, he sacrifices a sheep; of the residue of the flesh he makes a meal; but the skin when drawn off, he spreads upon the ground, sets one knee upon it, puts the feet and the head of the victim upon his own head, and in that attitude prays the gods that they would be graciously pleased to accept for the present this humble offering, promising to bring a better at some future time. When this is done, he crowns himself and the several persons who accompanied him on his journey; but takes his chaplet off again, when he is setting out on his return home. All the time of this pilgrimage he must use no other than cold water, either for bathing or drinking, and never sleep otherwise than on the bare ground. It would be a sin to go to bed before he has regained his home from his holy migration. During his stay at Hierapolis he lodges at a public entertainer's, with whom he has no need to be acquainted; for here every city has its appropriate landlord, who must receive all citizens of any place on their arrival. These landlords are by the Syrians in their language styled Tutors, because it is their office to instruct strangers in whatever it is necessary for them to know.

Strangers do not sacrifice in the temple, but only lead the victim up to the altar, and after he has presented it to the priests, and performed the libation, he conducts it back again alive to his lodging, where he slays it, and at the same time says his prayers.

Besides the ordinary method of sacrifice, they have another which consists in this. After crowning with wreaths the victim, they push it down, from a terrace of the place fronting the temple, into a pit below, where it

is dashed to pieces by the fall. Some even sacrifice their own children in that manner ; only with this difference, that they put the children into a sack, and then throw the sack down the precipice, accompanying them with curses, and declaring them to be not children, but oxen.

It is the universal practice at Hierapolis to make punctures in honour of the gods, some in their hands, others in the neck ; and hence it is, that all the Assyrians are marked in that manner\*.

They have yet another custom, wherein of all the Grecians they of Trœzene † are the only people who coincide with them.

That is to say, the Trœzenians have a law, in pursuance whereof no young man and no young woman can marry, till they have first offered up their hair to Hippolytus. Somewhat similar has been likewise introduced at Hierapolis. The hair of all the boys is suffered to grow, and they consider it as somewhat sacred that no razor may touch : when however they have attained the age of maturity, one lock from over the temple is cut off, and this is then, together with the first beard, generally hung up in the temple, inclosed in a silver and sometimes in a small golden vase, on which the name of the donor is engraved. I likewise adopted this ceremony in my youth ‡ ; and my lock with my name must be still to be seen at this day in the temple of the Syrian Goddess.

\* That is, because it would not be easy to find a Syrian, who had not at least once in his lifetime made a pilgrimage to the temple of the holy city. That in this pricking, whereby probably they represented a rude figure of the goddess, or a symbol that they had attended the hierapolitan worship, they had a religious view, may readily be presumed ; though Lucian does not expressly say so. It is curious enough, that this custom of pricking or tattawooing, as it is termed in the south-sea-islands, is met with in all parts of the world, among all the less civilized nations. Du Soul is very angry, that this practice (of stigmatizing themselves from superstitious devotion) should be in vogue even among christians, particularly those who visit the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem : as if that were the only heathenish abuse which the christians, after they had succeeded in exploding paganism from the roman empire, thought to sanctify by their pretended good use and application !

† Trœzene was a city in Argolis, near the promontory of Scylla. The Trœzenians worshipped Hippolytus, who had been brought up with them, as a tutelar deity of the city, and affirm that he did not die (according to the common opinion) that miserable death of which Euripides and Racine have drawn such horridly beautiful pictures, but was transplanted by the gods into heaven, where he represents what bears the name of the Charioteer, one of the finest constellations of the northern hemisphere.

‡ Samosata, the birthplace of our author, belonged to the same province of Syria in which Hierapolis was situated, from which it was not distant more than a journey of two days.

SEEING that Lucian not unfrequently leaves our curiosity unsatisfied in this tolerably rapid account of the syrian goddess, it may prove agreeable to some readers, if I endeavour, as far as I have means within my reach, to spread some light over this mysterious goddess, her temple, and several peculiarities of it. "The syrian goddess," says M. Larcher, in his prize *Memoire sur Venus*, p. 16, "was likewise taken to be a Venus: and it is the more probable that she was one, seeing she was considered as Nature, or as the first cause, which draws the commencement and seeds of all things from moisture, and as the source of every blessing that mankind have to enjoy. [Plutarch in Demetrius.] Hyginus also informs us that this goddess was Venus. There fell, says he, Fab. 197, an egg of extraordinary magnitude from heaven into the Euphrates; the fishes rolled it ashore; the doves hatched it: and thus came Venus out of the shell, who in the sequel was named the syrian goddess. At the prayer of this goddess, Jupiter, in honour of their virtues, transplanted the fishes among the stars; and the Syrians for that reason reckon the fishes and the doves among the gods, and eat them not. [Here Hyginus perhaps expresses himself too strongly. It would have been more correct if he had said: they regard them as sacred and as animals immediately belonging to the gods.] According to Strabo, this goddess was named Atergatis, but Eratosthenes tells us it was Derketo. She fell, he says, in the night-time, into a lake near Bambyce (which according to Ælian and Appian is Heliopolis) and was saved by a large fish." Thus far M. Larcher. This latter story, as probably is the case with all the fabulous traditions of the old world, has, in the judgment of Mnaseas, (a geographer cited by Athenæus, *lib.* viii. p. 346.) some historical foundation. Atergatis, says Mnaseas, was a syrian queen, and so great a lover of fish, that she forbid her subjects on pain of capital punishment to eat fish, commanding at the same time, that all they caught should be delivered into her kitchen. This he thinks was the origin both of the abstinence from fish, which grew into a religious article with the Syrians, and the ceremony respecting Atergatis deified by posterity, when they had something of importance to obtain of her, of worshipping silver or gold fishes; he likewise gives it us for certain (though Lucian makes no mention of it) that boiled and broiled fishes were daily set before the goddess, which were afterwards snapped up by

the priests on her behalf, as her representatives; a circumstance which I could have sworn to before I was apprized of this passage in Athenæus; by reason that it is absolutely incredible that several hundreds of priests (whose maintenance required a great quantity and variety of victuals) would have left a lake full of the finest fish entirely useless, and not been artful enough, to unite the sanctity of the fishes (whereby they were secured from the profane palates of the laity) with the interest of their taste for dainty fare.

Again, I conceive it to be the best means of finding a path through the ill-combined and contradictory opinions and traditions in regard of this goddess, by admitting three principal epochs of her temple and worship. In all appearance the god of heaven and the universal mother of all living, the Earth, had a temple at Bambyce, or rather Mahog (as Hierapolis in the earliest ages was called) the origin whereof is lost in the deepest night of antiquity, and therefore extending near enough to the epocha of the great flood for enabling a tradition gradually growing up out of antiquated reports, to make the patriarch of the new race of men the builder of it. This man was certainly not called Deucalion by the antient Syrians. But after the Greeks were become masters of these countries, and had not only blended their mythology with the traditions of the orientals, but likewise either exchanged the oriental appellations for grecian, or at least for the sake of their favorite euphony made them to sound as grecian as possible: so they transported also their Deucalion into Syria, made him the builder of the first temple at Mahog, converted that name into Bambyce, Beal into Belos or Phallos, Asthareth into Astarte, and so forth, and in one word, contributed all they could to corrupt and render uncognizable the hereditary religion and antient reports of the Syrians, Phœnicians, &c.

Probably the primitive temple at Mahog, which I suppose was no great miracle of art, was in a ruinous condition, when the famous Semiramis caused it to be rebuilt, and peculiarly appropriated it to the queen of heaven, Astarte or Astarte, perhaps likewise bestowed upon it a name of which the Greeks afterwards made Atergatis. For in all probability the older and simpler religion had in the mean time gradually undergone many alterations, and assumed a variety of new forms. The same goddess, who, e. gr. first represented Mother Nature, or Earth, was now (when the wife of the monarch of heaven) styled the Queen of heaven. From a

queen of the Phœnicians, deified after her death, she received the appella-  
tive Astarte (or however else it may have sounded) of which the Greeks  
made Astarte, as from Astarte their Aphrodite or Venus ; and in quality  
of heaven's queen, she was by some designated also the Moon, as the king  
of heaven was the sun. If the tradition of which Lucian, when speaking  
of the statue of Semiramis in the forecourt of the temple, makes mention,  
has any foundation, it may be presumed that this queen first built the tem-  
ple of the holy city after her conversion. Between this second epocha  
of it and the era of queen Stratonice a long series of ages had elapsed,  
wherein many changes successively ensued. The traditions were conti-  
nually growing fainter, more uncertain and fabulous, the mythology more  
intricate, the divinity more multifarious, and the priests had had time  
enough, so to elaborate the mass, in which everything was amalgamated,  
as was best suited to the exigences of superstition and their own interest.  
As Lucian however makes the just named macedonian princess the third  
founder of the hierapolitan temple, that erected by Semiramis must have  
been gradually fallen into a state of great decay, though not therefore  
attended with any declension in the devotion of the people to this primi-  
tive habitation of the gods, venerable by such various monuments and re-  
liques of the miraculous ages. Hence it is comprehensible why Stratonice,  
when intending to construct a temple to Juno should (probably not with-  
out the influence and intrigues of the syrian priesthood) determine to do  
it exactly at Hierapolis, and to build the temple of that place much larger  
and more magnificent than it had been before. Juno was not indeed the  
syrian goddess ; but nothing more easily adopts any favourite form than  
the religion of polytheism : and nothing could be more complaisant and  
obsequious than the pagan priests in such predicaments. Was it then so  
much the faith of the people ! Baal and Zeus implied in reality one and  
the same god ; the syrian goddess was the queen of heaven ; it was likewise  
the Here (Juno) of the Greeks : wherefore then should not the syrian god-  
dess as well be able to become Juno, as she successively became Mother  
Earth, Rhea, Cybele, Astarte, Venus, Luna, Atergatis, and I cannot tell  
what besides ? The more attributes and names she united in herself, the  
more grand and mysterious was she, the more sanctimoniously and uni-  
versally would her temple be revered, and the better off in consequence  
of both, would her numerous clergy be. Moreover it is clear, that the

proper historical period of the temple at Hierapolis commences with this latter epocha; without doubt the internal constitution of it, the personale, the whole establishment of the worship, the ceremonies, the festivals, &c. received at this third foundation a more perfect and imposing aspect, notwithstanding that whatever was built upon antiquated reports and obsolete creeds, as is reasonable, was retained, only by the gradual accession of modifications, better connected, only beautified and rendered more striking to the eyes. So much, on this occasion and merely from proportionate necessity, for this, and notwithstanding her pristine celebrity and renown, had it not been for Lucian, pretty nearly unknown goddess!

## LIST OF PERSONS

### WHO HAVE LIVED TO A VERY ADVANCED AGE.

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IN consequence of a dream, which I dreamt and related to my friends on the same day that you, most illustrious Quintilius \*, gave a name to your second son, I dedicate to you this list of persons who have lived to a very advanced age. As the words in which the mandate was couched were at first rather enigmatical to me, and I could not immediately guess what the god (who had sent me the dream) would particu-

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LIST, &c. In the original expressed in a single word, *Macrobioi*. Though it cannot be denied that this short piece, to use Dr. Francklin's expression, is in Lucian's worst manner; yet I see not, for my part, the least reason, with Le Clerc and others, to refuse it to him; on the contrary, I trust I could state preponderant arguments in behalf of my holding it to be of lucianic parentage, if I felt that it would repay the pains of digesting into perspicuous ideas those which have convinced me of it. The imbecility of the subject, and particularly the dream, wherein Lucian was commanded by a divinity to present Macrobie to Quintilius, proves nothing more, than that the roman lord to whom he pays his attendance with the present essay on his birth day, was an admirer of the like literary curiosities, and at the same time a very religious believer in dreams, and very desirous of long life; and that Lucian, who might be eager to have him for a patron, was so complaisant as to conform himself to his taste and his disposition.

\* This is unquestionably one of the two brothers Quintilii, famed for their concord, Gordianus and Maximus, both of whom, according to Tillemont's statement (in the life of the emperor Antoninus Pius) were twenty years long under the reign of M. Aurelius, prefect or superintendant of Greece. These brothers were so accustomed to act on all occasions in concert, that they even wrote their books in partnership. They were both several times decorated with the consulate, first under Anton. Pius, in the year 151, when they commanded in Pannonia, and some years after, perhaps under the same emperor, in Greece.

larly have of me ; so the first thing I did, was to pray the gods to let you and your sons live to the extremest term of human life ; well knowing that I could ask nothing of them more beneficial to mankind in general, and particularly to me and mine : for to me also my dream appeared to presage some good,

On farther deliberation however a thought occurred to me, that a suggestion of this kind, as it was given to a man professing literary studies, was probably designed to intimate that he should communicate to you something in his own way. I chose therefore this solemn day, on which you celebrate your nativity as the most auspicious, to present you with an historical list of persons, who in perfect health of mind and body have attained to a very advanced age. For (insignificant as this short treatise may appear \*) you may nevertheless draw from it a two-fold advantage ; on one hand encouragement, and the hope that you may arrive to an equally advanced age ; and on the other the excellent lessons you may derive from these examples, that precisely those who have taken the most care of the mind as well as the body, are they who in perfect health have reached the extremity of age.

Thus Homer informs us, that Nestor, the wisest of all the Greeks of his time, whom he throughout his poem represents as a man of the most trained faculties both of body and mind, extended his life to three generations † of men ; and we are told in the tragedy ‡ that Tiresias carried it to six generations : and even supposing the fable to have exaggerated a little, it is however extremely probable that a man like Tiresias, who had devoted himself to the gods, and therefore led a very simple and temperate life, should have attained to an uncommonly advanced age.

This is the more credible, as history acquaints us with whole tribes of men §, with whom, by reason of their manner of life, longevity was of

\* I confess that I have inserted this parenthesis of my own accord, because Lucian (in his hurry it is to be hoped) had forgot to do it.

† Iliad, i. 250.

‡ Euripides in his Bacchantes makes Tiresias a contemporary of Cadmus, and already an old man. Now, as he is said to have lived in the era of Polynices and Eteocles, who descended in the fifth generation from Cadmus, then certainly six generations at least result for his life time.

§ Lucian here uses the word *γίνας*, which I render by tribe (cast among the Hindoos) very properly of the Ægyptian priests, and of the magi, brachmans, &c. who always composed a distinct holy tribe, and might mix with no other.

common occurrence; as for example, those among the old ægyptian priests, who employed themselves in expounding the sacred monuments and scriptures, the interpreters of the religious traditions and fables among the Assyrians and Arabians, and the brachmans of India, who spent their whole lives in philosophic contemplations. The same likewise holds good of the class of people styled magi, the prophets and theologians of the Persians, Parthians, Bactrians, Chorasmians, Sacians, Medes, and many other barbarous populations, who, purely because the magism, to the practice of which they applied, obliged them to keep a strict regimen, enjoyed constant health, and protracted their lives to an extraordinary length. The same may be even affirmed of the Seres, who are said to live commonly three hundred years; which some ascribe to the air of their country, others to the quality of the soil, and others again to their mode of life, and the peculiarity they have of drinking nothing but water \*. Of the inhabitants of mount Athos it is related, that they extend their lives to a hundred and thirty years †. And the Chaldeans are said to live to above a hundred; and this is attributed in part to their custom of feeding on barley-bread, which they say sharpens the sight: and by this kind of nutriment their senses in general are said to be quicker and stronger than those of other men.

So much by the way concerning entire tribes, who, we are told, either from the happy nature of the soil and atmosphere, or the regulation of their lives, or from both causes together, live very long. I think it necessary however, for the better grounding of your hopes, to secure this advantage, to shew you by historical examples, that in every climate and country there have been men, who by proper exercise of their bodies, and a diet particularly conducive to health, have prolonged their lives to an uncommon extent.

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\* Concerning the Seres and the Serica of the antients, particularly of the geographer Ptolemy, the celebrated d'Anville has given, in [a separate *Memoire* (in the 51st. vol. of the *Mem. de l'Acad. des B. Lett.*) no less elaborate than ingenious researches, of which one result is, that Ptolemy's capital of the country of the Seres, Sera, is the present Kan-tschou-fu, which, before it fell under the dominion of the Chinese, was a chief town of Tangut. How the antients came by the extravagant opinion of the longevity of Seres (which even the philosophical Strabo *lib. xv.* rates at two hundred years) I am not able to say. Certain it is, that the Seres were little known to them, but the Greeks were accustomed to believe the most incredible things of the populations beyond the Imaus and the Ganges.

† Pliny gives them yet ten years more. *Lib. vii. cap. 2.*

That I may proceed somewhat methodically in my discourse, I will classify my examples according to the different ranks in society, and therefore begin with royal, and other persons of the first distinction, at the head of which I am happily able to name the great and glorious emperor and autocrator whom the benign favour of heaven, to the supreme felicity of the subject world, has exalted to that pinnacle of majesty \*. For the contemplation of such examples, from a class to which you yourself stand so near, will not only warrant you to hope for a healthy and advanced age yourself, but encourage you the more to contribute, by the imitation of their way of life, to your own longevity.

Pompilius Numa, the happiest of all the roman kings, and he who made the service of the gods the primary concernment of his reign, lived, as we learn from history, upwards of fourscore years. The same is said of the roman king Servius Tullius; and Tarquinius, the last of his successors, is reported to have enjoyed the most confirmed health at Cumæ, where he resided after his flight from Rome, to his ninetieth year.

To these roman kings I will subjoin some other princes, who have attained to a very advanced age; with observations on the habitual life of

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\* Moses Du Soul affirms, though without adducing any grounds for his assertion, that the emperor, to whom such a pompous and at the same time such a childish compliment is here paid, was no other than Marcus Aurelius. I cannot see wherefore it might not as well be Antoninus Pius; and to me the latter appears the most probable, 1. because Lucian, if he wrote this little rhapsody not till towards the end of Marcus Aurelius, was himself an old man, and this circumstance it is presumable he would have noticed in one word, on so fair an occasion. 2. Because Quintilius, who was consul in the year 151 by Du Soul's statement, must have been likewise upwards of threescore. 3. Because Lucian mentions a recently born son of Quintilius. 4. Because when he wrote this, he seems to have resided in Greece, where Quintilius was governour, whereas in the latter years of M. Aurelius he probably spent the greatest part of his time in Syria and Asia; and lastly, 5. Because what he says touching the age of the emperor, is better suited to Antoninus Pius, who, when Lucian according to my supposition wrote this, might have reached his 70th year, than to M. Aurelius, who was in all probability only 59 years old. Each of these reasons separately, I own, weighs little, but all together they have, at least more weight than Du Soul's bare assertion, without any reason. It is perfectly ridiculous in J. H. Majus, who commented on this little work in his disputation held at Giessen in 1724 to insist upon it, that one Avidius Cassius or Claudius Pompeianus is meant by the Autocrator, &c. — Of the flat and insipid style of the compliment paid to the emperor in the original, I chuse rather to say nothing at all. If anything could make me doubt of the genuineness of this piece, it would be that alone.

each \*, and then return to my purpose of rehearsing the examples of other Romans, as well as those from the rest of Italy. For in these consists the best refutation of those who report so much evil of the air of this country, while they allow us the more confidently to hope for the fulfilment of our most fervent prayers, that the great controuler of the earth and the ocean, who has now for a pretty long series of years governed the world, may enjoy a protracted and cheerful old age †.

Arganthonius, king of the Tartessians, as we are informed by the historian Herodotus and the poet Anacreon, lived a hundred and fifty years ‡; though others hold this to be fabulous.

The sicilian prince Agathocles, according to the testimony of Demochares and Timæus, died in his ninety-fifth year §; Hiero king of Syracuse, of a sickness in his ninety-second year, after having reigned seventy years, as Demetrius of Galatia and other historians affirm. The scythian king Ateas was above ninety years old, when he was slain in an encounter with king Philip (of Macedonia) on the banks of the Danube; Barbylis, likewise, king of the Illyrians, as we are told, in his ninetieth year fought on horseback against the said Philip. Of Teres, a king of the Odrysians ||, Theopompus relates, that he was ninety-two years old. Antigonus the One-eyed, king of the Macedonians θ, died of many

\* This promise however he has not kept.

† I discover in this passage a fresh reason for thinking Antoninus Pius to be meant. He lived during his whole reign in Rome and Italy, and his farthest journeys were to his rural estates in Campania. Whereas M. Aurelius passed the last ten years of his life for the most part out of Italy. The hopes of a long life for the emperor, which Lucian builds upon the wholesome air of Italy, are therefore far more suited to the former than to the latter.

‡ This gaditanian prince seems to have been remarkable only for his extraordinary great age: but in the statement of his years, authors differ widely. Anacreon the poet in his sixty eighth ode gives him 150, while the historian Herodotus makes him only 120 years old. The most to be relied on, according to Cicero (*de Senect.* xix.) and Pliny (*lib.* vii. 48.) was, that he reigned eighty years. I suppose reigning was become very easy to him.

§ But Diodorus of Sicily affirms, *lib.* xxi. that he was only 72.

|| The Odrysians were one of the most warlike nations of Thrace, but came very badly off from their attempt to rear up and throw the Romans in the reign of Tiberius. Tacit. *Annal.* iii. 38.

θ This Antigonus, one of Alexander's principal commanders, at first received, on their dividing the governments among them, some provinces of the lesser Asia; soon however conceiving greater thoughts, he aspired to nothing less than to obtain for himself the whole mo-

wounds he had received in a battle with Seleucus and Lysimachus, in his eighty-first year, as Hieronymus, who had been his companion in the expedition, informs us; and we learn from the same historian, that Lysimachus, king of the Macedonians, fell in a battle against Seleucus likewise in his eightieth year. Antigonus, Demetrius's son, and nephew of Antigonus the One-eyed, reigned over the Macedonians forty and lived eighty years, as Medius and other historians write. Antipater also, Iolaus's son, and guardian to several of the Macedonian kings\*, died at an age of more than eighty years.

Ptolemy, Lagus's son, the most fortunate of all the kings of his time †, governed Ægypt till his eighty-fourth year, and lived two years longer, after having transferred the empire to his son, named Ptolemæus Philadelphus, who, to the exclusion of all his brothers, succeeded to the united dominions of his father.

The eunuch Philetærus, the founder and first ruler of the kingdom of Pergamus ‡, was eighty, and one of his successors, Attalus, surnamed Philadelphus, (the same that honoured the great roman general Scipio

narchy of Alexander, to whom he and his son Demetrius (Polyorctes) were inferior neither in ambition nor in magnanimity and military talents. He had also in his great undertakings, in which he had always for antagonists the principal of the rest who partook in Alexander's legacy, fortune almost always on his side, till he at length terminated his turbulent life in the famous battle at Ipsus, where Cassander Seleucus, Ptolemæus and Lysimachus united their forces against him.

\* The imbecil Philippus Aridæus, and the young Alexander, of whom Roxana was delivered after the decease of the great conqueror.

† He was that general belonging to Alexander who put himself in possession of the largest and wealthiest part of his conquests; for he bequeathed to the son of his last wife Berenice, Ptolemæus Philadelphus, Ægypt, Lybia, Arabia, Phœnicia, Cœloxyria, and the whole southern moiety of Asia minor.

‡ This nursling of fortune (who perhaps was beholden for a great portion of his success to an accident which obliged him to be combabusized in his infancy) was the son of a common female dancer in a paphlagonian town. He swung himself by his talents into the favour of king Lysimachus, was his viceroy at Pergamus, and had the art to make such a good use of the existing conjunctures, that after the death of old Lysimachus, he at length put himself in possession of Pergamus, and was the founder of a petty asiatic kingdom of that name. He left it to the descendants of his brother, of whom Attalus I. and Eumenes II. distinguished themselves greatly; the son of the latter, Attalus III. however crowned a frantic reign by constituting the senate and people of Rome his heirs.

with his visit) was fourscore and two years old, when he went out of the world.

Mithridates, king of Pontus, who had the surname of Cristes \*, died, after having constantly maintained his ground against Antigonus the One-eyed †, in Pontus, at the age of eighty-four, as we are informed by the forementioned Hieronymus and other historians. According to the same Hieronymus ‡ the cappadocian king Ariarathes lived eighty-two years, and would perhaps have held out many more, if he had not been taken prisoner in a battle by Perdiccas, who condemned him to the cross §.

Of the persian king, Cyrus the elder, it is recorded in the persian and assyrian annals, with which Onesicritus, the historian of Alexander, seems to coincide, that when he was a hundred years old, he inquired after all his friends specifically by name, and on its being told him, that his son Cambyses had put most of them to death, under pretence that he had

\* That is, the Builder or Founder, without doubt because he was the first founder of the kingdom of Pontus, although the satrapy over that province under the persian supremacy had been for some time in his family. The renowned Mithridates Eupator, also styled the great, who during so many years disputed with the Romans the empire of the world, and whom only death could prevent from rising up to a new battle after every defeat, was in a direct line the seventh descendant from Mithridates the founder.

† This interpretation must here have the word *φύγῳν*, or there is to me no sense in the sentence. For, that Mithridates, the founder, did not die on a flight from Antigonus in Pontus, but by his bravery and skill maintained himself against that powerful and enterprising conqueror in constant possession of the empire he had won, we are warranted by history to assert.

‡ The Hieronymus of Cardia, already several times cited by Lucian, is to be reckoned among the historians of the first rank, namely, those who combined the talents of the commander and the statesman with those of the scholar in their own persons, and even played a considerable part in the political drama, whereof they represent to us, as eye-witnesses, both what was transacted before and behind the curtain. Hieronymus of Cardia was by his long attachment to the person and the interest of Antigonus and Demetrius in this predicament. His historical performance, the loss of which is to be lamented, comprised the history of Alexander no less than of the macedonian chieftains who contended with so much fury after his death for the dissevered members of his prodigious empire.

§ It was the primary concern of Perdiccas (who at that time was vicar of the macedonian empire in the names and on behalf of the brother and the son of Alexander) only to put his faithful accomplice Eumenes in possession of Cappadocia, and this more than barbarian outrage committed on a royal old man of fourscore and two, who, according to Diodorus's account, had given no cause of complaint to the Macedonians, was therefore the more cruel, as it had neither a semblance of necessity nor the pretext of revenge to plead in its behalf.

his father's orders for so doing, for grief that his son had been guilty of so heinous a crime, and by his cruelty had likewise brought infamy upon him, his parent, though innocent, went so far as voluntarily to make away with himself.

Artaxerxes, named also Mnemon, king of Persia, against whom the younger Cyrus undertook that famous expedition, died of a disease in the eighty-sixth, or as Dio asserts \*, in the ninety-fourth year of his age. Another persian king of that name, who, as the historian Isidorus † of Charax reports, reigned in his father's time ‡, was cut off by the machinations of his brother Gosithres, at the age of three and ninety years §. The parthian king Sinarthocles ||, on his return home from the sacauracian Scythians, was already in his eightieth year when he ascended the throne, and reigned seven years afterwards. Tigranes, king of Armenia (he, with whom Lucullus waged war) was eighty-five years old, when he died of a distemper. At the same age Hyspasmes was carried off by sickness, king of Charax ¶ and the territories adjacent to the Red sea. Teræus,

\* Who became so celebrated through Xenophon's retreat of the ten thousand Greeks.

† The author of a lost persian history, of which Cornelius Nepos speaks with respect.

‡ Isidorus of Charax, a town of Sesiane bordering on the Arabian gulf, lived probably under Vespasian, and was among other works, the author of a description of Parthia, of which perhaps the still extant *Stathmi Partici* are a fragment.

§ As Artaxerxes Ochus neither had a brother named Gosithres, nor by a brother whom he had not (for all his family he found it necessary to put out of the world to prepare his way to the throne) but by his chief chamberlain Bagoas was made away with by poison, and least of all was he a contemporary of the emperor Augustus; so it is difficult to conceive how such a learned man as Vossius, in his work on the grecian historians (iv. 10.) should take it into his head that Ochus was here meant. Without doubt it was an otherwise unknown Artaxerxes, of the dynasty of the Arsacides, which, according to Freret's combinations, dated its origin from the year 252 before the christian era, and by a fortunate adventure, which conferred on him likewise the name Artaxerxes, and that of founder of the Sassanides in the year 226 after the birth of Christ, came to an end.

|| A very much unknown parthian shah, as well as the presently following Mnaskires. As to the sacauracian Scythians; since nobody else knows anything of them, it should seem to be an error in the text.

¶ These kings of Charax are likewise potentates very little known. Charax, the true situation of which, at a place where the Tigris by means of a canal flowed into the river Eulæus, the sieur d'Anville, in his researches touching the persian gulf, has endeavoured to ascertain, was a city built by Alexander, and named after him. As it was afterwards greatly dilapidated by inun-

the third in descent from this Hyspasmēs, died in the same manner in his ninety-second year. Artabazus, the seventh that reigned in Charax after Teræus, was in his eighty-sixth year placed on the throne by the Parthians. The parthian king Mnaskires lived even ninety-six years.

Massinissa, king of Mauritania, lived to be ninety; and Asander, whom Augustus of glorious memory \*, from an ethnarch, as he was styled before, declared king over the Bosphorus †, when ninety, yielded to none in battle either on horseback or on foot. But, seeing his subjects desert him to go over to Scribonius, when he had reached his ninety-third year, he put an end to his life by abstaining from all food ‡.

dations, one of the Seleucidæ, named Antiochus (perhaps the fourth) was its second founder, and called it accordingly Antiochia. Finally, a neighbouring arabian prince, named Pasines, (that is, so called by the Greeks and Romans, who, like the French, could leave no foreigner's name uncorrupted,) acquired so great merit in behalf of this place (which must have suffered infinite damage by the incursions of the rivers, and which only existed by means of dams and dikes, independently of which all here was one morass, and thence had received its grecian name Charax) that Charax was denominated Seleucia, i. e. Seleuciandam, and in the sequel, after him Charax Pasinn, Pasinesdam. The petty kings or princes, who were successively established here, appear at first to have been dependent on the Seleucidæ, and at last on the Parthians. The most remarkable thing in the whole kingdom of Charax would perhaps have been, if Lucian had imparted to us the secret which the kings of Charax appear to have possessed, enabling them to live to so great an age in such a country of waters and quagmires. Yet Pliny, from whom, *lib. vi. cap. 27*, these particulars are taken, mentions in reality a still greater curiosity, by informing us: the country has here, namely at the mouth of the Tigris, gained so much by the alluvial soil from the many confluent rivers, that Charax which at first was only ten stadia [1250 roman paces] distant from the sea, was in his time 120 roman miles inland.

\* In the original: the god Sebastos, *divus Augustus*, with the Romans there was still some difference between *divus* and *deus*: but the Greeks were always more inclined to do too much than too little.

† Properly speaking, Asander made himself king, though he styled himself only ethnarch; for he despatched the former king Pharnaces, a son of the great Mithridates, his father-in-law, and set himself up in his place, without asking leave of the god Jul. Cæsar, who at that time acted the master upon earth; nay, he even took the liberty to beat king Mithridates of Pergamus, to whom Cæsar had given the Bosphorus, out of the field. In this posture of affairs, and as it would neither repay the trouble nor was consistent with the dignity of the sovereign of the world to break a lance with a petty prince in the Cimmerian Bosphorus, Augustus thought it better to consider what was past, as not done, and rather in order not to acknowledge him a cimmerian ethnarch, to make Asander a king of his own creation.

‡ This receives the needful light from the relation of Dio Cassius, *lib. liv.* the subject of which is briefly this: — A certain adventurer named Scribonius, who gave himself out in the

Of Goæsus, a prince of the Omanians in the happy Arabia, Isidorus of Charax, his contemporary, relates, that he was fifteen years above a hundred, when his life was terminated by disease\*.

You see I have now brought together from history a handsome number of kings who lived to a great age. But, as among the philosophers and the learned in general, who take more care of themselves, not a few have attained to an advanced age, I will now enumerate examples of these; and begin with the philosophers.

Democritus of Abdera, at the age of a hundred and four, extinguished himself by discontinuing to pour oil into the lamp. The musician Xenophilus, to whom Aristoxenus attributes great eminence in the pythagorean philosophy, lived at Athens upwards of a hundred and five years †. Solon, Thales, and Pittacus, who were of the number of those styled the seven sages, all these lived to a hundred ‡. Of Zeno,

Bosphorus for a descendant of the great Mithridates Eupator (therefore I suppose assumed another name besides Scribonius), contrived, by his artifices and by the pretence that he was sent by Augustus to the aged Asander to deprive him of the crown, to collect together so many followers, that the king, at ninety-three, seeing no more good to be expected from them, especially after the adventurer had gained over his wife Dynamis, put an end to his life. Scribonius immediately married this niece of Mithridates, and now for some time acted the king in the Bosphorus; till at length the news of these proceedings was brought to Rome, where the audacity of the impostor in abusing the name of Augustus to so serious a farce, was taken in such dudgeon, that Polemon (a *Regulus* of Armenia minor, subject to the Romans,) received the commission to put an end to the comedy. Polemon however found, on his arrival, that the Bosphorians were beforehand with him, and had detected the cheat that had been put upon them. To conclude; the text, in the words *τὸ ὑπὸ τῆ μάχῃ*, is no doubt corrupt, and till I have better authority I must acquiesce in Gessner's proposal, to read *ἀρχῇ* for *μάχῃ*.

\* Kuster's emendation by reading, instead of the senseless *Μαυόν* of the older editions, *Ὀμαυόν*, seems the more apt, as to this day a province of Arabia Felix is called Oman; and that is perhaps one of the few instances where the Greeks found an outlandish name euphonic enough to leave it nearly as it was. In the voyage over the Red sea (as a part of which the antients, it is well known, reckoned the arabian and persian gulfs) which is ascribed to Arian, a small gulf entitled Oman on the southern coast of Arabia is mentioned, the name whereof has reference perhaps to the inhabitants of these districts.

† *Pro miraculo et id solitarium reperitur exemplum, Xenophilum musicum centum et quinque annos vixisse sine ullo corporis incommodo.* Plin. *hist. nat. lib. vii. cap. 50.* This latter circumstance Lucian ought not to have forgot.

‡ The traditions here are very discordant; but Lucian always by design takes the largest number, because it proves most to his purpose.

the founder of the stoical sect, we are told, that when in his ninety-eighth year, as he was going into the popular assembly he made a false step and fell to the ground, when he cried out with Niobe in the tragedy: I am coming! Why do you call me\*? and immediately turned about and went home, and put an end to his life by refusing all manner of sustenance. Cleanthus, Zeno's scholar and successor in the Stoa, was ninety-nine years old, when, on account of an imposthume that gathered in his lip, took up the resolution to die in the same manner. But, when he had begun to carry his design into execution, on receiving unexpectedly letters from some of his friends, he again took his customary food, that he might execute the commissions they charged him with; but as soon as he had finished them, he desisted again from taking nourishment, and quitted the world.

Xenophanes, Dexinus's son, and a disciple of Archelaus Physicus †, lived ninety-one years; Xenocrates, Plato's pupil, fourscore and four; Carneades, the founder of the new academy, five and eighty; Chrysippus eighty-one; Diogenes of Seleucia on the Tigris ‡, a stoic philosopher, eight and eighty; Posidonius, a Rhodian by naturalization, but in fact a native Syrian, of Apamea §, equally celebrated as an historian and a phi-

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\* The allusion to a verse from the Niobe (of Euripides I suppose) contained in this expression of Zeno, according to the statement of Diogenes Laërtius, forms the whole beauty of the thought, and Lucian unquestionably had in his mind the anecdote, as that compiler relates it, though he, according to custom, only quotes from memory, and therefore, instead of ἔρχομαι, τί μ' αὖτις; as Zeno said in the words of Niobe, makes him only exclaim τί με βοᾷς; but the manner in which he makes him put an end to his life, pleases me, for a man of ninety-eight, better than that of Diog. Laert. who makes him strangle himself.

† This epithet characterizes all the philosophers of the ionic school, Thales, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Anaxagoras, &c. because they particularly addicted themselves to physical and hyperphysical speculations alone, and thereby principally distinguished themselves from those of the socratic school and its daughters.

‡ Commonly called the Babylonian, because Seleucia, that city once so magnificent (*Ambitiosum opus Nicatoris Seleuci*, as Ammianus styles it) which Seleucus built about 44 roman miles above the antient Babylon, on the hither bank of the Tigris, to distinguish it from other cities of the like name, was denominated Seleucia Babylonia, Plin. vi. 26. and at that time represented a new and second Babylon.

§ Posidonius had procured to the city of Rhodes such splendour and so many advantages, by the famous philosophic school which he opened there, that, in order to fix him among them, they conferred on him the rights of citizenship, and promoted him to their chief posts of

losopher, fourscore and four; Critolaus, the peripatetic, upwards of eighty-two, and the divine Plato eighty-one. Athenodorus, Sandon's son, of Tarsus, who had the honour of being preceptor to the emperor divus Augustus, whom he prevailed upon to exempt his native city from the payment of all taxes, died among his fellow citizens at the age of eighty-two, and receives to this day the testimony of gratitude from them, by having a particular day in the year publicly solemnized to him as a tutelary deity of their city. Nestor, another stoic from Tarsus, and formerly tutor to the emperor Tiberius, lived to be ninety-two, and Xenophon, Gryllus's son, to above ninety.

These are the most famous of the philosophers. Of the historians, Ctesibus, as Apollodorus informs us in his chronicle, died on the promenade at Athens, in his hundred and twenty-fourth year. Hieronymus \*, notwithstanding he spent a great part of his life in war, had sustained infinite hardships and received a number of wounds, lasted however, as we are told by Agatharchides in the ninth section of his asiatic history, a hundred and four years; and the said historian cannot sufficiently admire in this extraordinary man, that he retained all his senses unimpaired to the last day of his life, and was competent to hold social converse with his friends. Hellanicus of Lesbos, and Pherecydes of Syros †, both attained eighty-five, Timæus of Tauromenium ninety-six. Aristobulus of Cassandria is said to have lived to above ninety; and was in his eighty-fifth year when he began to write his history, as he says himself, in the introduction. Polybius of Megalopolis ‡ died in consequence of a fall from his horse, as he was returning to town

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honour. As therefore Rhodes was become his adopted country, many held him a native Rhodian and styled him so. But Lucian, himself a Syrian, seems proud of being able to call such a one, countryman, accordingly points in a particular manner to the Syrian birth of Posidonius.

\* Of Cardia.

† It is very possible, as Vossius affirms, that Lucian, who could not always trust to his memory, meant Pherecydes of Leros, though he wrote Syros, because this was better known than the other. For not the latter, who is reckoned among the masters of Pythagoras, but the former was the historian: though neither wrote anything for us; and therefore we may be very indifferent about them.

‡ Whose excellent work we still possess.

from his estate in the country; and therefore but for this accident he might have lived much longer. Hypsicrates of Amisus \*, a writer of very various and extensive learning, lived to be ninety-two.

Amongst the orators Gorgias, by some called the Sophist, was a hundred and eight years old, when he put a period to his life by a voluntary abstinence from all kinds of aliment. Being asked by what means he attained to such a great age in perfect health, he is said to have answered: by going as seldom as possible to eat from home. Isocrates composed his celebrated panegyric when he was ninety-six †, and he wanted little of a hundred, when on the news arriving of the great victory, obtained by Philip at Chæronea over the Athenians, he sorrowfully broke out in that line of Euripedes :

From Sidon exiled Cadmus went :

and that he might avoid seeing Greece in thralldom, he spontaneously went out of the world. The rhetor Apollodorus, of Pergamus, one of the preceptors of divus cæsar Augustus, lived, as did his colleague in that office, the philosopher Athenodorus, eighty-two years; Potamon, a rhetor of no mean celebrity, ninety. The tragic poet Sophocles, was choked with a grape-stone in his ninety-fifth year. A few years before his death, when his son Jophon wanted to dispossess him of his property by law, alleging that he was become childish with age, he contented himself with rehearsing before the judges his Œdipus upon the Hill ‡, that he had

\* Or of Emisa, as Bochart conjectures, in which case a phœnician writer would be meant, who, if we may credit Tatian, is reported to have wrote on phœnician affairs in the phœnician tongue, and therefore cannot have been called Hypsicrates in phœnician. Amisus or Amisum was a considerable antient grecian colony in Pontus, which under the emperors regained the autonomy, and may very well have been the birthplace of a Grecian historian long gone out of mind.

† Lucian seems here, according to the remark of the abbé Auget (in his french translation of Isocrates, tom. ii. p. 60) to have confounded the Panegyricus of this author with his Panathenaicus.

‡ So the mount in the suburbs of Athens was called, where the Eumenides had a temple, near which the unhappy Œdipus found the end of his sufferings and his life. The tragedy of Sophocles on that subject is, as everybody knows, still extant, and is a strong evidence against his son Jophon.

recently composed : which had such an effect upon them, that they dismissed him with marks of the highest admiration ; but unanimously pronounced the son to be out of his senses. The comic poet Cratinus lived seven years above ninety, and had, shortly before his death, the satisfaction to see a piece which he had recently composed, entitled the Wine-flask, obtain the prize. Philemon, another writer of comedies, reached nearly the same age, and had just laid him down on his couch, when he accidentally saw an ass munching the figs that were set out for himself ; upon which, in an immoderate fit of laughter, he called out to his servant, bidding him pour out some wine for the ass to assist his digestion ; when, continuing to laugh with redoubled violence, in the literal sense of the expression he laughed himself to death \*. The comic poet Epicharmus also was ninety-seven. The lyric poets Anacreon and Stesichorus were both eighty-five, and Simonides of Ceos was above ninety years old.

Of the grammarians Eratosthenes of Cyrene, who appeared as poet, philosopher, and geometer, lived eighty-two years. Lycurgus, the law-giver of the Lacedemonians, is reported to have lived eighty-five.

These, most honourable Quintilius, are the kings and scholars †, that I have been able to collect ; my promise, however to add yet some Romans and Italians, who have arrived at a great age, I shall, if the gods so please, fulfil in a subsequent communication ‡.

\* Valerius Maxim. *lib. ix. cap. 12. extern. n. 6.* relates this story likewise.

† It has been remarked before me, that Demonax who (according to the account of our author in his life of him) was near upon a hundred, must have been living when Lucian wrote this little tract, because otherwise he would not have forgot him among the philosophers who had attained to a very advanced age. This circumstance may afford a fresh argument for supposing as above, that the *Macrobii* was composed in the time of Antoninus Pius. For, though we have no accurate data for determining the chronology of Demonax, yet it is probable from various circumstances, that his lifetime falls between the years *lxx* and *clxx* of the christian era, and that in the latter years of Marcus Aurelius he was no more.

‡ The gods did not so please, and we lose not much by it ; especially as Phlegon's catalogue under the same title as this lucianic rhapsody, amply supplies the defect.

## THE PRAISE OF OUR COUNTRY.

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**T**HAT nothing is more pleasing to us than our native country, is so trite an observation as to be in a manner proverbial. — “But even nothing more venerable and sacred?” — Certainly, I should think, since of whatever we hold venerable and sacred, our country is the prime cause; because she it is which has brought us forth, nourished and educated us for it. We admire great cities abounding in magnificent edifices and exquisite works of art; but every man loves his own country, how little and inconsiderable soever it be \*: and even of them to whom the view of

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**THE PRAISE OF OUR COUNTRY.** I cannot think so contemptuously of this little composition as Dr. Francklin does, to whom it presents itself as no better than a school-exercise of the period when our author taught rhetoric. To me it appears rather the mature and well-flavoured fruit of his later years, and expressly composed for his countrymen at Samosata, perhaps on a second or third return to them. For I cannot but think, that with all his patriotism and benevolence, he never could endure to stay long with these good half-greeks, who possibly differed excessively from the Athenians, and therefore quitted them more than once: and returned to them again. In the essay itself the same socratic ideas, bonhommic, and popular manner of philosophising *ad hominem* prevails, that I remarked in the Halcyon: it is solely concerning the universal sentiment of mankind, and respects whatever is venerable to the wise and good, because it is interwoven with the noblest and benignest feelings of the human nature. In short, this essay seems to be more a work of the heart than of ingenuity, and is an excellent model for shewing how we should moralize upon a practical subject of this nature with simple and artless men.

\* This addition was necessary, in order to compensate the force of the verb *σίγγυμ*, which implies not only to love tenderly, but also what we would signify by the expression *to take delight in*. It is that which a poet expresses in the following verses. They are Dr. Leyden's, and however excellent in themselves, I cite them merely because no other occurs to me, so well adapted to render the meaning of our author by the word *σίγγυμ* more intelligible:

Sweet scenes of youth, to faithful memory dear,  
Still fondly cherished with the sacred tear,

beautiful objects is the greatest pleasure, no one lets himself be so besotted by this passion, that in the magnificent objects which are to be seen in other places, he should entirely forget his native country.

He who should boast himself born the citizen of a city favoured beyond others by its situation, amplitude and other advantages \*, to me seems not to know what honour is due to his country ; and it is manifest that to such a one it would be a grievance if fortune had allotted him an inferior country. To me there is a pleasure of the first magnitude in the predilection for the very name of my country, without regard to any other place ; if we would contrast the cities together, it is obvious that magnitude, elegance and abundance in whatever is to be had for money, should be taken into the account : but if it be asked, which city we would chuse to be our native country, certainly no man would overlook his own, and chuse a more splendid one ; he might indeed wish that it should come as near as possible to the most excellent, but he would always prefer it, whatever it might be.

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When in the softened light of summer-skies,  
 Full on my soul life's first illusions rise !  
 Sweet scenes of youthful bliss, unknown to pain !  
 I come, to trace your soothing haunts again ;  
 To lose amid your winding dells the past : —  
 Ah ! must I think this lingering look the last ?  
 Ye lovely vales, that met my earliest view !  
 How oft ye smiled, when nature's charms were new !  
 When as each scene in living lustre rose,  
 Each young emotion waked from soft repose.  
 How lightly then I chased from flower to flower  
 The lazy bee, at noontide's languid hour !  
 Sweet scenes, conjoined with all that most endears  
 The cloudless morning of my tender years ;  
 With fond regret your haunts I wander o'er,  
 And wondering feel myself the child no more :  
 Your forms, your sunny tints are still the same ; —  
 But sad the tear which lost affections claim !

This is the sort of love with which, for example, we love a person, not because she is beautiful, but she is beautiful because we love her.

\* All this is expressed in the text by the single word *νιδαιμων* ; but the bare word *fortunate* would not have excited this definite idea in the reader's mind.

Such is the behaviour of a well disposed child and kind parents. A generous young man will never honour another more highly than his father, nor will the father neglect his son, and love another man's son as his own child; on the contrary, parents are in this respect so weak, as to have but too good an opinion of their children, and in their eyes, no others are so beautiful, so great, and so amply endowed with all good qualities as their own. And in fact, he that does not think so of his son, seems to me not to have the eyes of a father.

It is a natural consequence of the strict analogy between father and country; the word country or birthplace sounds so easy and familiar to us above all other expressions. For what word do we from infancy pronounce oftener, and what do we speak more naturally and glibly than father? He who honours his father as the laws of nature and civility enjoin, must necessarily honour his country yet more: for even the father and the father's father and so upwards all our progenitors, belong to the country, and thus that name by continually going back leads us at last to the paternal gods\*.

And even these take delight in the places of their nativity; and, though they look down with providential eyes on human affairs, as they consider the whole earth and all its appurtenances as their inheritance: yet each prefers the particular place where he was born to every other. Accordingly the birthplaces of the gods are regarded as more venerable, and the islands, where the natal feasts of certain deities are celebrated †, as holier than others. For it is believed that no sacrifice is so acceptable to the gods, as when a man expressly travels to the place, where they, so to speak, are at home, in order there to perform his devotions. If now to the gods themselves the name of country is so dear, how much more so should it be to us men!

For it was in his country that every man first beheld the light of the sun; so that even this god, though he is common to all mankind, is con-

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\* The original founders and benefactors of cities and of tribes and populations forming themselves into civil societies.

† For instance Crete, Samos, Delos, Cythere, &c. where, according to the vulgar belief supported upon antient reports, monuments and religious observances, Jupiter, Juno, Apollo and Diana, Venus, &c. were born.

sidered by each individual as the peculiar god of his country, because in his birthplace he first beheld him. Here, with the first articulate sounds he uttered, he began to learn the language of his country, here he learnt to know the gods. If to any one is allotted such a native place, as that in order to acquire more knowledge and a more complete formation, he has need of another \*, yet he owes even the benefit of that education to his native land; for whence would he have known even the name of that other city, if he had not learnt it in his own country?

Besides, we collect a stock of literary knowledge, chiefly, I suppose, for the purpose of rendering ourselves more serviceable to our country; as we endeavour to acquire wealth, that we may have the honour of contributing to the public expenses of our country. At least nothing is more reasonable. It would be highly improper, that he who has received such great benefits should prove ungrateful; and as with just reason we study to shew ourselves grateful, even to individuals in private life who have done us good, how much more does it behove us to requite the country for the benefits we have received from it! In most cities there are penal statutes against children who behave ungratefully to their parents: but now our country is to be considered as our common mother, to whom we cannot shew gratitude enough for having nourished and brought us up, and granted us the benefit of wholesome laws.

I have never yet met with a man, who was so regardless of his country, as when in foreign parts ever to lose sight of it entirely. If he meets with adverse fortune while abroad, it always occurs to his mind, that there is no greater happiness than being at home: if on the other hand we prosper in our affairs, notwithstanding all our good fortune, yet the principal thing is wanting, that we are not in our own, but in a foreign land. For the word stranger, foreigner, always carries with it something disparaging and depreciating. We shall therefore uniformly see, that men, who either by acquired wealth, or by posts of honour, or by reputation for eminent learning or valour, have gained great respect abroad, have no

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\* As for example, Lucian at Samosata could not have become what he was, but was obliged to repair to Antioch, Athens, Alexandria, and other places, for the purpose of acquiring knowledge and talents, proper to procure a reputation.

thing more at heart than to return to their native country ; because it appears to them, as if they could not anywhere better enjoy their success, and among better people, than at home. The more highly a man is esteemed out of his country, the more ardent is his desire to return thither.

Neither is the native country indeed destitute of charms for young people \* ; but at a certain age the longing after it is the more vehement in proportion as their prudence and experience in the world is greater than in youth. The older a man is, the more intent he is upon gratifying his wish to finish his life in his own country ; that where he began to live he may lay down his body in the parent earth, and take his place in the sepulchre of his fathers. There is nobody who is not grieved at the thought, in punishment as it were for his emigration, to lie buried in a foreign soil.

How great the benevolence of the good citizen is to the country, we cannot better learn, than by observing the great difference there is between the native and the strangers who sojourn in a place for a stated time. These latter being only, so to speak, spurious children of it, and are neither accustomed to call that place their country, nor to love it as their country, leave it without concern, and migrate hither or thither, in hopes of finding the necessary accommodations everywhere ; wherever we go there is good bread to eat, say they ; and they say right, insomuch as they make the satisfaction of the belly the measure of happiness. Whereas they whose parent the country is, love the land wherein they were born,

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\* Nothing can be more improper than to separate this proposition (which by the whole tissue of the discourse stands obviously in connexion with the following) from it ; and to annex it to the foregoing period, as is done in all the editions of Lucian. The latin translator has adopted this vulgar course, and translated *igitur junioribus etiam amabilis patria est* ; as however this proposition is by no means a consequence of that immediately preceding, and *igitur* here is not *igitur*, but *equidem*, Massieu, not letting himself be dismayed by the glaring inconsequence of such a deduction, treads, as usual, punctiliously in the footsteps of his latin guide, and renders this passage : *plus un homme est devenu célèbre, plus il aspire à se retrouver parmi les siens : d'où il est clair que la patrie a aussi des charmes pour ceux qui sont à la fleur de l'âge. Quant aux vieillards, &c.* What is here very clear is this, that Gessner, with his unhappy *igitur*, and his servile adherence to the customary but frequently silly enough division of the text into chapters, has been guilty of this ridiculous *d'où il est clair*. But that it should be placed to Lucian's account is not right.

even when abroad ; be it ever so small, rude, and lean, though they have no room to boast of the excellency of its soil, they will not be to seek for topics enabling them to say something in praise of their country. Others may exult in their extensive plains, their verdant meads and branching trees and fertile fields : they likewise always find something to vaunt of their country : let Argos be proud of its breeding excellent coursers, Ulysses praised his rocky but hardy-youth-breeding Ithaca\*. Thus a man hastens to his country, though it be only a poor miserable island ; and though in another he may have lived the life of a god, he would even abate immortality, and rather be buried in his own country. He will even think the smoke of his native land brighter than the fire of other places †.

The strongest proof how dear the country is to all mankind seems perhaps to be this, that our legislators in general could inflict no heavier punishment for the greatest malefactors than banishment from the country.

And not only the lawgivers, but even the commanders of armies think as highly of it : for when they would encourage their subordinates at the commencement of an action, they can produce to the soldiers no stronger motive to behave well, than that they are fighting for their country ; no sooner is that word sounded, than no one is any longer afraid, and even the timid feel bold on hearing the country named ‡.

\* These allusions contained in the greek text, (all of which every grecian scholar can say in two words) to the country of Menelaus, fertile and eminently adapted to the breeding of horses, *Odyss.* iv. and the poor craggy Ithaca, of which Ulysses, on being forced to tell the opulent Alcinous who he is, says with warmth and pride : *τηρηϊῖ, ἀλλ' ἀγαθὴ κουροτρόφος*, "Arid it is, but therefore breeds lusty lads !" *Odyss.* ix. 27. These allusions should be expressed as I have done, or they would be lost entirely. The latin translator and his faithful echo *Mas-sieu* have overlooked the beauty of this passage altogether.

† Continued allusions to the homerican Ulysses. See *Odyss.* v. 215. i. 57.

‡ I cannot dismiss this piece without exhibiting another instance of the manner how some of the learned quote and make notes, in the first remark of Mr. J. T. Reitzius on this *Patriæ Encomium*. Thus says the learned Reitzius : *Antiquiorem Luciano hunc esse dialogum existimat Huet in Præp. Evangelica, prop. iv. cap. 51. pag. 94. (monente cl. J. H. Majo in dissert. ad Luciani Macrobios) additque consulendum etiam Athenagoram in extremo legationis pro Christianis.* The word *dialogus* and the appeal to Athenagoras led me to suspect the business ; I determined however to see what reasons Huet could have, for denying this encomium *Patriæ* to

be Lucian's. I accordingly turned over his work, filled with so much useless erudition, and such miserable demonstrations, and saw not a word about the *Encomium Patriæ*, but the subject turns upon the celebrated dialogue *Philopatris*. *At auctor dialogi qui inscribitur plus Philopatris, et inter opera Luciani edi solet, Luciano licet videatur aliquanto vetustior, &c.* The disputation of clarissimus Majus (late professor at Giessen, who anno 1724 poured forth a learned capuchin-soup of collectanea respecting Lucian's *Macrobian*s,) I have not been able to explore; but in all probability clarissimus Majus speaks likewise of the *Philopatris*, and Mr. Reitzius has therefore, by a bare sight of the letters which the words  $\phi\iota\lambda\omicron\pi\alpha\tau\rho\iota\varsigma$  and  $\pi\alpha\tau\rho\iota\delta\omicron\varsigma$  have in common, been betrayed into the four-fold sin of confounding two words, as distant as the poles, together, of placing a note at the wrong spot, of making the right reverend bishop of Avranches say what he does not say, and of making me lose half an hour, which I might easily have employed to better purpose than in correcting his note made with half-shut eyes.

A  
SLIGHT ALTERCATION

WITH  
HESIOD.

A FRAGMENT\*.

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LYCINUS. HESIODUS.

LYCINUS.

**T**HAT you are an excellent poet, Hesiod, and that you received this talent at the same time with the laurel, from the Muses, you prove to us in your works; where in fact all is from divine inspiration, and we readily believe that in this particular you have spoke the truth. But there is somewhat else, on which you must permit us to doubt a little. You received, you say, that divine power of song from the Muses, that you might sing the past, and predict the future †. Now it is not to be denied, that you have done the former in a truly masterly manner, by deli-

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\* I hesitate not a moment in assenting to the happy thought, which as far as I know first suggested itself to Dr. Francklin, of pronouncing this essay a fragment, the mere commencement of a larger dialogue, which either Lucian himself left unfinished, or that the exemplar from which our manuscripts are copies, are accidentally become defective. Upon this supposition the honour of our author rests, of whom it cannot easily be believed that he should have purposely composed such an aimless piece, and have snatched from the fire, before it was thoroughly in flames, such a random scrap of a dialogue. Is it merely a fragment; we not only with great reason reserve our judgment, but even find ourselves not disinclined to believe, that, to judge by this specimen, the whole would have very agreeably entertained us.

† For the better understanding of this disputation I will subjoin the passage from the exordium to his Theogony of which we are speaking: So said they,

vering to us the genealogy of the gods, quite up to the first original of all things, Chaos, Earth, Heaven, and Love, as well as the virtues of woman \*, and the rules of agriculture, and what is necessary to be known concerning the pleiades, and the proper season for sowing, for reaping, for navigation, and other occupations. But the latter, from whence incomparably more benefits would have resulted to human life, and what would rather have looked like an immediate boon of the gods; I mean the prediction of future events: for that you have remained in our debt, and must absolutely have buried it in oblivion; since throughout your works there is not a trace to be met with, that you had performed so much in that way as Calchas or Telephus †, or Polyides, or Phineus ‡, who, though they were not gifted by the Muses, did not prophesy the less for that, but delivered oracles without scruple to those who proposed questions to

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Daughters all-eloquent of mighty Zeus,  
And gave into my hand a laurel branch  
Of undecaying bloom, and breathed a voice  
Into my soul, that I might utter forth  
The future and the past; then bade me sing, &c.

Lucian, it must be owned, has here allowed himself a legerdemain trick, by changing the κλείομαι of Hesiod into κλείεις, which gives a rather different meaning. Hesiod only hears the Muses singing the past and the future; Lucian speaks as if Hesiod engages to sing it himself. However, to give him fair play we will here insert the poet's own words, Θεογ. lin. 30, et seq.

Καὶ μοι σκῆπτρον ἴδον, δάφνης ἱριθελῶς ὄζον,  
Δρεψασθαι θηπτόν· ἐπέπυσσας δὲ μοι αὐδὴν  
Θείην, ἵνα κλείομι τὰ τ' ἰσοόμενα, πρὸ τ' ἰόλα·  
Καὶ με κίλονθ' ὑμνεῖν, κ. τ. λ.

What however comes in aid of our author is, that the Boeotians had a tradition that Hesiod was a diviner, and that in the time of Pausanias *carmina divinatoria* of his were still extant. Pausan. in *Boeotic. cap. xxxi.*

\* Among the numerous poems attributed to Hesiod, there was likewise one on women, and one on the celebrated oriental ladies. Pausan. *ibid.*

† "Who ever heard," exclaims here M. Du Soul, "that Telephus was among the prophets? This word is therefore corrupt, or what other is to be put in its room might not prove so easy to divine." If it were allowable, notwithstanding this, to guess (without however positively asserting that I have guessed it) I would say, that Lucian perhaps casually miswrote it

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‡ A thracian king of the heroic ages, who addicted himself to prophesying, and was therefore deprived of sight by the gods; though other causes are assigned for his blindness, which are in part equally credible. *Apollodor. i. 91.*

them; You will therefore please to let one of these three charges sit upon you: either you have, if I may be permitted to use so harsh an expression, been guilty of telling a falsehood, and the Muses did not promise you the gift of prophecy; or if they have bestowed it upon you agreeably to their promise, and you from malice hide your gift in your bosom, and will not let us come at it, though we could make such good use of it: or you have actually wrote a great many things of this kind, and not published them to the world, but delay the use of them till, heaven knows what other time, after this life. For I should not dare to suppose, that the Muses would not keep their word, respecting the one half of their positive promise. These, my dearest Hesiod, are matters, regarding which perhaps no other than yourself can help us out of the miracle. For as the gods are the givers of all good that originates from them\*, so it behoves also you other poets, as their favourites and pupils, to communicate faithfully to us what you have heard from them, and not let us be entangled in doubts.

HESIOD. I could make a very convenient answer to this, my worthy sir; for I need only say, that of all my rhapsodies not one is my property, but the pure inspiration of the Muses; of them therefore the reason should be asked for what I have said and what I have omitted. For my part, what I wrote from my own knowledge, as how to tend cattle, drive them afield and home, to milk and provender the cows, and to do all that appertains

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himself, intending to write Telemus; or the transcriber, from inattention or the rapidity of his pen, metamorphosed the less known Telemus into the better known Telephus.

This Telemus Eurymedes foretold,  
 (The mighty seer who on these hills grew old,  
 Skilled the dark fates of mortals to declare,  
 And learned in all the winged omens of the air.) Pope, *Odys.* ix. 559.

Or, as Ovid translates it, *Metam.* xiii.

Telemus Eurymedes, quem nulla fefellerat ales,  
 is known from the *Odyssey* as a great augur or soothsayer, who (as Polyphemus says) in that profession grew grey among the Cyclops. In case of necessity Telegonus would be at hand, who, according to Suidas, was the inventor of divination by snakes and birds, and probably the same who is made by Apollodorus a son of the prophetic sea-god Proteus: I should think, however, that we ought to adhere to the homeric Telemus; since it is only put in an  $\eta$  and  $\mu$  for  $\epsilon$  and  $\phi$ .

\* In the original  $\delta\delta\eta\tau\epsilon\varsigma$   $\iota\epsilon\omega\tau$ , an allusion to the 46th line of the *Theogony* of Hesiod.

to the theory of grazing ; but as for the goddesses, they impart their gifts as they please, to whom and in what manner they think fit. In the mean time I am not bound to give you a poetical justification of my conduct. Nobody I think inquires with scrupulous nicety into the assertions of poets, or demands that they should be tried by the rules of logical precision, that all they say should be syllable for syllable canvassed, or if any trifling error should escape them in the ardour of composition, they should undergo such severe animadversions ; but considers, that we may foist in some things for the sake of prosody and harmony of diction\*. One or other smooth word will, I cannot tell how, slip of itself into the verse. But you deprive us of our best privilege, the liberty and authority to do as we please. For the varied beauties of a poem you have no eyes : but carefully look about to try if you cannot pick out a weed or a thorn, that you may have a pretence for cavilling. You are not indeed the only one who acts in this manner, nor am I alone so aspersed. There are but too many who deal no better by my fellow artist, Homer, and take him and his poem most cruelly to task, on account of such miserable trifles not worth naming. But if I must give a particular answer to your accusation, I need only to say one word in my justification. Read my Works and Days, good friend ! There you may find a great number of predictions, which I gave forth in the true prophetic spirit, foretelling what would ensue if this or that was done in the right manner and at the right time, and what mischief the omission of it would bring upon one or another. Thus, that verse for example :

Dishonest gains avoid : dishonest gain,

Equivalent to loss, will prove thy bane † :

and again, what I say of the great advantages that will arise to the husbandman from the good tillage of his fields, may very justly be considered as a prophecy of the utmost utility to mankind.

LYCINUS. That is called, speaking like a shepherd, admirable Hesiod ; and you could not better confirm the truth of what you pretend, of having chanted your verses from the inspiration of the Muses, than by alleging nothing in defence of them. For the prophecies of which you there speak are not in truth such as we should have expected from you

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\* A wretched poetic evasion

† Works and Days, 480.

and the Muses; on that point our rustics are still better prophets, and absolute adepts in the art of divination: if God Almighty please to send us rain, we shall have heavy sheaves; but if the burning heats continue too long and parch up the fields, our hunger will succeed to their thirst. That the lands are not to be tilled in the middle of summer, or the furrows will be sown to no purpose; and he that reaps his corn while it is green will have the empty straw for his pains. Verily we need not be exceeding great prophets for enabling us to foretel, with the most absolute certainty, that if your labourer does not turn over the ridges upon the seed, and cover it with the sods, the birds will come and fly away with it, and devour the hopes of your rising harvest. I have no objection to your introducing such rules and precepts into your verses; but prophecy, methinks, has nothing at all to do with it, as its business is solely with dubious events, which we cannot foreknow from any natural indications; as, for example, when it was foretold to Minos, that his son would be suffocated in a tub of honey; or when the cause of Apolle's wrath was predicted to the Greeks, and that Ilion would be taken in ten years. If however such predictions as I stated before are to be set down to the account of the art of divination, I see no reason why I might not be as good a prophet as any other. For without a draught from the heliconian fount, and independently of the laurel and dalphic tripod, I will take upon me to prophecy, that if a man walk naked in cold weather, especially if it please God Almighty to send down a heavy shower of rain or pelting hail upon his hide, he will be seized with a no slight shivering fit; aye, what is still more wonderful, I even prophecy to him, that this cold fit will in all probability be followed by a hot one.

If now, as it may be hoped, you perceive how ridiculous it is to give out such predictions for prophecies, it will be obvious what course you should pursue; and perhaps the best advice I could give is to stick to what you advanced at first, that you did not know what you said, but that your verses were impoetized into you by some divine inspiration. However I cannot vouch for it, that I perfectly well understand this inspiration: for it is not perhaps to be believed, that a divinity would keep one half of his promise, and leave the other unfulfilled. — —

THE  
SCHOOL FOR ORATORS:

OR,

DIRECTIONS HOW WITH LITTLE TROUBLE TO BECOME  
A FAMOUS ORATOR.

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YOU ask me, my young friend, by what means you may become an orator, and attain to such proficiency in the art of speaking, as may justify your pretensions to the honourable and universally honoured title of Sophist \*. You might as well not live, you say, unless you can acquire such power of speech, that none can outdo, or even pretend to oppose you; in short, nothing less will content you, than to be universally admired and stared at, and to be reckoned throughout Greece a man whom

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DIRECTIONS, &c. Lucian stood with the rhetors and sophists of his time not much better than with the philosophers. The present ironical school for orators looks pretty much like an effusion of long suppressed bile, now stirred up by some particular occasion. That at this time there were not wanting rhetorical charlatans, to whom most of the features of this half laughing and half bitter and biting satire might fit, cannot be doubted by such as are acquainted with the genius and temper of the lucianic era. However, it is obvious enough, that it is principally levelled at one, who, we cannot tell why, how, where nor when, appears to have drawn upon him the displeasure and vengeance of our author. Who this unhappy being was, is unknown: for the assertion of the scholiast, that it was Julius Pollux, is built upon such miserable arguments, as scarcely to merit the honour of being refuted by such a man as Hemsterhuys, in his preface to the Onomasticon of Pollux.

\* Whoever set himself up for a sophist raised the general expectation that he was a bel-esprit, a critic and *arbiter elegantiarum*, familiar with the poets and sages of antiquity, furnished with various kinds of knowledge, &c. See more of this in the introduction to the present work, vol. 1. p. iii.

it is worth while to hear, speak. You wish therefore to be informed of the way, be it easy or difficult, by which you may attain this end. Well then, I heartily accede to your request, my son! Who could find in his heart to refuse a young man, smit with a passion for so noble an object, and only knows not how to pursue it, the sacred act of giving good advice \*? especially when asking it with so much earnestness and at the same time with such modesty. Listen then to what information I am able to communicate; and be assured, that in a very short space you will know and be in such full possession of all requisites, that you will have nothing more to do, than strictly to follow my precepts, to reflect diligently upon them, and with bold steps continue to tread that path till you attain your object.

Indeed the object that you are in chace of, is by no means of a trivial nature, which may be obtained with little trouble or by the amusement of a man's leisure hours. It is worth undergoing for it the recurrence of laborious days, sleepless nights and privations however great: for you see how that many, who before were absolute cyphers, solely by their eloquence are become famous, rich, aye, by Jupiter! even noblemen and people of the first class †.

Notwithstanding all this, be not you dismayed, or deterred by fancying as if the difficulties you are to encounter were in proportion to the advantages you may hope to reap, and as if you had such a terrible number of steep mountains to cross. No, my son! so much sweat and toil it shall not cost you! I will not carry you by such a rugged and slippery path, as shall weary you before you are got halfway, and oblige you to turn back from fatigue. In that case I should act no better than others, who generally conduct their pupils along a tedious, uphill, toilsome, and to most of them a frightful way: but the advantage of following me is, that I will lead you by a road that runs directly contrary to theirs; it is at the same time the pleasantest and the shortest, broad and commodious enough for travelling on horseback or in a carriage; you proceed continually along

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\* Alluding to that line of Menander:

To give good advice is a sacred act.

† Instances of the like are given us by Philostratus in his *Vita Sophistarum*, from which in general much light is cast on this lucianic tract.

a gentle declivity, over flowery meads and through refreshing shades, with the utmost ease and convenience, without even rightly knowing how it has happened that you have hunted down the prey without labour; and, not having heated and fatigued yourself in the slightest degree, are suddenly come up to the mark \*; and, now lying down in ease and security, you cast down a pitying look on the poor creatures at the bottom of the hill, who feel themselves so grievously annoyed on the ordinary way, scrambling up toilsome precipices, through pathless and craggy wilds, where they not unfrequently get broken heads by tumbling among the rocks, while on looking up, they see you, the happier mortal already sitting at the top and crowned with praise and glory, and solacing yourself with all the blessings which are showered upon you by oratory, with no greater effort of your own, than if you had been all the while asleep.

This is now verily a magnificent promise! But by Jupiter Philius †! think not that I mean to deceive you by a false representation of the easiness of the affair. For, if Hesiod, simply by getting into his hand a little slip of laurel from Helicon, immediately from a herdsman became a poet, and inspired by the Muses, could sing the origin of gods, and men ‡: why should it be impossible for one presently to become an orator, who does not by far rate his pretensions so high as a poet, if he is so fortunate as to be shewn the shortest way? I should be sorry if it fell out with you as with that Sidonian merchant and the proposal he made to Alexander, which entirely by the incredulity of that prince proved abortive. I must tell you the story for your caution. Alexander, after the complete victory he had gained over Darius at Arbela, made himself master of Persia. Now, for the government of so extensive an empire, it was necessary to establish posts, by means of which the rescripts of the monarch might be dispersed as speedily as possible through all the parts of it. But it was a long way from Persia to Ægypt, for as they were to make a circuitous tour round the interjacent mountains, they had to traverse a part of Babylon and the whole of the arabian desert, ere, if all went on successfully,

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\* The text says: ἐν ἄκρῃ on the summit of the mountain. Indeed it is extremely wonderful that a man by continual climbing should get to the top of a lofty mountain! And, according to shah Baham's theory, the absurd is the sublime of the wonderful.

† The patron and the avenger of friendship.

‡ See the immediately preceding tract, the Altercation with Hesiod.

they arrived in Ægypt; a journey, which with the greatest expedition could not be performed in less than twenty long days. This occasioned great uneasiness to Alexander; because, having received intelligence, that the Ægyptians were hatching some plot against him, he wanted to prevent its explosion by despatching in time the necessary orders to his satraps in those parts. In this perplexity the sidonian merchant offered to shew him a very short cut from Persia to Ægypt; for, said he, if we cross these mountains, which may be done with ease in three days, we are at once in Ægypt." And such was in reality the case\*. Alexander however would not believe the merchant, but looked upon him as an impostor. He thought the affirmation incredible because it was improbable.

Do you only beware of this incredulity, and you shall be convinced by your own experience, that it is as easy for you in a short time to pass for a complete orator, as in a day's time or less, to surmount the whole ridge of mountains between Persia and Ægypt.

First of all, I will shew you, in the manner of the famous Cebes, the two roads to that oratory, which you seem so passionately fond of, by way of picture. Figure to yourself then a lady of exquisite beauty both in form and aspect, sitting on the top of a mountain and holding in her right hand Amalthea's horn, filled with fruits of every kind, Imagine again that you behold Riches [Plutus] from head to foot all golden and lovely, at her left; near him Glory and Power, and the Panegyrics, like little Cupids, in great numbers and the most graceful groupes, fluttering around them. If you have ever seen the Nile represented in a picture, recumbent on a crocodile or a sea-horse, as he is usually painted, with a multitude of tiny boys † playing round him, thus conceive to yourself

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\* Lucian had therefore a very incorrect map; for such in reality was *not* the case. The shortest line between the persian frontiers to the west and the ægyptian to the east is above 1200 miles; and Alexander accordingly was perfectly right in taking the Sidonian for either an impostor or a fool.

† The text adds: the Ægyptians call them Pechis [πεχίς; ells] indicative of their stature proportionately to the bulk of the Nile-god, as Philostratus says in his pictures of the Nile, in the 5th of the first book of the Icones. They are called likewise the dwarfs of the Nile, and the true reason of their being just no taller than an ell, and why there should be sixteen of them, was, because the number of ells denoted to what height the Nile should swell, in order to pro-

the Panegyrics about Rhetoric, — Come, cheer up, fond lover! you whose most ardent wish is the sooner the better to get upon the summit, to marry your goddess, and with her at once to receive Riches, Glory and the Panegyrics. as the right by law of him who carries off the bride. At first indeed as you approach the mountain, you will be tempted to despair of ever getting up. It will appear to you as Aornos did to the Macedonians, so steep and high and inaccessible, that it was scarce possible even for the birds to fly over it \*, and to take possession of it seemed to require at least a Hercules or a Bacchus. So it now appears to you at first sight. If however you look more accurately round, two roads soon meet your eyes, the one very narrow, rugged and overgrown with briars, and menacing those who shall enter it, with much thirst and sweat. Hesiod has however so well described it, as to leave nothing for me to add. But the other is broad, flowery, watered with serpentine rivulets and brooks, in short as I before described it; so that I shall not waste the time, in repeating what has been already said, in which you might become a finished orator.

Besides, I must not forget to observe, that the former rugged path has but very few footmarks upon it, and even those few are of long standing. Though I must confess, that I myself was unfortunate enough to climb it, and thereby exposed myself to many hardships which I could have avoided. Not that I might not have perceived that other more commodious way: on the contrary, it being so smooth and straight it struck my sight immediately; but I was then too young to know what is best, and trusted to the poet Hesiod, who assured me, that without great labour and toil we cannot reap good. That however is not the fact; for I see numbers, who have succeeded better in the world than I, purely because they were more fortunate in the choice of their road and in the employment of their talents.

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duce the highest degree of fertility in a year. *Plin. v. cap. 9, and xxxvi. cap. 7*, where he makes mention of the colossal statue of the Nile with the sixteen little boys playing round it, which the emperor Vespasian caused to be set up in the temple of Vesta, and whereof that which at present stands in the Vatican Museum and was found in the ruins of the Villa Hadriani, is probably a copy.

\* See the *Conferences of the dead*, xiv. vol. p. 1. 411.

You will therefore, as I said, on coming to the point where the two roads divide, stand still and deliberate, being at a loss to determine which of the two you ought to take. What you have now to do for ascending to the summit with the least labour, to gain possession of the fair dame, and by her means to become a happy and universally renowned man, I will honestly tell you : for it is enough that I have been deceived, and undergone so many toils ; to you all shall spring up without ploughing or sowing, as in the golden age.

Mark well then what I say. You will presently observe coming up to you a stout, robust figure, of a hard aspect and manly gait, with eyes of fire, and a sun-burnt complexion. This man will offer himself to you as guide along the rugged foot-path, and chatter to you a heap of silly stuff, to persuade you to go with him ; will shew you the stepping-track of Demosthenes, Plato and some others of that class, strides certainly much larger than any of our days, but therefore hardly discernible, and by length of time become almost entirely invisible ; and will tell you, if you proceed this way, as straight as if you walked along a rope, you will at last be so happy as to arrive at the legitimate possession of the goddess : whereas if you venture to make but one small step sideways out of the straight line, all hopes of it are lost to you for ever. He will then urge you to emulate those men of antiquity, and propose to you I know not what old-fashioned and withal not easily imitable models, from the manufactory of such people as Hegesias \*, Crates † and Gorgias ‡, in whom

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\* Cicero passes no very favourable judgment on this Hegesias, and rather blames in him the immoderate affectation of the attic concinnity of Charisius, whom he had taken for his model. *De clar. oratorib.* cap. 83. He expresses himself still more harshly concerning him in the 67th chap. of his *Orator* to M. Brutus : *et is quidem [Hegesias] non minus sententiis peccat quam verbis ; ut non querat quem appellet ineptum, qui illum cognoverit.*

† Not the cynic philosopher of that name, but an orator, a native of Trallia in Phrygia, so little celebrated however, that we may justly wonder why Lucian here sets him up as a model. It is therefore not improbable, that instead of Crates we should read Critias, whom the most competent of all judges in this department places next after Pericles, among the orators whom he characterizes as *subtiles, acutos, breves, sententiis magis quam verbis abundantes.* *De Orat.* ii. 22.

‡ In the text : the famous islander. The question here being about what Cicero understands by *concinnitas*, [*Orator*, ad M. Brutum, cap. 44—50.] Lucian could hardly mean any other

all is stiff, formal, nervous, pithy, harsh and reduced within a sharp outline. Moreover, he will inform you, that labour, night-watchings, water-drinking and famishing are indispensable conditions, without which it is impossible to travel successfully on this road. But the most shocking of all is, that, by his account, such a terrible length of time is requisite for the journey; for he measures it out to you, not by days or months, but by whole olympiads; so that, hearing this, one must lose all courage to encounter such fatigues and drudgery; and a man would sooner relinquish every hope of such a toilsome and uncertain happiness at once. And yet for all this drudgery which he displays before you, he has the impudence to demand a considerable recompense; and you must not imagine that he will shew you the way, except you pay him a handsome sum beforehand.

Such discourses you have to expect from the brazen-faced, old-fashioned, saturnine dotard, who proposes for your models people that have been dead and rotten time immemorial; he will encourage you to drag up again out of their holes old speeches that have been long forgot, and make it a mighty excellence in you to emulate the sons of an old sword-cutler and schoolmaster\*; though, heaven be praised! our liberty is not now menaced by a Philip; and the times of Alexander, when those implements might have been of some utility, are long gone by: on the other hand, he knows not a word of our having recently made a new, broad and commodious high-road, leading direct into the arms of Oratory. But be not you such a fool as to be cajoled by him, and under his conduct to become a worn-out old man before your time! If you are really so much in love with rhetoric as you appear to be, and would quickly enjoy her at an age when you are in full vigour, and may hope that she in return will do her utmost to make you happy; then bid that crabbed, surly, squalid old fellow go and hang himself, or seek out others who will suffer him to lead them by the nose, and let them toil and sweat, for anything you care, as much as they please.

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than the celebrated Gorgias of Leontium in Sicily, whom Cicero declares in *hujus concinnitatis consecutandæ principem*. L. c. cap. 29.

\* Demosthenes and Æschines.

If however you take the other road, you will meet among many others walking along it, a truly handsome, elegant and allknowing man, with a light, tripping gait, and a clear feminine voice, bending his neck first on one side and then on the other, ever and anon scratching his head with the tip of the finger, scenting the air with his perfumes, and adjusting his elegant hyacinthine locks; in a word, a man whom at first sight you might take for a Sardanapalus or Cinyras, or even for the elegant tragic poet Agatho \*. I describe him so accurately only that you may know him the more certainly, and not be long in search of this confessed favourite of Venus and her Graces †. But what do I say? Were you to meet him with your eyes half shut, let him but open his honied lips and address you with his wonted lisping accent, you immediately perceive that he is not one of us ordinary mortals, who live upon the fruits of the earth, but must be some strange aëreal form fed with ambrosia and the morning dew. Approaching this person then, you will no sooner have consigned yourself to him, but you will immediately be made, without its costing you the least trouble, an orator, and an orator of consequence, "a king in the art of speaking," as he expresses it, who "rides upon words as on a triumphal car four-horsed."—For that is the first lesson he will teach you, after having taken you under his tuition.

But you had better have it from himself; for it would be ridiculous in me to take the words out of the mouth of such a great speaker, and presumptuously expose myself to the danger of spoiling the part of so conspicuous a character by my bad acting ‡. Fancy then that he is

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\* The poet Agatho, a contemporary of Sophocles and Euripides, though much younger than both, distinguished himself, we are told, by an effeminacy and excessive elegance, which he even communicated to his poetry; and, as he was greatly beloved at Athens, contributed considerably to the corruption of good taste: for which however, in the Thesmophoriæ of Aristophanes, he is handsomely chastised. The truth however is, that we are unable to judge of his works for ourselves, because nothing of them is any longer extant, except a few insignificant fragments; and that Aristophanes, who seems to have procured him his bad reputation, satirized Euripides and Socrates as wantonly as he did Agatho, who was a friend of both, and probably not destitute of merit, though the sarcasms of Aristophanes might not have been without foundation.

† This portrait appears to be pretty individual, and yet not so very much so as that it may not be applicable to more than one: which probably likewise was the intention of the author.

‡ In the original: by my fall crush the hero whom I represent. That is, the *larve* of it.

speaking to you (after having stroked down the few straggling hairs he has still remaining) with that delicate and gracious smile peculiar to him, and with a tone of voice which on the comic stage would do honour to a Malthace or Glycera, aye even to the most sprightly Thais, in the following manner: For to have the mien and gesture of a man is clownish, and is not becoming to an elegant and amiable orator\*.

“Has perhaps, my dearest sir (he will say with uncommon humility), the pythian god sent you to me on purpose to declare me thereby the greatest of orators, as he formerly shewed Chærepho, at his request to the wisest of all men then alive? Or are you come to me of your own free choice on account of my great reputation, having heard of the amazing effects of my orations, how my praise is sung throughout the world, and how all are captivated, and strike the sail before me? If so, you shall soon be convinced, by your own experience, to what sort of a man you are come. Expect not to hear anything that is comparable to this or the other. The difference is so prodigious, so beyond all proportion, that you will be in the same frame of mind as if, in a numerous company of common persons, you should suddenly see enter a Tityus, Otus or Ephialtes†; for you will discover that all the rest are as far overtoned by me as the flute by the trumpet, the bees by the cricket, and the precentor by his full choir. Since however you desire to become an orator yourself, and cannot better effect your purpose by means of any other, hearken only to what I say, o happy mortal, with a steadfast and docile ear, and keep the rules which I shall give you invariably before your eyes! Do but proceed boldly and intrepidly, and let it be no discouragement to you that you are not initiated in those pretended sciences, whereby others, uninformed and silly people, not without great pains and trouble, think to smooth the road to rhetoric. You have no need of all that, and may safely rely upon it, that it will be no detriment to you, even though you cannot, what everybody can do, write your own name. An orator is quite another thing, and far above all such trifles.

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\* Alluding to that passage in the quoted piece of Aristophanes, where Agatho vindicates his effeminacy, particularly to the verse: ἄμαρτον ἐστὶ μοῖρῃν ἰδίῃν ἄγχιος ὄψια καὶ δασύν.

† See vol. I. p. 366, note.

“The first thing and the most necessary that I have to tell you relates to the provisions, as it were, for the journey, which you must bring along with you from home, and which you must be supplied with, in order to travel at a speedy rate without detention. The other necessaries may be procured on the road, and that so easily, that before sunset I design to make you as accomplished an orator as myself; myself, with whom none of all who profess the art of speaking will dispute for precedence or perfection in it. What therefore you must in the first place bring with you are ignorance and audacity, with a good portion of presumption and impudence; but you will do well to leave decency, modesty and bashfulness at home, as they are not only perfectly useless, but even would prove prejudicial. Get however a good stentorian pair of lungs, and a confident, declamatory tone, and a gait and gesture like mine. These properties are indispensably necessary; but these alone are by far not sufficient. You must strike the eye by the elegance of your dress. Provide yourself therefore a habit of the finest tarentine stuff\*, white and gaily embroidered, and have handsome attic slippers, such as the ladies wear, or sicyonian shoes which suit admirably with white stockings. Take care too to have a good many servants following you, and never be seen without a book in your hand. So much for what you must previously provide yourself with.

“Whatever else it is necessary for you to know I will inform you of as we go along. The most part of which will be respecting the rules which you are to observe in order to be recognized by Rhetoric and admitted to her; as, on the contrary, if you do not obey them, she will reject and abhor you, and, as a profane violator of her mysteries, send you to the gallows. The first then is, to pay the utmost attention to your outward appearance, and to be always well dressed. Next, you must get by rote fifteen or at most twenty attic phrases of all descriptions, and render them so fluent to you, that they shall regularly slip off your tongue of themselves †. With these bestrew all your speeches as with sugar, and never

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\* See note on the sixth heteræan conversation, vol. I. p. 742.

† The text adds: such as *ἀρία* (a word peculiar to the Athenians, sometimes answering to the *quæso* of the Latins, but frequently as idle as *you know, you see*, of our people, or as the *halt* or *halter* of the Suabians, Bavarians and Austrians, or the *gad* at Appenzel), *κᾶρα*, (for *καὶ ἕτα*, *ey*

mind if the rest of your words suit well or ill with them, or what effect they have upon the sentence in which you introduce them. If the purple gown be extremely fine, and of a high colour, the vest may be of ever so coarse a cloth.

“In the next place you must take especial care to employ a great profusion of unintelligible, unprecedented words, seldom appearing in the antients. Of these you must always have your quiver full, in readiness to be launched out against those you converse with: for that gives you high consequence with the great mass, and causes them to regard you as a man of immense study and learned above their comprehension\*. You may perhaps occasionally venture to surprise them with strange and quite new words of your own invention\*; and should it happen to you from time to time to commit solecisms and barbarisms, you have an infallible resource in impudence, and name some poet or prosewriter, though he never existed, who was a profound scholar, and an excellent judge of language, and approved of this mode of expression. Beware of reading old books, and never trouble your head about what that babbler Isocrates, the dry, disowned by the Graces Demosthenes, and the frigid Plato have composed; read you none but modern authors, that appeared not long before our own times, and particularly what are styled declamations and considerations upon — this or that, and make extracts from them, for the purpose, as occasion offers, of bringing out, as from a well-stocked magazine, whatever you want, and turning it to advantage.

*now, well then) μῶν, (perhaps?) ἀμυγίση (for ἀμυγι, in some degree, &c.) and λῶρε, my dearest! — To speak the atticism of these kinds consisted partly in the expressions themselves, partly in the particular application of them, in which the inhabitants of Attica had a manner of their own. Lucian, who occasionally makes use of them himself, does not ridicule the words, but the affectation of wanting to gain consequence by the excessive use or improper application of them, as if the man was born at Athens; since it was the unseasonable and extravagant atticism that betrayed the alien even to the herb and fishwomen immediately, and was ridiculous to persons of taste.*

\* At the two marked sentences I have been obliged to leave out the instances quoted by Lucian, because, as may be easily imagined, they are untranslatable, and I had no inclination to go and look out in one or another spoiler of English for similar instances to substitute for the old ones of the Greeks, who thought little about us and our language.

“ Should a case occur, in which you are to speak on a given subject, upon the spur of the occasion ; put aside the difficult propositions with disdain as too easy and schoolboyish ; and then begin without premeditation, and run on with your discourse, speaking whatever comes into your head ; careless whether you proceed from first to second (as the pedants do) and so on to the third severally in their order : but what first comes up, is with you the first, though the boot light on the head, and the helmet on the leg : do you always rush on ; make one word strike upon another ; so that none of them stick in the middle, all goes well. Suppose you are to speak at Athens about some robber or adulterer, do you talk of what is done in India and at Ecbatana : but above all, forget not the battle of Marathon and Cynægirus \*, without which nothing at all is to be effected. Sail likewise round about mount Athos, and cross the Hellespont on foot ; let the sun be darkened by the arrows of the Persians †, let Xerxes be put to flight, Leonidas be the hero of the day, the letter be read which Othryades wrote with his blood ‡, and Salamis, Artemisium, and Platea be bravely blazoned forth ! The thicker all these crowd upon another the better : and mind always to let those few attic words float upon the surface ; the refulgent *atta* and *depouthea* § must be perpetually buzzing in our ears, whether there be any occasion for them or not ; for they are always beautiful, even though unseasonably introduced.

“ Whenever you fancy an opportunity offers, when a singing declamation would produce effect, begin all at once to sing, and proceed in this melo-

\* See the note on the Jupiter Tragedus, volume I. p. 500. The fling in this passage is perhaps less at the poverty of intellect in the orators of that time, than at the vanity of the Athenians ; seeing they had now so long lost the energy to perform anything praiseworthy themselves, they were fond of amusing themselves with achievements of their ancestors in the era of Miltiades and Themistocles, let the subject be what it would. Their orators, a sort of artists, whose business it was to gain the approbation of the public, were regulated herein by that taste, and found their account in it.

† Alluding to the famous answer given by a spartan general, — to him who was telling him of the eclipse of the sun by the arrows of the Persians, he said, ‘ thus we fought in the shade.’

‡ See the note on the Surveyors General in vol. I. p. 380. Only this exploit of Othryades does not belong to the history of the median war.

§ *Δήκοντες*, again an affirmative peculiar to the Athenians.

dious strain as long as ever you can hold out. If you perceive that your subject cannot possibly be rendered singable, avail yourself at least of the "O andres dicastæ" [ye gentlemen judges!] delivered in as heart-moving an adagio, as shall instantly prove an adequate substitute for a complete piece of music. Likewise the frequent "O God!" or "oh lamentable!" will do very well; especially if at the same time you slap your thigh, and vociferate it with all your might. Remember in the midst of your speech between whiles to cough and spit, and as you strut about shake your posteriors on one side and on the other. If you discover that your hearers shew no inclination to clap, be affronted and rate them soundly; do they directly get up, and seem only by a certain shame\* to be prevented from going away; bid them sit still, and in general play the tyrant with them, who having once got the power over them, knows how to exercise it in all its extent.

"That your eloquence may enlighten the vulgar, and attract their shouts of applause, always fetch your matter from as far off as possible. Begin immediately with the trojan war, or rather even with Deucalion's and Pyrrha's nuptials, and so lead your discourse by insensible degrees down to the present times, and the subject on which you are discoursing. You risk nothing by it. For good judges are rare, and they generally from good nature keep silence: or if they say anything, it is thought to be done out of envy. The multitude will admire your fine clothes, your voice, your gait and gesture, the singing tone, and the strutting shake, and the elegant slippers and the noble *atta*, of which you are so liberal; and when they see how you sweat and puff and blow, they cannot possibly do otherwise than take you for a powerful hero in words. In general extemporary speeches † have with most men this advantage, that all faults are excused and overlooked in the astonishment at the supposed abilities of the speaker. Take especial care then never to write down anything, nor to premeditate your public discourses; for be sure that then whatever is faulty will be brought to light.

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\* Namely, in such cases no one will be the first.

† This holds even of the most renowned orators or sophists of that period, such as Herodes Atticus, Polemon, Alexander of Seleucia, Ptolemæus of Naucratis, Antipater, &c. who all applauded themselves on possessing the talent of speaking on the sudden emergency, and founded a great part of their reputation upon it.

“ Another point which you should constantly bear in mind, is, to have always, so to speak, your own choir to assist you in singing. That should properly be the office of your good friends and clients, who may by this means deserve the meals you give them, by slurring over your want of thoughts, and, whenever they perceive that you can no longer fluently proceed, by suddenly jumping up, as if from pure delight they can no longer contain themselves, but must testify their joy in this noisy manner \*, so that in the pause you are thus obliged to make, you may gain time to consider what you should farther say. When the speech is ended, they must gather round you, as your satellites, and attend you home, while you continue to dissert upon the subject on which you have been haranguing. If you meet anybody on the way, tell him wonders of what you have performed, though you annoy him ever so much by it. — “ What have I to do with the Pæanian †?” — or (if you will still retain your humility) “ With anyone of the antients I should wish to contend.” Such evidences how conscious you are of your powers, cannot easily fail of producing effect.

“ But the most necessary point of all I had like to have forgot. If you would not stand in the way of your own renown, speak of all who are engaged in public oratory with contempt. Has any spoke well; give it to be understood that what he delivered was not cooked in his own pan: if it was not above mediocrity pronounce it good for nothing. At lectures make it a rule not to come in till all the rest are there; for this will draw the notice of everyone upon you, and add considerably to your consequence: and therefore when all the rest are listening in silence, be sure to interrupt the lecturer, by praising what you hear in such an odd way, and in such extravagant and absurd expressions, as shall distract the attention of all present, and that to avoid hearing the disgusting trash, they shall be obliged to thrust the fingers into their ears ‡. Do not often

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\* It was the custom with the antients to testify their applause, not with the hands but with the feet.

† Demosthenes, who bore this surname, derived from the place of his ancestors, by prescription at his impeachment.

‡ The obscurity of the original in this sentence perhaps is merely owing to this, that Lucian here (as it appears to me at least) had in his thoughts some particular instance of this sort, which might

move your hand in sign of approbation; for that is not becoming a man of taste, and get up not above once or twice at most; but so much the oftener let it be understood, by an ironical smile or other tokens, that what is said does not please you. He that comes on purpose to cavil will always find occasion to blame.

“It is of the highest importance to be bold, and ready to go all lengths with presumption and effrontery. By the dexterity of having always in readiness a lie, and an oath to confirm it, on your tongue, by decided abhorrence of every merit in others, and by the ingenuity to cover slander with a gloss of credibility, you will in a little time become, if you follow my directions, a notable and celebrated personage.

“What I have hitherto said has reference to the part you have openly to perform and before the public at large. In private life you may fearlessly indulge in whatever is sanctioned by the usage of the world, gaming, drinking, concubinage, adultery, or at least boast of these doings in all companies, even though what you say may not be true, and produce the love letters and invitations to private parties, and the assignations you have on hand with fine women. For you must pretend to the character of a gay spark, and endeavour by all means to assume the appearance of a person of great consequence with the ladies, because the vulgar mass will set it down to the account of your talents, and thence conclude what a great man you must be, since your fame has penetrated even to the toilet. Be not ashamed even of what I will not name, — though you have ever so copious a beard, or even a bald head; but take care that you have always good friends who live with you for the sake of co-partnership; or if you should chance to find none, you have domestics at least who may prove helpful to you. You could scarce believe how much it collaterally contributes to rhetoric; and were it only by improving one in boldness and effrontery, it would be already something. Do not you observe how much women in general exceed us in loquacity, and surpass us men in calumny and slander? It is clear

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probably have occurred to himself with one of the gentry against whom this biting satire is directed. Surprising as the coarse artifice here adverted to may appear to us, it must be owned, at least, that he has introduced with propriety an excellent method of spoiling the best passages of a lecture.

therefore, that you must infallibly be benefited by coming as near as possible to that sex. In that respect it might not be doing amiss, if you were to have recourse to pitch plasters \* ; likewise to employ the tongue, besides in babbling, gossiping, solœcising, barbarising, false-swearing, scolding, lying, &c. by night, in services of all kinds, especially when you have so many intrigues on your hands that you know not which way to turn. — In short, a tongue like yours should be fit for everything, and decline nothing.

“ Now if you will make an early and judicious application of these rudiments, and it depends solely on yourself, you see, for there is nothing difficult in it, I can confidently promise you, young man, that in a short time you shall be as great a rhetor as I am myself. How weighty the advantages are which this art will procure you, I need not now minutely recount. Take only me for example. My father was an inconsiderable and not even a free born man †, my mother a botcher of clothes, whom he had picked up on some cross road. In my youth I was likely enough, and at my first starting was taken into the service of a miserable filthy curmudgeon for my bare victuals. Seeing now that I was once set a float, and might push my bark forward in time with success ; for with the several resources I mentioned to you before, ignorance and impudence, I was, without boasting, richly endowed ‡, my first determination was to be no more called Potheinus, but I ennobled myself by becoming the namesake of the sons of Jupiter and Leda §. This done, I made up to a rich old dame, who, in spite of her seventy years, had still a great liking to handsome young people ; pretended a violent passion for her, notwithstanding she had only four teeth, and they were fastened in with gold wire, and therefore was very well fed by her : aye, I was very near upon becoming the heir of her whole estate, if I had not been slandered by a damned servant of hers, who told her that I had bought poison, in order

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\* See the Cynic, and the note on the Runaway Slaves in vol. I. p. 619.

† The text adds : for he served in a place that lies beyond Xoïs and Thmuis, two cities in lower Ægypt. Probably by this circumstance Lucian pointed out the man more particularly to his early readers.

‡ In the greek : o dear Adrastea ! (namely, pardon me for vaunting myself!) See the note on the fifth Heteræ, vol. I. p. 738.

§ As these were called the Dioscures, so he therefore named himself, as Palmer very rightly observes, Dioscuros or Dioscoridas. I suppose however that was a fictitious appellative, and Lucian only means by it, that he at whom this shaft is aimed, changed his name for a nobler.

to accelerate the consummation of the testament, which was already made in my favour. I was therefore suddenly turned out of doors. I was not however distressed about procuring a maintenance. In brief, I found means to pass myself off for an orator : and gained universal applause as an advocate, and I found plenty of fools, who in hopes that I would bribe the judges for them, were drawn into my net. I generally come off by the wrong side ; but my street door is still hung with festoons of fresh palms \*, as a lure by which new wretches are sure to be caught. True it is, I am universally hated. My orations are if possible in worse repute than my moral character, and I am pointed at with the finger as a man that has not his equal in all kinds of knavery : but, believe me, that is no trivial advantage, and is more profitable than you would suppose. And thus I have communicated to you the same instructions without reserve, so may Venus Pandemos speed me ! which I long ago adopted myself, and from which I have derived considerable emolument from that day to this."

This may suffice : and the worthy gentleman, having now so confidentially explained himself, may again be mute. But as you may fancy yourself, if he has convinced you, to be actually there whither you were at first desirous to arrive, and I see not what should prevent you from becoming, by following his rules, an approved, a popular, and a powerful orator and pleader, and even marry, not like your lawgiver and tutor, an old toothless beldam fit for the comedy, but the fair lady Rhetoric herself, and boast of being able to ride in Plato's winged car, with as much and greater propriety, than he makes his Jupiter ride in it †.

As to myself, I willingly confess, that I am too indolent and timid to follow you on that road. I prefer to give up all thoughts of courting Rhetoric, feeling as I do my incapacity for coming to the possession of her in your method ; or rather I have long since given them up. But you, do you henceforth boldly proceed to be extolled and admired, as the conqueror who has yet found no antagonist, as much as you please ; only remember always that you have not obtained the victory because you are the swiftest, but solely because you have taken the easiest road, and instead of up hill have run down hill.

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\* As the ivy wreaths at the door was the sign, with the antients, that wine was sold in that house, so a wreath of fresh palm twigs told that there a famous lawyer lived.

† Alluding to a passage in the Phædo, in order by the way to have a fling at Plato.

THE  
ILLITERATE BIBLIOMANIAC.

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I SEE clearly what you are about; but the means whereby you hope to obtain it, will operate in a quite contrary direction. You think by eagerly purchasing a great number of fine books; you may expect to be thought a fine scholar. But so no man will think; on the contrary; your ignorance will only be the more conspicuous. In the first place, the books you buy are not the best; but you take the word of the first that praises the book: accordingly the book dealers, who have the luck to be acquainted with you, sacrifice to Mercury, just as if they had found a treasure; for a better opportunity for converting their vilest trash into solid cash, they could not desire. How should you be able to

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THE ILLITERATE BIBLIOMANIAC. Easy as it is to turn into ridicule an illiterate man's passion for collecting a large and valuable library, we must nevertheless agree that it is one of the most harmless follies that a man of fortune can commit: In our days it might even be pronounced a public benefit; at least both authors and booksellers are benefited by the fashion that prevails in Britain and France for every family of distinction or opulence to consider a book-room as indispensably necessary as a drawing-room; nay, that even the master and the mistress of the house should have their separate libraries. I suppose the learned in Lucian's time had a different interest in view, as they perhaps were more concerned in not raising the price of good books by an excessive concurrence of illiterate purchasers, than in the bookseller's opulence. However that may be, the present personal chastisement of an anonymous is far too violent and injurious; for allowing us to suppose, any other direct motive, on the part of the author, than a grudge and revenge against the unfortunate object of it, for some injury received; and if the reader of this lucianic alleviation of gall, should, notwithstanding the wit he has infused into it, find it rather tiresome, it lies at least not in this, that I have spared him a great number of the tautologies that Lucian allowed himself.

distinguish what is antient and valuable, or which are bad and worthless books? In such an enquiry, have you any one resource to help you; you consult the moths, and the most wormeaten and mouldy is in your opinion the rarest. For whence should you have the sagacity to pass a valid and safe verdict on their value?

But supposing you had just discernment enough for enabling you to distinguish the so much admired manuscripts of such a one as Callinus, for their elegance, or the celebrated publications of an Atticus on account of their extreme correctness\*, what can the possession of them avail you, my sweet sir, since you have no sense for their excellence, and exactly as much enjoyment of it as a blind man of the fine eyes and rosy cheeks of his mistress? You have indeed one advantage over the blind man, that you can peep into your books till you are tired. I even admit, that you may skim slightly over some of them, so that your eyes always run before your lips†. But that is not enough for me; I will never acknowledge that you have read or could read a book, unless you understood its merits and defects, dived into the spirit of the whole, knew how it is composed, and whether the transcriber has punctually adhered to the correct copy, or what is rather suspicious, spurious and interpolated in the transcript.

What think you now? Would you make us believe that you know all this without having learnt it? Or of whom should you have it, unless, like the shepherd Hesiod‡, you have got a laurel bough from the Muses, which has rendered you so learned all at once? For of Helicon, where these goddesses dwell, you have never, I suppose, heard in all your life, much less have you resided in that country when a boy. Such an oaf as you cannot even take the name of the Muses into his mouth without

\* Two famous *librarii* of that time, as Lucian more plainly tells us afterwards.

† This passage proves, I think clearly enough, that the antients (at least the Greeks) used to read aloud all books that were of any value, and that it was a rule with them, that a good book should be read aloud. This rule is so deeply grounded in the nature of the case, and withal so indispensable that it may be affirmed with the best reason, that every poet, and in general every author of talents and taste must be read aloud, if we would prevent one half of his beauties from being lost to the reader.

‡ See the Altercation with Hesiod.

profanation. That they should vouchsafe that shepherd the high honour to become visible, that may certainly be conceived; he was a stout, hairy and sun-burnt man; but a fellow like you (the Graces forbid me to speak plainer\*), they would be afraid of coming near; or if they should do so, instead of handing him a laurel branch, they would flog him away from Helicon with myrtle rods, or hazel-twigs, lest he should pollute either the Holmeion or the Hippocrene †, though they are well content that the herds as well as their blameless herdsman should slake their thirst at those sacred founts.

But, with all your impudence, you have not yet the effrontery to endeavour to persuade us, that you have had a learned education, or that it ever came into your head to cultivate an intimacy with books; or to name to us one who was either your schoolmaster or your schoolfellow: but all you can say, is, that you supply the deficiency of what you neglected in your youth by collecting a great many books. It may be that you have found the manuscripts of Demosthenes and one of the copies of Thucydides, which Demosthenes wrote out fairly eight times with his own hand ‡. And if you had collected all the books, that Sylla, when he made himself master of Athens, laid hands on and sent to Italy §,

\* Instead of the expression, the Graces forbid me, &c. which needs no explanation, stands in the original: I adjure you by Libanitis, relieve me from speaking all plainly out. J. M. Gessner demonstrates from a passage in Eusebius in the life of Constantine I. (whom the christian clergy from a due sense of gratitude have decorated with the title of the Great,) that under the surname of Libanitis, a Venus (doubtless the syrian Atergatis or Astarte) or, as the right reverend bishop expresses himself, that infamous devil Aphrodite, who had a temple on Libanon which was served by malewomen, is meant.

† The well of the Muses, Hippocrene, is better known than the Holmeion, which however is mentioned by Hesiod in the exordium of his Theogony and by Strabo, in his description of Bœotia. It was a stream springing on mount Helicon, which after uniting with another, named Permessus, emptied itself into the lake Copais, not far from Coronea and Haliartus.

‡ If this was not a bookseller's trick (what trade has not its tricks?) it would be perhaps the greatest honour that ever any book experienced, that such a man as Demosthenes should not have grudged the labour of copying such a considerable work as the history of Thucydides eight times with his own hand. Probably at least it was not.

§ The city of Athens was on that occasion pillaged by the unmagnanimous conqueror of its most valuable ornaments, amongst others of the most exquisite statues and the rarest books, a great number of which were several unpublished works of Aristotle and Theophrastus. *Plutarch*, in the life of Sylla.

what could it avail you? Aye, if instead of mattresses you slept upon nothing but handwritings of the greatest authors, or were embalmed in manuscripts from head to foot, would you be the more learned for it? An ape is still an ape, says the proverb, though hung round with gold and jewels. Notwithstanding therefore you have always a book in your hand, and are constantly reading what you do not understand, you are still thought but an ass, shaking his ears as he stands by a harper. It would be very convenient truly, if the bare possession of a large library made the owner of it a profound scholar; and you rich gentlefolks would have too greatly the advantage over us poor scoundrels, if you needed only to send to market for the knowledge which costs us so much toil and trouble; and purchase in an instant, for a sum of money, a greater stock of learning than we have been laboriously raking together\*. If this were the case, what scholar could contend in erudition with the booksellers? On a closer inspection however, you will find, that these worthy personages are not a whit more knowing than yourself, but speak just as bad grammar, and have as little discernment and taste as you: though they are day and night among all the books of which you perhaps have bought only two or three.

To what purpose then do you buy them, unless you think that the very cases in which you keep so much genius and wisdom had a certain magic potency to impart some portion of both to their keepers? But be so good as to answer me one question, or — if you think it too much trouble, give me a nod or shake of the head, to signify your assent or dissent. If one, who understands nothing of music, should procure himself the flute of Timotheus or of Ismenias which he paid seven talents for at Corinth, would he therefore be able to play the flute? — You shake your head? — Well answered! And if a man had the flutes of

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\* I readily confess to such as read the original, that this paraphrase is not translation. But I hope to be credited for so much judgment as to discern by my feelings (at least in most instances) where I ought to translate such an author as Lucian, and where paraphrase; or even perhaps snip him a little (not maim him). If I could not have presumed upon this confidence on the part of my reader, I should have done very wrong in employing so much time and pains to introduce my old friend of Samosata into the genteel societies of my countrymen.

Marsyas and Olympus \*, he would not for that reason be able to blow them. Or, if one who was no Philoctetes had the arrows of Hercules and his bow to boot, would he on that account be able to draw the bow or shoot the arrows into the mark? How think you?— You again shake your head. In like manner, if one who knows nothing of navigation, were master of the finest, stoutest and best appointed vessel, or one that cannot ride had the best arabian horse, aye, one immediately descended from the centaurs themselves †, would not it be soon seen that the one could not ride, and that the other was unable to steer a ship?— You nod, yes ‡? Well then, believe me, and nod me likewise, that if a man who never went to school—like you, buys a great many books, does he not of his own accord excite universal derision at his folly? Why do not you here nod your assent? The case is I think clear enough, and you would certainly not find one of the spectators to whom the old saying would not immediately occur: what has a dog to do in the bath?

There lived not long ago in Asia, a man of great substance, who had had the misfortune to lose both his feet, in consequence I believe of travelling through the snow in a hard frost. In order in some measure to supply the defect, he caused a pair of wooden feet to be made, which he fastened on, and so walked about supported by a couple of servants. But the ridiculous part of the story was, that he took the whim of providing himself with the most elegant half-boots after the newest fashion, and regularly made it his business to dress and adorn his wooden feet in the handsomest manner possible. Is not your conduct exactly like his? Or

\* A mythological fluteplayer frequently mentioned by the ancients, who is made a scholar of the satyr Marsyas, I suppose because the Greeks could not name his real tutor. He was a Phrygian, and lived antecedently to the trojan war. See Euripid. in Iphig. in Aulis, in the epode of the second act, ver. 567 to 578.

† The text adds ἡ κοππαφόρος, i. e. a horse marked with the letter k. (Aristophanes in his Clouds calls them *kopparios*) i. e. a horse which on account of its extraordinary beauty had the letter k burnt in upon the thigh.

‡ It must be owned that nobody can be treated more insultingly than Lucian treats this rich bibliomaniac, who has had the misfortune to draw his indignation upon him. He must have been so stupid and idiotic as not to be able to count his fingers (and that is what Lucian would suggest) if the latter is excusable for talking to him in this style. But how fares the reader the while? Of the poor translator to say nothing!

do you fancy you are better able to conceal your wooden head by the help of your fine books, than he his wooden feet by gilded cothurni \* ?

But as among your numerous purchases you have sometimes bought a Homer, I advise you to turn to the passage in the second book about Thersites — what precedes and follows you may let alone, for it does not concern you — the passage therefore about that ridiculous, mis-shapen and limping fellow, who took it into his head to enact the public orator, get somebody to read to you. And then tell me what you would think if that Thersites should put on the armour of Achilles, and armed with the sword and spear of Achilles, would he therefore be as beautiful and valiant as Achilles, and plunge into the middle of the Xanthus, and tinge its stream with the blood of the slaughtered Phrygians †, and stretch upon the ground not only a Lycaon and Asteropæus, but even the mighty Hector himself? he, who is not able even to lift the ash which served Achilles for a spear, upon his shoulders? This you will certainly not venture to affirm. The conceited wretch, limping beneath the shield, and borne down to the ground by the enormous weight of it, or shewing his squinting eyes as they glared from under the helmet, hoisting up his hump to adjust the cuirass, and tottering along as he trailed his heavy half-boots behind him, being far too wide for his legs, would rather be received with universal shouts of laughter, and that armour, the workmanship of a god, be disgraced, as well as the master of it. And can you fail of perceiving yourself to be in the same predicament; when you have some choice book in your hand, wrote upon purple parchment and ornamented with golden clasps ‡, reading it so miserably with your uncouth, barbaric pronunciation, that you are not only the jest of the learned, but even your habitual flatterers themselves are unable any longer to conceal their contempt of you, but are obliged to turn round from time to time to give vent to their laughter.

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\* In the Greek: "Do not you the same, having a lame and fig-wood intellect, in procuring gilt cothurni, in which a man of sound natural feet would scarcely walk?" This kind of spurious witticism in playing with similes is as common with our author as it is incompatible with true taste. But even the juggler-like dexterity of repeating the selfsame things in a hundred different ways, becomes at last very tiresome to us, greatly as the Greeks in Lucian's time might have admired it.

† See the twenty-first book of the Iliad.

‡ At both ends of the cylinder on which the volume was rolled.

Now as this is a fit opportunity for it, allow me to tell you a story of what happened once at Delphi. A certain Evangelus of Tarentum, who made no inconsiderable figure in his native place, conceived a yearning desire to gain a victor's crown at the pythian games. The gymnastic contests, for which he was endowed by nature neither with strength nor agility, he immediately declined. But that he should infallibly, in singing and playing on the cithara, gain a victor's crown, he had been persuaded to believe by his lewd companions, who were continually flattering him, and bursting out into rapture and loud shouts of applause, whenever he only began to fumble the strings. Accordingly he made his appearance with great splendour at Delphi, where he drew all eyes upon him, especially by his embroidered dress, and a crown of gilt laurel twigs, whereon the berries of the natural size were of emeralds. But never anything like his cithara was to be seen, either as to costliness of the material or the elegance of the workmanship; for it was of massy gold throughout, covered over and over with gems and precious stones of various colours, and adorned among others with the figures of the Muses, of Apollo and Orpheus; in short so fine it was, that everybody gazed with wonder at it. At last came the long expected day of contest, when the candidates appeared, of whom there were two beside him. The lots were drawn, and Evangelus was the second. His predecessor, a certain Thespius, of Thebes, performed not amiss. Now came on my Evangelus in his rich purple dress, from head to foot of pure gold, and sparkling with emeralds, beryls and hyacinths. The spectators, struck with this splendid appearance, expected with great reason to hear a wonderful performance, and had hardly patience to wait for the moment when he was to begin to play and to sing. At length he preluded, heaven knows what sort of a thing, without melody or metre, and struck so violently on his instrument that at the first stroke he sprung two of the chords, and began to sing, in such a thin, squeaking voice, and in so tasteless a manner, as to produce a peal of laughter from the whole theatre. The judges however were so incensed at the fellow's insolence, that they ordered him to be handsomely drubbed, and then kicked out of the theatre. A most ridiculous figure to be sure he made, the golden Evangelus, amidst the hisses and laughter of all the spectators, dragged weeping and bleeding by the vergers across the stage, picking up by the way

the gems that had fallen off from his cithara, in consequence of the blows bestowed on it and himself. Presently after appeared the third, one Eumelus of Elea, with an old battered cithara with wooden pegs in his hand, and in a garb, which together with his crown was scarcely worth ten drachmas. Notwithstanding all this, he displayed so much skill in singing, that he obtained the prize, and had the honour to be publicly proclaimed victor. He laughed now at the silly Tarentine, who had made such parade with his magnificent cithara, and thus, they say, attacked him: You, Evangelus, should wear, as is but reasonable, a golden laurel-wreath, because you are a rich man: I being only a poor raggamuffin am contented with the delphic. Besides, you must agree, that all this superfluous parade, which has nothing to do with the art, has brought you no other advantage than that you are not pitied by one soul, but on the contrary are obliged to retire with a long chin, ridiculed and despised by everyone. — This Evangelus was, you see, a man of your stamp, particularly in this, that you can stand the ridicule of the spectators as bravely as he.

But an old story from Lesbos just now occurs to me, which I must tell you, because it comes in quite apropos. When the thracian women had torn Orpheus to pieces, they threw his head and his lyre into the Hebrus, which floated them on to the Black Sea\*. The head, they say, was lifted by the water upon the lyre, and sent forth, as it glided along, doleful strains, as if it had been an elegy on the death of the divine songster, the chords of the lyre, swelled by the breeze, harmoniously united in this lugubrious dirge; and so they were carried, both singing together, to the coast of Lesbos; where they were taken up by the inhabitants, who buried the head in the spot where the temple of Bacchus now stands, but the lyre they dedicated to Apollo in his temple, and it was preserved there a great many years. At last Neanthus, the tyrant Pittacus's son, happening to hear of the wonderful things reported of the lyre of Orpheus — how, in his life-time, it drew beasts and trees and rocks after it, and even after his death had continued to sound harmonious tones, conceived a great inclination to possess this lyre, and at length found means by a

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\* M. Massieu very justly observes, that Lucian must have been sadly mistaken here; because the Hebrus does not fall into the Black Sea, but into the Ægean; and Lesbos, where the head and the lyre came on shore, is an island of the latter. By Gronovius's remark, that the Propontis is here understood, the matter is not at all mended.

large sum of money to bribe a priest to substitute one of a similar construction in its place, and deliver into his hands the lyre of Orpheus. What joy could be greater than that of Neanthus on seeing himself master of this wonderful instrument, by which, without understanding a single note of music, he thought himself the inheritor of all the talents of Orpheus! He was so perfectly convinced of this, that for fear lest the affair should get abroad, he would not venture to make trial of it by day, and in the city. No sooner however had the night set in, but, concealing the lyre beneath his cloak, he repaired to a solitary place in the suburbs, and began with all the awkwardness of a young man who in all his life had never touched a lyre, to fumble about the strings, not doubting that it would send forth melodious notes, whereat all living and lifeless things must be enchanted; till at last, a pack of dogs being drawn together by the horrid clatter from all parts of the neighbourhood, fell upon him, and tore him limb from limb. So that the poor youth was however in this particular but too much like Orpheus, and by the charm of his music attracted at least dogs, though to his misfortune. It shewed therefore (what you would do well to apply to your own use) that it was not the lyre, but the skill of Orpheus, which he had learnt from the muse, his mother, that produced those fascinating effects; the lyre itself was a mere instrument, and no better than others.

But why need I talk to you of Orpheus and Neanthus, when in our times there lived, and perhaps still lives, one who paid three thousand drachmas \* for the lamp of Epictetus, though it was only of baked clay. I suppose the man must have thought, that nothing more was necessary than to read by this lamp, for obtaining in his sleep the wisdom of that universally admired old man, and he accordingly with the utmost ease would become a second Epictetus †. Aye, it is but a few days since an-

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\* £193. 15s. Od.

† I cannot see why the purchaser of Epictetus's lamp should be thought so very silly on that account. Besides that, from profound veneration for that extraordinarily wise and good man, he may have set a *pretium affectionis* on his lamp, it may very easily be conceived, why such a relique, merely as a memorial might not be worth more to him than three thousand drachmas. If however that was not the case, and the purchaser nothing more than a man of fortune, who took delight in collecting curiosities of that and the like nature, he would cer-

other gave a talent for the staff which the cynic Proteus threw from him when he leaped into the flames at Olympia, and thought as much of himself for being able to shew that relique, as the inhabitants of Tegea prided themselves upon having the hide of the calydonian boar to produce, or the Thebans the bones of the giant Geryon, and the Memphites the hair-locks of Isis. And yet the possessor of this precious jewel is a fellow that in ignorance and impudence may even vie with you \*!

It is reported of the famous tyrant of Syracuse, the younger Dionysius, that he laid claim to the poetic laurel, and to have wrote among others a tragedy, which however succeeded so ill, that the poet Philoxenus, for being unable to refrain from laughing at it, was sent more than once to the quarries †. Dionysius, when he perceived that he was only laughed at for his verses, rested not till he had got possession of the tablets of which Æschylus generally made use in writing his compositions; being firmly persuaded, that some portion of the genius and fire of their former owner would thus be transferred to him. But it turned out precisely the reverse; he wrote in these tablets still more miserable stuff than ever, as, for example, the doric idyll, beginning: "Then came the wife of Dionysius;" and such poetry as this: "Ah woe is me; I have lost a notable wife!" and this: "Foolish fellows only make fools of themselves," a verse which the royal poet seems to have expressly coined for you, and for which alone, how well or ill soever it may sound, his tablets deserve gilding.

For what a singular faith you must have in your books, which you are all day long making such a bustle about unrolling, then rolling them up again, pasting, cutting round their ragged edges, rubbing them with saffron and cedar-oil, and furnishing them with ornamental clasps; as if you expected to derive some advantage from them! But what in all the

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tainly not be the worst of his class, and deserved not therefore to be made ridiculous, because the lamp of so distinguished a man as Epictetus was of greater value in his eyes, than if it had been of pure gold, and of the most artificial workmanship.

\* This, with Lucian's permission, methinks was rude enough. To him it seemed not so; for he adds: "You see how unfortunate you are," (I suppose because he was prevented by the former in purchasing such a precious philosophical relique) "since you greatly need a cudgel upon your head."

† See the note p. 357 of this volume.

world is the benefit that you are to reap? Have you perhaps learnt to speak with more propriety from them? You are still muter than a fish. Or have they had some salutary influence on your life? On the contrary, you live in such a manner, that it is a shame to say how you live; in short so as to be an offence to all men. If you had learnt it out of books, you should run from them as from a pestilence. It has long since been a settled point, that all the utility we can derive from the writings of the antients amounts to this, that we may learn from them, how to speak and how to act, in order to speak well, and to act honourably. If now it is evident, that a man has derived neither this nor that benefit from them; what does he, by making a great and expensive collection of these writings, other than if he should lay out his money in purchasing pastime for the mice, a mansion for the moths, and for his poor slaves heavy blows for not keeping them both away.

If anybody meets you with a book in your hand, which is always the case, and he asks you what orator, historian or poet, it is: you do not indeed make him wait long for an answer, because you know it from the title, but should he (as intimate friends are wont to do on such occasions) inquire farther into the contents, and commend and censure this or that in it: is it not ridiculous and disgraceful, immediately to fall into the utmost confusion as not knowing what to say. And then would you not rather wish that the earth should open under you, than to let it be so manifest, that you carry about your book, as Bellerophon did his letter, as a witness against yourself\*?

It happened once at Corinth, that an illiterate fellow like you was reading the Bacchantes of Euripides, one of his finest productions, in the presence of the cynic Demetrius†. When he came to the scene where the messenger

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\* Between this last line and the succeeding story, something seems wanting; for as the text is at present the fact stands perfectly isolated, and corresponds neither with the immediately foregoing nor following, as the laws of good writing require. It is obvious that some strictures on the incapacity of the anonymus in the art of reading a poet or other good writer, must have preceded, for the proper adaptation of the story. However it is not to be denied, that sudden transitions or rather jumps, aye even such isolated passages as this, are not unusual with our author, and are neither to be imitated nor approved.

† Probably him of whom I have given an account in a supplement to Peregrinus in the former volume.

relates the unhappy end of Pentheus, and the horrible deed of the raving Agave, Demetrius could hold out no longer ; but snatching the book out of the hand of the miserable reader, said, as he tore it to pieces : It is better for poor Pentheus to be once torn to pieces by me, than to be so frequently mangled by you.

I must confess, that after all my casting about in my mind to discover what end you can propose to yourself in taking such extraordinary pains to collect a heap of books, I have never to this day been able to find it out. For, that you have any occasion for them, or know how to make use of them, no man will entertain a thought, who has even the slightest acquaintance with you. As to that particular, you are exactly in the same predicament as a bald-pate, who buys a comb, a blind man a looking-glass, a deaf man a flute, a eunuch a concubine, a husbandman a rudder, or a pilot a plough. Perhaps however you want to shew the world how rich you must be, for being able to squander away so much of your abundance on articles for which you have not the least occasion whatever ? But this I know, for I too am a Syrian, respecting your circumstances, that if you had not by a lucky stratagem contrived to insinuate your name into the old gentleman's will, you had long ago died of hunger, or been forced to sell your library by public auction. We have therefore no alternative left, but to suppose that you have been told by your parasites, that you are not only beautiful and amiable, but made to believe that you are a philosopher, rhetor, and such an adept in history as to be without a rival ; and so you now purchase books on all hands, to justify their favourable opinion of you. It is said, that you even read to them at table dissertations of your own composition, and the poor devils are obliged to cry, bravo ! with parched gullets, like so many thirsty land-frogs, and never get a sup of drink, till their throats are ready to split with croaking. I should wonder how you could thus let yourself be led by the nose by them, and be silly enough to believe what they say, if it had not come to pass that you have been persuaded to think yourself so like in the face to a certain monarch \*, that you might at any time be taken for him, at least as well as that pseudo Alexander, who gave himself out for the son

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\* In all appearance the emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus is here meant.

of Antiochus \*, or as that fuller the pseudo Philippus †, or even in the memory of our grand-fathers, the pretended Nero, who signalized himself after the death of the true one ‡, and so many others who come under this rubric.

But what wonder, if a silly fellow, without education and good manners, like you, should take such a whim in his head as to go about with his neck bent on one side, and mimic the very gait and gesture and looks of the great prince with whom he would so fain be compared? Had not even the famous Pyrrhus, a man in all other respects truly admirable, the weakness to suffer himself to be persuaded by flatterers that he resembled the great Alexander, although in reality the dissimilarity of the countenances could scarce have been greater; at least as far as I am able to judge on comparing their portraits. Notwithstanding this, Pyrrhus believed that Alexander's form was moulded upon him. I have however committed a grievous offence against Pyrrhus, by comparing you, though but in this single point, to Pyrrhus. But what ensued may be very fitly applied to you. When once Pyrrhus had persuaded himself of this fancied resemblance to Alexander, nobody was to be found that disagreed with him, but everyone affected to see as false as himself; till at length an old lady at Larissa, who was a foreigner, by telling him the truth cured him of this vain conceit. Having just shewn her the portraits of Perdiccas, Philippus, Alexander, Cassander, and other macedonian kings, he asked her which she thought him the most like to? not doubting but that she would answer, Alexander. But how great was his disappointment, when the lady, after much deliberation said: In

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\* A common fellow, who, under the favour of some resemblance, gave himself out for Alexander, the son of the emperor Antiochus Epiphanes: in that quality he laid claim to Syria, and made war upon king Demetrius Soter, but with ill success.

† A certain Andriacus, who a considerable time after the death of the unfortunate king Perseus, under the name of a son of his, and by means of a romance which he had contrived for the purpose of accrediting his imposture, found means to set himself up as king of Macedonia, to recover all the estates of Perseus, and to give the Romans not a little to do; till at last a lost battle against the prætor Q. Cecil. Metellus, put an end to this tragic-comedy, in which Andriachus played his part well enough for a fuller.

‡ Suetonius speaks of three pseudo Neros, who however were very unsuccessful in their affairs, and vanished as suddenly as they had sprung up.

good truth you are the likest to the cook *Batrachio*. And there happened to be a cook in *Larissa* at that time that was not unlike to *Pyrrhus*. I shall not tell you which of the vagabond tumblers and dancers you are most like : but that you must have a comfortable portion of folly in your head, nobody doubts, who knows the original of which you fancy yourself a copy. Is it not astonishing that a man who can be so bad a judge of pictures and likenesses, should pretend even to the physiognomy of a scholar, and give credit to the people who are base enough to confirm him in his folly? But why do I dwell so long upon this farce? The true reason of your being so intent upon book-collecting is obvious, though I was so dull as not to see it before. You think to have made a cunning speculation, and entertain no small hope of success from it. You question not, if the monarch, who himself is a man of letters, and sets a very high value upon learning, shall come to hear what a great library you are buying up, it cannot fail but you will in a short time be able to obtain of him whatever you please. How? You shameless wretch \*, do you suppose him so lethargic, that when he hears this of you, he will not inquire and examine into your morals, and discover what a licentious and scandalous life both by day and night you lead? Know you not, that kings have ears everywhere, and eyes in all corners? How then should it be unknown to him alone, what even the blind and deaf know of you? You have but to open your mouth, or to go into the bath, or if you do not chuse to do so, it will suffice to interrogate the domestics, in order to be informed of your nocturnal amusements. And now tell me, I pray you, if your notorious sophist *Bossus*, or the fluteplayer *Batalus* †, or the spruce *Hemithio* of *Sybaris*, who has even given you laws and practical rules for your scandalous mysteries ‡; if, I say, one of these sober companions should go

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\* The title with which *Lucian* here honours the *anonymus* has no equivalent in our language, at least not in the language of gentlefolks.

† Who this sophist *Bassus* was, and for what he deserved to be named here, is unknown. The flute-player *Batalus*, *Libanius in vita Demosthen. tibicinem Ephesium fuisse ait supra modum mollem, a quo deinde molles omnes Batali dicti sunt.* His very name was an opprobrious epithet, and of similar import with *καλαπύγων, κίταδος, ἀνδρόγυτος.*

‡ Perhaps the *Sybarite* is meant, whom *Ovid*, in his apologetical epistle to *Augustus*, men-

in a lion's skin and a stout cudgel in his hand, would he be taken for Hercules? They must indeed be very blind \*, if they cannot distinguish this sort of delicate gentry, by their gait, by their half-shut eyes, by the small voice and the wagging head, and by the livid complexion, the mastix, and the red paint with which these fops are wont to beautify themselves, in short, by a hundred peculiarities which testify against the herculean costume; and the adage is certainly right, that it would be easier to hide five elephants under the armpit, than one of these fribbles. This being the case, how can you hope to hide yourself behind a book? Besides, you seem to me to have no idea that a man of learning should not ground his hopes on the bookdealer, but on himself and his own daily life. Whereas you fancy that at every turn, you need only to call in no other advocate and evidence than the bookcopiers Atticus and Callinus. Poor man! You ought rather to consider them as your most cruel enemies, as people, who, if the gods did not in a particular manner watch over you, would have entirely ruined and made a beggar of you. Should you now, since it is better late than never at all to be wise, sell your books to some literary man, and your new-built house along with them, and with the money they fetch pay off somewhat of the enormous sums you owe to the slave-dealers. For of these two objects you have always been extravagantly fond— to buy up costly books and young slaves, at that age when youth begins to lose itself in maturity; and it must be owned that you have a quite peculiar talent at tracking this species of game. But for satisfying these two passions at once, you are by far not rich enough. If now you will be advised, leave the bibliomaniacism, which can avail you nothing, and confine yourself to your other favourite pursuits; lay out your money in purchasing slaves such as you want, that you may not be tempted to venture on free people, who have not so much reason to be afraid of blabbing the scenes which

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tions as the author of a scandalous book wrote in his time, who he thinks deserves much better to be banished to Tomos than himself.

\* Lucian says, No; and if they even had whole pots of eye-salve in their eyes. For, that this is the sense of the singular phraseology, *ἐκ ὕγι καὶ χύτραις λημῶνις* follows very clearly from the explanation which the scholiast of Aristophanes on the *εἰ μὴ λημῶς κολοκύνθαις*, in the 326th verse of the *Clouds*, adduces; of which this comic expression of Lucian is an exaggerated, and, truth to say, an insipid imitation.

serve as an epilogue to your computations, and whom you must pay for their taciturnity. It was but the other day, that I heard with my own ears very scandalous things reported of you by a worthless fellow, who made no scruple to produce evidences of your debaucheries. I could bring witnesses to prove how angry I was at seeing you so vilely pulled to pieces, and how near I was in my first warmth to break the fellow's head with my staff for it; especially when he appealed to a couple of others who could tell the same story, and who in fact did not require much solicitation, but entered into minute details. Keep then your money for these uses, my fine gentleman, and arrange matters so that all you want for the active and passive parts of this drama you may find in your own house. For entirely to bid adieu to this sort of pastime, who could ever hope to induce you? A dog that has once got the trick of gnawing, will not easily be broke of it. Whereas to abstain from buying any more books, cannot prove a hardship to you. I should think you are learned enough as you are. Have not you got together as large a stock of wisdom as you are able to use? Do not you know almost all the antients by heart? Cannot you count all the periods of history upon your fingers? Are not you acquainted with the various artifices of eloquence, all the elegancies and all the faults of composition, and the use of the attic words? Your heaps of books cannot fail of having made you a complete pansopher, a scholar of the first rank. — Since you are so fain to let every one have his joke, why should not I divert myself with you as well as others? Besides, I should be glad to be informed, which of your numerous books you read most? Plato, or Antisthenes, or Antilochus, or Hipponax\*? Or do you perhaps make nothing of these, but apply yourself rather to the orators?† Then you have perhaps read the oration of Æschines against Timarchus‡? Or it may be that you have read all your books, then you are doubtless acquainted with Aristophanes and Eupolis? Have probably read likewise

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\* Does Lucian perhaps here jumble philosophers and iambic writers thus together, for the purpose of indirectly telling the anonymous that he is even so ignorant as to take Hipponax for a philosopher like Plato?

† An oration still extant, in which Æschines so acrimoniously, and with such little room for reply, upbraids this wretched man with his infamous course of life, that the culprit went the shortest way to work and — hanged himself.

the Baptes \* of the latter from one end to the other? Was there nothing in them all that particularly arrested your attention? Did you never blush at seeing your own secret transactions so perspicuously delineated in them? I wonder what book it may be that delights you most! with what hands you turn it over; and above all what time you employ in reading? — By day? No man in the world by day ever saw you reading. By night then? But then you have quite different business to mind. Do you perhaps carry on both employments together? Or is it necessary for you to read something before it is dark, ere you have courage to encounter such doings †?

The best advice then that you can follow is, as I said, to leave books to themselves, and diligently apply to your proper business alone. Yet in fact you must, the sooner the better, give up that, if you have any respect for the Phædra of Euripides, who in her displeasure at women says :

Tremble they not, lest partners in disgrace,  
Or night turn traitor to the foul embrace,  
Or conscious walls reproach them to their face †?

But if, notwithstanding all this, you are absolutely determined to persist in your folly; then go, and buy books, and lock them up in some inner room of your house, and enjoy the honour of possessing them! That is enough for you. Only while you live, never meddle with them, leave them unmolested and unread; and permit not a tongue like yours to defile the works of the antient poets and sages, who never did you any injury. — But why talk to you at this rate? I am but too well aware, that I had as good speak to the wind, and that I am taking the unnecessary trouble, as the proverb has it, to bleach the blackamoor. You will continue to buy books which are of no benefit to you, and to be the sport of all the truly

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\* Thus a comedy of Eupolis was entitled, in which, as it appears, a priest of the goddess Cottyto, named Baptae, played a conspicuous character. This little known goddess was worshipped by nocturnal mysteries, which stood in very bad repute. They are noticed incidentally both by Horace and Juvenal.

\* I confess that this wit, if it be wit, is rather shallow. It is however still the best that I could make of the text, which in this sentence throughout seems not always correct, and, at least in the words *ἴβα ἀπὸ ψυχῆς ἔχου* is manifestly corrupt.

† Eurip. in the Hippolytus, ver. 418.

learned, who estimate the worth of books, not by their external elegance and cost, but by their contents; and, instead of making them an object of vanity, are satisfied by deriving as much utility from them as possible.

Such indeed are not your sentiments. You fancy that the reputation obtained by the amplitude and magnificence of your collection, dazzles our eyes, and thus you shall be able if not to remedy at least to conceal your ignorance and folly: and you see not, that you act exactly like those unskilful physicians, who make great parade with ivory medicine-chests, silver cupping-cases and gilded lancets, but when their application is called for, know not how to set about using them: whereas the expert physician takes out a keen bistouri, no matter how rusty it looks, and relieves the patient of his pain. This simile however is too loose: the barber-shops present us with one, which will suit you better. Look at these shavers here, and you will see that the ablest practitioners among them satisfy themselves with a good razor, a few little knives and a looking-glass of a proper size; while the bungler produces a quantity of knives and a huge mirror which only serves to render it more conspicuous that he is but a blockhead in his profession. Accordingly they have the satisfaction every day to see people first go to get shaved by their neighbours, and then come and sit down before their large looking-glass to put their hair in order. So neither can you do anything wiser with your books than to make them a public benefit by lending them out to others: yet you have never done so in your life; but have acted exactly like the dog in the fable, who lays himself in the manger, and though he never eats oats himself, yet will not suffer the horse, whose provender it is, to feed upon it.

Thus I have taken the liberty for the present to speak to you with regard to your books; of the rest of your flagitious conduct you shall hear from me often enough in future\*.

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\* One should have thought he had let himself out plainly and drily enough on that subject likewise.

# A P O P H R A S,

## AGAINST A CERTAIN TIMARCHUS.

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**T**HAT you were totally unacquainted with the meaning of the word apophras, is obvious; or you could never have accused me of a barbarism, for having said, you were like an unlucky day! I recollect perfectly that we were talking of your morals, when I compared you to such a day. Since therefore you do not know, I will inform you what apophras means. — First of all however I must explain to you what the phrase of Archilochus “you have taken the cricket by the wing,” implies; — if withal in your life you have ever heard of an iambic poet of Paros, named Archilochus, a man of a very free tongue, who cared little how much pain he gave to those who had the misfortune to fall into his keen iambics. This Archilochus then once being attacked by one of your class, said: the fellow has taken a cricket by the wing; namely he compared himself to that little animal, which is in its very nature clamorous enough, without being forced by taking him by the wing, to scream still louder. As if he had said: You miserable wretch, what prompt you to think that you may provoke a poet, who moreover

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**APOPHRAS.** A sophist, who probably called himself Timarchus, more known by his corrupt manners than by his talents, had, as it should appear, erected his oratorical stage at Ephesus, and gave lessons to young people in the art of speaking, when he fell into a bad affair with Lucian about the word apophtas, and thoughtlessly gave his too irritable adversary opportunity and reason to avenge himself by the present composition in a manner which with the antients seems to have been very common, and is perfectly in the manner how even in our time Voltaire, a man who lived with kings and everything that is styled great in the world, used to treat his censurers — but which I am so far from approving, that I cannot at all see how it could be palliated or excused.

is a man that speaks whatever comes into his head, and is ever seeking occasion and matter for iambics \*? Just the same may I say to you, — not as though I would compare myself with Archilochus; I am very short of that — but because I know such a prodigious number of things of you richly deserving of iambics, that Archilochus himself, even if he were to call in the aid of Simonides and Hipponax †, would not be competent to inflict condign punishment on but one of your enormities: to such a height have you carried them, that Orodæcides, Lycambes and Bupalus, who were handled so scurvily in the iambics of that poet, appear but boys to you in every species of villainy. Surely it must be some deity whose anger you had called up, who, when I applied to you the word apophras, puckered your mouth into a sarcastic smile, that it might be evident to all the world, that you are more ignorant than a Scythian, and do not know even the most common and most obvious things, which furnished a man with an opportunity for writing against you, a man who never puts a leaf before his mouth, who knows you within and without doors and is never restrained by fear from saying and even proclaiming aloud, whatever scandalous transactions besides your youthful tricks, you are still night and day carrying on.

Vain and superfluous indeed the task may be, to tell you, with the freedom customary among literary men ‡, the truths which regard yourself: for, that you should ever be bettered by reproof, is as little to be expected

\* It is obvious that Lucian by iambics here means lampoons or personal satires, because Archilochus, whose greatest strength lay in that species of poetry, had invented for his a peculiar iambic versification, wherein iambics of six and four feet (*trimetri* and *bimetri*) followed alternately.

† Likewise Simonides and Hipponax, two other lyric poets of great reputation, had distinguished themselves by satirical iambics. The latter had so sharp pointed a tongue, that Cicero in one of his letters (*ad Famil. vii. 24.*) takes a hipponactean encomium, *praconium hipponactium*, and a pasquil for synonyma.

‡ From the whole context, it is plainly apparent that Lucian by what he chuses to call *καυδίας νόμῳ παραίτησις* understands no more opprobrious treatment of an adversary, than what he himself in this little piece bestows on the unfortunate culprit who had committed the horrid crime, out of ignorance, to deride the attic word apophras. In effect this cannibal manner of falling foul of an adversary, seems to have been a no less common practice among the grecian literati than among the Scaligers, Miltons, Calderinis, Scioppiuses and Gronoviuses of modern times.

as that a dung-fly should disaccustom himself from rioting in filth; neither do I believe that your excesses and the follies you still pursue in your old age, are unknown to any. You have never had even the prudence to keep your vile conduct secret, and it is not necessary first to pull off the lion's skin, to shew the world what a great ass you are. He must be just arrived from the Hyperboreans, or even be more cumanic than a Cumaean who does not immediately perceive at the very first glance that you are a most prodigious ass, without waiting till you betray it by your charming voice. Your virtues also have so long and so often and so loudly been proclaimed by myself and others, that your name is become so famous that you eclipse the most resplendent in this department, even such names as Ariphrades, Mistho of Sybaris and Bastos of Chios \*. In the mean time I must speak of them, though I should be upbraided with noticing trite and obsolete matters, at least that I may not be suspected of being the only one who knows nothing of them †.

But it will be better to call to my aid one of Menander's prologues; Elenchus namely, a god, the particularly intimate friend of truth and frankness, and truly not the meanest of the deities that mount the stage, and is a foe to none, except such as are afraid of his tongue, because nothing is hid from him, and because he utters undismayed everything he knows of you. It would be cleverly done, if he were to make his entrance, and inform the audience of the whole subject of the drama. Well then, best of all prolocutors and dæmons, Elenchus ‡, come and advertise our hearers,

\* Ariphrades has to thank Aristophanes for an immortality that none will envy him, who, in his *Knights*, ver. 1277, & seq. draws a horrible picture of his morals, and brings it to recollection in several other passages of his comedies. The two other sinners named by our author are unknown.

† About this suspicion he need not make himself very uneasy, since a few lines before he boasted of having contributed all he could to create for him such a fine reputation.

‡ Lucian, to justify his personification of Elenchus [Conviction] appeals to Menander, who, in one of his comedies, makes Elenchus enter as a demigod or genius, and the prolocutor [Prologue]. He has likewise himself introduced it in his little satirical drama, the *Angler*, as a person. See vol. i. p. 262.

Ἐλεγκος γὰρ θεός

τῆ παρρησίας, τῆ τ' ἀληθείας φίλος,

erroneously, but Du Soul gives the true reading, φίλος ἀληθείας καὶ παρρησίας θεός.

that we do not speak for passing away the time, much less from the impulse of a hostile mind, but partly from just resentment, partly from universal abhorrence of all infamous people of this kind, we have framed this rescript. A plain and simple exposition of what gave occasion to it is all that we ask of you; when this is properly done, you may depart hence with good auspices\*, and leave the rest to us. We will then take you for a pattern, and endeavour to convince him in such manner, that certainly none shall accuse you of having proved false to truth and sincerity. Moreover, I beseech you, dearest Elenchus, neither to urge anything in my praise, nor enter beforehand into whatever these men have to say; as it would be contrary to the respect, which as a god you owe to yourself, to defile your mouth with such abominations.

*ELENCHUS therefore, as prolocutor, now begins his speech.*

“ This fellow, who gives himself out for a sophist, came once to Olympia, to hold a long premeditated discourse before a public assembly. The subject was, an apology in behalf of Pythagoras, who was excluded by an Athenian, if I am not mistaken, from the eleusinian mysteries, for the reason, that he, Pythagoras, had affirmed, that he had formerly been Euphorbus, and therefore a foreigner †. This speech, like the æsopian crow, was gaudily tricked up with many borrowed plumes. Resolving however to give it the appearance of not being stale and got by rote, but spoke upon the sudden, he had concerted with his particular friend, a well known advocate of Patræ, that if he should be asked to propose a subject for him to speak upon, he should propose Pythagoras. The Patren-sian did not long neglect to bring upon the tapis the subject that had been agreed on, and had little difficulty in inclining the audience to listen and hear how the affair of Pythagoras would turn out. Everybody was immediately struck with the fluency with which the words came out of his mouth; all in general was so aptly concatenated, that none could fail of perceiving, that the whole speech had been previously composed and learnt by heart, though the surprising impudence of the man helped him out likewise on this occasion, and furnished him with various artifices for

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\* Ἰατρὸς, Elenchus being introduced as a demigod, he should of course be reverently spoken to.

† See the Cock of Micyllus, vol. i. p. 64.

deceiving the audience, if that had been possible. In the mean time a violent laughter arose among them, while some stared at the Patrensian, and gave him to know that they were not so dull as not to perceive the share that he had in the deceit; others on the contrary (who perfectly well recollected whence this or that was taken) did nothing else during the whole of the harangue than remind one another to which of the sophists, who a little before our time had gained the greatest applause in this sort of oratorical exercises, each particular sentence belonged. Among the great number of laughers was the author of this present writing. And who at such impertinent, such ill-disguised, yet so pertinaciously-sustained imposture, but must have laughed? Especially as laughter is not an emotion that depends upon our arbitrement. At this moment the orator came to a passage, where, changing his voice all at once into a doleful cantabile, intending to chant a sort of funeral dirge over the good Pythagoras, which so poignantly reminded our author of the ass attempting to play on the cithara, that he could not refrain from bursting out into a hearty fit of laughing. Unluckily, the orator heard it, looked round him, and perceiving to whom he was beholden for this ambiguous expression of pleasure, from that instant war was declared between them. Some time afterwards the new year commenced \*, or, to speak more properly, the third day after the great calends, on which the Romans, in pursuance of a cus-

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\* On observing the subtle falsities which Aristophanes puts into the mouth of Strepsiades, in *the Clouds*, on the subject of the last day in the lunar month, called *the old and new moon*, we are led to inquire in what manner the Athenians reckoned the days of the month. Each month was a lunar one, consisting of 30 days. The first day was named *the first of the present*; the second, third, &c. to the tenth, which was called the second, third, &c. *of the present*. The eleventh was termed *the first of the middle*, or the middle of the month, and was continued thus to the twentieth. The twenty-first and following day were reckoned the tenth, the ninth, &c. *of the end of the month*, to the thirtieth, which was denominated *the old and new moon*, ἡν καὶ νῆα. This last was a day of dread for debtors, being the time when they were bound to pay the interests. In *the Clouds* may be seen a specimen of the manner in which summonses were executed. At the new moon it was customary to rub the body with oil, to offer incense, &c. The first day of the moon was also the market-day; so that the aspect of the new moon was only unjoyous to those who owed money: to all other persons it seems to have been a day of festivity. The appearance of the kite also on the return of spring was matter of great rejoicing. The people were seen to skip for joy, roll on the ground, gambol, &c. particularly the poorer sort, who are very much incommoded by the winter.

tom of long standing, perform an office, consisting of certain prayers and sacrifices prescribed by king Numa in behalf of the year throughout, firmly believing that the gods on this day, more than on any other, interest themselves in the petitions that are preferred to them. On this festive and sacred day it was, that he who had laughed outright at the supposititious Pythagoras at Olympia, standing with some of his acquaintances, saw this despicable prater coming up with such brazen effrontery to declaim other men's orations as his own. Knowing him withal of a long time as a fellow of the vilest character and the most infamous reputation, and therefore had little inclination to be seen in his company, said to one of his friends: Let us avoid this fatal sight, which would be enough to turn the most auspicious and merriest day of the year into an apophras, an unlucky one. This word apophras struck the ear of the sophist, who immediately began to ridicule what he ignorantly supposed to be some foreign word unknown to the Greeks (though nobody doubted that he merely seized this opportunity to be even with his man for laughing at him before); and dilating the corners of his mouth: "Apophras!" said he, "Apophras! what sort of a thing is that? A fruit? or a plant? or a piece of household furniture? Who can tell me what apophras is good for? whether it is to be eaten or drunk? I must own I never in my life heard of it, nor ever should guess what it means." — By these and the like observations thinking to put my author to shame, the poor apophras occasioned much laughter; not aware that only this last experiment was wanting to finish the demonstration of his gross ignorance. What therefore moved the author, whose prolocutor I am, to compose this tract, was simply to shew, that the famous sophist with whom he has here to do, did not know even the most trite, the most obvious terms in the grecian language, that loiterers in barbers' shops and tipling-houses, aye, carmen and mustard-criers are acquainted with."

Thus far Elenchus; who now quits the stage, and leaves me to play the rest of the drama by myself. I could now relate with great propriety, and all with as much veracity as if it proceeded from the delphic tripod, what you did in your own country, what in Palæstina, what in Egypt, Phœnicia and Syria, what subsequently in Greece and Italy; and principally what you are at present doing at Ephesus, where you seem to be pushing your folly to the utmost, and crowning by the concluding scene your

brilliant career. For, since you, to adopt the proverb, are a Trojan, and positively will have a tragedy, you cannot take it amiss, if you must submit to hear your own disgrace\*.

However it will always be time enough for that. In the first place, a word or two about apophras. Tell me then, in the name of all the world †, why the word apophras appears to you so execrable and ridiculous? Is it then, do you think, a word not properly belonging to the Greeks, but some celtic, thracian or syrian gibberish strayed hither over the borders, and you, being a great judge of the genuine attic phraseology, thought yourself bound immediately to put it under arrest, and banish it by the public crier for ever from the grecian territories? Yet others, who know better than you, what is properly original with the Athenians, say that there is no word more attic than this, and that you rather presume to act the Erectheus and Cecrops ‡ to strangers and foreign settlers in Athens, than are able to prove that apophras is not a proper, genuine word, the product of attic soil. There are a thousand things which they call by the same name as other people do: but a black, accursed, unlucky day, not fit to begin any good work upon; in a word,

\* Ἰατὴς ὄν, τραγῳδὸς ἰμοθίου, a proverb that has already appeared in the Resuscitated Philosophers.

† In the original: by Venus Pandemos, Genetyllis and Cybebe — *per omnes Veneres!* Aristophanes in *Θισμοφοριαζούσαις*: Ὡς ἠδὲ μίλος, ἢ πότνια Γενίλλιδις, κ. τ. λ. *quam suavia cantilena, o veneranda Genetyllides, et effeminata et lasciva.* But Γενίλλιδις is also read in the Clouds: Ἡ δ' αὖ μύρον, κρόκον καταγλυττισμάτι, κ. τ. λ. *Hæc vero unguentum, crocum obscena basia, et sumtus, et Crapulam, et Venerem, et Genetyllidem olet.* They were said to be *dii sive deæ presides generationis.* See the old scholia. But it has been properly emended Κυβέβη by the learned. *Non est Venus, sed magna mater, Cybele, quæ et Græcis et Latinis Cybebe dicitur. Nam et in inscriptionibus, et in antiquis membranis, sic appellatur, ut apud Phædrum in codice Remensi, ut olim mihi ostendit vtr dignitate et doctrina præcellens Marquardus Gudius, qui regi Danie est à consiliis. Is etiam ubicunque Cybele legatur apud poëtas, secunda longa, aut Cybelle corruptè, libris antiquis auctoribus, rescribendum affirmat Cybebe, aut Cubebe, quod verissimum, et in Prudentio jam emendavit Nicolaus Heinsius. Illius autem hic meminit propter ejus amorem erga Atticæ, et quia lascivissima fertur fuisse, ut ipse Lucianus in dialogo Deorum, indicavit. Græv.*

‡ Apollodorus (*lib. iii. 13*) styles Cecrops expressly an *astoshthon*, that is, a man sprung of and out of attic ground and soil; and this appears to have been the general popular belief at Athens, though the learned very well knew, that Cecrops came from Ægypt or Phœnicia to Athens.

a day which resembles you, they alone term *apophras*, that is, the unnameable\*. Or, if I must explain it to you more distinctly, a day on which the magistrates give no audience, on which nobody can be arraigned before the tribunals, on which no act of divine worship is performed, and in general nothing that we wish to prosper is undertaken; such a one is termed at Athens *apophras hemera*, an innominable day. The occasion of thus denoting an unlucky day has been variously stated. Either it was a day on which some signal battle was lost, and so they ordained, that on the day which had brought on them such a great misfortune, as often as it returned, nothing legal nor important should be transacted; or — yet why should I give myself the trouble, now too late and out of time, to teach an old fellow what he ought to have learnt when a boy, and for which the previous knowledge is wanting? — Or, is this perhaps the only thing that was left for you to learn? It would easily be pardonable in a booby like you, not to understand something that lies, so to say, out of the common road, and is unknown to the idiots: but with *apophras* it is quite another thing; if you ever so fain would, you could not say otherwise what it means, for there is not another word of like import. — Well! somebody perhaps may answer for you, but if there are obsolete words that might be used, we should at least avoid those which are unintelligible to the generality, and offend the ears of the persons to whom we are speaking. — I readily confess, most egregious critic, that I should have done very wrong if I had said such a word to yourself; for with you one must of course talk *paphlagonian* or *cappadocian* or *bactrian*, if you are to understand and to listen to us with pleasure; but to Greeks methinks it is proper to speak greek. And besides, the inhabitants of Attica, though they make some alterations from time to time in their dialect, yet this word they have constantly retained, and one and all in every age have called an unlucky day no otherwise than *apophras*. In proof of it, if it were necessary, I could name to you a great many celebrated poets, orators and other writers that have used this word before me, if I were not afraid of causing you fresh disturbance by so many names with which you are totally unacquainted. I prefer therefore not

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\* Lucian therefore understood very little Latin, since he did not know that the Romans used to call such days *nefastus*, a word that has a perfectly similar etymology with *ἀνοφρας*.

to name them, as moreover they are universally known: but you! if you are able to name only one of the antients that has not employed it, you shall stand in massive gold, as the saying is, at Olympia! Though I must own it appears to me, that a man of your years, who has no knowledge of these matters, would neither know that Athens is in Attica, Corinth in the isthmus, and Sparta in Peloponnesus.

The only resource you have now left is, that you knew the word itself perfectly well, and only found fault with the untimely application of it.— Well! upon this head too I can satisfactorily justify myself: only observe, unless it is the same thing to you, whether you know anything or not. I say then: if the antients threw a number of similar epithets at the heads of such as you in their time (for it is natural to suppose there was no want of graceless blockheads in their days) — if, for instance, one called such a quidam, Cothurnus, because he found a striking resemblance between the character of this fellow and that sort of shoe; another, who used to put the populace in a tumult by his harangues, Maggot\*; a third, another speech-maker, the Seventh, because whenever he came to a public meeting you might be sure he would laugh all the time, as the boys always sport and play on the seventh of every month, which is their play-day †: if, I say, the antients allowed it, why should not I, by Adonis! do the same by a thorough rascal, trained to every species of villainy, and compare him to a disastrous day? If we meet, especially at our first going out in the morning, a man lame of his right leg, do not we get out of the way? and, if at the first step on leaving home, we come across a eunuch ‡, or a monkey, do not we go back as fast as we can: because, under such bad omens, we can expect not much good from whatever we should undertake on that day? And on the first morning, at the first step over the threshold as it were of the new year, if a man come athwart an old sinner

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\* I read namely after J. M. Gessner's proposal *λύσσα*, instead of the absolutely senseless word *λυτήν*, which probably stands charged to the account of the transcriber.

† The seventh day of every month, according to ancient custom, was a festival and playday for the boys among the Greeks, in remembrance that Apollo was born on the seventh of the month Thargelion. M. Massien adheres so faithfully to the latin even in the notes that he writes Thurgalion, though it is only a redoubled error in the edition of Reitzids.

‡ A person who has absolutely no definite sex.

of a cinædus, one who does and suffers such things as will not admit of expression, and who on that account is pointed at by everybody, a cheat, a scoundrel, a false-swearer, a wicked infamous wretch, for whom the gallows groans, does he not get out of the way? Shall he not presume to compare to an unlucky day?

Or are you not such a one? I must be greatly mistaken in you, or you will not deny that you rather pride yourself not a little in the idea that your great achievements are not buried in obscurity, but have rendered you universally known and celebrated. If you should however deny it, who will believe you? Your fellow-citizens? for it is right to begin with them. But they know your whole history from your very childhood; how you went into the service of a certain officer, a goodfornothing fellow, and how you assisted him in his depredations, till you were actually worn down to a scare-crow, when he turned you out of doors, and abandoned you to the wide world. They likewise remember perfectly well to have seen you in your youth figure on the stage, where you had joined a company of strolling players and dancers, and by force and violence got to be regarded as the principal person of the troop; for you positively would not allow any one else to perform the prologue, but were always sent forwards, finely dressed, in gilt shoes, and in the magnificent garb of a tyrant, and a garland of flowers in your hand, to bespeak the favour of the audience: and were already in such credit with them, that they always attended you with plaudits behind the scene. But that such a famous orator and sophist could be made of you, is what nobody at that time would ever have dreamt of. If they were now to hear you, must it not appear to them as to Pentheus in the tragedy, as if there were two suns in the sky and a double Thebes; and would they not all at once and as if from one mouth cry out, How? He? that formerly —? What may not a man come to!

I dare say this is the reason that you were so careful to retire into these parts, and prefer a voluntary banishment from a native country, which has such mild winters, and summers so little oppressive, and unquestionably is the finest and largest of all the cities in Phœnicia. You would have just as soon hanged yourself as live among people that know you, and remember and would put you in mind of your old story? But, what do I say? Of whom have you ever been afraid? What is so scandalous that you are capable of blushing at? — However, you boast, I hear, of

having great possessions there. I suppose the miserable turret, to which the tub of Diogenes might seem to be Jupiter's palace? — Thus much is always true, that you will never bring your fellow-citizens to believe, that you are not the lewdest scoundrel in the world, and a disgrace to your country.

But perhaps you may appeal to the rest of Syria, in testimony that you have never committed an infamous act? So? Did not all Antioch see your behaviour to the young woman, whom you carried away from Tarsus? — The transaction was too scandalous for me to enter more minutely into it; there are people enough however who still bear in mind the situation in which she was afterwards found, and which, unless you have a remarkably glib memory, you best know.

It may be however that you are not known to the Ægyptians to whom you were obliged to flee for shelter, after your heroic achievements in Syria, when the merchants were in pursuit of you, of whom that you might have wherewithal to travel, you took expensive clothes, and forgot to pay for them. But Alexandria has to relate as choice anecdotes of you as Antioch, and it is no more than equitable, that you should confer no less honour upon the capital of Ægypt than that of Syria. Verily the difference consisted solely in this, that at Alexandria your practices were more open and barefaced, and therefore added the more to your reputation. One alone, the last of those that trusted you, one of the principal Romans of the city, on taking you into his house, believed you, on your word, that you were innocent of the frauds repeated of you. His name you will allow me to conceal, especially as everybody knows whom I mean. How many things this gentleman put up with from you during the time you staid at his house, and how far he carried his patience on the score of your excesses, it would be superfluous here to specify. But when at length he surprised you with his waiting-maid CEnopia upon your knees. — What think you? Did he then believe you upon your word; or did he not take you for what everybody took you for? Or did he trust his own eyes? He must have been stoneblind, not to see — what was to be seen. I think however he was explicit enough upon the matter, by turning you immediately out of his doors; and even, as it is currently reported, when you were gone, caused the whole house to be purified by a priest.

As to Achaia and all Italy, both countries are full of your exploits and

the reputation you have acquired; and much good may you have of that celebrity! All that I have to say to those who admire your carriage at Ephesus, is only, that they would have found it all very natural if they were acquainted with your former life. Yet I confess, that in this latter city you have learnt something new for recommending yourself to the ladies. — And to such a man should not the word *apophras* be applicable? How, by Jupiter! can you carry your impudence so far as, with a mouth that utters such abominations, to kiss honest people? And what is most insolent of all, even your audience; as if it was not already more than too much to be forced to endure the other sufferings your mouth occasions, your barbarisms, your grating voice, and your immethodical, incoherent, insipid discourse. In addition to all this, to be kissed! that, kind heaven forbid! Rather would I be kissed by an asp or a viper. There the worst hazard we run is to be bit, and that mischief may be remedied by the physician: but whoever should be poisoned by a kiss of your's, how could he dare to approach an altar or a temple? What god would hearken to his prayers? Whole rivers of consecrated water would scarce suffice to wash away the stain.

Such a man you are, of such infamies are you conscious, and dare you deride others about names and words? For my own part, I should have been ashamed had I not known what *apophras* meant; so little am I inclined to deny having used that word: but you forsooth are not to be censured by us for the barbarous and absurd expressions we everyday hear from you\*! Hermes Logios confound you with your monstrous words! Or in what book have you ever found them? Probably in some dark corner among a heap of funeral ditties covered with mould and cobwebs†; or from what dunghill have you been able to rake out the tablets

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\* Lucian here quotes some examples, *βρωμολόγος, τρωπομάθης, ἰσομιλίτιν, ἀθηνῶν*, &c. which are not susceptible of translation, unless it be into latin, where according to Gessner's version they run thus: *verbicrepus, morefutilis, vocimetiri, athenurio*.

† In the greek: τῶν Ἰαλίμων τινὲς ποιῶσι, &c. *Cet Jaleme étoit un poëte si detestable et si insipide que l'on disoit proverbialement d'un mauvais auteur, il est plus froid que Jaleme*, says M. Massieu, and appeals for it to Hesychius, who however in this article is bad authority. *Ialemos* was with the Greeks the peculiar name of a sort of funeral minstrels belonging to the funeral rites in general, which were performed in the house where the corpse lay: *ἐν οἴκῳ Ἰαλίμος*, *Athenæus*, lib. xiv. cap. 3. *Méandre. fragm. pag. 84, N° 3. εἰ τὰς ἰαλίμωνας δὲ τῶν ἰγγραφῶν*. They

of Philænis \*, which you have perpetually in your hands? But whencesoever you got them, they are worthy of a mouth like yours.

Now that we are upon the subject of your mouth; what answer would you make, if your tongue should indict you for damages (supposing it able) and say!—"You ungrateful brute, thus do you requite me for all that I have done for you! You were a poor devil, not knowing which way to turn, when I helped you to bread and applause on the stage, by making you now a Nirus, now an Antiochus †, now an Achilles. When this would no longer succeed, what a while I procured you a maintenance by teaching children to spell? And now by declaiming the speeches of other people for your own, I have qualified you to pass for a sophist, and to gain a renown to which you had not even the slightest pretension. What heinous offence have I committed against you, that you deal in this manner by me, and employ me in such dirty and infamous drudgery? Was it not already more than enough, that I must be lying and taking false oaths the whole day long, and vent the filth of all your silly prate and frothy declamations? Cannot you suffer me, wretched as I am, to lie quiet even of nights? Must I alone be good enough to serve all your purposes, be treated like the most contemptible drab, and, contrary to my nature, must perform offices which other members were designed for. My business is only to talk; and you force me to do and to suffer so much, that I should even consider it as a favour if anybody would cut me out, like the tongue of Philomela in the fable; for verily the tongues of the tragic

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had that name from Ialemus, a son of the muse Calliope and brother of Orpheus, who was the inventor of this funeral dirge, and whom the tradition ought not to have made the son of Calliope if he was such a wretched verse maker. That the Ialemus on account of their frigidity became a proverb is very conceivable: the Greeks said, colder than Ialemus, as we commonly say, duller than a funeral sermon.

\* A notorious Tribade, whom the antients accused of being the authoress of certain tablets wherein the *mille modi Venenis*, (as Ovid has it,) are described, and probably depicted;—in short, the Aloysia of the Greeks.

† It seems no question, that instead of Metiochus we should read Antiochus, and that king Antiochus Soter is meant, whose extraordinary amours we have already perused in the dissertation on the Syrian Goddess. The learned expositors who did not know what to make of the Antiochus here mentioned, had only to have recollected that Lucian had already spoke of him in the Dialogue upon Dancing, as a dramatical subject from modern history. See before, p. 243.

fathers, who devoured their own children, are happier than I am." By all the gods! if your tongue had the means of speaking for itself, and assisted by your beard as an advocate, should accuse in some such words as these, what would you reply? Perhaps as you did the other day to Glaucus, when he accused you of some knavery, you answered: that it was that very thing that in a short time procured you a great name in the world. By your orations indeed you would not have acquired such celebrity; and to be conspicuous is in your opinion, be it in any manner and on whatever account, extremely desirable! Besides, you might recount to your accuser all the fine names which have been bestowed upon you, by the several parts (of the roman empire) through which you travelled. Names of such emphatic import, that I marvel much, how a man, whose ears were not offended at them, could be so angry at the word apophras. In Syria they styled you Rhododaphne [Laurel-rose], for what reason, so Minerva be gracious to me! I blush to say; it may therefore for my part remain a secret! In Palæstina you got the name of Phragmus [Quickset], I suppose on account of your prickly beard, which, while it was growing, was troublesome in your caresses, for at that time you did not shave. In Ægypt you were called Spanche [Quinsey], as the reason of which they tell a pleasant story. You wanted to pass a joke upon a sailor, who however did not understand raillery, but grasped your throat and stopped your mouth in such a manner, that you were almost suffocated. The Athenians, who take precedence in all things, soon found out a name for you, which was not at all enigmatical, but described you to the life at one stroke. They honoured you simply by the addition of one letter, and named you Atimarchus: for as you even outdo your famous namesake, nothing was more reasonable than at least you should exceed him by a letter\*. But in Italy, alas, you acquired the heroical surname of Cyclops,

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\* What is ambiguous and enigmatical in this sentence of the Greek text, was not so to Lucian's contemporary readers, and even methinks falls away from us, as soon as we admit, that the wretched being, in whom he establishes so terrible a precedent in this tract, was called Timarchus. This name indicates, according to its etymology, a man, who has and merits more honour than all others; as it were, the prince of honour or the king of honour: but on prefixing to it the single letter A, it signifies directly the reverse. If then the sophist, at whom the satire is levelled, is named Timarchus, it is immediately comprehensible, how the Athenians, to whom this species of wit was very customary, fell upon the thought of calling him Atimar-

seeing you even more than parodied the cyclopien conceit, the history as sung by Homer, how Polyphemus is deprived by Ulysses of his only eye, in your own infamous manner. — A scene which you yourself, with all your impudence, could find no other excuse for than drunkenness.

Tell me now; how can a man, who is so rich in significant names, be ashamed to assume that of Apophras also? For every god's sake, whence comes this superabundance of bashfulness in one who can patiently bear to hear it repeated that he lesbyzes and phœnicizes\*? Perhaps you do not understand the signification of these words; and do you imagine that people intend you a compliment by them? Or are you so much accustomed to them as old acquaintances, that there is nothing surprising to you in them; and the single apophras alone, which is rather new to you, has the misfortune so highly to displease you, that you absolutely will not tolerate it in the catalogue of your names? I for my part am content with the satisfaction I have in the opinion of the world respecting you, and require no ampler revenge, than that your renown has even forced its way into the gynæceums †. Not long ago you solicited the hand of an amiable gentlewoman at Cyzicum ‡; but the lady, being well informed of

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chus, and what the import of the ludicrous compliment is, that Lucian makes them upon it. The Syrians, Palæstinians, Ægyptians designated him by surnames that wanted an explanation in order to be intelligible: the Athenians alone Ἀθηναῖοι βέλτιοι (who had always the most happy thoughts) adopted the speedier method, and saw that they needed only to present him with the letter A to his ordinary appellative, in order to confer upon him his proper and merited name. The addition ἴδου γὰρ κἀμῖν τι κριτέτερον προσεῖναι σοι, is, in pursuance of this presupposition, a conceit of Lucian's, not of the Athenians, and appears to me (as it contains manifestly an allusion to the Timarchus of Æschines, of whom we spoke in the foregoing satire on an illiterate bibliomaniac,) to admit of no other interpretation, than that it has in this translation. Had the sophist not been called Timarchus, but got the surname Atimarchus of the Athenians on account of the similarity of his morals to those of the profligate, against whom Æschines five hundred years before directed his fiery darts; so methinks they would in that case have named him, not Atimarchus, but abruptly Timarchus.

\* Λεσβιάζειν τε καὶ Φοινικίζειν.

† The apartment of the female members of a family, which was always separate from those of the men, and from which all strangers, indeed all but very near relations, were excluded, was called the gynæceum or gynaconitis: a word which fully answers to the german *frauenzimmer* in its primitive signification.

‡ Or Cyzicum, as the Latins write it, was a considerable city in the province of Mysia minor, situate on the Propontis [*Mar di Marmora*] on an island which was connected with the continent by two bridges.

everything, gave for answer: I want no husband that wants a husband himself.

Seeing yourself then in this posture of affairs, why do you care about words, and break forth against others? But indeed it is not given to everyone to speak so well as you. Or, which of us should be such a coxcomb as to call for a trident against three adulterers, instead of a sword\*. Or to say of Theopompus, that he forked-up Greece †, and, he was a Cerberus in speaking. How long have you been seeking a certain (probably lost) brother, like Diogenes his man, with a candle in your hand? And a thousand other examples of the same sort, which I could adduce of your singular eloquence, if it were worth while ‡.

You see how fairly I deal with you, in never urging against you what poverty may have forced you upon; from that Adrastea defend me! It is pardonable in a man, if ere he resolved to starve himself to death, he swears that he never received a sum of money that has been entrusted to his keeping, or if in extreme distress he boldly goes about begging, or steals clothes in the open shops, or gets him employment as a tax-gatherer. I throw nothing of the sort into your dish. No one is to be blamed, for having tried everything and hazarding everything, to secure himself from want. But it is intolerable, that such a poor devil as you are should, in such a prodigal manner, run through all that you had got by your impudence! If however you would allow me to commend anything in you, I confess that it makes you puffy for having the art to draw the thirty gold-pieces from the purse of the simple old fellow, who was stupid enough to let himself be persuaded to believe a book of your own

\* It appears, as Gesner judiciously observes, that the Timarchus who stands in the pillory in this piece, had feigned, in one of his declamations, a man to have caught three adulterers at once with his conjugal moiety, and for satiating his revenge, calls out for a trident that he may run them all through the body at one stroke; for which purpose indeed Neptune himself must have lent him his. — The example immediately following in the text (which seems to be an extract of a eulogy on the historian Theopompus) I thought proper to omit, because it is untranslatable, and moreover would have required a note no less prolix than tiresome.

† In the greek, *ἐκείνωσας*, *extridentasse* (for *expugnasse*) which indeed is stronger but more stupid than the english to fork-up, and is introduced by Lucian as a specimen of the tasteless foolhardiness of this sophist in coining new pretended emphatical words.

‡ The examples which he notwithstanding quotes, consist in solœcisms against the greek language, or the attic idiom, which cannot be rendered in any other tongue.

composition to be the original of the famous Tisiās's Art of Oratory, and to pay you for it seven hundred and fifty solid drachmas\*.

I have a great deal more to say to you before I have done, but for this time it may suffice, if you will give me leave just to add one piece of advice. Follow your inclinations as you will, and act as madly as you can and may; only so contrive, that no other honest people, may pay the penalty. And therefore of your gallantries of one species, let us hear no more, if you please. You readily comprehend that it is not becoming at all to sit down with folks of a certain description at the same table, to eat out of the same dish with them, nor to drink out of the same friendly cup with them. The ceremony of kissing at taking leave, you may likewise without scruple omit, especially with those who have not long before put your mouth in an apophradical condition. And, since I am now once for all giving you friendly advice, wean yourself from the habit of perfuming your greyhairs, and letting no hairs grow but on your head. If you are ill, and obliged to have recourse to your old operation, why should your head alone be made an exception? What signifies making the parts so sleek and clean and smooth which nobody sees? As your hoary head is all you have in common with wisdom, take care at least of this cover for your disgrace. Spare it, for Jupiter's sake! but principally your poor beard, which you have hitherto treated so uncivilly. Or if it is not possible for you to leave off your old habits, take the night at least for them. By broad day-light they are brutal and shocking!

You see how much better it would have been for you to have remained quiet †, and left the word apophras to go by without a sneer, which may chance to bring mischief on the remainder of your life. Or is anything yet wanting to that end? Upon my shoulders at least the blame shall not lie. You know not yet what you have brought upon your head. Such a fellow as you should tremble in all his joints, if a man with a hair-lip

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\* The gold denarius or *aureus* of the Romans, was in Lucian's time, as in the time of Tacitus, worth as many attic drachmas as roman denarii, namely, five and twenty.

† In the text: Not to stir the Camarina (i. e. a morass of that name near the city of Camarina which the inhabitants drained, contrary to the express command of an oracle, and to their great detriment. Hence the proverb here alluded to, *ne moveas Camarinam*, that is, do not remove one evil to bring on a greater.

did but look him in the face \*. If therefore Apophras has not already rewarded you four-fold, then extend your sycophant muzzle over this treatise, and the result you may calculate yourself. For, as Euripides † very wisely used to say : a licentious tongue and folly boldly braving the laws, always come to a miserable end.

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\* Of this sentence too I have been forced to content myself with giving merely the sense and import, as the aristophanic terms of abuse, *καιπαλημα* and *κίταδος* (which unquestionably should be read *κίταδος*) are not capable of being translated, and with the word *μιλάμπυρος*, which alludes to a tolerably foolish story that the grecian nurses used to tell the children, about Hercules and a couple of idle scoundrels, would have led to the necessity of a more ample note than the affair is worth. A few of the insignificant lines here following I was obliged to let fall, after the above honourable titles from Aristophanes (*Aves*, ver. 429, 30.) had fallen away; for they say nothing more than — Timarchus would probably have only derided these words, as an unintelligible *senigma* to him.

† In the *Bacchantes*, ver. 385, et seq.

AGAINST  
CALUMNY;

OR,

THAT BACK-BITERS SHOULD NOT LIGHTLY BE BELIEVED.

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**I**GNORANCE is truly a great evil, and it may with good reason be pronounced the cause of most of the evils by which the human race is oppressed; inasmuch as it prevents us from discerning the true nature and quality of objects, and veils the greater part of our lives in shadows and clouds. We are accordingly like travellers wandering in the dark, or more properly like the blind, who, not perceiving what lies before their feet, are every moment stumbling upon something which they might have avoided, or go farther than they had intended to go: while of that which is afar off they are always afraid, being apprehensive lest some disaster should proceed from it. Hence the false steps we in general so frequently make on every occasion, and in all the affairs of life. Hence the innumerable materials with which this single circumstance has furnished the tragic writers, the whole history of the family of Labdacus and Pelops\*, and the rest. For we shall find that most of the doleful stories that are brought upon the stage, owe their origin to ignorance, the dæmon that fills the tragic scene.

What I have now said, refers particularly and chiefly to those secret malignant falsehoods that so often exasperate parents even to madness

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\* Labdacus, king, or, as M. von Pauw very justly styles it, cacique of Thebes, was the father of Laius, and grandfather of Œdipus: Pelops the father of Atreus and Thyestes, and grandfather of Agamemnon and Ægisthus. These two families alone have supplied Sophocles and Euripides with materials for more than twenty tragedies.

against their children, and children against their parents, brother against brother, the lover against his beloved, houses thrown into confusion and ruin; aye, whole cities and empires laid waste. And though we paid no regard to those rarer instances, how many friendships are every day rent asunder, how many families thrown into confusion, owing to no other cause than the unhallowed disposition to credit calumnies that have but some specious appearance of truth.

To guard ourselves as much as possible from the fatal consequences of evil-speaking, I intend in this writing to set forth, as in a picture, what calumny is, whence it arises, and what effects it produces; though the painter Apelles of Ephesus\* has long since anticipated my design by his pencil. He also had been falsely accused to king Ptolemæus, as if he had taken part in the treason of Theodotas (who played the city of Tyre into the hands of Antiochus); although the good Apelles had never in his life seen the city of Tyre, nor known who Theodotas was, excepting that he, like a thousand others, had heard that he was appointed the minister of Ptolemy, and governour of Phœnicia. Notwithstanding this, another painter, named Antiphilus†, his rival in the art, and who by reason of the estimation in which Apelles stood with the king, having conceived a violent enmity against him, found means to instil into the mind of Ptolemy, that Apelles knew all about the privy conspiracy of Theodotas; affirming that he could bring a witness to prove that he had seen him in Phœnicia eating with Theodotas, and had observed, that while they were at table they frequently whispered together; in short, the revolt of the Tyrians, and the surrender of Pelusium were brought about with the foreknowledge and co-operation of Apelles. Ptolemæus, who in general was a man of no great discernment, and, like the other great men among the Greeks, had been nursed up in adulation from his infancy, was so worked upon by this

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\* The Apelles here in question is not the famous painter of the Graces, but a much later artist of that name, who was styled the Ephesian, from Ephesus where he was born, or where he spent the greater part of his life. He seems, notwithstanding the taste which king Ptolemæus Philopater, (the fourth of the Ptolemies) is said to have found in him, not to have been an artist of distinguished merit.

† Pliny, who never once mentions the Apelles of Ephesus, yet speaks with respect of this Antiphilus. He numbers him among the masters who come next to the greatest, *primis proximis*. *Histor. Natur.* xxxv. 11.

improbable calumny, that, never considering, what upon the least reflexion must have struck him, he fell into such a violent rage as precluded all thought that the accuser, being a fellow-artist of Apelles, might be actuated by jealousy ; that this painter was not a man to engage in such a great and dangerous undertaking : and the less as he had received so many benefits from him, and had been preferred before all his brother-artists, none excepted ; without reflecting on anything of the kind, even without previously inquiring whether Apelles had actually been in Syria, he broke out immediately into a furious passion, and filled the whole royal citadel with his outcries upon the ungrateful traitorous fellow — and, had not one of the conspirators, from a generous indignation at the shameless effrontery of Antiphilus, and from compassion to poor Apelles, protested that the man had not the least concern with them, he must innocently have atoned with his head for the crime of the Tyrians. Ptolemy, we are told, repented so heartily of what had passed, that he presented Apelles with a hundred talents \*, but condemned Antiphilus to vassalage, and added him to the donation. Apelles however, on whom the danger he had so narrowly escaped had made a deep impression, took his own satisfaction by a picture, the subject whereof I shall now describe.

On the right hand sits a man, with such a respectable length of ears, that they might almost be taken for those of Midas †, reaching out his hand towards Calumny; yet at a distance, coming up to him. Near him on either side stands a female figure, whom I take to represent Ignorance and Suspicion. From the other side advances Calumny in the form of a most beautiful maiden, but in her countenance and action expressing heat, anger, and rooted malice. She bears in her left hand a burning torch, while with the right she drags a young man along by the hair, who stretches forth his hands to heaven, calling upon the gods to attest his innocence. Before her walks an ugly, pale-faced, hollow-eyed man, looking emaciated, as if undermined by some slow disease, and whom without trouble we discover to be Envy. Behind Calumny walk two other females, who seem to be irritating, supporting, and adorning her, of whom

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\* Nineteen thousand, three hundred and seventy five pounds sterling.

† The compliment which Apelles paid to his majesty in return for such a round sum of money, by these midas ears, was not the most flattering.

one, as my guide and interpreter informed me, was Artifice, and the other Deceit. At a greater distance behind her followed Repentance in a black tattered mourning habit; she wept, and turned away her face for shame before Truth, who approached her, as if afraid to meet her eyes. In this manner did Apelles endeavour by a work of his art to preserve the remembrance of the perillous situation into which Calumny had brought him.

Well then, we will try, if you please, whether we are not able, after the example of the ephesian painter, to compose a characteristic figure of this hideous vice, so prejudicial to social life. Let us begin then, in order to proceed methodically, with the outline, namely, the definition of Calumny, and say: it is a sort of charge brought behind the back of the accused, and partially believed by the accuser, without caring about what the other party may have to reply to it. From this explanation of the term the subject of our discourse naturally results. For having here, as in comedies, only three characters, the calumniator, the calumniated, and him to whom the calumny is communicated: so we will take the one after the other, and see what sort of a part they play in the business. First then we will lead forward, if you please, the author of the calumny, as the principal person in this drama. That this can be no good man, will hardly be doubted by anyone; for no good man will ever designedly impute ill to another: but the way with upright men is, by the benevolence they shew their friends, to excite a good opinion of themselves, and not by detecting their failings and trespasses, and striving to render them despicable or odious, seek to make themselves of consequence.

How unjustly, nefariously, and wickedly the calumniator acts, and how injuriously and dangerously to those with whom he has to do, it is easy to shew. Who will not agree, that justice demands in its dispensation a perfect equality, to be observed so that one shall have no advantage over another; and that it is injustice to make a distinction where no difference exists, and to prefer him to the rest? But is not this exactly the reverse of what he does who calumniates another behind his back? Does he not endeavour to prepossess the hearer? Does he not get possession of his ear, and stop it with his partial statements so full that the other party cannot penetrate it with his replies? What is this but arrogating to himself more right over another than is allowed him? And have not

the best of all lawgivers, Draco and Solon, declared it the utmost degree of injustice? They who bound the judges by an oath, to listen alike to both parties, and to shew no more favour to one than to the other, till by comparing the defence with the accusation, it would appear whose case were the better or the worse. Before that comparison was made, to pass a verdict, they declared to be an extremely wicked and heaven-crying sentence. And so in fact we have every reason to assert, that the gods must feel the utmost indignation if we permit the accuser without restriction to say whatever he will; but shut our ears against the accused or condemn him without allowing him to utter a word. Calumny is therefore something that runs counter to the common notions of what is right, to the law and to the oath of the judge. But should anyone say that the authority of legislators is not sufficient, I can instance a famous poet, who in the following verse \*, or rather law, (for he speaks in the commanding tone of a lawgiver) has delivered himself very plainly upon the subject :

Decide not thou, until both sides are heard.

He therefore seems to have thought, that of all the crimes of which mankind in such various ways make themselves guilty in common life, none are worse and more wicked than to condemn a man unheard, and without a formal process.

That it is however which the calumniator studiously endeavours to effect, in cutting off from the calumniated, by his insidious and clandestine accusation all possibility of defence, and leaving him open and subjected to the animosity of him who listens to it, without having convinced him that he is deserving of his resentment. This cowardly class of men, justly suspicious of their own cause, have never the heart to come to close quarters, but shoot their arrows, like true hedge-robbers, from a dark retreat, so that one cannot know from whence the shot came, nor tell how to guard against the attacks of the invisible enemy. But this in my judgment is an evident proof that these people have never any substan-

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\* Whether this line belongs to Hesiod or Phocylides or to what other antient poet is uncertain.

Μήτι δίκην δικάσῃς, πρὶν ἀμφοῖν μῦθον ἀκούσῃς.  
 Judicium cave ferre, priusquam dixit uterque.

tial ground to go upon, and that no attention should be paid to what they say. For whoever is conscious that he speaks the truth of another, may, I think be bold enough to say it to his face ; he summons him to his defence, and is sure of his reply and his victory : as nobody that expects to conquer in the open field will easily condescend to artifice and deceit against his enemy.

Accordingly you no where see these people in greater numbers than in the courts of kings, and in the houses of the great and powerful, where envy and suspicion abound more than elsewhere, and where frequent opportunities daily offer to get into favour by adulation and calumny. For where the greatest hopes are cherished, there the effects of envy are more cruel, enmities more dangerous, the plans and machinations of jealousy more artificial, disguised and complicated. All are on the watch with hawk's eyes, spying like the gladiators with an acute and steady observation, to discover any blot the other may offer. Every one strives to be the first, elbows and jostles his rival to right and left, and seeks to trip up the heels of the person that goes before him, and slips into his place \*. Here the man of probity does not thrive ; he will be soon shoved aside, thrown down, and at last, with scorn and ignominy quite turned out, while he who is best skilled in the arts of flattery, and most conversant with vile artifices, creeps into favour and makes his fortune. The assailant generally succeeds here, and nowhere is the homeric verse more strictly observed †,

Mars is the common lord, alike to all,  
And oft the victor triumphs but to fall.

As these people contend about things that are of the last importance in their eyes, they practise all imaginable means of mischief upon one another ; and of them all there is not one that acts with greater velocity, and does more harm than calumny ; but which, though at first she keeps Envy, whose daughter she is, fluctuating between hope and doubt, at last however generally comes to a deplorable and tragical end, and the calumniator often falls into the same pit into which he had thrown the others ‡.

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\* The author is here, and in general throughout this morsel, so rich in tautology, that it was indispensably necessary here and there to lop his luxuriant branches to prevent the fruit, which is on their account the more scanty, from being totally choked by them.

† Iliad xviii. 309.

‡ This sentence as it is expressed in the original, is a sort of conundrum, and I know not

Besides, the trade of a calumniator is not so easy and simple business as might be imagined, but requires much sagacity and versatility, with an uncommon attention and presence of mind. For how could Calumny do so much mischief, and what would she be able to effect against all-powerful truth, if she was not cunning enough to get Probability and Persuasion to employ a thousand ingenious and plausible devices with effect against the hearer?

The principal object generally aimed at by Calumny, is the man that is of most consequence with the prince, and therefore is the most exposed to the envy of the rest. Against him all point their arrows as he stands in the way of all; for every one flatters himself that if he had but got the better of this one and put him out of the way, himself might be the first in favour with the prince. It is here exactly as it often happens with the racers at the games. A good racer runs as soon as the barriers are opened, straight forward; all his thoughts tend invariably to the mark; and having placed all his hopes of victory in his own legs, it never occurs to him to injure his neighbour, or to plan destructive schemes against his antagonist: but the bad runner from the very first gives up all hopes of obtaining the victory by dint of speed; he has recourse to mischievous tricks, and thinks of nothing but how he may hinder and retard the good runner, knowing as he does, that if these stratagems fail, he has no chance of gaining the prize. And thus it is with regard to those who run for the favour of the great: he who is foremost is always circumvented by the rest. Surrounded by so many enemies, if he does but forget himself for a moment, he is lost. They that have overthrown him are now the most favoured; and what was entirely the effect of their bad temper, is imputed to them as a merit, and accepted as a proof of

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whether I have made a better guess at it than Massieu, who translates the phrase *Διαβολῆς, τὴν μὴ ἀρχὴν, ἀπὸ φόβου ἡμισυίπιδος λαμβάνουσα*, *la calomnie a pour but la jouissance d'autrui*. Methinks the whole period is wrapped in an allusion to tragedy, where at first we half and half hope, that all will still go well, till the last act surprises us by a horrible catastrophe, frequently quite contrary to our expectation. Herein likewise Lucian appears to have had in mind both the calumniator and the calumniated, who, as experience abundantly teaches us, are often both blown up in the air by the springing of the mine, which was intended to be the destruction only of the latter.

their dutiful attachment. It is easy to suppose, that these people make it their chief business to give their calumnies all possible credibility, and are afraid of nothing so much as that their fictions should want coherence, or be foreign to the purpose. One of the best means of giving to an accusation a proper air of probability, is to ground it upon somewhat analogous to the profession or the qualifications of the person accused, always turning the bad side outwards. Thus, for example, the calumniator makes the physician a poisoner, or accuses a man of large fortune of ambitious designs upon the government, and the minister of a tyrant, of being a traitor.

Sometimes the great man, on whom the calumny is intended to operate, furnishes himself occasion to it, so that the villains who know how to make use of his temper or passions, cannot fail of their object. If they perceive that he is jealous, then they say: "he gives private nods and winks to your wife at table, and raises his eyes to her with a long drawn sigh; nor can it be denied that Stratonice cast looks at him in return that were not of the unkindest sort, and which without doing her much wrong, might have been mistaken for enamoured glances."—And to confirm the impression which this speech must have made on the jealous gentleman's mind, he has directly in readiness some little story of an adulterous amour to lay to the charge of the victim of his calumny, which but too plainly shews that the man is no novice in this species of gallantry.—Does the great man make verses, and pride himself not a little upon his poetry; then he is told: "Philoxenus makes himself exceedingly merry with your poem, and declares there is neither harmony nor proper construction in your verses." To a religious and godly man, the person to be blackened is declared to be an atheist, who believes in no god, and denies providence. No more is necessary now, as it is easy to guess, for making him, suddenly, as if stung by a gad-fly, break loose into denunciations of wrath, and induce him to hate his friend, without waiting for a farther examination into the matter. In this manner do these clandestine informers find out the vulnerable part of the great man, and then aim all their shafts at it; they know very well, that if he be but once provoked, he takes no time to inquire into the truth, and that even if any one should undertake the defence of the accused, he, who, in his opinion, is already informed, to his great

surprise, of the unexpected state of the case, moved only by a sudden gust of passion will give no ear to what he says.

In truth there is no species of calumny more efficacious than that which accuses a man of doing what is opposite to the temper and disposition of him to whom it is reported, and is directly contrary to his expectation. Thus, for instance, the charge that somebody brought against the platonic philosopher Demetrius, to Ptolemæus\*, who entitled himself Dionysos [Bacchus], that he drank no wine, and was the only one at the feast of Bacchus that had not on a woman's dress, had like to have proved fatal to him: and had he not, on the king's sending for him the next day, drank wine in the sight of all the world, and danced with the castagnettes in a chemise of tarentine gauze†, it would have been all over with him. The king would certainly not have endured that a fellow should dare not openly to approve his manner of life, and set himself up for the censor and opponent of his voluptuous excesses. So it was reckoned the worst of all crimes that could be laid to a man's charge, if he was told, that he did not pay his devotions to Hephæstion, nor kneel before his image. For when Hephæstion died, Alexander carried his fondness for that youth so far, that to all his other great actions he resolved to add this, to make of his own authority the deceased a god ‡. Instantly all the cities of his vast empire vied with each other in erecting temples, raising altars, and consecrating groves to the new divinity; public sacrifices were offered up

\* The eleventh king of Egypt of that name, likewise surnamed Auletes, the Fluteplayer.

† Tarentinidion. See the note vol. i. p. 742. Pollux, lib. vii. cap. 17. *καὶ μὲν τόγι ταραντινιδίου διαφανὴς ἐστὶν ἵνδυμα, ὀνομασμένον ἀπὸ τῆς Ταραντίας χηρίως καὶ τρυφῆς. Est autem pellucida vestis, tarentinidion, ita à Tarentinorum usque hactenus appellata.* Hesychius: Ταραντινὸν, sive, ut alii legunt, ταραντινιδίου, ἑμᾶτιον γυναικῶν λεπτὸν, κρέσσωσ ἔχει ἢ τῷ ἰνδὸς μίμωσ. *Tarentinidium, vestimentum muliebri tenue, fimbrias, seu villos habens ab una parte.* For which reason it was worn by loose women.

‡ Accordingly it was not affection for Hephæstion, but his unbounded vanity that inspired Alexander with this mad conceit. For though Alexander was at that time more than mad enough, yet he was not so much so as to take this deification of Hephæstion entirely on his own shoulders, but he procured an oracle to be delivered to him from Jupiter Ammon, commanding him to offer sacrifice to Hephæstion as a hero or deified man. Some centuries afterwards however Hadrian deified his Ganymede Antinous, and even the wise Marcus Antoninus his graceless coregent, Lucius Verus, and his beloved wife Faustina, without having the injunction of an oracle to that effect.

to him, festivals ordained, and the most awful name by which they could swear was Hephæstion. Did any one smile, or refuse to pay the proper devotion, he atoned for it with his life. The courtiers, as we may conceive, did not fail to turn this puerile weakness of Alexander to their advantage, and to confirm him the more in it by spreading all sorts of reports among the people of dreams that were sent to them by Hephæstion, and how he appeared to them, and delivered oracles to them, and performed miraculous cures on them or theirs. At last they even sacrificed to him as one of the twelve great deities and the guardian god of the empire. Alexander taking particular delight in having all these marvellous acts related to him, at last believed them, and worked himself to such a pitch, as to imagine not only that he was himself the son of a god, but that he was endued with the power of making gods. How many may we suppose of those about Alexander were not equally delighted with the deification of Hephæstion, when they were designated as persons who did not conform to the established faith in the new god, whom all the world were bound to recognize as such? We may easily imagine, what joyous days the informers must have had, when the failure in respect for the god Hephæstion was sufficient for incurring the utmost indignation of the monarch. A little more and Agathocles of Samos, a respectable officer, who had heretofore had great weight with Alexander, had been shut up with a lion, because the king was made to believe that he had wept as he passed by the tomb of Hephæstion. It was his good fortune, we are told, that Perdiccas came seasonably to his relief, swearing and cursing himself by all the gods and by Hephæstion himself if the god did not appear to him as he was hunting, and command him to tell Alexander, to pardon Agathocles ; for that he had not wept for any want of faith in Hephæstion's divinity, but merely because the recollection of their past friendship made him melancholy.

Flattery and calumny therefore found easier access to Alexander by assimilating themselves to the bent of his mind. For, as in sieges, the attack is not made upon the rocky heights, and the strongest side of the fortress, but on the contrary the enemy strives to find out some part where the walls are most open to assault, or ill-defended, or easy to be scaled, where he may hope, by turning his whole force upon that quarter, to make such an impression as may enable him to open a breach and

penetrate into the city. In the very same manner, the calumniator proceeds ; and when he has found out a side where the man is weak, soft and easy to be mastered ; there he plays his batteries, there he employs all his engines, and he is the more sure of success as little resistance is to be expected from a garrison that is not aware of an attack. But if he has once entered, you may lay your account in it that he will go to work without mercy, sacking, burning, ravaging, and driving all before him : in a word, he will riot in all those enormities, which are usually the fate of a city fallen into the power of an enemy. The engines which they play against the absent are deceit, lying, perjury, pertinacity, always returning to fresh attacks ; in short all those artifices, which an ill-conditioned fellow has at hand by thousands to accomplish his designs ; the most efficacious of all however is flattery, which might with good reason be called the sister of Calumny. For scarce lives there a man so noble-minded and with such an adamant breastplate, that could hold out against the slanders of Flattery ; especially when she works as it were under ground, undermining the sentiments that stand in the way of her sinister designs.

Unhappily to all these means from without, numerous circumstances from within combine with the foe to lighten his labour, treasonably, as it were, to open the gates to him, and in a thousand ways to assist him in conquering the listener. In the first place, the love of change and of novelty\*, so natural to all men, being so soon satiated with what we possess. Then the universal propensity to hear what is surprising and unaccountable. I know not how it is, that all of us without exception are disposed to take a secret pleasure in facts that are whispered in the ear to excite suspicion and distrust : but I am acquainted with several whose ears are as agreeably affected by the titillations of calumny, as if they were tickled with a feather.

Seeing now that the calumniator has so greatly the advantage, how

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\* The love of these is in various degrees natural to man : *Est natura hominum novitatis avida*, Plin. *Nat. Hist.* xii. 1. *Aures hominum novitate lactantur*, Plin. junior, lib. viii. ep. 16. ; but the Athenians were particularly great lovers of novelty, and were continually departing from their established usages. Aristophanes adds that they were of a restless temper, deceitful and faithless.

should he not be certain of gaining the victory? Verily there is no great skill in conquering, where there is none to resist, where the auxiliaries spontaneously surrender, while the party attacked surmises nothing of what is alleged against him, but, like the inhabitants of a city taken by assault in the night, is, so to speak, murdered while asleep. The most distressing part of the matter is, that the unfortunate sufferer, in a total ignorance of all that has passed, approaches his friend with an open and cheerful countenance, as conscious of nothing wrong in himself, and, while surrounded with snares and pitfalls, speaks and acts as freely and unconstrainedly as usual. Is now the other a man that has some generosity, frankness and liberality in his character, he blurts it all out immediately, and tells the calumniated man to his face the cause of his displeasure, and thereby gives him an opportunity to reply and to convince him that he was exasperated against his friend without reason. If however he is of a low, narrow, grovelling turn of mind, he will let him come to him perhaps, and receive him with a forced smile of complacency, but the bile is fermenting within, he secretly grinds his teeth, and forces back his anger, as the poet says, into the abyss of his heart\*. I know not whether there can be any line of conduct more base and iniquitous, than to conceal a grudge by biting the lips, in order to let it devour more freely and rapaciously around it in the heart, to speak differently from what we think, and always, under a laughing comic larve, to play a deeply impassioned tragedy pregnant with disaster. This is commonly the case when we think ourselves convinced, that the man of whom the evil is reported was an old friend of his. For then we refuse to hear a single word from him whom the calumny affects, in his defence, because we think the accusation more creditable by reason of the long friendship that has subsisted between them; not considering that causes of hatred may frequently arise between the best friends, of which a third person is not aware. Sometimes a man sees himself necessitated to prevent a suspicion which he is conscious of deserving, and therefore is eager to charge that

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\* *Βυσσοδομίει*, a word which several times occurs in the *Odyssey*; I find it also in *Hesiod*, *ἄλλοι φρεσὶ βυσσοδομίειν*, *dolum mente occulens*. The Spaniards facetiously say, *Del agua mansa me guarde Dios, que de la brava me guardare*, i. e. *A flumine leni ac placido me Deus tutum præstet: à torrente facile me ipse tuabor*.

upon another of which he himself is guilty. In general however nobody chuses to make an avowed enemy the object of his calumny; for the accusation loses all credit, the moment such a partial cause for it is known. But men prefer to abuse such persons as are thought to be their very good friends, because it carries with it the air of goodwill to the hearer, and has the greater merit as bearing such a mark of confidence. For what stronger proof can a man give of his attachment, than in not sparing his best friend for his sake?

Some persons there are likewise, who, notwithstanding they have afterwards discovered that their friend was unjustly blackened, yet are so ashamed of their credulity that they cannot bring themselves to hearken to his justification, and even have not the heart to look him in the face, as if they themselves were aggrieved by his proving innocent whom they wanted to find guilty\*.

Thus human life is infested with innumerable calamities, the only source whereof is that execrable credulity with which we are too prone to hearken to calumny. As for example, Antia says to her husband Proetus †:

If thou wouldst live, Bellerophon must die,  
Who tempts thy faithful consort's chastity;

while she herself it was that attempted to seduce the innocent youth, and was repulsed by him with generous disdain, and how little was wanting to his destruction in his conflict with the spitfire chimæra, and falling a sacrifice to the rancour of that lascivious woman in reward of his continence and respect for the laws of hospitality!

Did not Phædra, by a similar accusation of her son-in-law, because he refused to lend an ear to her criminal solicitations, draw upon herself and bring upon him the tremendous curse of his father?

Good! it may be said; but there are cases where the informer merits belief, namely, if he is known to be an honest and intelligent man, and

\* He that has had any experience in the world knows that with the great this is frequently the case, and it is, for the reason here assigned by Lucian, often more dangerous innocently, than for an actual offence, to fall under their displeasure: they pardon much more easily the wrong that we have done them, than that which they have done us.

† Iliad, vi. 164.      Aut morere, o Proete, aut interfice Bellerophontem,  
Qui nostrum invitæ voluit conscendere lectum.

has never been guilty of a crime of this nature. Was there ever (I should answer) an honest man than Aristides? And yet he joined a party to ruin Themistocles, and helped to exasperate the populace against him\*, prompted, as they said, by the same ambition and lust of reigning as that which he imputed as a crime to the other. The upshot of the matter is this: Aristides was, compared with others, an honest man; but he was nevertheless a man, and had bile, and loved one and hated another, as the rest of us do. And if the history of Palamedes be true, we see the wisest of all the Achaians, and who in every other respect was an excellent man †, out of sheer envy hatched that well-known plot against him, whereby he occasioned the ruin of a consanguineous relative ‡, his friend and fellow-soldier. So natural it is for mankind to err in this particular! Need I mention Socrates, so unjustly arraigned by the Athenians as an impious and dangerous character? Or Themistocles and Miltiades, who after so many victories, by which they merited so much of their country, yet could not escape the suspicion of treason? I could cite numerous other examples of a like nature too well known to be disputed.

How then is a prudent man to act, in the predicament of having to chuse between two honest men, either to doubt the veracity of the one or the virtue of the other §? Just so, methinks, as Homer intimates in his stories about the sirens, by bidding us briskly sail by such dangerous music, and stop our ears to their enchanting pleasures, instead of incautiously keeping them open to every one who would prepossess us, from passion or prejudice, against another. Reason, if I may say so, should be the doorkeeper of our ears, and not let anything that is told us pass in, till it has been searched, admit nothing but what is worthy to enter,

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\* Lucian then had different accounts from Plutarch, who affirms the contrary.

† Ulysses namely. See the discourse on Dancing, p. 239, note.

‡ I have been as little able as Du Soul to discover how Palamedes and Ulysses should be blood-relatives. Lucian, as we have several times remarked, is not always to be depended upon in such matters.

§ Du Soul thinks this sentence in the text corrupt. May not the fault lie entirely in Lucian's being here too sparing of words, of which at other times he is apt to be rather too profuse? At least I see not how he could here have meant other than what I make him say; and so far Du Soul's suspicion seems to me quite unnecessary. Tellius, Gessner and Reitz help themselves out of the difficulty by having recourse to — silence.

but all other intruders reject and exclude. Is not it ridiculous for one to have a porter at his house, but to leave open and unwatched the doors of his mind?

Accordingly whenever anyone comes with a story to the disparagement of another, we should winnow well the matter in our own mind, independently of all considerations regarding the age, the character, and the dexterity whereby he attempts to give his speech some shape and colour, or artfully to prejudice the minds of his hearers. The greater these are, the more ought we to be upon our guard, and resolve to believe nothing till it has undergone the strictest investigation. A man therefore in such matters should not be led by the judgment of others, much less by any passion of his own, but always reserve to himself a scrutiny into the truth, and agreeably to his own conviction decide on the character and disposition of a person, whether for or against him. Whereas, instead of this, on the first injurious statement, to take our party against anyone — good heaven! can anything be more childish, base and unjust? But the cause of such frequent mistakes in this particular is, as I said at the beginning, the ignorance and the darkness in which the character of everyone is concealed from all others. How greatly were it then to be wished that some god would teach us the means of seeing into the hearts of each other! — How quickly would falsehood flee into the abyss, for there would be no longer place for her, where all things appeared in the full blaze of truth!

E U L O G Y  
ON  
D E M O S T H E N E S.

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ON the sixteenth of this month, as I was walking a little before noon in the Stoa, on the left hand as you come out, I was accosted by the poet Thersagoras, whom some of you, gentlemen, may perhaps be personally acquainted with — a little, hawknosed chap, rather pale, but not devoid

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**EULOGY ON DEMOSTHENES.** In opposition to the unanimous verdict of the profoundly erudite philologers, Marcilius, Gronovius, Dusoulius, Kusterus, Lacrozius, Reitzius and other gentlemen in *us*, who in positive terms have declared this piece to be spurious, because the style of it is far below the usual perspicuity and grace of the lucianic compositions, J. M. Gessner has already observed: if so be that Lucian is the author, then the first part of this composition seems to be satirical, and levelled at the insipid panegyrists, of whom in Lucian's time there were great abundance; and the second part, namely the conversation between Antipater and Archias (which he feigns to have obtained from private macedonian commentaries) is worthy of Lucian, and might do honour to the best wit, be he who he will, &c. Methinks Gessner has shewn pretty nearly the true point of view in which this little piece should be seen: and I own for my part that it is precisely the singularity and novelty of the invention and composition of this mixture of narrative and dialogue which prevents me almost from doubting that Lucian is its author. Presupposing that by the affected diction of Thersagoras, which he from persiflage, and for the purpose, as one may say, of singing a duet with him, affects to imitate, intends to ridicule some particular panegyrist of Demosthenes now no longer known — this tract appears to me in every other consideration to bear his stamp, and to deserve a place among Lucian's best performances. I should be glad to know to whom (if Lucian is not to be the author) we may attribute genius and wit enough to have composed it. Or how the man who was capable of writing such a piece should have remained so utterly unknown. Especially at a conjuncture when great wits were continually growing scarcer.

of spirit. On seeing him come up to me, I began by asking him, in the ordinary style among acquaintances, whence and whither? — From home hither, was his answer. — Therefore merely for the purpose of taking exercise? said I.

THERSAGORAS. You have hit it. However, I had another reason. This is Homer's birthday, and I rose very early in the night, thinking it my duty, on this day, to present the firstlings of my poetry to the father of poets.

LUCIAN. It was handsomely done of you, to give your master this testimony of acknowledgment.

THERSAG. And being once engaged in my task, I was so intent upon it that I forgot the time, and it was noon before I was aware; and, as I said, I felt it necessary to take a little walk. Though in fact the prime motive that led me hither was to perform my devotions to this [here he pointed with his hand to the statue of Homer; that with the long curly hair, which, you know, stands on the right hand in the temple of the Ptolemies], to implore him abundantly to supply my poetic vein, and never to let that source run dry.

LUCIAN. If it only depended upon prayers being heard, I should long ago have sadly plagued Demosthenes to have assisted me in an elegant oration on his birthday. In this predicament we had as good join our prayers heartily together, and then share the gift between us.

THERSAG. [*With a look of self-complacency.*] As to myself, I should grievously trespass against Homer, were I not to ascribe the facility with which all that I have been inditing last night and this morning has flowed into me, to his inspiration: for I felt myself rapt, like a prophet transported by some god to foretell events to come, by a true poetic rage for verse-making. You shall judge for yourself; for I have expressly brought my work along with me, in case I should happen to meet some one of my friends, who had nothing else to do, and that seems exactly to be the case with you.

LUCIAN. You are a lucky man, Thersagoras! It fares with you as with one that has obtained the victory in a race, and after he has washed off the dust would amuse himself with viewing the remaining competitors, and chatting at leisure with one of the athletes who expects every moment to be challenged to the contest. If you stood next to the starting-post,

says the former, you would have little inclination to chat. — You having already carried the prize in the poetic career, may well make yourself merry over a poor scoundrel, who is still in pain for his first attempt, and frightened at encountering the uncertain success of the stadium.

**THERSAG.** [*Laughing.*] Would not one think you had some neck-breaking adventure to encounter!

**LUCIAN.** Ey, ey! do you think Demosthenes such a diminutive object in comparison of Homer? and does your praise of Homer make you so proud, that my intended praise of Demosthenes seems nothing to you?

**THERSAG.** Sycophant! Forbid it heaven, that I should incense two such demigods against one another! though as a poet I am most inclined to stand on Homer's side.

**LUCIAN.** Very well. And think you not that I, by parity of reason, shall embrace the party of Demosthenes? Unless then you despise my part on account of the object, it appears that you deem poesy an employment not worth speaking of, and look down upon us poor rhetors, in about the same manner as a horseman in galloping passes by a foot-walker?

**THERSAG.** No, my friend; so mad, heaven be praised, I am not yet; though I confess that a good portion of madness is requisite for being addicted to poetry.

**LYCIAN.** The prosaists too, let me tell you, are in lack of a certain divine in-breathing, if they would be raised above the ground and lay claim to genius.

**THERSAG.** I think so too, and often entertain myself in comparing one with the other, particularly Demosthenes and other great orators, with Homer, in regard of energy of thought, acuteness of expression, and enthusiasm in both. For example, that \*

Thou sot! in front a dog, in heart a deer,

with the "drunkenness, faun-dancing, and licentious revels," with which Demosthenes charges Philip †; or that ‡

\* Iliad, i. 288.

† In the second Olynth. *εἰ δὲ τις σόφρων ἢ δίκαιος ἄλλως, τὴν (τῷ Φιλίππῳ) καθ' ἡμέραν ἀκρασίαν τῷ βίῳ, καὶ μίθῃ καὶ καρδακισμῶς οὐ δυνάμετος φέρειν, παρεμπῶσθαι καὶ ἐν εἰδὸς εἶναι μέρει τῶν τοιούτων, &c.*

‡ Iliad, vii. 195.

Peleus, old in war, in council old —  
 Heavens! what tears adown his cheeks had rolled!  
 Among the myrmidons the sad disgrace to hear, &c.

with this: “oh! what deep groans did those great men send forth who died for glory and for freedom\*.” In like manner I compare “the copious flowing Python” of Demosthenes †, with the soft fleecy words of Ulysses ‡ falling like snow; and that,

Yes, if immortal life ensued on feeble age, &c. §

with that of Demosthenes; “For the last event that awaits all men is death, which none can escape, even though he shut himself up in a cage||.” And in like manner we find a thousand and a thousand passages, where they coincide in the same thought. And it is no little amusement to me to perceive in one and the other that copiousness in figures and transitions, the inexhaustible ingenuity in preventing surfeit by varying the expression of passion, ever saying the same thing in a different manner, the proper concatenation of arguments in returning to the principal business, the elegance of the similes they introduce, so neatly fitted and so seasonably introduced, and in short that conspicuous beauty and grace in which the characteristic of their works consists. To say the truth, it not unfrequently appears to me, that Demosthenes, though he always keeps his license in check, has yet scolded the Athenians for their indolent carelessness with more decency than Homer did the Achaians, in calling them Achaiannesses θ; and he in general employs more force of lungs

\* Demosthenes, in the oration against Aristocrates. Πηλίκον ποτὶ γενάξαιεν ἀνὸς οἱ ἄνδρες ἰκεῖνοι, οἱ ὑπὲρ δόξης καὶ ἐλευθερίας τελευτήσαντες, καὶ πολλῶν καὶ καλῶν ἔργων ὑπομνήματα καταλείποντες, εἰ ἄρα αἰσθητοῖο, ὅτι νῦν ἡ πόλις ἐς ὑπερήτην σχῆμα καὶ τάξιν προειλήλυθε.

† In the oration *pro Corona*, cap. xxviii. Πίρας μὲν γὰρ ἅπασιν ἀνθρώποις [ἴσ] τῆ βίῃ [ὁ] θάνατος, καὶ ἐν οἰκίσκῳ τίς αὐτὸν καθιέρξας τηρῆ· διὲ [δὲ] τῶς ἀγαθῶς ἀνδρας ἐγχυρεῖν μὲν ἅπασιν ἀλλὰ τοῖς καλοῖς τὴν ἀγαθὴν προσβαλλομένους ἰλπίδα· φέρει δ' ὅτι ἀνὸς ὁ θεὸς διδῶ γενναίως. *Etiamsi in cellula conclusum se tenuerit.* Du Soul. But Gessner, quoting Ulpian's observation, adds: *itaque caveam vertimus.*

‡ Iliad, iii. 222.

§ Ibid, xii. 323.

|| In the oration *pro Corona*, loc. cit. p. 558.

θ The worst of it is, that Homer puts this abuse of the Greeks, first into the mouth of the most despicable of all mankind, Thersites (Iliad, ii. 235), and afterwards again (Iliad, vii. 97), into that of Menelaus, whereas, after having passed over the tongue of a Thersites (for whom it was properly adapted), it could not with decency be employed by any honourable man.

and a longer breath in delivering the political tragedies of the Greeks, than the other, who makes his warriors in the greatest heat of the battle hold conversations together, and damp their ardour in telling stories that have no end \*. In Demosthenes likewise you very often come to sentences, the members whereof bear such a beautiful relation to one another, and are of such harmonious rhythmus and metrical excellence, as to give his orations a great proportion of that which forms the proper charm of poetry: whilst on the other hand Homer is in no want of antitheses, parisoses †, and other verbal figures which are calculated either to add force to the impression, or heighten the grace and elegance of the speech. Indeed nature herself seems to have made it a part of her original constitution, that the powers of both arts should be blended together. How should I then hold your muse in contempt ‡, entertaining as I do this conception of her. But, notwithstanding that, I still insist upon it, that my project to sing the praises of Homer is twice as arduous as yours

\* As for example, Glaucus, who, in the sixth book of the Iliad, relates to Diomed the whole story of his grandfather Bellerophon.

† I have been able to discover no means of making these strange technical terms, I suppose, of the old rhetors, pliant to our language. What is to be understood by them, we must let Quintilian inform us. *Similium* (the subject is of verbal figures, *figura verborum*) *ferè quadruplex ratio est. Nam est primum, quoties verbum verbo simile aut non dissimile valde queritur; ut "puppæque tuæ pubesque tuorum."* Virg. *Æneid.* lib. v. 399. "*In hac calamitosa fama, quasi in aliqua perniciosissima flamma. Cicero pro Cluent. c. i. Non enim tam spes laudanda quam res est. Aut certe par est extremis syllabis consonans, ex. gr. non verbis sed armis. Et hoc quoque quoties in sententias acres incidit, pulchrum est. "Quantum possis in eo semper experiri ut prosis." Hoc est parison, ut plerisque placuit. Quintil. ix. cap. 3. This figure, named parison, is therefore a sort of rhyme or at least of assonance, which was held by the Greeks and Romans, as somewhat that communicated occasionally a particular beauty to the discourse, and accordingly was diligently sought after by orators. Examples of it are by no means unfrequent in Homer, as in the Iliad, ii. 484, 485.*

*Eipete nun moi, musæ, olympia domat' echousæ;  
Umeis gar theæ este, pareste te, iste te panta.*

And in the fourth book, ver. 21.

*Plestæ hæg' hesthen, kaka de Troessi medesthen;*

and others.

‡ In the text: your Calliope: for that Muse was at once the president of epic poetry and eloquence.

to eulogize Demosthenes; and that not on account of the verse, but the subject. And the reason of it is, that of my hero, setting aside his poetry, I have nothing authentic to rehearse; for all the rest, his country, his pedigree, the time he lived in, are equally uncertain. Were it not so, would there have existed to this day such a vehement dispute, whether he came into the world at Colophon or Cumæ, at Chios or Smyrna, or even at Thebes in Ægypt, or I cannot tell where else. Or would it have been said at one time that he had the lydian Mæon for his father, at another some river-god, and now that his mother was a certain Melanope, then a nymph of the race of the Dryades, I suppose because in his time men were so rare. Nor less uncertain is it, when he lived. Some placing him in the heroic age, others in the era of the emigration of the Greeks to Ionia\*. As little can it be ascertained, whether he lived before, with, or after Hesiod: the same uncertainty extends even to his name, and there are those of the learned who maintain that his real name was Melesigenes, not Homer. Finally, they make fortune act very unhandsomely by him; for according to some he was blind, and according to others a beggar. I think, however, the best course would be to let all these matters remain in obscurity. — I have certainly therefore a difficult task, having undertaken to praise a poet whose life and actions are unknown, and whose wisdom must be inferred entirely from his poems †. Whereas with your work it is directly the reverse; all your materials lie at hand; your way is smooth and plain; you have only to do with definite and well-known names; in short it is a ready-drest ragout, with which you have nothing farther to do than to add the proper seasoning. What has not fortune contributed to the greatness and the splendour of Demosthenes? Was not his native city the magnificent, the universally renowned Athens, the pillar of Greece ‡? Had Athens lain in my way,

\* Which by a reference to the Arundelian marbles, ensued 163 years after the taking of Troy. Unfortunately however the date of the trojan war, and even the trojan war itself, is equally uncertain with the time of Homer.

† Here, and in all that next follows, I think the ironical derision of the silly encomiast of the ordinary stamp, must have struck him forcibly enough.

‡ *Λιπαραι Ἀθῆναι, ἱερσμοῦ Ἑλλάδος*; poetical phrases from Pindar and other poets, affected by Thersagoras, in order to shew his acquaintance with the antient authors.

what a field I should have had, in virtue of the poetical licence, for my imagination to riot in! What an opportunity it would have afforded me for beautiful digressions on the amours of the gods, the contest of Minerva and Neptune, the gifts with which Pallas and Ceres endowed this happy land; in short, the whole mythology of Attica and Eleusine \*! I should then display the laws of Athens, the courts of justice, the popular assemblies and festival solemnities, the Piræus, the colonies, and the victories obtained both by land and by water. One man (to speak with Demosthenes) would not suffice to discourse worthily on so many and such great topics; and the superfluity of matter would be so great, that my sole perplexity would be, to know where to begin and when to leave off. Nor should I think it was wandering too far from my main argument, since it is one of the rules in panegyrics to pay all possible honour to the country of the person to be panegyriized. Did not Isocrates in his eulogy of Helena, give us Theseus into the bargain? What need have we to have precedents from other bards, since in the whole world there is no nation more free than ourselves? You, on the contrary, may perhaps have reason to fear lest the sneerers should apply to you the vulgar proverb, directed against the lack of due proportion, and say, you have made the inscription too large for the sack †.

To say nothing farther of Athens, another choice circumstance comes conveniently to your aid ‡, namely, that the man whom you have to praise had a trierarch § to his father. That I call with Pindar a golden foundation! For the class of trierarchs was the most considerable in

\* This has been already the subject in the treatise on Dancing, in this vol. p. 434.

† A proverb that had reference to the custom of the grecian merchants of ambitiously sticking large and prolix tickets on their sacks and bales.

‡ As the panegyrist of Demosthenes: for, as we perceive, the babler Thersagoras is always intent upon enumerating the advantages an encomiast of Demosthenes has over him who is to be employed upon Homer.

§ Thus was styled the commander of a trireme, i. e. a galley, that had three rows or benches of rowers; not one *qui avoit eu le commandement de la flotte des Atheniens, la premiere dignité de la republique*, as M. Massieu translates; for he was entitled nauarchos, not trierarchos. And when Thersagoras adds *ὅ γὰρ ἦν Ἀθήνησι λαμπρότερον τιμήματος τριηραρχικοῦ*, it does not mean, the

Athens. And though Demosthenes lost his father while but a very young boy, yet was his orphan state so little to be deemed a misfortune, that it furnishes additional matter for his praise, since his egregious natural talents were thereby displayed in a more resplendent light.

Of Homer's education, and by what exercises and resources he became the great poet, his history gives us not even the slightest account. His panegyrist must therefore immediately begin with the fame that he acquired by his works, since the education of his hero, and his studies, and the master by whom he was instructed and formed, supply him with no matter for discourse, and he can never have recourse to that celebrated laurel-sprig \*, which renders even illiterate shepherds, if they do but smell to it,

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post of a trierarch was the first dignity in the republic, but the trierarchs composed, according to the census of property, the first class, i. e. the wealthiest and most considerable burghers of Athens. The true state of the case was this. In times of peace, and before the navy of the Athenians had grown to its utmost height, there were in general only twelve trierarchs or naval captains, who had the command and inspection of the marine of the republic. This office was however very burdensome: for the trierarchs were bound to procure and equip their ships at their own expense. It appears that only the poorest class of citizens were dispensed from the obligation of taking upon them the necessary charges of this office; that the functions of it were in some degree voluntary; that the generality were obliged to be compelled to it, and that the richest were precisely those who most endeavoured to avoid this troublesome office. Æschylus accordingly says, in the *Frogs* of Aristophanes (Act iv. sc. 2. ver. 1097), to Euripides: "Since you have introduced kings in the tattered garb of beggars upon the stage, no rich man will any longer be trierarch; but they go about in ragged jackets, lamenting the sad times, and saying they are beggars." Now, as the burden of this allotment fell almost entirely on the middling classes, and many of the less provided citizens were ruined by it, a law was enacted, that several to the number of sixteen might club together to defray the expenses of equipping a single ship. This made it indeed easier to the citizens, but the marine of the commonwealth was the worse for it. Demosthenes found a remedy for this abuse, by managing so as to procure a law originating with him (as he says himself in his oration for the Crown) that the trierarchate should exclusively be imposed upon the rich. Since it afterwards appeared, that many, who before contributed only the sixteenth part to the expenses of a single ship, were in condition to fit out two ships of themselves alone. From that time forward it might be said, that the class from which the trierarchs were taken, was the richest in Athens; but prior to that law of Demosthenes, the contrary was rather the case. Thersagoras (on whom Lucian, purposely no doubt, bestows a tolerably confused head) therefore confounds the conjunctures. If the father of Demosthenes was reckoned among the first class of citizens, it was not because he was a trierarch, but because he was the proprietor of a great manufactory of arms.

\* Which Hesiod boasted to have received from the Muses.

poets instantaneously. You, on the other hand, on coming to this part of the history of your hero, find immediately Calistratus \*, on whom you may descant at large, and a whole list of celebrated names, such as Alcidas, Isocrates, Isæus, Eubalides. And as in Athens a thousand opportunities offer for extravagance, even to the youths that are still under the paternal authority ; as the propensity to pleasure is so natural at that time of life, and the young Demosthenes, from the carelessness of his guardian was at full liberty to have given himself to every species of excess as much as he would : yet the desire of improving his mind by philosophy, and to acquire the talents by which he might be of service to his country prevailed over all, and kept him within proper bounds, and conducted him not to the door of a Phryne, but to the lecture-room of such men as Aristotle and Theophrastus, as Xenocrates and Plato †. And here, my dear friend, the fairest opportunity offers for making a display

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\* Demosthenes was sixteen when he had an opportunity of hearing unseen a forensic oration of this Calistratus (who at that time passed for one of the most celebrated barristers) upon a subject that occupied the attention of all Athens. The uncommon effect which this speech produced, and the signal marks of honour that were heaped upon the orator by the people, made such a deep and lively impression upon the young Demosthenes, that from that hour he resolved to apply with all his faculties to become in future as great an orator. Plutarch in the life of Demosthenes.

† Thersagoras here confounds persons and times with one another in a manner surprising enough ; Plato, the tutor of Xenocrates and Aristotle, stand the last, and all four are so jumbled together as if they had kept philosophical schools at Athens at the same time. Demosthenes however came into the world in the fourth year of the ninety-ninth olympiad ; only three years later than Aristotle. Xenocrates undertook the platonic school, on the death of Plato's nephew, Speusippus, about twenty years after Plato's decease, and Theophrastus, who died in the third year of the 123d olympiad, was yet a child when Demosthenes began to hear Plato, and became acquainted with Aristotle and Xenocrates perhaps in the academy, but it was the less possible for them to have been teachers, as he pretty soon left the platonic school, and devoted himself entirely to such studies and exercises as were calculated to render him a great orator, advocate, and demagogue. Lucian indeed is not always very accurate in his chronology, but so gross a mistake he could not possibly make from ignorance. This passage therefore has been regarded as a plain proof, that this composition could not be of his inditing ; methinks, however, this would be concluding too hastily, and Lucian may have made the poet Thersagoras (whom he seems to have made designedly a half-learned fellow) commit anachronisms, and in general to utter much stupid stuff, which of course ought not to be placed to his own account.

of your philosophical attainments in your oration\*, by shewing, in a beautiful digression on love, that there are two kinds of love implanted in mankind. One, the work of some one of the Cupids sprung from the sea, an extravagant licentious passion, heaving up tumultuous waves in the soul, the storm of Venus Pandemos, that by the furious ebullitions, which it raises in young persons, appears like a real tempest. The other, the link of some celestial golden chain; a love, which, instead of setting the heart on fire, or incurably wounding it by its envenomed arrows, powerfully draws up souls which (to speak with the tragic poet) are akin to Zeus, and relatives to the gods, by a prudent rage, to the pure and imperishable idea of the beautiful †. Love is neither inaccessible nor unattainable. It was that which enabled Demosthenes to have one half of his head shaved ‡, to shut himself up in a cave, to practise his attitudes and gestures before a looking-glass, with his naked sword slung across his shoulders §; at a tolerably advanced age to correct the defects of his tongue, to strengthen his memory, to make himself master of the confusion and stupefaction into which an orator may easily cast a great multitude, and to lengthen by the night the day passed in uninterrupted labour; and who can be ignorant to what a height of excellence he elevated himself by all these means? How compressed his thoughts and words! How extremely dextrous and careful so to arrange his argu-

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\* This passage alone, where the lucianic irony is almost palpable, should have convinced the gentlemen philologers and translators, was if nothing else would, that the character acted by Thersagoras in this piece, principally modelled upon the wretched panegyrists, the vulgar rhetoricians of his time, and the silly recipes for eulogies and laudatory writings, which they gave their scholars, and contained nothing but reiterated *loci communes*, amplifications, digressions, and opportunities to fabricate a superficial omniscience, while the main business was the only point upon which they had little or nothing to say.

† Here Thersagoras, in a sudden sally of his poetic rage, gives us an advantage against himself. But it is not perhaps possible in our language to attain to the whole of the affected decoration and insipidity of his expressions.

‡ He is said to have done this for the purpose of putting it out of his power to interrupt his solitary studies and exercises; because with a half shorn head he could not decently walk in public.

§ In the design of breaking himself of an involuntary shrug of the shoulders to which he was subject while speaking.

ments, that they mutually support each other, and thus carry with them the highest degree of probability, and force conviction! How majestic in his sublimity! How powerful and persevering in his ardour! How wise and wary in the choice of expressions! How careful, notwithstanding his superfluity of thoughts, never to introduce anything in the wrong place, never to say too much nor too little! How rich in ever-varying transitions and figures! In one word, the only orator, as Leosthenes made no scruple to say, whose discourse, like a fine statue, breathes life and spirit, and is chisselled entirely out of one piece\*. Callisthenes tells us somewhere of Æschylus, that in order to set his mind on fire, he composed his tragedies over his wine. Demosthenes had no occasion for that resource; he drank pure water when he was at work, and Demades therefore said in joke of him, as we are told, that others delivered their orations by water †; but Demosthenes wrote his by it. Pytheas thought, that what procured such general applause to the orations of that great man, was, that they smelt of the lamp.

In this part of the panegyric however the advantage on both sides is equal: for all that you can affirm, touching the orations of Demosthenes, holds alike of Homer's poetry. But when you come at last to touch upon the amiable disposition of your hero, and the generous use he made of his fortune, and the praiseworthy manner in which he conducted himself throughout his administration of the public affairs —

LUCIAN. [*Laughing.*] Hold in a little, my dear friend! I cry for quarter. You pour it in whole tubs over my ears, as if I were in the bath! If you mean yourself to make an eulogy of Demosthenes, what will be left for me to do?

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\* *Ἐμφυχοι καὶ*, instead of *ἑσφυρηλατοὶ λόγοι*, according to the emendation and interpretation of Grævius. In the whole of this tirade Lucian makes Thersagoras speak very intelligibly of Demosthenes: but his intention likewise was nothing less than to make this poet a blockhead. *Quæ sit malleo fabricata oratio*, says Grævius, *doceant fabrorum filii: nobis qui musis operamur, ignota est utique.* *Σφυρηλατοὶ λόγοι* laudatur non vituperatur.

† Namely, by the water clock; because, as everybody knows, the advocates were allowed to speak no longer than till the quantity of water poured in had run out. For that the demagogues were also limited by the water-clock in their harangues, is not credible.

**THEBAGORAS.** [*Continuing without noticing the interruption.*] — upon the holiday and theatrical entertainments which he gave to the public at his own expense, the ships that he fitted out, the city walls which he rebuilt, the canal which he caused to be dug, the poor girls that he portioned out \* (which certainly is not his least merit in behalf of the city), the embassies he had charge of, and the excellent laws which he gave †, considering all this, I should laugh at the man who knits his brows, and was sorry lest materials should be lacking, when he was to discourse of Demosthenes.

**LUCIAN.** You seem then to believe, my worthy sir, that of all those who have devoted their lives to the study of rhetoric, I am the only one whose ears do not ring with the achievements of Demosthenes?

**THEBAG.** How can one think otherwise, since, according to your own words, you want a particular assistance in an encomium upon him? It can only be then, because dazzled by the excessive blaze your hero throws around him, you are unable to look him in the face. Something of the same kind happened to me at first with Homer. I was near upon the point of casting him off, because it appeared to me impossible to comprehend at one view the subject of his poems. By little and little however my sight grew stronger, I cannot tell how, and I believe I am now so accustomed to his look, that I have no longer occasion to turn away my eyes from that sun, and for that reason be declared a spurious scion of the Homerides ‡.

Besides, you have yet another great advantage over me, since Homer's fame must be founded entirely on his poetical talent, so when I have celebrated that, all my materials are of course exhausted. Whereas you, when you contemplate the entire Demosthenes, are at a loss where to begin, and resemble the luxurious feeders at a sicilian table, or persons having the lust of seeing and hearing, when they come at once to see and hear

\* Libanius in comparat. Demosth. et Æschinis, opp. tom. i. p. 133.

† The best comment on this sentence is the oration *pro corona*, where Demosthenes, on the attack of his inveterate adversary Æschines, saw himself forced to speak of his merits in behalf of Athens, and principally to set in a very conspicuous light his administration of the commonwealth.

‡ Alluding to the fabulous tradition of the antients, that the eagle tries its young by making them look at the sun, and those that cannot stand that trial are as bastards turned out of the nest.

a variety of interesting things : because they wish to lose nothing, and yet cannot enjoy everything at once, they know not which way to turn, and waver with restless curiosity between one and the other. Exactly in this situation I think your mind must be : you start continually from one to the other, and can come to no fixt point of view, so vast is the circle into which the abundance and the variety of your materials — the vastness of his genius, the ardour of his mind, the wisdom of his life, the force of his eloquence, his firm adherence to the plan of his administration, his contempt of the great wealth he might have acquired (by favouring another party), his love of justice, his fidelity, his prudence — and if you enter fully into the several functions, of which he discharged so many and so important in the course of his public life, and represent to yourself, on one side his numerous decrees, embassies, popular harangues, laws, on the other his military achievements at Eubœa, Megara, in Bœotia, at Chios, at Rhodes, in the Hellespont, and at Byzantium ; so many splendid actions at once overpower your mind, in such sort that you are perplexed to know which to advert to first. In short, it is with you as with Pindar, who cannot tell whether he shall sing

Of Ismenus or Melia with the golden distaff,  
Of Cadmus or Sparta's holy race,  
Or Thebes with its cœrulean band of stars,  
Or the all-daring strength of Heracles,  
Or Bacchus, the praise-worthy giver of so many goods,  
Or the nuptial day of the beautiful Harmonia \*.

and you are undetermined, whether you shall make the orations, or the life, the rhetoric, or the philosophy, the demagogy † or the death of that great man, the theme of your celebration. But let not that trouble you ! Be it even that you mistake, you are always in the right road ; take the first that offers as the best — his eloquence, if you will — [what a field

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\* Lines from an ode no longer extant of Pindar ; probably from some verses in praise of his native city Thebes : for all the persons enumerated by him in these lines are adopted from the theban mythology and heroic history. — Pindar however is distracted with a similar indecision, at the commencement of his second olympic ode : Ἀναξιφόρουμιγες ὕμνοι τίνα δῶν, τίς ἔρωα, τίνα ὕδρα κλαδίσουμν, &c.

† This means in one word the administration of government in an independent republic, where the sovereign authority lay with the people, as at Athens.

for a panegyrist! How easy it will be for you to extol him above all other famous orators! \*] Even that, [so highly praised] eloquence of Pericles, will do you no harm. For all that we are told of its lightning and thunder claps, and of the persuasion that it left behind like a sting in the minds of the hearers, is mere tradition; we have nothing remaining that might help us to form a distinct notion of it; our conception of it is nothing but fancy, and we may reasonably suppose, that it had not consistence enough to stand the test of time †. Whereas the orations of Demosthenes furnish you with such ample materials, that you must pass over all the rest, if you would do justice to him on that one article alone. But would you mean to take for your topic the other great qualities and virtues which he displayed during his administration of the government, every one of them singly would give you opportunity enough for expatiating to his honour; or if you would make a full display of your abilities chuse out two or three of them, and you will have plenty of matter for discourse, so great and resplendent is each in itself alone. In either one predicament or the other you may appeal to Homer's example, who uniformly derives the epithets, by which he praises his heroes from particular parts; sometimes the feet, then the head or the hair, not rarely from their apparel or their weapons; and that with the greater right, as the gods themselves do not take it ill of the poets if they are praised; I will not say on account of some part of their person or a quality of their mind; but even on account of their distaff, their arrows or their shield. And so neither will Demosthenes be offended if we confine ourselves to one or another of his perfections; especially as his own eloquence would scarce be competent to praise them severally according to their worth.

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\* I cannot tell how it happens that none of the *viri doctissimi* who have commented upon our author seem to have raised any doubt on the correctness of this sentence. Methinks it is palpably evident, that owing to the transcriber several words, perhaps some lines, are wanting, and that as the text now runs, no more convenient meaning results, whether we read *καρὴ γὰρ σοὶ οὐδ' ἢ Περικλῆος* or *σοὶ ἔστ'.* As I am no *Œdipus*, no alternative is left me but to give the whole sentence the most productive import, of which, agreeably to the whole combination, it seems capable; and so Dr. Francklin has acted.

† It would carry me too great lengths, were I to enter upon a justification why I have given to this, as it appears to me, very obscure passage in the text, ill treated by transcribers, the above meaning. It seemed to me, agreeably to the whole tissue, to be the only suitable one whether I have guessed right or not others must decide.

LUCIAN. I perceive that you are gratified by convincing me that you are a poet ; and this panegyric upon Demosthenes, which you give me into the bargain, shews that you are equally excellent in prose and in verse.

THERSAG. Simply endeavouring to convince you of the facility of the business, I ran imperceptibly deeper into the subject than I at first intended, as you appeared to me not averse from having your meditations interrupted by listening to my discourse.

LUCIAN. Yet I cannot conceal from you, that you have effected nothing ; on the contrary, I am afraid the evil is become worse.

THERSAG. In that case I should have performed a strange sort of a cure !

LUCIAN. Shall I tell you how the matter stands ? You know not my particular ailment ; and act like such numbers of physicians, who, from not knowing the true seat of the malady, proceed to cure a disease that does not exist.

THERSAG. Speak plainer.

LUCIAN. Your remedy might at all events have succeeded with one who as his first attempt should undertake a panegyric on Demosthenes, and afterwards is deterred from it by the magnitude of the enterprise : but the days when such an event was possible, are long gone by ; and your medicines are much too obsolete, to produce any effect \*.

THERSAG. I thought it had been as with the roads, the most frequented the more safe.

LUCIAN. We are told of a certain Anniseris of Cyrene, who desirous to shew Plato and his friends his dexterity in driving, drove several times successively round the academy, always in the same ruts, without ever going beside them in the smallest degree ; so that all these circuits left but one rut in the ground. With me it is exactly the reverse. My pride is, to efface the rut that is already made, and make for myself a new

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\* Here likewise I depart from the usual interpretation of this ambiguous passage in the original. The common opinion is, that Lucian is speaking of himself, and means to say : Thersagoras has treated him like a young novice in rhetoric. To me it appears more probable that he points at the numerous panegyrics on Demosthenes that were already extant, and cut out, upon nearly the same pattern before described by Thersagoras.

path which has never yet been trod \* ; and that I think would be no such easy matter.

THERSAG. There the painter Pauson had a good conceit.

LUCIAN. How was that ?

THERSAG. Somebody applied to him to paint for him a horse rolling upon the ground. But Pauson painted him one running at full speed, with a whole cloud of dust about the horse. When the amateur, who had bespoke the picture came and complained, that it was not what he had ordered : Pauson, instead of replying, bade one of his apprentices to turn the picture upside down ; and now it appeared that the horse was rolling on his back.

LUCIAN. You are very kind, Thersagoras, if you have no better opinion of my abilities, than to imagine, that I could have for so many years applied myself only to one particular art, and not rather, if after I should have tried all possible turnings and twistings, I could have reason to fear lest it might fare with me as with Proteus in Homer —

THERSAG. Wherein ?

LUCIAN. Herein ; that after, for the purpose of avoiding the human form, he had run through all possible shapes of animals, plants and elements, he was forced, for lack of more, at last to be again Proteus †.

\* Has not Lucian in this passage given us a key to the whole composition before us ? We know already from his own mouth, how much he applauded himself on the novelty of his inventions, and that he had to thank it for a great part of the reputation he enjoyed among the Greeks. Demosthenes had been already so often praised ! His praise was a common-place topic, which probably had been bandied about for years by the rhetoricians and sophists, particularly the improvisators among them. All the materials for it were worn out. What choice then was left for Lucian, but to erect a temple in honour of the heroes amongst the Grecian orators of an entirely new form and structure ? And the very consciousness of his capacity for it doubtless spurred him on likewise to compose an eulogy on Demosthenes — a panegyric in the narrative form of a dialogue, including another dialogue, in which all that can be said of the amiable and generous qualities of Demosthenes, is put into the mouth of a prince that was his enemy ; a panegyric which at the same time was a satire and a perisiffage on his brother-artists and rivals, &c. ; in short, a panegyric, such as certainly in Greece, abounding as it did in orators, had never been seen before.

† How could the interpreters of Lucian overlook so plain a hint ? Is not he likewise, after having as a panegyrist tried so many changes, again Lucian ; i. e. the same banterer he always was ?

THERSAG. At least you, I perceive, assume more shapes than Proteus himself, in order that you may avoid hearing my poem.

LUCIAN. You do me wrong, my good friend! I will with pleasure put aside my own business to be a candid hearer of your performance. Perhaps when you have dismissed all care for your own intellectual offspring, you will assist me in my delivery.

We then sat down together on an adjacent bank, I pricked up my ears, and Thersagoras read to me his verses, which in reality were very far from bad. But ere he had finished he behaved like one inspired, rolled up his manuscript again; and, it is no more than reasonable, said he, that you should as little have the complaisance to hear me for nothing, as the Athenians attend the public meetings and the court-sessions for nothing\*. You must be remunerated, and that in a way whereby I hope to obtain your thanks.—

I came by chance, returned he, to the knowledge of certain private diaries of the macedonian kings, which I found so uncommonly interesting, that I bought them at a pretty high price. It just now occurs to me that I have them at home. Among other anecdotes respecting Antipater, contained in them, there is somewhat about Demosthenes, that you will certainly listen to not without pleasure†.

To evince my gratitude for this agreeable piece of news I can do no less, replied I, than hearken to the remainder of your verses; and I shall not leave you till you have set about fulfilling your promise. It is indeed very obliging in you to give me such a sumptuous birth-day feast in honour of Homer, and now to treat me with another on account of Demosthenes.

Thersagoras therefore finished the reading of his poem; and after I had bestowed upon it the merited commendation, we walked together to his lodgings. He was obliged to search a long while for the manu-

\* Every Athenian, as often as he attended a public assembly of the people, received two oboli [two shillings, one penny farthing,] under the title *ecclesiasticon*, out of the public treasury.

† The reader perhaps has no need of being reminded, that all this, as well as the whole of this little tract, is a mere fiction, calculated to give his praise of Demosthenes every possible grace of novelty.

script that he had promised me, and when at last he had found it he permitted me to take it home. After perusing it, my first thought was, that I would read it to you \*, word for word, just as it is, without altering a syllable of it. We cannot always draw something new from our own funds. Is then perhaps Æsculapius less honoured, if, in the defect of new anthems, which they who visit his temple should have made in his praise, the hymns of Alisodemus of Trœzene or of Sophocles are sung on his festival. Even at the feast of Bacchus they have left off the practice of writing new comedies and tragedies, and content themselves with giving us at the usual season the old pieces again. The god may think it a great favour that, by the observance of this antient rite, they are careful to bestow upon him his hereditary honours.

The manuscript then, which as I observed is a sort of journal of the macedonian court, and of which I shall read only that which belongs to our present purpose, contains among other things a conversation between Antipater and Archias relating to the affairs in which Demosthenes was concerned †. This Archias — as perhaps some of the younger part of my audience may be still uninformed on this subject — was invested with

\* Hence we see that this piece was a public prelection ; but who the *you* is it is not possible to guess.

† Alexander, when setting out on his expedition to Asia, left Antipater behind in the character of a governor plenipotentiary or viceroy of Macedonia and commander in chief of an army of about 15,000, horse and foot. The Greeks, who looked upon Alexander's enterprises in Asia as a good opportunity for shaking off the macedonian yoke, made choice of Leosthenes, a zealous adherent of Demosthenes, to be generalissimo of their combined forces, and had, under the conduct of this expert commander, already obtained important advantages over Antipater, when Leosthenes, at the siege of the city of Lamia in Thessaly, lost his life. Antipater availed himself so well of this circumstance, that the combined grecian republics were glad, upon tolerable terms, to obtain a peace of him, which left them at least the shadow of their pristine independence. But even this the Athenians could not otherwise obtain than under the hard condition of delivering up to Antipater ten of their principal demagogues, and among them above all Demosthenes as the head of the macedonian party. The Athenians, whom Alexander himself with all his menaces could not induce to sacrifice their ablest and most meritorious minister, had now, by the artifices of his enemies, changed their minds ; and Demosthenes was forced to flee and take refuge in a temple of Neptune on the small isle of Calauria, not far from Trœzene. How it there fared with him we shall presently be informed from Archias's own mouth.

full powers by Antipater to take in custody the orators whom the Athenians had promised to deliver up, with the commission to induce Demosthenes rather by fair means than by force to leave Calauria and come to Antipater. The latter still cherished the hope that Demosthenes would suffer himself to be persuaded, and expected to see him day after day. Hearing now that Archias was returned from Calauria, he despatched orders for him to come immediately just as he was. Archias now entering the presence chamber — but the rest the manuscript will tell you.

ARCHIAS. Joy to Antipater!

ANTIPATER. Joy enough, if you bring with you Demosthenes.

ARCHIAS. I bring him as well as I could. Here in this urn is all that remains of him.

ANTIPATER. Archias, you have frustrated all my hopes! What will the bones and the jug of ashes avail me, if I have not Demosthenes himself!

ARCHIAS. His soul, o king, to controul by force was impossible!

ANTIPATER. But wherefore then did you not seize on him alive?

ARCHIAS. That we did.

ANTIPATER. He died then upon the journey.

ARCHIAS. No; he died where he was, in Calauria.

ANTIPATER. Your negligence then was in fault! You took no care of the man.

ARCHIAS. It was not in our power.

ANTIPATER. How so? You speak riddles, Archias. You took him alive, and have him not?

ARCHIAS. Did not you expressly charge us to use no violence against him? However, with violence we should have succeeded no better; and to say the truth, we had no other course to take.

ANTIPATER. But in this you acted very wrong, and I suppose you have thus been guilty of his death.

ARCHIAS. Kill him we did not. But, seeing he was not to be prevailed upon by good words, we were compelled to employ violence. And what would you have gained by it, if we had brought him alive? Your design was no other than to have him put to death.

ANTIPATER. Have him put to death! Verily, if you think so, Archias, you know neither Demosthenes nor my disposition. Do you suppose that

such a man as Demosthenes is to me of no more consequence than those profligate rascals Himeræus, Aristonicus and Eucrates, who swell and roar like the kennels in a shower of rain, and then cease; vile wretches, who on occasion of any popular ferment float like scum upon the top; at every little opening for their hopes that all is going rapidly to ruin, raise their miserable heads, but are presently again dejected, and as if by a particular gust of the south-wind, are as suddenly laid as they were instantly raised? Or do you think that I make no distinction between such a one as Demosthenes and so faithless a fellow as Hyperides? That contemptible vulgar sycophant, who, to ingratiate himself with the swinish multitude, made no scruple to blacken by insidious calumnies the man whose friend he professed to be, and to lend himself an instrument of those iniquities of which they themselves, whom he intended to gratify thereby, soon afterwards repented. For it is notorious that not long subsequent to that slanderous accusation, Demosthenes was recalled from banishment with still greater glory than formerly Alcibiades had been \*. But so shameless was Hyperides, that he continued unblushingly to employ that tongue against his best friend, which for its wicked calumnies ought long ago to have been cut out.

ARCHIAS. But was not Demosthenes the most inveterate of all our enemies?

ANTIPATER. Not in the sight of him who knows how to set a proper value upon fidelity, and thinks he sees a friend in every fair and upright character. Whatever is lovely is lovely even in our enemies, and virtue is estimable wherever it may be found. I will not be inferior to Xerxes, who restored the two Spartans Bulis and Sperchis to their country, in admiration of their virtue, though he had their lives in his power †. If ever

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\* According to the very expression of Demosthenes. See Plutarch, in his Life; who however assigns a reason for his banishment that does him little honour.

† The Spartans as well as the Athenians had in a fit of republican insolence put to death the ambassadors through whom they were summoned by Darius, the father of Xerxes, to submission to the persian sceptre. The perpetration of this act, whereby they at once sinned against the religion and the national prerogatives of their times, drew upon them the displeasure of the gods; whenever they sacrificed they discovered in the entrails of the victims intimations of disastrous presage. This lasted so long, that the Talthybiades (in whom the *haruspicium* at Sparta was hereditary) at last declared that there were no other means of remedying this misfortune than by

in my life I admired a man, it was Demosthenes, with whom I was acquainted, partly by having had two several interviews with him at Athens, though I had too little leisure for discourse with him, and partly from the reports of other persons, and principally from his administration of the government — and what I admired in him was not (as might be imagined) his extraordinary eloquence, though our famous Pytho\* was absolutely nothing, and all the attic orators were but children compared to him, either as to the energy and noble masculine tone of discourse, the eurhythmy of his expressions, the precision of his thoughts, the solidity of his arguments, and the force with which he drove his antagonist into a corner, and captivated the audience. How very sorry I was therefore that by the advice of Pytho, and confiding in his specious promises, I took measures for convoking a general assembly of the Greeks at Athens, for the purpose as I thought of convincing the Athenians of their injustice; not duly considering that we should have to do with such a man as Demosthenes, whose superiority in haranguing was far too great to allow us any hopes of success in encountering those arguments whereby he retorted all the injustice upon ourselves. Conspicuous however as his eloquence was, I considered it not as his greatest merit, but rather as a mere instrument; what I most of all admired in him was his great good sense, and the sedate discretion, by which he uniformly preserved the fortitude of his mind unshook amid the most violent storms of adverse fortune, not suffering himself to be put out of temper, nor deterred from the prosecution of his purpose, by any disastrous event. That likewise king Philip thought

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the voluntary sacrifice of a couple of Spartans in behalf of the rest, who should be sent to Xerxes to atone with their lives for the murder of the persian ambassadors. The whole community being assembled to this end, Bulis and Sperthies (named by our author Sperchis) offered themselves for that purpose. They presented themselves actually to Xerxes, and behaved (the more as they gave up their lives as lost) with every mark of spartan insolence towards that king of kings. But Xerxes, looking down upon them and those that commissioned them with equal scorn, sent them (not from admiration of their virtue, but from personal magnanimity, and because he thought it consistent with his dignity to act more nobly than the spartan barbarians,) immediately home again. See Herodot. book vii. p. 483, ed. Steph.

\* A celebrated orator of Byzantium, who sided with king Philip. The reason of his making such a wretched figure at the convention at Athens was not because he was nothing compared to Demosthenes, but because the latter had incomparably the better cause.

so of him, I had once an opportunity of observing, when we were informed from Athens, that Demosthenes in a speech to the people had vehemently inveighed against the king. Parmenio fired at this, and indulged himself in some sarcastic and contemptuous expressions against the athenian demagogue. Philip however considered it all in a different light. My good Parmenio, said he, Demosthenes may say what he pleases; he has at least a right so to do, for of all these grecian demagogues he is the only one whose name does not appear in my memorandum book under the head of expenses: though if I could but get him on my side, I should repose more trust in him alone than in the whole naval list of my admiralty. Of all the rest there is not one that does not stand in my note book either for money received, or annual pensions, or for building-timber, cattle or lands in Bœotia, or here: but far sooner could we take Byzantium with scaling ladders, than Demosthenes with gold\*. If (continued he to Parmenio) an athenian orator prefers me to his own country, I pay him for it with sterling coin, but not with my friendship. On the other hand, if a man is my foe because he loves his country, him I attack exactly as I would a fort, a bulwark, a naval armament, or the lines of my enemy. But I honour his virtue, and congratulate that city, which has such a man to boast of. As for those hirelings, when I have had what I wanted of them, the hangman may fetch them whenever he chuses; but this man I would rather have here on our side than the illyrian and the triballian cavalry and all the foreign troops that are in my pay; for I am very far from deeming the talent of persuasion and an acute understanding inferior to the force of arms.

This Philip said to Parmenio. On another occasion he opened his mind to me on the same subject. It was at the time when the Athenians had sent Diopithes with some troops into the Chersonese. The king, seeing me uneasy at it, broke into a loud fit of laughter, and said: What! are you afraid of an athenian captain and the handful of men that he has

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\* Byzantium, which in Philip's time was a considerable and strongly fortified city, and had long maintained itself, in possession of the autonomy, now under the protection of the Spartans, now of the Athenians, was considered as the key to Greece, and it had therefore always been a main object of Demosthenes to move the Athenians to adopt such measures as should effectually prevent Philip from making himself master of it.

with him? I laugh at their ships and their Piræus and their armaments and their magazines: what can a set of people do who live at the public expense in everlasting bacchanals? Were it not for that one man Demosthenes, it would cost me less to have Athens, than to gain over the Thebans and Thessalians, whether by force or fraud, by conquest or by hard cash. But he is for ever vigilant; his eye is never turned from us; he watches every opportunity to annoy us; follows all our motions, and by his counteractions frustrates all our plans of operation. From him none of our clandestine projects are concealed; what we have determined on, what we propose, he knows all of it beforehand; and in a word, that man stands like an impregnable fortress in our way, and is the sole obstacle to our final success from our first attack. Had it depended on him alone, verily neither Amphipolis nor Olynthus nor Thermopylæ would have been in our hands, and never should we have been masters of the Phocenses and Pylas, the Chersonesus and the cities of the Hellespont. He alone it was, that roused his fellowcitizens, against their will, out of their slumber; and, regardless whether they heard what he said to them with pleasure or displeasure, he endeavoured, as it were by cutting and burning, to cure them of indolence and carelessness. He it is who supports the troops with the revenues that used to be squandered upon plays and spectacles, and by his laws and institutions has re-established their marine, which by disorders that had crept in was almost totally annihilated\*. The service of the republic, which for a long time had been reduced to the contemptible pay of a day-labourer†, he restored to its pris-

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\* The rich were obliged to provide armed galleys; everybody therefore affected poverty, in order to be exonerated from this obligation. If the magistrates owed a personal grudge to any individual, they caused his name to be enrolled in the list of rich men; while they erased the names of their own friends that were in easy circumstances, for the purpose of discharging them from an onerous expense, "exactly" says pere Lobeneau, by whom this remark is made, "as is practised with us in the matter of *la taille*, and *la capitation*." The galleys of the Greeks were not constructed like those now used in Europe. They had commonly three benches of rowers, raised one above another; whence comes the appellation trireme galleys. The first or lowest rank, was called the thalamites; the second the zygités; and the third or uppermost the thranites. The thranites, according to the burlesque remark of Aristophanes, "might f. in the face of the zygités, who might return the jest, in the same manner, on the thalamites."

† In the text: for drachmas and for the triobolus. — Whoever spoke in public on the affairs

tine consequence, stimulated the degenerate Athenians to emulate the renown of their ancestors and their signal exploits at Marathon and Salamis, and brought to effect leagues among the states of Greece for the mutual defence of their liberties. Such a man's attention is not to be beguiled; and he is no more to be bribed by money, than the famous Aristides could formerly be by the king of Persia. Of him therefore, my good Antipater, of him alone we have more reason to be afraid, than of all the ships and fleets with which the Athenians can attack us. For what to the old Athenians, Themistocles and Pericles were, that Demosthenes is to the present; he, who is equal to the one in sagacity and to the other in magnanimity. He has even found means to draw over Eubœa, Megara, Bœotia and the cities of the Hellespont, to their party, and has contrived so that they all do whatever he chuses. The Athenians therefore could not render me a more acceptable service, than by sending against me such generals as Chares, Diopithes, Proxenus and the like of them, while they keep Demosthenes in the pulpit at home. If they had had so much judgment, as to give him the unlimited command over their land and sea forces, and put their finances in his hands, and leave it entirely to him, how, where and when he would act against me; he would perhaps have quickly brought my own Macedonia into dispute; he, who even at present, when fighting me only with popular arguments, attacks me on all sides, is everywhere in my way, finds plenty of money, sends out large fleets and considerable armies against me, in short, opposes me in every possible way\*.

In this strain king Philip talked to me at that time, and on several

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of the commonwealth, received a drachma [seven pence three farthings] from the exchequer, and the gratuity of the judges as also of the citizens that attended the general meeting was a triobolus, or three pence three farthings. It is obvious what effects this regulation must have had in a democracy such as the athenian, and what sort of people, for the sake of earning a few pence, would force themselves into office.

\* The happy thought of making king Philip himself, the most violent adversary of Demosthenes, his most strenuous panegyrist, is, in my judgment, no slight indication that this tract is Lucian's. How could he have more dexterously concealed the stigma with which Plutarch has branded Demosthenes, respecting his cowardice at the battle of Chæronea, than by the manner in which he makes such a great general as Philip speak of what Demosthenes would have achieved, if the Greeks had appointed him dictator, against him.

other occasions, of this man; and he reckoned it one of the most favourable events for which he was beholden to fortune, that Demosthenes was never appointed to the command of the army: for what might not have been expected of him, whose mere speeches from Athens, like so many battering-rams and catapults \*, shattered and defeated all his projects? Even after the victory at Chæronea he could not leave off speaking of the extreme dangers into which that great man had brought us. We did indeed, contrary to all expectation, gain the battle, said he, thanks to the incapacity of the hostile leaders, the disorder and bad discipline of their troops, and the entirely unexpected turn that fortune took to our advantage! — And yet, when I consider, that this Demosthenes, could bring the most powerful cities of Greece, the combined armies of the Thebans and other Bœotians, the Corinthians, Eubœans and Megareans, into the field against me, to share the danger with the Athenians, only to prevent me from penetrating into the interior of Attica: I cannot think of it without horror, that my crown and my life itself, hung on the hazardous event of that single day †.

Thus spoke Philip uniformly and on all occasions of that great man. And if anyone observed to him that the Athenian nation was his most powerful enemy, his constant answer was: My sole enemy is Demosthenes; but for him, the Athenians were nothing more than Ænians ‡ and Thessalians. The negotiations, which the king carried on through his ambassadors with the grecian cities, always happily succeeded, when the Athenians sent another of their orators against them. But, when it was Demosthenes he used always to say: This time we might have kept our embassy at home: against the eloquence of Demosthenes there is no prevailing!

Such were Philip's sentiments of him. And now if I, who in all respects am so vastly inferior to that great prince, should be fortunate enough to get such a man in my power; do you think that I would lead

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\* The name of a military engine in use among the antients, from whence they could shoot ponderous missiles, barks and stones, to a great distance.

† See Plutarch in the life of Demosthenes; who seems to have borrowed from Philip the expression which Lucian puts into his mouth.

‡ A petty thessalian tribe that frequently changed its seat; but seems to have first lost its independence under king Philip.

him like an ox to the slaughter, and not rather appoint him my counsellor in the grecian affairs, and for my whole empire? I have for a long time felt a particular affection for him, no less on account of the noble part I saw him perform in the republic, than for the judgment that Aristotle passed upon him. For how often have I heard him observe, both to Alexander and to myself: that of the vast number of those who frequented his house for the sake of his lessons, there was not one whom he valued so highly as he did him. On every occasion he extolled the extent of his genius, his unwearied industry, the solidity of his judgment, the capaciousness of his understanding, his magnanimity and his fortitude. You, would he say, take him for a Eubulus or Phryno or Philocrates \*, who like the rest of them, may be turned aside by presents; him who has sacrificed a great part of his property to the necessities of his fellow-citizens and the republic. And when you discover, that nothing is to be done with him by bribes, you think to intimidate him by threats, who, from the moment when he devoted himself to his country, resolved to stake his life on the fortunes that awaited it! You take it ill that he speaks with vehemence against your proceedings; he, who when the interests of the commonwealth demand it, as freely opposes the inclinations of all his countrymen! You are ignorant then, that it is purely the love of his country that has moved him to undertake the affairs of the Greeks, and that he considers the administration of government as a gymnasium, where he reduces his philosophy to practice †?

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\* Of whom Demosthenes in one of his public orations speaks as a traitor to the interests of the republic. *De falsa legat. opp. pars i. p. 341 & seq.*

† It is selfevident, that Lucian (with whom it is customary to avail himself of all the privileges of the poet) here purely in virtue of the right *quidlibet audendi*, makes Aristotle also the encomiast of his hero; in order to exhibit him to us in another glaring light, through the medium by which the philosopher sees him. By the help of Philip he had made a great general of him; and now Aristotle must make him also a philosopher. A genuine lucianic trick, which at least to me seems to betray unequivocally the stamp of his wit! Against such internal evidence of the genuineness of a piece, the chronological inaccuracy of making Demosthenes a disciple of the Stagyrte, proves very little. Collisions of this nature are in Lucian's writings not unfrequent, and were common to him with all the writers of his time. Nay, what is still more, he might have been conscious that he was trespassing against chronology, and might therefore have done no less, since it was now a part of his plan, to decorate Demosthenes with all possible titles to the admiration and esteem of his hearers: for he could pretty

From all this, Archias, you may represent to yourself how very desirous I was to have this man about me, and to hear what he thinks of our present posture of affairs, even were it only, that among the numerous host of flatterers that crowd round me, I might have one honest man, who would speak his mind freely, and on whom I might safely rely for advice, and from whom I should hear nothing but the truth. I should likewise have called to his recollection, with great reason, how little the ungrateful Athenians deserved it of him, that he should sacrifice to them his whole existence, since he had it in his power to procure friends more sensible to obligations and more to be relied on.

ARCHIAS. The rest, my king, you might perhaps have obtained : but against his country, you would have prevailed nothing upon a man, whose passionate affection for Athens proceeds to fanaticism.

ANTIPATER. There you are perhaps in the right, Archias. But what avails it to talk of things that are now gone by ? Tell me then, how did he die ?

ARCHIAS. You will admire him more than ever, my king. For even we, who were eyewitnesses of his death, beheld him with amazement, and had no less difficulty to believe our eyes, than those who were not present, to believe our report. To judge from the preparatives, he seemed to have been long determined on his last day. He sat in the interior of the temple. We had already consumed some days in vain attempts to persuade him —

ANTIPATER. And what said you then ?

ARCHIAS. I expatiated at large on your humane character, and gave him the strongest assurances of your gracious pardon, though in fact I

safely rely upon it, that none of them had so accurately studied chronology, as to mark and detect the mistake ; and had that against all probability happened, he would still have had the right of fiction in a panegyric of this kind for his shield. Besides, this little stumblingblock might be removed, if we admit as valid the alteration proposed by Wolfius, of the word *προσπειροηκότων* into *συμπεροηκότων*, which is not without probability. This dialogue swarms throughout with manifest and conjectural slips of the pen. How easy it was for a conceited transcriber or corrector, in recollecting that Thersagoras had already before made Demosthenes a scholar of Aristotle, to smell here in the genuine lection a mistake, and take upon him to correct it by changing the preposition *εν* into *προς* !

did not believe it myself; for I thought you were extremely exasperated against him : and therefore did it merely in hopes to persuade him.

ANTIPATER. And how did he take what you said to him? hide nothing from me. I wish to have it all, as if I myself had been by, and heard everything with my own ears. Omit not the smallest circumstance. It is something very interesting to see how the character of a great man shews itself in the last hours of his life — whether he lost his firmness and his spirit sunk by its own pressure, or whether he preserved his constancy to the last with equal strength and sublimity.

ARCHIAS. Oh certainly he lost not the least particle of it! On the contrary, he was in such spirits as to tell me, alluding to my former course of life, that I was a bad actor, and had not the art to give sufficient colouring to your falsehoods to enable them to deceive.

ANTIPATER. He therefore refused to live because he could not trust the promises which you gave in my name?

ARCHIAS. Not so. When you have heard all, you will find, that he had another motive than distrust. The macedonians, said he, — since you command me to conceal nothing — the Macedonians are capable of anything; and it is therefore nothing extraordinary, if they get Demosthenes into their power in the same way as they did Amphipolis and Olynthus and Oropus\*. Much more he then spoke to the same effect; and that no part of it might be lost to you, I employed a scribe to take down all that he said. As I am not sure, said he, whether Antipater will not have me executed in a cruel manner, I can have no great inclination to appear in his presence. Were it however, as you would fain make me believe; I should have still more reason to dread lest by the very life that I should receive as a present from him, I should be bribed to desert the party of the Greeks, to which I have ever been attached from my own free determination, and go over to the Macedonians. It would be fair and reputable in me, to owe my life to the Piræus and the galleys which I fitted out for the republic, to the ramparts and the canal which I restored at my private expense, and the pandionic guild, whose choregos I was of my own

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\* By rancour and treachery.

motion, at the dionysia \*, and to Solon and Draco, and to the people whose independence I fought for, and the pulpit from which I have delivered so many decrees and statutes tending to that object, and to the merits and trophies of my ancestors, and to the attachment of my fellowcitizens, which has procured me so many crowns, — to owe my life to these I should even esteem it an honour. But to be obliged to receive it as an alms from mere compassion, that would be humiliating indeed; yet even in that I might acquiesce, if I owed it to the compassion of my friends, whose sons or relations I have freed from captivity, or the fathers whose daughters I have portioned out †, or those whom I have assisted in paying their debts of honour ‡. But to Antipater — No; verily, if none of the islands in the ocean, over which Athens maintains the sovereignty, can afford me safety, I shall stay here and implore the protection of Neptune and these his altars and the sacred laws of religion! If however (continued he) Neptune cannot vindicate the inviolability of his temple, or

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\* Each of the ten guilds at Athens had a choregos, a sort of magistrate, whose duty it was, at the dionysia and panathensæa to provide for the representation of the tragedy which his guild was to perform, for the most part out of his private purse, i. e. to procure the actors and dancers, the dresses, masks, decorations, in short, all the necessary appendages. The office was perhaps that in which a man might most speedily ruin himself. For besides that there were no better means of recommending himself to the people, than by magnificent new spectacles, so a sort of emulation arose, and every choregos exerted himself the more to surpass his rivals, as he not only made a merit of it to himself, that might lead to the first posts of the republic, but the glory of the victory reverberated on the whole guild. See *Memoir. de l'Acad. des B. Lett.* vol. xxiii. p. 16, conf. *Demosth. pro Corona*, &c. Every guild likewise maintained its own dithyrambic poet. The dithyramps originally were odes to Bacchus, and were called by that name in allusion to the two *thyres* or gates by which Bacchus entered the world, viz. the womb of Semele and the thigh of Jupiter. In process of time however, all hymns made in honour of the gods were called dithyramba. This kind of poetry was characterized by a particular *infatus* or enthusiasm.

† Of such a tirade any eloquent orator, and even Lucian himself, who could not always forget his old trade, might applaud himself: but to put into the mouth of Demosthenes, who always expressed himself with so much modesty, even when compelled to speak of his own merits, without object or necessity, such a boasting declamation, is unpardonable.

‡ *Οἷς τῶς ἱεῶνς συνδιδασκόμεν.* When an Athenian was in distress for money, his friends together advanced for him the necessary sum. This was termed *eranos*, but was a debt of honour that must be repaid.

do not blush to see Demosthenes betrayed to Archias — then will I rather die, than beg my life of Antipater, and basely attribute to him the prerogative of a god! Had I chose to combine with such men as Pytheas, Callimedon, and Demeas, I had it long in my option to obtain the friendship of the Macedonians at the expense of the Athenians, and now have had my share in your successes. Even at present, late as it is, I might change my mind, were it not that then I must be ashamed in the sight of the daughters of Erectheus and the manes of Codrus \*. But has even the dæmon of fortune abandoned us, I shall not therefore turn deserter. Death is a sovereign means of security against the danger of doing or suffering anything disgraceful. Be assured therefore, Archias, I will, as far as in me lies, not bring my beloved Athens to shame, by voluntarily making myself a slave, and by throwing away with my own hands that liberty which is the fairest ornament of the tomb. How charming it is to hear the tragic poet say of the dying Polyxena; that though in the agonies of death

'Twas her last care with decency to fall †.

This was the thought of a tender maid; and shall Demosthenes have so entirely forgot what such men as Plato and Xenocrates have said concerning immortality, as to prefer a shameful life to an honourable death?

I pass over much more that he said, not without asperity, against those who have not sufficient controul over themselves to preserve moderation in their good fortune.

At last, after I had employed good words and harsh words, intreaties and menaces, in short, all possible means to move him, he said: This would work upon me if I were Archias; but as I am Demosthenes, you will pardon me, good friend, if I am no worse than nature made me.

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\* Erectheus, the sixth of the antient kings or caciques of Attica, was forced by the command of the oracle to sacrifice one of his four daughters Procris, Creusa, Estonia and Orithyia, for the purpose of securing to himself the victory in a war with the Eleusinians, on which, as it appears, the preservation and the liberty of the Athenians depended. Erectheus offered up the youngest; but the three others spontaneously shared the fate of their sister. The Athenians testified their gratitude to the father and to the daughters, by building a temple to them as their patron deities, and maintained a peculiar priest to officiate therein. How Codrus sacrificed himself for Athens is of universal notoriety.

† Euripid. *Hecuba*, ver. 568.

Now, I must own, I had thought of dragging him down from the altar by main force. But, perceiving my design, he began to laugh, and looking up to the god, he said: Would not one think, that Archias knew of no other ways or means by which a man can help himself, than arms and ships of war and ramparts and armies; and that he despises my armour, though neither Illyrians nor Triballions nor Macedonians can gain any advantage over the power in which I confide. For it is even stronger than those wooden walls which the oracle once promised the Athenians would prove insurmountable \*, and it was that providence which kept up my courage all through my administration, and rendered me fearless in spite of the Macedonians! For neither Euctemon nor Aristogiton nor Pytheas and Callimedon, nor Philip were able to intimidate me then, any more than Archias is at this instant. — Lay no hands on me, he added; for if I can prevent it, this temple shall not be profaned by any act of violence. I will only put up my prayer to the god, and follow you then without delay.

In this expectation I remained quiet, and on presently seeing him put his hand to his mouth, I thought of nothing but that he was praying †.

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\* Alluding to a well-known oracle, received by the Athenians from Apollo in the Median war. Themistocles affirmed that the import of the oracle was, that they should expect the preservation of the republic not of the walls of Athens, but of their ships: and under such a leader as Themistocles the sequel justified his interpretation.

† The Greeks when praying before the image of a divinity, or in testimony of their veneration in passing by it, used to kiss the palm of their own hand. But in the formal act of thanking and paying homage to the gods, they began by kissing the earth. Everywhere in Athens were to be seen images of the deities painted on planks of wood, together with their symbols. Thus, Jupiter was represented with an eagle, Minerva with an owl, Apollo with a hawk, Neptune with a dolphin, and Æsculapius with a serpent. In imitation of this mode the christians afterwards severally distinguished their saints, representing saint Roche with his dog, saint Eustace with his stag, saint Anthony with a boar, saint Martin with a horse, saint Jerome with a lion, and saint Guingalvé with a goose, &c. What is commonly called a *glory*, and by antiquarians a *nimbus*, viz. a certain circlet, placed on the head of statues, and considered by the moderns as an appendage of canonization or majesty, was styled by the ancients a *meniscus* or *little moon*. Their intention however in placing the meniscus on the head of their divinities, was not to denote the beatitude of the person represented, but only to prevent the image from being defiled by the ordure of the birds. At Athens it would have been considered as a horrible profanation to have called an altar of the gods a tomb: the christians however, less scrupulous in this respect, erected their altars, and performed their most religious rites over tombs. What-

ANTIPATER. What was it then else ?

ARCHIAS. We afterwards by means of torture drew it out of one of his female slaves, that he had carried poison about him for some time, in order at all events to purchase his freedom at least by death. Thus much is certain : scarcely had we stepped over the threshold of the temple, when he said to me : Carry this to Antipater : Demosthenes you shall not take with you ; no, by those — he meant, I think to have added, “ who fell at Marathon ;” \* but utterance was denied him ; and with the word, Farewell ! his spirit fled away. This, my king, is the report I had to lay before you of the siege and capture of — Demosthenes.

ANTIPATER. By these features I recognize Demosthenes, Archias. This I call an unconquerable soul, that may with truth be pronounced happy ! How worthy of a brave and prudent republican ; carrying always with him the surest pledge of his liberty ! — He is now gone to the blissful islands, where the heroes are said to dwell, to begin a new life ; or has entered the path along which it is believed that souls mount up to heaven, and find themselves as dæmons in the retinue of Jupiter Eleutherius †. His corpse however we will send to Athens, and make a present of it to the attic earth, more precious than the bones of those who fell at Marathon.

ever respect was paid at Athens to the statues of the gods, it sometimes happened that young libertines would in the night, by potent strokes of the hammer, put the same affront on them, as Jupiter is said to have put on his father Saturn. The statues of the gods were made with their arms extended, as if to receive presents from men. At least Aristophanes affects so to understand this matter. We learn however from an ancient apologist of the christian church, that this posture was intended to receive the homage of their votaries, who in that view touched the hand of the statue, and that from a long repetition of this practice, the hands of the statues in time became worn.

\* An oath of Demosthenes in the famous oration *pro corona*, where it has a great effect, and on which account it is cited by Longinus as an example of the sublime.

† Jupiter as tutelary deity of liberty. Antipater seems here to allude to a passage in Plato's *Phædo*. On the propriety of putting such a pious ejaculation into the mouth of that prince, we will not squabble with our author ; in the humour wherein he puts him, a couple of fine images might perhaps be revived, which he when a boy had composed from his Pindar and Plato.

## THE DOUBLE INDICTMENT.

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JUPITER. MERCURY. JUSTICE. PAN. AN ATHENIAN. A SECOND AND A THIRD ATHENIAN. THE ACADEMY. THE STOA. EPICURUS. VIRTUE. LUXURY. DIOGENES. RHETORIC. DIALOGUE. A SYRIAN. [Lucian.]

JUPITER.

**A** MURRAIN light upon all those philosophers, who have the insolence to affirm that the eudæmony is nowhere to be met with, but among us gods! Did but these noisy fellows know what vexations we are obliged to undergo for the sake of mankind, verily they would not think us so happy because of our nectar and ambrosia, and that on the bare word of old Homer, who perpetually entitles us the blessed deities. The blind mountebank, who pretends to know everything that passes in heaven, and yet cannot see what lies an inch before his nose! Here is, for example, the honest chuff Helios, who every blessed day must betimes in the morning put his horses to, and gallop round the sky, wrapped over and over in fire and darting rays, without having so much leisure as to allow him to scratch his ears! For, should he forget himself but a single instant, and suffer the reins to slacken ever so little, his horses would run away with him, stray out of the beaten track, and set everything in

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**THE DOUBLE INDICTMENT.** After so many pieces, which are either not composed in Lucian's best and peculiar manner, or absolutely with more or less reason, are suspected of bearing his name unlawfully in front, it is doubtless no less agreeable to the reader than to the translator, to come again to one on which the signet of his genius is so plainly stamped as not to be mistaken, and in every point of view may be admitted as a worthy companion of the Resuscitated in the former volume.

fire and flames. Then poor Selene cannot close her eyes the whole night long, but must take her round, to light home disorderly people staggering late in the evening from toping and carousing. There is Apollo too, who has chose a wearisome task, and it is really a miracle that he is not by this time as deaf as a post, he has so much to do in listening to the numbers that come to consult him about future events. Now he must be at Delphi; then he must run as fast as he can to Colophon\*; from thence cross over to Xanthus†, drive post haste to Claros, then to Delos or to the Branchidæ‡; — in short, whithersoever the priestess, his prelate, when she has drunk of the sacred fount, chewed laurel-leaves, and wriggled herself to and fro upon her tripod as if she were mad, bids him go, there must he instantly appear, and deliver oracles one after another without intermission, if he has any regard for his reputation and abilities. Not to mention the traps that are continually set for him by the rascally rabble, to put his skill to the test, and how, for example, they cook lamb and tortoise together, so that the good Apollo, if he had not fortunately so delicate a nose, would be handsomely laughed at, with all his cunning§. Still worse is Æsculapius plagued with his patients; he is obliged to inspect the most loathsome diseases, dress the most disgusting sores, and from his incessant attendance on the miseries and sufferings of others, has no enjoyment of his own life. And how much might I say of the winds, which favour the growth of plants, waft the ships from place to place, and winnow the corn. Likewise of Sleep, who must hover round all living creatures; and of Dream, who is obliged to watch the whole night through, and serves him in his prophetic functions. For all these and a great many more toilsome offices the gods are obliged to go through for the pleasure and benefit of mankind; and there is not one of them that is not assisting in a thousand ways to their successes in life.

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\* The Apollo Clarius had a grove at Colophon, a city in Ionia, where in times very remote there was an oracle, which as it appears gradually fell into decay, but under the roman emperors, from Tiberius forwards came again into repute, and in the 2d and 3d centuries of the christian æra was among the most celebrated.

† A river mentioned by Homer, beyond which the capital of Lydia Patara was situate, where Apollo had a famous temple, where he gave oracles during the six winter months.

‡ See the note upon Alexander, in the former vol. p. 635.

§ See the note on the Convicted Jupiter, in the former vol. p. 532.

But all that the other gods have to do, is nothing to the fatigues that I must undergo. I, the universal king and father of all, what unpleasant, laborious affairs have I to manage, how many weighty concerns lie upon my shoulders! How many cares distract my head! For, besides that I have the superintendance over all the offices of the other gods, who help me to govern the world, and must see that they execute nothing in a negligent or bungling manner; I have yet ten thousand things to do for myself; and what is the worst of it, almost all so trifling, that it is hardly possible for me to get through them. For notwithstanding I have taken all imaginable care to provide for the distribution of the greater concerns of my department, rain, hail, winds, thunder and lightning, yet I am far short of being quit of all my cares, and at leisure to take my rest. I must still be doing, and have my eyes everywhere at the same time, like Argus\*, wherever anything is stole, or a false oath deposed, wherever libations are offered, wherever the smoke of victims ascends, wherever a sick person or a sailor invokes my aid, and so forth. Then what is the most troublesome of all, is, that I am forced to be at one and the same time, at Olympia to attend a hecatomb, at Babylon to survey a battle, to hail upon the Getæ, and to feast with the Æthiopians. Even thus, however, I cannot avoid the murmurs and complaints of mortals; but while all the other gods and effective men sleep the whole night, Zeus must dispense with the enjoyment of slumber †. For should I nod but for a moment, the cry would be that Epicurus was in the right, in denying our providential care, that we take no notice of what is done upon earth: and our interest is too deeply concerned in this, I trow, to be viewed with indifference. For if mankind believed that, what would be the consequence? Our temples would be uncrowned, the streets would no longer send up fumes of victims, the goblets would pass without libations, the altars would be cold: in short, our revenues would cease, and we must be

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\* In the original: like the cowherd of Nemæa. — That no other than the well-known keeper of Io turned into a cow by Juno, the hundred-eyed Argus, is here meant, is apparent from comparing this passage with the third confabulation of the deities, as Du Soul has already observed. The interpretation of the vatican scholiast (that these words refer to the nemæan herdsmen, who, ere Hercules had slain the nemæan lion, for fear of that monster lived in constant anxiety, and dared never to sleep a wink) is as unnecessary as it is forced and far-fetched.

† Iliad, ii. 1.

pinched with famine! There is therefore no other alternative, than for me alone to stand aloft, like the pilot of a ship, take the helm in my hands, and while all the crew are making merry, or sleeping off their debauch, to care and provide for everything, sleepless and hungry, with nothing for it, save the bare honour of being styled master. As I said, therefore, I should be glad to ask the philosophers, who attribute to the gods exclusively the consummate eudæmony, how we can find time for regaling ourselves with nectar and ambrosia, we, who are burdened with such an endless multiplicity of affairs? If we were not so much in lack of leisure should we have so many old causes on hand, lying covered with dust and cobwebs, who knows how long? mouldering in our chancery? — Particularly such as are presented to us by the arts and sciences against certain persons, some of which have actually been waiting for decision several years. The parties concerned of course cry out against us on all sides, angrily demanding justice, and accusing me of deferring everything to the last moment; because they do not know, that it is not our negligence, but the glorious eudæmony, wherein they conceive us to live, that is fault for these delays.

**MERCURY.** I should have spoke long ago to my noble father of these grievances, if I had had the courage; for I am forced to hear too many of them. But since you yourself have brought up this subject, I may presume to say, that the people are in truth very angry, and make heavy complaints; not indeed over loud — that they dare not do: but at least they lay their heads together, and murmur and grumble, and complain that it is very hard upon them to be so long kept out of a decision — that the several parties ought ere this to know where they are — and a great deal more of the like sort.

**JUPITER.** How think you, Mercury? Shall I give them to know that I will bring on their causes forthwith? or shall we put off the hearing till next year?

**MERCURY.** My opinion is, to summon them without farther delay.

**JUPITER.** Be it so then. Do you fly down directly, and make proclamation that a court will be held this day. All therefore who have causes to try, must incontinently appear in the Areopagus, where Justice shall appoint from the Athenians by lot a proper number of judges, greater or less in proportion to the importance of the specific cause. If

any man think himself aggrieved by the sentence he may freely appeal to me, and obtain a new decree, without regard to the former. Go you, my daughter\*, join yourself to the venerable goddesses †, let the lot decide which cause shall first come on, and preside over the court.

JUSTICE. Once more on earth! Again shortly to be discarded, and forced to run away, when I can no longer endure the reiterated insults of Injustice!

JUPITER. Let us hope the best. The philosophers have demonstrated how far preferable you are to Injustice. The son of Sophroniscus ‡ in particular, who has pronounced so many fine encomiums upon you, has made it as clear as day-light that Justice is the greatest blessing in the world.

JUSTICE. He himself, however, has gained little by his sermons. All the benefit the poor man reaped from them was to be arraigned before the eleven §, thrown into jail and forced to drink hemlock, without being allowed time to sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius. So much were his accusers addicted to a philosophy directly opposed to the philosophy of Justice!

JUPITER. You should not from those times conclude of the present. At that period philosophy had something of a strange appearance to the generality of people, and the philosophizers were few in number: no wonder then that the judges were inclined to the side of Anytus and Melitus. Whereas at present you everywhere see nothing but mantles, staves and knapsacks, on all hands nothing but long beards and books under the arms; all philosophize in your favour, on all the promenades they crowd together in whole hosts and phalanxes; no one but wishes to be regarded as a pupil of virtue ||. Not a few even lay down their callings, put on the cynic mantle and wallet, and are as sun-burnt as the Moors, and now walk about the world as people suddenly converted from shoe-

\* Speaking to Justice.

† So were styled the Eumenides or Erynnes.

‡ Socrates.

§ A college at Athens so called, consisting of ten judges (one from each guild) and a secretary, whose jurisdiction extended over those who were already capitally convicted. They were styled also Nomophylakes, and the place where they held their sittings Nomophylakeion.

|| These characters mark distinctly the reign of M. Aurelius.

makers and journeymen-carpenters into philosophers and proclaim your virtues. In short, it would be easier to fall into a ship and not strike against timber, as the proverb has it, than for an eye, whichever way it turns, to miss of a philosopher.

**JUSTICE.** They are the folks I am most afraid of, my good father, because they are perpetually quarrelling; and talk about me without always rightly knowing what they say. I am assured that most of these people who make such a to-do about me in their harangues, would, if it came to the brunt, and I wanted them to afford me shelter, shut the door in my face; because, having already admitted my rival, they have no room left for me.

**JUPITER.** They are not all so bad; you will still find some good men, my dear daughter, and that may suffice you. Go therefore, and lose no more time, that we may despatch at least a few causes to-day.

**MERCURY.** Come along, dear Justice; let us set out! This goes down direct upon Sunium, a little below Hymettus, to the left of mount Parnes, yonder where you perceive two summits\* — for you seem to have clean forgot the road. — But why do you whine, and take on so? Never be afraid, child! The world is mightily altered since your time. The Ski-rons and Pityocampes and such as Busiris and Phalaris, once so formidable, are all dead and gone. Now wisdom, the academy and the stoa, are all in all. You are everywhere sought after; nothing is talked of but you, and they go gazing about with open mouths, inquiring whether you will not again come flying down to them.

**JUSTICE.** Speak sincerely, Mercury; for who can tell me the truth so well as you, who have conversed so much amongst these people; since in virtue of your office you must be so frequently in the gymnasiums and on the great market-place? How fares it with them? Do you think that I shall be able to abide among them?

**MERCURY.** Most assuredly. Wherefore should I not tell you the truth, my own dear sister? The great mass is unquestionably much im-

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\* A topographical description of the situation of the city of Athens between the promontory of Sunium and the mounts Parnes and Hymettus. The two heights are the Acropolis and the Areopagus.

proved by philosophy; and if it were only out of respect for the philosophical habit, they pay more regard to external decorum, and at least sin more decently and secretly. Yet I will not deny that you may light upon some that are bad enough. Neither is there any want of such as are half-wise and half-wicked. It is with philosophy as with the art of dying. The former takes men in hand to give them a new colour. The whole of the matter therefore rests here, whether they have imbibed so much of this dye as to be thoroughly imbued and saturated with it; whenever this is the case, they are become perfectly good, and by these you will be kindly received. Others, on the contrary, who were too dirty to admit of being imbued deeply enough with the dye, are indeed little better than the rest who have not been dipped at all in the colouring boiler; but they have still many spots, and to appearance are as speckled as a leopard. There are likewise some, who, if they do but touch the cauldron on the outside with the tips of their fingers and made themselves smutty with it, are satisfied, and think themselves tintured enough. At all events you will keep company only with the best. — But look, while we are talking, we are already come nigh to Attica. Let us then leave Sunium on the right hand, and lower ourselves upon the acropolis. — You may here sit down awhile on the hill, and see how the people flock together, for the purpose of hearing what I have to proclaim on the part of Jupiter. I in the mean time will get upon the citadel where I can best be heard and by a greater number of people.

**JUSTICE.** Stop but for a moment, dear Mercury, and tell me who that horned figure yonder is, making up to us, with a pipe of reeds in his hand, and with hairy legs.

**MERCURY.** What! do not you know Pan, the most bacchantic of all the attendants on Bacchus? In old times he lived on mount Parthenius: but on the landing of the persian general Datis in Arcadia, and the incursion of the barbarians into Marathon, he came uncalled for, to the assistance of the Athenians, and behaved so gallantly, that they gave him possession of the cave yonder beneath the Acropolis, not far from the Pelasgicon\*; where he has ever since generally resided, and is considered as an inmate of Athens†. He has spied us out, and I suppose is coming up to pay his compliments to us.

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\* See vol. i. p. 263.

† See vol. i. p. 329.

PAN. Welcome to these parts, Mercury and Justice!

MERCURY. Good — — —\*.

JUSTICE. Good day, Pan! I am glad of your acquaintance, you best musician and dancer of all the satyrs, and the most valiant protector of Athens.

PAN. What business brings you down to us?

MERCURY. That this lady will inform you. I must hie to the top of the citadel to make my proclamation.

JUSTICE. Jupiter, my dear Pan, has sent me down to assist in some judicial transactions. But how then do you go on with the Athenians?

PAN. On the whole, I cannot boast that they let me go on too well among them. I own, that after the service I rendered them against the barbarians, I did expect something more of them. They come up to me however twice or three times a-year, and slay to me a nasty old rancid he-goat, which fills the whole district with its fragrance, then feast upon the prime pieces, let me look on, while they make merry, and stamp on the ground in honour of me. Their jests and merriment however, make me laugh, and I am satisfied.

JUSTICE. Well! but, my dear Pan, do you find that the philosophers have made them better and more virtuous?

PAN. What do you call philosophers? Those down-looking, sour-faced fellows, with the long, goat-beards like mine, who are so fond of hearing themselves talk?

JUSTICE. Exactly as you describe them.

PAN. Well; if these are the people, I cannot tell you much about them; for of their wisdom I understand not a word. I am a simple mountaineer, and have never had opportunity nor inclination to learn the polished language of the city folks. From whence should a sophist or a philosopher come into Arcadia? My learning extends no farther than to my oaten reed and my crooked pipe; besides, I am a goatherd, dance my cordax, and can fight when necessity requires. However I hear them making a great clatter all day long, babbling about god knows what sort of things, virtue and ideas and nature and incorporeal substances, of which I neither have nor desire to have any notion. At first, while they

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\* He suddenly checks himself, out of politeness, because Justice was beginning to speak.

converse together about their trumpery, they are calm and peaceable : but when once they get deeper into dispute, they gradually raise their voices to such a pitch that they can strain them no higher, and scream as if they were singing a war-song ; so that from sheer exertion and striving to out-bawl one another, their faces become red as scarlet, their necks swell, and their veins rise like a trumpeter's. By roaring all together at the same time, they lose sight of the argument, confound the hundredth proposition with the thousandth ; and, after having insulted one another with all kinds of abuse, they separate, wiping with their fingers the sweat off their foreheads, and he that has bawled the loudest, and dealt out the most opprobrious epithets, is generally looked upon as the conqueror. In the mean time the crowd, composed chiefly of people who have nothing to do, stand round and take delight in hearing the fellows vie with each other in insolence and clamour. I for my part have always considered them as a set of vain, empty chuffs, and am not a little angry at their wearing beards so very like my own. Whether the public may receive any benefit from their noise and impudence, or what they themselves can gain by their reasonings and their disputations, I do not pretend to know. But if I am required to speak the truth without reserve, I must confess, that as the eminence on which I dwell, affords me a very open prospect, I see some of them hereabouts not seldom late in the evening.

**JUSTICE.** Stop a moment, Pan ! Did it not seem to you as if you heard Mercury beginning his proclamation ?

**PAN.** Oh yes ; I do hear him.

**MERCURY.** To all men, be it known ; that this day, being the seventh of the present month elaphebolion\*, we shall, with good omens, hold a court of judicature. So many of you therefore as have causes to try, are ordered to repair to the areopagus, where Justice will attend and draw the lots, and sit beside the judges. The judges are to be taken from the whole athenian population, and the gratuity is three oboli † for every verdict. The number of the judges will be determined by the importance of the charge in the indictment. If one or another, having begun his process, shall die before sentence is passed, Æacus has orders

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\* i. e. The stag-hunting month, answering to our February.

† About a goat.

to send him immediately back. And if anyone shall think himself wronged by the sentence here pronounced, he is at liberty to appeal to Jupiter.

PAN. Heavens! what a noise is here! What a clamour! How they crowd together! With what precipitancy they are clambering up the hill to the areopagus! How one hangs to the skirts of the other, and everyone is resolved to be the first! — Oh, there I hear Hermes again! — Now away to your office, draw lots, judge and manage your business the best way you can. I will betake myself back to my cave, and play upon my pipe one of my favourite tunes, with which I generally can make the coy nymph Echo nod her assent. Speeches at the bar I have had enough to surfeit me; for I hear them every day on the areopagus.

MERCURY. Well then, sister Justice; if you think proper, we will call up the parties.

JUSTICE. Do so. For the people stand very thick, you see, and make a great noise, humming and buzzing all round the citadel, like so many wasps.

AN ATHENIAN. Hold, rascal! Have I got you?

ANOTHER. Let me alone, you sycophant!

A THIRD. At last I shall have satisfaction of you.

ANOTHER. I will prove to your teeth that you have been guilty of facts, which no honest man would defile his tongue with naming!

ANOTHER. Good Mercury, bring on my cause first.

ANOTHER. Come along, villain! before the judge.

ANOTHER. You collar me so tight; you will throttle me!

JUSTICE. Do you know what, Mercury? We had better methinks to-day adjudge the charges brought by the arts, sciences, and modes of life, against certain persons, and put off the rest till to-morrow. — Give me the list.

MERCURY; *reads*. Drunkenness *vers.* the Academy, in the matter of Polemon, action for damages, *in puncto plagii*.

JUSTICE. Allot seven judges for that.

MERCURY. The Stoa *vers.* Pleasure, *puncto injuriæ realis*, for stealing away their admirer Dionysius.

JUSTICE. Five judges are enough.

MERCURY. Pleasure *v.* Virtue; touching Aristippus.

JUSTICE. For this too five may suffice.

MERCURY. The Exchange-bank *v.* Diogenes, for running away from his service.

JUSTICE. Only three.

MERCURY. Fainting *vers.* Pyrrho, *puncto desertionis.*

JUSTICE. Should have nine judges.

MERCURY. Would you have us on this occasion to hear the two charges that have been recently preferred against a certain rhetor?

JUSTICE. Let us first despatch the old ones; then these will come on regularly in their turn.

MERCURY. I should think however, as they are nearly of the same nature with them, the most proper way would be to let them go together.

JUSTICE. You seem inclined to favour somebody, who has recommended his cause to you, Mercury. Well, let it be so, if that is your opinion. Only let us confine ourselves to these; we have already enough to do with the former. — How then do the indictments run?

MERCURY. Rhetoric *v.* a certain Syrian, *puncto damni.* Dialogus *vers.* the same, for personal abuse.

JUSTICE. But who is the defendant? for I see no name given in.

MERCURY. The name is nothing to the purpose. Do you only declare the judges, "against a syrian rhetor," that is enough.

JUSTICE. Ey, ey! it surely is not our business to decide causes brought from beyond Tauris here to Athens, law-suits that should be tried on the other side of the Euphrates! However allot them eleven judges who may pronounce upon both causes.

MERCURY. That is very handsome of you, sister, to spare the purses of the parties, by lessening the expenses of the process.

JUSTICE. First then the suit between the Academy and Drunkenness. Make way for the judges! Pour out the water! — Let Drunkenness open the case! — Now? What ails you? Why do not you speak? What is all that nodding for? — Go, Mercury, and ask her what is the matter.

MERCURY. She says she cannot produce the charges herself, because the wine has tied up her tongue. I am afraid they will laugh at me, she said, when they hear what a stammering I make; you see that I can scarce stand on my feet.

JUSTICE. Then let her employ a proper attorney. There are ad-

vocates enough at hand, who are ready to split their lungs for three oboli\*.

MERCURY. Aye, but who will openly plead the cause of Drunkenness? And yet in such circumstances it would be hard to refuse her request.

JUSTICE. What is to be done then?

MERCURY. The Academy is always ready to speak on both sides, *pro* and *con*, and professes to make it equally clear that a thing is black and that it is white. She can therefore, she says, first plead for me, and afterwards for herself.

JUSTICE. That is quite a new mode of proceeding! However if the Academy chuses, she may, for anything I care, undertake both for plaintiff and defendant, since she finds it so easy.

ACADEMY. Hear me speak therefore, honourable and learned judges, first in the name of Drunkenness, whose water is now beginning to run. In fact, the poor woman has suffered much injury from me, the Academy, by robbing her of her only slave, a fellow always faithful and devoted to her, who thought nothing scandalous which she ordered him to do, this Polemon here present. A slave, who carried his attachment to such a length, as to walk about the market drunk, and crowned with a flowery wreath about his brows, in broad daylight, in company with a singing girl; who, while he jested and danced along, filled his ears with her music from morning till night. To the truth of this allegation all the Athenians can bear witness, of whom no one will dare to assert that he ever saw Polemon sober. Now it happened once that the poor man, as he was according to custom exhibiting his mad frolics at every door in the city, reeled against the gate of the Academy — What was she to do? She laid violent hands upon him, dragged him out of the arms of Drunkenness, locked him within doors, forced him to drink water and soberize himself, tore the chaplet from his head, and so far succeeded as to fill up those hours of indolence which he used to consume stretched on his bed carousing, with the unintelligible tiresome stuff that she prated to him. And what is unfortunately the consequence? That the poor scoundrel, whose cheeks before displayed the glowing tints of the rose, are now pale and sunk, and he is

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\* About four-pence.

grown so lean, that it grieves one to see him; that he has forgot all his merry catches, and amorous ballads, and will frequently sit without meat or drink till midnight poring over the crabbed nonsense, which I, the Academy, instil in great quantities into my scholars. The worst of it is, that she has put him out of love with me, goodnature'd Drunkenness, and even instigated him to attack my reputation, and to say a thousand opprobrious things of me. — This I think is all that was proper to be advanced in the name and on the behalf of Drunkenness. Let my water now be poured out; for it is next my turn to speak for myself.

JUSTICE. I wonder what she will say to that, Mercury. Pour out however just the same quantity as before.

ACADEMY. Honourable and learned judges, the counsel on behalf of Drunkenness has propounded her case in such a manner that it does one good to hear her. But if you will now lend me a favourable ear, I hope to convince you that no wrong has been done her by me. This Polemon, whom she pretends to be her slave, was by no means of humble origin, or of bad disposition, not at all addicted to Drunkenness; on the contrary was naturally and from his earliest infancy well affected to me. She it was who by the aid of Pleasure, her but too obsequious handmaid, seized upon him in his tender youth, seduced him, delivered him a prey to Intemperance and the hetæres; and, in one word, so misled the unfortunate young man, that he had not the least sense of shame remaining. Take therefore everything that was said before, in her opinion, to her advantage, as if it had been said on my behalf. The unhappy youth paid no regard to hours, began his career with the morning dawn, muddled with the overnight's wine, to roam about the market with pipers and harpers at his heels, and went rioting in perpetual intoxication from house to house, to the disgrace of his family and the scandal of the city and the derision of every stranger in it. When he came to me, I was just engaged in conversation with some of my friends, as I often am, and generally with open doors, on the subjects of virtue and temperance. At first he stood for some time in the door-way, with his pipes and his garlands, ranting and roaring, so that none of us could hear one word almost of all that was said, in the design of putting me out of temper and interrupting our conversation. I however, not minding anything he did, continued my discourse. Upon this, he began to listen, and as he had not as yet entirely

fuddled away all his reason, my speech wrought upon him in such a manner that he gradually became more discreet, threw away his chaplet, ordered the flute-girl to be silent, began to be ashamed of his gaudy dress; and, as if awaking from a profound sleep, saw himself as he really was, and abominated his former life. Now the deep redness of the drunkard disappeared, and gave place to a blush at the recollection of his past conduct; and, in short, without having invited him to me, much less having used force, but because he was convinced by his own experience that our manner of life was preferable to his, he came over to us. Should you entertain the least doubt of what I say, call him in, and learn of himself how he is affected towards me. — When I took him under my tuition, he was in such a state as neither to be able to utter an articulate word, nor stand on his feet from inebriety: and I have brought him to himself, and from the slave of Intemperance, that he was before, I have now restored him to his country an orderly, a moral and an estimable man; for which not only he himself, but all his relations think themselves greatly obliged to me. *Dixi*. It is now for you, most learned judges, to decide, which of us two it was better for him to keep company with.

MERCURY. Come, come, despatch, gentlemen! lose no time. — Give your votes — stand up. — We have more business to get through to-day.

JUSTICE. Academy has it by every stone [suffrage] but one.

MERCURY. It is natural for one at least, to declare in favour of Drunkenness. — Let the judges who are to decide the cause Stoa against Pleasure, take their seats. The water is poured out. You, Pie-ball \*, speak first.

STOA. I am but too well aware, grave and venerable judges, how specious and artful an adversary I have to contend with. Neither does it escape my notice that most of you cannot avert your eyes from her and her bewitching smiles; while I, because I am nearly shorn to the skin, have a masculine air and am reckoned too serious, attract no regard. If

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\* Jocularly alluding to the appellation of the hall where Zeno and his followers used to give their lectures. To distinguish it from the other halls in Athens, it was named Pœcile, the particoloured, on account of the variety of large paintings with which it was ornamented; but by reason of its beauty it was generally styled abruptly the Stoa, the hall or porch; and thence the sect of Zeno obtained, as everybody knows, the appellative of Stoa or Stoics.

however you will be pleased to lend some attention to what I have to offer, I doubt not that you will find I have more justice on my side than she can pretend to. The complaint I have at present to urge against her is, that by her hetærean dress and her fascinating looks, she has inveigled my lover Dionysius, at that time a discreet and virtuous man, and attached him to herself. This cause is, so to say, the sister of that which has been just decided between the Academy and Drunkenness. The question which you have now to try therefore is, whether it is better with downcast looks to wallow in sensual pleasure like swine, without ever elevating the mind to any great and noble sentiments: or generously, as becomes free men, to philosophize, to postpone the agreeable to what is fair and just, and neither to fear pain as some unsubduable monster, nor with a slavish disposition to prize the agreeable above everything, and to place the sovereign felicity\* in honey and figs. For with such sort of blandishments it is, that my adversary allures the imprudent and unwary, and procures such a numerous train of followers; while she describes pain to them as something so dreadful †, that they fear it in the same manner as children fear the bugbear. By such means she has prevailed upon this unhappy wretch to shake off our restraints, by artfully adapting them to the time when he was sick: for with a sound mind he would certainly never have heeded her harangues. But wherefore should I be angry at any personal injury I have experienced from her, when she spares not even the gods, and displays her wanton wit in arraigning providence itself? Forasmuch then as you are wise in counsel and just in judgment, you will punish her for her impiety. I have indeed heard, that she is not competent to plead her own cause, but intends to appoint Epicurus her advocate; so little does she scruple to deliver before this tribunal such a manifest proof of her indolence and imbecility. But I would have her at least to ask herself, what sort of heroes she thinks Hercules and

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\* The eudæmony; the felicity of the gods.

† The want of a word, that comprises the various significations of the greek *Ponos*, throws me here into a perplexity, which is not easily to be got rid of. *Ponos* which the Stoa here contrasts with *Hedone* (sensual pleasure, including the *divino farniente*,) means labour, exertion, toil, difficulty, hardship, disaster, pain, sickness. Since from among these several significations one must be selected, that which to me appeared the most suitable was *pain*.

your Theseus would have been, if they had followed the camp of Pleasure, and shunned labour and pain? What a den of thieves and murderers would the earth in all probability have been, if these heroes had not laboured for us! I shall let this suffice; for I am no friend to long speeches. Though if she would only answer a few very short questions I can propose to her, you would presently see that she has nothing in her. But remember, gentlemen, your oath; give your votes as you are in duty bound, and have a care how you give credit to Epicurus, if he should endeavour to persuade you that the gods take no cognizance of what passes with us men!

MERCURY. Stand aside there! You, Epicurus, speak in the name and on behalf of Pleasure.

EPICURUS. I shall not detain you with a verbose speech, gentlemen judges; for the case of my client has no need of circuitous arguments. Had Pleasure employed enchantments or magical potions and the like unwarrantable practices to inveigle Dionysius, whom the Stoa calls her lover, away from her and attach him to herself; it is but just that she should be declared guilty of poisoning, and undergo the punishment decreed by the law as a sorceress. But if a free-born man, in a free city, without infringing the laws of the commonwealth, is disgusted at the disagreeable countenance of that lady, looks upon her so much vaunted eudæmony, the fruit of never-ending exertions, sacrifices and sufferings, as no better than a chimæra, should break loose from the subtleties and sophistries in which she had involved and bound him, and make the best of his way out of the tortuous mazes of her complicated speculations, that he might of his own free motion seek relief and consolation from Pleasure; because as a man he thinks as becomes a man; will not abjure his natural feelings, and holds pain something painful, pleasure something pleasing: if this be the case, as with the present Dionysius it was, ought she to have repulsed him from the haven, to which he had swam as from a shipwreck? Would it have been right to have cruelly replunged the unhappy wretch, who fled for refuge to Pleasure, as a persecuted man does to the altar of mercy \*, seeking of her nothing but quiet, into his

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\* Merey was at Athens a goddess, and had in the great market-place an altar of very high antiquity.

former misery, and given him up to despair? That after having with much toil ascended the steep mountain, he might at last (a precious acquisition!) get a sight of that virtue about which she makes so great a to do, and accordingly, by having made himself miserable his whole life through, be as blissful as a god, &c. when he is no longer alive! And who could be a better judge of this matter than Dionysius himself, who knows the whole system of the stoics as well as anybody, and held their renowned *calon*\* to be the only good, till experience having convinced him that pain was an evil, of the two systems he chose that which he knew to be the best? He saw, I suppose, that the dear gentlemen, who talk so much of bearing and long suffering, acted quite differently in private; and though they can very valiantly fight for their maxims in public, they live at least in their houses after the dictates of Pleasure; that indeed they would be ashamed of being caught in relaxing of their austerity, and dispensing with the severity of their dogmas at home, and had rather undergo all the torments of Tantalus, than do anything of the kind in public: but whenever they have no suspicion of being seen, and can sin against their own regulations in security, they fill themselves with sensual indulgence up to the throat. Could these gentry discover the means of getting the ring of Gyges or the helmet of Pluto †, I am certain they would not be tardy in bidding good night to whatever goes under the appellation of pain and discomfort; they would all act like Dionysius, and everyone strive to be the first to throw himself into the arms of Pleasure. As to the said Dionysius, as long as he enjoyed his health, he was always in hopes to derive great benefit in time from their dissertations on patience: but when he fell sick, and pain daily convinced him more forcibly of its reality, in short, on perceiving that his body so pathetically counterphilosophized the Stoa, and maintained directly the reverse of their dogma; if he trusted to it more than to them, he began to feel that he was a man and had the body of a man, and as he now recovered he

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\* I retain this word, because it was properly a technical term of the stoics, which in our language has no corresponding word. The Greeks in common life used the word *calos* in as many varieties, and yet different meanings, as we use the word *fair*: but the philosophers and the stoics in particular connected with what they called the *calon* the abstract and consummate idea of ethical beauty, or moral perfection.

† Which likewise rendered invisible. *Iliad*, v. 845.

stuck to his resolution no longer to be treated as if he was of marble; thoroughly convinced that whoever speaks otherwise, and withdraws from Pleasure, speaks contrary to his own sentiments. *Dixi*. Proceed now to the vote!

STOA. Not so fast. Permit me first to put a few questions to him.

EPICURUS. As many as you will. I am ready to answer them.

STOA. You hold then pain to be an evil?

EPICURUS. Aye, certainly.

STOA. And pleasure something good?

EPICURUS. Doubtless.

STOA. But do you know the difference between diaphoron and adia-phoron, proëgmenon and apoproëgmenon \*?

EPICURUS. To be sure I do.

MERCURY. The judges say they understand nothing of these subtleties. Let us therefore have no more of them. They are proceeding to vote.

STOA. I had the victory in my hands, if I had been allowed to put a couple of questions more, in the third figure of indemonstrables †.

JUSTICE. Who has gained the cause?

MERCURY. Pleasure, unanimously.

STOA. I appeal to Jupiter.

JUSTICE. Much luck betide you! — Mercury, call a new cause.

MERCURY. Virtue against Luxury, relative to Aristippus: let him likewise come forward.

VIRTUE. I am Virtue, and I have a right to speak first; for Aristippus belongs to me, as all his words and works demonstrate.

LUXURY. It is no such thing. I must speak first. The man is mine, as you may see by his flowery wreaths, his purple habit, and the fragrance he exhales around him.

JUSTICE. No quarrelling! Your cause is so like the preceding, that it must be put off till Jupiter has decreed upon the sentence respecting Dionysius. If he gives it in favour of Pleasure, then Luxury must have

\* See the note on the Sale of the Sects, vol. I. p. 229.

† What sort of things they were, I dare say Lucian knew as little as we do; and I very much fear that he was more intent upon making his audience, who understood them just as little, laugh, than upon doing justice to the worthy stoics.

**Aristippus** : if not, and the Stoa should prove victorious, then he will be assigned to Virtue \*. — Let other causes be called on. — But remember, **Mercury**, these [*pointing to the judges*] are not to be paid; do you understand me? As the matter is not brought to a determination, they have no fees to demand.

**MERCURY**. So then these good old chuffs, who have clambered up the hill, are to have their labour for their pains!

**JUSTICE**. At least they may be content with the third part. — Now, no murmuring : it will be made up to you another time.

**MERCURY**. The next upon the list is Diogenes of Sinope. Speak therefore you, Exchange-bank!

**DIOGENES**. I have been plagued with her, madam Justice, till I am quite tired out; and if she does not let me be quiet, I will give her good cause to complain, not however of my running away; but I will beat her with my cudgel till I have broke both her arms and legs.

**JUSTICE**. How is this? The Bank is running away: and the defendant is pursuing her brandishing his staff? She will come off badly, I am afraid, poor woman! Call Pyrrho.

**MERCURY**. Painting is here; but Pyrrho is not to be set eyes on. I thought from the first how it would be.

**JUSTICE**. What made you think so?

**MERCURY**. Because his fundamental maxim is, that there can be no true judgment.

**JUSTICE**. Then let him be condemned for contempt of court! — We have nobody then remaining but the syrian author; though the charges against him were not presented till very lately, and the hearing might even now conveniently be deferred. However since you think fit that it should be brought on, take the case of Rhetoric first in hand. Good heavens! what a crowd the curiosity to hear this trial has collected!

**MERCURY**. That is, because it is no slight business, but somewhat

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\* This sentence of Justice is extremely unjust. There was a very material difference between the pleasure [*hedone*] of the epicureans, for which we have properly no suitable word, and the luxury [*tryphe*] which lays claim to Aristippus. But our author hastens to get rid of this collateral business, that he may come to his own, in which he is principally concerned, and relies upon it (as he frequently does) that his hearers will not be so very nice about it.

novel and unheard of, which, as you say, was only first brought on the tapis yesterday : and because they promise themselves an agreeable entertainment from a process, where Rhetoric and Dialogus are alternately plaintiffs, and this Syrian is to defend himself against the two. Therefore do you make a beginning, Rhetoric!

RHETORIC. In the first place, men of Athens \*, I implore all the gods and goddesses, that the same kindness and good will that I have constantly bore to your city and to yourselves one and all, may be now experienced by me on your part in the present trial. And next, which is certainly no more than fair, that the deities may inspire you with resolution to impose strict silence on my adversary, till I have gone through the several particulars of the accusation which I am determined and prepared to urge against him. Besides, I perceive so much contradiction between the speeches which I hear, and the injuries that I suffer, that it should put you on your guard. You will presently recognize my style and my language in what he will prate before you ; whereas his actions you will find such as to give me reason to expect that I must submit to far worse. However, that my water may not flow in vain I shall, without farther preface, begin my complaint.

Know then, reverend judges, that this Syrian, when I took him under my tuition, was still a raw young lad, and in every consideration so constituted that it was impossible for him to deny his barbarian origin ; his language and his accent betrayed him on his first opening his mouth, and nothing more than his assyrian candys was necessary for completely giving him the appearance of a creature from another world. Thus I found him strolling about Ionia, not knowing what he should do with himself : and because I thought him tractable and docile, and never averted his eye from me (for at that time he had a respect for me, and could not tell how sufficiently to testify his esteem and devotion towards me,) I left a number of rich, handsome, and noble young men who then solicited my hand, and became enamoured of this ungrateful being, poor,

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\* Lucian seems to have patched up the first half of of this proemion from the exordium of the oration of Demosthenes for the Crown, and the second from a passage of his third Olynthiac, merely to make game of the numerous rhetors of his time, who in their orations used to sew together and trick themselves out with demosthenical rags.

nameless, and young as he was, and brought him, no inconsiderable portion, a quantity of exquisite orations, introduced him to numerous acquaintances of my guild, had him enrolled, and made him a citizen, all to the great annoyance of those who had vainly laid their account in forming an alliance with me. Some time afterwards he conceived a fancy to travel abroad in the world, and to shew what a wealthy marriage he had contracted. Even here I humoured his vanity; I accompanied him everywhere, and suffered him to lead me up and down the world, decked him out, and in one word did so much for him, that I made him a famous man. I will say nothing of Greece and Ionia; but on his taking it into his head to travel to Italy, I went by ship with him across the ionian sea, and attended him quite to Gaul, where I helped him to very considerable incomings. I must say this for him, for a long time he strove to make himself agreeable to me, and adhered so faithfully to me, that he did not leave me a single night to sleep alone.

Having acquired a competent fortune, and being easy on that side, and believing he had gained a substantial reputation, he began to carry his nose higher, imagined himself to be I know not what, and neglected me, or left me rather to sit by myself. I found he had attached himself to that bushy-bearded churl yonder, whom you will recognize immediately by his habit for Dialogus, and who gives himself out for a son of Philosophy. For him, though older than himself, he has conceived an ardent affection, passes days and nights with him, and is not ashamed, to please him, to do violence to that free, current, and easy flow of discourse so peculiarly my own, confines himself to little, frittered, abrupt questions, and instead of declaiming with full voice, weaves short speeches and replies, which often consist only of single syllables; from which of course he reaps but little honour. For those grand effects of my art, those enthusiastic applauses, those loud bravos, which resounded from the lips of the whole audience, are here out of the question; a smile at this or the other sentence, or a gentle raising and slight movement of the hand, a frequent nodding of the head, with now and then a faint sigh, is the utmost that he can expect from his hearers. With these objects is the gentleman enamoured who slights me! Though it is said that he cannot keep on good terms with this his new favourite, but scolds and abuses even him.

Now this being the case, can it be denied that he is a monster of in-

gratitude, and deserves that punishment which the laws have annexed to the ill treatment of a wife? He who has so infamously abandoned his lawful spouse, from whom he has received so many benefits, to whom he owes his reputation, and the whole of his success; to engage in such scandalous connexions? And that at a time, when I stand in the highest estimation with the whole world, and every man aspires to have me for his patroness and advocate! Notwithstanding which I hold out against so many suitors, who are taking all possible pains to win me, and beset my doors clamorously praying to be let in: but knock as hard as they will I open to none of them, and refuse to hear a word they have to say, let them call on my name as loud as they are able; for verily their importunity is all they have to recommend them. But even this will not move my false-one to come back to me; he continues to doat on his new love; though heaven knows what he can expect from him, who besides his cloak has nothing in god's world that he can call his own! *Dixi*. You, gentlemen judges, I hope, seeing he would plead in my method, that you will not allow him to do so. For it would be extremely absurd to whet my sword against myself. Against his favourite, Dialogus, he may defend himself in this method, if he can!

MERCURY. That request cannot be granted, dear Rhetoric! For it is not practicable that he alone should defend himself in the form of a dialogus; you will therefore permit him likewise to speak in a continued oration.

SYRIAN. Seeing, gentlemen, that my fair adversary is angry that I should hold a continued discourse; since, as she says, I obtained the talent of speaking entirely from her, I shall be brief in my reply. I will only invalidate the main arguments of her accusation, and afterwards leave it to you to pronounce agreeably to the view which you have of the matter. All that she has said of me is true. She administered to my instruction, she travelled with me, she naturalized me among the Greeks, and with regard to these several merits which she acquired in my behalf, I was always grateful for her connexion with me. Why I quitted her and engaged myself to Dialogus here present, you shall now be informed; and you may rest assured, that, in order to make my case the better, I shall not tell a falsehood. The whole of the affair therefore is, that, after we had lived some time together, I began to observe, that she was no longer like her former self, nor contented with that sober, becoming dress which

she wore when she gave her hand to the famous Pæanian, but tricked herself out with ornaments, crimping her hair, and plaiting it in artificial tresses, after the manner of the hetæres, painting her cheeks, making herself thick black eyebrows, and I cannot tell what beside. Whereupon I then, as was natural, conceived some suspicion, and thenceforward watched her more narrowly. I have a great deal more to say on this topic; but to make short of it, I shall only add, that our street was every night filled with drunken lovers, swarming about our house, and knocking at the door, some of them so hard as if they would break in, contrary to all good manners and propriety. While she only laughed at it, took pleasure in the revelry, and either looked down from the roof\*, to listen to the love-songs, with which in tolerably rude notes they serenaded her, or perhaps opened the door to them, when she thought that I did not observe her, and in one word, proceeded such lengths, that it was no longer to be endured. Now because I did not judge it proper to bring a public accusation of adultery against her, I had recourse to another method, and asked Dialogus, who lives in our neighbourhood, to give me bed and board with him. This now is all the mighty wrong that I have done to Rhetoric. Even supposing however that she could exonerate herself from all these, yet methinks no fault could be found with a man, verging upon forty, for withdrawing himself from the noise and bustle of the litigious bar, and instead of complaining in empty declamations of tyrants, or praising excellent men †, rather chuses to frequent the Academy or the Lyceum, and there, in calm conversations with this honest Dialogus here, rove about, unambitious of the least claim to the enthusiastic applause and admiration of anybody. Much as I had still to advance in my vindication, I shall here conclude, and leave the court to give their suffrages as duty and conscience shall dictate.

JUSTICE. Who has carried the cause?

MERCURY. The Syrian, by all the votes except one.

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\* It is well known that the roofs of the houses in Greece were so flat, that they could be used as altars. We learn likewise from a greek scholiast, on a MS. of the comedies of Aristophanes recently discovered in the king's library at Paris, that the roofs of the houses were terraced, and it was on these that the trade of intriguing was practised, while the women were chanting: *Let us mourn for Adonis.*

† As the perpetual occupation of the rhetors and sophists of that period.

**JUSTICE.** That I suppose was a rhetor, sporting the odd one! — Now do you speak, Dialogus! — The judges are to keep their seats, and, as is reasonable, receive double fees.

**DIALOGUS.** It is by no means my design, gentlemen of the bench, to trouble you with a long harangue, but I shall express myself with my habitual brevity. However, I will strive to address you as well as I am able in the style and language of the bar, although in that department of science, I am no less ignorant than unpractised. And this plain declaration may supply the place of my exordium. But the injuries and affronts, which I have suffered from this Syrian, are as they stand in my recollection these. Ere I became acquainted with him, I was always a very grave and solemn person: I addicted myself to deep researches respecting the gods, nature and the universe, and trod the starry regions far above the clouds in the expanse of heaven, there where the great Zeus rides in his winged car\*. I had already flown to the pinnacle of the sky, and was on the point of soaring above the heavens, when this fellow checked my flight and drew me back, broke my pinions, and reduced me to a state where I stand on a level with common people. Finally, he pulled off my stately tragic mask in which I had hitherto played my part, and put me on another, a comic and satirical, not to say a burlesque one, and then he shut me up, together with biting mockery, with Iambus, with Cynismus and with Eupolis and Aristophanes †, all horrid people, who make it their business to turn everything venerable into ridicule, and to make faces at whatever is beautiful and good. To give

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\* Alluding to a well-known passage in Plato's Phædrus. *Opp.* tom. x. p. 321. & seq. *edit. Bipont.* Hence likewise the pinnacle of heaven, and the supercelestial space.

† The general character of Aristophanes's comedies may be thus sketched out. In all the pieces of Aristophanes a vein of wit and genuine attic humour is discoverable; a delicate raillery, although often satirical, a grand *jeu de théâtre*, magnificence and dignity in the choruses; a surprising liberty of speech in everything relating to public affairs; an easy versification; a style remarkably pure — yet little unity of action, time or place. Aristotle was not then in being, and if his rules are to be considered as laws it cannot be said that Aristophanes had broke them. This last had found out the art of pleasing, and those who afterwards adopted at Athens the rules of Aristotle, need not take umbrage, if their fathers had frequently been merry in spite of those rules. A few particulars are known of him: he was bald, and has not forgot to rally himself on that subject. He possessed lands in Ægina, and he flattered

the finishing stroke, he called up from the grave and brought to my house one of the old cynics, a certain Menippus, one of the keenest biters of the whole order, a cursed cur, who bites a man before he is aware, for he even bites while laughing. Is it then without reason that I complain of such vile treatment? He obliges me to put off my own character to act the comedian and buffoon, and to submit to be employed in the most grotesque characters and representations! But what is the most absurd of all is, he has made such a strange mishmash of me, that I neither go on feet nor on hoofs; but, like a hippocentaur, am a compound of two heterogeneous natures, and must appear to all who hear me a surprising monster.

MERCURY. Now, Syrian, what have you to answer to this?

SYRIAN. I must confess, gentlemen, that the cause I have to plead before you this day, is what I little expected; and I should rather have supposed anything of Dialogus, than that he should speak of me in the manner he has done. Indeed I thought I had deserved better of him. For when I fell in with him, he was generally held to be a melancholy personage, and from his everlasting questions he had contracted a certain dryness, which, notwithstanding the respect he had the means of procuring, made him no very agreeable and entertaining companion to the public at large. I therefore began, by teaching him first of all how to walk the ground like other men; I washed the dirt off him, and much against his will, insisted on his smiling, and combed and dressed him so that he was looked on with complacency. But what recommended him chiefly to the public, was a thought that occurred to me of associating him with comedy: whereas before, owing to the numerous prickles with which he was stuck over like a hedge hog, nobody would venture to give him his hand. But I know very well what it is that vexes him most; it is my refusing to sit down by him, and engage with him in a circumstantial

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himself, that when the Lacedæmonians were seeking to make themselves masters of that island, it was in order to acquire a poet, whose counsels, in the opinion of a persian king, would infallibly ameliorate those who should follow them. He was sage and discreet in his moral conduct, and assumes merit for a practice maintained by him, of drawing up the curtain when the representation was finished, lest any should profit of that coverture to cajole the youths of either sex for the purpose of seduction.

investigation of subtle questions, such as whether the soul is immortal \*? How many quarts of that pure, incommiscible, always consistent matter, God, when he fabricated the world, poured into the trough in which he mingled and kneaded all things †? Whether rhetoric is a “symbol of political artifice” and “the quarter part of adulation ‡?” For in such conundrums he takes as much delight as they who have the itch do in scratching; and nothing does him so much good as when he is told, that it is not given to everybody to see things as he sees them, which he by, means of the acuteness of his vision pretends to have seen in the ideas. This is what he now requires of me, and fain would have his wings again, and is always looking up, while he does not see what lies before his feet. For what he would blame me for passes my apprehension. At least he cannot say, that I stripped him of his grecian garment, and put him in an outlandish garb, while I myself pass for a foreigner; for thus indeed he would have made me guilty of a punishable crime against him. — I have now defended myself as well as I was able. You, gentlemen, will therefore pass upon me as just a sentence as you did in my former cause.

MERCURY. You have really carried it again by ten votes. He who was against you before could not now resolve to vote for you §. It seems to be a part of his character, that honest men with him are always in the wrong. — This will be enough for to-day. Depart now in god's name ||. Tomorrow the remaining causes will be tried.

\* Plato's Phædo, and apology for Socrates.

† Plato's allegorical Cosmogony in Timæus.

‡ Quintilian has not scrupled to translate literally these words of the platonic Socrates in Plato's Gorgias: *rhetoricam esse civilitatis particula simulacrum et quartam partem adulationis*, and appears to take this pleasantry (for it is manifest that the platonic Socrates says all these things to sneer at the sophists Polus and Gorgias, with whom he is disputing) worse than one reasonably should take a joke, with which at any rate there is some satirical truth mixed up. The droll manner in which Socrates justifies his paradoxically sounding proposition, is too excursive for this place, and should therefore be read in himself.

§ Massieu says, I cannot tell why, the direct contrary, though the text is clear enough, and what follows is reduced by it to nonsense.

|| This, I think, is the aptest equivalent in our common language for the *ἀγαθὸν τίχη* of the Greeks.

## PROMETHEUS.

TO SOMEBODY WHO SAID HE WAS A PROMETHEUS IN  
AUTHORSHIP.

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**Y**OU call me then a Prometheus\*? If you mean by it no more, my good friend, than that my works are made only of clay, as his were, I confess I see myself in the portrait and allow the similitude. I have not only no objection to the title of a modeller in clay, but I even own that the material in which I work is inferior to his, and little better than that which sticks to the shoes in walking the streets. But should you intend to pay an unmerited compliment to my essays respecting the art of composition by honouring their author with the appellative of the most ingenious of all the titans; I have some suspicion lest that irony and covert sneer for which you Athenians have the reputation, might lurk

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**PROMETHEUS.** This little essay is of the number of those proslalia, as they were styled, of which several appear at the latter end of the former volume. Lucian here defends his dialogues, which at that time were a phænomenon, altogether new, and met with great approbation from the public, against an Athenian rhetor, who in an ambiguous and ironical style had compared him to the man-modeller Prometheus, with so much urbanity and genuine atticism, that he thereby gave the Athenians an additional proof how much he deserved to be naturalized among them.

\* The frequent allusions to the story of Prometheus, which appear in this piece and on which the wit and jocularly, for the most part turn, render it necessary to have perused the dialogue of the same name in the foregoing volume; which I shall presuppose in order to spare superfluous annotations.

under this praise. For where then is that great promethean skill in my writings to be found? I am abundantly satisfied if you only do not find them composed of too coarse clay and fit only to be rewarded with Caucasus. Whereas you famous lawyers, who contend for a prize of much greater importance, with how much more propriety may you be compared to Prometheus! Of your works it may be truly said, that they have life in them, and glow through and through with that heaven-borrowed fire which animated the figures of the titan; and if there be a difference, it consists solely in this, that he worked only in clay, but with the generality of you what you fashion turns to gold.

I, whose ambition extends no further than to entertain the public with lectures, by way of pastime, can at most aspire to be placed among artists whose occupation it is to make little puppets of pottery ware; what I form are grotesque figures devoid of motion, and without the smallest trace of a soul, which, when we have diverted ourselves with them for a few moments, have fulfilled their entire destination. I accordingly cannot conceive that you intended by that appellation to make me no greater a compliment, than the comic poet when he honoured Cleon with it. — You remember the line, “Cleon is a Prometheus indeed, after the fact\*.” The Athenians, as everybody knows, usually call the potters and oven makers, and in general such as are employed in the earthen manufacture, in mockery Prometheuses, I suppose because they work in the same material, and have need of fire, for giving their vessels the proper hardness and consistence. If you mean thus, by your Prometheus, the arrow hits to a hair, and has all the poignant salt of an attic sarcasm. My works are indeed of no more durability than their pottery,

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\* That is, what he should have done always occurs to him afterwards, when it is too late. The comic salt of this verse lies in the contrast which that character of Cleon forms with the literal signification of the name Prometheus, which designates a provident man, who previously considers and then acts. Hemsterhuys observes, with his customary critical acumen, that this whole period seems not very well to agree with the foregoing and following: but by his proposal to insert it above after the words *βίβλος τις παρά μιν*, he seems not to mend the matter much. Methinks the *tertium comparationis* aimed at by Lucian, consists solely in this, that the Athenian who called him a Prometheus did it only out of irony, like Eupolis, when he decorated Cleon with that title.

and a little pebble that should be thrown at them would be sufficient to dash them to pieces.

But perhaps, somebody to comfort me may say, that this was not your meaning by the comparison, but on the contrary that you designed me a compliment on the novelty of my compositions, as following no example or model of any other. As Prometheus when yet no other men were in existence, formed them after an idea which he had conceived in his own mind, and in that manner produced a species of animals, having more grace in their aspect and more dexterity in all possible motions than any other creature, and of whom he was the inventor and framer; yet Minerva assisted him in it, by breathing a living breath into the clay, and giving to his new creatures the soul which they wanted. So indeed any one might say, who would put a construction in my favour, on those words; and it may be that this was really what you meant by them. But I must own that it will not satisfy me to pass for one that has made something new, and that nobody can shew among all the works of my predecessors one whereof mine is the offspring; had they not other properties whereby they may give satisfaction, I should blush for them, and not hesitate an instant to trample them under foot: in a word, novelty should not save them from destruction if they were ugly. Were not these my sentiments, methinks I should deserve to be preyed upon by sixteen vultures, for not knowing that whatever is ugly is but the more ugly for being new.

Ptolemy the son of Lagus once brought with him to Ægypt from the East, two strange things, a bactrian camel perfectly black, and a man one half coal-black and the other half snow-white. After several other shows had been exhibited to the Ægyptians in the theatre, he caused the camel and the half-white man to be produced, and doubted not that they would be most agreeably surprized at so novel a sight. But it fell out just the contrary. Notwithstanding the camel was decked all over with gold, and paraded with purple trappings and a bridle inlaid with precious stones, which probably had belonged to the treasures of some Darius, Cambyses, or Cyrus, the crowd were struck at the first sight of him with such a panic, that they suddenly started up, and were upon the point of running away. But when the black-and-white man appeared, most of them burst out into violent laughter, and the rest were struck with horror, as if they

beheld a prodigy of mischievous portent: so that Ptolemæus, on perceiving that there was not much honour to be got by them, and that the Ægyptians made little account of objects for their novelty, but preferred beauty in forms and proportions far before it, ordered them both to be taken back, and he himself set not so much value on his party-coloured man as he had done before. The camel was so neglected that he shortly after died; the man however he made a present of to a flute-girl, named Thespis, for playing particularly well once while he sat at table.

Now, have I not reason to apprehend lest it should turn out with me and my new invention as with the bactrian camel in Ægypt, and that the sparkling bridle and the purple trappings are all that will be admired in the show? For, in order to be elegant it is not enough that it is compounded of two excellent things, dialogue and comedy, unless from this mixture, an harmonious consent of elegant parts are produced in one whole. For, that from two elegant forms a very preposterous composition may be made, the hippocentaur is an example, as must be immediately obvious to every one. Nobody will affirm that the centaur is an amiable creature, but on the contrary a very odious animal, if we trust the painters who present to us so many scenes of their drunkenness and blood-thirsty dispositions. But who will therefore deny, that of two elegant substances an elegant third may not be compounded? So, as for example, from the mixture of wine and honey a very agreeable beverage is made? But that my compositions are of that sort, I shall not assert, but rather am apprehensive, that both may lose their peculiar elegance by the commixture.

It is not to be denied, that Dialogue and Comedy \*, from the very beginning by no means behaved as if they were good friends and acquaintance. The former confined his conversation to a few, whether at home or even on the public promenades; while the other, devoted to Bacchus and his festivities †, mingled in the public theatre, sported with

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\* The old comedy, namely in which Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes held the foremost rank. If the question had been about what comedy became afterwards through Menander and Philemon, this assertion of Lucian would be less conclusive; for we know that in several dialogues of Plato a very delicate tone of mutual sarcasm and sprightly humour prevails.

† Many festivals were devoted to Bacchus. The two principal were celebrated, one in the spring, in the city, at the time when the citizens received their rents, and the other in winter,

the people at large and made them laugh, indulged its humour in deriding whatever fell in its way, and danced to the sound of the flute according to a free rhythmus, sometimes delighting in lofty anapæstic verses, generally for the purpose of ridiculing the friends of Dialogus\*, calling them drooping-heads and whim-fanciers †, and the like: aye, even once resolved to pour out their whole bacchantic licentiousness upon them all at once solely to make them ridiculous ‡, by representing them as one while walking in the air and conversing with the clouds, then as measuring how high a flea can skip, in short, as people who addicted themselves to subtle speculations or worthless trifles and topics of no concern to mankind. Dialogus, on the contrary, only busied himself about serious subjects, and philosophized incessantly on the nature of things and the interests of virtue.

Notwithstanding therefore the difference between them was so great that perhaps it could not be greater, yet I took the bold resolution to reconcile them, and reduce to harmony two things so disagreeing.

I am afraid therefore a fresh similarity will herein be discovered between me and your Prometheus, to whom, you know, it has been imputed as a crime that he found out the means of making man and woman one; or I shall perhaps be accused of having cozened my hearers, as he did Jupiter, by setting before them bones covered with fat, namely, wrapping comic banter in philosophical gravity. For, that the comparison of my insignificance with that deity will be carried so far as to charge me with thievery,

in the fields, and was called the feast of the winepress. At this last no strangers were admitted. These two festivals were accompanied with public games, spectacles, combats, music, dances, &c. In the month of Pyanepsion [October], or according to others, Anthesterion [November], another festival was celebrated in honour of Bacchus, called *choës* or *the goblets*. The antients did not drink as we do, by lifting the cup or goblet to the lips, but by pouring the liquor from on high, into the open mouth; so that it required address to empty the goblet with promptitude and precision.

\* Of Socrates, and his philosophical family.

† *Μετρωλογχας*, people who are always chattering about high supernatural objects. As this cannot be said in one sole word, I must substitute another for it, though it by no means answers to meteorologers, as converted by Suidas into *Μετρωκοπιεις*.

‡ In the Clouds of Aristophanes, Act. i. sc. 2.

Αναρωτ' ἄρτι Χαίρεφῶντα Σωκράτης  
 Ψύλλαν ὀπόσους ἄλλοιο τῶς αὐτῆς πόδας.

I hope I have not to apprehend. For from whom should I steal? Unless there be someone not yet come to my knowledge, who has before me conjured up such strange monsters. In the mean time what is to be done? I have chose this department, and must therefore adhere to it; for being once made Prometheus, it would be improper not to turn myself into Epimetheus\*.

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\* Literally: for to change his sentiments, is the affair of an Epimetheus, not of a Prometheus. Lucian plays with the verbal signification of these two proper names. The former implies one who formerly, the latter one who afterwards, upon maturer deliberation adopts the best. The titan Prometheus had we are told a younger brother, who was called Epimetheus and bore his name as a changeling.

# NERO,

OR,

THE PROJECT OF CUTTING THROUGH THE ISTHMUS OF CORINTH.

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MENECRATES. MUSONIUS.

MENECRATES.

THE project of cutting through the isthmus, upon which the tyrant is said to be intent, has then, in your opinion, dear Musonius \*, sense enough in it to be worthy of a patriotic Greek?

MUSONIUS. Are you surprised then, Menecrates, that Nero should

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NERO. I see no sufficient nor even any plausible reason for denying this little dialogue to our author, as most of the commentators have done. At least the objection of Marcilius, "that Lucian at the time when this dialogue is said to have been delivered, was not even born," is almost absolutely too silly for a *Doctissimus*: for by this method of reasoning, his Timon, and many other of his dialogues must be denied to him. But after all, whoever be the author, the little piece, on account of the anecdotes respecting Nero which it contains, will always be read with pleasure.

\* Caius Musonius Rufus, a native roman knight, lived under Nero and Vespasian, and professed the stoic philosophy more in the maxims and rules by which he regulated his life, than by having made himself a teacher of it, as he appears to have been occupied in the functions of different public offices. Origen places him on a parallel with Socrates; he taught like him more by example than by his converse: but stoical principles were in the days on which he fell *intempestiva sapientia* (to speak with Tacitus); and Nero, he being of no service to him, sent him into banishment on the desert isle of Gyaros, one of the Cyclades. According to the account of Philostratus, he was one of the prisoners that were employed in cutting the isthmus; and upon this circumstance our author appears to have grounded the fiction, that Menecrates of Lemnos and some others went to visit Musonius in his captivity, for the sake of enjoying his converse and instruction, as far as the servile labours to which he was condemned would allow.

occasionally have good thoughts? This cut through the isthmus would shorten to mariners the whole circuit round Peloponnesus and the promontory of Malea.

**MENEKRATES.** And that would be very advantageous to commerce and to the maritime no less than to the inland parts of the country. For even the latter derive greater profit from their products the more sea-ports come into a flourishing condition. — If you have nothing more urgent to do, dear Musonius, you would oblige us all very much if you would relate what is the true state and view of this project.

**MUSONIUS.** With all my heart, if you desire it. Nor know I how better to testify my acknowledgment for your having condescended, for the sake of my conversation, to visit such a disagreeable lecture-room.

What drove Nero to Achaia, was his passion for singing, and the fancy he had fixed strong in his head, that the Muses themselves could not sing more charmingly than he. In short, he was determined to sing for a crown at the olympic games, where the victory is so eminently gratifying. For, as to the pythian, there he believed himself to be more at home than even Apollo; so persuaded was he that it would never occur to that god to presume to dispute the prize with him in the art of touching the cithara, and in singing to it. The isthmus might be perhaps one of those schemes which he had remotely in contemplation: but on going thither himself, the thought at once occurred to him, to undertake something truly great. He called to mind the antient king of the Achæians who marched to join the army before Troy, and by the canal, which he caused to be dug between Chalcis and Aulis, had cut off Bœotia from Eubœa\*; at which Darius, on his expedition against the Scythians, threw

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\* The island Eubœa had been from ages very remote, separated from the opposite coast of Bœotia by a straight, which had the least breadth between the eubœan city Chalcis, and the city Aulis, directly over against it, where it had the distinctive appellation of Euripus [the canal]; accordingly the Eubœans and Bœotians once (in the conjuncture when Alcibiades had rendered the Athenians again masters of the grecian seas) adopted the design of connecting Aulis and Chalcis by a dam: an undertaking which in the first ardour of the resolution was with confederate zeal accomplished, though from the nature and circumstances of the business could be of no stability. Whence however our author has it, that Eubœa and Bœotia were prior to the trojan war actually conjoined, and that Agamemnon caused the Euripus to be dug, no man can tell: at least no other trace of it is to be found.

a bridge across the thracian Bosphorus ; and probably still more the enterprizes of Xerxes, which in their extent and magnitude have never been equalled. But above all these considerations, he imagined that by these means he could not give a more magnificent treat to the Greeks than by executing such a work ; as by removing so small an obstacle every kind of communication and traffic between the grecian cities and the foreigner would be so greatly facilitated. For however intoxicated and giddy a tyrant may be rendered by arbitrary power, there are moments when the thoughts of public applause are grateful to his mind.

He marched out of his tent therefore in great solemnity, and sang, after a hymn to Amphitrite and Neptune, a short ode in praise of Leucothoë and Melicerte. This done, the prefect of Greece having handed to him a golden spade, he advanced amid the shouts and acclamations of an immense concourse of people, to the place where the beginning of the cut was to be made, struck with his golden spade thrice, if I remember right, into the earth\*, and after having, in a succinct address to those who were appointed overseers of the undertaking, exhorted them to proceed in the work with unremitted assiduity, he returned in triumph to Corinth, as much satisfied with himself as if he had sustained the twelve labours of Hercules. And now the prisoners condemned to the public works, were employed † in hewing the rocky parts, and in general the most toilsome labours ; while the prætorians were set to work in digging and removing the earth in the level ground. We had laboured in this manner five or six days, as if we had been chained to the isthmus, when there arose a vague and obscure rumour from Corinth, that Nero had altered his purpose. It was said, that certain learned men of Ægypt, having taken the heights of the two seas, had found that they were not equal, but affirmed that the sea stood higher in the lechæan bay, and it was to be dreaded, that if such a powerful volume of water were to rush at once upon Ægina it would be deluged, and the whole island at once be engulfed in the waves. But Thales himself, with all his sagacity and natural science,

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\* *In Achaia isthmum perfodere aggressus, prætorianos pro concione ad inchoandum opus hortatus est: tubaque signo dato primus rastello humum effodit, et corbulæ congestam humeris extulit.* Sueton. in Nerone, cap. xix.

† Among whom likewise Musonius was.

would never have prevented Nero from cutting through the isthmus: for he really was fond of the project, and had it so much at heart, that he would have gone nigh to neglect his singing in public for it. The truth of the matter was, that the commotions in the west, and the brave Vindex \*, who had put himself at the head of the insurgents, hastened the departure of Nero from the isthmus and from Greece. The geometrical decision of the Ægyptians was a mere pretence, and a very empty one it was: since I know for certain, that the sea in both the one and the other gulf is of equal height. But it is even rumoured that the districts circumjacent to Rome begin already to waver, and are on the point of falling off; and you will have heard it I suppose from the tribune who arrived here yesterday.

MENECRATES. But tell me, dear Musonius, what sort of a voice has the tyrant, that he is so furiously fond of music, and possessed by such a passion for singing at the olympic and pythian assemblies? The strangers that came to us at Lemnos † spoke very differently of it; some admired his talent, the others ridiculed it.

MUSONIUS. In fact, dear Menecrates, as to his voice, it is neither admirable nor contemptible. Nature in this respect has treated him so, that there is neither much to blame nor to praise in him. The defect lies simply in this, that he attempts to give an ampler range to it in depth and height, than its natural mediocrity allows. Hence his voice in the deep notes, by his forcibly restraining and repressing them in his throat, has somewhat hollow and dull in it, and his singing sounds almost like as if a swarm of drones and wasps were buzzing together ‡. This buzzing sound however is in a manner softened down by the musical delivery and accompaniment, and when he sings without great efforts of ostentation, the natural grace of the chromatic modulation is greatly assisted by the melody, the accompaniment of the cithara, wherein he has much taste and dexterity; at the same time the skill by which he knows how to keep

\* Julius Vindex, proprætor in Gaul.

† Menecrates was therefore born at Lemnos, and here he appears to be introduced as a young man, whose first excursion was this voyage to the philosopher Musonius.

‡ Suetonius, whose xix—xxv chapters merit well to be set by the side of this narrative, says likewise of his voice, that it was *exilis et fusca*.

time, and when to proceed, and when to refrain, and when to make a transition; and add to this that the expression of his countenance uniformly accords with what he sings; in short, the whole manner of the delivery then assists him so together that he completely succeeds: and the only thing that he needs to be ashamed of is, that he shews himself too much a virtuoso in these matters for a great monarch. But when he aims at imitating the great performers, heavens! how the poor spectators are forced to laugh, however repugnant, knowing how dangerous it is to laugh when Nero expects universal admiration\*. For then he writhes about, straining to hold his breath longer than is convenient, nods his head, raises himself on tiptoes, and in a word makes grimaces and contortions, like a malefactor bound upon the wheel; and having far too little breath for what he strives to perform, his complexion naturally ruddy, becomes quite red and fiery, till the glow of his face subsides into a coppery hue.

**MENEKRATES.** But how comes it, that all who engage with him in a public contest, come off second best? I suppose they are cunning enough to conceal their skill, out of complaisance to him?

**MUSONIUS.** Certainly, they act as the wrestlers, when they want to let their adversary obtain a victory. And woe to him, who on such an occasion should cherish an unseasonable ambition and jealousy! You remember how the tragedian lately lost his life at the isthmian games?

**MENEKRATES.** What was that story? It never came to my ears.

**MUSONIUS.** Hear then a fact, which will always remain incredible, although it happened in the presence of all Greece. Notwithstanding the law, which forbids all contests of the comic and tragic actors at the isthmian games, it seemed good to Nero to extort the prize at these games in tragical declamation. Accordingly several were engaged to contend in this trial of skill; among others an Epirote, who had a most excellent voice, and was therefore greatly celebrated and admired. This actor

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\* That Nero, notwithstanding the mediocrity of his talent, in good earnest thought himself the greatest virtuoso of his time, a decisive proof seems to be, that even in his dying moments, which are described by Suetonius with the most interesting circumstantiality, he lamented nothing so much as that the world was going to lose in him so great an artist. *Qualis artifex pereo!*

made no secret of it, that he had an earnest desire, at this time to bear away the crown, and that he would not yield, unless Nero would give him ten talents for the victory. Nero upon this fell into a violent passion; for the Epirote explained himself clearly upon the matter, when the contest was just beginning behind the scenes, &c. so loud that anybody might hear him that chose. Now when the Greeks on seeing him appear, saluted him with a loud cry of bravo! Nero sent one of his secretaries to bid him so to sink his voice, as to be lower than his. But he raised it so much the more, and strove with the utmost democratical licence to obtain the victory in the most decided manner. Nero, observing this, sent two histrions \* of his own on the stage, as if they had something to do in the business. These, with their ivory double tablets in their hands, fell upon the Epirote, forced him up against the nearest pillar, and stabbed him in the throat with the points of their writing-tablets, which served them as daggers, so that he expired under their strokes.

**MENECRATES.** And the man that was capable of so execrable a deed in the presence of all the Greeks, carried off the victory nevertheless in the tragical declamation!

**MUSONIUS.** To a young prince, who had murdered his own mother, this was but boy's play. He stopped the throat of a rival in the art of declamation by depriving him of breath together with his voice; is that greatly to be wondered at, when we know, that he even tried by force to stop the orifice of the pythian cave, through which the god at Delphi breathes up his oracles; in order to stifle the voice of Apollo himself †, notwithstanding that god had done him the honour to place him upon a level with Orestes and Alcmaeon ‡, on whom the murder of their mothers conferred a sort of renown, because thereby they were the avengers of their fathers. But I dare say he thought, because he could not tell whom he had avenged, the god intended only to banter him, since in fact, he gave a more charitable turn to the affair at the expense of truth.

\* Τὰς ἑαυτῶ ὑποκριτῶν. So the subaltern actors were called, who entered with a tragedian to perform the gesticulations to the part which he sang.

† Conf. *Dion. Histor.* lib. lxiii. cap. 14.

‡ In this verse, which was ascribed to the delphic Apollo:

Νίρω, Ὀρίγης, Ἀλκμαίων μητροκτόνοι.

But what ship is that, which while we have been conversing, has approached the coast? Does not it look as if it brought good news? All the crew are crowned with flowers, like the chorus in a tragedy, when he speaks a word of good omen. I even see somebody on the fore-castle, calling to us, and bidding us be of good cheer, and rejoice — Hark! Does not he say: Nero is no more?

MENECRATES. So he says. We shall hear more distinctly as he comes nearer the shore.

MUSONIUS. That is a gracious deed, ye gods!

MENECRATES. There let us leave him, because, they say, it is not right to wish ill to the dead.

THE  
T Y R A N N I C I D E.  
AN ORATORICAL EXERCISE.

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**T**HOUGH, venerable judges, I have been so fortunate as in one day to rid the republic of two tyrants, of whom one was already advanced in years, but the other in the full vigour of life and therefore the more fit and inclined to continue the usurpation of his predecessor; yet for this double deed I claim but one single reward. Of all the tyrannicides that ever were, I am the only one, that at one stroke have despatched two malefactors out of the world, the son by my sword, the father by the despair into which the death of a beloved son had cast him. The tyrant has received the merited reward of his doings, in being forced previous to his departure to see his only son murdered, and what is the most extraordi-

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**THE TYRANNICIDE.** This and the three following pieces are declamations of that kind which the rhetors composed in behalf of their scholars, as models whereby to shew them the real application of the various rules of their art in the several species of eloquence. Lucian appears to have selected them himself, from a probably large quantity of others, as pieces which he thought worthy of preservation; and they are in reality very well calculated for enabling us to conceive the great reputation and applause which he acquired as a rhetor both in Greece and Gaul, as he informs us in several parts of his works. Only it amounts to an impossibility, for them not to lose in any translation a portion of those diminutive beauties, to which the Greeks were so particularly sensible, and which consist not so much in the thoughts as in the dress and collocation of them, in the various metaphors and in the elegant absorption of the propositions in ornamental periods, and the like, and can rarely without detriment be rendered in a foreign tongue. I have however done my best, and recommend this piece particularly to young students, whose vocation it is to speak in public, as a model of the art, which deserves to be meditated upon, and from which much is to be learnt.

dinary, to be his own tyrannicide ; but the son, in falling by my hand, was by his death instrumental in killing the other, and, as in his life he was the partner of his father's crimes, he became even after his death as far as possible a parricide.

It is I then that have put an end to the tyranny, and this my sword has wrought your deliverance. I have only reversed the common order, and am the author of a new method of despatching the wicked : I have slain the stronger with my own hand, and left the old man to my sword alone.

With the best reason therefore I might promise myself, that I should have merited more than the ordinary premium, and that you would acknowledge me a two-fold tyrannicide, and decree me a double recompense, as having delivered you not only from the sensation of the present oppressions, but likewise from the apprehension of future ; and thus placed the liberty of the commonwealth on a secure foundation, by leaving no heir to the usurpation. Instead of this however, I see myself in danger of remaining without any remuneration for the signal service I have rendered the country, and of being the only one, to whom the laws, which owe their preservation to me, are of no advantage, though it has pretty much the appearance as if my adversary opposes me, not from an exuberant concern for the public interest, as he insinuates, but because the death of the tyrant grieves him, and because he would gladly revenge it upon him who caused it.

But, that you may be enabled to form a juster judgment of the importance of the service I have rendered to the state, and from the consideration of what you have suffered may be so much the more delighted in being released from your miseries — permit me, gentlemen, to give you first of all, though they are well enough known to you, a short account of the mischiefs that arise from tyranny. It was not, as it generally befalls others, a single tyranny that we had to endure ; it was not the humours and passions of one master, that we were the sport of : of all that ever fell under such a calamity, we alone were they, who, instead of one tyrant, were miserably harassed by two at once. The old man was in truth the most tolerable ; he was more moderate in his anger, more tardy in the sallies of his cruelty, and less licentious in his appetites ; which I have no desire to make a merit of : for indeed it was age alone that had damped the ardour of his passions, and held in check his voluptuous inclinations. It

is even pretended, that he was first excited by his son, against his will, to the steps he took for the oppression of his country; that of himself he was not of a tyrannical disposition, and his greatest fault was a too great indulgence for his son, to whom, as his end sufficiently evinced, he bore an excessive affection. His son was everything to him; to his son he could refuse nothing; he perpetrated every act of injustice as his son commanded, put his signature to every sentence of death, as dictated by his son, procured him whatever he wished for: in short, submitted to be tyrannized over by him, and was less a tyrant himself, than the first slave of his son. The young man indeed resigned the honour to his father, out of respect to his years; but the title of sovereign was all that he possessed; the substance itself, the supreme power, was in his hands. He it was, on whom the safety and stability of the monarchy entirely rested: he likewise it was who enjoyed all the profits arising from the extortions that were committed. He it was, on whom the life-guard depended; he commanded the garrisons, and marked out the unhappy victims of the tyranny, who kept in awe the secret enemies of it. By him our youths were mutilated, and our matrons violated; to him our daughters were conveyed; all the murders, all the devastations and confiscations of the country, all the tortures and other outrages were the work of that young man. The old one did no more than obey him, and countenanced and applauded the machinations of his son, however infamous and unjust.

That all this was insupportable, was a fact in which we were all tacitly agreed; yet it is very natural, and therefore nothing else was to be expected, but that the passions, when to their inherent energy they acquire the aggregate abilities of an unlimited authority, they should set no bounds to their enormities. But what afflicted us most, was, that we knew our bondage would be protracted or rather endless, that the republic would become an hereditary possession, and the people, like vassals belonging to an opulent house, be transmitted from one master to another still worse. Others find some consolation in the hope of being able in discourse among themselves to say: it will however have an end at last! He must however at all events die, and it cannot be long before we shall again be free! But from this hope we were cut off: we had the successor and heir of the sovereignty before our eyes: and this deprived the more liberal part of the citizens of all

courage. Even such of them as thought like me would not dare to set a hand to the work ; we despaired of the possibility of ever regaining our liberty, and that tyranny seemed insuppressible, which had so many to support it.

These circumstances however daunted me not. I weighed the difficulty of the enterprize ; nor was I disheartened at the execution, but looked the danger in the face unappalled. Alone, entirely alone, I went to the encounter of this formidable two-headed monster, — or rather not quite alone ; I was accompanied by my trusty ally and partner in the tyrannicide, my sword ; and though I had death before my eyes, yet I knew that my death would be the redemption of the liberty of my country ! Having therefore broke through the outer watch, and, not without much difficulty, obliged the guards to retreat, cutting down all that stood in my way, I at length forced my passage into the innermost recess of the citadel, to him, the sole prop of the tyranny and the fountain head of all our miseries ; and though he fought valiantly for his life, I at length slew him with many wounds.

The tyranny was now destroyed, and my design accomplished ; for from that instant we were free. The old man, who now remained alone, was not a match for a valiant arm. Unarmed, deprived of his attendants, and what was the most material, of his huge body-guards, and of his son, what should he do ? I mused therefore in my mind, venerable judges, and said to myself : “Everything has succeeded, all is finished, everything is as I could have wished. How shall the old man, who alone survives, receive his due reward ? He is not good enough to fall by this my hand, especially after so excellent, so bold, so hazardous an exploit ! All its lustre would be tarnished by it. I must therefore find out a convenient executioner for him. Besides, it would not be fair to spare his feelings the full extent of his loss. He shall see him ! This will be the severest punishment to him. Beside his slaughtered son I will leave my sword ; to that I will resign the rest !” — In this resolution I retired, and found myself not deceived. My sword had accomplished what I presaged ; it had killed the tyrant and crowned the enterprize.

Here then I am, to restore to you the democracy, and by the glad tidings of re-established liberty, to revive your drooping spirits. Henceforth enjoy the fruit of my achievements ; the citadel as you see is cleared

of your oppressors; you have no longer a master; the posts of honour are again at your disposal; justice has regained its course; and every man is reinstated in all the privileges and immunities to which he is entitled by law\*. All this accrues to you from the achievement which I dared to undertake; it is the result of a single stroke which the father could not survive. I therefore justly demand of you the merited reward; not as though I were abject enough to have regard to lucre in such an act, and to deserve well of my country for pay: but because I look upon the legitimate recompense as a public declaration of having done a praiseworthy deed; and that no maligner may have to object that it was seen by you as incomplete and undeserving of reward, and be justified in detracting from the glory and merit of it.

My adversary indeed maintains that I have no just pretensions to public honour and reward; for I did not kill the tyrant, and did not fulfil the conditions of the law; in short, that somewhat is yet wanting as a necessary qualification for demanding a recompense. But I ask him, what he could require more of me. Was I not willing? Did I not go up? Did I not kill the tyrant? Are ye not free? Who domineers over you now? Who now dares to make his will the law over you? Where is the sovereign lord that dares to threaten you? Has one of the malefactors escaped my sword? You cannot say it! Peace everywhere prevails; the laws are in their regular action; liberty is uninterrupted; the democracy stands on its old foundation; marriages are secured from violation; our youths are fearless; our young women safe; and the whole republic celebrates the restoration of the general happiness. Who then is the efficient cause of all this? Who has put an end to all those calamities, and acquired all these benefits? If there is one who has a juster claim to that honour than I have, let him stand forth, and I will yield to him, and renounce all demands of reward. But if I alone have accomplished it all, was it I alone that conceived the hardy enterprize, hazarded my life, went up, attacked the oppressors, despatched, punished, made one the executioner of the other: why do you extenuate my merit? Wherefore do you strive to make the people ungrateful to me?

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\* Verbatim: it is again allowed to everyone to assert his right by law against everyone, or to resist anyone, who, in his opinion, arrogates to himself what is not due to him — a right in which the palladium of democracy consists.

“But you did not slay the tyrant himself; and the law awards the recompense only to him who slew the tyrant.”—Wherein, I pray you, lies the difference, whether a man kills the tyrant with his own hand, or is the cause of his death? I for my part see none; and certainly the legislator had nothing but liberty, the democracy, the extirpation of the horrid effects of tyranny in view. This it was that he esteemed worthy of an honourable reward; and that this has been brought to effect by me, you cannot deny. For, if I have killed him, without whom the tyrant could not live, is it not the same as if I had killed the tyrant himself? The deed was mine; he only lent me his hand to effect it. Have done then with quibbling any longer touching the manner of his death. Instead of asking how he died, ask, whether he is dead; and whether it is owing to me that he is dead? Otherwise men who have in like manner deserved well of the commonwealth may be disparaged and calumniated by inquiries whether, instead of killing a tyrant with a sword, he was slain with a stone or a club. What if I had starved him to death? Would you then have insisted upon it that I should have despatched him with my own hand, and still assert that I had failed in fulfilling the conditions of the law, notwithstanding the malefactor, in this instance, would have been put to death with greater difficulty? Again, what you have to ask, to require and to examine, is, barely, whether either of the malefactors is yet alive? whether the republic has still anything to apprehend? whether any vestige yet remains of our former oppressions? If however all is clear and safe, none but a sycophant would make the method how the business was effected a pretence for depriving me of the honourable recompense of my desert.

Besides, if during our long thralldom the words of the law have not entirely slipped out of my mind, two articles are in it stating how a man may be the author of a murder. One, if he commits the act with his own hand; the other, if, though he was not the immediate agent, and is compelled to it by another, but is the contriver and the cause of his death. This latter the law declares to be as punishable as the former, and with strict justice. For it is not equitable, that he who procures full liberty and opportunity for the fact, should be less than the execution. Accordingly\*, it is quite needless to inquire into the method of a murder,

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\* The text here seems to be corrupt. The meaning and tissue of the whole sentence requires that the following should be in this connexion with the foregoing. The text however does

since the analogy of the laws has given the answer already. Is it not preposterous to pronounce him who assassinates by the hand of another as guilty as the actual perpetrator, and absolutely refuse to acquit him, and yet will not acknowledge another, who has occasioned the death of the tyrant without actually laying hands upon him, to be as much a benefactor to the commonwealth, and worthy of the same reward, as if he had slain him with his own hand? For you have not even this to say, that it was the effect of a fortunate accident, in which my will had no share. For what had I then to fear, after the stronger was no more? Or why did I leave my sword sticking in his throat, but because I presaged what would surely come to pass? Unless you will say, that he who was slain by my sword was no tyrant, nor had that denomination, and you would not cheerfully have given a great premium to be quit of him? If you cannot gainsay this, how will you now, that the tyrant is actually killed, refuse him the premium who occasioned him to die? What insipid sophistry! And how are you concerned, whether he was sent out of the world in this manner or in that? Are you less reinstated in the enjoyment of liberty? What more then can you require of the restorer of the democracy? Especially seeing the law to which you appeal requires only the fact, but of the subordinate means and the concurrent circumstances it takes no cognizance. What! have we not instances when the premium was adjudged to one who only expelled a tyrant? And that by every rule of right! For even he delivered the country from subjugation and restored liberty. But I have achieved much more; here is no fear of a new attack in future; the whole family is destroyed, the race is extinct, the evil is root and branch exterminated.

And now, in the name of all the gods I beseech you, go, if you please, once more through the whole of this transaction, from beginning to end, with me, in order to see whether I have come short in anything appertaining to the law relative to a tyrant-slayer. The first requisite is unquestionably a heart glowing with generous sentiments and devotion to the country, ready to encounter all perils in its behalf, and to purchase the welfare of it by every sacrifice, even of life. Have I in this been

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rather the contrary, and the words καὶ ἐπιπέσει λαμπρῶς, &c. as far as εἶπε, have in the combination the no sense at all.

wanting? Did I shrink back from the evident danger of my enterprize, and give up the task after I had foreseen the perils through which I was obliged to pass? You will not say it. Well then, stop here, and imagine that I demand the reward on account of this offer, of these sentiments and this resolution; suppose even that the benefit I proposed was not brought to effect. For, granting I could not have succeeded, and another coming after me had killed the tyrant, would it, I ask you, be unreasonable or unjust to grant me the reward? Might I not say: I first conceived the thought, I determined on the execution, I actually undertook it, I have given proof that I was in earnest; I alone therefore have merited the honour? What would you return for answer?

I am not however in the predicament that requires me to hold this language. I have exposed myself to the most imminent danger; I have surmounted innumerable obstacles, ere I could slay the son of the tyrant. For you must not imagine that it was so easy a thing to force my way through the guards, to subdue a host of satellites, and quite alone to put such numbers of them to flight: on the contrary, it is the main point in the enterprize of killing a tyrant. The tyrant himself is no such formidable an object as to render it dangerous and difficult to quell him; but to get the better of those who guard and uphold the tyranny, that is the pinnacle of the exploit; when these are overcome, the business is successful; the remainder is a trifle. Now I could no otherwise get at the tyrant but by first overpowering all the guards and satellites that encompassed him. Here then I again stop and say: I dispersed the guard, overthrew the satellites, and left the tyrant naked, unarmed, defenceless: deserve I not, on that account alone, a public mark of honour? Or do you absolutely insist upon it, that I should have shed the tyrant's blood?

Well; even that demand is satisfied! and the victim that by my hand has bled was neither of ordinary quality nor easily to be mastered; it was a young man in his full vigour, of whom all men stood in awe, who screened the old tyrant from all plots, in whom he placed intire confidence, and who alone supplied the place of a numerous guard. How? do you still think that I have not done enough to deserve the premium? What if I had killed only one satellite, only an officer, or one of his most confidential slaves? Would it not have been a glorious act of audacity to force a passage into the citadel, and, encircled by so many armed men, to

murder one of the ministers or favourites of the tyrant? Behold now, who is the person slain! It was the son of the tyrant, or rather a second and far more obdurate tyrant, more imperious and inflexible in commanding, more cruel in punishing, a violent man, who held all things lawful to him, spared nothing, to whom nothing was sacred, and what surpasses all, the son and successor of the tyrant, who might have extended our misery through a long series of years to come. Supposing I had only put him aside, and that the old tyrant had escaped and was yet alive, I should be justified in claiming the reward. What say you? Will ye not allow it? Had you nothing to apprehend from the son? Did he not play the master as much and in a more oppressive, a more intolerable manner than the old man?

Grant me however your attention but a little longer and I will convince you, that I performed even what my adversary expected of me, in the best manner I was able. For I maintain that I killed the tyrant himself, though in an unusual method: not directly at one stroke, which would have been desirable and a real favour to a malefactor burdened with so many and such heinous crimes; but after having caused him to feel all the anguish of a lingering pain, in seeing his dearest object in the world, his likeness, his only son, slaughtered in the bloom of life and weltering in his blood. That I call mortally wounding a father! Such are the daggers by which a tyrant ought to be stabbed! That is the slow, torturing, agonizing, lingering death adequate to the crimes of such an offender! A speedy death, a sudden privation of consciousness, without being previously tormented by such a sight, is by far too mild a punishment for a criminal so deeply dyed in guilt. For I knew, my good friend, I knew full well, and who in the whole city knew it not? how great the tyrant's affection was for his son, and how afflicting it would have been to have survived him even but for a short time. All parents indeed are affectionate to their children; but he had a motive more than others; as in his son he saw the only friend and upholder of his tyranny; the only one whose personal interest it was to be ever ready to expose himself to danger for his father, and on whom the strength of his sovereignty rested. I knew therefore that, if not the affection to his son, yet certainly despair, as the natural consequence of reflecting, that the sole prop of his safety was fallen, would not suffer him long to live. I rushed upon him at once

with all that must sink him to the earth; I summoned nature, affliction, despondency, terror, and dread of the future against him, and thereby forced him to his final resolution. He died, and died in a manner that has avenged you upon him, childless, weeping and wailing; and if his agony was of short duration, it was at least violent enough to disable him for long sustaining it; he died the most miserable of all deaths, by his own hand, which is beyond all comparison severer than to die by a foreign hand!

Where is my sword? — Is anyone here present, that dares to lay claim to it? Has it ever belonged to any but me? Who carried it up to the citadel? Who used it before the tyrant? Who prepared it to be employed against himself? O my trusty sword! Partner and auxiliary of my glorious achievement! how should I have thought, that, after we had laboured so much together, we should be so neglected, and deemed unworthy of a reward? How, gentlemen, if I should demand this honour only for my sword — if I said: “The tyrant would have killed himself, but was accidentally without a weapon; my sword here supplied to him that service, and was the instrument by which the liberty was obtained; decree to it the premium!” — Would ye not find it reasonable likewise to reward the owner of so useful an instrument, and to make some retribution to the benefactors of the country? Would ye not lay up the sword in a temple among the sacred things? and bow the knee before it as before the gods themselves?

However, farther to convince you with how much justice I lay claim to the merit of a tyrant-slayer, consider a while with me what the tyrant would probably have done and said before his death. His son, stabbed with the many wounds which in order to carry cruelty on the first view of him to the old man, to the utmost, I inflicted on the most bare and exposed parts of the body — this unhappy wretch I say, weltering in his blood, with lamentable cries calling on his father, not as a helper or deliverer (for what could he expect from the feeble old man?) but as a spectator of the approaching downfall of his house. I, the author of the tragedy, had indeed retreated, but had resigned the scene to these new actors, the corpse and the sword, to act out the rest of the drama. He runs up in haste, he beholds his son, his only son, in the last agonies, hideously disfigured, covered with gore, and pierced with

a number of horrid and mortal wounds. Oh, my son! he exclaims, we are lost, we are murdered, we die the death of the tyrant!\* Where is the murderer? To what end has he spared me? What does he now meditate against me? Why does he not complete my death, which he has begun in you? It may be that he despises my old age? Surely he forbears to despatch me on purpose to prolong the torments of my slaughter, and make me feel the more lingering pangs of death! — Saying these words, he looks round him for a sword; for, as he relied for safety entirely upon his son, he went always unarmed. But I had taken care that this should not long be his want, by designedly leaving behind me my own, for the act which he had still to perform †. Drawing it therefore out of the deadly wound, he said: Thou hast already been the cause of my death, in stabbing my son; finish thy work by killing me outright; come to the comfort of an unhappy father; assist my decrepit hand, destroy a tyrant, and put an end to my torments! Oh, that I had lighted on thee sooner! that I had been the first to fall by thee! Then I should have fallen like another tyrant, and with the consolation of leaving an avenger behind me! Now I must die childless and deserted by all; so forlorn, that I shall not even find one to kill me! And having uttered these exclamations, he labours with a feeble and trembling hand, to plunge the sword into his breast; he yearns for it, but his strength refuses to execute the office.

How many punishments, how many wounds, how many tyrannicides — in this one! How many merited rewards! What needs more words? You have seen the young man stretched upon the ground, you have felt that it must have been no easy task to succeed so far; you have seen the old man, as he lay over his son, the blood of the father mingling with

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\* *Τιτυραννοκλονήματα* — very frigid, like the whole of this *prosopopœia*, which has totally failed under the hands of the rhetor! the only blemish in this beautiful oration.

† Was then the son also unarmed, who (as we heard above) defended himself so bravely against his murderer? I suppose the tyrant-queller went away with the sword of the slain, and left his own behind; but this circumstance the orator should have mentioned at least by the way; were it only to have obviated the sooner the suspicion, that it was for fear of being caught by the attendants of the tyrant, he ran away in such haste, that he had not even time to take with him his sword.

the blood of the son, a glorious libation to the deities of freedom and victory! ye have seen likewise my sword, the instrument of vengeance on both, boasting its triumph between them, proud of having been not unworthy of its master, and attesting by the deed itself, that it had afforded me faithful service! Had I accomplished all with my own hand, the grand achievement would have been the loser by it. Now it is the more resplendent for being the first of its kind. I am he who has put an end to the tyranny: only the performance, as in a stage-play was divided into several parts: the prime actor I was myself, the second was the son, the third the tyrant, and the sword ministered to all three.

THE  
DISINHERITED SON.

AN ORATORICAL EXERCISE.

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**T**HE treatment that I have this day received from my father, reverend judges, is nothing new, and ought not to surprise anyone, since it is not the first time that he has let me feel his anger in this manner. He is ever ready to enforce the law against me, and appears in this court as in a place with which he is very well acquainted. What is novel in my present misfortune is, that I must atone for a crime not committed by myself, but for the fault of the art which I profess, and which cannot obey him in whatever he commands. Can anything more absurd be conceived, than that a physician should cure according to order, not to what the art can do, but what his father wills? I should therefore be glad to discover that in the art of medicine there is a certain cure not only for lunatics, but also for those unhappy people who without just cause are inclined to be angry; I should certainly not fail to cure my father of that malady. He is indeed recovered from his former frenzy, but he is so much the more plagued with furious anger: and what indeed is very grievous to me, he is to all other people sober and discreet, and is furious only against me, who recovered him. I see it from the fee that I got for his

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**THE DISINHERITED SON.** The subject of this declamation being immediately apparent from the exordium, it is unnecessary to say more about it. The oration itself is in my judgment considerably inferior to the foregoing, and the sophistical subtleties of which it is principally composed are more adapted to the taste of the Greeks in rhetorical legerdemain than for the approval of modern readers.

cure, since he has for the second time renounced me and cut me off from his family, as if I had been only re-admitted for a short time, on purpose to render me the more sensitive to the injury done to my reputation by a fresh expulsion.

Where it is possible to be useful to my relations, I wait for no orders; accordingly I came of late\* uncalled to tender my services; but when the evil is altogether desperate, I never chuse to act at all. With the lady in question I have good reason to be still more averse from meddling; for how can I conceal from myself what I had to expect from my father, if I had not succeeded, since I am disinherited ere I have attempted the cure. I lament the unfortunate distemper of my mother-in-law from the bottom of my heart, as well for her own sake (for she was a good woman) as for my father's sake, yet more however on my own account, as my refusal to undertake the cure at his bidding, gave it the appearance of disobedience, though it had no other foundation than the magnitude of the evil and the imperfection of the art. But that a man should be expelled the family because he will not promise what he cannot perform, I cannot possibly hold to be right.

For what reason he renounced me the first time, may be easily divined from the present proceedings. But I think I have sufficiently defended myself against the former by my subsequent behaviour and life. However I cannot at present refrain from repelling the fresh accusation he brings against me, and therefore beg your permission, first briefly to acquaint you with a little of my history.

At the time when my father with great rage and clamour published it abroad that I was a perverse and untractable fellow, the disgrace of my parents and the infamy of my house, I thought it best to make little reply. I left the paternal roof in hopes that my future conduct would prove my best apology, and the greatest of all tribunals would infallibly pronounce me innocent, when it should be seen how far I was from deserving the imputations of my father, by passing my time in the noblest occupations, and endeavouring to profit by the most excellent characters. I already foresaw some indications of what afterwards but too plainly appeared, and suspected that this unjust anger and those false accusations against his own

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\* Namely, when the father went distracted.

offspring, might be symptoms that all was not right with my father. Many others were likewise of the same opinion; and, seeing his incessant chidings and menaces, the causeless hatred he bore to me, the abusive terms he had ever on his tongue, and the hardhearted resolution to discard me, which he had even carried into court, prejudicing it with his fury and clamour against me, in short, all this effervescence of acrid and ever-boiling choler they looked upon as the prelude to ensuing disorder, which would soon break out into complete insanity. Considering all these circumstances, it appeared to me but too probable, that I might shortly find myself in a predicament when it would be desirable for me to be a physician. I accordingly went abroad, found out the most expert physicians, and made such progress in my studies, that by their information and my own indefatigable industry, by dint of labour and exertion, I at length made myself master of the art. At my return I found my father plainly distracted, and given over by all the physicians at home, who, as it appeared, had not probed the disease to the bottom, and in general did not accurately understand the difference of disorders and how to distinguish between them. I acted therefore as is the duty of a good son; I forgot the injustice that had been done me, by my father, in cutting me off from the inheritance, and waited not till I was sent for. For in truth I bore him no ill-will, but considered all the above-mentioned grievances as the effects of a *materia peccans*, alien to him, in a word, as consequences of his disorder. I visited him therefore uncalled for; but did not immediately set about the cure; that not being the practice with us physicians. Our art rather directing us first of all to examine whether the distemper is curable, or whether it lies beyond the compass of our art. In the former predicament we set our hands to the work, and apply all possible care to save the patient. If we perceive however that it has already got the upper hand, and has entirely subdued nature, we follow the rule of the founder and father of our art, which allows us to undertake no patient, whose condition is already desperate. Having therefore first duly weighed and examined all circumstances, and discovered that the disease of my father had not gained such ground, as to preclude all possibility of relief, I undertook his cure, and began confidently by administering to him the medicines I had prepared, without being deterred by the suggestions of those present, of whom not a few shook their heads with suspicious looks, found fault with my method of

cure and seemed already disposed to make a juridical question of it. Even my mother-in-law betrayed evident marks of apprehension and incredulity ; not from any hatred to me, but from real concern for her husband, and because she knew better than anybody, how ill he was. For, as she never left him, she was the only person from whom no symptoms and collateral circumstances were concealed. I however was not discouraged by all this ; knowing too well that the prognostics by which I was to judge of the malady could not deceive me, and that I could safely rely upon my ability ; but proceeded uninterruptedly from that instant to the cure which I had undertaken, notwithstanding the earnest dissuasions of some of my friends, from putting too much confidence in myself, lest an unexpected miscarriage might afford scope to slander, and I should be accused of having embraced this opportunity for wreaking my vengeance on my father for the wrongs I had suffered. To be brief, it was not long before the patient visibly grew better, he came back to the full use of his reason, and evinced again a proper understanding and a discriminating judgment. Everybody present expressed his utter astonishment at the recovery ; my mother-in-law was lavish in her praises, and evinced to all men, that the honour I obtained by this cure, gladdened her no less than the restoration of her husband. As for himself, I must do him the justice to acknowledge, that he was no sooner informed by those present of all that had passed, than he immediately without hesitation, or consulting anybody, cancelled the renunciation, received me again as his son, styled me his benefactor and saviour, confessed that he now wanted no farther proof of my sentiments towards him, and endeavoured to excuse himself for what had formerly passed. Many honest folks, who were present at this scene, were greatly rejoiced at it : while others who were more delighted at the disinheriting of a son than at his reconciliation, acted a contrary part. I particularly remarked that a certain person suddenly changed colour \*,

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\* Who was this certain person, whom he neither chuses to name nor to describe more plainly ? In all probability it was the mother-in-law, whose former profession of friendliness and affection towards her son-in-law was anything but sincere. That the son-in-law so cautiously speaks of her, calling her a good woman, and saying expressly above that her diffidence in his cure proceeded from no animosity towards him, need not induce us to think otherwise. He must speak in this manner in order to obviate the bare semblance of any suspicion, as if per-

cast down the eyes; and in the countenance shewed evident signs of agitation and disturbance within, which looked very like hatred and ill-will. I and my father on the other hand, as may be easily supposed, surrendered ourselves entirely to the satisfaction of being reconciled.

Not long after, the mother-in-law fell sick of a severe and very unaccountable distemper, as I may the more confidently term it, as I very accurately observed the attack from the first beginning of it. It was none of the ordinary kinds of frenzy, the cause whereof is easily discoverable by transient aberrations of the understanding. It was rather an old radical malady that had long lain dormant in her mind, and had now broke out all at once from the very principles of life. We know indeed of many other prognostics of an incurable lunacy, but in this woman I observed one quite peculiar, which was, that when she converses with people in general she is indifferently tame and composed, and the disorder in their presence allows her some quiet, but she is suddenly attacked by a violent paroxysm, at the sight of a physician, or at only hearing mention of one. A circumstance which of itself alone was proof enough how ill it was with her, and how little hope there was of her being relieved.

This observation gave me no small concern, and I pitied the poor woman heartily, as it well became me, to see her in so miserable a condition. My father, in the mean time, who neither knew nor could divine the origin nor the degree of the evil, ordered me, in consequence of this his ignorance, to take her under cure, and to administer the same remedy to her which I had given to him; in the opinion, that there is only one species of insanity, that it was the same distemper, and therefore might be relieved by the same prescription; and on my insisting upon it, as is most true, that it was impossible to save the woman under these circumstances: he falls into a rage, and asserts that I refuse my assistance on purpose, and from my obstinacy leave her to perish. He thus makes me guilty of that as a crime, which arises out of the insufficiency of my art; and is angry, as people who are oppressed with sorrow usually are,

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sonal aversion, revenge, or other selfish passions had any influence on his pertinacious refusal to undertake the cure.

at such as frankly tell them the truth. I then, as well as I can, will make my defence, and answer both for myself and for my profession.

I shall begin with the law, in virtue whereof he thinks he can disinherit me a second time ; and shew him, that he has not the same power over me to do so, as he had the first time. The legislator, father, neither gives that power to all parents, nor so often as they list, nor for every cause. But, while it allows fathers thus to be incensed at their sons, it likewise provides that the sons shall not wrongfully suffer by it. He therefore ordains that it should not depend upon their caprice, without any legal restraint to inflict so severe a penalty upon a son : but he enjoins them to bring the case before the tribunal, and has appointed persons, who are supposed to proceed in trying it without being swayed by passion or prejudice. For he knew that many fathers are prone to be angry at their children, upon very unsubstantial grounds ; sometimes giving credit to a false and malicious slander ; sometimes it is the misinformation of a servant or angry wife, that exasperates them. He thought it not fit therefore that a matter of such importance to the peace and happiness of a family should pass independently on a legal judgment, nor the sons be immediately condemned unheard ; but, that the water should be likewise poured out for them, and that interrogatories should be made and answered on both sides, and nothing left undiscussed.

As therefore it is permitted me to speak, and though my father has a right to accuse me, yet the decision whether he has justice on his side, o worthy judges, that belongs to you. I pray you therefore, ere you direct your attention to the present cause of his displeasure against me, previously to examine, whether he who has once already discarded his son, and thereby enforced the authority which the laws give to a father in its whole extent, but afterwards has again adopted the alien, is allowed to exercise the same right a second time ? For my part I cannot but think it would be unjust in the extreme ; that the children should be every day in danger, and live in continual fear and anxiety ; that the law, if it can bear that interpretation, should bend to the humour of the father, now gratify his resentment, now revoke its operation, and now make it valid afresh : which would be doing no otherwise than to make right wrong and wrong again right, at the alternate pleasure of the father. Certainly it is equitable, that the law should be indulgent to

parental authority, when the father is angry comply with his anger, and allow him to be master of the method in which he chuses to punish his children. But that authority once exerted, when he has availed himself of the law in its utmost extent, satisfied his resentment, and in consequence readopted his discarded son, and thereby declared that he now, contrary to his former opinion, holds him to be good and worthy; he must then abide by his judgment, and it cannot be justly allowed him to start back again, alter his mind, and now overthrow what has been juridically settled. For whether a son shall turn out well or ill, there is, as far as I know, no sure prognostic: therefore the law has allowed parents, who provide for their children all the while that they cannot tell whether they will prove deserving of their care, to exclude from their family profligate children. If however, one, not compelled by necessity, but of his own free choice, has adopted a man, whose conduct he has tried and approved, for his son, how can he again change his sentiments, or avail himself of the law afterwards? Would not the lawyer say to him: if he proved a good-for-nothing fellow and deserved expulsion by law, what made you then recall him? Why did you take him into your house again? Why do you defeat the operation of the law? You were your own master, and it was at your own option not to do it. But to make your sport of the laws, and to expect the court to change its sentence as often as you change your mind; that the laws shall be valid at one moment and abrogate the next, and the judges whenever you please sit as witnesses, or rather as ministers of your caprice, and now punish and then make all right again, as you shall think fit, that can by no means be granted you? You have once brought your son into the world, you have once educated him, and therefore you have a right once to disinherit him, if you think you have just cause for it; but so far the laws do not extend the paternal authority, as to allow you to do this frequently and perpetually and without any cause whatever.

Seeing now my father of his own free motion has owned me again; seeing he has annulled the process formerly instituted against me, and relinquishes the displeasure with which he beheld me: I beseech and conjure this venerable court, not to consent that he chastise me with a double rod, and again enforce a paternal authority, which has a long time been out of date, and which by the first is quite exhausted and inefficient. At other tribunals where the assessors are chose by lot, the law

notoriously allows such as by the sentence pronounced are thought to have suffered wrong, a right of appeal to a superior jurisdiction ; but when the parties themselves are agreed to let their cause be decided by arbitrators, no appellation has place. For since it depended on their good pleasure whether it should be referred to these persons, or not, so when they have once decided, it is but just, that they should abide by the decree. In like manner, my father, was it not entirely at your option, not to receive again your discarded son, if you still believed him unworthy of your family ; but since you have, because you held him upright, voluntarily received him again, you cannot repulse him afresh. For, that he does not deserve to be thus treated a second time by you, you yourself have declared, as by your own act and deed, you have deposed the most decisive evidence in his favour. His readmittance can now be subject to no repentance, but after you have sat in judgment twice upon him, and by the second sentence have cancelled and annulled the first, the reconciliation must be valid and stand good in law. For by abrogating your first determination, you have irrevocably confirmed the second declaration of your judgment. Adhere then to your last resolution, and give efficacy to your own ordinance ! You must now be my father ; it was your own option to have it so, you have ratified it, you have impressed on it the sanction of the law. If nature had not created me your son, if I were yours only by adoption, I still maintain that you could not again eject me, because it is manifestly unjust to attempt to retract something which originally stood at our option, to do or not to do, after we have once done it. How much less therefore would it be justifiable at the bar of reason, again to turn out of doors him who by a double right, of nature and in virtue of your own choice, is your son, and repeatedly to deprive him of one and the same right of filiation. Had I been your slave, and you had put me in chains, in the opinion that I was a worthless fellow, but afterwards thought better of me, and presented me with emancipation : would it be lawful, on a sudden burst of passion, by which you were swayed, to turn me back into bondage ? It is not in your power. The laws would not allow it ; for in such cases they favour the suffering party, and have decreed that such acts once done shall never be undone, but remain fixt and unalterable.

I could support my assertion, that it is not lawful to eject a second time a son thrust out, and afterwards voluntarily readmitted, by many

other arguments, if it were necessary ; but I shall let these suffice, in order to proceed a step further, and call your attention, venerable judges, to the quality of the son, whom he now a second time casts off. I will at present say nothing of my not having at the first time studied much, but am now a physician ; for my profession is here nothing to the purpose : nor that I was then a young man and am now an old man, which might induce a favourable surmise, that I am not capable of lightly behaving undutifully ; as even this might appear of little consequence. I only say : that if at the first time when he turned me out of his house, I had given him, as I believe no just cause for it, yet I had acquired no merit with him. Now, however, when he might justly consider me as his deliverer ; now when I had no sooner recovered him from so fatal a distemper, to requite me with such a reward ; without the least regard to so great a cure, to forget it all, and instead of reflecting, how unreasonable it was to cast out a son, who had made him sound both in body and mind, and turn him adrift again into the wide world a second time — can anything more ungrateful be conceived ? For verily it is no inconsiderable and vulgar benefit, that I conferred upon him, and for which he returns me these thanks ! And though he perhaps may not be sensible how it was with him at that time, it is however known to you all in what a deplorable situation he was ; that he was given over by the physicians, that all his household shunned him, and nobody would venture to come near him ; when I undertook his cure, and succeeded so far as to enable him to arraign me and make speeches against me at the bar. However, if, my father, you are desirous to have a lively idea of the condition in which you were a short time ago, cast but a look at your spouse, and think that you were what she is. Is it now acting right, to make the first use of your recovered reason, against him to whom you are indebted for it ? For, that you yourself hold it no small benefit which you have received, is even clear from your accusation. If you cherish such hatred against me for not curing your wife, who is in the most desperate situation ; ought you not for that very reason to love me above everything, and not know how sufficiently to attest your gratitude to me, for having brought you out of a similar calamity ? Instead of that, almost the first thing you do since you are come to your senses, is to cite me into court ; you punish me for having saved you, take up your old

grudge against me, and enforce the same law to my prejudice a second time. A generous way of remunerating a physician indeed; to employ the health for which you are beholden to him, in instituting a process against him! You will not therefore, venerable judges, permit this ungrateful man to punish his benefactor, to drive his deliverer to ruin, to hate the restorer of his reason, and to render him miserable, to whom he owes the greatest blessing of his life\*. No; certainly that you will not, cannot do, if you have any regard to justice. For, supposing even that I had behaved in the present instance most grossly towards my father, yet he was under no small obligation to me, which he should have recollected and for the sake of it have overlooked and despised the offence; especially as it arose from a benefit beyond all comparison greater than the pretended injury he lays to my charge. For that this is the predicament in which both of us stand, I hope I may assume without indiscretion, seeing I saved him, seeing that he owes his life to me, seeing he has me to thank for being still in existence, and in possession of his senses and understanding, and this after all other physicians had abandoned him, and confessed that his malady surpassed the powers of their art. What, in my opinion renders my merit in his behalf still greater is, that I could no longer be considered as his son, that nothing in the world compelled me to undertake his cure. I was my own master; he himself had broke the band of nature that tied me to him. And yet, far from leaving him to his fate, I hastened, from the impulse of my own heart, uncalled to his relief, devoted to him all my attention and care,

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\* The vacuity of thoughts, and the perpetual play upon the same antitheses render a great part of this declamation nearly untranslatable. The Greeks of that time were fond of this sort of toying, when the orator had sufficient versatility and language at his command to repeat the same things in other words, phrases and constructions. To us moderns this method of atoning by verbal subtlety for destitution of thoughts is disgusting: and besides, it is impossible in this respect for our language to keep pace with the grecian, which is peculiarly organized for that purpose, and much of what in the original is replete with grace, becomes dull and heavy when we attempt to translate it. I hope therefore no apology will be deemed necessary on my part for having here and there translated more freely than usual, and in order not to repeat every moment the same thing, wherever I knew not otherwise how to help myself, having substituted for the antithesis of the original, another, which after all amounts to the same thing; as, for example, here is done with the ἀναθήσεια τιμωρίσθαι which forms the conclusion of this sentence.

cured him, restored him to himself, proved, that I still acknowledged him for my father, and that I had not deserved to be cast off by him, overcame by this proof of my filial affection, his old grudge, purchased my readmission into the bosom of my family, demonstrated to him my filial attachment on a critical occasion, and adopted, so to speak, myself and my art into it, by shewing myself, under such dreadful circumstances, as his son. For think not, that I had little or nothing to undergo; always to be about a frantic person, to do every possible servile office for him, and to watch him every instant, to see when the distemper so far abates as to leave room for the art to act against it. In the whole of our practice there is nothing at once so troublesome and dangerous, as to have to do with patients of this sort, since they often, on a sudden attack of the disorder, vent their rage on the first object that meets their eye. Yet I never was deterred by anything, and lost neither courage nor patience in my attendance, but struggled and fought with all my might against the disease, till at length I conquered it by the power of medicine. Let no one that hears me say, What great labour is there then in administering a mixture to a patient? Ere it comes to that, a great deal is to be done. The whole system must be first duly prepared, that the principal medicine may have its proper effect, and the habit of body must be diligently examined to that end; it is necessary to apply purgatives, sudorifics, to lower the superfluous animation, to enjoin a particular diet, to give the requisite motion and exercise, to procure sleep and rest. With all which other sick persons are easily brought to compliance. But lunatics are capricious, wilful, fierce, untractable. Their fancy runs away with them, without a bridle to lead and to govern it, and this makes the cure dangerous to the physician, and throws almost insuperable obstacles in his way. For even if we have with infinite pains succeeded so far as to give us hopes that the distemper is declining, and that we have nearly attained our object, there needs only a slight inadvertence, or trivial accident, to exasperate the distemper, overthrow all that has been done, and bring disgrace upon the art.

And you, gentlemen judges, will you suffer him who has undergone all this, and after so difficult and dangerous a struggle has so happily got the better of this most unmanageable of all diseases, to be so basely treated by the man to whom he has rendered a service of such magnitude?

Will you allow a father to cashier a son who has acted so meritoriously by him? shall he interpret the law as he likes against his benefactor, and thus do violence to nature herself? I for my part have obeyed her voice, have not hesitated a moment to do everything for the deliverance and preservation of my father, though he had acted so ill by me. If he, in order, as he says, to satisfy the laws, deprives a son, who has deserved nothing but good at his hands, of his birthright, and, as much as in him lies, ruin and destroy, he then proves himself an unnatural father towards a dutiful son: I reverence nature, he contemns her relations and habitudes, and spurns at justice. If anything could be more unreasonable than the hatred of this father, it would only be the love of the son to such a parent! Indeed he reduces me to those straights by his unjust hatred, that I must blame and accuse myself for being able still to love him, and love him more than is befitting; since nature has ordered it so, that fathers usually love their sons, more than sons do their fathers. But he, far from making my deservings the measure of his acknowledgment, or at least following my example, and returning me love for love, returns me hatred for affection, injuries for benefits, pushes me from him, drives me from his house, and endeavours even to wrest the laws, which are favourable to children, so against me, as if they were given for their detriment! Can anything be more abominable than this endeavour to exacerbate the laws against nature? But all this, my father, is not so as you would fain wish that it were. You misconstrue the law, the spirit whereof is no less wise than equitable. Nature and law are never in contradiction; on the contrary, they support each other, and mutually labour to resist injustice. You maltreat a son, who deserves well of you, and thus sin against nature; would not that suffice you? must you likewise sin against the laws? They would be kind, just and favourable to children, and you will not allow them to be so! You enforce them perpetually against the selfsame son, just as though you had to complain of several sons, and require them always to punish, while their object is barely to keep children to their duty towards their parents, and are therefore void of effect against those who have offended in nothing. Whereas they authorize us, as you know, to bring an action against those who refuse to requite their benefactors for kindness received, if it is in their power, and they are challenged to it by circumstances. What must we then think of him, who not only not

returns the kindness, but would even punish his benefactor for having done him the favour \*. Can injustice be carried farther than this?

I think therefore, after all this, I have abundantly demonstrated that my father, by having once enforced the law that empowers him to disinherit me, and thus exhausted all that paternal authority is able to do, cannot be justified in renouncing me the second time; and that it is besides illegal to turn a son out of doors, who has conducted himself so meritoriously towards his father.

I proceed now to examine into the quality of the crime which he charges me with, and makes the motive of my present expulsion. Here too I shall find it necessary to recur to the intention of the legislator. Suppose it therefore (what never can be conceded) to be lawful for you to disinherit your son as often as you please, even when he has deserved well of you: yet, I think you have not a right to do it, without any cause, or with any cause. Or has the law-maker expressed himself in some such manner as this: a son shall be disinherited, against whom a father may complain, and nothing more is necessary than to will and to accuse?— For, if it were so, what need of formal judges?— Therefore exactly the reverse! That the matter may be juridically tried, the legislator has made it your duty, judges, to examine, whether the father has weighty and just cause for his anger, or not. This is at present, gentlemen, your business. I will therefore directly begin with what followed immediately upon my father's recovery wrought by me.

The first act he did was to rescind my expulsion from his family. At that time I was his saviour, his benefactor, his all in all. And, in fact, it was I think not well possible to discover any ground of impeachment in all that I had done for him. What then can be the cause of his anger in all my subsequent demeanour? Wherein have I ever violated or neglected the duty of a son towards him? When have I ever staid out

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\* This is not at all applicable to the father, who wants to punish his son solely on account of the pretended obstinacy in refusing to cure his mother-in-law. Generally speaking, all these logisms and paralogisms are divested of all force when once it is clear that the son, out of mere perverseness and disobedience, will not undertake the cure of his mother-in-law. On this point therefore the son should in the first place justify himself; on that alone the whole process hinges; and everything is said, if he can prove that it was impossible to relieve the mother-in-law.

a single night from home? Or what excesses, unseasonable hours, or nocturnal revels can he lay to my charge? When have I ever behaved myself lewdly? When did ever the complaint of my getting into quarrels reach his ears? Yet these are the principal causes for which the law allows the disinheriting of a son. — But my mother-in-law fell sick. That then is what you accuse me of? and will you make me accountable for her sickness? By no means, you answer. — For what then? “That you would not obey my orders to cure her. On account of this disobedience you deserve to be disinherited.” — I will immediately prove that this seeming disobedience to the injunctions of my father, was owing solely to impossibility. But first permit me to observe, that the laws give him no right to enjoin me whatever he lists, nor binds me to obey him in everything. Among the things that a father may enjoin his son are some in their nature so framed, that they are not subject to foreign controul, and therefore cannot be commanded by anyone, whoever he be. Whereas others are of such a species, that the refusal of the son is always culpable, and affords the father just cause of anger. Of this latter kind would be, for example, if he were sick and I cared not about him, or if he gave me charge of his household affairs or estate, and by my negligence he incurred damage. These and the like things a father may justly command, and the son who will not obey deserves the paternal reproof. But there are other things, which entirely rest with us sons, and among these are principally such as relate to the art we have studied and the exercise of it, especially if the father sustains no personal injury by our refusal. Thus, for instance, if a father should order his son, who is a painter, or a musician, or a mechanic: You shall paint this, and not that! This piece you shall play, and this not! Work me this thing, and not that! — Who would endure that a son should be disinherited, because he thought it not fit to be guided in the exercise of his profession by the caprice of his father? Certainly no man in the world. Now physic, as nobody will dispute, is the most honourable and beneficial of all arts, and what is more equitable than that he who professes it should be allowed the most unbounded liberty to exercise it, or not to exercise it? So sacred an art, wherein gods have given us the first lessons; an art which has been cultivated and improved by the industry of the wisest mortals, can be subject to no command, to no controul; the exercise of it must be exempt from

all obligation of law and from all dread of courts and their penalties, and neither be in awe of the menaces of a father nor the anger of the ignorant. If therefore I had directly said : I will not, I will not cure her, though I could ; I understand my art entirely for myself and for my father ; I chuse to know nothing for the rest of mankind ; what tyrant would take upon him to carry his violence so far as to compel me to exercise my art against my inclination ? Such services must be obtained by fair words and intreaties, not extorted by anger and appeals to the laws and accusations at the bar. A physician is not to be ordered, he must be won ; he must not be dragged by the hair to the patient, but must come voluntarily and with pleasure. Verily an art to which respectable commonwealths have decreed public honours, rank, immunities and privileges, will be free from the controul of paternal authority !

This I might have urged upon you in the particular case, where you would have forced the cure upon me, which stood at my option, in virtue of the prerogatives of my art, if you had took care to have it taught me, and been at great expense to make me a proficient in it. But now consider how much less right you have to disturb me, in the free use of a faculty which is entirely my own property, and for the procuring of which you have paid nothing.

When I studied this art, I was no longer your son ; though I studied it for you, and you were the first that reaped the benefit of it. In the learning of it I received not the slightest assistance from you. Or what was the name of the master whom you salaried for me ; where is the apparatus of medicines which you purchased for me ? You contributed nothing, nothing in the world to it. All that I had of you, when I began my studies was, sorrow, want, helplessness, aversion from my former acquaintances, and separation from my relations ; you abandoned me to extreme distress : and even the instruction that I enjoyed I owe to the compassion of my tutor. In return for this you lay claim to my art, and expect to manage and direct at your discretion what I acquired when you were not my master. Be content with what I have done for you, though I owe you nothing, and when after all I had done I could not obtain so much as thanks for my pains. It would indeed not be right, that my good nature should lay me under the necessity, all the remainder of my

life, of submitting to be commanded to do, against my inclination, that which I have voluntarily done ; or that it should become the fashion, that a physician who has once cured somebody should be arbitrarily commanded to cure what other persons soever he pleases. What is that but to make our patients our masters, and to pay them for the honour of being their slaves? Can anything more unjust be conceived? Because I have recovered you from a most deplorable malady, you require to be allowed to use my art as your property!

Thus might I plead for myself if my father had commanded me somewhat feasible. For even in that case I should not think myself bound to attend to the orders of everybody or anybody. Let us hear however how the order he gives me would run : "Since you, says he, have cured me of insanity, and my wife is now likewise mad, and therefore is afflicted with the same disorder, and you can do everything, as the trial has evinced, cure her also." — On hearing the above, nothing seems more rational, especially to one who understands nothing of medicine. But if you vouchsafe to hear what I have to say in answer to this, as a physician, you will see that everything is not possible to us, that similar distempers may be of very different natures ; that therefore they are not to be cured in the same way ; that every medicine is not good for every disease ; and thus it will appear, how great the distance is between not to be inclined and not to be able. Permit me, gentlemen, to philosophize a few moments upon this matter, and look not upon a closer discussion of it as a digression, carrying us off from the main subject, and here improperly introduced.

In the first place, all temperaments and constitutions of body are not alike. For, although nothing is more certain, than that they consist of the same elements, yet some have more, others fewer of these or those elements. I speak at present only of the male bodies, and assert that there is a very great variety in them with respect to the mixture as well as the composition ; that, by a very natural consequence, their distempers also must be various, both in their species and magnitude. One, agreeably to his constitution, is easy to treat, and, as it were, meets his cure : whereas another, by reason of his, is easily infected and subdued by distempers, and therefore affords little hopes of recovery. To imagine there-

fore that every fever, every consumption is a pulmonary disease or distraction, because they belong to the same specific class, and is perfectly similar in every body, is an opinion of irrational, ill-reasoning people very slightly acquainted with these matters; but the same distemper is with one easily relieved, with another not. It is with them, methinks, as with corn sown in different soils and thriving differently; if it is sown in a level, deep, moist, or well-watered country, exposed to the sun, open to the favourable breezes, and at the same time well tilled, it will spring up fine, full, and produce a plentiful crop. On the other hand, if scattered on a mountainous, a stony, hungry soil, unvisited by the rays of the sun, it will be different, different too at the foot of hills; in a word, it will thrive diversely according to the diversity of soil. In like manner, distempers, so to speak, thrive differently, according to the nature and quality of the bodies which are attacked by them; in some, if I may use the expression, better, in others worse — find in these more in those less nutriment, and therefore in those prosper, in these wither and pine. Yet my father passes by these several considerations, or rather imagines, independently on all examination, that every madness is in every body the same, and may be cured in the same way.

But, besides these general and decisive arguments, it is easy to conceive, that the vast difference between male and female bodies must produce a very considerable difference in the distempers, no less than in the method of treatment and the hopes of success. For the bodies of males are more compact, firm, robust, sinewy, and withal more strengthened and hardened by severer labour in the open air, enured to exercise in all weathers: those of females, soft, lax, grow up in the shade\*, and that they are whiter than we are is merely in consequence of their having a scantier provision of blood, less heat, and a superfluity of moist humours; of course they are more obnoxious to indispositions than male bodies, less able to sustain the operations of a cure, and have principally a peculiar disposition to disorders that affect the brain and destroy the nerves, as they make much gall, are very inconstant and irritable, and have less

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\* Because the grecian daughters and wives, excepting on the festivals, when they assisted in the religious processions, rarely stirred out of doors.

bodily strength\*. It would therefore be unreasonable to require a physician to treat both in the same manner, and to cure them with equal success; knowing as we do how greatly they differ in their whole mode of life, in their employments, and in all their carriage and conduct. When therefore you say they are insane, you should not forget to add, that it is a woman's insanity, and not hold these two species of insanity, because of the appellation, for the same, but separate them as nature has done, and learn to discriminate what is possible in one and the other. For we physicians uniformly begin, as I have already suggested, by informing ourselves of the complexion and habit, and inquire whether the person is hot or cold, old or young, large or slender, fat or lean; in a word, into everything that falls under that rubric; and a physician that has properly settled these preliminary inquiries, deserves credit, whether he despairs of a cure, or may entertain hopes of success.

There are kinds of insanity to an almost innumerable amount, arising from totally different causes, and likewise of sundry denominations. For there is a great difference between doating and raving, craziness and downright madness, frenzy and moping lunacy; and the several appellations denote very different degrees of this distemper. The causes in women are not the same as in men, and likewise in the latter the age makes a considerable difference in this respect. In young men, for example, a superabundance of bile and acrid humours is frequently the cause; but in old men, vexation on account of injuries received, and not seldom a sudden burst of intemperate wrath at their domestics, which at first only puts them out of temper, but by insensible degrees degenerates into madness. In women the causes and occasions of this calamity are the more frequent, as they are more irritable. The most usual are a violent grudge against some person, or envy at the success of an adversary, or some affront that they are obliged to brook, or spite to which they cannot give vent. These passions then for a long time smouldering like fire

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\* This physiological characterization leads us to form a not very favourable conception of the female part of the grecian community, and may contribute somewhat towards solving the problem, why among the Greeks an amiable woman and a husband fond of his wife were such rare objects.

under embers, are imperceptibly nourished, and at last break out into complete madness.

Something of this sort, my father, must have happened to your wife. Perhaps she has recently met with some great misfortune; for hatred she bears to no one. But whatever the cause may be, this is certain, that the evil has got such firm hold of her, that all the skill of the physician is utterly lost upon her. If there be one found who will make himself responsible for bringing her about, then I will submit to your displeasure, and confess that I have richly merited it. This however I must frankly tell you: that even if her condition was not so absolutely desperate, if I still saw before me some sparks of hope of being perhaps able to relieve her, yet I could not easily resolve to take her cure upon me, nor willingly venture to prescribe anything for her, for fear of a failure of success and the defamation that would ensue upon it. You know that all the world is prejudiced with the opinion that children by a former marriage are odious to stepmothers; and however kind one may be, yet the multitude can never get it out of their heads that she is infected on this point with the madness common to all womankind. How apt some would be, if it turned out ill, and my medicines would have no effect, to suspect that the fault lay in my inclination, and that I had studiously dealt treacherously by her.

Thus stands the case, father, with your wife; and I cannot forbear to tell you, in consequence of all my observations, that she will never get better, even though she should swallow a thousand potions of my prescription. Consequently to make the attempt would be labour lost; unless you so vehemently urge me to it, merely that I may pull disgrace and infamy on myself. Let me, I beseech you, still be the object of envy to my brother practitioners! Should you however yet pertinaciously persist in your resolution to expel me a second time, yet, though deserted by all the world, I will not wish you ill. But what if (which heaven forefend!) your disorder should return, which in so irascible a person may easily be the case, what should I do? Cure you again; on that you may safely reckon! I will never desert the post at which, as your son, nature has stationed me, nor ever be unmindful of him to whom I owe my life. Have a care of yourself! Those violent passions to which you surrender

your mind may bring on a relapse; or, rather, it is no otherwise than as if you intentionally invited the disease. You are but two or three days recovered from your dreadful malady, and you now break out in clamour again, furiously rage again, and, which is worst of all, return to your old grudge, and again invoke the laws against me. Ah, woe and alas! Exactly so, my father, your first madness came on! \*

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\* Would not one think, by this conclusion, that it was really the design of the sly physician to make his father mad again, in order once more to have the merit of recovering him, and as the last means, when all the others had failed, of avoiding the threatened second expulsion? This humorous turn is not the first in the present declamation; and the attentive reader will generally discover in these remains of the time when Lucian played the rhetor, that he first found out the true use of his genius and his talent, when he began to compose his satirical and comic dialogues; and that in every consideration he did well to give up betimes the eloquence of the bar and the pleader's profession.

# THE FIRST PHALARIS;

OR,

THE ORATION OF THE AMBASSADORS OF PHALARIS

TO THE PRIESTS AND THE PEOPLE OF DELPHI.

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**PHALARIS**, our sovereign lord, has sent us to you, honourable Delphians, to present to the god this bull, and at the same time to say what is necessary, as well respecting his own person as the votive gift he offers. This is the motive of our appearance before you : and what we have to say to you in his name is as follows.

Ye Delphians, thus saith Phalaris, nothing is to me so dear and precious that I would not part with it to have myself known to all the Grecians as what I actually am ; not as the reports of my enemies and maligners have delineated me to the ignorant : but of all the Grecians it

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**PHALARIS.** The well known tale or the history of the brazen bull of this tyrant, has immortalized his name in so disadvantageous a manner, that he and the ægyptian Busiris always stand uppermost when we are speaking of the most inhuman tyrants. When the Greeks wanted to bring any one into evil report, they knew no bounds in exaggerating. The historian Clearchus had no scruple even to make him a scare-crow, and to assure us that he regularly feasted on the babes at the breast of the Agrigentines, instead of sucking pigs. *Athenæus*, lib. ix. pag. 396. The most authentic of what we know concerning him, is, that his whole history is so uncertain, that even the time when he lived cannot be ascertained. For some make him a contemporary of the poet Stesichorus, who died in the 56th olympiad ; others, ex. gr. *Valerius Maximus*, lib. iii. cap. 3. bring him together with the philosopher Zeno of Elea, who lived about the 80th olympiad. But however this be, the apology for such an odious tyrant was a clever subject for a declamation, and the ingenious fiction, which Lucian makes the basis of it, (that Phalaris set up the infamous bull in the delphic temple, and on that occasion endeavoured by this apology to bring himself into better repute,) stamps this rhetorical composition with the true lucianic signet.

is the first wish of my heart to be better known to you, holy priests, counsellors, and confidential inmates of the pythian god. For I think that if I can but fully clear myself to you and convince you that I am causelessly deemed cruel, I shall be vindicated by you against the rest of the world. In witness however to the truth of what I tell you, I appeal to that god, on whom none can impose by sophistries and subtleties. To deceive men by such arts is easy : but to disguise the truth from a god, especially a god of such awful majesty as this, is impossible.

Sprung from a family, with which none will dispute precedence in Agrigentum, I enjoyed the benefit of a liberal education, and spent my youth in useful and elegant studies. I have uniformly in my public life courted by my affability the affection of the people, and by my moderation and equity the esteem of my colleagues. Nobody can come forward and say that even in the earlier part of my life I was ever guilty of a violent, brutal, or rash action, or of obstinately insisting upon it that everything should go according to my mind. But when I perceived that they who were in opposition to me in the government, were hatching a plot against me, and that they were absolutely resolved to make away with me ; and that moreover our republic, by the parties into which it was split, was thrown into the utmost confusion : I saw no other means of saving both myself and the commonwealth, than by taking possession of the entire government, as well to restrain the rancour of my enemies, as to compel the Agrigentines \* to a more discreet line of conduct. Intel-

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\* Agrigentum, or Agragas, as it is properly called (at present Girgenti) was the most elegant, opulent, and powerful city of the republics that once flourished in free Sicily ere it was demolished by the Carthaginians. Diodorus of Sicily cannot find words enough to describe the astonishing fertility and genial temperature of its soil and climate, the magnificence of its temples and other public structures, and the incredible wealth of its inhabitants ; and Pindar, in his second olympic ode on the victory gained in the chariot-race by the agrigentine prince Theron, styles it the finest city ever built by mortals, the queen of cities, &c. The ode is so finely translated by Mr. West that I cannot forbear introducing a short specimen of it, especially as his Pindar, owing perhaps to its imperfect state, is not so generally known, as from its intrinsic merit it deserves to be.

With Jove, with Pisa's guardian god,  
Begin, o Muse the olympic ode.  
Alcides, Jove's heroic son,  
The second honour claims ;

ligent and patriotic characters not a few approved my design, because, knowing the principles and views by which I was actuated, they were convinced of the necessity of such a measure; and so by the assistance of these honest men, I without difficulty carried my plan into execution.

From that time, all tumultuous commotions ceased; the disturbers of the public peace found it their interest to obey; I was sole regent, and the city was quiet. All this I brought to effect. But it never cost one of my enemies his life, or municipal rights, or property; though executions, banishments, and confiscations are usual at the commencement of such revolutions and almost unavoidable. But I hoped by lenity and condescendance, and by treating all with equal affability, to win the minds of men to obedience with much greater facility than by harsh measures. The first object of my care therefore was to reconcile myself with my enemies, and to settle a good correspondence between us; indeed I went so far, as to make the generality of them my advisers and table-companions. My next weightiest concern was to put the city itself into better order, which by the negligence of their former magistracy had lapsed into general decay. For the public revenue, instead of being employed for the common interest, was embezzled or plundered by everybody that would. In a short time the fruits of a better economy appeared; I provided the city with aqueducts and wells, embellished it with public edifices, fortified it with ramparts, augmented the finances of the state by the care and fidelity of those to whom I entrusted the management of them, made provision for the education of the youth, and took particular care that indigent age should be properly nourished and provided. In addition to all this, I conciliate the populace by

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Who, offering up the spoils from Augeas won,  
 Established to his sire the olympic games;  
 Where bright in wreaths of conquest Theron shone.  
 Then of victorious Theron sing,  
 Of Theron, hospitable, just, and great!  
 Famed Agrigentum's honoured king,  
 The prop and bulwark of her towering state;  
 A righteous prince! whose flowering virtues grace  
 The venerable stem of his illustrious race, &c.

shows, largesses \*, festivities, and public carousals. Whereas to corrupt youth, to violate virgins, to carry off married women from the arms of their husbands, to employ my satellites as instruments of cruelty, and to ground the stability of my sovereignty on the servile awe of my subjects, with all those acts which render the name of tyrant so odious, were what I could not bear mentioned without abhorrence. At last I began to consider with myself, and to entertain thoughts of entirely laying down the government, if I could only devise a method how a man in my circumstances might do it with safety. For experience had but too well taught me, what a toilsome business the life of a prince is, who must in his own person do everything, and provide for everything, and be content to reap no other returns for all his cares, for all his labours, but envy, hatred, and malice ; I accordingly made it my most serious occupation to contrive some method of preventing the necessity of making the city undergo such a cure for the future, as I had now been obliged to undertake. So thought I then, in the benevolent simplicity of my heart, which, as I presently found out, was abused by the people with whom I had to do. For, whilst I was revolving in my mind how to restore to the Agrigentines their liberty, my enemies were secretly deliberating on plans to raise a rebellion against me ; they were perpetually inveigled more and more to join them in the conspiracy ; arms and money were in great quantities got together ; they courted the assistance of the neighbouring cities, and sent emissaries to Sparta and Athens. In what manner, if haply they should get me into their power, they would proceed with me, how they had threatened to tear me in pieces with their own hands, and what tortures they had contrived for me †, they confessed themselves when put to the rack. That their machinations did not succeed, my thanks are due to the gods alone, who brought to light their plot, but in a more particular manner to the pythian Apollo, who warned me in my dreams, and informed me of all that they were privily hatching against me.

Now I pray you, Delphians, put yourselves in my place at the time, and say what I should have done after having so narrowly escaped falling

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\* Distributions of corn, meat, and money to the common people in the antient republics, termed by the Romans *congiaria*.

† After he was torn to pieces.

into the hands of my enemies in consequence of the too little care I took of my own security, and being forced now to be only thinking of my personal deliverance. Transport yourselves in thought with me for a moment, to Agrigentum, view their preparations, hear their menaces, and tell me then what course you would have me to steer. Shall I again give them grace for justice ; pardon everything ; patiently endure everything ; or, to give to the affair its proper name, stretch out my bare neck to my enemies, and see all whom I hold dear in the world butchered before my face ? Or would you not rather think that none but a tame and dastardly wretch could act thus ; or, in case you allow me to have anything generous and noble in my nature, that I had every reason to give scope to the resentment of a prudent and so highly injured man, and by the vengeance I took on my enemies, procure me, once for all, security for the future. Certainly you would give no other advice.

And now what did I ? I arraigned them before the tribunal, gave them full liberty to urge whatever they could, and after having convicted them by such clear and distinct evidence of their offences article by article, that they were not able to deny their guilt, I let a righteous vengeance have its course, less incensed at them for having conspired against my life, than for thereby putting it out of my power to persevere in those maxims of lenity, which from the commencement of my reign I have uniformly made the rule of my conduct. For from that time I have been always obliged to consume my life solely and alone in taking precautions for my personal security, and in punishing those who are continually plotting against me. And now the world cries out against my cruelty, not considering which of the two parties have given the most occasion for it : they look only at the punishments and the rigour with which they are inflicted ; but the causes which force me to this severity come into no consideration with them. It is exactly as if a man who on beholding a church-robber thrown down by you from the rock, should, regardless of the enormity of his guilt, in entering the temple by night, tearing down the votive-offerings suspended therein, even perhaps laying impious hands on the image of your god, charge you with a flagrant act of inhumanity, because you, pretending to be grecian and sacerdotal persons, are yet capable of inflicting so dreadful a punishment on a Greek, and that so nigh to the temple ; for the brow of the rock said to be destined for that punishment is not far from your city. I

doubt not that you would laugh at him who should urge anything of that nature against you, and be satisfied with thinking that this pretended cruelty against the sacrilegious villain was approved of by all the rest of mankind.

The vulgar in general are everywhere so depraved, that without reflecting whether he who is at the head of affairs governs with justice or injustice, abominate the very name of tyranny and tyrant: and though it were even Æacus or Minos or Rhadamanthus himself, they are all collectively and individually bent upon cutting him off: because the evil actions of the bad are ever before their eyes; nor are the good (as the appellation of tyrant is common to them both) less obnoxious to their hatred and ill usage. I hear however, that among you Hellenians there have been several wise tyrants, who under that odious denomination have displayed a mild and benign disposition; and that even of some of them certain short sententious maxims of morality are deposited in your temple, where they are kept as sacred records\*.

Lawgivers, you see, of the first celebrity have ever been studiously intent upon that part of the law that has punishment for its object, convinced as they must have been, that all laws, independently on fear and the certain expectation of punishment appointed for transgression, are of no utility. But to us tyrants penal justice is the more indispensable, as we govern entirely by power, and have to do with people that hate us, and are constantly watching for an opportunity to get rid of us, against whom therefore mere frightful masks would have little effect. We have to fight with a dragon, of which one head is no sooner cut off, but two others spring up to supply its place: the more we punish, the more occasion we have for punishing. If we would conquer, we must lop off the after-growth, and, like Iolau †, call in fire to our aid, where the sword alone

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\* Of the seven wise men three were so called tyrants, Periander of Corinth, Cleobulus of Lindus, and Pittacus of Mitylene. The last however was called to the tyranny, or to speak more properly, the dictatorship of his fellow-citizens; he laid it down ten years afterwards, and lived ten years more in a private station.

† Iolau, a nephew and faithful companion of Hercules in most of his adventures, assisted him in quelling the lernæan hydra, by applying a firebrand to the bleeding neck as often as Hercules cut off a head, to prevent the two young heads from sprouting up.

is not sufficient. In short, he whose hard fate it is to play our part, must resolve on acting as the character demands, or by sparing others work his own destruction. Were it not so, how should you be able to conceive a man to be such a savage beast, as to take delight in torturing his fellow creatures, hear with complacency their groans and shrieks, and cause them to be slaughtered without having any urgent motive for it? How oft have I wept the bitterest tears when others were scourged! How oft am I forced to lament my own ill fortune, when in very deed I suffer severer and longer torments, than those whom I am constrained to punish! For, to a man who is by nature kind, and is only severe upon compulsion, it is really more painful to see others suffer, than to suffer himself\*.

In fact, to speak out frankly what I think, I can assure you, if I were to chuse whether I would wrongfully condemn anyone to death, or die myself, I should without the least hesitation chuse to die, rather than take away the life of an innocent man. But if I am asked, whether I had rather suffer death undeservedly myself, or give them who are contriving my death their due reward, I freely confess, that I had rather the latter. On this head, ye men of Delphi, I will appeal again to your decision; I think not, that anyone is so void of understanding as not rather to chuse to live, than perish in order to save his enemy. And yet to how many of those who have been convicted upon irrefragable evidence of having conspired against my life, have I given theirs! As for example, to Acanthus here, and to Timocrates and to Leogoras his brother, in regard of the long standing friendship that had formerly subsisted between us.

If moreover you would assuredly know what is to be thought of me, inquire of the strangers that come to Agrigentum, how I attest myself to them, and whether they have reason to complain of my want of affability and condescence. I even keep scouts in all my sea-ports, with orders to acquaint me who the strangers are that land on my coasts, and whence they come, that I may accost everyone with the respect that is due to him, and accordingly may let everyone depart

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\* If this is spoke in earnest of the tyrant, wherefore (inasmuch as he cannot resolve, like Pittacus, to retire to a private station) did he not endeavour to win the hearts of his former fellow-citizens by a mild government, and let it depend upon that how the consequences would turn out to him? There is something revolting to common sense in all these sophistries.

pleased with the reception he has met with. Many, and amongst them even the wisest of the Greeks, so far from shunning my converse, come to me of their own accord. It is not long since I received a visit from Pythagoras, who, from his own experience got notions of me altogether different from those which he had brought with him ; and at taking leave of me, he could not refuse me the praise of a just prince, and very much pitied me for the necessity I lay under of having recourse to such cruelty\*.

This is the sum of what I intended to say to you, with truth and justice, in my own defence ; and for which, as I flatter myself, I deserve rather commendation than hatred. It is time now to speak of the votive offering, which I transmit to Apollo, and how I came by this bull, having never employed a founder to cast it. For heaven forbid, that I should ever be so mad as to wish for a piece of workmanship of this kind ! I had it of a certain Perilaus †, who was an uncommonly expert artist, but at the same time an exceedingly bad man. This man, very much mistaking my real character, thought to do me a signal piece of service, as a tyrant taking great delight in punishing, and to ingratiate himself with me, by presenting me with a new mode of death of his invention. Accordingly he brought to me this bull, a work of consummate excellence, as you see, and to its perfect resemblance to nature nothing was lacking but to move and to bellow. At sight of it my first words were : Verily the work is worthy of Apollo ! This bull shall be placed in the temple at Delphi ! — What will you say, said Perilaus, when you come to know the ingenious contrivance I have practised within ! When, continued he, lifting up the trap in the back of the bull, you have a mind to punish anyone, let him be shut up in the machine, inserting these flutes in the nostrils of the bull, and then let a fire be kindled under it. The intolerable agonies of the sufferer will extort a horrible yell and roaring ; these however by means of the flutes will be softened through incessant pain, but into so sweet and melodious a lowing, that it would be rather taken for a fine funeral-dirge ; and thus during his protracted torment, you will have the pleasure of hearing most charming music.

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\* That Phalaris and Pythagoras were contemporaries is true. But whether Lucian had historical evidence for that to which he here appeals as a matter of fact, is more than I know.

† The latin authors that mention him, as well as Plutarch, write his name Perillus.

This inhuman invention, on which the man seemed to applaud himself above measure, filled me with abhorrence for both the artificer and the work, and I determined within myself to turn it to his punishment. Well now, Perilaus, if you are so sure of your contrivance, give us a proof of it on the spot; mount up and get in and imitate the cries of a man tortured in it, that we may hear, whether such charming music will proceed from it, as you would make us believe. Perilaus obeyed, and no sooner was he in the belly of the bull, than I shut the aperture, and put fire beneath it. Take that, said I, as the only recompense such a piece of art is worth, and chant us the first specimen of the charming notes of which you are the inventor! And so the barbarous wretch suffered what he had well merited by such an infamous application of his mechanical talent. However, that the noble work should not be contaminated by his dying there, I ordered him to be drawn out while yet alive, and thrown down from the summit of the rock, where his body was left unburied. But the bull, after being duly purified by expiatory rites, I have sent hither, to be offered to the god as a pious donation, with orders to have the name of me the dedicator, of Perilaus the artificer, the purpose of the invention, and the condign punishment he suffered for it, engraved upon it, not forgetting the charming music of which he actually gave us the previous rehearsal.

You Delphians, however, will do me but justice, if, together with my ambassadors, you offer up for me a solemn sacrifice to your god, and set up this bull in the most splendid part of the temple, as a pious donation, which may serve as an everlasting memorial of my disposition towards wicked men, and with what singular severity I am wont to punish their licentious inclination to do evil.

For exhibiting to you my true character, I trust nothing more is necessary, than the punishment of Perilaus, the consecration of this bull, which only once, and that by the inventor and artificer himself, has melodiously bellowed, and the circumstance that this was the first and the last time that I have made trial of such detestable strains, equally shocking to the Muses and to humanity. Be this then the gift, which I offer at present to the pythian god; in future however it shall be followed by many more, if he will grant me the boon of having no more necessity to punish."

These, ye Delphians, are the facts which we were commissioned to deliver to you in the name and by the command of Phalaris. The whole

is in strict conformity to truth; and we hope and trust that you will deem our testimony the more credible, as we have told you nothing but what we certainly know, and as we have no motive nor are under any temptation to delude you with lies. If however any farther intercession is necessary in behalf of a man who has unjustly been charged with cruelty, but been compelled contrary to his inclination to be severe, we beseech you for the sake of the grecian name, to which our derivation from the antient Dorians gives us Agrigentines an indisputable right, to fulfil the desires of a prince, who covets your amity, and is ready to shew both to your commonwealth and each of yourselves in particular every mark of civility and respect. Accept therefore this bull, and consecrate it, with public prayers for Agrigentum and for Phalaris, to the pythian god! Send us not back unheard; adopt no resolution which may at once disgrace our prince, and deprive the divinity of an offering so elegant and so worthy of him!

# THE SECOND PHALARIS;

OR,

## SPEECH OF A DELPHIAN,

IN CORROBORATION OF THE DISCOURSE OF THE AMBASSADORS OF PHALARIS.

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**Y**E men of Delphi! I stand not in the least connexion either with the Agrigentines here present or with Phalaris individually\*; nor have I any particular reason to favour them, or be ambitious of their friendship. I can therefore have no other motive than the consideration of what is consistent with religion and the public benefit, and in general becoming to us Delphians, in rising up, after hearing the discourse of his ambassadors, the tenor of which is just and reasonable throughout, to exhort you not to put an affront upon a powerful and religious prince by rejecting his donation already publicly consecrated to Apollo; a present, which is so acceptable in a threefold regard, namely, as a perpetual monument of uncommon skill, of a barbarous invention and an exemplary punishment inflicted on the contriver.

I must confess, that the very uncertainty alone in which this business floats, and that our president has made it a topic of debate, whether the

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**THE SPEECH OF A DELPHIAN.** To the priest, or whoever it was that in this parænetical declamation declares himself in favour of the acceptance of the donation of Phalaris, none will make it matter of reproach that he has fought with sophistical weapons. On the contrary he goes but too directly to the main point of the question, or rather to the grand motive, which, in his sagacious opinion, comes here quite alone into consideration. Certain it is, that neither the priests could feel highly flattered by his blunt frankness, nor Phalaris by the manner in which he refutes the contrary opinion.

\* Properly, "I am neither appointed to entertain the Agrigentines (namely, the ambassadors of the republic), nor do I stand personally in hospitable relations to Phalaris."

offering should be received or sent back, is in my mind injurious to religion, or rather, to give it its proper name, the extreme of impiety. For what is it other than sacrilege, and so much more flagrant than what customarily goes by that appellation? as it is more impious not to suffer those to present their offerings who are desirous to make them, than to despoil the god of gifts already consecrated to him.

I am myself a Delphian, and consequently as much interested in upholding our good reputation among foreigners, or in forfeiting it on this occasion; I therefore earnestly beseech you not to shut the gates of the sanctuary against him who comes to pay his devotions to the god; draw not upon our city the infamy throughout the world of prevaricating in the affairs of the deity, by arrogating to ourselves the right of judging and deciding by the plurality of suffrages concerning the persons of those who perform their adoration. For who could presume in future to make an offering in our temple, if he should know that Apollo dares not accept it, unless the Delphians had previously granted him the permission?

The god himself has already given his voice for the acceptance of the gift. For if he were unpropitious to Phalaris, or disdained his offering, would it not have been easy for him to have sunk it, together with the ship, on which it was freighted, in the depths of the Ionian sea? But, they say, he granted them fair weather for the voyage, and let them land safe and sound at Cirrha\*. Now seeing he has evinced plainly enough that this token of the piety of the monarch is not unwelcome to him; it is your duty in like manner to judge, and add this bull to the ornaments of the temple. Nor indeed could anything be conceived more preposterous, than when a prince who sends such a magnificent present to the god, to forbid it entrance at the threshold of the temple, and in reward of his piety, even to declare it an indignity in him to make it.

He indeed who opposes my opinion makes a great outcry about massacres, robberies, and rapes, and nobody knows what other acts of violence which the tyrant is reported to have committed, and makes such a tragical description of them to you, as if he were just arrived from Agrigentum, and had seen all with his eyes; though we very well know, that

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\* The sea-port of the Delphians, situated according to Pausanias 60 or by Strabo's account 20 stadia distant from Delphi.

in all his life he was never out of Delphi, not to say on board of ship. But such things are not to be believed on the bare word of those who pretend to have suffered them, since we cannot know whether what they tell us is true or not: so far are we from being able to bring an accusation grounded upon unascertained facts. Now, whether or not such crimes have been perpetrated in Sicily, we at Delphi have no need to trouble ourselves. We should then, instead of being priests, set ourselves up for judges, and, while we should be sacrificing, and administering the other offices of divine worship, and enshrining in their proper places the presents that are sent; instead of that, sit in judgment, and deliberate whether or not the princes across the ionian sea govern their people as they ought. I think it of no moment at all to us how others manage their affairs. Let us mind our own; and if we know how they formerly stood, how they stand at present, and what we have to do in future for their farther success: we know precisely as much as is necessary. That we dwell upon stony cliffs, and have rocks for our arable land, we need not first learn from our Homer\*: that our eyes shew us; for anything that our soil produces we might pine with hunger. The temple, the god, the oracle, and the numerous foreigners that are attracted hither by them, to sacrifice and perform their devotions, these are our rural farms, our revenues, our wealth, in short, on them alone we live (for why should we not, at least to ourselves, confess the truth?). With us everything grows, to adopt the words of the poet, without ploughing and without sowing. Our god is our husbandman, and provides us not only with all the fruits that grow in the rest of Greece; but also what Phrygia and Lydia, what Persia and Assyria, aye even the country of the Hyperboreans produces: everything comes to Delphi. And next after the god himself we are held in honour by all the world, have abundance of everything, and actually live the life of the gods. Thus it has always been, thus it is now, and may it never be otherwise with us! No man however can recollect that ever we put it to the vote whether we should accept a donation or not; or that ever anyone would have hindered a person

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\* Alluding to Homer's *Πυθῶνά τε κτερίζουσιν*. Iliad, ii. 519. or of the Catalogue of the ships, 26.

from offering and presenting to us what he pleased. And that is methinks the very reason that our temple is so extremely rich. We should therefore in this case be guided by antiquity, and not now for the first time, contrary to all custom and established usage, make our proceeding a precedent for subjecting offerings to a quibbling genealogical investigation whence and by whom it was sent, and what are its qualities. The best way is always to accept them as they come, and to consider ourselves, as to that point, merely as ministers both of the god and the pious donor.

I conceive, Delphians, you could adopt no better party in the business before us, than by considering how extremely interesting to you it is in its consequences. What we are here deliberating upon is of no less concern than the god himself and his temple, and the gifts and oblations offered to him by the devout, our antient usages and traditions, and the credit of our oracle; in fine of our republic at large, and what may privately and publicly be conducive to our benefit, and principally to our good or evil report throughout the world. Whether you could reasonably have greater or more necessary matters for your discussion, I know not: but this I know, that your present concern lies in what I urge, not touching the tyrant Phalaris abstractedly, nor this bull, nor a few hundred weights of brass; but all kings and princes, and everyone that applies to our oracle, and all the gold and silver and the other articles of value, which shall be presented to the god in future. For the interest of the god is the main point on which all that concerns us must depend.

Why then should we not continue to act respecting the gifts that are consecrated to him in the same manner as we have always done? What do we find to correct in the antient usage? Wherefore should we, by presuming to scrutinize into the worthiness or unworthiness of the individuals who make an oblation in our temple, do what, since we have had a city, and Pythius gives oracles, and the priestess is inspired on the sacred tripod, has never yet been done? You see how lucrative the antient usage is of accepting from everybody without distinction whatever he presents, has hitherto been to us! The temple is replenished with an infinite quantity of beautiful and magnificent donations, all men vie with one another in bringing presents to the god, and it must be confessed

that many go beyond what they are properly able to afford\*. But should you think fit to set up yourselves as censors and inquisitors into the merit of every gift and its giver, I greatly fear that our posterity will have not many offerings to boast of, and we shall soon be in want of objects for scrutiny. There will hardly be found any one who will submit his honour to your judicature, and in addition to all the pains and expense he has been at, expose himself to the hazard of rendering it by your verdict, of no effect. For how could life itself be supportable to a man who has been declared unworthy to bring an offering to Apollo?

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\* The end of Phalaris is diversely related; but it is generally supposed, with Cicero, that he fell by the hands of the Agrigentines; and, as some say, at the instigation of Pythagoras. He reigned, according to Eusebius, 28 years; others say 16. Many circumstances in his biography depend upon the authenticity of those epistles which go under the name of Phalaris; and which have been justly questioned, and indeed with great reason rejected, as the spurious production of some recent sophist.—The history of the famous controversy between Bentley and Boyle is too well known to be particularly insisted on; yet it may be proper here to say something of it in general. Sir W. Temple had affirmed, in favour of the antient writers, that the oldest books we have are still the best in their kind; and, to support the assertion, mentioned Æsop's fables and Phalaris's epistles. With regard to Phalaris's epistles, I think, says he, that they have more grace, more spirit, more force of wit and genius, than any others I have ever seen, either antient or modern. I know several learned men, or that usually pass for such, under the name of critics, have not esteemed them genuine; and Politian, with some others, has attributed them to Lucian: but I think he must have little skill in painting, that cannot find out this to be an original. Such diversity of passions upon such variety of actions and passages of life and government, such freedom of thought, such boldness of expression, such bounty to his friends, such scorn of his enemies, such honour of learned men, such esteem of good, such knowledge of life, such contempt of death, with such fierceness of nature and cruelty of revenge, could never be represented but by him that possessed them; and I esteem Lucian to have been no more capable of writing than of acting what Phalaris did. In all one writ, you find the scholar and the sophist; and in all the other, the tyrant and the commander." This declaration of Sir William Temple brought on that literary contest which was conducted with no less personal acrimony than wit and humour on both sides, and in which the most distinguished men of the age took a part. The controversy at large has been translated into latin, and republished, with the epistle that gave rise to it, in Germany, by Lennep, &c. in 4to. 1777.

ENCORIUM  
ON A  
MAGNIFICENT HALL.

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**W**HAT? shall Alexander be so delighted at the view of the Cydnus, as it appeared flowing so placidly along, and so clear that one might see to the bottom—cool in the most sultry heats of summer, and neither so deep nor so rapid as to be dangerous or unpleasant to bathers! Alexander, I say, we are told, at the sight of such a fine river, was so desirous to bathe in it, that I even doubt whether the certain anticipation of the fever, that he thereby brought upon him, could have restrained him from it: and shall not an orator by profession, at the sight of a hall so uncommonly spacious, so extremely magnificent, and so well lighted, glittering with so much gold and adorned with so many elegant paintings, be seized

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\* ENCORIUM, &c. This piece seems to me to belong to the department of the Prosalies with which Lucian, after he had given up the profession of a rhetor, and confined himself merely to rehearsing his dialogues and other compositions, used to begin his anagnoses, in every new place where he intended to collect an audience. In this, his principal object appears to have been, to make a compliment to the probably noble proprietor of the hall, where (the place is not known) in the presence of a considerable assembly he intended to recite some of his performances, by chusing the hall itself, (in the magnificence whereof the master I suppose greatly applauded himself) as the theme of his prolix address. How M. Massieu and Dr. Franeklin could be so far misled by the old latin translators as to entitle the piece an encomium on a house, since it is obvious that the subject of it is a hall for the reception of company, I can as little conceive as the great resemblance which the Dr. professes to find between the style of this declamation and that of the celebrated Anthony earl of Shaftesbury.

with an irresistible desire to deliver an oration in it, be delighted with it, and do it the honour to fill it with his voice, in short, to participate in its splendour? How should he content himself with barely viewing, contemplating and silently admiring it; and, as if stupefied, or determined from envy to say nothing, go away, without having addressed it, without having expressed his admiration of it in words? Verily it would be what one should not expect from a man of taste and a warm lover of what is really beautiful? None but a raw, uncivilized man, a man destitute of all sense of elegance and skill, a man abandoned by all the Muses, could be capable of it, and would thereby demonstrate that he was a stranger to beautiful objects, that he held himself unworthy and incapable of speaking on those topics which afford the liveliest satisfaction to persons of cultivated minds, and not ignorant that it is not allowable for a scholar to behave at the sight of beautiful performances of art like an illiterate clown. It may suffice the latter to do as the vulgar do in these predicaments, stare about them, turn their eyes up to the ceiling, raise their hands in admiration, and enjoy their satisfaction in silence, for fear of saying anything that should betray their ignorance, or inability to say anything worthy of the object. Whereas he that surveys a beautiful performance with any degree of judgment, will hardly be satisfied, in my mind, in merely feeding his eyes upon it, and in being a mute spectator of its beauty; but he will busy himself with it as much as possible, and endeavour to pay as it were for the pleasure of beholding it by discoursing upon it. I mean however something more by this, than a bare commendation of this elegant hall. For that young islander \* might think it sufficient to be ravished on viewing the magnificence of the palace of Menelaus and the quantity of gold and ivory shining before him, whichever way he turned, in such sort, that he, who in his poor Ithaca (the only place he knew upon earth) had never beheld anything like it, could think of no fit comparison for so much splendour but what the courts of heaven contain most glorious and resplendent.

But to harangue in such a superb hall before such a select assembly as this; even that I think would be a portion of praise. In my mind nothing can be more pleasing than to speak in so magnificent a hall, where the

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\* Telemachus, *Odyss.* iv. 71.

voice can spread itself so advantageously, where the audience are pre-disposed to applaud by the very elegance of the place, which, like a lofty and profound grot, attends the discourse of the declaimer with a sweet echo prolonging the sound of the last word, or rather, like a favourable hearer, seems to tarry on it with complacency, and gently repeat it in token of applause, seeming to reverberate it on the ear with no small satisfaction. As the shepherds piping their rural lays among opposing rocks hear the notes returned, by mutual repercussions, with redoubled softness. The vulgar believe it to be a nymph that dwells among the rocks, and gives her responses from the bottom of the grot to the songs or inquiries of the harmless rustic.

In my judgment, a magnificent hall communicates animation and courage to the orator; he feels no otherwise than as if the sight of what is before him contributes somewhat to his speaking more than ordinarily well. I suppose it is the beautiful forms that through his eyes flow into his soul, that communicate themselves to his oration, and mould it imperceptibly upon those beautiful models. We must believe that Achilles, by the bare sight of the armour brought him by his mother, was stirred up to a more than ordinary ardour against the Trojans\*, and when he only put it on for trial might feel himself seized with a vehement desire, and winged for the war; and shall not eloquence and the ambition to speak well be screwed higher by the beauty of the place in which we speak? What did (the platonic) Socrates ask for more, than that fine plane umbrageous tree, and the cool verdant turf and the crystal fount, not far from Ilissus, for playing his wisdom † disguised under irony into the mind of Phædrus, sitting beside him, refuting the arguments of Lysias, and even invoking the Muses to his aid; not doubting that they would follow him at his bidding into that sequestered retreat, and assist him in his celebrated discourse on love. What? He, notwithstanding his grey hairs, made no scruple to invite these divine virgins to listen to his theory of juvenile love: and shall we hesitate to believe they will come even uninvited into so charming a place as this? For what may

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\* Iliad, xix. 365—368.

† I think with the latin translator (who in these periphrases is often very successful) this to be what Lucian intended to say by the word of his own making, *κατασκευαστή*.

entice them hither is not a pleasant shade, nor a fine planetree, nor even if in lieu of that on the Ilissus, it were the golden one worshipped by the persian kings \*. For all that is calculated to excite admiration in these was the costliness of the materials ; besides that there was nothing on which a lover of the art and of the beautiful could fix his eyes with delight : a lump of gold coarsely wrought is more adapted to dazzle the sight of a rude barbarian, to excite his envy and to deem its possessor happy ; but there was nothing to praise. Neither was taste the affair of the Arsacidæ † ; and if they made an ostentatious display of their grandeur and treasures, their only object was to strike the beholder with astonishment, not to gratify his taste. And this same custom of estimating the worth of a thing, not by the elegance of the form, but by the weight and the value of the material, is a main feature in which the difference between barbarians and Greeks consists.

The beauty of this hall is not calculated for eyes of that sort, not for persian ostentation and regal pageantry ; it requires not merely a poor but an ingenious observer, one whose judgment is not only in his eyes, but who can support by argument what he says. For that it stands, for instance, facing the fairest part of the day, against the rising sun, and therefore when the folding-doors are open, it is filled with light in abundance — an aspect which was usually given by our antients to the temples ; that the length to the breadth and both to the height are in the finest proportion ; and that it is furnished with windows which may be open or shut as is convenient to every season of the year : how should not all this, by contributing so much to the pleasantness of a hall for company, deserve to be especially remarked and praised ?

Not less will a connoisseur admire the arched roof ; which with all its elegance has no superfluous ornament, with all its decorations

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\* We read that nobody dared to appear before the antient persian kings without bringing with him a present proportionate to his substance. When Darius, on his expedition into Europe, lodged at the house of a noble Lydian, named Pythius, the latter honoured him with the present of a plane tree and a vine branch of massy gold. Herod. vii.

† We are so accustomed to the anachronisms of our author, that we shall not quarrel with him for making Darius, the son of Hystaspes, the legitimate king of the dynasty of the Achæmenides, into one of the Arsacids, although the founder of the latter race is about three hundred years younger than Darius.

nothing otherwise than could be desired ; and the gilding is so suitable, and laid on with such prudent economy, that it enhances the beauty of the whole, without offending by an ostentatious display of richness. So a modest fine lady, in order to enhance her beauty, contents herself with a slight golden chain about her neck, with a light golden ring on the finger, a very plain pair of ear-rings, a buckle or a ribbon to keep together her flowing locks : in short, she requires nothing more for setting off her shape than a purple trimming to her robe. The hetæres on the contrary, especially the ugly ones, think they can never overdo it in ornaments ; their whole dress must be of purple, their whole neck covered with gold ; they endeavour to entice the eyes at least by the costliness of their trinkets, and console themselves by borrowed charms for what is deficient in those of the person. They fancy that their arm appears whiter for the brilliancy of a golden bracelet, expect to conceal the defect of a neat foot by gilded sandals, and think to render even their faces more lovely by sparkling jewels : whereas the modest woman has no more gold upon her than general usage absolutely demands, and would not blush to let herself be seen with no other ornament than her native beauty. Even so is the roof of this hall, which may be regarded in the same relative position as the head to a finely proportioned body ; besides that it is in itself elegant, ornamented indeed with gold, but no otherwise than as the nocturnal sky is with the stars, which only sparkling in intermediate spaces produce a no less agreeable than brilliant effect ; whereas if the sky were all over in one blaze, it would not be delightful but horrible. It is moreover to be observed, that the gold here is neither idle nor intermixed with the other decorations merely for the sake of pleasing the eye, but it reflects over the whole hall a certain ruddy lustre, refreshing to the sight ; especially when the sunbeams strike upon it, for then the colours blend together, and seem to add a brighter radiance to the day itself.

The cieling of this hall well deserves a Homer for its panegyrist, who doubtless would have termed it *hypsorophon*, like the bed-chamber of Helena, or *agleenta*, like Olympus \*. But the several remaining orna-

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\* The former of these two homeric epithets cannot perhaps otherwise be Englished than by *high, lofty*, and the other by *shining, resplendent*. I therefore chose rather, though the illusion

ments, and particularly the paintings on the walls, the beautiful play of the tints, and the vividness, the truth and the uncommon industry, with which all is represented and finished, I know not how, regarding the effect which it has upon the eye, more adequately to compare it, than to the prospect of the spring and a mead diversified with flowers, excepting that these soon fade, wither and lose their beauty, while here is seen an eternal spring, an ever-blooming mead and an unfading garniture of flowers, in which the eye is solaced, and may solace itself for ever, without fear of diminution from the enjoyment.

How is it possible to behold an object, in which so many extraordinary excellencies are combined, without transport? Or who is there but must, in such a magnificent hall, be smit with the desire even to surpass himself in delivering an eulogy on it, and at least avoid the disgrace of coming far short of the original that stands before him? For so powerful is the charm of a beautiful view, that not man alone but every creature is captivated by it; even a horse methinks runs with delight over a plain covered with short grass or fine sand which gently yields to his tread, and hurts his hoof by no hard resistance\*; he then applies all his force to the race, and vies as it were by his velocity with the beauty of the ground. In like manner the peacock, when early in the spring he comes into a meadow, at a season when the flowers are not only welcomer to the eye, but even, if I may be pardoned the expression, more blooming and glow with brighter tints, he also spreads his feathers to the sun and raises his gorgeous tail, expanding in a circular form his flowers of the spring, his gaudy and variegated plumage, as if challenged to the contest by the sight of the beautiful mead. Now he surveys with self-complacency the refulgence of his various hues, turns himself round and round, and elate with conscious pride expands his gorgeous plumes glittering with greater

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is but momentary, to retain the greek words, than by their translation render the insipid elegance of our rhetorician still more striking, who by this manner of calling Homer to his aid, pays an equally cold compliment to the hall which he intends to praise, and to the prince of poets.

\* What then does this prove in behalf of the charm which is to produce such an effect upon the horse?

lustre in the sunbeams, the colours varying every instant; and imperceptibly blending together, continually display new beauties; above all in the radiant eyes which are set at the extremities of his long feathers, as if sown with so many self-revolving rainbows. Now what an instant before seemed bronze, is by the gentlest revolution turned to gold; what facing the sun was the finest azure, is, as it comes into the shade, the liveliest green, and so they play in alternate change, according to the different reflection and refraction of the rays of light, by which the beauties of his plumage are multiplied in continual succession. What charms the sea too has, when viewed in calm and bright weather, you need not be informed. How far soever in land a man may be born, and, though having not the least idea of navigation, he will nevertheless at the first sight of the placid sea feel himself seized with an irresistible inclination to leave the land, to go on board of ship, and take a voyage, especially if he sees the sails swelled by a favourable wind from off the land, and the vessel, with a soft and easy motion gracefully gliding through the curling waves.

What wonder then, if the beauty of this hall produce a similar effect, and both incite to speak, and set the speaker on fire, and in every possible way make it easy for him to shine! I experience this effect upon myself on coming into this hall merely to discourse of its beauty as of an enchanted bird\*, or allured by a siren; and, inspired with hope, insignificant as my talent may have hitherto been, it will now resemble an inconsiderable fellow in an elegant garment, embellished and elevated by the place.

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\* The greek word *inyx*, *torquilla*, *avicula nomen*, sic dicta quia collum torquet. *Atii appellat* frutillam. *Frutis autem est Venus. Ad philtre et incantationes in usu erat. Propterea etiam* ἰνύξ *illecebra quavis.* Schrev. In germ. *wendehals*, angl. turn-neck [*picus torquilla* Kleinii], a bird which the pretended sorceresses of the antients employed in philtres and love-charms. This word was figuratively used by the grecian poets and prosaists in general in the same sense in which we take the word *charm* or *magical charm*. But the mythologists likewise speak of an *Iynx*, whom they make to be a daughter of Pan and of Echo or Peitho. She was (if we may credit Tzetzes, *ad Lycophron*, v. 309.) the nurse of Io, a priestess of Juno, and as she was versed in magical arts, she assisted her mistress, who was in love with Jupiter, in moving that god to make her the returns of love. But Juno, discovering the share she had in the infidelity of her spouse, metamorphosed her into the bird of that name, in which the art she had formerly practised became a physical property.

But I perceive myself interrupted in the middle of my discourse, by another oration \*, and by one who thinks not a little of herself; and while I stop to hear what she means, tells me flatly to my face, that I have asserted a falsehood, and wonders how I could say that the beauty of a hall, decorated with painting and gilding, is advantageous to the orator; whereas in her opinion the contrary is the fact. If it is agreeable to you, therefore, let her come forward, and state before you, as umpires between her and me, her reasons for holding a mean and unadorned place more convenient to the speaker. What I had to say, ye have heard; so that it would be quite unnecessary twice to repeat the same thing. Let my opponent therefore come forth and speak: I will be silent, and for a little while resign my place to her.

“Gentlemen, (therefore she says) the orator who spoke before me, has produced a great deal of fine matter in praise of this hall; against which, so far from intending to make any objections, it is even my design to adduce only those arguments which he has omitted. For the more beautiful you think the hall, the more disadvantageous it is to him who harangues in it, you will be forced to admit. First of all, allow me to substantiate the comparison which my adversary adopts concerning women and their attire and ornaments against himself. I therefore assert, that a rich decoration of a fine woman not only can avail her nothing as to making her appear more beautiful, but that it has the direct contrary effect: for the brilliancy of the gold and precious stones dazzle the beholder, and instead of admiring the fair complexion, the fine eyes, the white neck or the arm or the hand of the lady, his notice is attracted by a gem, an emerald, a necklace or a bracelet, so that the fair-one has every reason to be dissatisfied with having so extravagantly bedizened herself, because the beholder has no leisure to detain his regards, and can only as it were throw a transient glance at her as he passes by. The same thing, I conceive, must occur to him, who designs to deliver a specimen of his eloquence amidst so many elegant works of art. Whatever he may produce, it will be dimmed by what the eyes behold; it loses itself among the vast variety

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\* An allusion, or rather an imitation of the aristophanic conceit of introducing Dicaos and Adicos Logos in his comedy of the Clouds, as persons, wherein Lucian's hearers I suppose found more elegance and urbanity than we modern barbarians find.

of beautiful objects, and is covered and absorbed by them. It is exactly as if one were to set up a lamp in a great conflagration, or as if one were to sit upon a camel or upon an elephant in order to shew a pismire. Besides, even the voice of the orator is drowned in such a spacious and re-echoing hall; his words and tones are sent back to him from all sides, or rather his voice is deadened by the reverberation, or even totally suppressed: as the flute is extinguished by the clarion, or as the signals which the marine officer generally gives to the oar-benches, by the whistle, are rendered unintelligible by the roaring of the waves; because a greater sound of course overpowers a lesser. My adversary says: a magnificent hall encourages and animates the speaker; but I maintain, that the very reverse of this ensues. The idea, of the little honour he would acquire, if his speech was found unworthy of such a beautiful place, must necessarily disquiet him, distract his thoughts, and intimidate him the more: for he thinks his insufficiency will here be the more striking, somewhat like the cowardice of a man, who in a splendid suit of armour should take to his heels, would be more conspicuous, on account of that elegant coat of mail, and have more witnesses of his disgrace. And this seems to have been the reason why that homeric orator\* cared so little about an elegant appearance, that he chose rather to adopt the gesture and mien of an idiot, that the elegance of his discourse might appear the more admirable from the contrast with that disgusting exterior.

Besides, it cannot well be otherwise, than that the whole soul of the orator should be attracted and so captivated by what he beholds, that it is not possible to apply the proper attention to what he intends to say. How should he therefore avoid speaking worse than usual, when his mind being engrossed by the contemplation of what he is about to praise, he cannot pay attention to the polishing, the arrangement and the clothing of his thoughts †.

I omit to mention, that even the persons, although they are come ex-

\* This, if I mistake not, is what Lucian thought when he wrote: τῆς ψυχῆς διαίρεσιν ὡς πρὸς τὸν τῶν ἄρματων ἵππων. — Though I readily agree that he should have expressed his thoughts more clearly and unequivocally.

† i. e. possessed the talent of fascinating the ears to as great a degree as those famous singers and musicians of the heroic age.

pressly for the purpose of hearing, as soon as they enter such a hall, from auditors become spectators. And I doubt very much, whether any orator could be so perfectly one with Demodocus, or Phemius, or Thamyris, or Amphion or Orpheus, as to divert their thoughts by the power of his eloquence, from being attracted by what was so ravishing to their eyes. Everyone the moment he has put his foot over the threshold is so inundated by this plenitude of beauty, that he seems scarcely to hear that anything is said or rehearsed; he is all eye, wholly engaged in what is here to be seen: for else he must be absolutely blind, or the audience must, like the judges in the areopagus, assemble in the dark. For, that words have never force enough to conquer when contending with the eyes, the fiction of the sirens compared with that of the gorgons plainly shews. The former indeed fascinated those that were sailing by, by the flattering suavity of their song, and detained them when they had landed among them; their business likewise was of such a nature as necessarily to take up some time: they found one however, who, without listening to their song, passed by. But the beauty of the gorgons subdued at first sight all the faculties of the soul, with such violence, that it deprived the beholders of speech and consciousness on the spot; for that is what I suppose the fable means, when it tells us they were turned into stone. Accordingly, I take likewise that which my adversary observed respecting the peacock, as spoke in my behalf. For that whereby this bird gives us pleasure is his appearance, not his voice; and if we place the peacock between the nightingale and the swan, and both should sing ever so delightfully, while the former uttered not the slightest sound: I am certain nevertheless, every soul would fly to meet the peacock, and leave the others to sing as long as they chose, without caring about it. So irresistible and uncontrollable is the pleasure that is communicated through the eyes!

I can however, if you require it, produce another wise man as an evidence, who will not hesitate to bear me witness, that the impression from what we see, is without comparison stronger than from that which we hear. It is no less a man than Herodotus\*, who in his Calliope ex-

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\* In the original the Heteros Logos, whom Lucian sets up as Contradictor against himself, orders the crier to call into court Herodotus the son of Lyxus of Halicarnassus. Herodotus appears in his own person, is examined touching his evidence, and delivers it in his ionian dia-

pressly says: The ears are less to be trusted than the eyes. He therefore, you see, assigns the first place to sight; and with just reason. For words are (as Homer used to say) winged, and flit away as fast as they arise. Whereas the pleasure afforded us by the objects that we see tarries and abides with us, and therefore may completely get the better of us.

How is it possible then, that a hall so worthy of the observation of every spectator of taste and judgment should not be detrimental to an orator in his address to an auditory? And yet I have not produced the weightiest of my arguments. But it has not escaped my observation, gentlemen judges, how, while I have been speaking, you were looking up to the ceiling, viewing the walls with admiration, and even turning yourselves round to contemplate the pictures one after another. Think not that I would raise a blush on your faces by this observation. Nothing can be more pardonable, than amidst such a variety of beauties, and such an alternate succession of images, to yield to the feelings of humanity. What could be more worthy the notice of polished and learned beholders, than works wherein the perfection of art is combined with all that is useful in antient history? But that you may not altogether forget us for the sake of this display, what if I make an attempt, as well as I am able by a description, to paint to you the subjects of these pictures? You will with pleasure, I think, hear me speak of topics, the sight of which have had such charms for you, and will perhaps thank me, and at least give me the advantage over my adversary, inasmuch as I double your gratification by this circumstance, that while you are surveying the paintings of this hall, I am entertaining you at the same time with what they represent. You are aware of the difficulty of my undertaking, to exhibit to you, without canvass, without pencil and without colours, such a multiplicity of figures; for verily the art of painting in words can produce but a very superficial effect\*.

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lect: that Logos has told the judges the pure truth, and that they may give him full credit for all that he affirms concerning the advantage of sight above hearing; for the ears believe not so lightly as the eyes. — It will not, I hope, be imputed to me as a crime, that I have abridged this fiction, by making Herodotus deliver his evidence merely by the maxim quoted, which he has introduced in narrating the story of Candaules and Gyges in the eighth chapter of his first book.

\* Lucian, whose general knowledge (as we well know) was very superficial, speaks here like one who has clear conceptions neither of painting in words nor in colours. In truth it was a

On the right hand, as you enter the hall, a transaction is represented to which the grecian and æthiopian histories lay equal claims, — Perseus, when returning from his flight against the gorgons, kills the sea-monster by the way, sets Andromeda free, and soon after marries and takes her along with him to Argos. Remark how much the artist has here exhibited in a small space \*. Shame and fear are beautifully expressed in the attitude of the virgin, as she looks down from the rock, to observe the youthful hero engaged in fight for love of her, and how difficult it proves to him to subdue the monster, making up to him with his impenetrable scales, prickly points, and wide yawning jaws. Perseus with his left hand holds before him the head of Medusa, while he makes a powerful stroke at him with his sword in the right; already the monster is changed into stone on the side that he had turned towards the gorgon, whilst the other yet shews signs of life by the blood that gushes from the wound it had received from the scymitar of the hero †.

The next picture represents a famous example of retributive justice, the subject whereof the painter seems to me to have borrowed from either Euripides or Sophocles, for both of them have drawn a similar picture ‡. The two young friends, Pylades of Phocæa and Orestes, come, under cover of the rumour of their death, unknown, into the palace of Agamemnon, and both fall sword in hand upon Ægysthus. Clytemnestra, already murdered, lies half naked on a couch; a number of slaves, male and fe-

strange conceit to think of painting in words to a present audience what they had before their eyes; and it would have been more sensible of him to have engaged for nothing more than a bare historical exposition of the fable or story which the painter designed to represent,

\* I suppose the walls of the hall were, after the fashion of that time, decorated with arabesques, and the figures here described composed the principal compartments of the ornament. But as the hall was so spacious and so lofty, and Lucian in general made so much of its magnificence and beauty, it is not very conceivable how the history of Perseus and Andromeda, represented in miniature, *in βραχέι*, should not make a miserable figure in such a hall.

† Lucian says indeed only *τὸ δ' ὅσον ἰμψυχον μίνυ, τῇ ἀρετῇ κολίτλαι*. But for one who pretends to copy a painting in words, he puts himself vastly too much at his ease.

‡ What sort of people had Lucian before him, that it was necessary for him to tell them this, since perhaps nothing was better known to the Greeks than the story of Pylades and Orestes and the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides? By such trivial improprieties the Samosatan, methinks, betrays rather a want of acquaintance with grecian literature. A native Athenian would hardly have spoke of this history as if he had Bactrians or men of Seres for his hearers.

male, in great amazement, are standing round, one of whom seems to moan and lament aloud, while the others are anxiously looking about for a way to escape. The painter has handled this story with great judgment and propriety, by not letting a deed alike abhorrent to religion and nature, matricide, be perpetrated before the eyes of the spectator, but merely points it out as already done; and selects for the main transaction the moment when the two youths are inflicting condign punishment on the adulterer.

What now follows is a spirited scene of erotic pastime, calculated to recreate the imagination saddened by the view of the preceding. The young Branchus, the beautiful favourite of the most beautiful god, is sitting on a rock, playfully checking his dog, that is jumping up at a hare he is holding before him, but so high that the hound, with all his vigorous efforts, cannot reach it. Apollo stands aside smiling, amusing himself by looking at them both, the playful boy and the dog attempting to seize his prey.

In the fourth picture appears Perseus again, engaged in the adventure he had with the sea-monster. Shielded by Minerva, he cuts off, with averted countenance, the head of Medusa, which he sees merely in the image reflected by the bright polished shield; for he knew what it would cost him to look her full in the face.

In the middle of the wall, opposite the door, a niche is placed, in which Minerva in white marble stands, though not in her military armour, but in a costume indicative of peace, which the martial goddess grants us to enjoy\*.

The uppermost picture on the wall, to the left † on coming in, presents us again with Minerva, as she is pursued by the enamoured Vulcan, but she tears herself away from his sooty embraces, and Erichthonius was the fruit of this pursuit.

Beside that we see another antient piece. The blind Orion carrying

\* In the opinion that Lucian alludes to the long peace which the world enjoyed during the reigns of Hadrian and Antonine, I have taken the liberty to render the allusion rather more distinct than in the text.

† Neither does Lucian expressly say this; but if there was any symmetry observed in the arrangement of these pictures, it cannot perhaps be otherwise imagined.

Cedalion, who, sitting on his shoulders, directs him the way to the sun-god. Helios appears and restores the blind man to sight. Vulcan sees the transaction from his workshop at Lemnos\*.

Next comes Ulysses feigning himself mad, that he might not be obliged to go with the Atrides against Troy. The ambassadors that were sent to summon him are arrived. His artifice is not ill-conceived; the plough that he is using as a cart; the idea of harnessing a horse and an ox together, and the affected ignorance of what is passing, make it probable enough that he has lost his senses. But Palamedes, to whom the fact appears suspicious, detects the deceit by a counterplot, by laying hold on the young Telemachus, and in an assumed fit of passion draws his sword as if to cut the boy in pieces. The terrified Ulysses at this instant feels only that he is a parent, recovers his understanding immediately, and the disguise is at an end.

\* As the legend of Orion is not so generally known as it is surprising, it may here be permitted a place. What is most remarkable in him is unquestionably his birth, as related by P<sup>l</sup>æphatus *de incredibil.* The three gods Jupiter, Neptune and Apollo, visiting the earth in company, took up their lodging with Hyriæus, a petty bæotian cassique. Having been hospitably entertained by him, at their departure they bid him beg a boon of them. Hyriæus, who is childless, requests a son. Well advised! say the gods. Upon this, they ordered the hide of the ox they had devoured to be fetched, filled it with their divine urine, and directed their landlord to bury the hide, and after forty weeks to see what he would find in it. At the appointed time a large chubby babe creeps out, who received the name Urion, which was afterwards, for the sake of euphony, changed into Orion. When Orion was grown up he was almost as huge as St. Christopher; for, on going into the sea, where it was deepest, his head and shoulders at least protruded above the surface. On one of these promenades he came to the isle of Chios, fell in love with the daughter of king Œnopion, and served him some time to obtain her. Perceiving however that the old man had no inclination to make him his son-in-law, he found means to gratify himself in a way at that time very usual among the heroes. But Œnopion was so incensed at this stroke of heroism, that he commanded the eyes of Orion to be put out. Blind Orion fled to Lemnos, where Vulcan transferred him to Cedalion, one of his journeymen blacksmiths, to shew him the way to the sun-god; of whom Orion, in consequence of an oracle, it is said, recovered his sight, or rather actually obtained a new pair of eyes. Whereupon, after various adventures both with mortal and immortal goddesses, he was at last, by his audacity in joking after his usual manner with one of Diana's nymphs (or agreeably to another version) with Diana herself, brought to death. As he was however an offspring of three gods, less could not be done for him than to transplant him into heaven, where to this very day he represents the most conspicuous of the southern constellations.

The last picture represents Medea, fired with jealousy; the sword in her hand; the look which she casts at her two boys; everything gives us to imagine the purpose she has in her mind. The poor unfortunate little wretches, in their infantine ignorance, calmly smile upon their mother, in spite of the murderous steel they see glittering in her hand.

Now, gentlemen, I ask once more, must ye not confess that all this is but too well calculated to distract the hearers, by employing their eyes in so agreeable a manner that the orator cannot promise himself any attention from them? However, my design was not by any means to do my adversary an ill office, by representing him as an arrogant boaster, who has entangled himself in difficulties that surpass his abilities, and does not deserve to be granted a favourable ear to what he intends to deliver. On the contrary, I have rather endeavoured to induce you the more indulgently to bear with him, and by your benevolence help him to triumph over the difficulty of his attempt, under so many prejudicial circumstances, to obtain your applause. For even so he will always have trouble enough to produce something that shall appear not altogether unworthy to be listened to in such a magnificent hall. To conclude: let it not surprise you that I prefer this intercession in behalf of an opponent: for my admiration of the hall is so great, that I should be glad to see a happy result granted to anyone, be he whom he may, who undertakes to deliver an oration in it.

# CHARIDEMUS;

OR,

## OF BEAUTY.

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HERMIPPUS. CHARIDEMUS.

HERMIPPUS.

GOING, my dear Charidemus, yesterday to take a walk a little way out of town, partly for recreation, and partly because on account of some business I had in hand, I wished for a momentary retirement, I chanced to meet Proxenus, the son of Epicrates; and being an old acquaintance, I asked him familiarly whence he came, and whither he was going? He replied that he also had rambled hither for the pleasure of viewing that fine landscape, and for enjoying the pure and genial air of

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CHARIDEMUS. This dialogue is generally reckoned among the doubtful pieces that go under Lucian's name. Gessner even says, he can venture to affirm, that it is nearly a school-boy declamation, *scholasticam alicujus declamationem prope puerilem*, of some student of rhetoric, unjustly charged upon our author. I, for my part, cannot subscribe to this verdict; but, with Dr. Francklin, am of opinion that this Charidemus, though pretty far below Lucian's best performances, is however too good to be denied him, without better reasons than those of Gessner. It seems to have been one of his first essays in this way, and a production of his early years; and the constraint and stiffness in the style (on which Gessner grounds his damnatory sentence) appears to me to betray the native Syrian, to whom the attic dialect, and, what is more, the noble simplicity, ease, grace, and urbanity, were still strangers, and moreover by this, that when he attempts to be truly ornamental in his expression, he here and there falls into the affected. By reason of this last circumstance, and as in a work of this kind, a too rigid fidelity is rather to be blamed than commended, I have, out of proper regard to the reader, taken more than usual liberties, by not unfrequently making the author speak as he, perhaps ten years later than this dialogue may have been composed, would have been glad to have expressed himself.

the fields ; and the more, as he was just come from a great feast, given by Androcles, the son of Epichares, in the Piræus, after having made a solemn sacrifice to Mercury, in consequence of the prize he had obtained at the diasia \* for a book of his composition that he had rehearsed. He boasted much of the company, how elegant and entertaining it was, and particularly mentioned the eulogies on beauty that were delivered by some present. But on my desiring to know more of it, he excused himself, partly by the forgetfulness incident to a man of his years, partly by alleging that he did not stay till the end of this discussion, but you, he said, could give me the best account of it, as you were one of the speakers, and were extremely attentive to all that was said by the rest, as long as the company remained together.

CHARIDEMUS. All that is true, dear Hermippus, except that it would not be easy for me, to repeat with a tolerable degree of accuracy all that was spoke. In fact, the noise that was made by the masters, as well as by the servants, was so great, that it was not possible for me to comprehend the whole of it. And then you very well know, how difficult it is to recollect the speeches in general that pass from one to another at an entertainment, where so many causes conspire to render even persons with the best memories forgetful. However, to please you, I will try how far I can succeed in the attempt, by at least omitting no part of the discourses that I am able to recollect.

HERMIPPUS. Even this promise, my dear friend, calls for my hearty thanks ; but if you will be so kind as to give me a detailed account beginning with informing me what the piece was that obtained Androcles the prize, who was his antagonist, and how the several guests were named whom he invited to his feast, I shall feel myself extremely obliged to you.

CHARIDEMUS. The prize-essay was an eulogy of Hercules, to the composition whereof he said he had been moved by a dream. His competitor for the prize †, or rather for the honour of the victory, was Diotimus of Megara.

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\* The grand festival of Jupiter.

† In the original, "for the ears of corn, *περὶ τῶν ἀραχύων.*" I have not been able to find anything that throws light upon what sort of a prize this was. Du Soul is reminded by it of the golden flowers of the *jeux floraux* at Toulouse ; and Dr. Francklin, I cannot tell wherefore, even makes a barley-cake of these ears of corn.

HERMIPPUS. What was the subject of his discourse ?

CHARIDEMUS. The praise of the Dioscures ; to whom, as he assured us, he was under great obligations, and who, according to his account, had particularly summoned him to this eulogy, by having appeared to him, in an extremely dangerous storm that befell him at sea, at the top of the mainmast. At the entertainment a great many kinsfolks and other intimate friends of Androcles were present ; but they who were worth naming, as being the proper ornaments of the table, and who rendered the conversation interesting by the praise of beauty, were Philo, the son of Dinias, Aristippus, the son of Agasthenes, and myself \*. Next to us sat Cleonymus, the handsome nephew of Androcles, a genteel, but rather delicate young fellow, who nevertheless seemed not deficient in good sense ; for he eagerly listened to everything that we said. The first that spoke on the subject of beauty was Philo, and he began with this exordium.

HERMIPPUS. Ere you proceed to the eulogy itself, may I presume to ask, what was the occasion that led you to take beauty in particular for your topic ?

CHARIDEMUS. How you are continually interrupting me ! But for that I had long ago finished my narrative. However, what would one not do, when it is a friend that urges us ? What gave occasion then to our discourse, which you wish to know, was the handsome Cleonymus I spoke of, who sat between me and his uncle. The generality of the guests, who, as I said, consisted of illiterate people, absolutely could not keep their eyes off from him ; they saw nothing but him ; spoke of nothing but him, and forgot all the rest that were present, in order to vie with one another in extolling the beauty of this young man. We of the learned could not avoid bestowing our entire approbation on their good taste ; as we must have considered it a shame to be outdone by idiots in that which we regarded as our peculiar department, we came naturally to the thought of making beauty the subject of a brief discourse on the spur of the occasion, which we now resolved to deliver one by one †.

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\* Very modest !

† These improvisatorial declamations were in Lucian's time pretty common at grand entertainments. Besides, the tone he here adopts betrays the young man as much as the affecta-

For to engage in a particular commendation of the young man, who had no need of being put in love with himself, seemed not becoming in us ; and as little would it be proper for such as we, to speak without method, and utter whatever came uppermost ; so we resolved that each individual should deliver whatever his memory supplied him with on the argument proposed.

Philo took the lead ; and began to the following effect : Is not it to the last degree absurd, that we, who in all that we every day undertake and achieve, are studious that it should prove beautiful, should trouble ourselves so little about beauty, but observe as strict a silence upon it, as if we were afraid of speaking upon a subject, about which we have all our lives been taking so much pains \* ? What more worthy theme then could we desire, or how shall we excuse ourselves, if we, who waste so much time and attention on insignificant objects, should alone be silent on the fairest and noblest of all objects ? And how could a man in a more agreeable manner attain the beautiful in speaking ; than, setting aside all other objects, by chusing that for his subject which we make the chief end and aim of all our actions ? That I may not however be suspected of imposing that as a duty upon others, which I am incompetent myself to perform ; I will endeavour to deliver my thoughts upon beauty with all possible brevity.

Everyone wishes to prefer his claim to beauty ; though the number of those, who have been found worthy of being pronounced beautiful, has at all times been very small. But the few who have actually obtained that boon, seem thereby to be placed on the summit of happiness, and are held in eminent honour both by gods and men. What stronger proof can be given of this, than the examples of Hercules, of the Dioscures, and of Helena, who from heroes became deities ? It is true, the first, it is said, earned this sovereign honour by his virtue : but Helena, by her beauty, not only raised herself to be a goddess, but no sooner had she entered heaven, than she procured divine honours to be paid to her brothers, who

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tion of each of the three orators : beginning his oration pedantically with a prologue, and concluding with an epilogue, shews the young rhetor to have been just dismissed from school.

\* Philo likewise in his prologue plays with the double meaning of the word *kalos*, though he soon returns to the vulgar signification, and in the sequel speaks solely of corporeal beauty.

before were numbered among the inhabitants of the subterranean kingdom. Of all the mortals however to whom the familiarity with the gods has ever been vouchsafed, none are to be found, who were not beholden for that pre-eminence to their beauty. On that account entirely Pelops obtained the happiness of tasting ambrosia at the table of the gods ; and it alone conferred upon the beautiful Ganymede such an ascendancy over the king of the gods, that he would permit no other deity to attend him, when he flew down to the summit of Ida, but thought it fitting for him alone to fetch this his favourite into heaven, where he designed to keep him time without end. And so ardent was the passion he bore to beautiful mortals, that he not only deigned them the transplantation into heaven, but for love of them not unfrequently sojourned upon earth, and now visited the beautiful Leda in the form of a swan, now, changed into a bull, conveyed away Europa, now, in the assumed person of Amphitryon, made Alcmena the mother of Hercules — to pass over in silence a number of other contrivances, employed by him to procure himself the possession of those whom he loved.

Permit me, on this occasion, to notice a circumstance which must indeed excite surprise. Jupiter when he has all the gods about him, and was talking to them of worldly affairs (nor did he converse with any mortal but the beautiful), is introduced by the common poet of the Greeks as austere, haughty, and terrific : even in the first divine synod he puts Juno, who was in the habit of making him all sorts of reproaches, into such a fright, that she thought it lucky for her that her enraged husband let bare words suffice ; and in the second strikes no small terror into the assembled gods, by threatening them, that he would draw up the earth, together with all mankind and the ocean, by his chain. But no sooner does he descend to the fair-ones upon earth, than he is all at once so mild and gentle and complaisant, that he begins to lay aside the Jupiter, and, for fear lest he should not be agreeable enough to his favourites in his own shape, assumes some other, and that always so beautiful, that he may be sure to draw all to him who once have a sight of him ; so great is the respect he bears to beauty !

Jupiter however is not the only one of the gods over whom beauty exercises such sway — and I must remind you of this, that I may not have the appearance, as if I designed by the instances I have adduced, not so much to demonstrate the omnipotence of beauty, as to cast a covert

censure upon the king of heaven. He that shall search into the divine records will discover, that all the gods have had the same taste in this particular.

Thus we see (to introduce a few examples) Neptune is subdued by the beauty of Pelops, Apollo admired the fair Hyacinthus, and beautiful Cadmus was the favourite of Mercury. Aye, even the goddesses do not blush to submit to the power of beauty, but seem rather to make it an honour, when it is reported that, this or that beautiful mortal was blessed with their ultimate favours. There is no instance of a quarrel having arose among them, on account of their several rights to direct and to controul. Minerva, who fills the war-department, never presumes to dispute the rights of the chace with Diana, any more than Diana interferences in the military affairs that are under the inspection of Minerva. Juno leaves to Aphrodite the management of nuptial concerns, and is never molested by the latter in what peculiarly belongs to her province. But on beauty they set so high a value, that each one thinks in that she excels the rest, and Eris could devise no means more sure to irritate them than by throwing the apple of contention for beauty among them. And the event informed her that she was right in her calculation. Scarcely had the goddesses read the inscription on the golden apple, when each of them thought it belonged to her ; and as neither of them would consent that she was less beautiful than the others, they carried the cause before Jupiter, the brother and husband of one, and father of the rest, and left it to his decision. Notwithstanding he had now an unquestionable right to pronounce which was the most beautiful, or (if he would not meddle with the affair himself) there were among both Greeks and Non-Greeks wise and learned men enough to whom he might have delegated the office ; yet he preferred leaving the decision to the beautiful Paris, and thereby in fact deposed, that in his judgment beauty surpasses wisdom, prudence, and strength. In reality, the passionate desire of the goddesses to hear themselves styled beautiful, was carried so far, that they inspired the panegyrist of heroes, and court-poet of the gods not easily to designate them by other epithets, than such as are derived from beauty. Juno accordingly prefers being styled the goddess with the white arms, to the venerable goddess or the daughter of the great Cronion ; Minerva had rather be called Blue-eyes than Tritogeneia, and Aphrodite seems to think herself more flattered by the surname of Golden than by any other that could be given her. And

this proves not only how highly the deities in general think of beauty; but is even an irrefragable evidence that it transcends all other perfections: For Pallas herself recognizes thereby its precedence of valour and prudence, over which she presides; in like manner Juno assigns her a rank above all the crowns and empires of the world; the only thing perhaps in which her spouse is always of her opinion. — Seeing therefore that beauty is something so glorious and divine, and is of so exalted a worth even in the sight of the gods, how should it not be our duty, herein to imitate the celestials, and contribute all that we are able both in words and deeds to its glorification.

Thus Philo ended his harangue, not without adding in conclusion, that he would have spoke longer, were he not sensible that table-talk should be distinguished by its brevity. To him succeeded Aristippus, though not till after much intreaty from Androcles; being very loth, he said, to follow immediately such an adept as Philo. However, he at length thus began :

Nothing is more common than to hear orators, who, neglecting the most noble and interesting topics, think to do honour to themselves by trying their eloquence on the most insignificant subjects, and which cannot prove of the smallest utility to their hearers; some are zealous to view the same argument on quite opposite sides to others, and each one summons up all his abilities to defend himself against his opponent; while there are not wanting others who declaim, with all the pomp of words, on topics that belong to the kingdom of chimæras, or however upon useless and unnecessary subjects, as if they were matters of the utmost consequence. Without doubt they would have done better to have first made a selection of materials that were worth speaking about, and thus have avoided the suspicion of a total deficiency of judgment and taste. But since it would be perhaps the greatest of all follies to fall myself into the folly which I am blaming in others: so I think I cannot better escape such a reproach than by taking for my discourse a subject no less interesting than beautiful, and which, every hearer will agree with me, might with the greatest propriety be pronounced the most beautiful, since it is no other than beauty itself.

Whatever other subject we might have had to discuss at present, we might be contented if one person had delivered his sentiments upon it: but this offers to him who would sift its merits such an inexhaustible store of

matter, that a man who could not discourse of it as it deserves would call for no censure on that account; on the contrary, how many predecessors soever he should have had, there would always be matter enough left for praise, to enable him to be satisfied with his lot\*. For who is so eloquent as to be able adequately to praise what is so eminently prized by the gods, and in the eyes of men is something so divine and venerable, that they who are so happy as to possess it are universally beloved by all the world, and almost adored, while they who are totally destitute of it are abominated, and deemed unworthy of being even looked at: who, I say, can be eloquent enough to praise such a quality according to its deserts? However, since it is required of several panegyrist to come forward, in order in some degree to do justice to it, I hope it will not be misconstrued, if I make an attempt to say something upon it, though I must speak after so great an orator as Philo.

Beauty then is something so glorious and divine, that — to pass over what my predecessor has descanted upon, how highly the gods have esteemed beautiful persons — in days of yore the daughter of Jupiter, Helena, even before she had attained the age of love, captivated by her's one of the first heroes of her time †. For Theseus, who was transacting his affairs in Peloponnesus, was inflamed at the sight of her beauty to such a degree, that, though he was in possession of a considerable empire and no common renown, he could not live without her, but thought he should be the happiest of all mortals, if she became his wife. Now seeing that he had no hope of obtaining her, at so tender an age, of her father, he determined, in spite of all the forces of that prince and the whole Peloponnesus, upon a deed, that perhaps is the greatest proof of the power of beauty. He carried her off, by the assistance of his friend Peirithous, as it were out of the

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\* I do not affirm that the author said this: but methinks he ought to have said it. At least there would have been more sense in it, than by making his Aristippus say "the subject of beauty is so copious, that he who after several others could yet deliver somewhat in its praise, may think himself fortunate." This might, no doubt, be true, if the materials were scanty; but, being so copious, so inexhaustible, what is more natural than that always somewhat may be left to be said, and where then is the great good fortune of being able to say something, when so much remains to be said?

† If we may trust Hellanicus, she was seven years old when she was run away with by Theseus.

very arms of her father, and conveyed her to Aphidna\*, and his gratitude for the service that Peirithous had afforded him, was so great, that he swore to him from that time forth a friendship, which will continually be quoted as an example, and is become a proverb for all generations. For, when this his friend, for love of Proserpine, undertook to go down to the subterranean world, and all his remonstrances to dissuade him from so presumptuous an attempt had proved vain, he could not resolve to let him go alone, but accompanied him, and thought he could repay what he owed him, by no inferior return, than by risking his life for him. Now when Helena (who, during one of his absences, had been fetched back by her brothers to Argos) had reached the years of maturity, all the grecian kings, as many of them as there were, met together at Argos, and notwithstanding there were beautiful and noble women enough in Greece for each to take one, yet none appeared to them fit to be compared with her, and every one would have the beautiful Helena for his wife. When they therefore saw that a general war was to be apprehended for all Greece, if they should grow violent in the dispute for her, they bound themselves by a solemn oath to an agreement, that they would leave it to the free choice of the princess, and that they would guarantee him, whom she should deem worthy to possess her, against all and any who should presume to molest him, each flattering himself that this might be his own happy lot; Menelaus however was the only one who was not disappointed in this expectation. But that the precaution they had unanimously taken, was not unnecessary, they were presently aware. For when, not long after the famous dispute that had arose among the three goddesses, Paris, one of the sons of the trojan king Priam, was chose arbitrator, he, difficult as the decision was, at the sight of so many beauties, presented undisguised before him; and, tempted by the promises by which each endeavoured to bribe him — for Juno had promised him the dominion over all Asia, Pallas perpetual victories over all his enemies, and Venus the possession of the beautiful Helena — thought within himself, the greatest empires fall perhaps to the most worthless of mankind, but a Helena the world will never see again — and so he declared for her. And

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\* Aphidna, or Aphidnæ, according to Hesychius, was a village of the attic tribe Ptolemais, and is only become known through this circumstance.

hence the universally famous trojan war took its rise, and Europe for the first time marched in hostile array against Asia, and, by the sole restoration of Helena, the Trojans would have been left in the tranquil enjoyment of their beautiful country; on the other hand, if the Greeks had not contended for her, they would have been relieved at once from the inconveniences of war and a long protracted siege. They could not however on either side resolve upon so great a sacrifice, but both parties thought they should never find an opportunity to die in a nobler cause. The gods themselves, so far from forbidding their sons, though they foreknew that they should meet their deaths in the field, even pressed them to engage in the war; thinking it not less glorious to lay down their lives for the beautiful Helena, than to have received them from a goddess or a god. Yet what do I say; their sons? They themselves entered for this cause, into a more terrible war with one another, than that which they formerly waged with the giants; for there they fought in conjunction, but here against one another. And when we now behold that in the sight of the gods beauty so far surpasses all other human things, that they, who for no other cause in the world ever engaged in a quarrel, for beauty not only gave up their offspring, but fought themselves with one another, and some of them even came off with wounds: must we not own, that heaven and earth, mortals and immortal gods unanimously proclaim beauty the most excellent of all things?

Lest however I should be thought to dwell so long upon this instance, for want of any other to adduce, I will proceed to one, no less adapted to confirm our assertion, than that already cited: to Hippodamia, the celebrated daughter of the arcadian prince CENOMAUUS. How many noble youths were seen, who, overawed by her beauty, chose rather to die, than without her to behold the light of the sun! This princess left all others that in her time laid claim to beauty, so far behind, that her charms, contrary to the order of nature, captivated even her father, and he, that he might always keep her with him, and yet prevent all suspicion of the real motive, fell upon a scheme, which was still worse than his passion itself. He was owner of a chariot, that for its extraordinary lightness, was a real masterpiece of art, and to this chariot were joined the fleetest race-horses in all Arcadia. Trusting therefore to this advantage, he declared to the suitors of his daughter, that he was ready to give her to him

who should win her in the race ; provided only, that whoever was inclined to run for this prize should agree to lose his head, unless he obtained the victory. In order to be the more sure of his purpose, he added this other condition ; that the beautiful Hippodamia should sit on the car with the suitor, in hopes, that by attentively gazing at her he might lose the direction of the car.

Although the first, who adventured in this manner, had the misfortune to forfeit both the bride and his life, yet the rest were so little deterred by the failure, that, execrating the cruelty of CENOMAUUS, they pressed to the contest, each striving to get before the other, as if fearing that no opportunity would be left them to die for so beautiful a maid. Thirteen of the noblest youths of Greece thus successively lost their lives. At last the gods themselves took up the affair ; and, as well from righteous indignation at the tyrannical barbarity of CENOMAUUS, as from pity to the unfortunate suitors, and to the maiden herself, who was so unjustly deprived of the enjoyment of her beauty and youth, they presented Pelops, as he was upon the point of exposing himself to the fate of his predecessors, with a still more artificial car, and with immortal horses, which actually enabled him to gain the beautiful Hippodamia, while, just on coming up to the goal, they ran over the father-in-law, and by the shock of the car deprived him of life\*.

There needs, I think, no more than two such conspicuous instances how far mankind will carry their enthusiasm for beauty, and how highly the gods themselves have at all times prized it, in order to secure us from all censure for deeming it worth while to add this contribution to its praise. — And so saying, Aristippus ended his discourse.

HERMIPPUS. There remains nothing now, but for you, dear Charidemus, to crown all the beautiful things that have been said upon beauty.

CHARIDEMUS. I beseech you by all the gods, Hermippus, let this suffice ! I should have thought, that what you have already heard would have been more than enough for giving you an idea of our table-conversation. Besides, I really cannot recollect all that I advanced. A man much more easily remembers what others say in company, than what he says himself.

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\* This story is related with different circumstances by other mythologists. See the note on the dialogue upon Dancing, p. 340.

**HERMIPPUS.** And yet it was precisely your speech, that I from the beginning most desired to hear, not what others spoke. If therefore you deprive me of this, assure yourself you have spent all your breath in vain, and it is just as much as if you had said nothing. For Mercury's sake, my friend, I beg of you ! Recollect that you promised me at first that you would tell me the whole of what passed on that subject.

**CHARIDEMUS.** It would be but fair to spare me the most disagreeable part of the business, and be content with what I have already given you. Yet since you are so very desirous to hear my speech likewise, I cannot help complying with your request. I delivered myself then to the following effect.

“ Had I been the first who had spoke upon beauty, I should perhaps have stood in need of a long preamble ; but as I have had already two predecessors, it will be best to consider their speeches as the proœmium to mine, and enter at once upon the subject ; especially as they were delivered not elsewhere but in this identical place, and on the same day ; so that nothing would be easier than to put a cheat upon our audience, by making as if they heard, not three several speeches, but one continued oration of which each produced his share. What my two predecessors have already spoke in praise of beauty, would have been certainly more than enough to confer celebrity on anything else. But on this there always remains so much unsaid, that many might yet follow us without apprehending a failure of materials for its commendation. They offer themselves from such diverse points of view in which it may be contemplated, and in such various kinds, each of which deserving to be mentioned first, that we are perplexed where to begin : as in a fine flowery mead, each flower, as it last strikes the eye, tempts us to pluck it. I will strive however, as far as it can be done in few words, to select from all that might be said what could not be passed over without censure, and pay my share of the tribute due to beauty, with my favourite brevity, at least to shew my good will.

“ It is remarkable, so degenerate are we, that we are prone to envy men who distinguish themselves by valour, or excel in any other virtue to an eminent degree ; and, unless by incessant favours to us, they as it were force us to be their friends, take a secret pleasure when their enterprises do not succeed according to their wishes. But beautiful persons, we not

only do not envy on account of their beauty, but are captivated with them at the very first sight, love them beyond measure, and are never weary of serving them, as beings of a superior nature, as far as our means will allow. This proceeds such lengths, that we had rather obey the beautiful than command the ugly, and we are more pleased with the frequent commands of the former than by not being commanded by them at all. But beauty has this advantage over all other desirable things; that whenever we have acquired them we are satisfied, and give ourselves no farther trouble: whereas of beauty we can never have enough. Even if we were more beautiful than Nireus — more beautiful than Hyacinthus and Narcissus — we should not be satisfied; but should still be afraid lest one more beautiful might come into the world after us.

“Beauty is the universal abstract and model of almost all human performances. The rhetor, when he composes an oration, the painter in his limnings, even the general when he is drawing up his troops in battle-array, has beauty for his eye-mark. With the two former however it may be said to be self-evident, as beauty is their final object; but likewise in such things, to the use whereof necessity has brought us, and of which the ultimate end is the most useful, we apply all imaginable industry to bestow upon them as much beauty as possible. So the homeric Menelaus was less concerned about the utility of his palace, than that all who crossed the threshold might be agreeably surprised; and accordingly he fitted it up and adorned it with so much cost and elegance, that the son of Ulysses, when he came in search of his father to Sparta, observed to his companion Pisistratus: In such manner as this must Jupiter’s court be decorated within! Even the father of this youth too, certainly for no other reason, when he led his ships against Troy, had them painted with vermilion\*, than that they might strike the eyes more beautifully, and be distinguished above the rest. In general upon a nearer investigation it will be found, that all the arts direct their aim to beauty, and seek to attain their consummation in it.

“Beauty has so many excellencies in the view of mankind, in preference to other qualities, that, for instance, there are a thousand things which are

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\* In allusion to the epithet *μυλοπαρῆς*, red-cheeked, or painted with vermilion, given by Homer to the twelve ships, which Ulysses conducted to the siege of Troy.

held in higher estimation than those which stand connected with justice, wisdom, or valour: as on the other hand whatever raises in us the idea of beauty always passes current for the best of its kind; so, in like manner, nothing is more contemptible than that wherein no beauty at all is discoverable. Accordingly we Greeks habitually call only that which is not beautiful, disgraceful \*; as if, where beauty is wanting, all other excellencies come into no consideration whatever. Thus we name, with a certain degree of contempt, those who in a democracy preside over the public weal, demagogues; and the ministers of a tyrant (how great soever their authority and rank may be) are in our view only spittle-licking vassals: whereas the most beautiful and honourable epithets in our language (philoponos and philocalos) are bestowed on those alone who stand under the government of beauty: and we consider them as benefactors to human society, who, in whatever they do, have beauty alone for their grand and ultimate object †.

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\* Our term "much amiss" will perhaps come near it in signification. "She is not much amiss" may sometimes be heard said by a lady speaking of another; meaning about as much as when a french lady says, *elle n'est pas mal*.

† This whole period: Τῶς μὲν ἔν ἡ δημοκρατίαις τὰ κοινὰ διοικῶντας, down to ἐπιμηλῆας, is in the original so singularly and stiffly expressed, that, as far as I see, all the translators have been at a loss what to make of it. Dr. Thomas Francklin has recourse to leaving out, contracting and altering, and makes his task as easy as possible, by rendering it: *Those who serve tyrants* (the demagogues he passes by entirely, I suppose because he could not comprehend how they came here) *we call flatterers; and those alone who practise the good and beautiful do we admire; to these we give the title of the lovers of industry and beauty; Φιλοπόνους τε καὶ Φιλοκάλους ἐνομαζομεν*. What follows again he omits; wherefore, he may best know, for, if I am not mistaken, it has a lofty meaning. M. Massieu, who in general seems to have worked in great haste at the sixth part of his translation, and heaped fault upon fault, puts himself no less at his ease. He translates: *Nous appellons politiques les caractères souples, qui plaisent au peuple dans les republicues, et flatteurs ceux qui vivent dans la dependance des rois; mais nous n'admirons que les esclaves de la beauté; nous disons qu'ils sont jaloux d'atteindre le beau et l'honnête, et nous les regardons comme les bienfaiteurs de la société*. Let judges decide whether or not I have succeeded better in clearing up the sense of the author by my paraphrase. It is obvious that Charidemus differs from the vulgar interpretation in which his predecessors had taken the word beauty, and substituted for it the socratic and plâtonic *kalon*. This indeed is evident to everyone, especially by the assistance of Gessner's translation. But although it is the key to the whole sentence, yet I do not find that either Francklin or Massieu unlock it by its means, or have acquired a clear conception of what Lucian meant to say. Philoponos cannot at all sig-

“ Seeing then that beauty is a thing so excellent and covetable, that every body wishes to partake of it, and esteems servitude to it great gain ; should we not be very much to blame, if by our fault we lose so great a treasure, which we might obtain, and were not even capable of feeling the damage we thereby incur.”

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nify a lover of industry : *Esclaves de la beauté* by no means explains what the author intends by the phrase ὑπὸ ταύτῃ τῇ δυνάμει γινομένους (who stand under the power or sway of the fair) ; also “ we call them Philoponus, and Philokalos” is quite different from *nous disons qu'ils sont jaloux d'atteindre le beau et l'honnête*, though Gessner literally renders it by *laboris et honestatis amantes*. And how come the president of the democracy and the subjects of the tyrant there, to be put in contrast with those who stand under the supremacy of the *kalon* ? or what has it to do with the business that those are styled demagogues, and these kolakas ? and when was it ever usual among the Greeks to call *ceux qui vivent sous la dependance des rois*, all in a lump kolakas, as the popular rulers are entitled demagogues ? This likewise gives M. Massieu so little concern, that he translates the immediately preceding sentence, which might have afforded him sufficient light hereupon, in a manner that neither satisfies the text nor stands in the least proximate relation to that immediately following. For he renders the passage. *ὡς ἂν δὲ εἴ τις ἔχων τύχῃσι πλεονέκτημα τῶν ἄλλων, καλλῆς ἐστειμένος*, as a proof that he absolutely does not understand it, by *quelque estimable que soit d'ailleurs une chose, il semble que ce ne soit rien sans la beauté* ; since it unquestionably has not nor can yield any other meaning than this : How great soever the advantage that birth, station, civil authority, wealth, the favour of the great, &c. confer upon a man, it all avails him nothing to inspire us with really felt esteem, unless he is beautiful, *kalos*, he is disgraceful, *aschros*, in our eyes.” And this now declares to us very clearly methinks that the immediately following can have no other than this meaning : “ So, for example, those who in democracies conduct the helm, or under tyrants [monarchs] fill the principal posts (for this he intends to say, unless he intends to speak downright nonsense, by *τυράννοις ὑποτάσσουσιν*, though he should indeed have expressed himself more definitely) impose so little upon us by it, that we call those, manifestly not *honoris gratia*, therefore in a scornful sense of the word, demagogues, these — court danglers, parasites, sycophants, (all this being implied in the term kolax, answering to the latin *scurra*. On the other hand, we admire and respect those who know no other purpose of life than the *kalon* ; who in all their thoughts and inclinations, actions and enterprizes, have nothing but this *kalon* (the consummately beautiful perfection) for their end and aim (for this in the language of our rhetoric is to stand entirely under the power and controul of the *kalon*), and by naming such a man Philoponos, and Philokalos, we think we confer upon him the highest title.” — I have been obliged to retain these two words in the original language, because they are wanting to ours, and a circumlocution here would have been improper. Their import I have already elsewhere explained ; the two together composed, according to the standard of the Greeks, an excellent man, a hero and a sage, in short a virtuoso, in the sense that lord Shaftesbury attributes to that term. Philoponos is, so to speak, the Philokalos put into consummate activity and indus-

This, dear friend, was what I contributed on my part to this social praise of beauty, omitting a great deal that I had to say, if I had not observed that the conversation was running on to an extravagant length.

HERMIPPUS. Happy were you all in the enjoyment of such a conversation! In the mean time, I thank you for your complaisance, which has enabled me to enjoy it almost as much as if I had been present.

try, — a man, who out of pure enthusiasm for the grand and beautiful, without fee or reward, renounces pleasure and ease, in order to undertake the most toilsome and arduous adventure, which no man would dare to face who was not inspired with that divine impulse, for the benefit of society and mankind; in which he heeds no danger, no pains, and is ready every instant to hazard his life in a beautiful exploit — and for this reason, because he does it all *con amore*, and simply for love of the high kalon that floats before the eyes of his mind, he calls Philoponos. And as all the beautiful in human actions and characters as well as in works of genius and art, as it were, results into the kalon as the pinnacle of human perfection; so it is now likewise clear, with how much reason the orator styles this *ἱπιμελής τῶν καλῶν* the benefactor of human society.

# PHILOPATRIS.

TRIEPHO. CRITIAS. CLEOLAUS.

TRIEPHO.

**W**HAT is the meaning of this, Critias? You are completely altered! You wander to and fro with your eye-brows bent downwards, plunged in profound meditation, as if you were brooding over some brain-splitting

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**PHILOPATRIS.** A more heinous sin against Lucian could hardly be committed, than by alleging him to be the father of this foundling, which indeed commonly passes under his name; but, in spite of all the endeavours of its real author to ape Lucian's manner even to the most insipid extravagance, is so far beneath the genius of Lucian, has so little of the urbanity and grace with which the genuine offsprings of his intellect are so richly endowed, that I should be afraid of affronting my readers, who have by this time been long enough acquainted with him, were I to waste but a word more on that subject. I might therefore (especially as the learned F. M. Gessner, likewise for other reasons, has incontrovertibly shewn, that Lucian is not the author of this piece, have dispensed myself conveniently from translating it. But as I should probably have thus disappointed the expectation of some readers, I resolved rather (following the example of Dr. Francklin, Dr. Drake and the latin and french translators) to undertake it; since whoever was the author of this piece, insignificant as it is, as a production of wit and taste, it is nevertheless, on account of its contents, as being the only work of the kind of the short reign of Julian, always in more than one respect deserving of our attention. Thus, for instance, it is a real singularity of this composition, that the author gives us openly and plainly to understand, that he favours neither the old religion, the gods of which he is not shy of turning into ridicule, nor the new, which he seems to think fanaticism, but, unwilling to be without all religion, declares for the UNKNOWN GOD of the Athenians. There were probably at that time great numbers of sober people who found themselves in the same predicament; however the author of Philopatris is the only one, at least the only one still extant, who so frankly, though with too feeble powers of mind, has ventured to adopt a kind of armed neutrality towards the two religious parties then contending for supremacy, or rather for existence. Indeed it is exactly this circumstance, which, for want of better arguments, has been generally

mystery: a deadly paleness overspreads your cheeks, as the poet says\*. Have you seen perhaps the three-headed Cerberus, or the tremendous Hecate ascending from Hades? Or has it been the will of Pronœa, that some one of the superior deities should come athwart you? For verily if you had received any tidings, that the world was soon to be destroyed, you could scarcely be in a more dismal plight. — How! my dear sir, have you then been struck with sudden deafness, that you do not hear me? Surely I bawl loud enough, and am close beside you? Are you angry with me? Or are you grown stupid? Or do you wait till I use my hands to make you attend to me?

CRITIAS. Oh, Triepho! I am come from a sermon; such a sermon!

adduced against Gessner's hypothesis, that "in all probability a later Lucian, namely a sophist of that name, who lived in the reign of the emperor Julian, was the author of *Philopatris*;" but the consideration of what is opposed to this objection in the note in p. 731, is, I think sufficient to shew its futility. The *Philopatris* therefore, in my view of it, has always the interest of an authentic document, from whence it evidently appears that there were at that time but too numerous a class of fanatical christians, and a certain intermediate species between these and the adherents to the old rites of divine worship, who, provided Julian had reigned long enough to execute his plan against christianity, would without doubt have stood up on his side, but, under his successors, in the course of conjunctures that ensued, would have been imperceptibly lost in the predominant party. I find not the slightest reason to doubt that this dialogue was composed at Constantinople, a little before Julian's death, and therefore precisely at that memorable period, when the two leading parties were, by the expectations of events that were to come, excited to the utmost; and, while the adversaries of the christian faith were elate with the successful progress of Julian's enterprizes against the Persians, and exulting in the high tide of their sanguine hopes; the christians were all occupied with melancholy prophecies of an approaching dreadful revolution of things. These latter (as every unprejudiced reader of the *Philopatris* can palpably perceive) furnished occasion to the present performance, the peculiar design whereof appears to have been, to give vent to a conceived dislike of the christians, on account of their malice against the emperor and his government, by representing them as bad citizens and malcontents pregnant with mischief, and thereby justifying by anticipation the fate that awaited them at the triumphant return of Julian. To conclude; the author methinks is more deficient in taste than in wit, and that he would have been more like his elder namesake, if he had not resolved to be too much like him.

\* *Iliad* iii. 35. The author, whose slight performance swarms throughout with lucianic reminiscences, shews himself particularly in this, as an imitator of the most tasteless and insipid kind, by speaking every moment in homeric verses and scraps of verses, so that those allusions, which communicate grace and urbanity to Lucian's works, with him become, by their unseasonable and aimless accumulation, the most disgusting pedantry.

— No; so astonishing; so incomprehensible; so labyrinthical I have never heard anything in all my life! And now, as I cannot get the stupid stuff out of my head, I stop my ears, for fear I should be forced once more to hear it; for if ill luck would have that to be the case, I should turn into stone from stupidity, and furnish the poets with matter for a new story, like Niobe of old. I was so giddy and dim-sighted, that I really believe if you had not bawled out to me so, I should have inadvertently tumbled head foremost down the rocks, and have supplied posterity with an opportunity for making a second Cleombrotus of me\*.

TRIEPHO. By Hercules! for affecting Critias to such a degree, he must have seen or heard of some supernatural occurrence — he, on whom the most crazybrained poets, and the most dull and insipid philosophers †, have no other effect than to make him believe he is hearing childish tales and the babble of blockheads.

CRITIAS. Be quiet, Triepho, and do not be so furious! Allow me but a little time! You shall not depart from me ungratified.

TRIEPHO. Well; I perceive but too plainly that what your head is labouring with is no trifle; your colour, your staring looks, your unsteady steps, that incessant rambling to and fro; in short everything about you convinces me that it must be somewhat of the mysterious and unutterable order. However, the best thing you can do is to endeavour to disburden yourself of the indigestible trash. Discharge it as soon as you can; otherwise you may get a fit of sickness from it.

CRITIAS. Then run away as fast as possible, Triepho, and convey yourself to some place of safety at the distance of a hundred paces. For if I begin you cannot be sure of not being blown up in the air at the first belch, so high that people would take you for a second Icarus, and by your fall give name to some Triephoic sea, as he did to the Icarian. For the things that I have heard to-day from these holy sophists have horribly inflated my belly.

\* A young man, whom the perusal of the platonic Phædo inspired with such an ardent desire to certify himself by personal experience of the immortality of the soul, that with the book in his hand he threw himself down from the ramparts of his native city, Ambracia, into the sea.

† Philosophers namely of that class that are parodied in the Lie-fancier. The new-platonic school at Alexandria had brought this fanatical mock-philosophy at that time into the prevailing fashion, and almost all the learned among the christians were infected with it.

TRIEPHO. I will retire as far off as you please ; so let fly as fast as you can.

CRITIAS. Fy, fy, fy! What silly nonsense! — Puh, puh, puh! What abominable propositions! Au, au, au, what groundless expectations \*!

TRIEPHO. That was a tremendous blast! How it has drove the clouds asunder! Before, a pretty strong south wind was blowing; and now you have raised at once such a furious north wind on the Propontis, that the ships are obliged to be towed with cables through the Bosphorus into the Euxine †, so powerfully do the waves roll against them from the wind you have raised! Poor man! What horrible qualms must have agitated your stomach! How your intestines must have been shook, how violently your bowels convulsed! What a clatter and tumult! your belly must have been a perfect bag-pipe ‡! But why did you listen to them so curiously? For it is clear, from the quantity of wind you drew in by hearing, that you must have been all ear! You must, incredible as it may sound, have heard to the very nails at your fingers' ends!

CRITIAS. To hear at the finger-nails should not appear to you incredible, since you know of a thigh that performed the office of a womb, of a conceiving and teeming head, of a man turned into a woman, and of women transformed into birds; and besides, if you give credit to the poets, the whole world is full of signs and wonders. But, since we are here met together, come then, let us retire beneath the shade of those plane-trees, which screen us from the sun, and we shall be agreeably entertained the while by the nightingales and swallows. The pleasing song of the birds, and the gentle rippling of the brook, will be fittest to attune our minds to a more placid key.

\* That this dull hypotyposis, strongly smelling of the Jackpudding, is altogether unworthy of Lucian, and betrays an affected imitator of his aristophanic manner, is obvious to everybody. That it may not appear to us still duller than it is, we must suppose Critias to be imitating, by his grimaces, a man almost suffocated with eructations, and at every exclamation acts as if he was somewhat relieved.

† From this passage it is so evidently clear that the scene of this dialogue is laid in Constantinople, that even Du Soul was convinced of it, dim as all the orthodox zeal, which in his note on this passage sends forth more smoke than flame, had otherwise rendered his eyes.

‡ An allusion, as Gessner observes, to a passage in the Clouds of Aristophanes, ver. 38 & seq.

TRIEPHO. Thither let us repair, Critias. But I am not yet satisfied about your business. I am dreadfully afraid lest there should be some witchcraft in what you have heard, and seeing it has had such an extraordinary effect upon you, I may be turned into a pestle or a door-bar\*.

CRITIAS, *laughing*. I swear by Jupiter Ætherius, no harm shall happen to you.

TRIEPHO. You frighten me still more, now you swear by Jupiter. For if you have sworn falsely, what could he do to you for it? You know as well as I how matters stand with your Jupiter.

CRITIAS, *with affected gravity*. How, sir? Shall not Jupiter be able to send a man down to Tartarus? Know you not, that he once turned out all the gods together over the thrice holy threshold of Olympus, and struck down Salmoneus, who wanted to mock him, by a stroke of lightning, from his brazen car? And that he to this day blasts wicked and insolent rascals to perdition? Do you think the poets, but chiefly Homer, bestow on him the lofty names of Titantamer and Giantqueller for their mere amusement?

TRIEPHO. I must own what you have alleged concerning Jupiter out of the poets, Critias, does him the utmost honour. But let us reverse the medal. Did not this same Jupiter for very lewdness turn himself into a swan and a satyr; aye, even a bull? And if he had not taken his little minx upon his back and swam across the mediterranean sea with her, who can tell what might have happened to him? Perhaps some honest boor would have laid hold on him and yoked him to his plough, and your mighty thunder-and-lightning-darter would now, instead of acting the sovereign of the world, have been feeling the goad and the whip †. Should it not have shamed him to the heart, with such a great beard as he has got, to sit carousing with the Æthiopians, who, by the way, are as black as crows, and tope and revel with them, twelve sundays in succession? For of his transformation into an eagle, and what passed upon

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\* See the *Lie-fancier*, vol. I. p. 114.

† A conceit, which our Lucian the younger has stole from the Momus of his elder namesake. See the *Council of the Gods*, vol. I. p. 515. But the whole dialogue is, like the *æsoian crow*, decked out with lucianic feathers, as the reader will himself perceive, without the necessity of my reminding him of the passages whence he has plucked them.

Ida, and of his being pregnant all over his body, I am ashamed to say a word.

CRITIAS. Then we should perhaps swear by Apollo, friend, who is at once an excellent physician and a great prophet?

TRIEPHO. What! by that lying fortune-teller, who ruined honest Cræsus and the Salaminians\*, and ten thousand others, by his ambiguous oracles?

CRITIAS. By Neptune then; who, with his trident in his hand, can cry out as piercingly and terribly in war, as nine or ten thousand men could do †, and moreover bears the terrific surname of Earthshaker?

TRIEPHO. By that vile adulterer, who corrupted so infamously the daughter of Salmoneus, Tyro ‡, and who is not only committing so many adulteries himself, but is the great patron and protector of all that are like him! For when Mars was caught with his beloved Venus in the inextricable net, and all the other deities for shame were silent, did not the Horsetamer Poseidon cry like an old bawd, or a little boy afraid of his schoolmaster's rod §, at seeing the poor lovers fallen into such a disaster? Did not he lay constant siege to Vulcan to set his dear Ares free, till the poor limping devil || yielded to his request, and out of pity to the old god set the gallant of his faithful spouse at liberty? Is there need of anything more than this warm interest which he took in the adulterers, in order to know what we are to think of himself?

CRITIAS. What if it be by Mercury?

TRIEPHO. Let me not hear a word of that mischievous slave of the archprofligate Jupiter, who on this head is as licentious as anybody in the world δ!

\* Here the author's memory deceives him. Not the Salaminians but the Persians had cause to complain of the famous oracle: How many babes, o divine Salamis, wilt thou destroy! if it had been given them. See the Jupiter Tragedy.

† This Homer says of Mars, Iliad, v. 860.

‡ See, in the Conversations of the Sea-gods, the dialogue between Neptune and Enipeus.

§ Hereof Homer, after whom this celestial anecdote is repeated in a scurrilous tone, says not a word.

|| Τὸ δὲ ἀμφίχολος τῦτο δαιμόνιον.

δ) Although Mercury is treated very cavalierly in the comedies of Aristophanes, he was nevertheless one of the superior deities, and of those whom the Latins called *majorum gentium*. He

CRITIAS. Of Mars and Venus you have spoke so irreverently that I can easily foresee you will not admit of them. Therefore nothing of those two! But there is yet Minerva, that virgin goddess, who always goes in complete armour, and by the gorgon-head which she wears upon her breast, keeps even the most presumptuous in awe. Against her you can have nothing to object?

TRIEPHO. Against her too, if you will answer me.

CRITIAS. Let us hear.

TRIEPHO. Tell me then, Critias, of what use is the gorgon-head which this goddess wears before her breast?

CRITIAS. To look terrific, and thereby to secure herself from all attacks. In war by means of it she deprives the enemy of courage, and decides the victory on whichever side she will.

TRIEPHO. That is the cause then that the blue-eyed goddess is invincible?

CRITIAS. Most assuredly.

TRIEPHO. Why then do we not rather sacrifice our hind-quarters of our bulls and goats to the gorgo, than to her who is beholden to that for her own safety? Wherefore do we not turn directly to that, that it may render us as invincible as Minerva?

CRITIAS. Because the gorgo cannot save at a distance, as the deities can, but only to him who wears it before him.

TRIEPHO. Will you be so good, since you have made such vast discoveries, and seem to have set the whole affair to rights, as to inform me what this gorgo properly is? For, I must confess, that the bare name is all that I know of it.

was a goodnatured sort of a god however, putting up with all sorts of insults where his personal emolument was concerned; and even assisting thieves to conceal their villainy, provided he could come in for a share of the booty. A festival was celebrated in honour of him on the 13th of the month anthesterion (answering to our november), which was called the marmites, in which a cauldron full of choice viands of every kind was offered to him. The fourth day of the month was dedicated to him, on which they offered to him certain little cakes or buns. I have added the words of the month, which are not found in Aristophanes, that none may suppose the fourth day of the week is alluded to, which in latin bears the name of Mercury. The jews had weeks of seven days, which terminated on the sabbath, and which the christians have retained after them. The Greeks and Romans however never computed time by weeks of seven days, but divided the month into *nundinae*, or market-days, which fell on every ninth day successively.

CRITIAS. It was formerly a very beautiful and amiable virgin. But ever since Perseus, a valiant man and famous for his magical arts\*, by the virtue of his spells artfully cut off her head, the goddess serves herself of this head as a shield.

TRIEPHO. That is too learned, I own, for me! I cannot comprehend how it can be an honour to the gods to have need of men. But to return to the gorgo; what was she good for while her head was yet standing between her shoulders? Did she openly carry on the hetære-trade, or was she so discreet in conducting her affairs, that she notwithstanding always passed for a virgin †?

CRITIAS. By the Unknown ‡, at Athens! she was and continued to be a virgin till her head was cut off.

TRIEPHO. If we then cut off the head of the first virgin we meet, would it become a scarecrow? If so, how many gorgon-heads I could have brought with me from the isle of Crete, where at least some thousands of virgins, not long ago, were hewed in pieces §. What an invincible military hero might I have made of you! And how far above Perseus would the poets and orators have extolled me, as the discoverer of so many gorgons! But having chanced to mention Crete, it brings to mind

\* Who besides this author ever made Perseus a conjuror I have never heard.

† Heraclitus, the unknown author of a still extant book, *De Incredilibus*, is the only one who makes a hetære of Medusa, and explains the fable respecting her from this hypothesis.—The insipidity of the author in the whole of this babble about the gorgo is beneath all criticism.

‡ Namely, by the unknown god of the Athenians! Critias would certify to his friend upon oath of the virginity of Medusa (against the slander of Heraclitus); and it suddenly occurring to him, that, as Triepho will not allow the validity of any of the known gods, he can think of no better resource in the perplexity than to swear by the Unknown, whose altar St. Paul discovered at Athens. So I explain to myself this intended joke.

§ What the author means by the ten thousand virgins that, he says, were hewed piecemeal in the isle of Crete, remains, notwithstanding all the endeavours of interpreters, an insolvable problem, as nothing of it is discoverable in the historians and other writers of the time that can afford us a key to it. Gessner indeed thinks he has found it in a passage of the second invective of Gregory Nazianzen in abuse of the emperor Julian, where the subject is respecting some christian nuns who were reported to have been torn to pieces by the inhabitants of a petty syrian town named Arethusa. But what could induce Triepho, of a few nuns of Arethusa in Syria to make ten thousand virgins in Crete? I cannot however sufficiently admire the faith of honest Moses Du Soul, who believes the eleven thousand virgins of saint Ursula to be here meant!

that they shewed me the very tomb of your Jupiter, and which is still at this day in the ever-verdant vale where it is said his mother kept him concealed.

CRITIAS. Your virgin-heads would not have much availed you, because you are unacquainted with the magical sentences and mysteries appertaining thereto and necessary for producing the effect of the gorgon-head.

TRIEPHO, *laughing*. I really did not think of that! But so much the better, Critias; if charms and incantations can perform such wonders, why should not they call up the defunct from the realms of the dead, and bring them back to the sweet light of day! — However, let us leave to the poets the pleasure of applauding themselves on the invention of these insipid fancies and childish tales, as much as they will!

CRITIAS. What think you then of Juno, who is at once Jupiter's sister and his wife? You will surely deem her admissible?

TRIEPHO. Fy! Of her, facts are known that are not to be spoke of! Let her hang for ever with two anvils at her feet between heaven and earth, as she was once hung up by her own brother and husband\*.

CRITIAS. Whom then after all shall I swear by?

TRIEPHO, *solemnly*. By the high-throned god, great, ethereal, and eternal; the son of the father, the spirit proceeding from the father: one out of three, and three out of one. Let him be thy Jupiter! Him style thou god!

CRITIAS. You require then an arithmetical oath? You reckon these in defiance of Nicomachus of Gerosa †! But I do not perfectly understand what you mean by your One Three and Three One. Is it intended to imply the tetractys of Pythagoras? or the ogdoas and triacas? ‡ —

TRIEPHO, *interrupting*. Silence, friend, on things unutterable §! We have not here to do with calculating the skips of a flea by a flea-foot-rule ||. I will teach you what the All is, and who was before the universe, and

\* Iliad xv. where Jupiter in a fit of ill humour, the cause of which does not redound to his honour, reminds his wife of this indecency as having formerly happened to her.

† Of whom two books of arithmetic are still extant.

‡ The Valentinians — of whom this dull wittling seems to have heard something.

§ A verse from a tragedy.

|| Alluding to a well-known passage in the Clouds, where a scholar of the travestied Socrates relates how he had caught his master calculating how many flea-feet high a flea could leap.

upon what plan the universe is produced. For very lately much about the same thing happened to me, which now occurs to you. I came athwart a certain bald pated, big nosed Galilæan, who in one of his aëreal rambles got into the third heaven \*, and there I suppose learnt the surprising things he reported. He renovated me by water, released me from the kingdom of the ungodly, and brought me to the path of the blessed. If you will hearken to me, I can make you likewise a real man.

CRITIAS. Say on, o transcendently illuminated Triepho; I tremble in all my limbs from expectation.

TRIEPHO. Did you ever read "the Birds" of Aristophanes?

CRITIAS. Oh, certainly!

TRIEPHO. Perhaps then you recollect the passage,

Chaos and night, black Erebus were there,  
And Tartarus profound: for neither air  
Nor earth nor sky nor poles did yet appear.

CRITIAS. Very well! And what then?

TRIEPHO. There was an unfading, invisible, incomprehensible light. This light dispelled the darkness, and put an end to all the chaotic deformity, by one word by him pronounced, as the man with the slow tongue † has left it in writing. He placed the earth upon the water, spread out the heavens, formed the planets, which you worship as gods, and regulated

\* Julian not only denominated the christians himself no otherwise than the Galilæans, but even commanded by an edict that in future they should no longer be called christians, but Galilæans, throughout the roman empire. In pursuance of this imperial decree Triepho here calls the man by whom he was initiated in the christian mysteries, a Galilæan; and this single circumstance would be sufficient to prove that the Philopatris was composed during Julian's reign. By the addition, a man, who on his travels in the air, got into the third heaven, he alludes indeed to a known passage of the apostle Paul, but in all appearance would imply no more by it, than that his mystagogue in christianity was likewise a great man in his order.

† Moses, Exod. iv. 10. The word βραδύγλωσσος is borrowed by Triepho from the LXX. Besides, Moses, as everybody knows, makes light the first creature, not the first principle of all things. But the christian theologues of the time when Philopatris was composed speak of the Supreme Being in the very expressions that Triepho employs. Thus, for example, our holy father Gregory of Nazianzen (who just now happens to lie by me) in many parts of his discourses uniformly styles God, the consummate Light, an inaccessible, invariable, infinite, immense, eternally beaming and three-beaming, τριλάμπρος, light, &c.

their course. But the earth he adorned with flowers, and drew forth man from what was not, into existence. And now he looks down from heaven upon the just and unjust, writes down all that every one does in books, and will, on a day that he has appointed, reward them according to their deserts.

CRITIAS. And what the Parcæ have spun for everyone, is that also entered in the books?

TRIEPHO, *looking surprised*. What should that be?

CRITIAS. I mean what the Heimarmene has predetermined for everyone.

TRIEPHO. Aha! — Excellent, my dear Critias! If you begin to talk of the Parcæ, talk away! Now I will be your scholar again, and listen attentively to you.

CRITIAS. Well then, does not Homer, the famous poet, say in so many words :

For the Parcæ no mortal has ever escaped? Iliad vi. 488.

and of the great Hercules :

The great Alcides strives in vain with fate,  
Vanquished by that and partial Juno's hate ;  
Though the dear son of all-controlling Jove  
He must the victim of the Parcæ prove. Iliad xviii. 117.

Aye, that the whole of human life and all the events are predisposed by fate, we are taught in the following passage :

Whatever web the Parcæ at his birth  
For him have wove, that is his fate on earth\*.

Thus he says, for example, in another place, that it is destiny that detains us often against our will in a foreign land :

King Æolus had kindly sent him home ;  
The Parcæ doomed him longer still to roam. Odys. xxiii. 314.

So that we have the clearest evidence of the poet for it, that whatever happens to us is under the influence of the Parcæ. Jupiter himself cannot interfere to save his son Sarpedon

From dire relentless death ;

but

Only wept showers of bloody tears like rain,  
Paternal tears for loved Patroclus slain. Il. xiv. 442. and 459.

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\* From an address of Juno to Neptune and Minerva. Iliad xx. 127. The author quotes the passage from memory with his own alterations.

Such being the case, my dear Triepho, you will not, I trust, require me to add a single word with reference to the Parcæ, even though you may have peeped with your master aforesaid into heaven, and been initiated in the unutterable things\*.

TRIEPHO. But how comes it, Critias, that this same poet speaks of a twofold destiny, wavering this way and that? That namely when a man acts thus, this consequence ensues; if he act otherwise, likewise another event follows? So, for example, Achilles says of himself:

My fate long since by Thetis was disclosed,  
And this or that, or life or fame, proposed;  
Here if I stay before the trojan town,  
Short is my date, but deathless my renown;  
If I go home, I quit immortal praise  
For years on years of dull inglorious days. Il. ix. 400.

And of Euchenor he says:

Who went to sea, when well-informed of fate  
For Polyidos told his future state,  
That he at home should of distemper die,  
Or, slain by Trojans, midst the Greeks should lie. Il. xiii. 665.

What say you to that, Critias? Will you deny that these verses are from Homer? or will you give honour to truth, by confessing that by such ambiguous destinies, by such double-dealing, we are infallibly led on to one side or the other? However, if you are not yet satisfied, I can convince you by Jupiter's own words: for does he not tell Ægisthus, that, if he abstained from the adultery with Clytemnestra and the treacherous murder of Agamemnon, the fates had decreed him a long life; but that if he contracted the guilt of these crimes, his death would be accelerated? After this method of predicting, I am likewise a prophet, and have more than once acted in that character: if you kill your neighbour, the magistrate will kill you in return; if you do not, you will continue to live:

And not so soon the appointed hour shall come. Il. x. 416.

You see how indefinite, ambiguous and vague, the declarations and fictions of the poets are. If you will be advised, therefore, let them all alone, as you expect to have your name enrolled in the register of the just in heaven!

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\* Again a wicked joke.

CRITIAS. Oh; vastly fine! you are come back to the place where we imperceptibly lost ourselves! Tell me then, first of all, dear Triepho, are the affairs of the Scythians recorded in heaven?

TRIEPHO. And those of all nations in the world, wherever there is a good man to be found\*.

CRITIAS. There must then be a pretty good number of clerks kept in heaven to set down everything?

TRIEPHO. Speak not so lightly and unbecomingly of the true god, but hearken to me with the credulous docility of a catechumen, if you wish to have eternal life. If he spread out the heavens like a hide †, founded the earth upon water, formed the stars, and produced mankind out of what was not, what is there so incredible in what you are told of the actions of every man being noted down? If in your small house not the least particular of what your man-servants and your maid-servants do is concealed from you; shall not the god who created all things, survey without trouble what each of his creatures thinks and does! Your gods indeed can do no such thing; and therefore they have long since been good for nothing, but for men of sense to make a jest of ‡.

CRITIAS. You talk charmingly, and have wrought a miracle upon me, which is exactly the story of Niobe inverted: she was turned from a human being into a stone; you from a stone have made me into a man. By that god therefore I swear to you, that no harm shall befall you through my means.

TRIEPHO. If you love me from your heart and with sincerity you will not deal deceitfully with me,

Nor will you one thing think, another say §.

Therefore let nothing any longer detain you from imparting the wonderful

\* To what purpose this condition by which the author contradicts himself? For he said before (and will presently again say so) that the actions of all men are set down.

† Psalm civ. 2. Triepho, as we perceive, is not ill-read in his LXX.

‡ This seems a strong expression under the reign of Julian, even in the mouth of an exchristian, as the deist Triepho was. But in the first place the author had in his favour the universal toleration, which Julian had granted to all kinds of sects and creeds; and secondly the emperor's opinion also led the same way by his intention to restore the old religion, reformed and purged from the gross, vulgar notions founded upon it. Besides, the author uses the privilege of the dialogue, to make each person speak in consistency with his proper character.

§ Again an homeric verse, Il. ix. 313.

things you have heard, that I likewise may have the pleasure to shudder and turn pale, and become quite a different thing from what I am. Only I beseech you, make no Niobe of me; if I must be transformed, change me into a pretty singing-bird, somewhat like the nightingale, that I may tragedize in the verdant meads the story of your marvellous extacy.

CRITIAS. By the son of the father! it shall not so badly come to pass.

TRIEPHO. Speak then as the spirit gives you utterance \*! I in the mean time will sit here in silence, waiting

Till my Achilles has finished his song. Iliad. ix. 191.

CRITIAS. Going this morning to buy some necessaries, I saw a great mob got together, whispering to one another, so that the lips of one seemed to grow to the ears of the other. Curious to know what this might mean, I looked everywhere round, and in order to see the more acutely, I held my bended hand above my eyebrows, to see whether I could discover any of my acquaintance. At length I descried the police-officer, Crato with whom I have been intimate from a boy.

TRIEPHO. I know the man, I think — you speak of the tax-collector †? Well! and how then?

CRITIAS. I pushed through the crowd, making my way with both my elbows, till I got near enough to give him the customary morning salutation, and then attempting to advance close to him, my attention was excited by a terrible snuffing and coughing. Turning round, I perceived a certain Charicenus, a little asthmatic old fellow, and after he had hawked and spit out a part of his nasty rotten lungs, in a faint, husky voice, he proceeded, with frequent interruptions, by his cough I suppose, in his speech: “This man therefore, as I said, will absolve the tax-gatherers from all responsibility respecting their arrears, pay the creditors their demands, and, in one word, release and cashier ‡ all debts of private persons,

\* Triepho, as an exchristian, affects the then familiar forms and phrases of his former brethren.

† Ἐξισωτής. These exisotes were as it appears a class of collectors of the taxes which every citizen and subject of the roman empire was bound to pay to the government, whose peculiar office it was to gather in the arrears, or to take care that all paid alike.

‡ Who he was, in whose name Charicenus promises the rabble that were listening to him such good times, it is, I think, from the combination of the whole, easy to guess. But whether he absolved them from sin-guiltiness, and is only misunderstood by Critias, or whether he pertinaciously would not understand him, that he might be enabled to ridicule him, or whether

as well as of the government." The like and still more nauseous stuff this good man enthusiastically poured forth, while the surrounding multitude listened to the novelties he announced to them with profound attention and evident marks of delight.

Now another, named Cleuocharmus, attracted notice, a fellow in an old threadbare cloak, without shoes and bare-headed, said, with chattering teeth; that he had met a man, as sorrowfully clad as himself, with a shorn crown, who came down from the mountains\* and shewed the name of him who was to do all this, engraved in the theatre in hieroglyphic characters, affirming, at the same time, that he would inundate the

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Charicenus really held out hopes to his hearers of a golden age, so agreeable to their wishes, of the exemption from all burdensome dues and taxes in the proper meaning of the term, may be left to the reader to determine. I think certainly that the hypothesis that this dialogue was composed in the reign of Julian, diffuses a strong light over this passage, as well as over the whole. Julian resolved, with good reason, no longer to allow of the privileges and exemptions which the clergy, already increased *in immensum*, had obtained or usurped under the two former administrations, and insisted upon it, that every man should render to Cæsar what was due to Cæsar. They however were of the same sentiments with our holy father St. Gregory of Nazianzen, and asserted that, "the priests and monks should have nothing for Cæsar, but all for God." See his 9th discourse, p. 159. edit. Paris, 1630. Among the infinite number of officers appointed for regulating and receiving the revenues of the empire and the ordinary as well as the extraordinary taxation, there were about this time no small number of christians, who, as it is easy to suppose, favoured by all possible means their brethren in general, and their holy fathers in particular; and, instead of collecting from them the assessed taxes, referred them in their accounts as remainders, *ἑλλείματα*, or *reliqua*, as the cameral style then was, in hopes that Christ would soon enfranchise his church by the extermination of the antichristian tyrant and apocalyptic monster Julian, and, under a new orthodox emperor, relieve both the restants from all debts and the receivers from all responsibility on account of their indulgence, which Julian absolutely would not and could not tolerate. — By adopting then, as I said, the hypothesis of Gessner, all that is contained in this little fragment of the sermon of the fictitious Charicenus, will be tolerably clear, as far as the incurable, or to us at least totally unintelligible words, καὶ τὰς ἘΙΡΑΜΑΤΤΑΣ δίδεται, μὴ ἐξέλθον τῆς τέχνης, to which, in my judgment, all the endeavours of the learned to give them a tolerable meaning have proved ineffectual, and which I rather chose to omit, than, with Gessner and his faithful repeaters, translate: *recipiet etiam vanos futuri conjectores, non astimans illos ex arte* — which at least Charicenus cannot have said, since it is not to be believed, that he would even invent a new barbaro-greek word for the purpose of making the people of his own order ridiculous.

\* Gessner observes that the cynical exterior of these two quidams was the ordinary costume of the ascetics and eremites of those days.

highway with gold\*. — Now, I could no longer forbear putting in a word. If, said I, the rules of the famous interpreters of dreams Aristander and Artemidorus are to be trusted, these splendid dreams betoken you not much good. You [*to Charicenus*] will be the more indebted, the more you have paid in your dream; and you [*to Cleuocharmus*] will, by the inundation of gold, which you have dreamed of, be reduced to your last farthing. For you must absolutely have been both asleep on Homer's white rock † amid the people of dreams ‡, since you have dreamt so furiously in these short nights. — Hence arose such an immoderate laughter among these people at my stupid ignorance, that I thought they would never be able to fetch their breath again. Turning therefore to my friend Crato; have I then, said something so extremely beside the purpose, Crato? and must not you agree that I rightly interpreted the dreams of these gentlemen agreeably to the rules which Aristander and Artemidorus, have left us, on the art of interpreting dreams? — Let us have no more of such speeches, Caitias, returned my friend: for if you can resolve to hold your tongue, I will be your mystagogue, and reveal to you glorious secrets, and which are even now in operation. For, do not imagine, that the question here is concerning dreams; all is perfectly real, and will surely come to pass before the end of the month Mesori §. On hear-

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\* It is not impossible that the author (agreeably to Gessner's conjecture) had heard somewhat about the new Jerusalem in the Apocalypœ, which is of pure gold, and has twelve gates, each whereof is of one pearl, and where the streets are pure gold like a transparent glass. Little solid knowledge as he had of Christ and his religion, he seems however to have snapped up a good deal of the peculiar diction and phraseology of the christians of his time, which he occasionally had the art of introducing into this essay, as the attentive reader will have already often remarked.

† *Odys.* xxiv. at the beginning.

‡ Aristander, a famous soothsayer and expounder of signs in the service of Alexander, is sufficiently known from Plutarch and Curtius. Of Artemidorus a book is still extant on the art of interpreting dreams, which in this department of the Rock-philosophy is a classical work.

§ The ægyptian month Mesori answered to our August. Why Crato states the month before the expiration of which the announced glorious events were to come to pass, exactly in its ægyptian name, he had probably no other reason, than to give the business an air of mystery. It is not that however which renders these words of Crato remarkable. The confident tone it is, in which he announces the glorious things, τὰ κάλλιστα, which are already in operation, τὰ νῦν γιγνόμενα, and will come to pass before the end of August. The antichrist Julian, in whose death the

ing my friend speak in this tone, I was so ashamed and offended, that he should so give into their fooleries, that I blushed as red as scarlet; and I was on the point of walking away, with all the displeasure in my countenance that I could express, not without seriously reproofing Crato. But one of them, with a fierce and titanic aspect, laid hold on the skirt of my garment; and, at the instigation of that old little apish devil that spoke first, asked me to go and hear an elegant sermon that he was to deliver.

After much and long altercation, in an evil hour I suffered myself to be persuaded to trust to those artful jugglers, Crato having assured me that he was initiated in all their mysteries. We went therefore as if we were going down to Tartarus, through the iron gates and over the brazen threshold \*; but, instead of descending, we went up a long-winding staircase into such a magnificently gilded hall, that I thought myself transported into the palace of Menelaus, in old Homer †. Here I contemplated all that was to be seen, with no less curiosity than that young islander: but instead of the beautiful Helena, whom he had a sight of, I saw nothing except pale spectres of men hanging down their heads to the ground, but on seeing us enter, came to meet us, and with an apparently encouraging countenance, asked: whether we brought them some sad news? For they gave us plainly enough to understand, that they prayed to heaven only for misfortune, and, like the Furies on the stage, took delight in what would be to others the greatest affliction ‡. Then, laying

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christians were so infinitely interested, died of the wound he had received from an arrow in an engagement with the Persians, a. c. 363. the 26th of June, and at the end of August, the christians were once more under Jovian, the predominant party. Now compare all this with the dispositions of the clergy towards Julian, the rage which prevails in the abominable Parentation that Gregorius Nazianzenus held against him; the remarkable words of Athanasius on his being banished from Ægypt by Julian, "it is only a transient light cloud;" the still more significant expression of an Antiochian who, being asked a few days before Julian's death, what is your carpenter doing? answered, he is framing a coffin for Julian, — and you will follow of yourself the track to which these footsteps lead!

\* Iliad, viii. 15.

† Probably in the private house of a noble or wealthy christian. At least there is no reason existing for supposing it to be a magnificent christian basilica that is here meant, and Baronius and Cave fondly dream.

‡ Critias speaks as one of the party of the emperor, but who in the eyes of the christians was an apocalyptic monster, on whose overthrow depended the triumph of the cause of God. According to their ideas and with their burning zeal for a revolution, which in their view was the restoration of the kingdom of God and of Christ, they could do no less than pray to heaven for

their heads together, they whispered I cannot tell what in the ears of one another, and at length asked me :

Say, who? whence hither come? thy parents who?

By your appearance you seem to be a good man. The good, as far as I can see, are scarce, answered I; my name is Critias, and my country is likewise yours. Now the air-walkers asked me, what news in the city and in the world? Everybody is merry, returned I, and they will presently have more reason to be merry. Then, all at once knitting their brows, That can never be, said they; the city is big with ruin! That indeed you ought to know best, answered I in their own way, since you are hovering so high above the earth, you must see everything beneath you from a more elevated point of view, and therefore must have ascertained this likewise most clearly\*. But, if I may take the liberty of putting a question to you — What is going forward in the ethereal regions? Will the sun soon be eclipsed, when the moon comes perpendicularly under him? Will Mars be in a tetragonal aspect to Jupiter, and Saturn stand diametrical to the sun? Will not Aphrodite [Venus] presently come in conjunction with Hermes [Mercury], to fabricate for us new hermaphrodites, in whom you take so much delight †? Shall we quickly be laid under water by the bursting of a large cloud, or not till the harvest is got in? Are we to expect hail or mildew, pestilence or famine? Will the magazine of thunder and lightning be full soon enough to be emptied?

This was water to their mill; I had brought them to their darling topic; and they ran on with inward satisfaction; and, as if they were perfectly right in their habitual prophecies, that shortly a great revolution would take place, that in the city all would be turned topsy-turvy, and our

the destruction of the kingdom of the devil and his instrument Julian. The ecclesiastical writers of that time are the most credible witnesses, that no wrong is done them by the dispositions here ascribed to them.

\* The tone of extreme levity in which Lucian here derides the evil-prognosticating christians, deserves to be remarked, because we thence perceive how little our author, when he wrote this pamphlet, presaged, that the pretended dreams of these people would so speedily be accomplished. On the contrary, he for his part was so cheerful and gay, that the confident assurance with which Crato had even ascertained the time of the near approaching revolution never once occurred to him.

† Because hermaphrodites were reckoned among the ill-omened *monstra*.

armies be knocked on the head by the enemy. Here, I own my patience was worn out; I swelled up like the oak set on fire \*, cried as loud as I could: Cease your vain vain-boastings, ye wicked wretches, and no longer whet your teeth against lion-hearted men †, who

Breathe darts and spears and glittering crested helms.

All the mischiefs which you denounce against your country shall fall upon your own heads. For that ye have not ascended up into heaven and there heard these things, we know, as well as that ye are no such great astrologers, as to have discovered them by the help of your science. And if ye suffer yourselves to be deceived by the prophecies and juggles of other people you thereby demonstrate your stupid ignorance only so much the more. For they are nothing but the idle conceits and amusements of old dotards, and only feeble-minded creatures of that class can be silly enough to be imposed upon by such nonsense and stupidity.

TRIEPHO. And what said these heads shorn of understanding ‡, as well as shaven crowns, say to this attack?

CRITIAS. Oh! they knew how to come off in a masterly manner. Without entering upon what I had said to them, they assured me that they spent ten days in fasting and as many nights in watching and psalm-singing, and then these dreams visited them.

TRIEPHO. And what could you reply to this? For what they urged carries great plausibility with it, and is an affair on which much may be said, both for and against. §.

CRITIAS. Be under no concern about that. I stood firm. I gave them

\* In allusion to the 883d verse in the Frogs of Aristophanes.

† Allusions to homeric and aristophanic phrases, particularly to verse 1048 in the Frogs.

‡ The christians of these times used to distinguish themselves by the short cut of their hair, and the monks perhaps by the smooth shaven head.

§ This I take to be the meaning of the expression, *μέγα γὰρ ἴφισσαν, καὶ διηπορημένον*. But why does Triepho say it? I am surprised that Gessner was not struck with it, since, unless I am much mistaken, it helps to confirm and elucidate his hypothesis. If we admit that the author of Philopatris intended to pay his court to the emperor Julian, it is conceivable why he puts these words in the mouth of Triepho, namely, to avoid the appearance, as if, by making Critias speak so contemptuously of the reveries of the christians, he set at nought dreams and oneirology in general. For Julian himself was (in consequence of his enthusiastic philosophy, or rather theurgy,) infected with a vehement faith in these matters, and frequently passed whole nights in a temple, with a view to procure himself, by abstinence and enthusiastic devotions, holy dreams and divine revelations.

the proper answer that belonged to them. It is true then, said I, what is currently reported in town concerning you, that you are in the habit of seeing all these things in your dreams? — But, they returned, with a grinning hoarse-laugh, they come to us besides when we are in bed. — And even if that be true, my æthereal gentlemen, replied I, you never discover the future with certainty; but, deluded by your visions, are always chattering about things that neither are nor ever can be. Besides, I should be glad to know, how, by mere faith in your dreams, you can have such an antipathy to everything that other honest men love, and such a joy in mischief and misfortune, although you gain nothing by it\*. Dismiss therefore, if you will be advised, these singular fancies and malignant denunciations and prophecies, lest God should be provoked, for your ill-will to the country and all the disasters you are incessantly prophecying and secretly wishing for, to inflict upon you some severe punishment. — This wellmeant warning exasperated them all furiously against me, and they scolded me so horribly, that I stood like a post, and could not utter a sound more, till your benevolent address dissolved the petrification and made me again a man. If you are desirous to hear a proof of it —

TRIEPHO, *interrupting*. Peace, peace, good Critias! Not a word more of these fooleries! You see what a sad effect that which I have already heard has had upon me, and how I am inflated! Such mad stuff is as infectious as the bite of a mad dog, and if I do not take an antidote forthwith to make me forget it, I am sore afraid I shall suffer severely from the very recollection of it, if it remains in my memory. Let therefore the fools alone; and without more ado repeat the paternoster and the great doxology with me †. — But who comes yonder, tripping along in so much haste? Is not it Critolaus? Shall we call to him, Critias?

CRITIAS. Very willingly.

\* They knew better.

† This namely was the magical incantation whereby he was to purge his mind from that fatal impression. In the greek: τὴν εὐχὴν ἀπὸ Πατρὸς ἀρεξάμενος, καὶ τὴν πολυάνυμνον ἥδην εἰς τέλος ἐπιθίς. There is no doubt that he understands by the former the paternoster and the other what is called the great doxology; αἰῶμεν σε, ἐλογίζομεν σε, προσκυνῶμεν σε, δοξομοῦμεν σε, εὐχαριστοῦμεν σε, κ. τ. λ. We praise thee, we magnify thee, we worship thee, &c. By the πολυάνυμνον ἥδην Joannes Gregorius understands the clause in the Lord's prayer, for thine is the kingdom, &c.

**TRIEPHO.** Cleolaus! Cleolaus! Would you run by us? Come hither, and let us bid you welcome, especially if you bring us news.

**CLEOLAUS.** My salutation to the noble pair of friends!

**TRIEPHO.** May we ask why you are in so great a hurry, that you have almost run yourself out of breath? Is there any particular news?

**CLEOLAUS.**

Fall'n is the persian pride and antient fame,  
Susa, the glorious town, has lost its name,  
Soon must Arabia all her power forego,  
And yield her wealth to the victorious foe.

**CRITIAS.** A fresh example,

That God the good man never will neglect,  
But bless, adorn, and with his care protect\*.

We, dear Triepho, have reason to speak well of fortune. I confess, it has often been matter of concern to me, what I can bequeath at my decease to my children. As you see, I make no secret of my poverty; since you are as well acquainted with my circumstances, as I am with yours. But now I feel no concern for my children; they have need of nothing but that the emperor should live; with him we shall be in no want of riches, and no nation can any more inspire us with terror †.

**TRIEPHO.** I too, Critias, leave to mine the happiness of seeing the times, when Babylon shall be destroyed ‡, Ægypt subdued §, the Persians subjugated, and the inroads of the Scythians checked—would heaven they might be so for ever! In the mean time, my friend, let us adore the

\* The rage of this author for making all his characters speak preposterously in verses, is the more extraordinary, as he knew of nothing better to do?

† The author simply enough betrays the by-end of his essay (if perhaps it was not clandestinely his principal object) artfully on this occasion to let the emperor know where the shoe pinched him.

‡ Antient Babylon had long since been no more; but Seleucia was at that time by the Greeks usually called Babylon.

§ Ægypt, where the christians composed by far the greater number, and could fill the thebaic wilderness with holy fauns and sylvans, had shewn itself peculiarly disaffected and seditious towards the emperor Julian, and would probably, if the persian war had terminated successfully, have for the first time felt his heavy hand.

unknown God of the Athenians \*, and on bended knees and with uplifted hands render thanks to him for having been deemed worthy to be the subjects of so great a prince. Let others, for anything we care, rave and chatter as much as they will, we shall calmly look on, and say with the proverb : What cares Hippocleides †!

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\* Inasmuch as Triepho is the representative of a real character, and perhaps the author himself, he appears to belong to a class which at that time may have been pretty numerous. He was by profession a sophist, or literary man, and had, either out of curiosity, or on account of the advantages which in the reigns of Constantine and Constantius were connected with the profession of christianity, for some time been attached to the christians. In the reign of Julian the latter motive was done away; it was now on the contrary a recommendation to declare against them. Being now no longer heathen or christian, and under Julian a man might dare be anything but an atheist; he in the interim attached himself to the unknown god at Athens (whom we are acquainted with from the Acts of the Apostles) or was what we denominate a deist.

† And thus this imitator ends with Lucian, as he had begun with him.

# TRAGOPODAGRA,

## A TRAGI-COMIC DRAMA.

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PODAGER. CHORUS. PODAGRA. A MESSENGER. TWO  
QUACK-DOCTORS. THE TORMENTS.

PODAGER.

AH, cursed name! abhorred by gods and men,  
Pitiless Podagra, Cocytus born,  
That in the darkest depths of Tartarus  
From her womb Megæra Erinny's dropt,  
And Alecto from her empoisoned dugs  
Distilled into thy lips corrosive milk,  
What wicked dæmon in an evil hour  
Brought thee to light, dire plague to mortal man?  
For if the dead, in Pluto's drear domain,  
For sins committed in the upper world

---

TRAGOPODAGRA. A composition, by which Lucian, if I mistake not, on some favourable day, sought to beguile the tedious hours of a poor creature lying bound by the Gout on his couch, and is as rich in wit and humour as could possibly be desired of a man writing a poem afflicted by Podagra. Besides that the text has suffered much under the talons of the transcribers, and waits for the repairing hand of a Hemsterhuys, there are other causes lying no less in the subject itself, in the diction, in the costume of the grecian theatre which it retains, and in the mimicked manner of the tragic and comic poets of the Greeks, why this elegant production of the lucianic muse must lose in every translation. I hope, however, through this imperfect attempt enough of the spirit of the original will be transparent, for discerning again in this sportive little tragedy, the poet of Timon, of the Confabulations of the deities, and so many other dramatical scenes in prose which have been already perused with pleasure.

Must still atone, oh then should Tantalus  
 Not thirst, Ixion on the torturing wheel  
 Not groan, nor Sisyphus for ever roll  
 The still revolving stone! Those meaner torments!  
 Thy tendon-racking pains would full suffice  
 To expiate the most gigantic crimes.  
 My body wasted by relentless pain,  
 From fingers' ends to soles of feet and toes  
 The gnawing choler, nourished by vile gall,  
 Presses in vain with furious throbs  
 Through the stopt pores, and drives the furious pain  
 Along my bowels, writhes my full veins,  
 Racks every sinew; the scalding mischief  
 Renders life a burden. The flaming pyres  
 Consume the flesh from off my withering bones.  
 Thus rage the fires in Ætna's bellowing caves;  
 So press the waves in the Sicilian straights,  
 With hideous uproar through the mazy rocks,  
 In ceaseless opposition in their course.  
 And oh! what drives my torment to its height!  
 No man can tell me when 'twill have an end.  
 We hope by fomentations to assuage  
 The madd'ning ill; vain is the doctor's skill;  
 My pains light on them all! They promise ease,  
 Yet all are cozened by the damned disease!

## CHORUS.

The tops of Dindymus, Cybèle's hill,  
 The raptured Phrygians with their howlings fill;  
 In their tender beauteous Atty's praise,  
 The loud, the long-protracted strains they raise.  
 From Tmolus' wood-clad heights  
 In Lydian Bacchic flights  
 Ida's corybantes armed  
 With brandished staves and phrenzy warmed,  
 To cretan measures beat the ground,  
 And make their public joys resound;

And with their furious martial rattles  
 Rouze to war the god of battles.  
 They revel, dance, and sing,  
 Till Ida with their Evoës ring.

But, o Podagra, thy adorers, we  
 Soon as the lovely spring appears  
 Our doleful dirges sing to thee,  
 Watering our couch with briny tears ;  
 When the twittering Chelidonis \*  
 Laments, alas ! that she alone is,  
 Her nuptials sad, her Itys slain,  
 While ravished Philomela's strain  
 In grievous plainings all night long,  
 Repeats her melancholy song,  
 We, on our beds with bitter cries,  
 At once both priest and sacrifice  
 Podagra's orgies solemnize.

PODAGER.

Dear crutch, my succour and my pain's relief,  
 Who serv'st me as a third sound leg, support  
 My tottering steps, and once more let me tread  
 The solid ground ! 'Tis time to leave this couch,  
 This curtained prison, hindering the sun's ray  
 From visiting my eyes ; to breathe again  
 The sweet refreshing air. Full fifteen days  
 Have I been now confined to this dark hole,  
 From the cheerful light of day excluded,  
 Tossing in anguish on an unmade bed †.

---

\* In Ionia nearly the same story is related of Aedon and Chelidonis that is told in Attica of Philomela and Progne. Polytechnos, Aedon's husband, practised on Chelidonis, his wife's sister, the same piece of wickedness, as Tereus did on Philomela. Both sisters revenged themselves in the same manner ; Aedon had, like Progne, a little Itys, whom she killed and gave her husband to eat ; and the consequence was the same ; Aedon was, like Philomela, turned into a nightingale ; Chelidonis, like Progne, into a swallow. It was therefore the same story only under different names.

† Εὐναίς is ἀρπαγώσις, in the Greek.

Fain would I try, ah me! to reach the door,  
 Foot dragging after foot, but all in vain:  
 Strengthless, alas, my stiffened joints refuse  
 Their office! — Cheer up, my heart! collect  
 Thy scattered force, Up, up; reflect, and know  
 That a poor mendicant, by gout bereft  
 Of power to take his wonted food, is dead  
 To all intents and purposes, and is  
 Already in the chambers of the grave.

[*He crawls to the chamber-door.*]

Whom have we here! But what men are these,  
 Leaning on staves, and decked with elder \* crowns?  
 To honour which of all the gods is this  
 Your solemn train? Thine, o Phœbus Pæan?  
 No delphic laurel twines around their brows!  
 To Bacchus do they chaunt the festive lay?  
 Why binds the ivy not their flowing hair?  
 Who are ye, Strangers? Whence come ye hither?  
 Tell me, my friends, the truth? Say to what god  
 Is tuned the solemn sacred hymn you sing?

CHORUS.

And you, who thus inquires, pray who are you?  
 By your gait and crutch you are a brother,  
 An initiated mystic in the rites  
 Of the uncontrollable goddess, Gout.

PODAGER.

I, wretched man! how should I ever be  
 Worthy the grace of such a mighty power?

---

\* For, as Marcellus de Medicina says, cap. xxxvi. *ad podagram frigidam sambucum quoque cum erungia, et brassica cinis cum erungia impositus plurimum juvet.* And Scribonius Largus affirms the same, *de compos. med.* cap. xli. *de Podagra frigid.* — Ἀλίης, sambuci, quia, says the scholiast, *sambuci folia ποδάγρας βοήθει μὲν ἰσχυρὰ τρυφερὰ ἢ ἰσχυρὰ*, according to Dioscorides. And because also *sambuci tenerrima folia, cum pari pondere radicum plantaginis, suillaque erungiae veteris contrita subactaque podagricos dolores presentaneo mulcere scribuntur à Matthiolo.* xiv. cap. 168.

## CHORUS.

The sea-god, Nereus, with tender care  
 The Cyprian goddess moulded into shape,  
 From drops æthereal that fell from heav'n  
 Into the briny waves, fairest of forms !  
 Tethys, near the fount where ocean springs,  
 Suckled at her wide-swelling breast  
 The lily-armed Here, consort of Jove,  
 The king of gods. From his immortal head,  
 Zeus, the first in heaven, bore the fearless virgin,  
 The war-exciting Pallas.

But our blest goddess old Ophion bore,  
 When Chaos fled before Aurora's dawn,  
 And Helios with his beam began to gild  
 The mountain tops, and lighten all below,  
 Then parca Clotho became the mother  
 Of our dread goddess : when the new-born babe  
 Came forth from the first bath, all heaven smiled,  
 Loud roared Æther ; and Plutus, wealthy god,  
 Nursed her tender years.

## PODAGER.

What are the holy rites in which who wait  
 Upon the goddess are initiated ?

## CHORUS.

We pour no blood from self-inflicted wounds,  
 Nor, like the Galli, twist our dangling locks,  
 Nor yield our naked backs to painful stripes,  
 Nor feed we on the rank raw flesh of bulls ;  
 But when the spring revives the blooming elm,  
 And on the sprouting twigs the blackbird sings. —  
 Then shoots an unseen hand into our limbs,  
 A fiery dart, which like lightning flies  
 Through all our veins and arteries and joints,  
 Gnaws, pierces, tears, devours, inflames, and burns,  
 Heels, feet, toes, shin-bones, ancles, shoulders, arms,  
 The hinges of the crazy body's motion,

Hips, thighs, knees, wrists, back, and every part  
 Of periosteum, sinews, nerves, and tendons,  
 Undermining the whole human structure  
 Till the great goddess calls her torments off.

PODAGER.

So then without my knowledge I was one  
 Of the initiated! Now if 'tis so,  
 Descend, o goddess! and propitious grant  
 Me to minister in thy crippled choir,  
 And swell the strain in great Podagra's praise!

CHORUS.

Be husht, o æther! rest, ye ambient gales,  
 Let solemn silence bind podagric tongues!  
 For lo the bed-admiring goddess comes:  
 Behold, to her own altar she draws nigh!  
 Leaning on trusty crutches; see she comes:  
 Hail meekest of the goddesses, all hail\*!  
 Look with propitious eyes on us thy thralls,  
 And in this vernal season end our pains!

PODAGRA.

Who on the wide circumference of earth  
 Is ignorant of me, the uncontroul'd,  
 The sovereign of pain? I, Podagra,  
 Whom nor clouds of frankincense, nor the steam  
 Of reeking blood upon her altars spilt,  
 No gorgeous presents in her temple hung,  
 Nor Pæan, though physician to the gods,  
 Can e'er atone with all his gallipots,  
 What has Asclepios, the experienc'd son  
 Of Phœbus, what have all since man first rose,  
 Left unessayed to impugn my power;  
 What mixtures have they not compounded, herbs,  
 Drugs, and gums are pressed into the service.

---

\* *Per euphemiam*, as for the same reason, the Erinnys or the Furies, are hailed Eumenides.

Each tries to foil me in a different way,  
 Racking the invention of still baffled physic.  
 Some this receipt for me, some that explore.  
 Plantane they bruise, the parsley's fragrant seeds,  
 The lenient lettuce, and the purslain wild.  
 These bitter horehound, and the watery plant,  
 That on the verdant banks of rivers grows ;  
 These nettles crush, and comfrey's viscid root,  
 And pluck the lentils in the standing pools.  
 Some parsnips, some the peach-tree's leaf apply,  
 Benumbing henbane ; groundsil and chickweed,  
 With marsh-mallow-root, fen-gather'd lentils,  
 Long speargrass, and strong-scented camomile,  
 Houseleek and poppies, or pine ever green  
 With early violets and primrose leaves,  
 Leeks, scallions, and the ripe pomegranate's rinds,  
 Fleawort, frankincense, deadly nightshade's root.  
 Hellebore and nitre, cypress, nutgalls,  
 Barley-meal, and fenugreek, husks of beans  
 Steep'd in wine, collamphacum, and the spawn  
 Of frogs mixt with salt petre, coleworts boiled,  
 Isinglass, dung of mountain-goat and man,  
 With bean-meal, gypsum, and the fine ground stone  
 Produced in Assus \*, pickled carrots too,  
 A sovereign cataplasm in their fond thoughts.  
 Some boil the poisonous ruddoc, toads, and rats,  
 Weazels, foxes, spiders, cats, and lizards,  
 Hircocertes and hyænas. What mine  
 In nature's kingdom has been unexplored,  
 What juice of plants and herbs and trees and roots  
 Has not been tried against me? The sinews,  
 And bones and skins and fat and blood and dung,  
 Marrow, milk, urine, to the fight are brought,

---

\* A hard stone that was dug up at Assus, called also Apollonia, in Phrygia, and wherein a sort of dust was found resembling flour, of an acid taste, to which the antients attributed a corrosive quality.

As weapons to undo me. Some there are  
 Who take a diet-drink made up of four  
 Ingredients ; another chuses eight,  
 But more, in number seven place belief.

This seeks his cure in an arcanum-purge,  
 That, amulets and necromantic rhymes.  
 A jew enchants the money from the fool  
 That vainly trusts his charms and potent spells\*.  
 Some in a swallow's nest e'en think to find  
 A medicine †. I meantime defy all such,  
 And bid them with their quackeries go hang.  
 And those who think to scare me by such things  
 Only provoke me to increase their smart ;  
 While they who patiently to me submit,  
 Nor strive against me with arthritic pills,  
 Still find me gentle and dispos'd to spare.  
 He in my mysteries that would have part,  
 First must learn to give good words ; and by wit  
 And jokes facetious be agreeable  
 To all. Whether to the bath he is borne,  
 He is met as soon as he appears with smiles,  
 Because he makes good sport with his disease.

I am that Ate whom great Homer sings,  
 Who tramples on the heads of men, and has  
 Such tender feet ‡ ; though by the vulgar named  
 Podagra, for I catch them by the feet §.  
 Come then, ye vet'rans, in my orgies sing  
 Th' unconquered goddess in high hymns of praise.

---

\* It should seem that in Lucian's time vagabond jews pretended to cure incurable distempers by occult, cabalistical and magical means.

† This sense the text yields, by reading *ἀγάρη* instead of *κράνη*. A pounded swallow's-nest, boiled together with stinging-nettle-seed and stum, applied as a poultice to the foot, was held by the antients a specific for the gout ; as we are informed by Erasmus Schmidt, who has wrote a medical commentary on this piece.

‡ Iliad, xix. 91.

§ By the etymology, Podagra is equivalent to *podos ugra*, Footcatch.

## CHORUS.

Fierce, stubborn deity, thou strong,  
 Thou adamantine maid!  
 O listen to our holy song,  
 And grant thy votaries aid!

Thy power, imperious queen, dismays  
 The monarch of the dead,  
 And strikes the sovereign of the seas  
 And thund'ring Jove with dread.

Thee beds of yielding down delight,  
 And flannel's warm embrace,  
 And bandag'd legs, debarred from flight,  
 Not fit to run a race.

Thy fires the tumid ancles feel,  
 The fingers maimed, the burning heel,  
 And toe that dreads the ground.  
 Thy pangs unclos'd our eyelids keep,  
 Afford at best tumultuous sleep,  
 And slumbers never sound.

Thy cramps our limbs distort,  
 Thy knots our joints invade;  
 Such is thy cruel sport,  
 Unconquerable maid!

Thou whom nought can ever daunt  
 But the pestle's noisy stroke;  
 Then, o Podagra, let us chaunt  
 Thy praises still, and thee invoke \*!

---

\* This in the original is all comprised within six verses, consisting of ten epithets farcically compounded, and must be paraphrased as well as we can, since any attempt to amalgamate such heterogeneous particles in our language, if it were even as practicable as in the greek, would not have that droll effect upon our readers which such words as sphyropresipyra, megisaphedapha, gonyclasagrypna and pericondyloporophila may have had upon readers who were pleased with the *sesquipedalia verba* of their dithyrambic and tragic poets; though it is not to be denied that Lucian has carried his burlesque imitation beyond the borders of taste and of grammar.

*Enter a messenger with two men bound.*

MESSENGER.

Great queen, most opportune I meet you here ;  
 Then listen, for no idle tale I bring,  
 But facts authenticated by plain truth.  
 By your command with slow and crawling pace  
 I viewed the city, watch'd it house by house,  
 To hear if any durst thy power contemn ;  
 I found all others quietly obey'd,  
 Vanquish'd, o queen, by thy subduing hand,  
 These two with matchless impudence alone  
 Harangued the pop'lace, and with lying oaths  
 Declared that none henceforth need fear  
 Thy fancied power, and they took upon them  
 To banish you entirely from the world.  
 I therefore seiz'd them instantly, and bring  
 Them here, having first tightly swath'd my legs,  
 After a march of five whole days together :  
 In which time no less than two long stadia  
 I, your faithful spy, have travell'd hither.

PODAGRA.

That I call flying, swiftest of my scouts !  
 But tell me, first, whence you are hither come,  
 And what the rubs you met with on the road ?

MESSENGER.

In the first place I left a pair of stairs,  
 Of five bad steps, whose rotten timbers shook  
 Beneath my tread, and threaten'd to give way.  
 Then on the quaking floor I set my feet,  
 Scarce able to resist the stamps I gave it.  
 Having with much ado perform'd this task,  
 I came upon a flinty pavement, turn'd  
 In all rugged points against my tender toes,  
 Rendering it for me almost impossible to walk.  
 Making slow progress there, a softer lane

Receiv'd me with a smooth though slippery path ;  
 So soft and slipp'ry, that, back-sliding still,  
 The yielding slime my tottering ankle turn'd.  
 Nearly dissolv'd in breathless lassitude,  
 The big, round drops of sweat bedew'd my face,  
 And chas'd each other swiftly to the ground.  
 So hard the toil to lift my sticking heels !  
 A broad, but less safe way, receiv'd me next,  
 For right and left the whirling chariots flew,  
 The drivers bidding me to run along.  
 I run ! o goddess, I belong'd to thee !  
 One of thy votaries ! How could I run !  
 I hobbled on, however, as I could,  
 And a blind alley reach'd to let them by.

## PODAGRA.

My trusty scout, so well have you perform'd  
 This errand, that you shall not fail t' obtain  
 Your guerdon due. For three whole years you're quit  
 For some slight gouty twinges now and then.  
 But you [*to the quack-doctors*] cursed, heaven-abandon'd crew,  
 Who are ye, and whence may be your lineage,  
 Who dare engage with mighty Podagra ?  
 With me, whom Zeus himself could not o'ercome !  
 Speak, villains ! — Know you not (the poets know)  
 That I have tam'd unnumbered heroes.  
 Priam was gouty, and Podarces named.  
 Achilles, swift of foot \*, was slain by gout ;

---

\* This whole list of podagrists of the heroic age is, as may easily be perceived, a mere play upon the etymological interpretation of the word podagra ; and I cannot understand why Mr. Gilbert West (of whom we have a neat free translation, or rather compound of the Tragopodagra and the Ocypus) held it necessary for Lucian to have had some secret histories, not come down to us, from whence he derived his information. Priam (the jocular poet makes his new-created goddess say) was merely *per antiphrasin* called Podarces, strong of foot, because he was a podagrists, and therefore feeble of foot ; Achilles died of the podagra, and the poet says he died of a wound in the heel, the only part in which he was vulnerable ; Bellerophon suffered from the

Bellerophon lay impotent of heels ;  
 And Œdipus of Thebes, what was he else  
 But a podagrist ? Such was too the case  
 Of Plisthenes, and Pœan's hapless son,  
 Who led the grecian fleet ; and another  
 Podarces, of Thessalia's princely line,  
 Who, when Protesilaus fell, assum'd  
 His place, though sadly crippled in his feet,  
 In Troy's proud host \*. The sapient king  
 Of Ithaca, Laertes' son, I kill'd.  
 The trygon's sting was innocent of that †.  
 Learn hence how little reason to exult  
 In your mad purpose you will have, and make  
 You ready for the torments that ensue.

ONE OF THE QUACK-DOCTORS.

We are two syrian doctors, of Damascus,  
 By pinching want and cruel hunger forc'd  
 To trudge it up and down by sea and land ;  
 And all the portion by our fathers left  
 Is this specific which will cure all ills.

PODAGRA.

That we shall see ! — Whence is this salve prepared ?

QUACK-DOCTOR.

That to reveal the oath will not permit  
 Which our expiring father made us take,  
 Not to disclose the secret of his salve,  
 Whose potent virtue even your raging fury tames.

gout, and the fable tells us that he broke his legs by a fall from Pegasus ; Philoctetes, Pœan's son, had the gout, and we are told that his sufferings were in consequence of the shot of a poisoned arrow in the foot, &c.

\* Iliad, ii. 695 & seq.

† The fable informs us that Ulysses was shot with an arrow by his son Telegonus, whom he had by Circe, without knowing one another, the arrow or dart being armed at the point with the sting of the grecian *τερυγος* (*turtur marinus*). The antients relate wonderful things of the force of the venom with which the sting of that sea-fish is said to be furnished. But whether by this trygon the sword-fish is meant I cannot positively say.

## PODAGRA.

How ? you curst caitiffs ! does the spacious earth  
 Contain a drug, a salve, a liniment  
 That can by smearing vanquish my dire pangs ?  
 Come on then ! put it to the test, and see  
 Which is the stronger, or your boasted salve  
 Or my hot torch. Hither, ye Torments, come,  
 Fly up on every side, at my command,  
 Ye vengeful ministers of my dread ire !

[*The Torments appear, with flaming torches in their hands.*]

Close on them ! You, from soles to every toe,  
 Round all the feet the burning anguish spread !  
 You, settle in the joints ; you gnaw their knees,  
 Along the shins down to their ancle-bones ;  
 You, pour sharp poison in their veins !  
 You, screw the wrists, and you the knuckles twist,  
 And fix your chalk-stones in the stiffen'd joints.

## THE TORMENTS.

'Tis done at your command ; the wretches lie  
 Stretcht on the ground, most miserably rackt.

## PODAGRA.

Now let us see how your specific fares.  
 Does it controul me ? On my word 'tis time  
 To sneak out then of this bright world,  
 And hide me in the depths of Tartarus.

## QUACK-DOCTOR.

Oh ! we are smeared all over ; but, alas,  
 The ointment will not quench the flaming brands !  
 Oh, undone, undone ! Oh how my marrow  
 In my bones is tortured and corroded !  
 I faint ; I die ! Such bolts the thunderer  
 Darts not in his utmost wrath ;  
 So rages not the wild tempestuous sea ;  
 Nor so resistless is the lightning's blast ;  
 The whirlwind's fury never equall'd this !

Oh, I am torn by all the teeth of Cerberus !  
 Ten thousand vipers prey upon my nerves !  
 The flames encompass me as if my shirt  
 Was dipt all over in the centaur's blood \*.  
 Mercy ! mercy ! spare me, powerful goddess !  
 Neither this salve, nor any other, nothing  
 Can check thy sway ; thou overcomest all,  
 Almighty mistress of the subject world !

PODAGRA.

Leave off, ye Torments ; grant the wretches rest.  
 See, they repent them of the war they dar'd  
 Attempt against my sovereign power !  
 Let all take warning now, and understand  
 That I alone, of gods inflexible,  
 To no arcanum yield, no magic charms !

CHORUS.

'Gainst Zeus in vain proud Salmoneus strove ;  
 Struck by the smoking bolt he headlong fell,  
 And scorching lightning hurl'd him down to hell,  
 Who dar'd to imitate the gods above.  
 What did the satyr Marsyas boastful gain  
 By challenging the god of day to sing ?  
 His skin stript off with agonizing pain,  
 And to a pine suspended by a string.  
 And Niobe, sad mother, doom'd in stone  
 To weep for ever her fair offspring gone ;  
 Arachne too a sad example gave  
 For braving Pallas, she must cobwebs weave.  
 In all contention still too great the odds ;  
 Mortals, though bold, are not a match for gods.  
 But you, o goddess of all people † ! hear ;

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\* Alluding to the death of Hercules by the firing of the wedding-shirt dipt in the blood of the centaur Nessus, presented to him by Deijjanira.

† ἡ πανδημια. The drollery of this epithet, which otherwise was only given to Venus, cannot therefore be adequately expressed.

Grant us more mitigated pangs to bear :  
Moderate and short, Podagra ! after pain  
Tolerable, give time to breathe again,  
And use our feet, to walk abroad in shoes  
Easy and pliant to our twitching toes !

Various and weighty are the woes  
Of us mortals, heaven knows \* !  
But patience still assuages sorrow ;  
The pain to-day's forgot to-morrow.  
Let this then our comfort be,  
Our hopes we shall not frustrate see ;  
We will then be blithe and gay,  
And thus we'll laugh our pains away.  
If mortals all must have their cares,  
Why should we not have our shares ?

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\* Parody of an epilogue with which Euripides concludes some of his tragedies.

THUS then, says Mr. Wieland, thanks to the Muses and the genius of Lucian, who in this long task have seldom I hope deserted me, I have brought to a conclusion the most delightful and laborious of all the literary undertakings of my life; and if on one hand the small number of readers who are familiar with the language of this amiable author shall have recognized in this translation at least somewhat of that vivacity, versatility and elegance, those beauties of diction and that attic *σωμυλία*, which abounds in graces even when it descends to chit-chat, so peculiarly his own; and on the other hand, the greater number of those who, without the help of an interpreter, could not absolutely understand him, by perusing the works of Lucian in this foreign dress, should be but seldom aware that they are reading a mere translation, and feel themselves justified in the idea which they had formed from hearsay of the wit, the humour and the sound judgment of this antient forerunner and model of the modern Rabelais, Cervantes, Cyrano de Bergerac, Swift, Fielding, Sterne, &c. then the object of my wishes and endeavours in this performance would indeed be attained; and I might flatter myself that the greater part of the three last years of my life have not been spent altogether unprofitably.

As however on this point I have no vote, nothing more remains for me than to add, that these volumes contain not only all the genuine works of Lucian, but even those which are doubtfully or even falsely attributed to him, that are susceptible of translation or not totally unworthy of him. Of all the writings that bear his name I have found (excepting one single Hetærean colloquy) untranslatable only four, whereof two, the Judgment of the Vowels and Lexiphanes, are undoubtedly genuine, the Solœcist doubtful, and the dialogues bearing the title of Eroles (the two deities of love), which in conformity to the almost universal opinion of the learned, and to my own conviction, are too unworthy of Lucian, to prevent his acquittal at the bar of taste and equity of the charge of being the father of such a mongrel or supposititious bantling. Granting, however, that he were so, I need only tell those who do not know what sort of love-deities are the interlocutors in these dialogues, that the principal subject of them is in some sort similar to the famous *capitolo del forno* which the

good archbishop of Benevento, Giovanni la Casa, had to condemn, but without comparison less veiled, and in a word is so shocking, that except the latin version, not any one to my knowledge has been shameless enough to defile himself with the interpretation.

The remaining three pieces are, not out of respect to morals and decency, but for grammatical reasons, untranslatable; namely, because they treat entirely of subjects which relate to the grecian language, grammar, dialects, orthography and the like. So that therefore, as they must necessarily be insupportably tiresome to the ungrecian readers, and would most surely be skipped over by them, there could absolutely be no imaginable reason for translating them into any living language.

In one of these dialogues, in which moreover even the most erudite expositors have found a number of inexplicable difficulties, Lycinus is seen disputing with the beautiful Lexiphanes, a young sophist, on the false taste and spurious wit whereby certain not named juvenile authors of his time were seduced to corrupt the purity of the greek language, by tricking out their diction with a prodigious quantity of insipid new words, phrases, metaphors, &c.; and, in order to pass for originals, affected a mode of writing which was as remote from the language and the style of the classical authors of the best ages of Greece, as from true syntax, from good taste, and from sound common sense. The young Lexiphanes reads to Lycinus a pretty long piece of his newest, or (as he expresses himself) *mustiest* \* composition in this way, wherein, as it is easy to guess, the folly which Lucian ridicules, is carried to the extremity; and when he has done, Lycinus finds the condition of the young author so bad, that he can think of no better advice to give him, than to inquire for some able physician, and let him try what a few doses of hellebore and a proper course of cathartics may do towards the recovery of his sanity. This dialogue by all means deserves to be studied by admirers of the greek tongue, and must afford very agreeable entertainment to such men as Hemsterhuys, Brunck, Porson, Parr, Burney, and persons of their calibre: but, as I said, it is untranslatable even into latin. The same holds good, and perhaps in a still higher degree, of the Solœcists. A man must be a Greek, in order to understand grecian solœcisms, and should have lived in Lucian's time

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\* From *mastum*, wine yet unfermented; *must*.

for being able to take any interest in a grammatical satire on the rhetors and authors who affected such solcecisms. What is entitled *Judicium Vocalium* is the most elegant of these three pieces: the letter S brings an action of damages against the letter T before the bench of the seven vowels, and lays his complaint in the violent manner in which he is deprived of all the words which (in the attic dialect) are pronounced with a double t t, by right they having a double s s, as, for example, *glotta*, *pitta*, *melitta*, instead of being sounded *glossa*, *pissa*, *melissa*. This little production is, in my judgment, of its kind, one of the wittiest prolusions of lucianic humour; but it is as little susceptible of translation as the other two. There is besides, among the versified pieces attributed to our author, yet a fragment of a little drama, entitled *Ocypus*, which seems to have been a dull imitation of the *Tragopodagra*, and in its present state still more incapable of being relished. It has been almost unanimously pronounced spurious, and in every point of view appears to be unworthy of Lucian. I was therefore the less inclined to throw away my time in translating it, as I could be very sure that no reader of taste would thank me for having done so much violence to my own as I must do in such an unprofitable task.

As for *Ocypus*, says Mr. John Philips, being a piece altogether mutilated and imperfect, and upon which Erasmus has past his judgment, that, *ne micam quidem Luciani salis habet*, I did not think fit to meddle with it, as not deserving to be placed among the celebrated Lucian's works. And the epigrams that go under his name do yet deserve a meaner character.

In rendering into english this author, who is destined in every age to awaken some efficacious opposition to the incessant industry of superstition, I have taken hold of the clue bequeathed to the world by Mr. Wieland in his version, *in qua totus vivit spiratque Lucianus*, to use the words whereby it is appropriately characterized by the bipontine critics, and have endeavoured to follow the ease and fluency of his diction as nearly as the difference of idioms would allow, keeping constantly in view that attractive and engaging simplicity in which the peculiar grace of our author consists. One word more and I have done. If the observation be true, that absolutely nothing but a bishop can be bettered by translation, I may at least affirm with strict veracity, that no labour and pains on my part have been spared, that both Lucian and his commentators should be as little as possible the worse for it. With what success, it is not for me, but for the candour and generosity of the public, to determine.

WILLIAM TOOKE.

*Ormond-street, Bloomsbury,*  
*May 15, 1820.*

# I N D E X.

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## A.

- ABAUCHAS**, an extraordinary achievement of, ii. 39.
- Abdera**, all the streets of, swarm with pale and wan tragedians, ii. 42.
- Aberites**, justly laughed at by Democritus, i. 225.
- Abonoteichos**, Alexander of, his character, i. 633.
- Abonoteichos**, a petty, insignificant town, apparently brought into repute by the oracle of Alexander, i. 658.
- Aboulfarnaris** and **Canzade**, in the *mille et un Jours*, i. 581.
- Absurdities**, holy, too absurd to be reasoned upon, ii. 459.
- Absurdity**, how far a man may trust to human, i. 630.
- Abuse**, heathenish, sanctioned by christians, ii. 465.
- Abuses**, correction of proposed, but after all they must go on in the old train, i. 521.
- Acamas**, promontory of, called at present *Capo di san Piphano*, i. 173.
- Accent**, outlandish, raises no prejudice against a man, so his sentiments are fair and honourable, i. 248.
- Achaianesses**, Homer calls the Achaians, ii. 567.
- Acosta**, Josephus, a remarkable passage in, ii. 121.
- Acrisius**, allusion to his brazen tower, i. 39.
- Acrisius**, king of Argos, grandson of Lynceus and the danaid *Hypermnestra*, i. 356.
- Actor**, easily thrown down by his long train, his high-heeled cothurni, and his colossal accoutrements, i. 82.
- Actor**, subaltern, enters with a tragedian to perform the gesticulations of his part, ii. 633.
- Adiaphora**, things in themselves neither good nor bad, i. 200.
- Adjudication**, causes for, ii. 605.
- Admonition**, solid arguments of, ii. 144.
- Adonis**, rites at the celebration of, ii. 435.
- Adonis**, the feast of, celebrated almost over all the world, ii. 435.
- Adrastea**, or *Nemesis*, observes rigorously the law of retaliation, ii. 368.
- Adultery**, a rather cruel species of revenge, lawful to take on one caught in, i. 567.
- Adventures**, various, both with mortal and immortal goddesses, ii. 695.
- Adversaries**, contest of Lucian with his, i. 240.
- Advice**, friendly, ii. 529.
- Adymarchus**, with the stroke of a scymitar, split quite down to the girdle, ii. 36.
- Æacus**, marvellous consequences of his prayer to Jupiter, i. 133.
- Ægina**, an island of the *Ægean* sea, where the mysteries or orgies of *Hecate* were annually celebrated, i. 176.
- Ægina**, the island of, *Æsculapius* works marvellous cures in, i. 306.]
- Ægis**, the shield of Jupiter, as also the breastplate of *Minerva*, why so called, i. 33.
- Ægypt**, a king of, took the fancy to have apes taught to dance, i. 257.
- Ægypt**, Io made into *Isis* in, and worshipped as a goddess, i. 286.
- Ægypt**, lower districts of, gradually gained by industry from the mud of the Nile, i. 606.
- Æneas**, the fruit of the rambles of *Venus* to Mount *Ida*, i. 302.
- Æschines**, the rival of *Demosthenes*, both in oratory and demagogy, i. 9.
- Æsculapius**, opens an apothecary-shop at *Pergamus*, i. 136.
- Æsop**, a fable of, ii. 325.

- Æther and Hemera, parents of Uranos and Ge, i. 269.
- Ætna, crater of, Empedocles, by venturing, for observation sake, too far into the, tumbled in against his intention, i. 128.
- Ætna, Empedocles arms himself with brazen slippers against the heat of, i. 424.
- Affairs, human, not worth either fear or hope, seeing both the disagreeable and the agreeable are of so short duration, i. 673.
- Affection, a matchless proof of, ii. 21.
- Africa, only the smallest part of, known to the Greeks, i. 786.
- Agamedes and Trophonius, famous as architects, i. 387.
- Agatho, a contemporary of Sophocles and Euripides, some account of, ii. 503.
- Agathobulus, a cynic philosopher, his school in Ægypt, i. 575.
- Agathocles and Dinias, the friendship of, ii. 8.
- Agathocles, died in his 95th year, ii. 474.
- Agave, Antonoë and Ino, sisters of Semele, the mother of Bacchus, i. 517.
- Age, saturnian, when men had but to open their mouths, and the roasted pigeons flew spontaneously into them, i. 610.
- Agrigentum, or Agragas, celebrated by Diodoros Siculus and by Pindar, ii. 668.
- Ajax, mistakes the sheep of the Greeks for his judges, ii. 254.
- Ajax, the madness of, entirely owing to Ulysses, i. 441.
- Alanes, a nomadic population, having their usual seat in asiatic Sarmatia, ii. 33.
- Alcestis, the great grand-daughter of Æolus, i. 430.
- Alcibiades, anecdote respecting, i. 157.
- Alcidamas, the cynic, acts very ridiculously, i. 199.
- Alcmæon, son of the hero and prophet Amphiaraus, ii. 242.
- Alciphron, the author of several epistles, which deserve perusal, i. 62.
- Alciphron, his story of Jophon, i. 61. makes his ploughmen and fishwomen talk as correctly as Demosthenes and Lisiæ, i. 62.
- Alciphron, the epistles that go under the name of, i. 192.
- Alcyone, the fable of, ii. 420.
- Alector metamorphosed into a cock, and for what reason, i. 62.
- Alexander of Thessaly, murdered by his wife, i. 130.
- Alexander dejected at his losses, i. 411.
- Alexander, i. 714.
- Alexicacos, Hercules, the appellative under which he is usually invoked for aid, i. 618.
- Alphabet, a curious scheme for squeezing it into a boy's head, i. 672.
- Alpheus, a river in Arcadia, and son of Oceanus and Tethys, in love with Arethusa, i. 343.
- Altar, stone, rises in the middle of a pond, which seems to be buoyant, and carried about on the water, and many believe it, ii. 459.
- Altars, the existence of gods proved from the existence of their, ii. 314.
- Althæa, the three Parcæ appear to, denouncing the fate of her new-born babe, i. 206.
- Altis, in the sacred grove of, stood an altar where the heralds or criers, used to decide wagers, who had most power of voice, i. 584.
- Alytes or mastigophori, a sort of lictors, ii. 297.
- Amalthea, Jupiter suckled by in Crete, i. 516.
- Amalthea's horn, filled with fruits of every kind, ii. 499.
- Amastris, of all the cities of Pontus, the most odious to the prophet Alexander, i. 645.
- Amastris, originally a colony of the Milesians, formerly denominatèd Sesamos, ii. 37.
- Amazement, an oracle calculated only to inspire, i. 659.
- Ambassadors, slung into the air and caught on pikes, as a way of sending them into the other world, ii. 181.
- Amber, none on the Po, i. 777.
- Ammon, in Upper Ægypt and Lybia, Jupiter worshipped under that name, with rams' horns on his head, i. 518.
- Amorgis, a garment, made of a species of bark, i. 556.
- Amour, presumptuous, Ixion's atonement for his, i. 294.
- Amours, unhappy issue of, ii. 451.
- Amphiaraus, gives his son express orders to despatch his mother Eriphile, after his death, i. 519.
- Amphisbœna, a serpent with two heads, one at each end, i. 787.
- Amulets, abundance of, among the pagans, i. 101.
- Amyclæ, statue of Apollo in his temple at, thought by Pausanias to have stood on the grave of Hyacinthus, i. 308.
- Amymone, borders the territory of Lerna, i. 349.
- Anabasis, the, how commenced by Xenophon, ii. 57.
- Anachronisms, in dancing, ii. 253.
- Anathema fulminated against all who do not believe that the devil manufactures lightning, thunder and hail, i. 106.
- Anaxagoras, the edge of Jupiter's thunderbolt blunted by being darted too furiously at the head of, i. 38.
- Anaxagoras, seems to have had many just intimations of the system of the universe, i. 134.

- Ancestry, religious superstitions derived from, i. 269.
- Anchises tends the cows on mount Ida, i. 302.
- Anchor, the best bower, called by the Greeks the sacred anchor, i. 510.
- Andriachus, gave himself out for a son of the unfortunate Perseus, and sets up for king of Macedonia, ii. 525.
- Androgeos, a son of king Minos II. of Crete, fatal catastrophe of, ii. 241.
- Andromeda, chained to a rock, i. 350.
- Angler, excellency of the, i. 237.
- Annicus Bradua, the brother of Regilla, accuses Herodes Atticus of having caused her to be murdered, i. 675.
- Anniseris of Cyrene, wants to shew Plato and his friends his dexterity in driving, ii. 578.
- Anthropomorphism, a fine trait of, in Jupiter, i. 483.
- Antients very superstitious about lucky and unlucky days, i. 4.
- Antients had slaves, that were even learned, i. 662.
- Antigonus seduces his daughter-in-law, i. 130.
- Antigonus terminated his turbulent life, in the famous battle of Ipsus, ii. 475.
- Antimachus, Author of the Thebas, ii. 122.
- Antinopolis, a city built in honour of Antinous, in Ægypt, i. 517.
- Antinous, had a temple at Mantinea in Arcadia, i. 517.
- Antiochus, the son of Seleucus, intrigues with his mother-in-law, i. 130.
- Antipater, left behind as viceroy in Macedonia by Alexander, i. 184.
- Antipater, left behind by Alexander as viceroy of Macedonia, ii. 581.
- Antiphilus, not cognizable from the misery he had endured, ii. 20.
- Antipodes, remained an unascertained fact for 1600 years, i. 190.
- Antisthenes introduces Diogenes to an entertaining sight, i. 435.
- Antonines, the mildest and most benevolent sovereigns the Romans ever had, introduction, lvi.
- Antonines, the equitable and lenient sway of the, ii. 332.
- Antoninus Pius, while proconsul of Phrygia, conceives a singular devotion for mother Cybele, i. 545.
- Antoninus Pius, a sovereign of a mild and gentle disposition, i. 576.
- Ants gold-digging indian, i. 74.
- Ants an innumerable swarm of, creep out of an old oak, and are immediately transformed into men, i. 333.
- Ants of the indian species, described both by Strabo and Pliny, i. 554.
- Anubis, alias Cynocephalus, on account of his canine head, i. 506.
- Anubis, the temple of, robbed of its god, ii. 19.
- Aornos or Aornis, whence so called, i. 414.
- Aornos taken by storm by Alexander, in a couple of days, ii. 274.
- Apartment, brazen, Danaë shut up in, i. 357.
- Apelles trusted to more self-control than he possessed, i. 698.
- Apelles, of Ephesus and Antiphilus, rival artists, ii. 550.
- Aphidna, or Aphidnæ, a village of the attic tribe Ptolemais, ii, 705.
- Aphrodisia, a feast of Venus, i. 762.
- Aphrodite, to believe that Æneas was the son of, savours of impiety and profaneness, ii. 414.
- Aphthonius, the grammarian, advice of, i. 384.
- Apollo, his intelligence-office at Delphi, i. 136.
- Apollo, gives himself airs, as if he knew everything, i. 311.
- Apollo Clarius, had a grove at Colophon, ii. 597.
- Apollodorus, one of the preceptors of divus cæsar Augustus, ii, 482.
- Apollonius, the grand ghostseer and ghost-layer, and his fantastical Dulcinea, i. 120.
- Apollonius of Chalcis, anecdote of, i. 674.
- Apologist, an unnecessary, i. 570.
- Apology, an excellent model of an, i. 253.
- Apophras, inquiries about the word, ii. 536.
- Apoplexies, inflammations of the lungs and dropsies, brought on by luxurious living, i. 556.
- Apostles and their disciples, preposterous and insipid stories promulgated under the names of the, i. 572.
- Apparition, strange, to a man in a fever, wide awake, i. 108.
- Appellative, unusual and unroman, how a Roman of distinction could come by the, difficult to be accounted for, ii. 408.
- Applause, how the antients testified their, ii. 509.
- Apple, inscription on the, Let the fairest have it, i. 321.
- Apothecary, who pretended to have a specific for a cough, while he himself was coughing to death, ii. 369.
- Apotheoses of the roman emperors, it was customary at the, to let an eagle fly up, to intimate that he conveyed the immortal part of the deceased to the seat of the gods, i. 587.

- Apuleius, author of the *Golden Ass*, a contemporary of Lucian, ii. 126.
- Aqueduct, constructed at private expense, to Olympia, i. 577.
- Arabesques, fashion to decorate spacious apartments with, ii. 693.
- Arbriasel, Robert of, sustains an arduous trial between two nuns, i. 427.
- Arcadia, asses employed in, instead of horses, i. 183.
- Archers, the Scythians excellent, ii. 5.
- Archios, invested with full powers to take into custody the ten demagogues, ii. 582.
- Archilochus, a phrase of explained, ii. 531.
- Archimedes burnt the enemy's fleet by an invention of his own, ii. 258.
- Architects and sculptors, the greatest of the age, employed in constructing the mausoleum dedicated by Artemisia to her husband ii. 432.
- Arctesilaus, how explained, i. 671.
- Areopagus, or the village of Mars, whence so called, ii. 201.
- Aræteus and Charixenus, legacies of, ii. 16.
- Arganthonius, lived a hundred and fifty years, ii. 474.
- Argives and Lacedæmonians, battle of, described by Herodotus, i. 380.
- Argo, keel of the ship, delivers oracles, i. 63.
- Argument, a silencing, to pelt a man to death i. 502.
- Arguments in behalf of the antipodes, were with the antients too feeble to conquer the prejudice that appeared to be founded on the evidence of the senses, i. 672.
- Argus, the many-eyed cowherd, the keeper of Io, i. 286.
- Arguskiller, Mercury in Homer generally bears the cognomen of, i. 286.
- Ariadne, good natured to Theseus, ii. 301.
- Ariarathes lived eighty-two years, and was likely to have held out many more, if Perdiccas had not condemned him to the cross, ii. 478.
- Ariochus, a dialogue upon death and the life after death, i. 156.
- Arion, conveyed on the back of a dolphin, i. 178.
- Aristander, a famous diviner and interpreter of omens, ii. 728.
- Aristarchus, the hypercritic, i. 723.
- Aristides, never an honest man than, ii. 562.
- Aristippus, injuriously handled, i. 223.
- Aristænetus gives his daughter Cleanthis to the usurer Eucrates's son, i. 194.
- Aristophanes condemns licentious dances, i. 138.
- Aristophanes possessed lands in Ægina, ii. 619.
- Aristophanes, Mercury treated very cavalierly in the comedies of, ii. 718.
- Aristotelic school, philosophers of the, still four hundred years after him, continued to philosophise walking up and down, i. 678.
- Aristotle always intent upon the advancement of science, i. 410.
- Aristoxenus Musicus, a parasite of Neleus, i. 157.
- Aristoxenus expressly affirms, that beans were one of the commonest vegetables among the pythagoreans, i. 219.
- Arithmetic everywhere one and the same, i. 154.
- Arria, the wife of Pætus meets her death with noble fortitude before her husband, i. 690.
- Arsaces, the satrap, extremely angry at being obliged to go on foot to the kingdom of Hades. i. 436.
- Art, what it is, i. 146.
- Artaxerxes Ochus, poisoned by his chief chamberlain Bagoas, ii. 477.
- Artemisia II. erects a monument to her consort, which is one of the seven wonders of the world, i. 431.
- Artists, antient, did not always confine themselves to the unity of the moment, ii. 362.
- Asander, when ninety, yielded to none in battle either on horseback or on foot, ii. 478.
- Ascalon, where Derketo had her principal temple, abundant in fish, ii. 442.
- Ascetics and eremites, costume of, ii. 727.
- Asia, Syria, and Ægypt, the christians particularly numerous in, i. 571.
- Asparagus stalks of a large species of employed as spears, ii. 86.
- Asphodel, a spacious meadow grown over with, ii. 385.
- Asses and horses, laurel-roses extremely pernicious to, ii. 140.
- Astarte, the same as with the Greeks is Selenè, ii. 435.
- Astrology made a serious business, by several antient kings who stood in high favour with the gods, ii. 409.
- Astrology, not in the power of, to change bad into good, ii. 418.
- Asymbama and Parasymbama, subtle and useless distinction, i. 230.
- Athamas, the son of Æolus, what progeny he had, i. 352.
- Atheists, the odious appellation of, bestowed upon the christians by the heathen populace and their priests, because they did not believe in their gods, i. 579.
- Athenagoras's apology for the christians, i. 590.
- Athenian, a wealthy, making pretensions to every branch of science, i. 101.

- Athenians much addicted to litigation, i. 131.  
 Athenians, dearly loved a witty and stinging bon mot, i. 677.  
 Athenians, in all ages, were distinguished for their humanity, and were perhaps the only people in the world with whom mercy had an altar, i. 679.  
 Athenians, the unknown god of the, ii. 720.  
 Athenodorus, preceptor to Augustus, has a day set apart to his honour, as a tutelary deity of Tarsus, ii. 481.  
 Athos, the vestiges of Xerxes's attempt to bore it through no longer discernible, i. 423.  
 Athos, mount, proposed to be made into a statue of Alexander, i. 714.  
 Athos, the inhabitants of mount, extend their lives to a hundred and thirty years, ii. 472.  
 Athlete, an unreasonable privilege granted to an, ii. 298.  
 Athletes, uncommon voracity of the, in order to increase their muscular strength they were great beef-eaters, i. 67.  
 Athlothetes, or agonothetes, magistrates presiding over the public games, i. 255.  
 Atlas by Marico, the daughter of, Jupiter had Hermes [Mercurius], i. 270.  
 Atropos declares that Meleager will live as long as the billet on the hearth remains unconsumed, i. 206.  
 Attalus drinks a cup of poison presented him by his son, i. 130.  
 Attic Decade, of whom it was composed, ii. 187.  
 Attis or Atys, a young phrygian shepherd, like all other young men, not fond of old women, i. 304.  
 Augustus the first, an occurrence that happened in the reign of, ii. 407.  
 Aulus Gellius, becomes acquainted with the philosopher Peregrinus, i. 598.  
 Aurelius, Marcus, very religious, i. 710.  
 Authority and state, together with princely, Herod had also princely whimsies, i. 672.  
 Authors, wretched, a prey to cheesemongers, moths, and mice, ii. 42.  
 Autolycus, a notorious sheepstealer of the heroic age, ii. 415.  
 Autophonic oracle, how to make an, i. 646.  
 Autorculus, some poor hungry, *avis au lecteur* of, i. 470.
- B.
- Baal or Bel of the Assyrians, probably Jupiter, ii. 454.  
 Babe, Jupiter while a, put out to nurse by his mother Rhea, to the daughters of Olenus, i. 516.  
 Bacchus, orgies of, i. 193.  
 Bacchus, the embryo, inserted in Jupiter's thigh, i. 300.  
 Bacchus, many festivals devoted to, i. 780.  
 Bacchus, in his return from Æthiopia, came into Syria, ii. 443.  
 Bacchylides, a contemporary and emulator of Pindar, i. 338.  
 Bacchylides, the lyric poet, ii. 188.  
 Bacis, or Bakis, a Bœotian, and inspired by the nymphs, who in days of yore had an oracle in Bœotia, i. 583.  
 Baham the great, sapient wish of, ii. 319.  
 Bailly, the famous hypothesis of corroborated, ii. 439.  
 Bait, mankind, as travellers stopping to, for a short time in life, i. 376.  
 Balbus, the triumphant syllogism of, i. 511.  
 Balsamo, Joseph, created himself count Cagliostro, a coarse-clay son of earth, i. 637.  
 Bambyce, or Mahog, the holy city; it still subsists, though in a very poor condition, under the name of Mandbidsh, ii. 433.  
 Banditti, rapid progress of a captain of, i. 182.  
 Banishment, Demosthenes recalled with glory from, ii. 583.  
 Banquet, Plato's, a malicious allusion to, i. 227.  
 Baptes, a comedy of Eupolis, ii. 529.  
 Baptism, candidates for, Cyril of Jerusalem's discourse to the, i. 569.  
 Bar of a door, changed into a man, who draws water, orders the dinner, and waits at table like a servant, i. 114.  
 Barbarian, an anecdote of a, ii. 246.  
 Barbers, different in practice, ii. 530.  
 Barbylis, fought on horseback in his ninetieth year, ii. 474.  
 Barcetes, terms on which she is to be betrothed, ii. 32.  
 Bargain, hard, ii. 344.  
 Barnes, Mr. Joshua, admires a great *versucundia* not found a singular expression of Euripides, i. 531.  
 Basilus, in company with St. Gregory, several times lifted up in the air together with the cell in which they were, i. 105.  
 Bath, a public, built upon speculation, ii. 257.  
 Bath, what has a dog to do in a, ii. 517.  
 Batrachio, the cook, very like Pyrrhus, ii. 526.  
 Battle, nobody can say that a philosopher ever lost his life in, i. 160.  
 Beans, the eating of, erroneously perhaps said to have been prohibited by Pythagoras, i. 218.

- Beanshells, employed to an unusual purpose, ii. 851.
- Bear, one cub, sufficient to supply the place of a lapdog, i. 340.
- Beard, the wonder how Apollo could be of such an age, and have no, i. 139.
- Beard, an ornament to man, i. 626.
- Beautiful persons alone not envied on account of their beauty, ii. 709.
- Beauty, everything has a, peculiar to itself, ii. 48.
- Beauty, consummate ethical, or moral perfection, ii. 612.
- Beauty, in the sight of the gods, surpasses all other human things, ii. 706.
- Bebrycians, at the time of the argonautic expedition, inhabited the seacoast of the province Bithynia on the Propontis, i. 335.
- Bed, brought in evidence against Megapenthes, i. 460.
- Bede, venerable, speaks of a Bellerophon on horseback, floating in the air, ii. 457.
- Bees, crickets and crows, somewhat divinatory and divine in, i. 588.
- Bees, grasshoppers, crickets and, ii. 265.
- Beehives, cities resemble, where each individual carries a sting and endeavours to sting his neighbour, i. 374.
- Beggar, to behold the sunshine is still pleasant to a, and nothing is worse or more horrible than to be dead, i. 438.
- Behaviour, coarse and vulgar, of the philosophical pedants at the tables of the rich and great, i. 192.
- Behaviour, bad of the poor, when admitted to the tables of the rich, i. 563.
- Bel, of Babylon, so huge and had so good an appetite, that he daily consumed an oblation of twelve comb of wheat, forty sheep and three kilderkins of wine, i. 484.
- Belief, hard of, there have always been people, i. 357.
- Belitta and his friend Basthes, ii. 27.
- Bellerophon, on delivering a letter of recommendation to the king of Lycia from his son-in-law, discovered it to be a request to put the bearer to death, ii. 366.
- Bendis, a goddess of the Thracians, i. 484.
- Benevolence, an uncommonly generous act of, ii. 22.
- Berœa, one of the finest and most populous cities of Macedonia, ii. 155.
- Bible of the Greeks, Homer's poems explained to children at school, as the, i. 416.
- Bibliotheca, Apollodori, the work that goes under the title of, i. 267.
- Biography, a piece of, drawn up with true attic and xenophontic simplicity, i. 681.
- Birds, rocks inaccessible to, thence called Aorno or Aornis, i. 414.
- Birds, having lettuce-leaves for wings, ii. 85.
- Bithynia, Paphlagonia and Pontus, the three northern provinces of the Lesser Asia, or those bordering on the Euxine, i. 636.
- Bithynian merchant, conveyed immediately the idea of opulence, as a dutch merchant does with us, i. 761.
- Biting allowed by the Lacedæmonians in their private combats, i. 677.
- Black-sea, Mithridates, monarch of all the countries bordering on the, ii. 28.
- Blacksmith's forge, the bones of a man found under a, seven cubits in stature, i. 496.
- Blameall, the nickname of Momus in heaven, as being a god of a troublesome temper and a bad heart, i. 514.
- Blockheads, an impostor may safely calculate upon a hundred thousand, for one long-head, i. 660.
- Blood, showers of, in consequence of Sarpedon's death, explained, ii. 87.
- Bloodred, a river flows every year at a particular season, ii. 437.
- Boar, calydonian, slain by Meleager, i. 206.
- Boat, of Charon, in a crazy condition, and leaky in several places, i. 397.
- Body, not the worse for being nourished with coarse food, i. 622.
- Boeotians, a proverb to Greece, on account of their rudeness and sluggish intellect, i. 499.
- Boeotians, visited with an uninterrupted drought for two whole years, i. 387.
- Bombastic historians, instances of, ii. 54.
- Bonifacius puts a stop to the depredations committed on his mother's henroost by a fox, i. 88.
- Book, with a title almost as long as its contents, ii. 63.
- Book, an old, mouldy, dog's-eared, better for conjuring, than one neatly bound, i. 96.
- Books, they who are constantly poring over, are sometimes by their very learning led away from the paths of sound reason, i. 207.
- Books, custom of reading aloud, ii. 514.
- Boon of heavenly grace, the parasitic art, i. 152.
- Boor and the philosopher, dialogue between a, i. 203.
- Boys, blackguard, tails fixed to the Philosophers by, i. 227.
- Brachmans, stood in high reputation with the Greeks, i. 605.
- Branchus, the founder of a family at Mileto, i. 285.

- Brass**, a huge statue of, lifted on the shoulder, by a boy in his ninth year, and run away with, i. 519.
- Brats**, Jupiter presently fills all heaven with his, ii. 394.
- Brauronia**, a festival of Diana, i. 184.
- Brazenface**, confuses Jupiter's brain, with fine-spun sophisms, i. 530.
- Bread**, wherein the meal is not separated from the bran, i. 261.
- Breath**, of Adonis as pure as if he fed only on ambrosia, i. 303.
- Briareus**, the hundred-armed, i. 480.
- Bribery**, Venus's, to obtain the apple of Paris, i. 347.
- Brimo**, a name of Hecate, i. 475.
- British isles**, the Phœnicians find their way to the, i. 119.
- Brute**, life of a, why less disagreeable and troublesome than the human, i. 83.
- Buffoon**, humours of a, i. 200.
- Bulis** and **Sperthius**, story of, ii. 584.
- Bull**, Jupiter unexpectedly presents himself to Europa in the shape of an amazingly fine white, i. 362.
- Bull**, that which has the finest shape and the noblest aspect, elected Apis, ii. 399.
- Bull**, the god of the Memphians, i. 506.
- Buprestes**, a venomous species of chafer, i. 787.
- Burden**, concluding, of sundry tragedies of Euripides, i. 214.
- Burden**, a troublesome mode of alleviating a, ii. 151.
- Burning-glass**, of Archimedes, existed only in an idle report, ii. 258.
- Burnt-offerings**, fume of, grateful to the gods, and diffuses itself through all heaven, ii. 398.
- Business**, every deity enjoined to mind his own, i. 522.
- Business of the impostor**, to set the populace wondering, and throw their scrap of understanding into confusion, i. 658.
- Buskin**, or shoe, with a high cork heel, worn by tragedians to make them appear taller, i. 551.
- Byblos**, intelligence in an extraordinary manner conveyed annually to the women at, the joyful tidings that Adonis is alive, ii. 347.
- Byblos**, the residence of king Cyniras, the father of Adonis, ii. 435.
- Byzantium** could sooner be taken by scaling-ladders, than Demosthenes by gold, ii. 585.
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- Cabalusa**, the island, and Hydamardia, its city, VOL. II.
- what the most eligible course to take respecting their names, ii. 124.
- Cabbage-beds**, havoc made in, ii. 140.
- Cacophony**, i. 205.
- Cacozelos**, authors tempted by the, try their hand at imitations, i. 477.
- Cadmus**, his story related, i. 90.
- Cadmus**, Semele, the daughter of, Jupiter brings forth for her, i. 299.
- Caduceatores**, heralds, gladiators and orators, regarded Mercury as their patron divinity; i. 332.
- Caduceus**, converted into a sceptre, ii. 19.
- Caitiff**, Ulysses an execrable, with his false name, i. 342.
- Cakes**, large, at the conclusion of the repast, the signal for beginning the drinking-bout, i. 71.
- Cakes**, sesam, chiefly admired, i. 204.
- Calamis**, the Sosandra of, reckoned among the finest statues, i. 694.
- Caligula**, Caius Cæsar, i. 684.
- Callinus** and **Atticus**, two famous booksellers, ii. 514.
- Calumniator**, abominable conduct of a, ii. 552.
- Calydonian boar**, the famous, all that had any reputation in Greece, present at the chase of the, i. 206.
- Calypso**, a letter to be delivered to at Ogygia; which Penelope was to know nothing of, ii. 115.
- Camel**, a perfectly black, ii. 624.
- Campaspe**, a concubine of Alexander, extremely beautiful, i. 697.
- Candaules** and **Gyges**, ii. 62.
- Cannibal manner of abusing among literary men**, ii. 532.
- Canonical authenticity** attributed by the stoics to the rhapsodies of Homer, i. 416.
- Canopus**, balsam of, i. 177.
- Carambe**, promontory of, or the Ram's forehead, where situate, ii. 37.
- Carbuncle**, lighting a whole temple by night as with lamps, ii. 454.
- Carcinochires** and **Thynnocephali**, ii. 97.
- Cares**, numerous, distract Jupiter's head, ii. 598.
- Cargo**, of a ship, so large as to be sufficient for a whole year for all the inhabitants of Attica, i. 173.
- Carpenter**, employed in making a coffin for Julian, ii. 729.
- Cart**, the, draws the oxen, an old proverb, i. 392.
- Caryatica**, a dance bearing that name, ii. 223.
- Cassiopeia**, wife of Cepheus, king of Æthiopia, drew upon herself the displeasure of the

- whole troop of Nereids, for pretending to be handsomer than those goddesses, i. 359.
- Cassiterides, the british isles antiently so called, i. 119.
- Causes tried in the island of the Blessed, ii. 105.
- Cavalcade, a curious, at Thessalonica, ii. 167.
- Caylus, Count de, wrote a dissertation on the description of Mausolus's monument given by the elder Pliny, i. 432.
- Cayster, swans of, i. 701.
- Cebes, a picture in the manner of, ii. 361.
- Cecrops, the original founder of Athens, i. 44.
- Cenchrea, a port belonging to Corinth, ii. 61.
- Centaur's fall upon Hercules, for tapping their wine-cask in the cave of Pholus, i. 198.
- Centaur's and Lapithæ, battle of, Ovid even surpasses himself in describing the, i. 213.
- Centaur's of mount Pholoë in Arcadia, erroneously confounded with the centaur's in Thessaly, ii. 240.
- Cento, the Descent of Menippus more like a, than an original composition, i. 476.
- Ceramicus, Jupiter takes an evening walk in the, i. 488.
- Cerberus, if only such a dog as, abuses Socrates, it may be borne with, i. 426.
- Cerberus, his shrill barking heard, i. 463.
- Cestus, invented by Amycus, a formidable giant, i. 336.
- Chærephon, directed by the delphic oracle, to Socrates, ii. 282.
- Chalcis, two cities of that name, ii. 13.
- Chaldeans live to above a hundred, to what attributed, ii. 473.
- Change and novelty, the love of, in various degrees natural to man, ii. 559.
- Chaos and Achle, parents of Æther and Hæmera, i. 269.
- Character, amiable, of Aristippus, admirably drawn by Horace in a single line, i. 223.
- Character, delicate and judicious of Plato, i. 249.
- Character, noble, of Demetrius, drawn by Seneca, i. 686.
- Character, the scythian, essential features in, ii. 28.
- Characters, female, represented on the stage among the antients, by men in disguise, i. 254.
- Characteristic, cyclopien, borrowed from Theocritus, i. 340.
- Charax, kings of, particulars relating to them and their country, ii. 478.
- Chariclea, an accomplished, but a licentious woman, ii. 9.
- Chariot of Cænomaus, singularly light, ii. 706.
- Charis, or Grace, the wife of Vulcan; according to Hesiod Aglaia, the youngest of the Graces, i. 309.
- Charlatans, rhetorical, no want of, ii. 496.
- Charm, a certain, that had the virtue to persuade people to give the possessor whatever he pleased, i. 672.
- Charms, minatory, of such potency as to force spirits to obey them, i. 100.
- Charmoleus of Megara, extremely admired by the ladies, i. 398.
- Charon the ferryman of the dead across the stygian lake, i. 271.
- Charopus and Aglæe, Nireus the son of, i. 433.
- Chastity, Juno's, attempted by Ixion, i. 292.
- Cheirisothers, a cold witticism of Lesbonax, ii. 248.
- Chelydonion, Cleopatra extremely fond of, ii. 354.
- Child, the sun never had a, ii. 414.
- Children, Jupiter blessed with a couple of beautiful, by Latona, i. 310.
- Chilo of Sparta, a saying of, i. 386.
- Chimney-fire, the Greeks did not warm themselves by a clear, as we do; but their apartments were heated by stoves, i. 550.
- Chiron, the centaur, immortal both on the paternal and the maternal side, i. 434.
- Chœnix, a measure, capacity of, i. 405.
- Chœnix, a fruit-measure of the Greeks, i. 692.
- Chœs, or the Goblets, a festival of Bacchus, in the month of pyanepsion, october, or anthesterion, november, ii. 626.
- Choleric, Jupiter rather too, i. 276.
- Choregus, one to each of the ten guilds, ii. 592.
- Chorops of Ægina starved his own mother, i. 533.
- Chrysippus, were there no, there would be no Stoa, i. 231.
- Christendom, a time was, when almost every nation in, literally believed the story of the huge Christopher, i. 269.
- Christians, extremely reserved respecting the dogmas and ceremonies of their religion, i. 572.
- Christians, distinguished by the short cut of their hair, ii. 730.
- Christian religion, the truth and divinity of the, has nothing to do with the human frailties, crimes, follies and vices of its professors, i. 595.
- Christmas sports take place of the Saturnalia, i. 539.
- Chryses expostulates with Apollo, and magnifies his services, ii. 393.
- Cimmerian Bosphorus, the petty princes, or kings, as they were styled, of the, ii. 28.

- Cinyrus, Skintharus's son, a love affair of, ii. 113.
- Circumstance, consolatory, in the legend of the fair Amygone, i. 350.
- Circumstance, calculated to excite surprise, ii. 701.
- Circus maximus*, principally used for the purpose of horse-racing, i. 27.
- Cirrha, the seaport of the Delphians, ii. 678.
- Cithara, Nero has much taste and dexterity in the accompaniment of, ii. 631.
- Citharœdi, different from the citharistes, and how, i. 351.
- City, a magnificent, described, ii. 106.
- City, that a man has seen a, no proof that he has seen Corinth, ii. 289.
- Cleanthes starved himself to death, i. 617.
- Clearchus, his expedition and retreat described by Xenophon in a masterly manner, i. 412.
- Cleft, of such prodigious magnitude in the earth, that all Tartarus appeared to be uncovered, i. 107.
- Cleobis and Bito, the happiest of men, i. 371.
- Cleombrotus, to certify himself by personal experience of the soul's immortality, threw himself into the sea, ii. 715.
- Cleopatra, Meleager's consort, keeps Althæa company in hanging herself, i. 206.
- Clepsydra, what measure of water it contained, uncertain, ii. 60.
- Clergy, increased in *immensum*, ii. 727.
- Climate, in every individual have prolonged their lives to an uncommon extent, ii. 472.
- Climates, northern, no lions in the, ii. 27.
- Climax, comical, in the mouth of such a man as Socrates, i. 238.
- Clisthenes, prince of Sicyon, story of, ii. 374.
- Cloister wit, i. 70.
- Clothes made of glass, ii. 91.
- Clotho, at the birth of every individual ordains the actions of his life, i. 443.
- Clotho cannot spin over again what is once done, nor Atropos wind it back, ii. 68.
- Clownishness of the philosophical mountebanks, i. 58.
- Club, herculean, the grand argument with such as cannot bear a joke, and have nothing reasonable to reply, i. 417.
- Clymene, the mother of Phaeton, i. 303.
- Clysmia, trip up the Nile to, i. 655.
- Cnemon, sent headlong out of the world by the falling-in of a roof, i. 395.
- Cnidus, the Venus of, the finest work of Praxiteles, i. 693.
- Coal-black, a man one half, and the other half snow-white, ii. 634.
- Coats of mail, of a remarkable construction, ii. 85.
- Cobbler, the worst thing that can happen to him, is to cut his finger by the slipping of his paring-knife, and that he can cure with a cobweb, i. 82.
- Cobweb, of an amazing size, ii. 87.
- Cock, miraculous gift possessed by that of Micyllus, i. 83. seems to have suggested the leading idea of the contrivance of Asmodeus in the *Diable Boiteux*, i. 84. and again to have prompted some exclamations to the Miser of Moliere, i. 85.
- Cock, a sacred, who dwells by the side of a pond or lake, ii. 460.
- Cockfights, public annual at Athens, ii. 213.
- Codrus the last of the attic kings, i. 44.
- Cœus, the titan, had by his sister Phœbes, Latona, who made Jupiter the father of Apollo and Diana, i. 270.
- Cœus, Latona a daughter of the titan, and therefore a cousin to Jupiter, i. 310.
- Collyrion, of what ingredients composed, i. 643.
- Collyttos, the denomination of one division of the athenian citizens, i. 36.
- Combabification rather a harsh penalty, i. 547.
- Combabus, a wonderful fine young man, ii. 446.
- Comedians allowed the liberty of satirizing and ridiculing vicious characters, ii. 204.
- Comedy, a wife pregnant with an old, i. 618.
- Commensals, what they were, ii. 328.
- Commentators sometimes give themselves great trouble about nothing, i. 195.
- Commodity, money a precious, i. 389.
- Common practice with regard to the dead, ii. 388.
- Companions, travelling, ii. 327.
- Comparison, Dr. Francklin's, of the methodists to the spurious cynics in Lucian's time apt enough, i. 608.
- Competition, the greater on the part of the gods, the more is every person interested in procuring them votaries, i. 520.
- Complaints, Pluto makes heavy, to Jupiter, that Æsculapius curtails him of his income, i. 306.
- Compliment, a flattering to the ladies of Athens, i. 171.
- Compliment, ironical, on the sophistical and oratorical gladiatorship of Plato, i. 249.
- Compliment, a pompous but childish, paid to an emperor, ii. 473.
- Concubine differed only *dignitate* from the proper wife, i. 708.
- Conduct, patriotic, of Demosthenes, ii. 586.

- Confabulate, to make the gods in their domestic capacity, and in an undress, a happy thought, i. 266.
- Conflagration, general, which will consume the universe, i. 225.
- Congiararia, distributions of meat, money, &c. ii. 670.
- Conquered, to ape the manners of the, reckoned sound policy by Montesquieu, i. 412.
- Constellation, the most conspicuous of the southern, ii. 695.
- Constellations, Ganymede obliged to resign his place in the, in favour of Antinous, i. 517.
- Constellations, one of the finest in the northern hemisphere, ii. 465.
- Contemplation, on the wings of, a man may ascend to the sky, but not on a winged horse, ii. 413.
- Contempt, cold, with which Herodes Atticus returned the growlings of Peregrinus Proteus, i. 577.
- Contrivance, admirable, of Jupiter, i. 294.
- Controversy, famous, between Bentley and Boyle, with regard to the epistles of Phalaris, ii. 691.
- Contus, a long pole, armed with a sharp iron point, by which a man of uncommon strength might transfix an elephant, ii. 50.
- Conundrums, the philosopher takes delight in, ii. 621.
- Conversation, an imaginary, with a count or baron in Swabia, Bavaria or Austria, with a goat-bearded capuchin, a well-fed præmonstratsian, a meagre hawk-nosed jesuite, &c. i. 87.
- Conversation between Glycon and a priest of Tios, i. 654.
- Conversation-party, a genteel, ii. 143.
- Cook, necessarily to be scolded for dressing victuals badly, i. 151.
- Cookery, antient and modern, i. 553.
- Copyists, extraordinary negligence of, ii. 86.
- Coraci, the signification of, ii. 5.
- Coreyra, now Corfu, the republic of, ii. 52.
- Cordax, a shame to dance the, when sober, i. 138.
- Cordax, and other dances, i. 781.
- Cork, men with feet of, running upon the sea, ii. 103.
- Cornwall, the inhabitants of, not submitting patiently to be robbed of their tin, got the character of *hospitibus feros*, i. 119.
- Corybantes, a sort of priests of Rhea or Cybele, i. 45.
- Corybantes, the priests of Cybele, i. 304.
- Corybantic dance, in the worship of Cybele, i. 30.
- Corybas, the fruit of the love of Cybele for Jason, i. 517.
- Coskinomancy, divination by means of twirling a sieve freely suspended by a string, i. 636.
- Cosmetics, ii. 69.
- Cosmo di Medici, alone rivals Herodes Atticus in noble acts of public munificence, i. 577.
- Cosseans, a people of Media, a sacrifice offered up to the demigod Hephæstion, i. 413.
- Cottabising, an exercise invented by the Sicilians, how performed, i. 548.
- Cottabus, a noise called, i. 548.
- Council, the gods and goddesses convoked to, i. 482.
- Country, his own, everybody loves, how little and inconsiderable soever it be, ii. 484.
- Cow, Io, poor thing! is turned into a, i. 286.
- Craneon, at Coriath, much about what the Lyceum was at Athens, i. 382.
- Cranes, windpipes of, employed to a singular purpose, i. 646.
- Crates, an orator, a native of Trallia, in Phrygia, ii. 501.
- Creperius Calpurnianus, of Pompeiopolis, ii. 51.
- Crimes all the, imputable to mankind, are committed by the gods every day, i. 279.
- Criminals, lions let loose upon, ii. 38.
- Crispin, St. modern sons of, i. 453.
- Crocodile, the, a famous sophistical problem explained, i. 384.
- Crocodiles, and other aquatic animals, wag their tails with delight on beholding a man riding on their backs and swimming among them, i. 114.
- Croesus, his lamentable catastrophe, i. 79.
- Croesus, the son of, born deaf and dumb, i. 217.
- Cronos or Saturnus, gets possession of the throne of heaven, i. 270.
- Cronos, or Saturn, was deposed from the throne by Jupiter, on the advice and by the aid of Prometheus, i. 529.
- Cronosolon, a word how compounded, i. 543.
- Cross, forgetting to make the sign of the, over a sallad, many a person has swallowed a devil, sitting upon a lettuce, i. 100.
- Crow, æsopian, decked out with borrowed plumage, ii. 717.
- Crucified, Prometheus, how to be, i. 273.
- Ctesias takes precedence of the homerizing Herodotus, i. 89.
- Ctesias lived in the time of Artaxerxes, and compiled thirty books of the persian history, ii. 80.
- Ctesibus, the historian, died on the promenade at Athens, in his hundred and twenty-fourth year, ii. 481.

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 Cup, may serve a man instead of a kettle, i. 625.  
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 Cupid advises Jupiter how to make himself amiable, i. 285.  
 Cupid promises amendment to his mother, but all is presently forgot, i. 302.  
 Cupid, no charm of sufficient potency to controul, ii. 134.  
 Cupid, the principle of life, motion and existence, ii. 221.  
 Curetes, a sort of demi-gods, who while boys, kept company with Jupiter in his childhood, i. 138.  
 Curiosity of a foreign lady, to act the part of Pasiphaë, ii. 168.  
 Curls and ringlets, flowing, part of the costume of a pythagorean, i. 110.  
 Curses, the antients believed in the fulfilment of, when they originated in indignation, excited by a just cause, i. 564.  
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 Cycieum, a considerable city in the province of Mysia minor, ii. 545.  
 Cydimache, the unexpected marriage of, ii. 17.  
 Cylarabus, the son of Sthenelus, an antient king of Argos, ii. 369.  
 Cyllenius, one of the most common appellatives of Mercury, i. 323.  
 Cynægeirus, incredible intrepidity of, i. 500.  
 Cynæthus, a parasite of Demetrius Poliorcetes, i. 722.  
 Cynocephalus, the, the crocodile, the cat and the ape, divine honours paid to, i. 506.  
 Cynical philosophy, a grand maxim of, ii. 269.  
 Cynuria, a petty district on the bay of Argos, bordering on Sparta, i. 132.  
 Cyprus, Demonax descended from a family in the island of, i. 666.  
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- Deities, literally taken legends of the, i. 263.
- Deities, aquatic, Triton distinguished from the other, i. 348.
- Deities, great or supreme, the twelve, i. 494.
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- Demades, the orator, makes an impudent proposal to the Athenians, i. 405.
- Demetrius of Alopæcia, not a god-maker but a statue-maker, i. 104.
- Demetrius, the tutor of Demonax, shadowy profile of, i. 684.
- Demigods and heroes an innumerable host of, children of Jupiter by his sister and wife Juno, and by a great number of others; nymphs and mortals, i. 271.
- Demigods, what name Toxaris received at his adoption among the, ii. 180.
- Democritus, composure of, on a trying occasion, i. 113.
- Democritus, a book of, deemed excellent by Socrates, i. 225.
- Demonax, the philosopher, used to say: I revere Socrates, admire Diogenes, and love Aristippus, i. 223.
- Demonax lived to be near upon a hundred, ii. 483.
- Demosthenes, the son of a capital armourer, i. 8.
- Demosthenes, a memorable apologue of, ii. 316.
- Demosthenes was sixteen when he heard an oration of Calistratus, ii. 572.
- Demosthenes forced to flee and take refuge on the isle of Calauria, ii. 581.
- Denarius, gold, value of the, ii. 547.
- Depilation, a rude mode of, one of the chastisements which a detected adulterer was forced to undergo from the injured party, i. 619.
- Department, sultanic, of Jupiter, who forgets his own words, i. 510.
- Derketo, the theology of, involved in darkness, ii. 441.
- Deride, much easier to, than study to understand such a one as Heraclitus, i. 226.
- Description of the state of the defunct, Homer's, nothing can be more woeful than, i. 382.
- Description of a man easily satisfied, i. 626.
- Descriptions, Thucydides rarely engages in, ii. 77.
- Desire, or cupidity, one of the amorous deities belonging to the retinue of Venus, i. 326.
- Deucalion, history of, ii. 439.
- Devils, the Syrian from Palæstine an adept in the art of driving out, i. 99. Answer to interrogatories, in greek or some barbarous tongue, i. 100. One of them seen to jump out of a man, looking all black, and as if smoke-dried, ib.
- Dew, ten thousand casks of, ii. 89.
- Dia, the daughter of Hesioneus or Deioneus, i. 293.
- Dialogues of Plato, many of the, abound in delicate sarcasm and sprightly humour, ii. 625.
- Diana, handsomely revenged on Cæneus, for having forgot to invite her to his sacrifice, i. 206.
- Diana, never wounded by Cupid, i. 317.
- Diana Orthyia, boys flogged at the altar of, till the blood came, ii. 214.
- Diaphragm, a necessary relief procured to an orator's, i. 567.
- Diaries, certain private, of the macedonian kings, ii. 580.
- Diasia, a festival of Jupiter Meilichios, i. 36.
- Diasia, a feast in honour of Jupiter, i. 136.
- Dice, cockal, odd and even, pastimes mentioned by Aristophanes as having been in use at Athens, i. 549.
- Dictys, a younger brother of Polydectes, king of Seriphon, i. 353.
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- Difficulties, chronological, Brucker entangled in, i. 576.
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- Dinias, plunged into the extremest misery, ii. 10.
- Dining-room, an uncommon guest in a, ii. 165.
- Dio, letters for, directed only "To the philosopher," i. 145.
- Dio, a disputacious fellow, ii. 277.
- Dio and Epictetus banished Italy by a decree of the emperor Domitian, i. 576.
- Diogenes Laërtius, huddles together whatever he finds recorded of the philosophers, without selection or judgment, i. 224.
- Diogenes Laërtius, an injudicious critic and tasteless compiler, i. 401.
- Diogenes, belonged to the socratic family, i. 667.
- Dionysia, a particular festival of Bacchus, i. 56.
- Dionysiodorus, the rhetor, i. 196.
- Dionysos, Jupiter at the same time father and mother of, i. 300.
- Dionysius of Syracuse, after having long performed the part of a great monarch, in his old age reduced to play that of a schoolmaster at Corinth, and teach children their letters, i. 79.

- Dionysius, Minos partial to, i. 470.  
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 Diphylus, nicknamed the Labyrinth, tutor to young Zeno, i. 194.  
 Dipsades, no where more frequent than in Africa and Arabia deserta, described, i. 788.  
 Dipylos, the gate through which passengers returning from the Piræus entered the city, i. 178.  
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- Earth, early history of the, ii. 439.
- Earthquake, sudden, at certain moments extremely desirable, ii. 343.
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- Eating, efficacy of, great both in rewarding and punishing, i. 151.
- Ecbatana, Alexander crops the manes and tails of all the horses and mules in, i. 413.
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- Ecclesiasticon, what, ii. 580.
- Eclipse of the sun by the arrows of the Persians, ii. 507.
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- Electra, the famous daughter of Agamemnon, at the very same time knew and knew not, i. 231.
- Elegiac verse, a precious production in, i. 210.
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- Elenchus, personification of, ii. 533.
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- Elephants, employed in war, i. 774.
- Eleven, council of the, one from each of the ten guilds, and a secretary, ii. 600.
- Ell, royal, statute measure of the, ii. 106.
- Eloquent man, sayings of an, transpierce the soul like keen and well-aimed darts, ii. 432.
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- Empedocles has the misfortune to fall into Ætna, i. 424.
- Empuse, a spright or evil spirit, in the gim-crack philosophy of the Greeks, i. 120.
- Enceladus, Amynone falls to the portion of, i. 350.
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- Endymion, always running in the head of a fly, ii. 269.
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- Enemy, what is lovely, is lovely even in an, ii. 583.
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- Enyalios, a name of the god of war, i. 186.
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- Ephedros, the, what his office, ii. 298.
- Epictetus, the lamp of, bought for three thousand drachmas, though it was only of baked clay, ii. 521.
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- Epicurus, the most excellent of all the books of, i. 656.
- Epicurus, a man who took great delight in joy, ii. 404.
- Epigones, sons of the seven princes who fell before Thebes, ii. 242.
- Epimenides, a prophet and great saint of the Greeks, a miracle from his legend, i. 35.
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- Epithalamiums, much in vogue, i. 202.
- Eponumenes, the ten heroes from the like number of tribes at Athens, were named, ii. 199.
- Eranos, a debt of honour, ii. 592.
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- Erectheus, the sixth of the antient kings or caciques of Attica, ii. 593.
- Erginus, befriended possibly by one of Apollo's priests in procuring an heir, i. 387.
- Erigone hanged herself for grief at the death of her father, ii. 235.
- Erinnys, or Furies, *per ephelemiam* Eumenides, i. 271.
- Eriphyla, betrayed her spouse for a golden necklace, i. 624.
- Eris, a wonderful fine apple thrown by, among the goddesses, i. 347.
- Eristics, the controversialists, i. 139.
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- Eubulides, grovelling syllogisms derived from the school of, i. 203.
- Euclides, the archontate of, ii. 320.

- Eucrates**, mankind much obliged to his good-nature, for not bringing on a second universal deluge, i. 115.
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- Eudamidas**, of Corinth, bequest of, ii. 15.
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- Eumolpus**, a son of Neptune by the daughter of Boreas, made an incursion into Attica, ii. 211.
- Eupator**, a coin of, in Spanheim, i. 663.
- Euphorion**, besides other works composed an epic poem in five books, with mythological and other fables, ii. 77.
- Eupolis**, one of the principal poets of the old comedy, i. 17.
- Europa**, the rape of, furnishes painters with subject for a fine composition, i. 362.
- Eurybatus**, Phrynondas, Aristodemus and Sostrotus, famous malefactors, i. 632.
- Eurytus**, challenged Apollo, the inventor of archery, to draw a bow with him, i. 241.
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- Exisotes**, a class of collectors of taxes, ii. 726.
- Exordium**, or introduction, may in many cases be dispensed with in composing history, ii. 74.
- Expectations**, sanguine, consequences of, ii. 334.
- Experiment**, a fatal, ii. 135.
- Exportation**, a novel commodity for, ii. 91.
- Expositors**, *lepida capita*, with their kind-hearted lamentations, i. 456.
- Expostulations**, rather of the roughest, ii. 526.
- Expulsion**, disgraceful, of the grecian philosophers from Rome and Italy under Domitian, excited too much animadversion to be soon forgot, i. 566.
- Extraction**, barbarous, philosophers of, i. 248.
- Eyes**, bad, Paris must have had, if he had not preferred Venus, i. 347.
- Eyes**, constructed so as to take out and put in at pleasure, ii. 92.
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- Fable**, of Bellerophon, explained, not of a flying horse, but of contemplation, ii. 413.
- Fable of the ass and the horse**, ii. 141.
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- Facts**, arrangement of, in compiling history, ii. 72.
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- Faith**, an adopted article of, to doubt, or even to call in question, might at Hierapolis, have brought a stranger into serious trouble, ii. 455.
- Fame**, to despise, the best way to become famous, i. 719.
- Family of the Titans**, sprang from Uranos and Ge, i. 270.
- Family**, the, of the deceased, prosecute a statue for rushing upon a simpleton, and striking him dead, i. 519.
- Fanaticism**, propensity to, natural to the Asiatics, i. 572.
- Fancy**, an odd, put by Juno into the heads of many, ii. 451.
- Fate**, to avoid, is not possible, even to a god, i. 527.
- Fate**, superior to the deities, ii. 298.
- Father**, strangled, because he had lived three-score years too long for his son, i. 563.
- Fatigues**, Jupiter undergoes more than all the other gods, ii. 598.
- Fault**, Prometheus's, that Vulcan's victuals were cold, by his purloining the fire, i. 275.
- Favorinus**, born at Arles in Gallia, the favourite of Herodes Atticus, and had great weight with the emperor Hadrian, i. 669.
- Fear and hope flutter over mankind**, i. 375.
- Feast**, nobody goes wimpering away from a, i. 151.
- Feast**, a bridal, after costing many tears, at last brought to a jovial termination, i. 213.
- Feast**, styled by the Greeks, *symposium* [*combibium*], therefore derived its appellation, not from eating together, but from drinking together, i. 559.
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- Feet, the use of lost, by what means, ii. 517.  
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 Fishes, not supposeable that they would be left in the lake entirely useless, ii. 467.  
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 Friends, the Scythians more faithful than the Greeks, ii. 6.  
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 Friendship, the greatest blessing of life, i. 669.  
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 Gallop, an ass at full, an excellent device for stopping, ii. 145.

- Game, a delicious species of, the wild ass, ii. 159.
- Games, martial, the Athenians passionately fond of, i. 505.
- Gangs, the philosophers have split themselves into sundry, i. 159.
- Ganymede, appointed cup-bearer, i. 288.
- Garden, the, a precinct of Athens without the walls of the old town, i. 694.
- Gardiner, shut up in an uneasy situation, ii. 163.
- Gargarus, summit of Ida so called, i. 287.
- Garret-window, an ass looking down at a mob, from a, ii. 164.
- Gates, folding, of the temple at Hierapolis, of hammered gold, ii. 453.
- Gauls, national philosophers of the, probably the Druids, ii. 430.
- Gedoyne, Abbè, forgets to reflect on a very material circumstance in a transaction, i. 519.
- Gelo, king of Syracuse, it is said had a stinking breath, ii. 295.
- Generals and politicians, make great use of oracles, i. 497.
- Geography, the Greeks not over-nice in their, ii. 29.
- Geometrician, whether adviseable to become a, ii. 319.
- Geræstus, a seaport town of Eubœa, i. 493.
- Geryon, the fable of, realized by the union of friends, ii. 41.
- Getes, an armed race of people, i. 131.
- Ghosts, a house cleared of, by Ægyptian incantations, i. 112.
- Giddiness, miserable, in the head, Jupiter seized with a, i. 487.
- Girdle, the poetic, which Juno borrowed of Venus for bringing somnolency on the father of the gods, i. 73.
- Girdle, magical power of Venus's, i. 323.
- Girl, thirteen of the noblest youths of Greece lose their lives for a, ii. 707.
- Glaucus, an athlete, renowned for his strength, i. 720.
- Glaucus, running after a mouse, fell into a tub of honey, and was stifled, ii. 241.
- Glaucus relates to Diomedes the whole story of Bellerophon, ii. 568.
- Glycon, the third from Zeus, i. 641.
- God, in the pythagorean language, is a number, or the number of numbers, which in fact is neither more nor less, than if we styled him, by an expression equally unintelligible, the being of beings, i. 218.
- God, a generous and bounteous host, who supplies his creatures liberally with all things necessary and convenient to them, i. 623.
- God Sebastos, divus Augustus, ii. 478.
- Goddess, an itinerant, and her fanatical priests, ii. 157.
- Goddesses, eleusinian, Ceres and Proserpina, i. 255.
- Gods, mankind beneficial to the, i. 278.
- Gods, Æsculapius adopted among the, i. 306.
- Gold, all that glitters is not, i. 112.
- Gold and silver, all the miseries of life, arise from the love of, i. 626.
- Goldoni's comedies, characters in, ii. 279.
- Good cheer, eudæmony, i. 150.
- Goose, golden, the ordinary ensign on the stern of the corn-vessels, i. 172.
- Gorgias, a story in Plato's, i. 458.
- Gorgias, the sophist, was a hundred and eight years old, when he put a period to his life, ii. 282.
- Gorgon, Perseus seizes by the hair, with his left hand, and with the scymetar in his right, cuts off her head, i. 361.
- Gout, a god having the, i. 541.
- Government of heaven, only provisionally taken by Saturn, i. 538.
- Græculi, long-bearded, a sort of domestic philosophers, i. 24.
- Græculi, flocked in whole troops to Rome, to get places in good families, ii. 328.
- Grand sultan of the ocean, the gift of prophecy ascribed to the, i. 355.
- Grasshoppers, golden, antiently worn by the athenian ladies in their hair, i. 172.
- Grave, the earth an ever-yawning, in the opinion of Heraclitus, i. 225.
- Great grandson, the Greeks had no peculiar term for, i. 356.
- Greece, the most celebrated oracle in, i. 387.
- Greek scholiast, the gall of an orthodox, overflows, i. 568.
- Greeks, mythology of the, a real chaos, i. 268.
- Greeks, on certain points could bear a great deal, ii. 133.
- Greeks had only one proper name, ii. 171.
- Gregory Nazianzen's invective against Julian, ii. 720.
- Grimaces, ceremonious, ii. 340.
- Gronovius, seems to have wrote one of his annotations while asleep, ii. 60.
- Groom, an african, purloins the oboli offered to the statue of Pelichus, and his curious punishment for the theft, i. 104.
- Grove, sacred, of Trophonius, i. 388.
- Grudge, to harbour a, neither kingly nor god-like, i. 275.
- Grudge, Juno's old, to Semele, i. 315.

- Guests, method of allotting the portions to the several, i. 209.  
 Guild, the tragedy to be performed at the dionysia and panathænaia by the, to be provided for at the private expense of the choregus, ii. 592.  
 Guilds, or confraternities, philosophical, ii. 302.  
 Guingalvé, St. a goose the appropriate attribute of, ii. 594.  
 Guinea-hens, meleagrides, Meleager's sisters metamorphosed into, i. 206.  
 Gyaros, a small island, so rude and uninhabitable, that Strabo found nothing on it, except some wretched fishing huts, ii. 12.  
 Gyges, wealth and invisible-rendering of, i. 168, 189.  
 Gymnasium, dedicated to Apollo Lycios, ii. 193.  
 Gymnosophists, get upon the top of a vast pile of faggots, and suffer themselves to be burnt to ashes, without even making wry faces or changing their posture for an instant, i. 606.  
 Gynæceums, apartments occupied by the ladies, ii. 545.  
 Gynæcium, what is called by the Turks and Arabs a haram, i. 76.  
 Gyndanes, another such friend as, not to be obtained, ii. 40.
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- Habit, common, of the Athenians, a vest and mantle, or cassoc in lieu of the latter, i. 558.  
 Habit, the cynical, regarded as a passport for ignorance, impudence, and licentiousness, i. 620.  
 Hades, or the kingdom of the dead, inhabitants of, i. 271.  
 Hades the god of hell with the Greeks, as Pluto was with the Romans, i. 462.  
 Hades, an adamantine gate forms the entrance into, ii. 385.  
 Hadrian, emp. some description of his court, introd. xv.  
 Hair, prize-poem on a lady's head of, i. 713.  
 Hair, curly, where reckoned a great beauty, ii. 91.  
 Halcyon days, ii. 490.  
 Halcyon's nest, a prodigious large, ii. 120.  
 Half-savages, the cynics a privileged set of, i. 199.  
 Halicarnassus rendered by Mausolus one of the most magnificent cities in the world, i. 431.  
 Halirrhothius, the murder of, the first cause that was tried in the areopagus, ii. 234.  
 Haloa, a festival of Ceres and Bacchus, i. 743.  
 Hamaxobii, tartar hordes, who lived in a sort of moveable cart-like tents, ii. 200.  
 Hannibal contends with Alexander for excellency in generalship, i. 404.  
 Happiness, an infamous and beastly, i. 223.  
 Happiness arising from virtue in what consists the, ii. 276.  
 Happiness, the philosophers employed in guessing what is, ii. 312.  
 Harbingers and officers, an infinite number of, marching before death, i. 376.  
 Harmony, musical, i. 702.  
 Harpasion, a game at ball, played by two troops of young men, ii. 214.  
 Harpine, a dilapidated small town, at the distance of about an hour's drive from Olympia, i. 585.  
 Hat, or helmet, spartan, i. 336.  
 Hatred and love spring from one and the same source, i. 248.  
 Head, a man's, not fair to cut off without conviction and judgment, i. 242.  
 Head, a, comes annually floating out of Ægypt to Byblos, ii. 437.  
 Health promised by an oracle to the sick, but they died nevertheless, i. 647.  
 Health, without, all the blessings of the world are as nothing, ii. 405.  
 Heaven, day and night in, as with us, i. 139.  
 Heaven, the scandalous chronicle of, i. 312.  
 Heaven, all is gay and smiling in, and ambrosia and nectar pass jovially round, i. 445.  
 Heaven, the general topic of conversation in, the insufferable abuses that had crept in among the gods, particularly on the undue augmentation of their number, i. 513.  
 Heaven, path by which souls mount up to, ii. 595.  
 Hebe and Harmony, together with the Graces and the Horæ, compose the retinue of the goddess of love, i. 300.  
 Hecate a mysterious divinity, i. 271.  
 Hecate, expiatory sacrifices to, customarily offered by the rich, described, i. 383.  
 Hecatombs, what that sacrifice consisted of, i. 36.  
 Hecuba of Euripides, i. 462.  
 Hecyne, solemn ablutions in the river, i. 388.  
 Hegesias, Cicero passes no very favourable judgment upon, ii. 501.  
 Heimarmene it is that cuts out every thing in the universe, i. 530.

- Heimarmene, ii. 723.  
 Helen run away with in her younger days by Theseus, and lived with him at Aphidna, i. 74.  
 Helen, by Bayle's calculation, was at least fifty years old when she was carried off by Paris, i. 74.  
 Helena, Isocrates in his eulogy of, gives us Theseus to boot, ii. 570.  
 Heliades, sisters of Phaëton, so called as being the daughters of Helios, i. 333.  
 Hellanodicæ, sat as judges at the olympic games, i. 715.  
 Hellebore, no man allowed to be wise who has not purged himself with a good dose of, i. 232.  
 Hellebore taken by Chrysippus to strengthen his memory, ii. 326.  
 Helm, ship saved entirely by the man standing at the, i. 508.  
 Helmet, to strap about the waist, and put the boots upon the head, ii. 406.  
 Hemsterhuys, Tiberius, the ablest critic in grecian literature that ever was, ii. 420.  
 Hephæstion, Alexander assigns ten thousand talents to the erection of a monument to the memory of, i. 413.  
 Hephæstion, deification of, ii. 557.  
 Her, saw the distaff of Necessity, i. 535.  
 Heracles, in the eastern Bithynia or in the country of the Mariandyni, named Heraclea Pontica, i. 663.  
 Heraclitus and Democritus, in requisition, ii. 399.  
 Heraclitus, the unknown author of a still extant book *De Incredilibus*, ii. 720.  
 Herald, Mercury acts the, to admiration, i. 483.  
 Hercules, antient nations had each their, ii. 434.  
 Heretics, processes and persecutions against, whence arising, i. 657.  
 Hermeias of Acarneus and Aristotle, friendship of, ii. 376.  
 Hermes Agoræus or Hermagoras, a statue of bronze much celebrated for its beauty, i. 501.  
 Hermes Cronios, the subterranean Mercury, ii. 366.  
 Hermocles of Rhodes, a statue cast by, ii. 450.  
 Hermocrates, the Syracusan general, ii. 68.  
 Hermodorus, head of, smashed by Jupiter with a thunderbolt, i. 137.  
 Hermoglyphos, its signification, i. 4.  
 Hermotimus of Clazomenæ, often died, and as often came to life again, ii. 268.  
 Herodotus, the manner and style of, i. 766.  
 Heroes, stupid faces in the masks of, i. 255.  
 Heroism, a conspicuous act of, ii. 140.  
 Heron, captain, a second Nereus at steering, i. 174.  
 Herostratus, had the ambitious vanity to render himself famous by setting Diana's temple at Ephesus on fire, i. 579.  
 Hetera, a kind female friend, i. 797.  
 Heteræ, though despised by all moral persons, yet tolerated, i. 627.  
 Heteres, illustrious instances of affection in, i. 754.  
 Hexameters, hobbling, occasionally delivered by the delphic Apollo, i. 498.  
 Hexes, scheses, and catalepeses, taken for strange sea-monsters, ii. 324.  
 Hide, the custom of explained, ii. 31.  
 Hierapolis, a very considerable, and at last the capital city of those parts of Syria, entitled by the Romans Syria Euphratensis, ii. 433.  
 Hierapolis, diverting feats of the Apollo at, ii. 456.  
 Hiero, king of Syracuse, died in his ninety-second year, ii. 474.  
 Hieronymus of Cardia, the loss of his historical work to be lamented, ii. 476.  
 Hieronymus of Cardia, lasted a hundred and four years, notwithstanding the hardships he had gone through, ii. 481.  
 Hierophants, a principal topic of instruction communicated to the initiated in the eleusian mysteries, i. 463.  
 Hikesius, Jupiter, as the patron and protector of all such as are reduced to prostrate themselves before a fellow-creature as suppliants for mercy and compassion, i. 239.  
 Himera, in antient times a considerable city in Sicily the birth place of the lyric poet Stesichorus, i. 717.  
 Himeros, Excitation on Allurement [Cupido], distinct from Eros or Amor, i. 325.  
 Hipparchus of Hypata, ii. 127.  
 Hippocentaur, a compound of two heterogeneous natures, ii. 620.  
 Hippocrates, a bronze statue of, walks about the house whenever the wick of the lamp before it is burnt out, i. 104.  
 Hippocrates wrote in the ionian dialect, ii. 54.  
 Hippocrene better known than the Holmeion, ii. 515.  
 Hippodamia, the celebrated daughter of the arcadian prince CEnomaus, ii. 706.  
 Hippias, a transcendant astronomer, ii. 260.  
 Hippogypes, ii. 83.  
 Hippogryph and a phoenix, i. 189.  
 Hipponicus and Callias, father and son, i. 44.  
 Histæus, the grammarian, i. 196.

- Historian, shoals and quicksands to be avoided by a, ii. 45.
- History, an edifying piece of, i. 313.
- History, a, deserving most seriously to be laid to heart, i. 656.
- History has only one object, ii. 47.
- Home, when the gods eat at, their repast is nectar and ambrosia, ii. 396.
- Homer, remarkably bold fiction of, i. 63.
- Homer, formerly a camel in Bactria, i. 74.
- Homer saw as well as anybody, ii. 111.
- Homer, according to some, blind, according to others a beggar, ii. 569.
- Honours, divine, Momus nowhere worshipped with, i. 493.
- Horace probably not unknown to Lucian, i. 277.
- Horace, the Romans had from, in his Ulysses and Tiresias, the example of a satirical conversation in the region of the dead, i. 382.
- Horæ, one function of the office of the, to harness and unharness the horses of the Sun, i. 300.
- Hormos, or the Necklace, a dance, ii. 223.
- Horse, to turn out a, in the open field, in order to catch him the more easily, i. 242.
- Horse, famous trojan, what it was neither more nor less, ii. 259.
- Horses, immortal, given by Jupiter to Tros, the father of Ganymede, i. 332.
- Horses, the fleetest in all Arcadia, ii. 706.
- Horsebeans and spring-water, opposed to savoury cates and dainty viands, ii. 348.
- Horse-courses, Neptune presided over, i. 348.
- House, haunted, by a horrid, doleful, and extremely restless apparition, i. 111.
- Houses, roofs of, terraced and served admirably for intrigues, ii. 618.
- Huet, bp. might safely say at Avranches what it would not have been advisable to utter at Clazomene, ii. 268.
- Human form, proportions, just, of the, the statue of Polycletes held to be the consummate model of, i. 567.
- Human life, in Heraclitus's view of it, one continued funeral procession, i. 225.
- Human relations, the best in all, are those with whom the fear of God is somewhat more than a slight concern, i. 718.
- Humanity, a duty of, to commit an unburied stranger to the earth, i. 683.
- Hunger, they who die of, generally hold out seven days, ii. 56.
- Husbands and wives, an excellent moral for, ii. 424.
- Hyacinth, letters pretended to be remarked on the, i. 308.
- Hyacinthia, a festival celebrated by the Spartans, i. 308.
- Hyacinthus, Hylas and Phaon, favourites of Apollo, Hercules and the poetess, Sappho, i. 189.
- Hyacinthus, a son of the spartan king Amyclus, i. 307.
- Hymettus, the honey of, accounted the best in the world, i. 130.
- Hymns of Alisodemus of Trozene sung on the festival of Æsculapius, ii. 581.
- Hyperbolus and Cleon, two characters roughly handled by Aristophanes, i. 47.
- Hyperboreans or the Indians, the road to the, impossible to get to Corinth along, ii. 289.
- Hyperides and Lycurgus shut themselves within doors, to turn sentences and fabricate decrees, i. 159.
- Hyperion, with his sister Theia, had Helios, Selene and Aurora, i. 270.
- Hypermnestra, exempted from the punishment of the Danaids, i. 350.
- Hyporchemata, or dance-songs, ii. 225.
- Hypsipyle, daughter of king Thoas of Lemnos, story of, ii. 238.
- Hyrieus, king of the town of Hyria in Bœotia, treasury of, i. 387.
- Hyræus, a petty bœotian cacique, three gods take up their lodging with, ii. 695.
- Hysicrates, of Amisus, a writer of very various and extensive learning, lived to be ninety-two, ii. 492.

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- Iapetus, by Clymene, a daughter of Oceanus, became father of Prometheus, i. 270.
- Iapetus, Cupid older than, i. 284.
- Icarius, put to death with pitchforks by his drunken companions, i. 315.
- Iccus, Herodizes and Theon, famous old masters in the arts of wrestling and fencing, mentioned by Plato, ii. 66.
- Ida, Aphrodite well acquainted with, from her frequent visits to Anchises, i. 320.
- Idæan mother, Cybele worshipped at Rome under the name of the, i. 304.
- Idea, an odd, but descriptive of the cyclopan nature, i. 342.
- Idea, general of the gods, that they do nothing gratuitously, ii. 392.
- Ideas, persons mechanically habituated to incoherence and inconsistency in their, i. 534.
- Ilion, Nireus the handsomest of the men that marched against, i. 433.

- Hyssus, river, in one of the suburbs of Athens,** i. 175.  
**Ilythia, would hardly officiate as a midwife, if she was a virgin,** i. 312.  
**Illiterate, the, most happy and most rational,** i. 475.  
**Image, miraculous, a true pagan,** i. 104.  
**Image, golden, compounded of sundry divine forms,** ii. 455.  
**Images, sweat, get into motion and suddenly utter oracles,** ii. 348.  
**Imagination, cataleptic,** i. 230.  
**Imaus and the Ganges, the Greeks were accustomed to accredit the most incredible things of the populations beyond the,** ii. 472.  
**Implements necessary to the pythian Apollo, when about to prophecy,** i. 498.  
**Impostor, a thief and a parricide, Trophonius swallowed up by the earth as an,** i. 387.  
**Impostors, who make philosophy a cloak for their vile tricks,** i. 246.  
**Impostors, one of the most crafty, audacious and successful, that ever was, account of,** i. 630.  
**Improvisatorial declamations were common at grand entertainments,** ii. 699.  
**Impudence, a copious stock of, carries a man amazingly well through the world,** i. 222.  
**Impunity, that the gods may be bantered with, proves that their authority was in the wane,** i. 269.  
**Incantations, controuling efficacy of,** i. 99.  
**Incongruities and contradictions, chaos of,** ii. 440.  
**Incongruity, apparent, between Pausanias and Lucian,** i. 279.  
**Indians, a people that in all ages have been distinguished for their gentleness and humanity,** i. 605.  
**Indigence, a state of, the most intolerable of all the evils of human life,** ii. 333.  
**Injustice, none can be done, while justice is present,** i. 247.  
**Insanity, almost innumerable species of,** ii. 664.  
**Insurrection of the deities, Neptune bore a principal part in the,** i. 529.  
**Intelligence, dismal, turned to profit,** ii. 154.  
**Interesting, what renders anything,** ii. 75.  
**Interests two, the first and second,** i. 232.  
**Interlopers, among the gods,** i. 491.  
**Intruders insolently presume to shove out the autient and true deities,** i. 522.  
**Invectives, had recourse to, when arguments fail,** i. 417.  
**Io, commonly went by the name of Canon,** i. 195.  
**Iolaus, a nephew and faithful companion of Hercules,** ii. 672.  
**Ioleos, the nephew of Hercules, accompanied him in most of his adventures,** i. 391.  
**Ionic school, philosophers of the, how characterized,** ii. 480.  
**Iophon's dream,** i. 61.  
**Irony, so peculiar to Socrates, consisted in purposely concealing his opinion, by representing himself ignorant and simple, in order to make his opponent the more confident,** i. 667.  
**Irony, the Athenians have great reputation for,** ii. 622.  
**Irreligion, one who had blabbed the eleusinian mysteries, arraigned of,** i. 463.  
**Irus, the beggar, not distinguishable from the king of the Phœocians,** i. 471.  
**Isidorus, of Charax, the author of a lost persian history, which Nepos speaks of with respect,** ii. 477.  
**Isis, figure of the goddess, at the head of a ship,** i. 172.  
**Island, a circular, in the air,** ii. 83.  
**Ismenodorus, on a journey to Eleusis, murdered by robbers,** i. 436.  
**Isocrates, afraid to mount the rostrum,** i. 159.  
**Isocrates composed his celebrated panegyric when he was ninety-six,** ii. 482.  
**Isthmus, games on the, celebrated every fourth year,** i. 179.  
**Ixion's father, the mythologists not agreed concerning,** i. 292.  
**Lynx, a daughter of Pan and of Echo or Peitho, transformation of,** ii. 688.

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**Jerusalem, new, in the Apocalypse,** ii. 728.  
**Jesters, hired to amuse the company by all kinds of buffoonery and harlequinades,** i. 69.  
**Jesuit, finds great delight in persuading people to believe what he does not believe himself,** i. 91.  
**Jewel, a precious, deposited in royal hands,** ii. 447.  
**Joke, the only flat, in all the Angler,** i. 265.  
**Joke, Socrates always good at a,** i. 425.  
**Journal, manuscript, of the macedonian court,** ii. 581.  
**Journeymen, the gods are, to the Parcæ,** i. 530.  
**Joy-wishing, a very old formulary,** ii. 401.

Juggler, Menelaus in the right not to trust a crafty old, i. 345.  
 Juno, was conceived of Vulcan by only inhaling the wind, ii. 395.  
 Jupiter, titles and epithets of, from Homer and other poets, i. 33.  
 Jupiter, an instance of his politeness, i. 38.  
 Jupiter swallows his wife Metis, flesh and bones and all, i. 297.  
 Jupiter, forgets that he is Jupiter, i. 501.  
 Jupiter, arbitrary and tyrannical government of, a long time before the gods could brook the, i. 529.  
 Jupiter Plutodotes, Hermes Dotor, Apollo Megalodoros, i. 546.  
 Jupiter Eleutherius, as the tutelar deity of liberty, ii. 598.  
 Jupiter's teeth chatter on hearing mention made of his tomb, i. 508.  
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 Kings cannot help it that fate has made them kings, i. 374.  
 Kitchen-garden, an old man and a youth cultivating a, in an uncommon situation, ii. 95.  
 Kneading the body, the practice of, ii. 262.  
 Knife, every invited guest took his own with him, i. 261.  
 Knocks, method of preventing hard, ii. 138.  
 Knowledge of the world and of mankind, whatever extends our, has always its use, i. 728.  
 Kolax answers to the latin *scurra*, ii. 701.  
 Kopparios, a horse marked with the letter K, ii. 517.

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 Labdacus and Pelops, the two families of, have supplied Sophocles and Euripides with materials for more than twenty tragedies, ii. 549.  
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Ladies, effects on, produced by dancing, ii. 250.  
 Lady, philosophy a gentle, kind-hearted, i. 250.  
 Lake, on a particular day all the divinities of the temple go down to the, ii. 460.  
 Lamentation, beautiful, of Bion, or according to some, of Theocritus, of Adonis, ii. 435.  
 Lampis, cut his throat for love of the fair Myrtio, i. 437.  
 Lamp, the broken fragments of one conjoined into a perfect, as before the fracture, by placing them on the altar, i. 89.  
 Lamp, one large, suspended in the middle of the room, gave sufficient light at entertainments, i. 213.  
 Lampsacus, a grecian city in Mysia, on the shore of the Hellespont, i. 331.  
 Lampton, alias Lychropolis, many objects of curiosity in, ii. 93.  
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 Laomedon, Neptune sentenced for a time, to serve, i. 529.  
 Lapdog, a grave philosopher dandling a, ii. 355.  
 Lapithæ and Centaurs, two distinct tribes in Thessaly, i. 212.  
 Larissa, an old lady at, performs a cure by telling the truth, ii. 525.  
*Latus clavus*, or the broad purple stripe sewed across the breast on the tunic denoted the senator or person of the first quality, i. 22.  
 Laughter, not an emotion that depends upon our arbitrement, ii. 535.  
 Lawgiver, the first, of the christians, i. 571.  
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 Lazians, a tribe inhabiting a part of the coast of Colchis, ii. 29.  
 Learning, scholastic, is of little avail, unless it serves to improve and dignify our behaviour, i. 207.  
 Learning, ladies have their own men of, to take about with them in their carriages, ii. 357.  
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- Lerna, princesses go to fetch water daily from, a distance of forty stadia, i. 349.
- Lerna, a fountain not far from Corinth, provided with colonnades and seats for the accommodation of the public, ii. 62.
- Lesbos, an old story from, ii. 520.
- Lethe, what that river effects below, that ignorance does here, i. 378.
- Lethe, the general custom of the dead to drink of, i. 461.
- Leucothoë and Melicerte, Nero sings a short ode in praise of, 630.
- Libanus, Venus falls in love with Adonis upon, i. 302.
- Libanus, a river rises out of mount, bearing the name Adonis, ii. 437.
- Libanitis, the syrian Atergatis, or Astarte, ii. 515.
- Liberty, the word, erroneously taken, i. 220.
- Licence taken by an author to turn the roman family-names into greek, ii. 56.
- Licentiousness, Jupiter's, with great propriety complained of by Helios, i. 301.
- Lies, motives for telling, i. 91.
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 Zoilus acquired the nick name of Homeromastix, i. 723.  
 Zonaras Tzetzes, ii. 258.  
 Zopyrus, in the opinion of king Darius, worth more than ten thousand Babylons, i. 512.

THE END.

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